

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

DECEMBER
1898



VOL XII

**CHRISTMAS
NUMBER**

NO. 2

PUBLISHED BY

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO.
TORONTO LIMITED

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

NATURAL FLAVOUR ONLY

HAIR PRESERVED AND BEAUTIFIED.

The only article which really affords nourishment to the hair, prevents baldness, greyness, preserves and strengthens it for years, is

Rowlands' Macassar Oil

Without it the hair becomes dry and weak; it feeds the hair, removes scurf and harshness, and is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' and children hair. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children, and for those whose hair has become grey.



Rowlands' Odonto

is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breathing.

Rowlands' Kalydor

allays all irritability of the skin, removes sunburn, freckles, tan, redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a matchless beauty to the complexion, and a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands and arms unattainable by any other means. Ask Stores and Chemists for ROWLANDS' Articles, of 20, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid spurious imitations.

SOMETHING NEW.



THOMSON'S New "Glove-Fitting" CORSETS.

TRANSFORMED, REMODELLED, AND BROUGHT UP TO DATE, AND A DELIGHT TO ALL WHO WEAR THEM.

Mrs. W. writes:—"I find your New 'Glove-Fitting' Corset perfect, most comfortable to wear and beautifully finished. I can think of no words that would describe its perfection."
Mrs. M. writes:—"I have really never had such a perfect fit before."
Mrs. G. writes:—"I have much pleasure in stating that I have never worn a more perfect fitting Corset than your New 'Glove-Fitting.' I shall recommend them to all my friends as being simply perfect."

To be had of all dealers throughout the world. Ask for Thomson's NEW "GLOVE-FITTING" and take no other.

Made in England—No connection with any American Corset House.

Made in England—No connection with any American Corset House.

Crompton Corsets.

When the right model is chosen from the many styles of Crompton Corsets, the wearer experiences all the

comfort of a made-to-order corset, and is successfully endowed with a beauty of form which a made-to-measure corset seldom attains. These popular lines mould all forms into symmetrical beauty, giving unalloyed comfort while adding grace and style.



The Victoria, Queen Moo, Contour, Magnetic, Qebah, Yatsi, and the Celebrated Hygeian Waists.

Sold in all the stores. Each Genuine Pair is Stamped with the Name of

THE CROMPTON CORSET Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

CONTENTS.

	PAGES
The Berry Pickers	<i>Frontispiece</i> 92
A reproduction in colours of a Painting by G. A. Reid, President Ontario Society of Artists.	
A Material Age	<i>J. W. Longley</i> 93
An article by the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.	
Under the Mistletoe	<i>Bradford K. Daniels</i> 97
The Red River Expedition	<i>Capt. J. Jones Bell</i> 98
The second of three articles.	
The Foreground	<i>Bernard McEvoy</i> 104
What We Eat	<i>W. L. Edmonds</i> 105
I.—Christmas Dried Fruits and the Origin.	
A Song	<i>Theodore Roberts</i> 108
Vancouver	<i>Julian Durham</i> 109
A twelve year old city, with special illustrations.	
Phoebus and Aurora	<i>Guido</i> 115
Reproduction of Guido's masterpiece.	
Some Actors and Actresses	<i>W. J. Thorold</i> 116
With portraits of Margaret Anglin, Ethel Knight Mollison, George Alexander and Viola Allen.	
Anercestes, The Gaul	<i>Edgar Maurice Smith</i> 124
Chapters IX. and X.	
A Daughter of Witches	<i>Joanna E. Wood</i> 133
Chapter II.	
The Christmas Eve Concert	<i>Grant Allen</i> 140
With special illustrations by J. S. Gordon.	
In Fair Canadie	<i>Jessie Kerr Lawson</i> 148
Rideau Hall—Past and Present	<i>Florence Hamilton Randal</i> 149
With ten special Exterior and Interior Photographs.	
A Foreword to Norland Lyrics	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i> 156
Holy Saint Claus	<i>Katharine Blake Coleman ("Kit")</i> 157
An Irish story.	
The Master Mind of "Hollydene"	<i>George William Ross</i> 160
A Short Story.	
A Chat About Christmas	<i>Eva Hamilton Young</i> 166
Stamp Collecting	<i>Basil G. Hamilton</i> 170
The Eventide of Life	<i>B. Kelly</i> 170
Current Events Abroad	<i>John A Ewan</i> 171
With three cartoons and three photographs.	
Editorial Comment	176
Books and Authors	180
Idle Moments	187
Stories by Stephen Leacock, Hiram Gates, and S. Sheldrake.	

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

The Canadian Magazine, *Traders' Bank Building, 63 Yonge St.,*

\$2.50 per Annum in advance.

Single Copies, 25c.

TORONTO, ONT.

**GIVE
THE
BABIES**

NESTLÉ'S FOOD

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

1899

THE year 1898 has been the banner year in the history of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Its circle of readers has been almost doubled. It has obtained a stronger hold in the affections of the Canadian people by continued improvements in the mechanical appearance and by a steady increase in the value of its contributions. Praise has been showered upon it from all quarters. In the latest issue of the *English Review of Reviews*, no less than five articles from one issue were selected for special remark.

For 1899, a programme of special value has been prepared. The amount of money to be expended on articles and illustrations will be ten times that ever spent by a Canadian publication of similar character. So far as possible this will be expended among Canadian writers and artists.

A national magazine is as important to a country as a great university. Its effect on literature and art is enormous. It supplies information which cannot be treated elsewhere. It deals with subjects from an independent, national standpoint. No citizen who makes any pretension of being well-informed can afford to miss a single issue. No library is complete without its volumes.

1899

Robert Barr writes that he is preparing a special story for "The Canadian." Arrangements have been made to secure the Canadian rights in several of his tales.

Gilbert Parker is also writing a special story for "The Canadian," and it will appear some time during 1899.

Charles G. D. Roberts has entered into an arrangement to supply several of the best stories which he is now preparing for next year. Roberts is now in his prime, and these stories will be especially valuable.



C. G. D. ROBERTS.

Joanna E. Wood's serial will continue all through the year. The opening chapters have been well received, and the remainder will not be disappointing. As a romance—and as a piece of clever portraiture—it will probably rank among the first two or three Canadian novels.

W. A. Fraser, Kipling's Canadian protege, will contribute two stories which will appear in January and February. The titles are: "Duty's Gold Scales," a tale in which the central figure is William Ogilvie, the much admired Canadian explorer; and "By The Grace of Chance,"

a racing story of British India, where Mr. Fraser spent nine years of his life.

John A. Ewan will continue his brilliant and interesting summary of foreign events. This monthly department by the *Globe's* famous war correspondent has met with the praise which it deserves. Mr. Ewan's style is bright, his touch easy, and his remarks are always clear and trenchant.



W. A. FRASER.

Judge Ermatinger, of St. Thomas, will contribute two illustrated articles on Michilimackinac and the romantic events of the early Canadian life associated with that district. These will be very valuable from an historic standpoint, and will be accompanied by some special illustrations. They will appear in February and March.

General Articles—R. W. Shannon will contribute to the January number an article on the late Mr. Kingsford, our lamented historian. George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, will shortly write of the "Carletons" and the place-names of Canada connected with this famous family. A. H. U. Colquhoun is preparing an article on Lord Salisbury, a companion article to his delineation of Disraeli. Thomas E. Champion will write of "The Prince of Wales." J. Castell Hopkins is preparing several valuable articles. Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland, will write of "The New Play Ground of America." These are but an indication of what will be offered to those who desire information.

Books and Authors—"The Canadian" claims to have the brightest book department in Canadian journalism. It is not given over to "puffery," but deals with every book according to its merits, in so far as any reviewer may be able to judge them. As in the past, there will be from time to time special reviews by outside writers.

The Stage—The number of Canadians winning fame at home and abroad, justifies "The Canadian" in devoting some attention to the stage. W. J. Thorold, a bright Canadian actor now with Julia Arthur, contributes an article in the Christmas number, and will continue his articles for several months. All these will be profusely illustrated.

Storiettes will appear in every issue. This is a new feature which will commend itself to all readers of a family magazine.

Coloured Plates, similar to the one appearing in the Christmas number, will appear in several issues during the year.

Per Copy, 25 Cents.
Per Annum, \$2.50.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,
TORONTO, CANADA.

LIFE!



Would you like, while you have life, to make sure beyond the shadow of a doubt that loved ones, who will be dependent upon the estate you leave, shall have *something which cannot be swept away* on your death? The North American Life gives all that's best in life insurance, which is absolutely the only kind of property the law protects for "Preferred Beneficiaries." Write for information and let us or our agents, who are almost everywhere, explain a plan to meet your needs.

L. GOLDMAN,
Secretary.

WM. McCABE,
Managing Director.

The NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
112-118 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

FEDERAL LIFE

Assurance
Company



HEAD OFFICE:

Hamilton, Can.

Capital and Assets,
\$1,331,448.27

Surplus Security,
\$712,966.94

ISSUES

Guaranteed Security Policies
Accumulation Policies
And All Other Desirable Forms of Policy



DAVID DEXTER, S. M. KENNEY,
Managing Director. Secretary.
J. K. McCUTCHEON,
Sup't of Agencies.

To those interested in the subject of "FRATERNAL INSURANCE," an examination of the desirable features offered by

THE CANADIAN Order of Foresters

is well worth consideration.

1. Purely CANADIAN.
2. National in its character.
3. Age limit—18 to 45.
4. Fixed Premium. No death Assessments.
5. Gives \$500, \$1,000, \$1,500 or \$2,000 Insurance.
6. Over ONE MILLION DOLLARS paid to members and their dependents since organization, 1879.
7. Careful medical selection. Death rate for the 17th year of its history, only 5.44 per 1,000.
8. Has the largest Surplus on hand for each \$1,000 risk of any other Society of the kind in Canada.
9. SECURITY OF INVESTMENTS. Not a dollar of our Surplus invested outside of Canada.
10. Premiums and Interest accruing therefrom used ONLY FOR PAYMENT OF DEATH CLAIMS.

Magazine Readers

may safely be regarded as men of intelligence who can appreciate what will affect their interests favorably.

A low death-rate effects the position of a life insurance company favorably.

The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company

has had a lower death-rate in its Temperance Section than has ever been recorded by any other company of equal size for so long a period. It should therefore have the patronage of Magazine Readers.

HON. G. W. ROSS, President.

H. SUTHERLAND, Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE—Globe Building, Toronto.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

HEAD OFFICE
TORONTO ONT.

*Policies issued on all
approved plans.*

WRITE
FOR
RATES

Forging Ahead!

The Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Co.

IS at this date over \$500,000.00 ahead in new business compared with the same period of last year. Its income shows a large increase, while its death losses do not exceed the mortality of the same period of 1897—an exceptionally favourable showing.

Directors:

ROBERT MELVIN, President.

C. M. Taylor, 1st Vice-Pres.; A. Hoskin, Q.C., 2nd Vice-Pres.; B. M. Britton, Q.C., M.P.; Francis C. Bruce; J. Kerr Fiske, B.A.; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G.; E. P. Clement; W. J. Kidd, B.A.; Geo. A. Somerville; Jas. Fair.

Officers:

GEO. WEGENAST, Manager. T. R. EARL, Superintendent.
J. H. WEBB, M.D., Med. Director. W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

The NORTHERN Life Assurance Company of Canada

Offer an exceptionally
good class of policies.

IN CASE OF DEATH

They will furnish support for the family.
They will pay the mortgage on the home.
They will educate your children.

In Case You Live to Close of Paying Term

They will give you a large bank account.
They will prove better than real estate.
They will be your Klondike.
They will make you independent in old age.

SECURITY FOR POLICY-HOLDERS, \$857,000.00

Write for particulars. No trouble to explain policies. Will be pleased to meet you or hear from you.

President—HON. DAVID MILLS, Q.C., Minister of Justice
Vice-Presidents—E. JONES PARKE, Esq., Q.C. London; THOMAS LONG, Esq., Toronto.
Medical Director—J. D. BALFOUR, M.D., London.
W. E. FINDLAY, Supt. of Agencies. JOHN MILNE, Manager, Temple Building, LONDON.

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM)



“THE BEST FRATERNAL BENEFIT SOCIETY IN EXISTENCE.”

BENEFITS GIVEN BY THE I. O. F. TO THE MEMBER DURING LIFETIME.

A. FURNISHED BY THE SUBORDINATE COURTS.

1.—**Free Medical Attendance** of the Court Physician within whose jurisdiction the member may be taken ill, except where the Court has by by-law dispensed with free medical attendance. Some Courts, in addition, furnish medicine free, as well as trained nurses if deemed necessary by the Court.

B.—FURNISHED BY THE SUPREME COURT.

2.—**A Sick Benefit** of \$3.00 a week for the first two weeks and \$5.00 a week for the next ten weeks, and as provided in the Constitution and Laws of the Order, \$3.00 a week for an additional twelve weeks. The Sick and Funeral Benefits are optional. Costs \$2.00 extra to become enrolled in that department; the monthly premiums run from 40 cents to \$1.00 per month, according to age at enrolment.

3.—**A Total and Permanent Disability Benefit** of \$250, \$500, \$1,000, \$1,500, \$2,000 or \$2,500.

4.—**Exemption from Payment of Mortuary Premiums** after completion of seventieth year of age.

5.—**An Old Age Disability Benefit** of \$50, \$100, \$200, \$300, \$400 or \$500, payable yearly for ten years to any member seventy years of age or upward who may be adjudged totally and permanently disabled by the infirmities of advancing years. If death should occur before the full benefit has been paid, the unpaid balance will be paid in a lump sum to the duly designated beneficiary of the deceased member.

6.—**An Old Age Pension**, consisting of a stipulated sum, graded according to amount of Benefit held and age, payable annually until death, whenever that may occur (as a substitute for the Old Age Disability Benefit), to any member over seventy years of age who may be adjudged totally and permanently disabled by the infirmities of age.

7.—**A Burial Benefit** of \$100, payable at the death of a member who has been receiving the Old Age Pension, to insure his decent interment.

FOR BENEFICIARIES AT DEATH OF THE MEMBER.

8.—A Funeral Benefit of \$50.

9.—A Mortuary Benefit of \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000 or \$5,000.

For Full Details of the I.O.F. Benefit System, Apply to any Officer or Member of the Order.

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R., JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, Q.C., S.S.,
TORONTO, CANADA. TORONTO, CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE

The Temple Building, Cor. Richmond and Bay Sts., Toronto, Can.

OFFICE FOR EUROPE—24 Charing Cross, LONDON, ENGLAND.

OFFICE FOR UNITED STATES—6436 Kimbark Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

OFFICE FOR THE PACIFIC COAST—Phelan Building, 806 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1855.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL, \$5,000,000 - - PAID-UP-CAPITAL. \$2,600,000.

HEAD OFFICE—Company's Buildings, Toronto Street, TORONTO.
BRANCH OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MAN. VANCOUVER, B.C.

DIRECTORS:

President and Managing Director, **J. HERBERT MASON.** Vice-President, **WILLIAM G. GOODERHAM.**
EDWARD HOOPER, SAMUEL NORDHEIMER, W. D. MATTHEWS, RALPH K. BURGESS,
G. W. MONK, W. E. WELLINGTON.
Assistant Manager, **Alfred J. Mason.** Superintendent, **Rufus S. Hudson.** Secretary, **George H. Smith.**
General Agents—WINNIPEG: G. F. R. HARRIS. VANCOUVER: CESARE J. MARANI.

Savings Branch Deposits received at current rates of interest, paid or compounded half-yearly.

Debentures—Money received on deposit for a fixed term of years, for which Debentures are issued in Currency or Sterling, with half-yearly interest coupons attached, payable in Canada or in England. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company.

Advances made on Real Estate at current rates and on favorable conditions as to repayment.

Mortgages and Municipal Debentures Purchased.

WHY PAY RENT?

To enable persons of limited cash resources to take advantage of the present depression, and to become the owners of their homes or places of business, the Directors of the CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY are prepared to make advances on productive city property, repayable by small instalments on the Sinking Fund Plan.

The following sums, paid monthly or quarterly, satisfy both principal and interest of each \$100 advanced:

	In 5 Years.	In 8 Years.	In 10 Years.	In 12 Years.	In 15 Years.
Monthly.....	\$1.93	\$1.31	\$1.11	\$0.97	\$0.84
Quarterly.....	5.82	3.95	3.34	2.93	2.53

Send Post Card for pamphlet giving full information.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM. MUTUAL PRINCIPLE.

From the Official Report of the Examination of

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

BY THE

New York Insurance Department.

MAY, - 1898.

Verification of Annual Report.

"The examination shows that the Company's last annual statement was substantially correct. The variations in certain of the figures as between those contained in the report and those shown by the examination are so trivial as not to warrant a reference to these differences in this report."

Report of ISAAC VANDERFOEL, Chief Examiner.

Association Solvent and Every Honest Death Claim Paid in Full.

"The result of the examination shows that the Association is solvent and pays in full every death claim that is a proper charge upon the mortuary funds contributed by the members, and that, in every case of settlement or compromise, the character of the claim has been such as to make it the duty of the management to protect the members against unjust demands."

Report of HON. LOUIS F. PAVN, Supt. of Insurance.

W. J. McMurtry,
Manager for Ontario.

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN and SAVINGS COMPANY.

Cor. King and Victoria Sts.,

THIS COMPANY TORONTO.
IS PREPARED TO

Purchase, Supply Investors with,
and Negotiate Loans upon

GOVERNMENT,
MUNICIPAL and Bonds and Stocks
CORPORATION

Deposits Received.

Interest Allowed.

Debentures Issued.

For 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 years, with interest, coupons attached.

E. R. WOOD, Manager.

Send Post Card for Pamphlet giving full information.



OUR STAFF FOR 1898-99

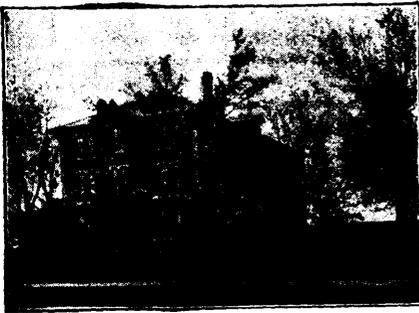
Central Business College

and School of

Shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy

employs capable and efficient teachers. That's why it is now leading all competitors in its attendance and in the character of its work. * Write for particulars. * Members admitted at any time.

Address, **W. H. SHAW, Principal.**
Yonge and Gerrard Streets, **TORONTO**



"Glen Mawr," Miss VEALS' SCHOOL
COR. SPADINA AVE. & MORRIS ST., TORONTO.
PUPILS PREPARED FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.

NORTHERN Business College

OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO.

IS THE VERY BEST PLACE IN CANADA TO GET A THOROUGH BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Take a Round Trip and visit all other Business Colleges and Commercial Departments in Canada, then visit the Northern Business College; examine everything thoroughly. If we fail to produce the most thorough, complete, practical and extensive course of study; the best college premises and the best and most complete and most suitable furniture and appliances, we will give you a full course FREE. For Annual Announcement giving full particulars, free, address

C. A. FLEMING, Principal.

The Havergal Ladies' College (Limited)

Jarvis Street, TORONTO.

This school has been founded to provide, side by side with the advantages of a select school, an education that in thoroughness and efficiency shall surpass even that given in the government schools. The sum of \$50,000.00 has been spent upon premises and equipment, and the new buildings will be opened in September, 1898. The methods are those of the best English Ladies' Colleges, which have recently made great advances in this branch of education. Prospectus on application to

MISS ELLEN M. KNOX, Lady Principal.

BRANTFORD LADIES' COLLEGE AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Beautiful situation; modern appointments; home surroundings; twenty-four years' record. Superior inducements to specialists in Music, Art and Elocution.

Send for calendar. SHERIFF WATT, President; MISS PHILLPOTTS, Lady Principal.

METROPOLITAN Business College

187 Sparks St., Ottawa, Ont.

The foremost Business and Shorthand Training School of Canada. Send for handsome announcement.

S. T. WILLIS, Principal.

Getting On in the World

THE GREAT VALUE AND NECESSITY OF
A SPECIAL TRAINING FOR A MONEY-MAKING CAREER.



YOUNG MEN and WOMEN cannot now secure a **successful start in business** without a special training adapted to commercial affairs. This has become indispensable to success. Everyone needs a practical knowledge of **book-keeping, banking, business forms, penmanship, arithmetic, commercial law, letter writing, shorthand, etc.** A thorough training in these subjects will fit one for a **good-paying position** where promotion is sure to follow upon earnest work. We have a **business school** with a national reputation; established **44 years**; located in a large, rapidly growing commercial centre—offering many good openings for active, well-trained young people. This school has a fine, new building of its own, fully equipped, affording unrivalled facilities. It employs expert teachers, modern methods, and has a superior course of study.

Thorough courses given by **Mail** at the **Student's Home**, if desired. Catalogues sent **free**. Trial Lessons, 10 cents.

BRYANT & STRATTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

No. 122 College Building, Buffalo, N. Y.



Royal Military College of Canada.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June of each year. Evidence satisfactory to the Headquarters Board of Examiners of Matriculation in the Faculty of Arts, within the previous 12 months, will be accepted in lieu of passing the obligatory examination. Such matriculants will rank, for admission to the College, in alphabetical order after those who pass the obligatory examination.

In addition to the facilities the College offers for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The Course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the Degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of Course three years.

Five Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are at present awarded annually.

Board and instruction, \$100 for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters, Ottawa.
Department of Militia and Defence, 1897.



**WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY**

WEBSTER'S

In its Various Attractive Bindings it Makes the
Choicest Gift for Christmas.

It excels in the ease with which the eye finds the word
sought; in accuracy of definition; in effective methods of in-
dicating pronunciation; in terse and comprehensive state-
ments of facts and in practical use as a working dictionary.
Specimen pages, etc., sent on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.



INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Hellmuth College,
LONDON, ONT.
For Young Ladies and Girls.
CIRCULARS.

THE CANADA
Business College

HAMILTON, ONT.

Is the leading School of Business and Shorthand in the
Dominion. Established 35 years. Over 2,000 graduates
in Business life. For handsome prospectus write

R. E. GALLAGHER,
Principal.

MENTION CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

"ROLLISTON HOUSE"
170 BLOOR ST. WEST
TORONTO

Resident and day school for young
ladies. An evangelical school, where
home care, high mental training and
religious influence are combined. New
methods. Full and complete equipment.

APPLY TO—

MRS. NEVILLE.

Capital City Business College.

A. M. GRIMES, M.A., PRINCIPAL.

**Shorthand,
Book-keeping,
Penmanship,
Telegraphy,
Business Correspondence
and Proof-Reading.**

Pitman's or Munson's Shorthand, per month.	\$ 4 00
White's Phonography, per month.	8 00
Telegraphy, per month.	8 00
Book-keeping and Business Practice, per course.	35 00
Book-keeping and Business Practice, per month.	5 00
Penmanship, per month.	3 00
Night School, per month.	3 00
Private Lessons, each.	1 00

Address—

A. M. GRIMES, Principal,
Cor. Bank and Sparks Sts., OTTAWA

Ridley College
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

A Church School for Boys.

Established for the purpose of uniting religious
instruction and moral training with thoroughly
efficient secular education and physical development.
The climate is the mildest and finest in Canada.

Boys prepared for the universities and for business

Apply to—

REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A.,
Principal

Agricultural College,
GUELPH.

Full course of lectures with practical instruction, at very small cost, in Agriculture,
Live Stock, Dairying, Poultry Management, Bee-Keeping, Veterinary Science, Chemistry,
Geology, Botany, Entomology, Bacteriology, Political Economy, English, and Mathe-
matics. Send for circular giving full information as to course of study, cost, etc.

JAMES MILLS, M.A., President.

Belleville Business College.

Established
1889.

Students have a larger earning power who acquire the following lines of preparation under our efficient system of training. It has no superior.

- | | |
|-----------------|--|
| 1. Book-Keeping | 4. Telegraphing —
Commercial and Railway Work |
| 2. Shorthand | 5. Civil Service Options |
| 3. Typewriting | |

Students may commence Telegraphing on the 1st of each month, and the other departments at any time.

Address:
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

J. FAITH JEFFERS, M.A.,
Principal.

The Mines of British Columbia.

Gold, Silver, Lead, Copper, Mercury,
Coal, etc., etc. Total Production
of the Mines to Date, \$100,000,000.

PRODUCTION of Lode Mines, 1887,
\$17,000, increased in 1896 to \$4,250,000. The mineral lands of this Province are open to location by any one, under excellent mining laws. The development of many districts is rapidly progressing, and the list of the shipping mines is being constantly augmented, while much country is yet not prospected.

A Great Field for the Safe Investment
of Capital is Now Open.

For Reports, Bulletins, etc., address,

W. A. CARLYLE,
Provincial Mineralogist, Bureau of Mines,
VICTORIA, B.C.

JAMES BAKER,
Minister of Mines,
VICTORIA, B.C.

Ontario Ladies' College

AND

Ontario Conservatory of Music

TRAFALGAR CASTLE,
WHITBY, ONT.

The largest and best equipped College for Women
in Canada

25th year - - Hon. GEO. A. COX, President

Palatial buildings, beautiful grounds, magnificent site overlooking Lake Ontario, steam heating, electric lighting, modern sanitation, new gymnasium, large pipe organ, concert grand pianos—in short, a pleasant, healthful home of Christian culture, as well as a live, progressive institution offering the highest facilities for the study of literature, music, art, oratory, commercial and domestic science. Proximity to Toronto enables students to hear the best talent that visits that city. Several special trains from the city during the year.

Write for calendar or further information to
Rev. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE TORONTO

Established 1878

Affiliated to the University of Toronto

This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments:

- 1—CIVIL ENGINEERING
- 2—MINING ENGINEERING
- 3—MECHANICAL AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
- 4—ARCHITECTURE
- 5—ANALYTICAL AND APPLIED CHEMISTRY

Special attention is directed to the facilities possessed by the School for giving instruction in Mining Engineering. Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories:

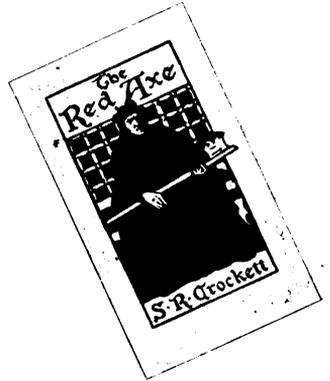
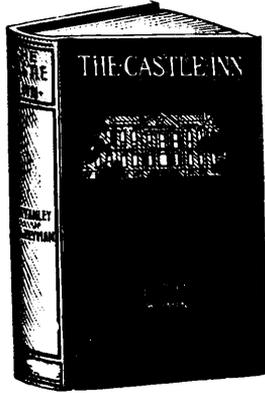
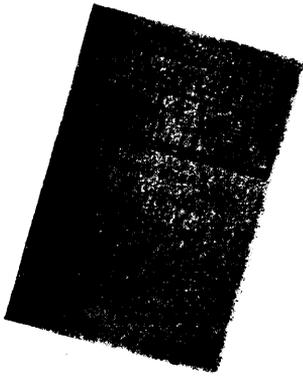
- 1—Chemical 2—Assaying 3—Milling 4—Steam
- 5—Metrological 6—Electrical 7—Testing

The School has good collections of Minerals Rocks and Fossils. Special Students will be received, as well as those taking regular courses.

For full information see Calendar.

L. B. STEWART, Secretary

Some Good Things for the Holidays



NEW BOOKS

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| Windyhaugh. | | By Graham Travers |
| John Splendid. | A Tale of the Highlands and the Wars of Montrose. | By Neil Monroe |
| The Red Axe. | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25 | By S. R. Crockett |
| | With 26 Illustrations by Frank Richards. | |
| The Castle Inn. | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.50 | By Stanley J. Weyman |
| | A Historical Romance of England of George III. | |
| The Adventures of Francois. | With 6 full-page Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark. | By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell |
| | Founding, Thief, Juggler and Fencing Master during the French Revolution. Superbly illustrated by Andree Castaigne. | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25 |
| The Battle of the Strong. | A Romance of Two Kingdoms. | By Gilbert Parker |
| | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25 | |

BISMARCK,

Some Secret Pages of his History. By Dr. Floritz Busch
Two vols., with portraits, Price \$7.50.

LOVE. By the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, Hon. J. W. Longley, D.C.L.

- | | | | |
|---|------------------|---|------------------------|
| The Minister of State. | By J. A. Stewart | Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. | By Jerome K. Jerome |
| Paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.25. | | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25. | |
| Adventures of the Comte de la Huette during the Reign of Terror. | By Bernard Capes | Tattle Tales of Cupid. | By Paul Leicester Ford |
| Paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.25. | | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25. | |
| Hope, the Hermit. | By Edna Lyall | The Fatal Gift. | By Frankfort Moore |
| Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25. | | Paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.25. | |
| | | The Tittle Tonguers. | By Wm. Farquhar Payson |
| | | Paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.25. | |

POPULAR BOOKS OF THE YEAR

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|---|--------------------------|
| The King's Jackal. | With Illustrations by C. D. Gibson. | By Richard Harding Davis |
| | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25 | |
| The Girl at Cobhurst. | | By Frank Stockton |
| | Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25 | |
| John Marmaduke. | A Romance of the English Invasion of Ireland in 1649. | By Samuel Harden Church |
| | Paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.25 | |
| David Lyall's Love Story. | | |
| | Paper, 50c.; cloth, \$1.00 | |

The Young Colonists, \$1.00 | The Young Buglers, \$1.00 | The Young Franc-Tireurs, \$1.00

"There is no more popular writer of books for boys at the present day than G. A. Henty."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| Yule Logs. | Longman's Xmas Annual for 1898. With 61 Illustrations. | Edited by G. A. Henty |
| | Cloth, \$1.25 | |
| The Arabian Nights. | Beautifully illustrated, gilt edge. | Edited by Andrew Lang |
| | Cloth, \$2 00 | |

A Complete Descriptive List, Handsomely Illustrated, will be mailed Free to any address upon application. The above books are for sale by booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail post paid on receipt of price by

THE COPP, CLARK CO., Limited, Publishers, - TORONTO

SOME OF GEORGE N. MORANG'S NEW BOOKS.

	Cloth	Paper		Cloth	Paper
Caleb West , by F. Hopkinson Smith. Crown 8vo.....	\$1.50	.75	This remarkable story is full of human nature and incident.		
The Grenadier , a story of the Empire, by James Eugene Farmer. Crown 8 vo.....	1.50	.75	Although this story is by a new writer, its force and ability mark it as the work of a coming man.		
The Day's Work , by Rudyard Kipling. Crown 8vo.....	1.50	.75	In this collection of stories will be found the ripest fruit of a genius that has already made itself known in two hemispheres.		
The Seven Seas , by Rudyard Kipling. 8vo.....	1.50		These poems are a standard work for which there is a regular and steady sale.		
Tekla , by Robert Barr. Crown 8vo.	1.25	.75	This work is pronounced by competent critics to be its author's strongest work.		
Her Memory , by Maarten Maartens. Crown 8vo.....	1.50	.75	By the author of "God's Fool." He is in the front rank of modern novelists.		
With the Black Prince , by W. O. Stoddard. Illustrated. Crown 8vo.	1.50		This is an ideal boys' book. It deals with a stirring period of history in a way that will captivate the boy heart.		
Trimalchio's Dinner , by Petronius, Translated by Harry Thurston Peck. Crown 8vo.....	1.50	.75	This story of the period of "Quo Vadis" will be eagerly enquired for.		
Lyrics of Lowly Life , by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Crown 8vo..	1.25		It was these fine poems that first made Mr. Dunbar's fame.		
The Wonderful Century , by Alfred Russell Wallace, author of "Malay Archipelago," "Darwinism," etc. Crown 8vo., about 400 pp.....	2.00		Contents—Modes of Travelling, Labor Saving Machinery, The Conveyance of Thought, Fire and Light, Photography, Spectrum Analysis, Physics, The Minor Application of Physical Principles, Dust, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Natural Selection, Physiology, Phrenology, Hypnotism, Vaccination, The War Spirit, The Demon of Greed, The Plunder of the Earth, Conclusion.		
The House of Hidden Treasure , by Maxwell Grey, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," etc. Crown 8vo.....	1.50	.75	The success of the former works of this clever author guarantees a large sale of this novel.		
The Uncalled , a new story, by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, author of "Lyrics of Lowly Life." Crown 8vo.	1.25	.75	Paul Lawrence Dunbar is already admired as a writer of short stories. This is his first extended novel.		
Stories from Starland , by Mary Proctor, daughter of the famous astronomer. Crown 8vo.....	.75		A capital book of astronomy and stories for children, with numerous illustrations.		
The Forest of Arden , by Hamilton W. Mabie, with superb illustrations and decorations by Will H. Low. Small 8vo. Cloth decorated.....			There have been repeated demands for the publication by itself of this charming piece of idealism.	\$2.25	
The Scourge of God , by J. Bloundelle-Burton, author of "The Clash of Arms." Crown 8vo.....			The author has already made his name by his former novel. This will be found to be a yet stronger work.	1.00	.50
Agriculture , by Charles C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario; formerly Professor of Chemistry at the Ontario Agricultural College. Authorized for use in High or Public Schools in Ontario. Crown 8vo.....			This is an excellent, simple and freely illustrated treatise, the value of which will be at once recognized.	.25	
The Calendar of the Art League of Toronto for 1899			The four seasons of the year are depicted in twenty-eight rarely attractive pages, with fine cover printed in red and black.	.35	
A unique and uniform edition of the following works of Hamilton W. Mabie:—					
Essays on Work and Culture.					
My Study Fire.					
Under the Trees and Elsewhere.					
Short Studies in Literature.					
Essays in Literature Interpretation.					
My Study Fire. Second Series.					
Essays on Nature and Culture.					
Essays on Books and Culture.					
Cloth, 12 mo. Per volume.....				1.25	
The eight volumes in a box.....				10.00	
A Critical Study of In Memoriam , by Rev. John M. King, D.D., President of the Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Cloth, 1 vol., 12mo., gilt top, deckle edges....				1.25	
In the North with Nansen , by Lieutenant Johansen. A work of intense interest by the companion of Nansen.....				1.50	.75
The Book of Games , with directions how to play them, by Mary White.....			This book will be welcomed in thousands of Canadian homes.	1.00	
Works by Henry K. Sienkiewicz:—					
Pan Michael , 1 vol. Crown 8vo....	1.25	.75			
The Deluge , 2 vols. Crown 8vo. Per volume.....	1.25	.75			
Cyrano de Bergerac , by Edmund Rostand, with portrait of Margaret Anglin in the character of Roxane.75	
The Forest of Bourg-Marie , by S. Frances Harrison, (Saranus). This is a fine story of Lower Canadian Life.....				1.50	.75

GEORGE N. MORANG, Publisher, TORONTO, CANADA.



has gone
A. J. Smyke

MAGAZINES FOR EVERY HOME.

The Boy's Own Paper.

An unrivalled Magazine for Boys. Instructive and entertaining. Colored plates and illustrations.

The Girl's Own Paper.

One of the very best Periodicals for Girls. Story and Song. Articles on all topics of interest to ladies. Profusely illustrated.

The Leisure Hour.

An ideal Magazine for the Home. Live papers on the leading topics of the day. Serial and short stories. Illustrated.

The Sunday at Home.

Essentially the paper for the Christian domestic circle. Stories by the best writers. Illustrated.

SUBSCRIPTION TO EACH, \$1.75 A YEAR

A new volume commences with the November part of each volume.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter

TORONTO

And of all Booksellers.

ANY OF THESE

Will Make a Nice Christmas Present.

The Butterfly Book.

By W. J. Holland, L.L.D.

One of the first authorities on Butterflies, and who possesses the finest collection on the continent. The splendid series of full-page illustrations show hundreds of specimens photographed in the natural colors of the Butterflies in the highest mark yet reached in color photography. This delightful book, with its handsome binding, will make a good holiday gift.

Price, - \$3.00.

Domitia.

By S. Baring Gould. Fully illustrated by Izora C. Chandler.

Paper, 60c.; Cloth, \$1.25.

One of the most powerful novels issued since Quo Vadis. It deals with early Roman life, and is a thrilling picture of those turbulent times, as well as an interesting romance.

Dwellers in Gotham.

By Anan Dale. Cloth, \$1.25.

A vivid story of New York's social, commercial and religious life. A rich vein of humor runs through the book; the conversations is unusually bright and clear, and the narrative plot well sustained throughout, is marked alternately by the humorous, the pathetic and the strongly dramatic.

Steam Navigation

and its relation to the commerce of Canada and the United States.

By James Croil. With 96 illustrations and portraits, and a full index.

Price, - \$1.50.

In this most valuable work the author gives a mass of interesting information about the great waterways of Canada, our canal system and facilities for transport. It is a revelation of the advantageous situation and splendid resources of our Dominion.

Upper Canada Sketches.

By Thomas Conant.

In one volume, 243 pages, with 21 full page illustrations, lithographed in colors, and with portraits and map. Sumptuously bound in buckram, with design in ink and gold, and with gilt top.

Price, \$3.50; by Mail, Postpaid, \$3.60.

This handsome volume will make a capital gift-book for Christmas, or for wedding or other special occasions. It will be an ornament to parlor table or book-shelf. The sketches have in them much interesting material relating to earlier Ontario, and are racy reading throughout. The book is thoroughly Canadian from cover to cover.

WE PAY POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, 29-33 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

MARVELS IN CHEAP LITERATURE.

Price One Penny Each.
TO AMATEURS, AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETIES, ACTORS, ACTRESSES, AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.

Send Stamp for Catalogue of over ONE THOUSAND

PENNY PLAYS.

which can be PERFORMED without payment of ANY FEE, and without INFRINGING ANY RIGHTS, and of CHARADES for Home Representation.

The Copyright of the following having recently lapsed, Mr. JOHN DICKS has lost no time in adding them to his list. Price 1d. each, post free 1½d.

No. 1,029. JOAN OF ARC.
No. 1,030. MAN IN THE IRON MASK.
No. 1,031. MASTER CLARKE.
No. 1,032. PAROLE OF HONOUR.
No. 1,033. MERCHANT OF LONDON.
No. 1,034. { DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
 { GOOD FOR NOTHING.

No. 1,035. COURIER OF LYONS.
No. 1,036. LANCASHIRE WITCHES.
No. 1,037. VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
No. 1,038. A WONDERFUL WOMAN.
No. 1,039. LEAP YEAR.
No. 1,040. { WANDERING MINSTREL.
 { THE TRADESMAN'S BALL.

Each Play published by Mr. JOHN DICKS contains Full Stage Directions, Exits and Entrances, Relative Positions, Cast of Characters, Costumes, &c., &c.

** Order of your Local Bookseller or Newsagent or of JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand, London.

Now ready, 160 pages Crown 8vo. Price Sixpence.

STORIES FOR THE PEOPLE.

By W. M. THOMPSON, L.C.C.

Complete Edition, with Portrait of the Author.

Contents:—The Moonlighters; The Socialist; The Sweater's Victim; The Outcasts; A Pantomime Child; Robespierre.

Royal Folio, 272 pages. CLOTH, GILT-LETTERED, FIVE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE. NEW EDITION OF

THE WORKS OF HOGARTH.

Containing Portrait and 68 full-page Illustrations.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist who may have been said to write rather than to paint with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of these masterpieces of art is natural enough; and it is somewhat a matter of astonishment that the spirit of enterprise should not have already placed them within the reach of "the millions." There can be no doubt that the merits of these pictures would be universally appreciated in the poorest cottages as they have long been in the proudest mansions; and if cheap literature places the works of the great master of dramatic writing in the hands of the humblest purchaser, it assuredly may accomplish the same in respect to the equally great master of dramatic painting.

The Works of this celebrated Artist are now issued in a cheap form, printed on paper of superior quality; no expense has been spared to produce engravings worthy of the originals. Each picture is accompanied with descriptive letterpress.

Price One Shilling. Cloth Gilt 2/6.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE THE THIRD TO THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Including, among other important matters, full particulars of the MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE and the MURDER OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S VALET SELLIS.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE HAMILTON,

Sister of His Grace the present Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and of the Countess of Dunmore.

[This is a faithful reprint of a work which produced an extraordinary sensation on its first appearance in 1822, and which was speedily suppressed. It is the same, too, for which the sum of a Thousand Pounds was subsequently offered in New York.]

Price 12s. 6d. Demy 4to, Bevelled, Cloth Gilt, Gilt Edges.

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF OLD CASTLES AND ABBEYS.

Containing an Illuminated Frontispiece, Warwick Castle, and 100 Wood Engravings. The Historical Facts are compiled from the most authentic sources, and the Original Legends and Engravings are by eminent Authors and Artists. The work is printed in bold, clear type, on good paper.

John Dicks' Complete Catalogue sent Free by Post.

JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand, London.

All Booksellers, Bookstalls, and Newsagents.

WANTED

Rare Canadian Books and Stamps

ECON

Canadian Magazine Office, Toronto



SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY

BOOK on and Almanac for 1899, 160 pages, 100 Illustrations of Fowls, Incubators, Brooders, Poultry Houses, etc. Tells how to raise chickens successfully, their care, diseases and remedies. Diagrams with full descriptions to build poultry houses. All about Incubators, Brooders and Fancy Poultry, with Lowest Prices. Price only 15c. C. C. Shoemaker, Freeport, Ill., U. S. A.



LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE!

Control whom you wish. Make others love and obey you. Cures diseases. Makes fun by the hour. New and instantaneous method. Quick as a flash. YOU can learn it. Success sure. Mammoth Illustrated LESSON and full particulars FREE! Send address at once. Prof. L. A. Harraden, JACKSON, MISS.



JULIAN DURHAM.

A Great Novel by a Canadian.

HYPNOTIZED?

Or the Experiment of Sir Hugh Galbraith.

JULIAN DURHAM, who has written this exceedingly clever love story, has been in journalism for Vancouver for five years. Here are some of the comments made by the papers there:

"Her bright writing has been very generally appreciated."
The Daily Province, Vancouver.

"An authoress of more than common merit."
Daily Colonist, Victoria

"The authoress of a large number of short stories, all of them of a highly meritorious nature."
Daily Times, Victoria.

Julian Durham appears to believe in a mysterious force known as "Unconscious Hypnotism," the existence of which scientists deny. However, the hypnotic motive does not interfere with, but rather adds to, the striking story which fills the book. Ursula Harlowe, the heroine, is a sweet girl, whom every reader must love and admire. Sir Hugh, Eric Desmond, Lady Brandam, Lady Betty, and all the rest, are strong characters.

300 Pages; Cloth, \$1.25; Paper, 75 Cents.
All Booksellers.

The Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto

THE LADIES' WORLD

is the best, cheapest, brightest and most practical ladies' magazine published in America. Each issue contains from 24 to 32 large pages, size of *Harper's Bazar*, and is enclosed in a handsome cover, printed in colors. Its departments embrace Fiction, Poetry, Special Helps, Housekeeping, Out-of-Doors, Artistic Needlework, What to Wear, Family Doctor, Boys and Girls, Mother's Corner, Etiquette and Home Decoration. It publishes original matter only, and its contributors are among the best of the modern writers. In order to introduce our

3 MONTHS 8 Cts.
FOR

magazine into thousands of new homes where it is not already taken, we will send it three months—including Thanksgiving and Christmas issues—to any address, prepaid, for us in stamps. This small sum will not pay for the advertising, to say nothing of the magazine, but we are so firmly convinced that if you will give it a trial before a large army of new readers, and expect to reap our reward in the future. Send along the stamps and give it a trial. You will be more than pleased with your small investment. Address S. H. MOORE & CO., 23 City Hall Place, New York.



3 MAGAZINES almost for the PRICE OF TWO.

McCLURE'S, - - - - - all for
COSMOPOLITAN, - - - - - \$2.55
FRANK LESLIE'S POP. MONTHLY, a year.

Mailed direct from Publisher to Subscriber. We can supply almost any Magazine published at reduced prices, including

SCRIBNER'S and McCLURE'S, - \$3.50
PALL MALL and CASSELL'S, - - 3.75
CANADIAN and COSMOPOLITAN, - 3.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY and SCRIBNER'S, 5.85

Special prices to Colleges, Libraries, Etc.

REFERENCES: First National Bank, Penn Yan, N.Y., any Publisher or Commercial Reports.

Send for Catalogue, and get our prices on English publications.

J. A. UNDERWOOD,
International Subscription Agency,
Dept. C. Penn Yan, N.Y.

ARNOLD'S HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF A CENTURY. INKS

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S

NEW AND HOLIDAY BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

The Fair God.

A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By LEW WALLACE, author of "Ben Hur," etc. Superbly illustrated with 40 full-page photogravures, 76 rubricated initials, and 76 tail-pieces, by ERIC PAPE. 2 vols., crown 8vo, \$7.00.

The House of the Seven Gables.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. *Holiday Edition.* With 20 full-page photogravures, by MAUDE A. COWLES and GENEVIEVE COWLES, and many head-pieces and initials. 2 vols., crown 8vo, \$5.00.

The Beginnings of New England.

By JOHN FISKE. *Illustrated Edition.* Containing portraits, maps, facsimiles, contemporary views, prints, and other historic material. 8vo, \$4.00; half calf, gilt top, or half polished morocco, \$6.25.

The Life of Our Lord in Art.

By ESTELLE M. HURLL, editor of Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art." With about 100 illustrations. Uniform with Miss Hurl's edition of Jameson's "Art Works." 8vo, \$3.00.

A Child's History of England.

By CHARLES DICKENS. *Holiday Edition.* With 48 full-page engravings. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, \$2.50.

The Boys of Old Monmouth.

A Story of Washington's Campaign in New Jersey in 1778. By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON, author of "Guarding the Border," etc. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

Stories of the Cherokee Hills.

By MAURICE THOMPSON. With 8 full-page illustrations by E. W. Kemble. 12mo, \$1.50.

The Charming Sally.

Privateer Schooner of New York: a Tale of 1765. By JAMES OTIS. With illustrations. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

Dorothy Deane.

A Christmas Story for Girls. By ELLEN OLNEY KIRK, author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." With illustrations. 16mo, \$1.25.

A Wonder-Book, and Tanglewood Tales.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. *Holiday Edition.* With illustrations. Crown 8vo, with a decorative binding, \$2.00.

FICTION.

The Battle of the Strong.

By GILBERT PARKER, author of "The Seats of the Mighty," etc. *Twentieth Thousand.* 12mo, \$1.50.

Prisoners of Hope.

By MARY JOHNSTON. With frontispiece illustration. *Fourth Thousand.* Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

The Puritans.

By ARLO BATES, author of "The Pagans," "The Philistines," etc. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

The Blindman's World, and Other Stories.

By EDWARD BELLAMY, author of "Looking Backward." With a prefatory sketch by W. D. Howells. 12mo, \$1.50.

The Black Curtain.

A California Story, by FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD, author of "The Man Who Was Guilty." Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

Stories in Light and Shadow.

By BRET HARTE. 16mo, \$1.25.

A Lover of Truth.

A charming New England Story, by ELIZA ORNE WHITE, author of "Winterborough," "When Molly was Six," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

A Great Love.

By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM, author of "Miss Archer Archer," "The Wise Woman," "Miss Bagg's Secretary," etc. 16mo, \$1.25.

The Story of Little Jane and Me.

A delightful Story of Girl Life in New York City about 1850, by M. E. Square 12mo, \$1.00.

Caleb West, Master Diver.

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Illustrated. 12mo, \$1.50.

Penelope's Progress.

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. In unique Scottish binding. 16mo, \$1.25.

Leather-Stocking Tales.

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. *New Riverside Edition.* With a photogravure frontispiece in each volume. 5 vols., 12mo, \$6.25. (*Sold only in sets.*)

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston, Mass.

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

SHAKSPERE



A Shakspeare Club
For Our Readers.

This Beautiful
Edition of the
Celebrated

KNIGHT'S SHAKSPERE

is issued in fourteen artistic volumes, bound in half leather and in cloth with gilt tops. A limited edition is now offered to our readers at a trifle more than half the regular subscription price.

Knight's Shakspeare is really a Complete Shaksperian Library. No matter how many sets of Shakspeare you have you need Knight's. This is the COMPLETE EDITION, with additional new material. Notice the following SPECIAL FEATURES, found in no other edition.

The Text.

Founded on the best authorities, carefully printed in clear type, and edited by the great Shaksperian scholar, Charles Knight.

Notes and Analyses.

An article on each play is given, which is largely an analytical view of the plot and characters, with much interesting information about the histories, stories and ballads used by Shakspeare in writing the plays.

A Complete Index.

The most complete subject index of Shakspeare ever published is a part of this edition. By this index all references to any subject in plays or poems can be readily found. Under "Diseases" and "Law" are grouped together all Shakspeare's allusions to law and medicine, and the same plan is followed with all subjects of importance. **It is a concordance as well as an index.**

In addition a SOUVENIR PORTFOLIO of six magnificent photogravure reproductions of CELEBRATED PAINTINGS WILL BE SENT FREE. This ART COLLECTION consists of large plates for framing of the following subjects: Portrait of Shakspeare, Romeo and Juliet, Desdemona, King Lear and Cordelia, Hamlet, Falstaff recruiting.

ONLY HALF SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Terms.

The complete set will be sent free of charge, with the art portfolio, in cloth, on receipt of one dollar and then \$1.00 per month for thirteen months. In the beautiful half leather binding (which we recommend), for \$1.00 and then \$1.25 per month for thirteen months. We allow ten per cent. discount for cash.

ORDER AT ONCE. This International edition is LIMITED, and may soon be exhausted.

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY,

78 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen:

I enclose \$1.00, please send me a set of the INTERNATIONAL SHAKSPERE and PORTFOLIO OF ART PLATES for framing. I agree to pay balance at the rate of \$1.00 monthly for 13 months.

Signed

Address

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

A Glossary to Each Play.

These glossaries are really a dictionary of words and phrases, manners and customs, scenery and costume, characters of history, geographical and historical references, and facts of science and natural history used in the plays.

Life of Shakspeare.

Knight's celebrated life of the great poet is given complete. It is not only a biography, but also criticisms pertaining to many things of interest in connection with the plays.

Various Readings.

At the close of each play is given a list of the different readings of passages shown in the various early editions. These various readings are accompanied by critical notes and estimates.

Illustrations.

The Frontispieces are reproductions in photogravure of the most celebrated Shaksperian illustrations, part of them being from the famous paintings of the Boydell gallery.

CELEBRATED PAINTINGS WILL BE SENT FREE. Portrait of Shakspeare, Romeo and Juliet, Desdemona.

NO ADVANCE PAYMENT REQUIRED.

No Risk.

The books may be returned within fifteen days, if not satisfactory, and the money will be refunded.

Order Promptly.

This edition may be exhausted long before the holidays. Order now for a Christmas present and the books will be shipped at such time as you direct.

The University Society

PUBLISHERS

78 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY.

In Ordering the Half Leather Binding, change \$1.00 monthly to \$1.25 monthly.

Stories of

Splendid Deeds

The Name of Iron Heart · Frank Welles Calkins
 Andrew Muir's Atonement · · · Herbert Bates
 To Coventry and Back · · · · · W T Nichols
 A Brave Rescue · · · · · W J Henderson



THESE are four out of more than two hundred stories of the greatest variety and charm, written for the 1899 volume of

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Other noteworthy contributions by distinguished statesmen, scholars, soldiers, sailors and story-writers to the fifty-two issues of 1899 will be:

Little Demons of War, - Hon. John D. Long.
 Hints on Reading, Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M. P.
 The Crusoes of Spitzbergen, Gen. A. W. Greely.
 Editor and Contributors, - James Payn.
 The Growing Child, - Dr. Mary P. Jacobi.
 At the North Pole, Admiral A. H. Markham, R. N.
 How I Went to the Mines, - Bret Harte.

Our December Offer to New Subscribers

Those who subscribe now for the 1899 volume, which will be the best ever published by THE COMPANION, will receive free from the time of subscription all the remaining issues for 1898, containing the following noteworthy features:

Dec. 1st.	The Watermelon Patch,	- - -	W. D. Howells.
Dec. 3th.	Congressional Oratory,	- - -	Hon. Thomas B. Reed.
Dec. 15th.	How the Queen Spends Christmas,	-	Marquis of Lorne.
Dec. 22d.	Incidents in a Singer's Life,	- - -	Lillian Nordica.
Dec. 29th.	Troublesome Travel in Italy,	- - -	I. Zangwill.

THE COMPANION CALENDAR FREE

The most beautiful Calendar ever given to COMPANION readers, if not the most beautiful one ever produced, is offered as a special Companion gift to new subscribers to THE COMPANION. It is 12 x 36 inches in size, lithographed in twelve most delicate and harmonious colors, with a rich border of stamped gold. It is beautiful enough to adorn the prettiest corner in the loveliest home.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS who will mention this paper or cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and \$1.75, will receive:

FREE—The Companion every week from the time subscription is received to January, 1899, including the beautiful Double Holiday Numbers. AB17
FREE—The Companion Calendar for 1899, described above.
 And The Companion for 52 weeks, a full year, to Jan., 1900—a library in itself.

Illustrated Announcement and Sample Copies sent on request.

Perry Mason & Company, • 201 Columbus Avenue, • Boston, Mass.



DICKENS

Complete Works

New Gadhill Edition
15 Superb Volumes

A Christmas Gift Suggestion!

This Splendid Edition of Dickens

Fills Every Requirement of the Most Exacting Book Lover.

It is complete —containing every one of the famous novels as well as the sketches and short stories reprinted from periodicals, and also his unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," not in many editions.

It is superbly illustrated —containing more than 150 photogravures and wood engravings, from the celebrated Dickens' drawings by Cruikshank, Phiz, and other famous illustrators.

It is beautifully printed on a fine quality of calendar paper, with large, clear type, making continuous or evening reading a pleasure.

It is handsomely bound —so that the volumes are a perpetual delight when even glanced at in library or study, every feature of manufacture thoroughly befitting a work to last a lifetime.

IT IS AN EDITION YOU WILL BE PROUD TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS.

OUR DICKENS CLUB has been organized so as to place one of the special sets of this superb Gadhill edition within easy reach of every member.

NO RISK In order to secure either the **CLOTH** or **HALF LEATHER** style it is only necessary to send \$1, and the entire set is forwarded at once, and members are allowed two whole weeks for examination, with privilege of return if not entirely satisfactory, when payment will be promptly refunded. If you retain the set (as the **CLUB** is sure you will), you pay the balance at the rate of \$1 monthly for fourteen months for the **CLOTH** style, and \$1.50 monthly for the **HALF LEATHER**. We recommend the latter as more handsome, durable, and proportionately cheaper.

Offer Limited to 500 Sets. \$1 Secures a Set.

THE DICKENS CLUB.

78 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen: I enclose One Dollar. Please send me a set of the **GADSHILL DICKENS**, in 15 vols. If satisfactory, I agree to pay \$1.50 per month for 14 months. If not satisfactory, I will return within 15 days, and the amount paid is to be promptly refunded.

Signed

Address

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

In ordering the Cloth, change \$1.50 to \$1.00

THE DICKENS CLUB

78 Fifth Avenue
New York



Price Advanced Jan 1st.

By Special Arrangement, a limited number of sets of this Great National Work has been set aside for Canadian Magazine Readers, so that those who now act promptly can participate in the present low introductory price (see below), and pay for the volumes a little at a time.

OUR INTRODUCTORY EDITION, to be distributed FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES ONLY, was unusually large, because we wished to place one or more specimen sets in each community, for comparison with all other histories of the United States before the public. THE GREAT DEMAND makes it evident, however, that this edition, large as it was, will not last out the month. In any event, the price must be advanced January 1, as we can not afford to distribute many more sets at the low introductory price, and on the easy terms conceded.

NO ONE WHO SEES THIS NEW WORK WILL BE SATISFIED WITH ANY OTHER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

\$1.00

The
One
Superb
Xmas
Gift



Secures immediate possession of the full set of Six Superb Volumes—a whole year to pay the balance.

Everyone who examines this

GREAT NATIONAL WORK

must wonder how the low price and easy terms just now offered are possible.

"The work the public has been waiting for."
BISHOP NEWMAN.

Six Sumptuous Imperial Octavo Vols. Nearly 2,500 pages. Over 1,200 engravings. A splendid array of Historical Maps in color.

Large, Clear Type.

A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS No other work tells the whole story and tells it with such persistent and growing interest from first to last. No other work is so richly and brilliantly illustrated. Such noted artists as Gilbert Gaul, Lippincott, Ogden, Davis, Kendrick, Drake, have lavished upon the work their very best efforts.

OUR LATE WAR WITH SPAIN The sixth volume is devoted almost entirely to The Spanish-American War, which, in the highest degree, fills up and rounds out the record of those glorious conflicts which have made the Nation great. Nowhere else is the story of this momentous struggle so accurately and exhaustively told and illustrated.

The ONLY COMPLETE History of Our Country.

"It will be welcome everywhere—in our homes, our libraries, and to students who wish to read only the best books."

Rev. Robt. Collier, D.D., LL.D.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING" Inspection alone can convey an adequate idea of the artistic features and educational value of this GREAT NATIONAL WORK. Every page bears the mark of expense. In mechanical finish it is simply ideal. It is a work to be personally enjoyed with the keenest literary zest and to be admired by every one who sees it in library or study. It is for this reason that the present introductory distribution is made. Every set thus sent out will sell many others at the regular subscription figure, which is more than double the present introductory price.

How to Get this Great History.

It is only necessary to send ONE DOLLAR and the complete set of six handsome volumes will be forwarded at once. The balance is payable in twelve equal monthly installments as follows: For the Cloth style, \$1.00 monthly; for the elegant Half Russia style (which we highly recommend), \$1.50 a month, and for the sumptuous Full Morocco binding (present edition), \$2.00 a month. The subscription price of this great work will be from \$27.00 to \$52.00 a set. BY APPLYING NOW YOU SAVE OVER ONE-HALF. Specimen pages and engravings will of course be sent, but in order to make sure of one of these special first edition sets at the low price, it is safer to send in your \$1.00 at once, especially as the VOLUMES MAY BE RETURNED WITHIN ONE WEEK, IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY, AND THE PAYMENT WILL BE IMMEDIATELY REFUNDED.

For Your Winter's Reading what more entertaining and profitable than this splendid new work? It is as difficult to lay aside as the most fascinating romance, and it also affords the very highest opportunity for practical self-culture by anecdote, and it also affords the very highest opportunity for practical self-culture by anecdote, and it also affords the very highest opportunity for practical self-culture by anecdote, and it also affords the very highest opportunity for practical self-culture by anecdote.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY.

KNIGHT & BROWN, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. C.C.
Enclosed find \$1.00 for one set of the Standard History in _____ binding, according to the terms of your special introductory offer.

Name _____
Address _____
Date _____ CANADIAN

Address all communications to **KNIGHT & BROWN, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

A CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION.

THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC.

**580 Famous Songs and their Writers.
Famous Instrumental Pieces and their
Composers.**

Of special interest to our readers is a general collection of vocal and instrumental music, something more complete, comprehensive, and satisfactory for home education and entertainment than any collection published heretofore. It is a superb six-volume publication entitled

LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC.

THE GEMS OF

Reginald De Koven Arthur Sullivan Dudley Buck
Gerrit Smith Beethoven Haydn
Paderewski Wagner Schumann
Ciro Pinsuti Mendelssohn Chopin

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS.

A Wonderful Collection of Music

at less than **ONE-TENTH** of
the cost in sheet-music form.

READ THESE LETTERS SELECTED FROM A VAST NUMBER OF A
SIMILAR CHARACTER.

"The most complete and valuable Musical Library ever published."—The Keynote.

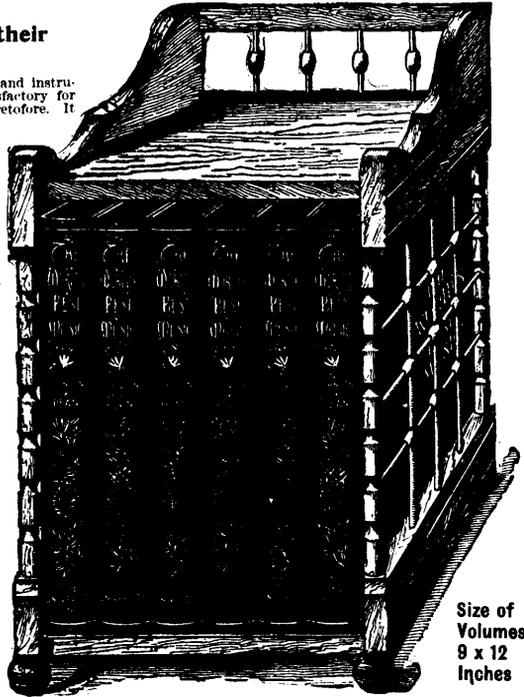
"Will advance the cause of music."—The Vocalist.

"Nothing so fine and well worth having in one's home."—Margaret E. Sangster, Ed. Harper's Bazar.

"It is a publication we can recommend. There is something that will interest all."—The Etude.

"It is a pleasure to see the old and the new songs in this charming framework of illustrations."—Gerrit Smith.

"A vocal and instrumental library of rare excellence and comprehensiveness."—The Pianist.



Size of
Volumes
9 x 12
Inches

WHAT THE LIBRARY REALLY IS.

All the Best Old Songs.

All the favorite old songs are included, and not only solos but duets, trios, quartettes, and choruses. All are large and beautifully printed, and can be used perfectly on the piano.

Biographies of Song Writers and Composers.

The Library contains over three hundred biographical sketches and critical estimates of composers and musical compositions. You can thus become acquainted with your favorite composers, and better appreciate their work.

Choice New and Recent Songs.

Original compositions by the best American composers, including Reginald De Koven, Gerrit Smith, S. G. Frait, Paul Ambrose; also many of the best recent songs copyrighted by the Ditson Company, the Century Company, Pond & Company, and other publishers.

Portraits and Illustrations.

The Library presents nearly five hundred portraits and illustrations, including many exquisite full-page half-tone plates, making a varied and extensive art gallery.

Famous Instrumental Selections.

The Library contains a rare selection of the masterpieces of the composers, such as Haydn, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Wagner, Ardit, Schwanenka. A varied store of the choicest piano music.

Selections Not Too Difficult.

The songs and instrumental pieces are not intended for great professional musicians, but for American homes of culture and refinement. They are just the selections you will most enjoy. We guarantee satisfaction in this respect.

A HOME TREASURY OF MUSIC, ART, BIOGRAPHY

now procurable at **ONE-TENTH** only of the cost of the music alone
in sheet form. It contains more than 1,600 pages of sheet music.

OUR CLUB controls for its members a portion only of the desirable first edition of the Library, which is printed from the fresh new plates, thus bringing out the portraits and engravings with peculiar beauty and delicacy. Every home where there is any lover of music will be happy in the possession of this magnificent collection now offered to club members on such easy terms.

OUR PRICE The subscription price of the Library was \$30. We offer exactly the same style at one-half of the subscription price to our readers who now join this club.

Send \$1.00 at once
and secure the
benefit of this
valuable offer, or
send for beautifully
illustrated
descriptive
pamphlet.

THE MUSICAL LIBRARY CLUB, 78 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen.—Enclosed find one dollar. Please send me a set of "The World's Best Music." I agree to pay balance at the rate of \$1.25 per month for fourteen months.

Canadian } Signed.....
Magazine }
Address.....
If the cloth binding is ordered change \$1.25 to \$1.00.

**SEND ONE
DOLLAR NOW**

and the complete set will be forwarded at once to any address you may desire. Unless otherwise instructed, shipment will be made by freight. For the fine cloth binding the price is \$15—one dollar with order and one dollar a month for fourteen months. For the splendid half morocco binding the terms are one dollar with order and \$1.25 monthly for fourteen months. These prices include a beautiful case for holding the volumes as shown in the picture above.

NO RISK If the Library is not satisfactory it may be returned within fifteen days and the money paid will be promptly refunded.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

THE MUSICAL LIBRARY CLUB

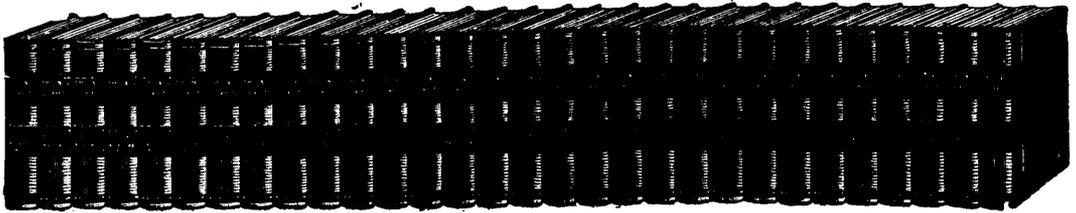
78 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

Unparalleled 30 Day Offer
to Furnish the.

Of Great Interest to "Canadian Magazine" Readers.

Encyclopædia Britannica at \$25

With a Special Dis-
count to "Canadian"
Readers Ordering
within 30 Days



THIS NEW EDITION of the popular Allen Reprint of this famous work is supplied with a NEW COMPLETE APPENDIX VOLUME

in addition to our exhaustive American Supplement. This Appendix Volume takes every important title in the work and gives all the knowledge that is new or recent concerning it, bringing information **DOWN TO JUNE 1, 1898**. It contains also **50 NEW MAPS**, including the new Government Map of Klondike, Hawaii and Cuba. Thus, with our Supplemental volumes, the Britannica becomes the *latest* as well as the *greatest*.

BINDINGS.—The volumes are *handsomely* and *durably* bound in genuine silk-cloth binding, double-hinged, with flexible back, on good quality book paper. It is sewed on the "Smythe Sewer," which makes the most durable of bindings.

3,000 sets will be supplied of this special limited edition at

\$25.00 PER SET,

or with the Supplement, \$30.00,
with a **SPECIAL DISCOUNT** to "Canadian Magazine" readers ordering within 30 days.

ENTIRE SET DELIVERED

on Payment

\$2.00 ONLY.

BALANCE PAYABLE \$2.00 PER MONTH.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA

is the standard of all English-speaking countries of the world.

- Greatest General History.
- Greatest Scientific Work.
- Greatest Theological Work.
- Greatest Biographical Work.
- Greatest Art Work.
- Greatest Geographical Work.

Every article upon these and every other subject is treated exhaustively by the greatest known specialists, hence every article is the best, most reliable and satisfactory that the whole world can furnish.

All this is Yours for \$2 Per Month.

No Risk. The set may be returned to us any time within ten days, if not satisfactory, and the money will be returned.

To Canadian Readers. This edition will not be affected by the Copyright Law, but CAN BE LEGALLY SENT INTO CANADA.

SPECIAL NOTE.

Upon all our more expensive editions a special discount will also be allowed "Canadian Magazine" readers ordering within thirty days.

Absolutely Complete. This edition will contain every one of the 8,000 illustrations, 700 maps, and 25,000 articles found in the original, and while at less than one-third the price, it will be *essentially equal to the original edition*.

Consider the advantage of a family which has these volumes over one which has not, or which has a cheap, three or four volume, *unreliable*, so-called encyclopædia. When information is wanted by parents or children, here it is close at hand, and above all it is *reliable*. The members of the family become accustomed to refer to its pages; in a few years they possess a fund of knowledge worth many times the price of the work.

Order Now and take advantage of this splendid chance to secure this unrivaled fund of universal knowledge.

Sign this application or write for fuller particulars:

Henry G. Allen & Co., 150 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gentlemen: I desire to take advantage of your special offer on the Encyclopædia Britannica to "Canadian Magazine" readers, and inclose \$2.00 as initial payment. Send full particulars, and if found satisfactory I will order the set, paying for it in monthly payments of \$2.00; otherwise the money to be returned to me.

CANADIAN.

HENRY G. ALLEN & CO., Publishers - - 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SAVE ½ YOUR

Book Money

THOUSANDS of people who BUY their Books through

The Publishers' Syndicate

LIMITED

Will testify to the SAVING effected thereby.

It is well known that the prices usually charged for the ordinary wants of the professional man, the teacher, and the student, are high, and that the non-existence of a first-class book business in Canada has been most generally deplored by book buyers, who have found it difficult to obtain what they require without vexatious delay and trouble. **The Publishers' Syndicate** remedies this grievance and supplies

BOOKS FRESH FROM THE PRESS ...

Send Ten Cents for Specimen Catalogue and
Prospectus of our Plan.

**Our Bookstore is in Every Post Office
in the Dominion**

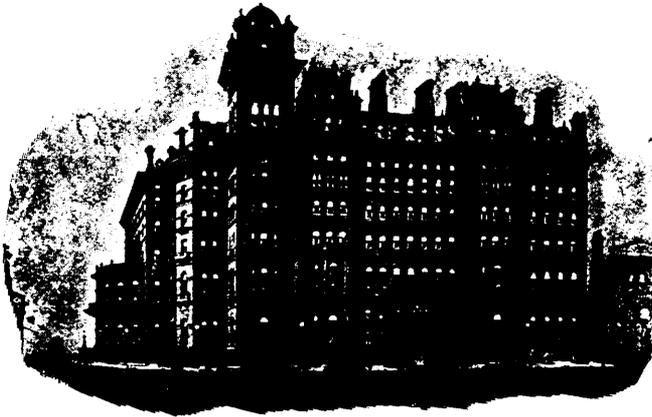
Any Book Advertised in this Magazine sent Prepaid on Receipt of Price.

The Publishers' Syndicate

Section C

TORONTO, ONTARIO

LIMITED



Situated in the most
Fashionable, Convenient
and Healthy Locality
in
LONDON, ENGLAND.

The
**Langham
Hotel**

Portland Place
and
Regent St. W.

Every Modern Improvement
Moderate Tariff

AUTHORS, CLERGYMEN, TEACHERS,

and others interested in scientific or literary work should send for the announcement of **Central University** Correspondence School, giving courses for Home Study, leading to degrees of A.B., M.S., Ph.D., Etc., Etc. Thorough, conscientious work the basis of advancement; studies directed by able Professors in Language, Literature, Mathematics and the Natural Sciences.

Address the Secretary. **ALBERT MORHAN,**
Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

TOKOLOGY A BOOK FOR
EVERY
WOMAN,

By **Dr. Alice B. Stockham**, has become a household necessity in thousands of families, and would relieve suffering and lessen doctors' fees in 2,000,000 more. "**TOKOLOGY** is unequalled in its practical advice to women." "Next to the Bible, the best book ever written." **SAMPLE PAGES FREE.**

Agents Wanted. Prepaid Cloth \$2.25, Morocco, \$2.75.
ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 Madison St., CHICAGO

HISTORY OF CANADA

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1841.

By **William Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S.,** Canada.

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES.

8vo. CLOTH, UNCUT EDGES, \$3.00 PER VOL.

CANADA UNDER FRENCH RULE. Vols. 1 to 4.

CANADA UNDER ENGLISH RULE (to 1841), Vols. 5 to 10.

This Valuable Work should be in all High School Libraries in Canada, and in every Public and Private Library in Canada and the United States . . .

Rowsell & Hutchison,

PUBLISHERS, - KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

The Westminster Co's NEW BOOKS.

Black Rock

A Tale of the Selkirks. By RALPH CONNOR, author of "Beyond the Marshes." 327 pages. Cloth, extra, \$1.00 net, postpaid.

"This, we believe, is one of the best 'tales' ever told in Canada. There is about it a pathetic reality, a simple earnestness of purpose above praise."—*Presbyterian Witness*, Halifax.

"The author has come with a single leap into the front rank for literary skill and realistic power."—*S. S. Teacher's Monthly*.

"'Black Rock' surpasses Ian MacLaren's work in pathos and richness of coloring, and it replaces the sometimes narrow parochialism of the Old Country peasantry, with the roominess and generous, warm movement of our great new nation."—*The Globe*, Toronto.

Beyond the Marshes

A Manitoba Idyll. By RALPH CONNOR. With an introductory note by the Countess of Aberdeen. Printed in two colors, on deckle edge paper. 25 cents, postpaid.

"A dainty Christmas booklet."

Gwen's Canyon

A tale of the Foothills. By RALPH CONNOR. A dainty oblong Christmas booklet. 25 cents, postpaid.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

Or mailed to any address by the publishers.

THE WESTMINSTER CO., Limited

Confederation Life Building

TORONTO



"Never mind, baby! It will soon grow now."

EDWARDS' **"HARLENE"** FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER. The Finest Dressing, specially Prepared and Perfumed, Fragrant and Refreshing. Is a Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet. "HARLENE" PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR. Prevents its Falling off or turning Grey. Unequaled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for removing Scurf, Dandruff, etc.; also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour. "HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates Children's Hair. Keeps the Scalp Clean and allays all Irritation.

25c., 60c., and \$1.00 per Bottle. Sold Everywhere.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 and 96 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

If you are 70 your hair should be all white. But at half 70 do you want it half white?

“35 and gray” gives you the look of 50 at least. Any comfort from this? Why not postpone the telltale sign of years?

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer will surely restore color to your faded or gray hair. You may depend upon it every time.

It is also a fine hair dressing, making the hair soft and rich and the scalp clean and healthy.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.



FROM A PAINTING BY G. A. REID, PRES. O.S.A.

THE BERRY PICKERS.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 2.

A MATERIAL AGE.

BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

IF I were to prefer an indictment against the age in which we live, it would be that it is essentially and conspicuously materialistic. And this, too, while most persons are living in serene assurance that it is quite the reverse. I propose to demonstrate this in as succinct and effective manner as possible, but, as it is a question upon which wide differences of opinion exist, my object will be to avoid extreme statement and to steer clear of anything that savours of fanaticism.

First, let us have a little definition. By materialism is meant the tendency of the great masses of mankind to be absorbed in matters which pertain simply and solely to this world—the comfort of the body, the acquisition of and interest in things which can be seen and felt and handled. In a word, the expression “materialism” is used to designate an absorbing regard for matters of a purely finite character, as against those things which pertain to the spiritual or immortal part of man.

It will not be necessary to deal with this important aspect of human life from a world-wide point of view, though, no doubt, the indictment would hold good against the inhabitants of all countries and of all climes. It is sufficient to confine whatever data is offered to the Christian world, the civilized world, or, to be more explicit, to this particular country in which we live.

If it were the general belief of mankind that this life ends all, a regard for the affairs of this world and a determination to extract everything possible from the brief span of human existence would be natural, perhaps inevitable. But, as a matter of fact, it is the almost universal belief of the whole world that the soul is immortal, and that a future state exists, and the Christian world takes an especially high ground, inspired by the teaching of the founder of the Christian religion, that things which pertain to the soul are the only things worthy of the supreme interest of mortals, and in characterizing the age as materialistic it is done in the light of the teachings of the Christian religion and all that it involves in regard to the comparatively paltry character of purely temporal concerns.

What then are the tokens that the age is materialistic, as much so, if not more so, than it was centuries ago? It must be understood that in dealing with this subject individual cases are not considered. Exceptions, of course, exist now, as they always did, whose whole energies are expended in respect of spiritual matters. We propose to deal with aggregates, with the general tendencies of the race.

The indications of what interests masses of people are numerous and are not difficult to determine. Take the literature of the world. The daily papers, to the proprietors of which can certainly

be attributed a keen instinct in endeavouring to cater to the public taste, are filled, the world over, with records of events which are, in the overwhelming majority of cases, essentially pertaining to worldly concerns. The telegraphic news of the world almost exclusively relates to movements of armies and navies, the utterances of monarchs and statesmen in regard to national affairs, parliamentary discussions on political topics, records of yacht races, prize fights and foot-ball matches, building of railways, discoveries in electricity, development in rapid transit, inventions of new machinery and more destructive methods of warfare, new and more refined types of architecture, new dishes in cookery, new styles of hats, new processes of weaving fabrics, reports of murder trials, judicial decisions involving large sums of money, details of divorce suits and actions for breach of promise, the discovery of mines, particulars of legislation touching health, tariffs and currency, the death of distinguished men, the size of their funerals, the height of their monuments, the resignation of a minister, and the results of a political election. This category makes no attempt at completeness. It merely selects a sample of the things which engage, to an absorbing extent, the interests of all classes of people.

Turn to the higher walks of literature—the magazines, and the class of subjects dealt with are almost invariably on the same materialistic lines. To illustrate, at random, I take from the index of the "Review of Reviews" a statement of the leading articles for the month which come under monthly review, and this is but a sample of what characterizes the leading magazine articles of every month:—

The Rationale of the Boycott.

The A. R. U.

The Labour War in the United States.

Co-operative Working-class Settlements.

The Padrone Question.

Value of Law and Order Leagues.

An Australian's Impressions of America.

How to Nationalize the Railways.

Intra-Costal Canals.

Hints from Birmingham.

Future of the Tramcar in London.

London a Modern City.

Berlin's Great Milkman.

The Paris Municipal Laboratory.

The Subways of a Great City.

Our National Postal Service.

The Attack on the Senate.

The Upper Chambers of the World.

What is Income?

The "Gresham" Law.

Wanted—A British Imperial Dollar.

Reputation in the Southern States.

The A. P. A.

Religious Persecution in India.

The United Anglo-Saxon Will.

Athletic Sports as a Factor in European Life.

Lord Rosebery and the Turf.

Germany's Success in Alsace-Lorraine.

Some National Songs.

Cromwell, Creator of the first Cavalry Soldier.

The Building of a Battle Ship.

Clear Aims in Education.

Nikola Tesla and his Works.

In how many of these contributions to the knowledge and wisdom of the world is there found any token that human beings have a soul, that the spiritual part is the supremely important factor in human destiny and that love and self-sacrifice and heroism are the greatest attributes which pertain to human character.

Of course, there is another side—poets still issue volumes of verse, preachers still proclaim the supremacy of religious truth from ten thousand pulpits, and newspapers exist whose chief aim is to gather news of religious progress and to proclaim the immeasurable importance of religious truth. Is it just or possible to say that these things engage more than a fractional part of the interests of civilized Christendom? To say truly, the appreciation of poetry has not grown at the same ratio as invention and material progress, and the poetry of to-day cannot justly be put in comparison with the poetry of three hundred years ago.

Let us with a spirit of frankness and reverence come to the churches themselves which exist in city, town and country. The majority of the Christian population gather together in suitable places of worship to indulge in religious exercises. Let us not charge these people with intentional hypocrisy or with conscious disregard of the essence of religious duty. But who, looking down upon an average congregation of worshippers, can fail to recognize that while most of them are sincerely giving vent on this first day of the week to their religious aspirations, viewed in the aggregate they really constitute a collection of worldlings whose thoughts and interests are linked inexorably to the world and all that pertains thereto.

This sounds like a sweeping and pessimistic accusation, although uttered in no carping spirit; but who doubts that most of the men who sit reverently in this place of worship are absorbed either in obtaining wealth, in striving for public position, in working out new problems of science, in watching the fluctuations of a stock market, in seeking profitable employment, in cherishing expectations of testamentary favours? Who doubts that to the good women who reverently bow their heads in prayer, questions of social position, of dress, of the circle of friends by whom they may be surrounded, of invitations to social events, ambitious marriages for daughters, yearning anxieties for the material advancement of sons, and other incidents pertaining purely to the world and the things of this world occupy a predominant place in their thoughts even on Sunday itself, and even, perchance, during the hours of worship?

The founder of the Christian religion, when a certain wealthy young man approached him and proclaimed in tones of humble pride that he had kept all the moral laws from his youth upward, commanded him to sell all that he had and give it to the poor. A similar command addressed to an average congregation of worshippers would probably disperse them in a condition as

exceeding sorrowful as that which characterized the virtuous young man.

But the apologist for modern tendencies will indicate that interest in the world's affairs is a part of man's duty; that, while recognizing that heaven is God's throne, the earth also is His footstool, and that it is essential to the existence of human society that, while connection should be had with the upper sphere, one foot at least should be solidly planted upon this firm earth. It must be recognized that if the whole of humanity became by some magical process completely imbued with spiritual aims human institutions would collapse. This is true, but the teaching of the Christian religion, which is the acknowledged guide to the inhabitants of the Christian world, embodies principles and maxims which seem seriously in conflict with the theories of material progress. "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "blessed are the meek;" "lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;" "if any man shall sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;" "take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed?" "love thy God with all thy might, with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself."

These are some of the burning watchwords of the Christian religion, and Christian teachers for nineteen hundred years have been endeavouring to din them into the ears of the world. And if their efforts had been successful no one pretends that we should have a world to-day whose thoughts were overshadowingly absorbed in railroads, telegraphs, steamships, electric lights, houses, yachts, dinners, banks and material comforts.

To illustrate the tendencies of the age, what magazine would accept a well-written article on spiritual life as against one equally well written containing latest information from the Klondyke? How many men from choice would prefer a prayer meeting

to an important political gathering, who would attend a Vesper service in preference to the reading of a will at which many thousands of dollars were to be obtained by bequest? How many men, I mean Christian men, would attend a little gathering of people met to discuss spiritual topics in preference to a great celebration in honour of a statesman, or to celebrate a military victory? What would be the fate of a daily paper which confined its telegraphic news to matters solely concerning the religious world and the purely spiritual side of that, not the erection of cathedrals, the salaries which various divines were receiving or the polemics indulged in over isms or the belligerent utterances of opposing sects. These constitute essentially worldly news because they appeal to the warlike instincts of earth-bound mortals. It is necessary to enlarge the overwhelming tokens which beset us in every direction that this modern world, and especially modern Christendom, is to-day enormously materialistic, and gives few evidences of any immediate probability of a deeper and wider appreciation of spiritual things.

One of the boasts of the most enlightened parts of Christendom is that civilization has enormously developed, and one hears grave claims put forth by the apostles of the Christian religion that Christianity is the forerunner of civilization, and that to Christianity the world is indebted for the triumphs of civilization. A strange boast! Civilization, as it is understood, implies for the most part larger houses, a better system of drainage, steam and its varied agencies, electricity and its various functions, highly developed manufactures, perfections of commercial intercourse, rapid and comfortable travel, labour saving appliances, dainty delicacies in cookery, tickling of the ear by melodious sounds and the enravishment of the eye by the spectacular. These are the regnant and essential features of civilization. Of course it includes the daily newspaper, not at all spiritual and not always intellectual in

its character, the magazine, art, fiction and poetry; but most of these preceded the higher advances of civilization. The Greeks equalled the achievements of the nineteenth century in both art and poetry. Civilization, as the world understands it, is not only not a legitimate product of Christianity, but is its antithesis. Christianity, if it means anything, means self-sacrifice, spiritual life and a regard for immortal things. Civilization means the worship of comfort, wealth, invention and the survival of the fittest. Of course there is another side to this. Devout materialists will tell us that everything which exists in nature is immortal, that matter itself is indestructible and is part of the great scheme of the founder of the universe, that spirit lurks in matter, sits enthroned in the rock, the mountain, the engine and the iron-ribbed monster that plows the seas.

This is poetic and is comforting, but it is not the Sermon on the Mount. It does not prefigure a supreme finality when this firmament shall be rolled up as a scroll.

Differences of opinion may, and of course will, exist as to the conclusions to be drawn from the essentially materialistic character of this age, but the fact no one surely can dispute. The only overshadowing question is what is to be the ultimate destiny of the human race? What is to be the final complexion of humanity?

Several alternatives are presented by different classes of thinkers. A small, but perhaps respectable, number say that they see no grounds for what Tennyson would call the "larger hope," and, driven to believe that this life ends all, look forward to a world with higher ideals and better processes of living, but with no essential change in the aims and essential characteristics of the race. Another, a much larger class, believing in the total depravity of man, in the fall and in regeneration, are inclined to regard this world as a gloomy place of trial where the virtuous have a chance to inherit eternal glory and happiness, and the

remainder are doomed to a fate too awful to contemplate. To these people no great expectation exists that this world will ever be very much better than it is, or anything else than the abode of sin and suffering.

There still remains the optimistic remainder, how large their number cannot be precisely estimated, who cherish the conviction that not only does this life not end all, but that the influence of love, which constitutes the vital essence of the Christian religion, slowly but surely working in the hearts of men, will gradually lead humanity up through the cycles to a due recognition and appreciation of spiritual things; that as this divine leaven works its way, regard for purely material things will diminish and a regard for spiritual things expand, and when the work is achieved we shall have a beautiful spiritual world where love, self-sacrifice, altruism, or whatever name that which is highest and best may be called, shall have full sway over the hearts of men and supersede entirely the influence of sordid aims and the ignoble principle of the survival of the fittest.

To those who hold this elevated view of human destiny the world needs a different class of reformers from those it now worships. Our present objects of worship are the inventor of the telephone, the discoverer of anæsthetics, the Foreign Minister who can add hundreds of thousands of square miles to the territory of his nation by diplomacy, or the military chieftain who can achieve the same thing by bullets and blood. It would be unjust to the spirit of the age if no passing mention were made to the sprinter and the prize-fighter.

The hero the world really needs at this particular stage is a man, not content to be the perfunctory pastor of a fashionable church, with a comfortable salary, proclaiming conventional truths in a scrupulously orthodox manner, but a man who, ignoring everything but a sense of the spiritual needs of the hour, proclaims trumpet-tongued from the house-tops the claims of spiritual life and the essential paltriness of the aims which now absorb the overwhelming portion of human energy.

J. W. Longley.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THE snows return, and the great stars burn
 O'er a world struck dumb with frost ;
 Auroral lights scale empurpled heights,
 And in rosy depths are lost.

Old dreams come back their golden track,
 A shining company ;
 But you, my Dear, through the waning year,
 Return no more to me.

And musing here, I wonder, Dear,
 If now in Heaven you know
 The perfect bliss of that first kiss,
 Under the mistletoe.

Bradford K. Daniels.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Second Paper.

BY CAPT. J. J. BELL. AN OFFICER IN LORD WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION.

HAVING determined on an expedition to suppress the Red River rebellion (the causes of which were traced in my first article), an arrangement was arrived at between the Imperial and Canadian Governments by which the force was to consist partly of Regulars and partly of Canadian Militia. The expense was to be borne in the proportion of one-fourth by Great Britain and three-fourths by Canada.

As finally constituted the force numbered 1,213 of all ranks. It was composed of a detachment, 350 strong, of the 60th Royal Rifles, then on service in Canada, under Lt.-Col. Feilden; 20 men from the Royal Artillery, with four 7-pounder, brass, mountain guns, under Lieut. Alleyn; 20 men from the Royal Engineers, under Lieut. Henneage; 12 non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service corps; 8 non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Hospital corps. There were also two battalions of Canadian volunteers, of 28 officers and 355 men each. The latter were designated respectively the First or Ontario Rifles, and the Second or Quebec Rifles. They were commanded by Lt.-Col. Jarvis, D.A.G., of Military District No. 3, and Lt.-Col. Casault, D.A.G., of Military District No. 7. The entire expedition was under the command of Col. (now Field Marshal Lord) Wolseley, who was then Deputy Quartermaster General in Canada. The appointment of Col. Wolseley met with hearty approval on all sides, and the excellent work which he performed amply justified the selection.

The following is the General Order issued by the Militia Department authorizing the formation of the expedition :

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

Headquarters, Ottawa, 12th May, 1870.
General Orders (17).

No. 1.

ACTIVE MILITIA.

The formation, to date from 1st instant, of two Battalions of Riflemen from existing corps of Active Militia for service in the "North-West" is hereby authorized to be styled, respectively, the First (or Ontario) Battalion of Riflemen, and the Second (or Quebec) Battalion of Riflemen, and the appointments thereto are as follows, viz :

1ST (OR ONTARIO) BATTALION OF RIFLEMEN.

To be Lieutenant-Colonel :
Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Peters Jarvis.

To be Major :
Major Griffiths Wainwright.

To be Captains :
Major Thomas Scott,
Major Thomas Macklem,
Major William Macaulay Herchmer,
Captain William Smith,
Captain Alexander R. Macdonald,
Captain and Adjutant Henry Cooke,
Captain Daniel Hunter McMillan.

To be Lieutenants :
Captain and Adjutant Donald A. Macdonald,
Captain David M. Walker,
Captain and Adjutant William N. Kennedy,
Captain Andrew McBride,
Captain and Adjutant William J. McMurtry,
Captain Samuel Bruce Harman,
Lieutenant James Benson.

To be Ensigns :
Captain and Adjutant A. J. L. Peebles,
Lieutenant Stewart Mulvey
Lieutenant Josiah Jones Bell,
Lieutenant Samuel Hamilton,
Lieutenant John Biggar,
Lieutenant William Hill Nash,
Ensign Hugh John Macdonald.

To be Paymaster :
Captain J. F. B. Morrice,

To be Adjutant with the rank of Captain :
Captain William James Baker Parsons.

To be Quartermaster :
Quartermaster Edward Armstrong.

To be Surgeon :
Surgeon Alfred Codd, M.D.

2ND (OR QUEBEC) BATTALION OF RIFLEMEN.

To be Lieutenant-Colonel :
Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Adolphe Casault.

To be Major :
Major Acheson G. Irvine.

To be Captains :
Lieutenant-Colonel L. C. A. L. de Bellefeuille,
Major Allan Macdonald,
Major Jacques Labranche,
Captain Samuel Macdonald,
Captain Jean Baptiste Amyot,
Captain John Fraser,
Captain William John Barret.

To be Lieutenants :
Captain Josephus W. Vaughan,
Captain John Price Fletcher,
Captain Edward T. H. F. Patterson,
Captain Maurice E. B. Duchesnay,
Captain Henri Boutillier,
Captain Leonidas de Salaberry,
Lieutenant Oscar Prevost.

To be Ensigns :
Captain Ed. S. Bernard,
Captain John Allan,
Lieutenant George Simard,
Lieutenant Gabriel Louis Des George,
Ensign Alphonse de Montenach Henri
D'Eschambault,
Ensign William Wilmount Ross,
Ensign Alphonse Tetu.

To be Paymaster :
Lieutenant C. Auguste Larue.

To be Adjutant with the rank of Captain :
Major F. D. Gagnier.

To be Quartermaster :
Riding Master F. Villiers.

To be Surgeon :
F. L. A. Neilson, Esq.

STAFF.

The following staff-appointments in connection with the Militia Corps for service in the North-West are hereby made, viz :—

To be Assistant Brigade Major :
Major James F. McLeod.

To be Assistant Control Officer :
Captain A. Peebles.

To be Orderly Officer to the Officer in command of Expeditionary Force :
Lieutenant Frederick Charles Denison.

In a Subsequent Gazette :—

Chaplain Ontario Battalion,
Reverend R. Stewart Patterson (Stratford)
Chaplain Quebec Battalion,
Rev. Father Marie Joseph Royer (Ottawa)
Paymaster, Quebec Battalion,
Lieutenant Thomas Howard, vice Larue appointment not confirmed.

The general staff consisted of the following :—

Col. Wolseley, commanding.
Capt. Huyshe, Rifle Brigade,
Lieut. F. C. Denison, Governor } A.D.C.'s.
General's Body Guard,
Lieut.-Col. Bolton, R.A., Deputy Assistant
Adjutant General.
Lieut.-Col. McNeill, V.C., attached to staff.
Surgeon-Major Young, 60th Rifles, Principal
Medical Officer.
Staff-Assistant Surgeons Shaw, Robertson and
Chatterton.
Major Jas. F. McLeod, Brigade Major of
Militia.
Control Department : Assistant Controller
Irvine.
Commissaries : Pennell and Mellish.
Deputy Commissaries : Marston, Meyer and
Beamish; and from the Militia, Capt.
Peebles.
Assistant Commissary, Jolly.
Transport Department : Capt. Nagle, Capt.
Money and Lieut. Smythe, late R.C.R.
Rifles.

The organization of the force was intrusted to Lieut.-General Hon. James Lindsay, who was sent from England for that purpose. He had previously commanded one of the military districts in Canada and was familiar with the country.

The distribution of the force was as follows :—The 60th Rifles, the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers were to proceed to Fort Garry, and return without delay; the Ontario battalion was to proceed to Fort Garry, leaving one company encamped at Fort Francis until 1st September, when it was to proceed to Fort Garry by the North-West angle of the Lake of the Woods; the Quebec battalion was to proceed to Lower Fort Garry, with the exception of one company, which was to remain at Prince Arthur's Landing till the return of the regulars, when it was to return to Montreal.

The force was ordered to rendezvous at Toronto, which it did, early in May. The Crystal Palace, which had been occupied by the 13th Hussars when in Canada, was utilized as barracks. There the militia were fitted out, drilled and prepared for the severe labours they were to undergo. The medical examination, both at the recruiting points and in Toronto, as well as subsequently at Thunder Bay, was of the severest character, and numbers were rejected as physically unfit for the ser-

vice. There was, however, no difficulty in securing the requisite number. So great was the anxiety of the young men of Ontario to go that many officers in the militia who could not obtain commissions entered the ranks rather than remain behind. The Quebec battalion was not so fortunate. The French Canadians did not feel disposed to fight against their fellow-countryman Riel, and though many of the officers were of that nationality, few French Canadians were found in the ranks. Nominally a French battalion, it did not contain more than about fifty French, and was filled up to the required strength largely by recruits from Ontario.

The route usually travelled from Canada to the Red River settlement lay through the United States, but as it was out of the question to send troops through a foreign country, another way had to be found. With some few changes, the old Hudson Bay canoe route from Lake Superior was adopted. This was not wholly unknown as a military highway, a company of the Royal Canadian Rifles having been sent over it in 1857. They were conveyed as far as Fort Francis in canoes, and the rest of the way in Hudson Bay boats. They travelled light, having to take little with them in the way of supplies or stores. The report of their journey was, however, of some service in determining the outfit and route of the Red River expedition.

The route adopted was as follows :—Toronto by rail to Collingwood, 94 miles; through Lakes Huron and Superior by steamer to Thunder Bay, 534 miles; land transport over the Dawson road to Lake Shebandowan, 48 miles; boats to Fort Garry, 550 miles; in round numbers 1,200 miles in all. Of this the 600 miles from Lake Superior to Fort Garry presented the greatest difficulties. The route lay through a wilderness of lakes and rivers, traversed only by the Indian in his bark canoe, or the Hudson's Bay Co.'s voyageur. A portion of it had been surveyed by Mr. S. J. Dawson, C.E., of the Public Works Department,

who was engaged in the construction of a waggon road from Thunder Bay to Lake Shebandowan, and in the improvement of the lakes and portages thence to Fort Garry, with the idea of making it a highway for immigration to Red River. It had been promised that the forty-eight miles of road would be completed by the end of May, so that the boats, stores and men might be conveyed over it to the point of embarkation without delay. The promise was not fulfilled, and this item of land transport proved to be a source of vexatious delay, threatening at one time the success of the whole expedition. Only the indomitable energy and determination of Col. Wolseley, seconded by the willingness of those under his command, overcame obstacles which would have disheartened men less enthusiastic and determined.

Mr. Dawson had been instructed to organize a Boat Transport Service, and under his direction 150 boats were built at various points in Canada. The boats were of two kinds—clinker and carvel-built, and experience showed each to have its advantages. They averaged about thirty feet long, with a beam of six or seven feet, and were constructed to carry a weight of four tons and a crew of fourteen men. Each was propelled by six oars, and fitted with two masts and sails, which proved to be of little service, as the prevailing winds were contrary. The westerly winds, however, brought fine weather, though there had been an unusual quantity of rain early in the season. A gig and three bark canoes were provided for the staff.

About 400 men who were supposed to be familiar with the handling of boats were engaged as voyageurs, but most of them proved to be utterly incompetent. Many of them were men who simply wished to obtain a free trip to the Red River settlement, of which they had heard so much. Almost the only exceptions were a hundred Iroquois, who were splendid boatmen. A few of the militiamen were also familiar with this work, having been engaged in lumbering. One hundred and

fifty horses and waggons were provided for conveying the boats and stores from Thunder Bay to Lake Shebandowan, but, as the event proved, they were of limited use. The roads were bad, the drivers, like the boatmen, incompetent, and many of the horses fell sick.

Numerous delays were encountered at the outset. These arose partly from a divided responsibility such as Mr. Kinglake describes in connection with the Crimean war. General Lindsay, the commandant of Her Majesty's forces in Canada, was not allowed a free hand by the Government at Ottawa in making his arrangements. Contracts sometimes depended on the political complexion of those who were concerned rather than ability to carry them out promptly and efficiently. Indeed, it was freely hinted at the time, and was current among the soldiers, that obstacles were placed in the way in order that the expedition might be delayed or withdrawn. Indomitable energy finally overcame all difficulties, as history teaches us has always been the case with British soldiers.

From Collingwood to Thunder Bay is 534 miles, through Lakes Huron and Superior. The only passage between these lakes, around the St. Mary's rapids, was through the United States Sault canal. On the first hint of difficulties the United States authorities not only refused to allow stores intended for the expedition to pass through, but stopped the *Chicora*, though she had no military supplies on board. Fortunately the steamer *Algoma* was on the Lake Superior side, and the only course was to bring the supplies to the foot of the rapid, unload them on the Canada side, convey them across a three-mile portage to Lake Superior, and re-load them on the *Algoma*. Other steamers on Lake Superior, among them some United States boats, were chartered to expedite the work; but the unfriendly action of the United States was the cause of much annoyance and delay, though the restrictions were afterwards modified. The embargo was doubtless the result of sympathy felt by a section of the people of

the United States for Riel, and the hope that his action might lead to the annexation of the Red River territory to their country.

In consequence of the difficulty at the Sault, two companies of the Ontario Battalion were sent up as soon as possible after organization, to form a garrison, under command of Lt.-Col. Bolton, D.A.G. to the force. They assisted in making the road and in conveying the stores across the portage. Their departure from Toronto, on the 14th of May, was hailed with delight by the people of Ontario, who were anxious to see this, the first military expedition ever undertaken by Canada, a success, and who were thirsting for revenge on the murderers of Scott.

Just at this time the Fenian organization again began to manifest activity. It threatened to make an attack at Sault Ste. Marie, and two more companies of the Ontario Rifles were hurried off to strengthen that garrison. The troops in Toronto were under orders to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the Niagara frontier, where an attack was threatened. The only hostilities which actually occurred were on the southern boundary of the Province of Quebec, where the invaders were soon repulsed. Had it not been for the vigilance of Col. Wolseley it is probable an attempt would have been made to destroy the stores at the Sault, or Thunder Bay, which would have delayed the expedition and possibly caused its postponement for a year.

Meantime the force and stores were being assembled at Thunder Bay, the beginning of the Dawson route. It well deserved the name, for the thunderstorms which prevail are appalling in their character. It rained fifteen days in June, and eight out of the first sixteen days in July, while the expedition was there. The point of debarkation was named, by Col. Wolseley, Prince Arthur's Landing, in honour of H.R.H., then in Canada. It has since been changed to the more euphonious Port Arthur. There was plenty of work to be done—clearing away the

woods and stumps to make a camping-ground, unloading and forwarding stores, building a small redoubt for the ammunition and as a protection against possible Fenian attack, working on the road, and the usual drill. Working on the road was one of the most laborious and uncongenial tasks. In the words of the Expedition Song :—

'Twas only as a volunteer that I left my abode,
I never thought of coming here to work upon the road.

But while working with the spade, which General Lindsay told the men was, as much as a rifle, the weapon of a soldier, they were cheered by the thought,

We'll keep our spirits up, my boys, and not look sad or sober,
Nor grumble at our hardships on our way to Manitoba.

But the roadwork was an absolute necessity. A fire, which had swept over the country shortly before, leaving everything in a most desolate condition, had burned a number of the bridges and culverts, and these had to be rebuilt. The unusual rainfall had rendered much of the road as already constructed well-nigh impassible. But apart from this there was much to be done. For miles, instead of the road being made, it had merely been chopped out, and in some places even that had not yet been done. Only some thirty miles were at all fit for travel. After an inspection of the entire force by General Lindsay and Captain Gascoigne, detachments were scattered along the road, according as supplies could be forwarded, to assist in making it passable; but even then it is doubtful whether the force could have got through, had not an alternative route for most of the boats and some of the stores been found.

The Kaministiquia River was the old canoe route from Lake Superior. It empties about four miles west of Prince Arthur's Landing. Fort William, an important Hudson Bay post, was about a mile above the mouth. Small tugs could go up the river ten miles, beyond which it became very

rapid. As the height of land between the waters flowing into Lake Superior and Hudson Bay is only about forty miles from the former, and is 830 feet above the lake, it follows that the descent of the river is very rapid. The Kakabeka Falls are 120 feet in perpendicular height, necessitating a very laborious portage. Colonel Wolseley however, resolved to test the river as a route for the boats, and, having found it practicable, forwarded most of them, with a proportion of the stores, that way. The Matawan, a tributary of the Kaministiquia, flows out of Lake Shebandowan, and it, too, was utilized. By means of such sections of the road as were fit for travel, and stretches of the two rivers referred to, the boats and stores were gradually pushed through to Lake Shebandowan. The labour involved was enormous; the waggons had to be loaded and unloaded many times, while the boats suffered much damage before they reached the place of embarkation. To give an idea of the character of the river, it may be observed that on one stretch it took thirteen hours of hard work with oar, pole and tracking-line, to ascend, while the empty boats ran down for another load in one hour. Too much stress cannot be laid on the difficulties which beset this part of the route, or on the willingness and determination of officers and men to grapple with and overcome them.

At length, on the 16th of July, the first detachment, consisting of two companies of the 60th, the artillery, the engineers, and two of the mountain guns, started from McNeill's Bay, a cove with sandy beach at the east end of Lake Shebandowan, which was named after Col. McNeill, V.C., who was there in charge. Thereafter a brigade was despatched almost every day, until the whole twenty-one brigades were afloat, the last leaving on the 2nd of August. Communication was kept up by means of a weekly mail from Fort William, carried by Indians in a canoe.

A brigade consisted of six boats, which carried one company of soldiers—

fifty men. An officer and two voyageurs were in each boat, and, when procurable, there was one guide for the brigade. As reliable men who knew the route were few, Col. Wolseley had the course "blazed" by making an axe mark on the trees where the channel was intricate. Sufficient provisions were taken to last every man for thirty days, besides one ton of surplus stores to each brigade. In addition there was a tool chest containing materials for repairs, tents, blankets, cooking utensils, arms, ammunition, spare oars and other material, and personal baggage. The latter in the case of officers was limited to ninety lbs., including bedding and cooking utensils, and in the case of the men to what was contained in their knapsacks. The officers instead of swords carried short rifles and sixty rounds of ammunition, the same as the men.

The daily ration per man was as follows: 1 lb. biscuit, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. bread or flour, 1 lb. salt pork, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. fresh meat, 2 oz. sugar, 1 oz. tea, $\frac{1}{3}$ pint beans, or $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. preserved potatoes, salt and pepper. After leaving Thunder Bay fresh meat was rarely seen. Most of the biscuit had been spoiled by the rain, and as there were no ovens, bake kettles or baking powder, the only way to prepare the flour was by mixing it with water into a batter and making pancakes in the frying pans. Such fare was not very suitable for men engaged in hard work, and many suffered from diarrhœa. The liberal ration of tea was most acceptable, as the water in many of the lakes was not good. It was expected that enough fish might be caught for an occasional meal, and a net was supplied for each brigade, but there was no time for fishing, nor did fish appear to be at all plentiful. Occasionally a sturgeon might be had from the Indians in exchange for pork. A supply of blueberries, procured in the same way, formed an agreeable change of diet.

No spirit ration was issued, probably the first expedition undertaken by British troops in which intoxicating liquor was not served out daily. It

was an experiment based upon the experience of lumbermen in Canada, who are never allowed spirits, but have an unlimited quantity of tea. It was asserted by some of the older officers that it would be a failure, but it was not. Absence of liquor was marked by absence of crime, as well as by the wonderful good health and spirits of the men. Had a spirit ration been issued the result would have been different. Even the liquor in the medical stores was seldom called for. The testimony of everyone on the expedition was that spirits are not necessary, and that men can do harder and better work without them.

A feeling of relief was experienced when the little army found itself in the boats, with the Kaministiquia, the Matawan and the 48 miles of road left behind, but the hard work was by no means ended. Rowing the boats was no light task, and much had to be done in roadmaking on the portages before the boats and stores could be conveyed across. The boats carried about two tons each of supplies and ammunition, and this, except as it was diminished by use, with the baggage and the boats, had to be conveyed across 42 portages, varying in length from 40 to 1,800 yards. No wonder the men slept well, even under the open canopy of heaven. Tents were seldom pitched, for it was always true that a hard day's work

"Had earned a night's repose,"

The portaging was done by means of portage straps, a load being, according to Hudson's Bay usage, 100 lbs., though some of their men carry two or even three "pieces" of that weight. Rope slings, which with two poles formed a handbarrow, were also served out, but after a little experience the men preferred to use the portage straps. The boats were dragged across on poles laid on the ground. Great care had to be exercised to preserve them from injury, and frequent repairs were necessary. The expedition was passing through a country totally uninhabited except by a few roving In-

dians, and had to depend entirely upon what it carried with it. Nothing that was lacking could be procured, and neither boats nor stores could be replaced.

Before leaving Thunder Bay Col. Wolesley received a visit from a deputation of Indians from Fort Francis, headed by Chief Blackstone. A pow-wow was held and a great deal of talking indulged in. The Indians wished to know the intention of the expedition and why it was about to proceed through their country without first obtaining permission. They were assured that there was no intention to take any of their lands, that the expedition simply asked for right of way, and that the government would subsequently treat with them respecting a transfer of their rights to the soil. A few presents to their head men, and a few good meals, had a wonderfully soothing effect, and after vigorous protestations of loyalty to the Great Mother they promised that the force might have all the wood and water it

required for the journey. The expedition therefore met with no obstruction so far as the Indians were concerned.

The daily routine was as follows :— At or before daylight reveille was sounded and every man was quickly astir. A snatch of the Expedition Song, the shout "On to Fort Garry," or the cry, "Arms, Men and Canoes," a free translation of Virgil's opening line in the Iliad, "Arma virumque cano," might be heard. After some hot tea all were on board and pulling hard at the oar. A halt was made for breakfast at 8 a.m., another for dinner at 1 p.m., not more than an hour being allowed, camp for the night about 6 or 7 p.m. No guard was mounted unless there were Indians in the neighbourhood. It was remarkable to see the rapidity with which the men learned to cook and to perform their various duties. All were anxious to push on and to reach their destination as soon as possible.

(To be Concluded.)

THE FOREGROUND.

WE all can paint, in a sort of a way,
 With a daub of blue or a streak of gray,
 The distant hills—like an A. R. A.—
 And miles more round ;
 But that which puzzles the tyro brave,
 And makes him shrink like the meanest slave,
 And bids him long for Oblivion's wave,
 Is the Foreground !

There are tricks of the trade we can work with ease,
 On our masterly sky, or our far-off trees ;
 You fancy you could, in our stretching seas,
 Swing an oar round ;
 But our rocks, our grass, our roads, and our rails,
 That we put in front—or our boats and their sails—
 Why the strongest and kindest fancy fails
 At our Foreground !

'Tis something like that in the Picture of Life ;
 We can rub in the Past with a broad palette-knife ;
 But the Present is bitter, with labour and strife,
 As is horehound ;
 We sweat at it, strain at it, grunt at our toil ;
 The future is easy ; our colours and oil
 Go sweetly on that ; but heavens ! what toil
 Is our Foreground !

Bernard McEvoy.

WHAT WE EAT.

CHRISTMAS DRIED FRUITS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

IT is always well to think while we read ; and I do not know but that it is well for us, at least sometimes, to think while we eat. I have not in mind at the moment the advisability of thinking of the nutritive properties of the food we eat, or of its peculiar fitness or otherwise for our digestive capabilities. I merely have in mind the contemplation of what we eat, how or where it is produced or grown.

Just now grocers throughout the Dominion are receiving their supplies of foreign dried fruits, such as currants, raisins, figs and dates, the chief raw materials from which our mothers, wives or cooks will in a few weeks hence produce those fearfully and wonderfully made cakes, plum puddings and mince pies which delight children and torture dyspeptics.

Of all the foreign dried fruits consumed in this country, raisins stand first as to quantity. Included in this classification of raisins are the Valencia, Malaga and Sultana descriptions. The importation into Canada last year was 9,005,939 pounds, nearly two pounds per capita of population. While this is in quantity larger than twenty years ago, yet in value the advantage is the other way. In 1877 the quantity was 8,055,421 pounds, and the value \$401,807. In 1897 the value was \$327,509. The quantity has already been stated.

Each variety of raisin is of some variety of grape, and in course of preparation the clusters are cut and laid in trays, where, exposed to the sun, they are dried.

VALENCIA RAISINS.

The home of the Valencia raisin is in Spain. Poor Spain ; but good raisin. What would our plum pudding do without it ?

The Valencia raisin may be termed

the old standby among dried fruits, for not only is a larger quantity of it used in Canada, but it is one of the chief ingredients in the plum pudding of the poor man as well as in that of the rich man.

Valencia raisins come upon the Canadian market in four grades, viz., off-stalk, fine offstalk, selected, and layers, the first named being the lowest, and the last named the highest-priced. Each grade is packed in 28-pound boxes.

CALIFORNIA RAISINS.

California raisins have during the past few years been a competitor of the Spanish description on the Canadian market, but the extent of their competition varies according to the market value of the respective growths. Most of the California raisins brought into this country have been for table use, although quite a few in one-pound cartoon boxes for cooking purposes have been imported. With both quality and price right they may in time prove popular with the house wife. But like begets like, and this season an enterprising Canadian is seeding Spanish raisins and putting them up in one-pound boxes a la the California article.

MALAGA RAISINS.

Malaga raisins, like Valencia raisins, come from Spain, and are packed in paper boxes of an attractive appearance. "London Layers," "Extra Dessert Clusters," "Connoisseur Clusters," "Blue Baskets," "Black Baskets," are the grades under which they commonly come upon the market. It is the Malaga raisin which has so far most keenly felt the competition of the California raisin. The peculiar subtle flavour of the Malaga raisin is due to the fact that its source of supply is the muscatel grape.

SULTANA RAISINS.

The Sultana raisin, the delicate-skinned and the delicate-flavoured raisin, to which most of us are partial, whether it be in or out of the cake, comes nearly altogether from Smyrna in Turkey, although other countries bordering on the Mediterranean produce a few. As a factor on the Canadian market the Sultana raisin antedates the Valencia raisin, although the latter has been a staple commodity on this continent for half a century or more.

CURRANTS.

The land that gave to the world a Homer, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, an Euripides and other worthies celebrated in literature and philosophy, also gives to us the currant.

Currants, unlike wheat and whiskey, cannot be produced in every clime or in every country. They are essentially a product of Greece. True, California essays to produce currants, but whether the soil, aided by a high protective tariff, will ever be able to bring forth a worthy competitor of the Grecian product remains to be seen. But whatever may be in the "lap of futurity," or in the possibilities of California, Greece has so far had a monopoly of the currant industry, although monopoly and all as it has, the industry is in some seasons anything but a profitable one for the growers. Indeed for a couple of years preceding the last, the returns scarcely yielded them sufficient to pay their harvesting expenses let alone the cost of cultivation. But we in Canada, as well as the people in other consuming countries, were in the meantime getting currants cheaper than we ever got them before. Few, if any of us, then, probably realized that while we were feasting on "curranty cake" ruin and starvation were staring the Grecian farmers in the face, and inducing them to consider whether it would not pay them better to stop growing currants and try raising wheat, notwithstanding the low price of the latter commodity at the time.

What was in ancient times called the Peloponnesus, now Morea, is the part of Greece where currants are chiefly cultivated, although this fruit is also produced in such of the Ionian Islands as Zante, Cephhalona and Ithaca. Cultivation is confined to fringes of territory along the coasts of the Corinth and Patras gulfs and the Ionian and Mediterranean seas. The choicest currants are produced in the Vostizza, Gulf and Patras districts lying along the shores of the two gulfs mentioned. The medium qualities are from the districts skirting the Ionian sea, while the poorest are produced in the districts dipping into the Mediterranean sea.

Currant production in Greece has gradually expanded during the century, though the political status of the country has of late years contracted. Two years ago the production was 177,000 tons, the largest on record. Last year it was somewhat less. In 1816, the earliest year in the present century for which I have been able to get figures, the production was 8,542 tons, although since then, in times of political disturbances, the yield has at times been slightly less.

Currants now chiefly come to us in cases and half-cases, although barrels and half-barrels are also a good deal in evidence. It was not always, however, that currants came forward in the handy packages they now do. It is within the memory of a few of the old-time grocers remaining to-day when they were brought to our shores in half-ton packages, known as caroteels. And not only were the packages big in those days, but the prices were as well, the cost to the wholesaler sometimes running up to twenty-five cents per pound.

The importation of currants into Canada does not show much variation from year to year. In 1897 the quantity brought in was 5,739,031 pounds, and seven years before it was 5,671,334 pounds. Twenty years ago the aggregate importation was a little over $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions pounds.

Currants, like Sultana raisins, come from a seedless variety of the grape.

The vines are planted four feet apart, and the fruit, when ripe, is placed in layers on drying ground for curing.

FIGS.

The figs consumed in Canada, and all other countries for that matter, are chiefly the product of Turkey and Portugal. The Eleme or layer figs, used largely as table fruit, are from Turkey. From the domain of the Sultan we also get the natural figs which are turned to good account by the cook. Portugal supplies the Comadra tapnet figs, which also furnish the cook with raw material for various table delicacies. The trade returns show that a few figs are imported from Spain and Greece.

This year the crop of Eleme figs is almost a total failure, being only about 7,000 tons, or not more than about one-fifth of an average one, while the price, about 100 per cent. above the figures of 1897, means that only the affluent, except at the risk of being termed extravagant, are likely to have them upon their table. Comadra figs, while not relatively as high as the Eleme description, are also much dearer than usual.

The importation of figs into Canada last year aggregated 1,254,289 pounds, valued at \$51,005. Of this quantity 691,976 pounds came from Turkey, 303,206 pounds from Portugal, 95,771 pounds from Spain, and 14,849 pounds from Italy. The balance, Elemes and Comadras, all told, came via Great Britain and the United States. Twenty years ago Canada's imports of figs aggregated less than half a million pounds.

California cultivates figs to some extent, but while an occasional sample is to be seen in Canada, it is seldom if ever that a shipment has come forward. It is quite possible these figs may be on the Canadian market before the present season closes, owing to the high price of the Turkish and Portuguese growths, offers having lately been submitted to importing houses in this country.

It may perhaps not be generally known that attempts to cultivate figs

in Canada have not proved altogether abortive, a gentleman at Niagara-on-the-Lake having for about twenty-five years successfully grown them in his garden. He has several trees and they stand about twelve feet in height. His aspirations are not commercial; he is merely giving vent to a hobby. But hobby or no hobby, it is proof that figs can be cultivated in at least one part of Canada.

DATES.

Dates, the fruit of the towering palm tree, are chiefly the product of Arabia, although they are indigenous to Africa, the Canary Islands and to India.

Canada's imports of dates last year were 669,544 pounds, valued at \$23,379. Seven years ago the quantity was 1,134,660 pounds, and twenty years ago it was 220,983 pounds.

PRUNES.

The supply of prunes for the Canadian market comes chiefly from Austria, France and the United States. Forty years ago prunes were seldom seen in this country, but now we import over 1½ million pounds. At least we did last year, although in 1890 the quantity was over three million pounds. Twenty years ago it was only 671,398 pounds.

Within a comparatively few years prunes came to hand in ponderous hogsheads, but now in convenient boxes which a man can carry under his arm, while the very finest are in tins and bottles.

Until last year Austrian and French prunes monopolised the Canadian market; but then the high prices prevailing for them and the low figures ruling for the United States product, led to this market being nearly altogether supplied by our neighbours. This year the Austrian and the French prune is getting back some of its old-time trade owing to the smaller crop and higher prices in California, but the product of the Pacific States is still a very formidable competitor.

In France are produced both dried plums and prunes, and it is curious to

note that while certain descriptions in England are called prunes, in the United States they are termed plums. In Canada we follow the English practice.

It may perhaps be worth noting, in conclusion, that whereas a decade or

two ago Canada imported its foreign dried fruits largely via Great Britain and the United States, the practice today is the reverse: the great bulk is imported direct, and the minimum via the Mother Country and ports of the neighbouring Republic.

W. L. Edmonds.



A SONG.

(Written in Florida.)

WHERE you watch the sponge-boats
 Home across the blue,
 Do you feel my distant heart
 Beat to you?

Where you watch the sea-spent
 Pelicans flap back,
 With the wind from Mexico
 On their track;

Do you feel my brown hand
 On your hand, Doreen?
 And forget the weary miles
 Spread between?

Love, I know the look of all—
 Sea, and sky, and air!
 How the tropic soul of it
 Warms your hair.

When the sponging boats draw up
 Black, across the blue,
 You will feel my spirit kiss
 Come to you.

We, who must be dreamers,
 Know what dreams are worth!
 How their magical soft wings
 Span the earth.

Theodore Roberts.



THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VANCOUVER.

A TWELVE YEAR OLD CITY.

JUST where the sunny hills of the coast-range, which are a more or less broken continuation of the Cordilleras, slope down to meet the sweep of the Pacific waters, there lies on a promontory of British Columbian soil what Mr. Douglas Sladen has so appropriately termed "the Liverpool of the West."

Were the history of this remarkably progressive sea-port to be written down in detail, the volumes would form a small library, for during the twelve years of its existence, fire and flood, land booms and mining booms, railway schemes and marine enterprises, have followed so quickly upon one another's heels, that, within the short space of a decade, there has sprung up upon the shores of Burrard Inlet a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, one of immense commercial and maritime importance, and last, but not least, as things go nowadays, a city that is the chief outfitting, and the only necessary transshipping point between Eastern Canada and the Klondyke gold fields.

In the year 1885 there was no Vancouver—nought save an impenetra-

ble forest of pine trees reigned in all the calm majesty of undisturbed possession where now stone buildings and human beings are thicker than the brambles of olden days, and man's dogged determination, aided by steam and electricity, has evolved out of the primeval forest the greatest Canadian business centre west of the Rocky Mountains.

It frequently occurs that Nature, in her all-wisdom, having designed some particular spot as a suitable site for a prosperous city, and bestowed upon it unrivalled advantages as a sea-port, man, in his abysmal blindness, will pass by the desirable locality, and pitch upon a place of inferior qualifications whereon to expend his labours; but for once Nature proposed, and man accepted, the offer of as beautiful and convenient a site for the terminal city of the Canadian Pacific Railway as could be found in all British Columbia, and in consequence Vancouver has grown and prospered far beyond the most sanguine hopes of those who first called her into existence.

The passenger on board the west-bound express catches his first glimpse

of the city immediately after leaving the little settlement of Hastings, and, as the train winds round the bluffs, and, hugging the shores of the harbour, runs at slackened speed into the city limits, past wharves and warehouses, crossing busy streets, now crowded with the extra traffic entailed by the rush to Klondyke, and skirting docks where steamers, tugs, sailing vessels and ocean liners lie at anchor, draws up close beside the the magnificent new terminal buildings of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the thought uppermost in his mind is: "What a regular business town!"

Far different is the impression created in the mind of him who approaches the town for the first time from the seaward; for the beautiful harbour entrance, the wild grandeur of the Narrows through which all ocean-going vessels must pass in order to reach the shelter of the port, and the mountain ranges with their snowy caps lying to the North of Burrard Inlet, are sufficient to inspire everyone with unlimited admiration for these glorious works of Nature; and deep in my heart there will be through the years to come a lasting remembrance of that summer day when I first crossed the Gulf of Georgia.

A preliminary view of the town is obtained as the vessel steams past English Bay, the fashionable suburban beach and picnicing grounds of young Vancouver; whither all summer long,

from May until October, children and nurses, mothers and babies, flock in hundreds to enjoy the fresh salt breezes and excellent sea-bathing.

As the steamer "Islander" rounded the western points of Stanley Park, and we forged swiftly across the tid-rip that guards the mouth of the Narrows, the glorious July sun bathing earth and water in a flood of opalescent light, the picture that lay stretched out before us called for the brush of a Turner, or the pen of a Ruskin, to do

it justice. Each little sandy bay, where the waves broke merrily over as they chased one another up the yellow incline, looked a very haven of rest, and the rising banks of scrub and thicket, flanked by red cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), and Douglas Fir (*Pseudo-Tsuga Douglassii*) trees hid from view the road which, with many tortuous windings, now skirting the shore, now turning inland, encircles the Reserve, and forms a charming drive of some eight or nine miles through this won-



MR. MARPOLE.

General Superintendent Pacific Division of the C. P. Railway.

derful natural park.

How the sunlight danced and sparkled upon the crest of the waves, and sliding thence fell into the embrace of the deep, green water-troughs! How it gleamed and shimmered as the foam sprang up to meet it in the air! The wind came ruffling across the wavetops, finally burying itself amidst the swaying crowns of the pines, and gently shaking with its parting breath a soft shower of

needles from the evergreen branches.

On past Siwash Rock we glided, curving in arched course towards the entrance of the Inlet, where to the right the juts of rock piled high up above each other against the blue sky, and to the left the land swept away northwards to the foot of Mount Crown. A swish—a swirl—and we were steaming into Vancouver Harbour on the bosom of a full tide, borne through the Narrows as in a triumphal progress by the mighty rush of waters; on past the Park and the Brockton Point Athletic Grounds, past the mouth of the Capilano River whose pure mountain waters supply the city's needs, until, with another turn, we rounded the lighthouse, and there before us lay, sun-steeped and placid, the far-famed Harbour of Vancouver.

Truly a magnificent panorama! A stretch of deep blue sea, varying from half-a-mile to three miles in width, the great maritime waters of Burrard Inlet, Canada's far-western port. Away to the east, beyond the city limits, the sea runs for twenty-four miles up inland, though the portion practically used as a harbour is approximately only two miles wide and three miles long, a goodly anchorage for ships of all tonnage. Here and there a sloop-rigged yacht flew over the glancing waves, and skiffs in plenty were passing hither and thither, rowed by those on pleasure bent, or sailed by fishermen bound on a whiting-catch or salmon-troll.

As I stood and gazed beyond all these, upon the city resting so peacefully beneath the summer sky, the undulating hills whereon it is situated, crowned with buildings an older town might well have envied, there sounded in my ears some shrill notes of a siren-whistle, quickly followed by that booming tone which denotes the departure of a large steamer; and presently there floated slowly away from her moorings at the dock the *Empress of India*, one of the Canadian Pacific liners which run between Vancouver, China and Japan. The huge white hull of the vessel, freshly painted, looked well in



VANCOUVER—STANLEY PARK IN AUTUMN.

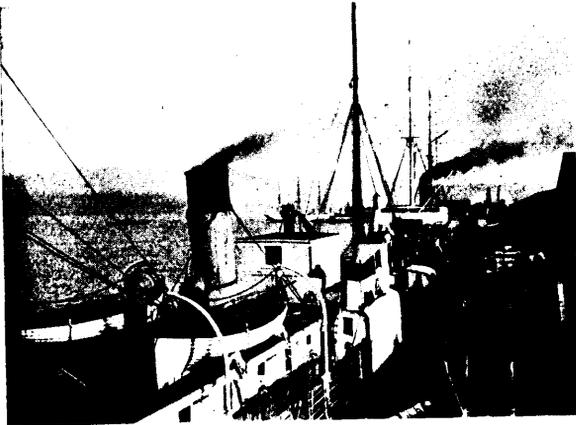
keeping with the joyous noon-tide, and, as she rapidly approached our smaller craft, a full view could be obtained of her decks crowded with westward-bound passengers; and the magnificent sweep of her lines, together with a marked beauty of shape and proportion was presently noticeable.

Soon after reaching Vancouver I had an opportunity of going over one of the Trans-Pacific "Empresses," and was thus enabled to further note how excellent are all the equipments of these ships. Comfort has been thoroughly studied in every detail, and it were difficult to imagine anything more pleasant than to speed away across the ocean at the rate of eighteen knots an hour aboard the *Empress* of either *India*, *China*, or *Japan*. An immense saloon, a charming library fitted up with cosy-corners and writing-tables, splendid bath-rooms, light, airy cabins, and a first-rate table—what more can the heart of man (or woman either) desire upon a sea voyage?

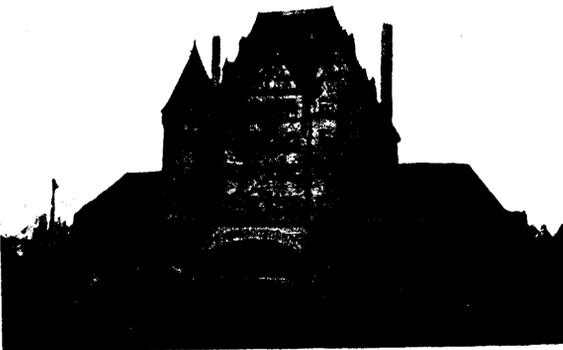
In the waters of the harbour lie also the vessels of the Canadian-Australian Line, and steamers connecting Vancou-



VANCOUVER—CORDOVA STREET.



VANCOUVER—BOATS LOADING FOR THE KLONDYKE.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. M. HENDERSON FROM ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.
THE NEW C.P.R. STATION—NOW BUILDING.

ver with the Puget Sound ports, Portland and San Francisco; also boats bound for Skagway, Dyea and other northern points. The local steamship traffic, too, is very considerable, and daily communication has been established by boat with Victoria, Nanaimo and the Fraser River ports, whilst week by week there come and go through the lion-guarded gateway of the Narrows numberless trading vessels from all parts of the world.

It is indeed a motley collection of crafts that greet the eye as one glances across the Inlet from an elevated vantage point, and descries to right and left sugar ships from Java, lumber ships bound for South Africa, France or Belgium, and general cargo vessels from Great Britain; some at anchor awaiting orders, others floating away in a stately manner, drawn out to sea by the ever-irrespressible tug; and one realizes fully, when looking out over this vista of trading and passenger ships, that within her harbour lies the greatest commercial strength of Vancouver.

Now to turn for a few minutes from the sea to the other aspects of the twelve-year-old city. Most passing strange it is to easterners to find in this mushroom town electric light and gas from one end to the other, ten miles of electric street cars, cement side walks and asphalt-paved streets, fine cut-stone "blocks," and seven chartered banks occupying premises that would do honor to an old established com-

munity. The private residences of citizens are also admirably built, standing for the most part in well-kept gardens, where flowers bloom from February until November, and vegetation flourishes with all the luxuriance of semi-tropical growth

The Hotel Vancouver is an excellent abiding place, and surpasses anything west of Toronto in point of structure, fittings and *table d'hôte*. Needless to remark, like many other admirable local institutions, it is under the management of the C. P. R., and Vancouver being the terminus both of the Company's railway and steamship lines, nothing has been spared to insure the comfort of travellers.

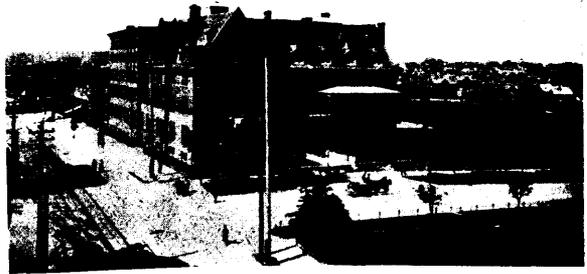
The Opera House, too, belongs to the Railroad Company. It has a seating capacity of twelve hundred, and quite the finest drop-curtain in Canada, the latter having been painted by Seavey a first-rate New York artist, from a view near Canmore, in the Rocky Mountains, showing the peaks of The Three Sisters.

Manufactories and industries abound in the neighbourhood. Saw mills, iron works, factories, breweries, a sugar refinery, shipyards, — have all sprung up around a solid phalanx of warehouses, shops, offices, and wholesale business establishments, where, at the present time, a steadily increasing trade is being done; whilst churches, hospitals, a new City Hall, Court House and Post Office all betoken the transformation of the City by the



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARDS BROS.

VANCOUVER—ENGLISH BAY.



SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARDS BROS.

VANCOUVER—C. P. R. HOTEL.



VANCOUVER—STANLEY PARK.

Sea from a collection of wooden shacks to a civilized centre of commerce.

Never has the tide of local prosperity run higher than it does to-day. Property stands at a fair value, the mining industry is advancing with rapid strides, new firms are opening up in the city, new buildings and residences in the course of construction meet the eye at every turn; and added to



VANCOUVER—LIEUT.-COL. WORSNOP.

this, increased wharf accommodation and a new railway station have practically been necessitated by the magnitude of the Klondyke trade, and the steady stream of regular travel.

Vancouver has yet another thing of

which she is justly proud, namely, her militia forces, and a finer body of men than the Second Battalion of the Fifth Regiment of Canadian Artillery, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Worsnop, it would be difficult to find throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. The Pacific Coast district is in all respects equal in importance to that of Halifax; both form the maritime boundaries of Canada, and the fact that Vancouver is situated three thousand miles distant from the Ontario and Quebec centres does not lessen its value as the western military outpost of the Dominion.

It is perchance, in a measure, due to the conglomeration of nationalities represented in her harbour that Vancouver has become such a thoroughly cosmopolitan city, for every clime under heaven appears to have contributed its mite towards the stream of humanity that incessantly ebbs and flows along the streets and on the wharves.

White men and yellow Chinese, Negroes and swarthy Italians, Spaniards, Coreans and Japanese ever intermingling with the new *genus homo*, the "Klondyker," jostle one another as they pass by, and any day you may hear the Irish brogue, or the canny speech of the Scot, combined with American wit, German expletives, or French idioms, as you take your constitutional stroll down the length of Cordova street. All these diverse types vastly interest and amuse a stranger, and invariably cause him to wonder how on earth such an admixture of temperaments, creeds, and prejudices, to say nothing of languages and customs, has ever succeeded in building up so fine a commercial city. Truly, it is a confederation of opposing forces, bent primarily on promoting trade, and who, with the "Almighty Dollar" as their goal, have evidently found sufficient unity of purpose to bind them together in the interests of prosperity and advancement.

Julian Durham.



PHOEBUS AND AURORA—GUIDO'S MASTERPIECE.

This Painting is in the Casino of the Respirosi Palace at Rome. Phoebus is in her car, surrounded by the encircling hours. Aurora sails on the golden clouds, shedding roses on the earth, and light and gladness all around. "Nothing is more admirable in this composition than the motion given to the whole."

SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

INCLUDING SEVERAL CANADIANS WHO ARE WINNING FAME.

First Paper.

MARGARET ANGLIN.

THE most prominent Canadian now on the American stage, who is not a star, is beyond peradventure Miss Margaret Anglin, the young actress who, as leading lady with Mr. Richard Mansfield, is appearing as Roxane in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Miss Anglin is the daughter of the

late Hon. Timothy Anglin for some time speaker of the House of Commons, and she enjoys the distinction of having been born in the House of Parliament at Ottawa, April 3rd, 1876. At the age of twenty-two she has done much and climbed many rounds on the ladder of fame. Miss Anglin lived most of her babyhood in St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S.; then at the age of seven came with her parents to Toronto where she was educated at Loretto Abbey, and subsequently at the convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal.

In August, 1894, Miss Anglin made her professional debut at the Academy of Music in New York, in "Shenandoah." She then spent a season as leading lady with Mr. James O'Neill, our greatest living romantic actor, with whom she won approval everywhere, especially as Mercedes in "Monte Cristo" and Ophelia in "Hamlet," as well as Virginia in "Virginius." Last season she appeared with Mr. E. H. Sothern in "Lord Chumley" and "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." This season all America knows of her splendid performance in the play of the year. She is pronounced as surpassing Ada Rehan and is undoubtedly a coming artiste who has already arrived. With her equipment of beauty, culture and intellect the future lies open and bright before another daughter of Canada.

MISS ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

During the last two years a number of the bright stars have disappeared from the theatric firmament. Their places must be filled by the most talented of the younger generation. One



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

MARGARET ANGLIN.

The Canadian Actress who has been winning fame in the United States.

of these, who is rising to an enviable place, is the gifted young New Brunswickian, Miss Ethel Knight Mollison. She made her debut with Miss Olga Nethersole four years ago, playing Nichette in "Camille," Constance in "The Transgressor," Pauline in "Frou-Frou." The end of that season she joined Mr. Augustin Daly's Company, and appeared as Ferta in "Love on Crutches," Daisy in "Nancy & Co.," Zamora in "The Honeymoon"—an impersonation which the New York press compared with that of Miss Ada Rehan in "Twelfth Night." The following summer Miss Mollison determined to try her wings in her own country and went to St. John with the Harkins Stock Company, where she did Eliza in Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe's play that seems to resemble Tennyson's brook, Dora, Miss Maud Adam's original part in "Men and Women." In the following September this indefatigable Canadian began a season with the Girard Avenue Theatre Stock Company, of Philadelphia, where she played thirty-one parts in as many weeks, and succeeded in establishing a reputation for remarkable versatility and artistic excellence, playing everything from Bob the boot-black in "The Streets of New York," to Lady Anne in "Richard III.," and making especial hits as Lady Tommy in "The Amazons," and Chouchou in "The Pearl of Savoy."

After appearing in Bulwer Lytton's "Money" with Mrs. John Drew, she created the part of Rada, the Eurasian girl, in "The Cherry Pickers," and toured the principal cities with that attraction. The next summer she did a series of curtain raisers in Kansas City, scoring well in Rosina Vokes' role in "My Lord in Livery." In August she appeared in the trial production at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, D.C., of "The Marquis of Michigan," in which Sam Bernard afterwards starred. Then came Miss Mollison's engagement with Miss Julia Arthur, with whom she played Lady



PHOTOGRAPH BY SAKONY, NEW YORK.

MARGARET ANGLIN.

As Roxane in Cyrano de Bergerac.

Betty Tantillion in "A Lady of Quality." Last summer she played eight parts in the Maritime Provinces with the Harkins Stock Company, scoring big hits as Ernestine Echo in "The Crust of Society," and Cissy in "What happened to Jones." This season she is again with Miss Arthur. Four years on the stage—fifty-four parts—and never a failure. Surely that is a record to be proud of? Those astronomers who are looking for brilliant luminaries in the dramatic firmament should turn their telescopes in the direction of Miss Ethel Knight Mollison.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

The full names of the popular young

actor who has restored the fallen fortunes of the St. James' Theatre and made for himself a conspicuous place among the limited number of London managers of the very first-class are George Alexander Gibb Samson. But the patronymic was dropped at the outset of his professional career in deference to the opinion of the agent who procured him his first engagement, and who considered that so biblical a name as Samson would be disadvantageous to an actor.

George Samson's father was an Ayrshire manufacturer, who married an English wife, and was living in Reading at the time of his son's birth in 1858. The boy's earlier years were passed in Bath and Clifton. On the return of his father to Scotland he finished his preparatory education at the High School in Stirling. Even in those early days young George Samson acted a small part in a classical burlesque called "Jupiter Aeger" in private entertainment. The lad's theatrical bent and talent were not hereditary.

"My mother had never been in a theatre in her life," Mr. Alexander told me. "My father had, but hated the stage intensely. He was a Scotch manufacturer, and ardently desired that I should succeed him in his mills. I hated the idea, and always hankered after the boards."

By way of compromise between the young man's inclination to an artistic profession and the father's wish that he should adopt a business life, George was permitted to try the study of medicine at Edinburgh. But this, after a couple of terms, proved no more alluring. So another change was made. The young man was sent to London

to be apprenticed to his father's friend, Mr. Leaf, of the then famous silk house of Leaf & Co.

Mr. Samson could hardly have discovered a surer way to frustrate his own plans than the course which he adopted to ensure their success. Once established in London young George Samson became an enthusiastic playgoer. Joining the Thames Rowing Club, he became a prominent member of its company of amateurs, and distinguished himself as Jack Wyatt in "Two Roses," and Charles Courtley in "London Assurance." For a couple of years

this life went on. In 1879 a successful appearance in a performance of the "Critic" crystallised the aspirations of the young Thespian into a decision to make a bold plunge, and to adopt the stage in earnest. "I was not exactly a runaway from home," he says, "but the determination was hailed with anything but satisfaction by my family."

At Nottingham George Alexander made his first public appearance in Sep-



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIMO, ST. JOHN, N.B.

ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

tember, 1879, amid circumstances not very encouraging. He had to play in the opening farce, "Cool as a Cucumber," but his brain was so heated with stage fright that the words of his part entirely forsook him, and it was with difficulty that the performance was got through at all. The ice being once broken, however, things went better, and his performance of the young lover in Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Snowball" satisfied the managers of the company, Miss Ada Swanborough and Mr. W. H. Vernon, of the value of their young recruit. This favourable impression was amply confirmed during the rest of the tour, and, at its conclusion, George Alexander had no difficulty in obtaining an engagement in "Caste," in the company organized by Mr. T. W. Robertson to play his father's comedies, or in retaining his place with the same management on a second tour.

Mr. Alexander's next position was one of which any man must have been justly proud, for it was with Mr. Henry Irving at the Lyceum. As Caleb Deecie in "Two Roses" Mr. Alexander made his first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre in 1881. The first of a very long series of legitimate parts under Mr. Irving's management followed, and Mr. Alexander's gallant and chivalrous performance of the County Paris in "Romeo and Juliet" was pronounced one of the features of the production.

After the conclusion of the run of this romantic tragedy Mr. Alexander was for a short time under the Hare and Kendal management at the St. James's Theatre, and still further strengthened his claims on the recognition of London playgoers by his performance of Victor de Riel in "Impulse" and Octave in "The Ironmaster." A tour

with the latter play followed. Then came a short provincial season with Miss Wallis, during which Mr. Alexander acquired valuable experience in leading Shakespearean parts such as Bendick and Orlando, this in turn being followed by an engagement to play in Mr. G. W. Godfrey's "The Parvenu" at the Court Theatre.

After playing with Miss Mary Anderson in "Tragedy and Comedy," he again became a member of Mr. Irving's company, opening as De Mauprat in the revival of "Richelieu," and accompanied his famous manager on his second visit to America in 1884, where

he won cordial recognition for his performance of the various rôles belonging to the juvenile lead in all Mr. Irving's productions.

On these visits to America Mr. Alexander had the advantage of numerous letters of introduction to distinguished people, being notably helped by John Ruskin and James Russell Lowell, and had the pleasure of making many acquaintances and not a few friendships which he hopes to revive this season or next on again visit-

ing the United States and Canada.

On the return of Mr. Irving to the Lyceum, Mr. Alexander appeared, in December, 1885, as Valentine in the first production of "Faust," but after a few weeks succeeded Mr. H. B. Conway in the title rôle, and for three seasons after this occupied the leading place in the Lyceum Theatre, after the manager himself.

"I have nothing to accord," says Mr. Alexander, "but the most unbounded praise and admiration for Mr. Irving in his capacity as manager, artist and friend."

In 1888, during the run of "Macbeth," Mr. Alexander made his trial



ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

trip on the troubled waters of management, and reproduced at Terry's Theatre an adaptation of Richepin's "Le Filibustier," under the title of "The Grandsire," achieving success sufficient to encourage him to further efforts in the same direction. As a consequence the Avenue Theatre was opened on the 1st of February, 1890, under the management of Mr. George Alexander. An absurdity by Mr. Hamilton Aidé called "Dr. Bill" was the opening venture, and proved a conspicuous success.

Mr. Alexander was not long in making acquaintance with the other side of the managerial shield for "A Struggle for Life," produced in September, 1890, failed to attract the public, and was succeeded on the 1st of November by Mr. R. C. Carton's "Sunlight and Shadow."

The time for which Mr. Alexander had taken the Avenue Theatre having now expired, he decided upon a lease of the St. James', a theatre which had fallen upon evil days, and had become

so associated with failure that some people went so far as to say that even the cabmen did not know exactly where it was or how to find it. But Mr. Alexander had taken the measure of the situation. "Sunlight and Shadow," after a successful run at the Avenue filled the St. James' for about three weeks, and, on the 26th of February, 1891, was succeeded by Mr. Haddon Chambers' play "The Idler," which attracted excellent audiences until the following November. "Lord Annerley" was the next production, then Mr. Comyn Carr's "Forgiveness," which was followed by Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan." This brilliant comedy, produced on the 20th of February, 1892, proved the first of a series of four remarkable successes which have placed Mr. Alexander's management securely among the four most important in London, and made for the St. James' such a place among the theatres of the greatest metropolis as it has never been able to boast before

Mr. Alexander was married in 1882 to Miss Florence Theleur, a young lady of French descent and unconnected with the theatrical profession. It is an open secret that the artistic and effective mounting for which the St. James' productions are now so renowned owes a great deal to the excellent good taste which Mrs. Alexander brings to the assistance of her husband, whose ambition and energy in conjunction with the splendid gifts of physique and intellect with which he has been so amply endowed, have placed his name in both critical and popular esteem with those of Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Sir Henry Irving—indeed it is considered by many that he will succeed to the crown now worn by the Knight of the Lyceum.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN.

Wanted: Something new! That is the legend that in New York every man wears in his opera hat, and every woman has engraved on



GEORGE ALEXANDER.



PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENG.

GEORGE ALEXANDER AT HOME.

her lorgnettes. The artist who furnishes this summum bonum wins both gold and glory—for in the city that never sleeps, and where a thrill has a commercial value, they are always willing to pay liberally for a pleasure or a sensation, provided it be new. The Liebler Company, who are shrewd, and Hall Caine, who is shrewder, knew this—and Miss Viola Allen had the same feeling as Cæsar. When Croesus, Minerva and Thespis unite forces and form a trinity you may expect something startling. Consequently the latest sensation in Gotham is this newest star in "The Christian."

Two or three years ago, in Greiba Castle on the Isle of Man, I had much conversation with Mr. Hall Caine, as we sat in his drawing room and strolled over his terraced grounds, in regard to "The Christian," and for some months awaited its publication impatiently. Since reading it I have been looking forward to seeing it placed upon the

stage. All this gifted Englishman writes is so essentially adaptable to the theatre.

But I find that the play is not in the ordinary sense a dramatic version of the novel. The author has taken the two principal characters of the novel, as well as the motive of their relation to each other, and made an independent drama of new incidents and fresh surroundings—just as he might have taken two characters from history and constructed thereon a play which could otherwise have no claim to historical truth.

The two principal characters of this drama represent, the author thinks, types which have been brought into existence by the latter half of the nineteenth century—the educated girl who has to fight the battle of life in professions which are usually controlled by men; and the young clergyman who makes an effort to realize in a liberal sense the precepts of the Sermon on the

Mount, and to reproduce in himself the life of the Nazarene. The social and religious problems which surround the steps of these characters in the novel are not dwelt upon in the play, which is simply a love story.

Miss Viola Allen, the actress selected to create the rôle of Glory Quayle, is a striking example of the union, now so rare, of patience and energy and talent. For years she has been one of the most photographed, magazined and eulogized; she long ago was amply entitled

Jefferson and William J. Florence in their revivals of old comedies, making a genuine hit as Lydia Languish in "The Rivals" and as Cicely Homesun in "The Heir at Law." As Fanny Haddon in "Capt. Letterblair" she also greatly added to her reputation.

Eight years ago she joined Charles Frohman's forces and created the part of Gertrude Ellingham in "Shenandoah." Two years later she became the leading lady of the New York Empire Theatre company, and from that



RECEPTION TO GLORY QUAYLE (MISS ALLEN), THE DEBUTANTE.

Act 1—The Christian.—Saloon of the Colosseum Music Hall, London, England.

to stellar honors, but preferred to gain more experience, and to work on perfecting herself in her art.

She made her debut in the Boston Theatre stock company when about 15 years of age. Three years later she was leading woman for the great tragedian, John McCullough. Then followed an engagement with the elder Salvini, in whose support she played Desdemona, Parthenia, Rosalie and Cordelia. She next supported Joseph

time up to the end of last season she created all the important leads in the productions made at that house. She made especial hits as Blanch Chilworth in "Liberty Hall," Nell Armitage in "The Younger Son," Rosamond in "Sowing the Wind," Andrie Lissen in "Michael and His Lost Angel," Nina in "A Woman's Reason," Lady Beltor in "Marriage," Dulcie Lerondie in "The Masqueraders," Kate Clonce in "John A'Dreams," Eleanor in "A Man

and His Wife," Renée de Cochferet in "Under the Red Robe," and Yvonne de Grandpré in the "The Conquerors."

Miss Viola Allen is noted for her versatility. Rarely is an artiste equipped so completely as she for the portrayal of the entire gamut of dramatic expression from light comedy to strong heroics. The part of Glory Quayle is the most exacting Miss Allen has ever attempted, for it not only requires especial ability in sparkling comedy,



VIOLA ALLEN.

As Glory Quayle in "The Christian."



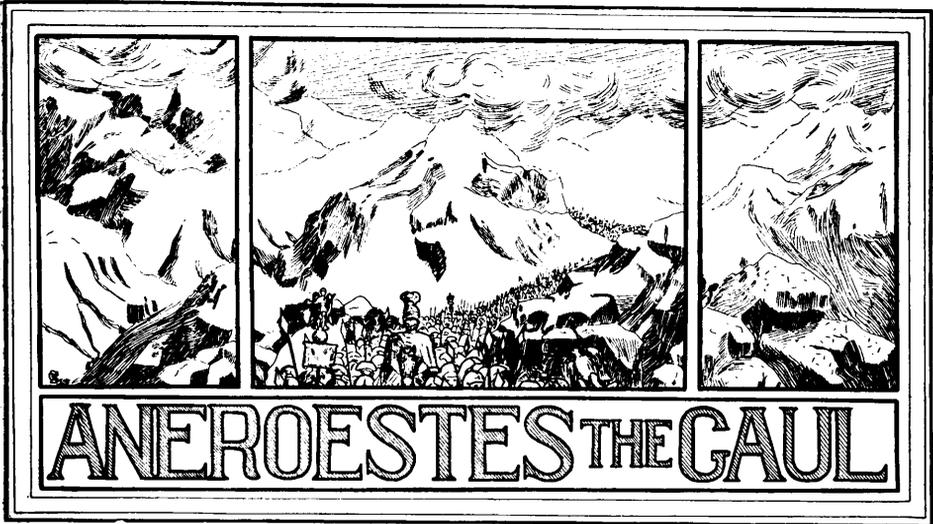
VIOLA ALLEN.

but also great dramatic strength in the very strong situations she has with John Storm in the third and fourth acts.

Nature has been very good to Viola Allen in endowing her with so much beauty and magnetism. Fortune has been very kind to her in furnishing so admirable a vehicle as Hall Caine's play, "The Christian." New Yorkers and all others will be better and kinder than ever to her if she provides for them every season something new.

W. J. Thorold.





ANEROESTES THE GAUL

A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay seige to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroestes into the city as a spy, with instructions that he is to open a rear gate when the front wall has been broken down. He pretends to be a deserter and obtains admittance, has a chat with Agates, the chief of the inhabitants, and falls in love with his daughter, Princess Ducaria. The next day, Hannibal commences the assault, using two rams to batter down the walls. On the second day an opening is made, and Aneroestes starts to open the rear gate for Himilco, Hannibal's lieutenant. As he is doing so, Ducaria appears on the scene. Himilco fancies her and orders Aneroestes to take her to his tent.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOWNFALL OF TAURASIA.

MEANWHILE the contest at the breach had been carried on without abatement, and neither side could claim any distinct advantage. Many fell, both of the besieged and the besiegers. Under the careful direction of Agates a worthy defence was made, and the fiercest onslaughts were repeatedly repulsed. Those who had at first regarded the falling of the wall as the end of the storming now became filled with surprise and admiration, while the more fearful among the Taurini gathered confidence with the progress of events.

But as yet Hannibal had not sent

his own tried soldiers to the fore, and with the exception of the slingers, who occupied a position of comparative safety, he relied solely on the Insubres. These allies bravely bore the force of the tremendous resistance offered, and by their great numbers gave no ground; but the General soon saw that they gained nothing, and he awaited the more eagerly the arrival of Himilco.

Presently it was seen that the Insubres were being forced back through the breach, and strive as they might it was impossible for them to maintain their position. At this the shouts of the Taurini redoubled, and headed by Concolitanus the whole available force was hurled against the receding invader.

It was an overwhelming charge, born of patriotism and desperation, and could scarcely be withstood.

Amazed at a strength that was quite unlooked for at this stage of the battle, the Insubres paused—and the pause was succeeded by a wavering throughout the compact mass.

White, glistening bodies, flecked with blood and foam, retreated, stumbling and in disorder, while after them pressed others equally naked, begrimed with dust and perspiration, striking the more fiercely through being freed from immediate attack.

For a moment it looked like a victory for the Taurini, but as the broken lines of the Gauls disappeared before the precipitous onslaught, the choicest infantry of the Carthaginian army lined up in place. The linen cuirasses, bare shoulders and purple bordered tunics of the Iberian troops distinguished them from the more dusky Africans, who were protected by leather jackets studded with metal plates, and carried shields somewhat smaller than the large semi-circular ones favoured by their companions-in-arms.

The savage joy with which an engagement with this body was received rapidly underwent a transformation, for sounds from within the city proclaimed to the panting, wild-eyed warriors that the enemy was advancing on them from the rear as well as from the front. In desperate confusion some turned to meet the unexpected attack, while others attempted to maintain order.

Amid all these diverse purposes the Carthaginians charged. The warriors in the van were armed with long spears, and were thus able to reach their opponents while yet out of range of the swords pitted against them. A detachment of slingers at the same time moved forward, and the Taurini were subjected to the showers of well-aimed stones. But in the face of these odds the majority fought with unabated vigour, though defeat could not be far distant. Each warrior looked only to his nearest foe, now dodging a spear thrust, anon parrying a sword cut,

though at times only to fall by one of the countless missiles whizzing through the air.

But the fight closed in on the gallant band. Himilco's force, while not numerous, was well chosen, and when he charged the rear with heavy armed cavalry and vigorous foot soldiers, the formation of the defenders became demoralized.

Concolitanus had kept his place in front since the opening of the attack, and he was the mark for many angered opponents. He had discarded all weapons except a club of ponderous size, studded with spikes. This he wielded with the ease of a light sword, and with far more deadly effect. He was wounded in the head, and the blood streaking his fair hair had matted it in places, while a tiny steam that trickled from the right side of the smooth white chest, so beautiful in its nudity, showed that his skill had not saved him altogether. None seemed able to check his devastating advance, though many tried.

But at last an organized attempt was made against him under the orders of an Iberian captain, who exhorted his men to finish the troublesome warrior. The order was quickly put into practice. Intercepted, attacked on all sides, and separated from his companions, Concolitanus found it impossible to retreat in any direction. His quick eye detected the confusion in the rear, and Himilco's victorious cavalry. Escape was impossible even had he wished it. He knew his time to die was at hand, and he did not shrink from his fate. But not for a moment did he cease his exertions, though he was sorely wounded. His breathing had become laboured. The gleam of swords dazzled him and a ridge of steel bore down upon his head. It was then he swung his massive club for the last time. But instead of striking with it he hurled it at the officer some feet distant who was urging the men to the task. There was a swift, buzzing sound, followed by a dull thud, for the weapon had hit its mark. Concolitanus had killed his last victim

He only laughed as sharp spears entered his body, and the smile had not faded from the full lips when the eyes glazed in death.

All organized resistance was now at an end. Earlier in the day, almost immediately after the arrival of Himilco, the noble Agates had fallen, and Britomar, who then assumed command, had not long survived him.

Many continued to fight from necessity, for, surrounded on all sides, escape was beyond their reach. Those more fortunately situated fled precipitately. As the gate entered by Himilco and his troops was well guarded, the fugitives made their exit by the northern entrance that faced the Duria.

The battle was at an end, but the slaughter had only begun. The feast was prepared, and the Carthaginians made ready to gorge themselves.

Finding all hope gone, the more desperate of the Taurini raised their swords, and, rushing at the victors, prepared to end their lives in a manner befitting warriors. Some were felled by darts and stones before they could engage, while the others, unmindful of being surrounded on all sides, were struck down from quarters least expected.

A miserable remnant at last threw down their arms and besought mercy. Writhing and gesticulating they grovelled on the corpse-covered ground, while their shrieks mingled horribly with the other noises of the struggle. But the Carthaginians only took the more careful aim before dealing the death stroke. Few of the oppressed were able to pierce a way through the wall of antagonistic humanity. Some were taken prisoners, but they were not always saved from the wrath of the more savage.

Plunder followed in the wake of victory. Each body was quickly stripped of all ornaments, and many of these Ligurians wore gold in profusion. In their greed the victors jerked the rings from the ears with a haste that brought with it pieces of clammy flesh. Some even severed the hands with their

knives to more readily possess the massive bracelets that encircled wrists and arms.

At the opening of the campaign Hannibal had promised all the spoils to the soldiers, inclusive of female captives. Consequently there was a general move in the direction of the gates.

Taurasia was several stades distant from the Duria, and the intervening territory, comprising an almost treeless plain, became dotted with fugitives. All hastened towards the river, ignorant of whether any means of escape there awaited them. Through the promptitude of several warriors, a rough raft had been got into place, but it was much too small to accommodate the fleeing multitude. Many plunged into the stream without thought of its width, and but a meagre proportion reached the opposite bank. Desperate swimmers attempted to cling to the raft midway in its course, but it was already over laden, and those propelling it smote the retaining hands with the poles.

In the city a wild disorder reigned. The Balears had been among the first to crowd through the unguarded breach, and with lustful eyes they eagerly sought the women—those tall, fair-haired creatures whom for the past three days they had looked forward to possessing. The gold and other precious belongings amassed by the tribe had little attraction for them. Like so many animals they hunted for their prey in all the huts, shouting with demoniacal glee when an unusually fine prize was captured, and wantonly slaying all males that came within their reach.

A small party of these Islanders espied a young mother stealing away with a boy and girl. Uttering wild yells they gave chase. The terrified woman looked back fearfully and quickened her steps though there was no refuge nearby. Loathsome hands soon stayed her, while others more murderous seized her children. They were too young to realise their danger, but child-like they cried. One ill-favoured

giant drew his dagger across the throat of the boy, and the warm blood gushed out upon the hands of the supplicating mother as she vainly tried to ward off the stroke. The small, white form sank to the ground. It quivered convulsively for a few moments ere it settled in its last repose. And while the girl screamed in infantile fright, she, too, was seized by the assailants. The blow, aimed at her small, tender neck, cut through, and the baby head rolled to the earth, the face still wet with tears.

Crazed by this double affliction the woman took no further heed of her surroundings, though the men quarrelled among themselves as to proprietorship. Her hands were smeared with the blood of her dear ones, and the long, light hair that hung about her was flecked with the fatal crimson. Her lips, too, were unnaturally stained and wet from kissing the lifeless faces that would never again respond to a mother's caress.

Corpses strewed the city and, though no opposition was offered, the killing went on. All manner of cruelties were perpetrated. Numberless aged persons of both sexes, too feeble to even attempt an escape, had remained in their homes awaiting death with resignation. The fortunate were those spared torture and mutilation.

The Insubres, who were particularly angered at the repulse they had sustained, surpassed all others in barbarity. In accordance with the custom among Gallic tribes, they slew all women with child lest they should bring forth males. The other warriors disapproved of such wanton slaughter, and innumerable quarrels ensued.

It was now some hours past noon, but the sun poured warm, mellow rays upon the scene, gilding triumph and misery alike. In the increased heat the warriors from Iberia and Africa threw aside all upper clothing and bent more eagerly to the task of extermination. The battle ground had been cleared and the survivors were being hunted down on all sides by eager horsemen.

CHAPTER X.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

Hannibal returned to the camp during the afternoon, as the rout was then at an end. The male population of the city, with the exception of those fortunate enough to have escaped, had been completely annihilated or taken prisoners, though the latter numbered but few. That evening a feast was to be served the leaders in the main tent to celebrate the auspicious opening of the campaign. The soldiery were also to make merry, though, naturally, to a less sumptuous degree. Some had suggested the firing of the city as a significant illumination, but this the General forbade. He had placed a strong guard over the granaries, and had no mind to lose the contents.

The approach of evening threw long shadows across the fallen city, and a blood-red patch in the western sky marked where the sun had disappeared shortly before. Quiet reigned, and even nature seemed to mourn over the surroundings.

By this time the victors had returned to the camp. Assembling about the fires they exhibited their trophies while awaiting the preparation of the feast. It was noticed that some youths were held prisoners by languorous Iberians, who wished to luxuriate in the services of attendants. This elicited jeers.

Everything of value had been seized upon. Those who had acquired the most gold were regarded with envy, but the possessors of women attracted even greater attention. Large sums were readily offered for the fairest, and even the least young found numerous bidders.

After considerable difficulty Anercestes had succeeded in conducting Ducaria to the camp, but it was with no little anxiety that they sat within shelter of the tent awaiting the departure of daylight.

The mountaineer was greeted with some show of pleasure by the eldest of the Gauls who occupied the same quarters with him. In return he explained how he had captured this youth.

"And," he added, "he will render me service during the campaign when the others have tired of their women."

The warrior nodded approval, for he feared to do otherwise, and Aneroestes proffered him some gold.

"Take this," he said, "in exchange for a service I would have you render me."

It represented a considerable sum, and the Gaul seemed surprised.

"It is necessary for me to absent myself for several hours," explained Aneroestes. "The soldiers are incensed against the Taurini, and I would have you guard the youth until my return."

"It will be as you say."

"Fail me not as you value your life."

"I shall not leave the tent. Your prisoner shall be safe until your return."

With this assurance Aneroestes left Ducaria, and when darkness fell he hastened in the direction of the city. Entering by the gate from which he had escaped he almost stumbled over the body of the dead Cincibil. He pushed it aside with his foot, for it was he who had threatened the liberty of Ducaria.

Aneroestes held his sword in readiness, but no one approached him, and as he strode forward the shadowy forms seemed to fade into nothingness. Satisfied that none watched his actions, he directed his attention to the fallen. Thick among them were old men and children, the end and the beginning of a nation. Some women, too, had met a similar fate, though few were aught but grey haired. Nevertheless, every one of these was turned over and carefully examined by the searcher, who at times dropped on his hands and knees to procure a nearer view.

As the evening advanced the place assumed a more gruesome aspect in the white light of an incomplete moon that slowly clambered towards the centre of the heavens. This aided Aneroestes, who bent the more eagerly to his task. He kept on untiringly, but it seemed impossible for him to dis-

cover what he sought. He was no prowling robber, for he left untouched the bracelets on the stiffened arms and any other valuables that came before his notice. In fact, he scarcely did more than examine the faces of the women, though at times this necessitated the removal of other bodies.

His mission was a strange one. Once he started back in horror from a heap of dead on which was perched a vulture. He even cried out. For a moment the bird ceased its hideous meal and turned two yellow eyes upon the intruder. Shreds of flesh hung from its bloody beak. The man hurried away, but to little purpose. The presence of the dead had attracted many such loathsome creatures, who, with talons deeply imbedded in the yielding flesh, hoarsely summoned their companions to the orgy. The heavy flap of wings foretold the arrival of newcomers. It was indeed a night of feasting for more than the Carthaginians. And as the time progressed the human jackals tried to anticipate these gluttonous carrions which, when once installed, were dangerous to disturb.

At last Aneroestes stopped before a woman who in life must have possessed much unusual beauty. Death had resulted from a severe sword cut in the neck, evidently self-inflicted, as her hand still clasped the weapon. Nearby lay a Balearian, frightfully contorted in both face and body. A Numidia narrow had pierced his chest, and the sharp point protruded behind his arms. The whole betokened a tragedy—a struggle for the possession of a woman who had seized the occasion to free herself.

The mountaineer seemed but partially satisfied with his find, and gazed long at the waving hair which in death modestly shrouded the well-moulded bosom.

He muttered to himself, "The colour differs from Ducaria's. It is darker." As indeed it was by many shades.

Presently the expression of doubt vanished and was succeeded by one of new-found hope. His eyes glistened

and his lips moved in the formation of words that were scarcely audible. Some strange idea had suddenly possessed him and he acted under its influence.

It was full two hours since he had left the camp, and there was much to be done ere he could return to his tent where Ducaria awaited him. His fingers closed more firmly about the heavy sword he carried and, without further hesitation, he knelt beside the corpse. No sign of weakness was visible on his rough face, but he shuddered slightly as he raised the shining blade and inserted the edge into the cruel wound that marred the beauty of the neck. Then he pressed strongly downward. No blood spurted as when the fresh young life was stilled. The head, thus severed, rolled forward, and the soft cheeks became wet from the dew that sparkled, tear-like, on the blades of grass.

Then Aneroestes shouldered the trunk and returned in the direction of the camp. Many furtive eyes peered after him ere he emerged from the scene of the day's tragedy, but none made their presence known.

Shouts of intoxicated joy were borne to the mountaineer, but he varied not his course and was soon amid the tents. The heterogeneous mass composing the army lay about the fires in easy postures, gorging themselves and indulging in all kinds of excesses. The more reckless called out jeeringly to the newcomer as he strode past with his gruesome burden, but the dangerous expression in his eyes soon checked their levity. Silence spread along the road he took, and faces heretofore ablaze with animal cravings became bloodless and strained. It was as though a spectre had suddenly appeared at the feast.

"What manner of man is this?" was asked in hoarse whispers, but none could answer.

Others muttered: "Why visits he the field of the dead by night to carry away a headless corpse?"

Curiosity was heightened when he halted at the entrance of the main tent.

"Direct me to Himilco," he called in a loud voice, and when the guards protested he added: "I am here at his bidding and must enter with my burden."

In the great tent where the officers were assembled the sound of rejoicing, if less boisterous than that without, was none the less hearty. The pine torches threw a ruddy, cheerful glare upon the distinguished warriors as they celebrated the day's victory. The rings that adorned the fingers of the more renowned signified the number of campaigns each one had served,—and they were many.

All had thrown aside mail and armour, and in semi-warlike garb seemed to feel a relaxation that was encouraged by the surroundings.

Joints of meat with cakes of wheat and barley constituted the chief food, and though mean in comparison with the elaborate feasts the Carthaginians were wont to indulge in when in their native city, it was none the less relished. The wine was harsh and tasted somewhat of pitch, but after great hardships men's palates become toughened, and many goblets had been drained with evident pleasure.

Several Insubrian chiefs were present, attired in woolen mantles of no mean texture. Gold bracelets encircled their arms, and massive chains were suspended about their necks. In some cases the pyramids of fair hair were bound with bands of the yellow metal that seemed the more dazzling in the torch light.

Hannibal reclined on a couch at the head of the board, and his face, usually so stern, was now animated and softened with smiles. He had lost but few, and the capture of the city was sufficient to elate the spirits of the whole army. During the evening he repeatedly congratulated the Gallic chiefs on the behaviour of their men, and expressed the hope that their gallant example would be followed by their kinsmen to the south and east. "For," said he, "this would make us the better fitted to overcome Rome."

The Insubres looked pleased at the

General's attentions and assured him of their devotion to his cause.

"We can have but little trouble with the other tribes," remarked Mago enthusiastically. "Those inclined towards us will hold back no longer, and the unfriendly will be terrified at the fate of the Taurini."

But Gisco retorted: "You are yet young, and calculate not the dangers that beset our every move. The destruction of Taurasia may serve to rouse the ire of the Gauls and Ligurians."

Unrestrained laughter from all sides greeted this unfavourable prediction so characteristic of the man.

"Surely, Gisco," cried Hannibal, "your disappointment will be great if we triumph too easily over the legions of Rome."

The burly Carthaginian joined in the merriment without any show of anger.

"At least," said he, "I am well prepared for misfortune, and disappointment caused by success is such as I can survive."

"Well spoken," replied Hannibal. "I know full well that victory too easily won is oft times more fatal than defeat. It gives a false confidence to the soldiers that is only overcome by calamity. But this cannot be said of to-day's conflict. At the breach the fighting was severe and was carried on with much spirit on both sides."

Himilco smiled cynically.

"The attack," said he, "was none too mild in my quarter. We were late in being admitted by the mountaineer, who seemed strangely excited, and numbers of the enemy were hastening to the gate in the hope of escaping. Some struggled desperately, but we left none to sorrow over defeat," and the speaker looked round to see the effect of his words.

There was a complete absence of enthusiasm, and only Carthalo spoke.

"Beware, O Himilco!" said he, with mock gravity, "that thy sympathies get not the better of thee, for it is thy great weakness."

The eloquent Carthaginian feared not the anger of any man, so impregnable

was his buckler of wit, though few others would have cared to so refer to the notorious cruelty of Himilco.

The latter frowned slightly, and answered with some spirit:

"It is sufficient to conquer an enemy once. A second time he may be triumphant."

"That," said Hannibal, "depends upon the enemy."

"An enemy is an enemy. I make no difference between them."

"But I do," remarked the General, dryly. "Rome is the natural enemy of Carthage, and my mercy will never extend to her soldiers. But the Ligurians and Gauls love her not, and if some tribes oppose us we should not always exterminate them. An ally is certainly better than a dead foe."

A buzz of approval greeted these words, though Himilco sat obstinately by, still unshaken in his opinion.

"Some allies," he muttered, "are more to be feared than open enemies."

"When will it be positively known if we will engage with these savage tribes?" asked Mago.

"Perhaps to-morrow," answered his brother, "though more likely we shall have to wait several days."

"And meanwhile," interposed Gisco, "The Consul Scipio is advancing."

"This time we shall not avoid him."

"The Numidians may perchance do otherwise since their last meeting with the Romans proved so disastrous."

As Himilco uttered the words he looked jeeringly at the commander of the cavalry.

Maharbal rose to his feet in undisguised rage, but Hannibal's thundering voice checked any further move. A heated altercation was about to follow when a disturbance outside the tent attracted everyone's attention.

Such a proceeding was most unusual. Presently one of the servants rushed in and announced that a warrior carrying a corpse insisted on seeing Himilco.

"Let him enter," shouted Hannibal, for he was still aroused by the recent proceedings.

The noise ceased, and Anercestes ap-

peared at the doorway bearing his burden. The unsteady light gave an additional gruesomeness to the scene, and deepened the drops of dark blood that bespattered the man's face. His long hair was disarranged to so great a degree that the face was half hidden by the matted braids, and seemed unnaturally savage. The skin of some animal was thrown across his shoulders, but it was torn and soiled as if from a hard day's struggle. An undressed wound on his left arm apparently caused him no inconvenience, though to judge from its depth it must have pained. He grasped a sword in his right hand, but he carried no other weapon.

"What means this intrusion?" asked Hannibal sternly.

Then his expression of anger turned to one of surprise, and he added in the Gallic tongue :

"I recognize you, Aneroestes, and have not forgotten our agreement. You performed the trust I imposed in you, and on the morrow you may free your countrymen with your own hands. But why come you here in this fashion, the bearer of a corpse?"

"I come on a strange mission," answered the mountaineer, "and one far different from what you suppose. Your captain, Himilco, ordered me to take this woman to his tent, but I have brought her here to him. I have obeyed his orders."

As soon as Himilco gathered the meaning of what the mountaineer had said his face darkened in terrible anger, and jumping to his feet he seized a sword. Then he caught the authoritative gaze of Hannibal bent upon him and halted.

"The man makes sport of me," he hissed, "and defies my orders. Surely the General of the forces will not compel one of his soldiers to submit to such insult."

"Restrain yourself," rejoined Hannibal. "I have yet to hear the meaning of so strange an occurrence."

"I repeat that the man makes sport of me," exclaimed Himilco vehemently.

"He, the mountaineer, so recently a slave!"

"He became a slave in no dishonourable way," interposed Maharbal.

"And," added Mago, "he regained his freedom in a manner equally praiseworthy."

"A barbarian," sneered Himilco.

"A brave man," retorted Maharbal, "who opened the way for you to-day. Otherwise you might have failed."

"Silence!" commanded Hannibal. "This is neither time nor place for the airing of petty jealousies. I have yet to hear Himilco's explanation of this Gaul's strange proceedings."

"There is little of import to explain. This man was to deliver a woman at my tent, and to insult me he brings a corpse."

"The cause for his behaviour can easily be ascertained," replied Hannibal, and he put the necessary questions to the mountaineer.

"I captured a maiden," explained Aneroestes, "but when bearing her away I was met by your officer Himilco, who ordered me to take her to his tent. I said she was mine, but he threatened me with death if I refused to obey him."

At this announcement those of the officers who understood the speaker looked significantly at each other, and so enraged was Himilco that he interrupted with violent expostulations.

"The man lies," he shouted. "I told him to take the girl to my tent and he would be rewarded handsomely."

But Aneroestes persisted in the truth of his declaration.

"It is so," he said, "that he promised me money, but not until I had been first threatened. Still, I performed my part. I was attacked by Baleares before proceeding far, and in the struggle the woman was killed."

"And Cincibil, the Insubrian, I sent with you?" asked Himilco. "Where is he to verify your story?"

Aneroestes grinned at the question.

"Cincibil is dead," he said. "His body lies in the place where it fell. He made a good fight, but they were too

many for us. Even I am wounded," and he exhibited his lacerated arm.

"It seems strange that you alone should have escaped," remarked Himilco meaningly, "and with but a cut in the arm. How is it, too, that you report the occurrence to me only now, five hours after it happened?"

"It was none of my doing," retorted Aneroestes stubbornly, "and when the fight became too fierce I fled. Of what use was there to stay when the woman was killed?"

"None," replied Hannibal, "and your life, Aneroestes, is too valuable to be sacrificed in such a cause. I have need of your services in the future, and I shall be mindful to reward you for what is past. And thus I publicly thank you. This man," continued the General, addressing his brother officers, "is entitled to our highest regard, for it was through him that the city fell so easily."

"He was slow enough in opening the gate," interposed Himilco savagely. "I waited long for the signal, and when we arrived we were not admitted with the promptitude we had a right to expect. What cause was there for delay save that this fellow was securing a captive woman for his pleasure?"

Himilco spoke in his own language, but when Hannibal translated the words to Aneroestes a blaze of wrath contorted the mountaineer's face, and he answered:

"There was a cause sufficient to detain me, for after I waved the signal I was attacked. The captain might have seen the body of my opponent, for I directed his attention to it. In no other way did I fail to do the things I was commanded."

Hannibal checked the angry reply that rose to Himilco's lips, and once more addressed himself to the mountaineer.

"You will be richly rewarded though you asked only for the freedom of your countrymen. Another time—to-morrow you shall tell me how you fared

when in the city. You must have encountered many dangers and I rejoice in your safety. And, now, you may retire. What, would you ask me something further?" as the mountaineer lingered.

"If at another time I take a prisoner—a woman—have I your permission to keep her as my own?"

"You have, indeed; and now remove the corpse."

Aneroestes shouldered his burden and left the tent amid silence.

"Himilco," said the General, "that man asked if his rightful plunder would in future be his own, and I assured him that he need have no fear. Do you understand?" and the speaker fixed his piercing black eyes upon his subordinate.

A sneer still lingered about Himilco's thin lips. He simply bowed and answered:

"I understand the reprimand that is perhaps not altogether deserved. The word of a barbarian should not carry too much weight as evidence against an officer of Carthage."

"Your anger prompts you to say unreasonable things. In the presence of us all you admitted the truth of the man's story."

"You misunderstand me. What the mountaineer said about the woman was true, but I would have paid him well for her. Furthermore, it has not been the custom of men of our rank to ask permission of an inferior to gratify our tastes."

Himilco looked about him as though expecting the others present to support this opinion. But sympathy was nowhere visible, and Hannibal sternly answered:

"It has not been customary, as you say, to do this in Carthage, but I hold differently. The rights of my soldiers shall be respected. Any promises I make them must be fulfilled. There can be no exceptions."

Himilco bit his lip while the others murmured approval.

(To be Concluded.)

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER II.

He was to see her daily during the summer, breathe the same air with her, commune with her familiarly, and in a measure share the same experiences. This had been all Sidney Martin's thought, from the time he left Vashti Lansing haloed by the yellow afterglow, until the Monday following, when he entered the avenue leading up to the Lansing house.

This time he and his belongings had been driven over from Brixton. The drive had been long—a good ten miles, over dusty mountain roads, between fields crisped and parched by the pitiless sun; but at every turn of the road Sidney's fanciful imagination had figured forth a radiant form which beckoned him on. How sweet the welcoming sign would be when the farewell gesture had been so gracious! And now he had arrived. When, where would he see her first? Would the glory of the setting sun have left her face? Would she—and then he saw her.

In the wide angle made by the wing of the house there grew a great mass of holly-hocks, perfumeless, passionless flowers, fit for the garden of Proserpine. They were in full bloom. Not the pincushiony, double flowers of the "improved"—save the mark!—holly-hock, but the exquisite, transparent, cup-like single ones. In every shade, from crimson to pink, from salmon to white, from lemon to a rich wine colour, they grew there, stiff, stately, severe, their greyish green foliage softening the brilliancy of their blossoms. Scores of yellowish-white butterflies fluttered about them, sometimes entering boldly to the heart of the flowers, sometimes poisoning upon the button-like buds which crowned the tapering stems. And in

the midst of this pure sweetness stood Vashti.

Sidney sprang from the musty carriage and went towards her, going, as it seemed to him, into a more exalted atmosphere at a step.

And as he saw her then, he saw her ever afterwards;—not, perhaps, wholly as man looks at woman, rather as the enthusiast views perfection, as the devotee adores the faith made visible. He saw her not as an individual woman, but as the glorious typification of her sex.

Ah, mysterious medley of mind and body! Ah, pitiful delusion which suggests a sequence of spirit and shape!

She gave him her hand cordially enough, not a small hand, but one exquisitely proportioned to her stature.

"We are so glad to see you," she said. "Father is in the far-away meadow at the hay; Mabella will be here in a moment."

"Is your hand better?" he asked.

"Yes, oh quite!" she replied, pleased that he had remembered.

Temperance and the driver carried the trunk up-stairs; the driver departed and Temperance came to greet Sidney. It was afternoon, and Temperance was busy at her patchwork. She sewed dexterously while she talked.

"Terrible weather, ain't it?" she began. "My soul! Seems to me the Lord's clean forgot us here. The paint on the shed's fair blistered, and the cat's thin with the heat. The grain's done for, and the hay's no better 'n rakings, and as for the roots—well, there'll be none if it don't rain, and do it quick, too. 'Drink, and praise God' the preacher's got painted on his well by the way, and the well's been dry these five weeks. Look at that sky! It's dry as bass wood. My chickings is going

about with their mouths open, and there's nothing in the ponds but weeds and frogs. They say frogs grow in water, but I never seen the beat of the frogs this year. They say the Frenchers eats 'em. It's a pity our men couldn't learn, and we'd pay a sight less for butchers' meat. My soul!"—Temperance's lecture upon the drought was brought to an abrupt conclusion. Mabella, not seeing Sidney standing in the shadow, had come stealing up behind Miss Tribbey, and suddenly seizing her round the waist swung her round in a breathless whirl.

"My soul!" said Miss Tribbey again, releasing herself violently, and feeling her head and patting her person mechanically, as if to be certain she was intact. "You ain't bridle-wise yet, M'bella. It's cur'us you don't seem to get sense."

Mabella laughed.

Miss Tribbey continued with an ill-sustained show of bad temper, "You kin laugh, but it's discouragin'."

"It is," agreed Mabella blithely. "I'm like Nathan Peck."

"Go long with you!" said Temperance, tossing her head. "Nathan ain't none too brainy, but I never seen any such carryin's on as them with him!"

Temperance beat a retreat to the kitchen. Mabella laughing turned to Vashti, and for the first time caught sight of Sidney.

"Oh!" she said with a little gasp; then pulling herself together, advanced with outstretched hand. The ready rose dyed her cheek. She looked like some pretty culprit child. Her eyes were blue as a gentian flower—"Lansing blue" the neighbours called them. Her mouth expressed all the sweetness of a pure and loving nature. Her air was full of blithe gayety. She seemed the incarnation of summery youth. There was something in her manner, too, of tremulous excitement—as of one not yet knowing life's secret but in sight of the mystery, eager yet afraid of passing its portal.

Sidney was greatly won by her pretty air of deprecation, which mutely

apologized for the small whirlwind she had created by her entrance.

"Come," said Vashti to Sydney. "It's too bad to keep you standing here." So they left the holly-hocks.

"Who is Nathan Peck?" asked Sidney of Mabella.

"Temperance Tribbey's beau," she said with a little laugh. "They've been keeping company for nineteen years."

"Don't they know their own minds yet?"

"Nathan does, but Temperance doesn't believe in being hasty," said Vashti with what, in a less majestic creature, might have been a sneer.

"And to tell the truth she doesn't want to leave us," said Mabella, who invariably found the best motive for other people's actions. "She's the dearest old thing!"

"Father declares," said Vashti, "that you are to do exactly as you like. He's working at the hay. They're working late now and we take them out something to eat at four o'clock. It you would like to come with us—"

"Oh, yes," said Sidney, "I should like it of all things."

"Well, we'll be going in half an hour or so. But wouldn't you like to see your room? It's the east chamber. Go up the stairs and turn to the right; it's the second door."

"Thanks," said Sidney. "I would like to get rid of the dust a bit."

He went up the dusky oak stair. The house was carefully darkened to keep out the heat and to discourage the flies. He found his room easily. His trunk was there. The air was fragrant with the perfume from a nose-gay of sweet peas and mignonette which stood in a willow-pattern bowl of old blue. Associating each gracious deed with *her* gracious presence, he said to himself:

"Vashti—Queen Vashti—has been here." Then he murmured to himself, "Vashti!"

"The first sweet name that led
Him down love's ways."

When he descended in flannels a little later, he found the two girls wait-

ing on the porch. Vashti was sitting on the steps. Mabella was leading a long-suffering cat up and down by its forepaws, a mode of progression which evidently did not please the cat, whose tail switched viciously at each step. It was released as Sydney stepped out of the hall, and relieved its feelings by deliberately walking over and scratching the old collie's nose, as he lay sleepily waiting for the signal to start. The collie, rudely awakened from his dream, sneezed and turned an appealing look at Mabella, who caught him by his feathery ears and expressed her sympathy in words somewhat unintelligible to the human intellect, but evidently well understood by Bunker.

"Don't forget them cups," called Temperance after them. "And don't spill all that milk afore you get there. It won't make the crops grow." Then she betook herself indoors, to muse upon the advisability of making hot biscuits for supper, and to commune with herself upon the absurdity of men who wore white flannel trousers.

"My soul!" she said, in recounting the experience to one of her neighbours, "It give me a turn when I saw him in them white things. First off, I says, 'He's forgot to dress himself.' Then I saw they was white trousers. Poor crittur! He needs something to set himself off; he's poor looking alongside of Lanty."

But Miss Tribbey's judgment was not to be trusted in respect to masculine good looks, her one unit of comparison being yellow-haired Lanty Lansing, who, tall, broad-shouldered and straight-limbed, was a man among a thousand. Sidney Martin had his fair share of good looks. Under any circumstances it would have been impossible to take him for anything but a gentleman, a gentleman by breeding, education, and natural taste. He, too, was tall like Lanty, but much more slender. He had grey eyes—the dreamy eyes of Endymion, slender, nervous hands, and graceful gestures. He walked with something of a scholar's stoop, and had the pallor of the student. Above all, his face was ir-

radiate with kindness towards every living thing. His eyes had the dilating pupils of those who are dreamers of dreams. It might be that the ideal would take him greater lengths than the truth. About his mouth lay always a touch of pity—pity for the world about him, which, to his eyes, was so blind to the true good, so bent upon burdening itself with baleful creeds which disintegrated the universal brotherhood of man.

The three young people escorted by the collie, left the house, and turning away from the road, proceeded along a lane which was really a continuation of the avenue without the grateful shade of the trees. The dusty way was strewn with fragrant hay which had fallen from the waggons on their way to the barns. They passed the two broad, shallow ponds, overgrown, as Miss Tribbey had said, with water-weeds and bulrushes. Only a shallow, unwholesome little pool of water remained in each; thirsty birds fluttered about the margin, and, as the three passed, the frogs plunged into the water from every side. The collie walked sedately into the middle of one of the pools, then came and shook himself beside Mabella, spattering her skirts.

The heat was breathless; the earth, beneath the inquisition of the sun, suffered but was mute. And presently they saw the hay-makers, the two sweating horses in the mower, the man tossing the windrows into coils. A great oak tree stood solitary in one corner, and thither the girls directed their steps; a brown earthen jug of water, covered by the men's coats, stood in its shadow. Mabella took off her sunbonnet and waved it wildly by one string. One of the men sent back an answering shout, and tossed a forkful of hay into the air. The sun glistened from the burnished steel of the fork to the yellow hair of its wielder.

"That's Lanty," said Mabella to Sidney, with a certain shy personal pride in her accent.

"Our cousin, Lansing Lansing," amended Vashti.

"Does he live with you?" asked Sidney.

"No! Oh no! He has a farm of his own, but his haying is all done, and he has come over to help Dad."

"The farmers help each other here, when they can," said Mabella.

Sidney felt enthusiasm surge within his breast; was not this practical communism?

The men had left their work and were coming toward them.

"That's Nathan Peck," said Mabella, "on the left."

Sidney saw him; a serious, sun-burnt man, with mild, light-coloured eyes and straight, straggly hair. He was very thin, and wore a woollen muffler around his neck.

"Do you see that scarf? Temperance gave him that three years ago; he's never been seen without it since." Mabella whispered this hastily to Sidney.

"Warm devotion, isn't it?" inquired Sidney as he rose to go and meet his host.

"Isn't he fun?" asked Mabella of Vashti.

"It all depends on taste," said Vashti, indifferently. Mabella did not hear her. She was gazing at her cousin Lanty as he came towards her some yards in advance of the others. Clad in blue jeans, with his shirt open at the throat and his sleeves rolled up to the elbow, Lanty was a man to win ninety-nine women out of a hundred. The odd woman would see, perhaps, too great a capacity for enjoyment in his face; too little of self restraint, too much generosity, too little cool judgment; but if she were discerning enough, she might pierce yet deeper to that natural nobility of character which, through miry places and sloughs of despond, would yet triumphantly set Lanty Lansing upon the solid rock of men's respect.

"Well—you're a sight for sore eyes," he said, flinging himself at the feet of his cousins. "Its worth working for to get over to the shade—and you."

His first words had seemed to ad-

dress Mabella; his glance took in both his cousins, and each girl took the meaning of the words home to her heart, and doled out a niggard portion to the other. Mabella's confidence had given place to a shy eagerness to please the man she loved. Her eyes dwelt upon him, eager to catch each glance, and she felt that as often as his eyes lighted upon her an unconscious tenderness deepened his voice.

The situation was perfectly apparent to Sidney when he arrived with old Lansing a moment later. Yet Vashti Lansing's blinded eyes saw nothing of it. Rapt in a superb egotism, she erred much in under-estimating her fellows. A more dangerous thing, perhaps, than to over-estimate ourselves. Some instinct made her aware of the splendour of her form; besides that, the women of her race had all been magieful creatures. She had an unfaltering belief in the potentiality of her own will. Long ago they had burned one of her forbears as a witch-women. They said she caused her spirit to enter into her victims and commit crimes, crimes which were naively calculated to tend to the worldly advantage of the witch. Vashti thought of her martyred ancestress often; she herself sometimes felt a weird sensation as of illimitable will power, as of an intelligence apart from her normal mind, an intelligence which wormed out the secrets of those about her, and made the fixed regard of her large full eyes terrible. The film of vanity dimmed them somewhat, but when some rude hand should rend that veil away, their regard might be blasting.

Lanty's wide hat was cast with apparent carelessness upon the grass between him and Mabella; their fingers were interlaced beneath it, or, rather, Mabella's trembling fingers nestled in Lanty's palm. He held them tighter and tighter. A little tremour from her heart communicated with his heart as the electric spark traverses the cable. At the same instant they looked at each other, and read life's meanings in each other's

eyes. For the moment—unflinching, steadfast, penetrating—blue eyes met the blue. There was the pause of a heart-beat. Then Mabella's filmed with sudden self-consciousness, and triumph lighted the man's bolder eyes. Mabella almost wrenched her hand free and raised it involuntarily to where her heart, grown too great with its treasure of love, throbbed heavily. Lanty rose to his feet, bareheaded in the sunshine, blinded by the glory and promise of the love he had seen in those kindred eyes. He stood for a moment looking down at her; she looked back at him. Her lips were tremulous, but there was an appealing trust in their sweetness. Lanty could not trust himself farther.

"I'll be off to my hay," he said in vibrant tones. "I hope to see a great deal of you," he added, turned to Sidney. "You must come over and see me; whenever you want a horse to ride, there's one at your disposal. Good-bye, girls, till supper time. Good-bye, Mabella." She looked at him, and he went off to his work, scarce believing in his own happiness, seeing all golden about him, all fair before him—and all this passed amid a group of people, one at least of whom should have had sharp eyes.

One person indeed had noted all—Nathan Peck's light eyes were eloquent of mute sympathy. He, good soul, loved bustling Temperance Tribbey with all his being. Whilst Lanty and Mabella had rested with their hands clasped beneath the old wide hat, Nathan's gnarled fingers had caressed the ends of his muffler. Temperance was always and invariably right, that went without saying, and yet—nineteen years!—surely she was a little hard on them both? Nathan rose with something like a sigh, and proceeded to his work thoughtfully. Sidney talked to Mr. Lansing and feasted his eyes on the suave grace of his daughter. Mabella, her heart too full for careless speech, rose, and, under pretence of chasing the collie, contrived to start down the lane alone. As she reached the bend which would hide her from

Lanty, she turned. He was leaning upon his fork, gazing after her. She waved her hand swiftly to him, then turned abruptly and proceeded upon her way, a demure little figure in her pink sunbonnet.

Life stretched before her in a new aspect; the gate was opened but the way was unfamiliar, and her feet faltered before it. She arrived home very soon, and sought Temperance in the kitchen.

Temperance was watering her geraniums in the window, and thinking a small kitchen of her own would be more cosy than the great kitchen of Lansing house.

"Temperance," said Mabella, catching hold of a corner of Miss Tribbey's apron, "Temperance, you weren't cross this afternoon when I pulled you about?"

Miss Temperance looked at her, and set down the old tea-pot which she used as a watering can.

"Say," insisted Mabella, pleading up the corner of the apron.

"What ails the child?" said Temperance—a sudden memory of Mabella's childhood coming to her, again she saw her a yellow-headed baby with irresistible ways.

"But did you mind?" asked Mabella, her lips beginning to quiver.

"Bless it! No, indeed. My lamb, what kind of a cross old stick do you think I am?"

"Temperance, are you *very* fond of Nathan?"

"My soul!" said Temperance. "What next, Nathan?"

"Because you ought to be if you're not," said Mabella. "Oh you ought to be. When a person cares about one you ought to love them—*love* them with all your soul. It's so little to give in return; so——" and then Mabella was in Miss Tribbey's arms, crying as if her heart would break.

And blustering Miss Tribbey petted her and quieted her, and got her out of the way before Vashti and Sidney entered with the dishes from the field, taking her upstairs and putting her to bed as she had done long before when

Mabella was a little motherless baby.

"You lay still there," said Temperance, pausing by the door. "You lay still there and I'll fetch up your tea."

"You're a dear," said Mabella with a catch in her voice.

Miss Tribbey departed. Wise in her kind old fashion she asked no questions. Miss Tribbey had been young in years like Mabella once, and her heart was young yet.

"Pore girl!" said Temperance to herself, resuming the watering of her geraniums. "Pore Mabella! She ain't got no mother."

Perhaps all the dew which fell upon the geraniums did not come from the old tea-pot. Miss Tribbey's mother had been alive when lanky Nathan Peck began "keeping company" with Temperance. Upstairs in a certain box there yet were quilts that she had patched in anticipation of the wedding which Miss Tribbey's sense of duty had deferred all these years.

Miss Tribbey sighed, and went and carefully considered her countenance in the little square of greenish glass which served as a mirror in her kitchen. She turned away with something like a sob in her throat. "I'm losin' my looks," she said. Then after a moment's pause she drew herself a little more erect, and going to a drawer put on a huge and fresh white apron. She was meeting the ravages of Time with the defences at her disposal. Brave Temperance!

When some two hours later Nathan Peck entered for his supper with the others, he thought that never, surely in all the world, could there be a more soul-satisfying sight than his Temp'rins.

"She beats all the young'uns yet, by jing, if she don't!" he said to himself as he soused himself with soap and water by the door before he came in.

"Here's the comb, Nat," said Temperance, handing him that useful article. He took it, combed his straggly hair straight down over his eyes, and then looked at Temperance appealingly through the ragged fringe.

Temperance's heart was very soft to-night. She took the comb and

parted his hair. When she had finished, she let the palm of her hand smooth over the top and rest an instant. He caught it, and the two looked at each other. What were years and hard-wrought hands to them? They saw themselves young and beautiful in each other's eyes. That sufficed them.

Meanwhile Lanty had passed through the kitchen to the front porch, and not finding Mabella there had come back to the kitchen.

"Well, Temperance," he said cheerily, "how's the world using you? And Temperance—where's Mabella?"

"She's layin' down," said Temperance; "she had a sort o' spell when she came in and I made her go to bed."

"What kind of a spell?" demanded Lanty, his heart standing still.

"Nerves," said Miss Tribbey briefly, avoiding the anxious blue eyes of her favourite. She did not know how far matters had gone, nor how clear an understanding there was between the young people. Miss Tribbey was too staunch a woman to betray her sex even in a good cause, (and the making of a match between these two Miss Tribbey regarded as a distinctly good cause).

"Is it—is it her head?" asked Lanty miserably.

Miss Temperance eyed him severely—but she had misjudged her own strength.

"It's jist nothin' but nerves," she said—"girls' nerves; they're nateral-ly nervous, girls is, and M'bella ain't one of your coarse-grained sort. She's easily upset and tender-hearted as a chicken. My soul! how all the brute beasts love her and how she sets store by them. I tell you that girl can't pass a hen without sayin' something pleasant to it. She'll be all right to-morrow; but Lanty,"—she quickened her speech as they heard steps coming to the kitchen—"Lanty, she's got no mother."

Lanty caught her hand—"I'll be everything to her, if she'll let me," he said.

Then the others came in. Vashti, her father, and Sidney from the porch,

and Nathan from the back doorsteps, where he had been hugging his happiness by himself.

"Where's M'bella?" demanded her uncle as they sat down. Vashti looked at Temperance for the answer.

"She's layin' down—got a headache with the heat."

Nathan looked up with such sparkling intelligence that Miss Tribbey was forced to reduce him by a look. So he obliterated all expression from his face and fell to his supper with a gusto.

"Well, I declare," said the old man; "she must be terrible bad if she couldn't stay up for Mr. Martin's first meal with us."

"Oh, you mustn't mind me," said Sidney hastily, "and I do wish you would call me something a little more familiar than 'Mr. Martin.' My father always called me Sid."

"Sid you are, then," said old Lansing heartily; "it's mighty handy, that name. If there's anything I hate it's a name a mile long. Nothing like a short name for a dog or a person, I say. For horses and sich it don't matter much, but when you want t' call a dog there's nothing like a good plain name." The old man ran on garrulously, now and then arresting himself to say the others were quiet. Considering that their quietude was somewhat compulsory, as he talked all the time, it was rather astonishing he found it food for comment.

"Well—M'bella do miss considerable," he said; "she's always got something to say, M'bella has. Sometimes 'taint over-wise, but it's always well-meaning. M'bella ain't one of your bristle-tongued women. I tell you I've known women with rougher tongues than a cat's."

"Men's tongues is a good deal like dogs', I notice," said Miss Temperance scathingly,—"that long they can't keep 'em between their teeth. Mighthy loose hung, men's tongues is."

"When is the Special Meeting, father?" asked Vashti. Sidney thought how gratefully her soft voice sounded across the strident tones of her father and Temperance.

"Wednesday night," he answered. "You'll go Sid? And you'll be there, Lansing?" The last words were spoken in a tone which challenged denial. But Lanty was in a mood of quakerish peace. He nodded simply. Old Lansing looked very pleased.

"Special meeting!" said Sidney. "What for? What sort of meeting?"

"To pray for rain," said Vashti. "If we do not have rain, the poor people will be ruined and all of us will suffer. Already the hay is lost; we should have had the meeting earlier."

"Then you think—you believe—you believe the meeting will do good?"

"I believe in the answer to prayer," she said a little coldly; "my father is senior deacon in the church."

This seemed hardly a reason for her personal beliefs, but Sidney did not say so.

He began to see her in a new light—a noble daughter of a tottering faith. And as one admires the devotion of a daughter to an unworthy parent, so he admired Vashti in this guise also. The loyalty which made her blind to the faults of a creed was perhaps more admirable than a clearer vision which would have made her a renegade to the faith of her fathers. So Sidney Martin thought as they sat out on the front porch, watching the fireflies flitting in the darkness, living sparks of light, and listening to the cadence of Lanty's violin as he played snatches of old love songs, putting his heart into them—for a little time before he had heard a window softly raised, and he knew that Mabella, too timorous to meet him face to face yet, was listening to and drinking in the message of his music.

(To be Continued.)



THE CHRISTMAS EVE CONCERT

BY GRANT ALLEN

I.

I AM glad you are prepared to accept my terms," said the manager; "and now, if you please, what songs will you sing? We want their names at once, as we must get out our announcements and programmes and advertisements immediately. Time presses." He glanced at the sheet of paper he held in his hand. Let me see: how does it read? 'Signor Giovanni Metelli's Great Christmas Eve Concert of Sacred Music. Madame Lydia de Meza, the famous American cantatrice, will sing'—what shall we put down? The 'Amore Divino'?

The famous American cantatrice drew up to her full height—she was a tall and handsome woman, just past her prime, with traces of Cuban blood and some faint reminiscence both of the negress and the Red Indian. "No," she answered haughtily, for she was an imperious creature. "Not the 'Amore Divino.' I do not approve of it. It has no soul in it."

"What then?" the manager asked, leaning forward with marked politeness, a lithe, keen-eyed man, pencil in hand, ready to take down the great singer's words as she uttered them.

"How should I know?" Madame de Meza answered, with a genuine air of inspiration. "It comes—my song. I sing what is forced upon me. I am not like all these commercial singers who get up their little parts pat and can bring forth any one of them with equal ease whenever an *impresario* pays

them enough for it. That is not *my* way. I have studied my art—oh! how hard; but I cherish it still as a gift from heaven—cherish it as treasure held in trust for humanity. When I walk upon the platform I never know what I am going to sing. I just cast my eyes round upon my audience and take their measure. Then I murmur a little prayer, and wait for guidance."

"A prayer!" the manager cried, astonished.

"Yes, a prayer," Madame answered solemnly. "In a minute the guidance comes; some inner prompting tells me what piece will then and there be best for that public. If it is a sacred piece, well and good; it may touch some hearts. If it is a secular piece, well, too; it may be blessed in its own kind, for all art is to me, in a high sense, sacred. I shall wait and see. When I stand face to face with your people, signor, I shall cast my eyes about and know what to choose for them."

Signor Metelli gazed at her in blank astonishment. Was this woman mad, or was she only affected? In spite of his Italian name, which he had assumed as a matter of business, he was born plain John Mettle, of Bradford, and he was a hard-headed Yorkshireman who had no sympathy with no comprehension of, this strange wayward American. "But we *must* put down something," he went on, fingering his pencil nervously; "we can't leave it quite blank. You are the star of the list, you know."

"Put it down, 'Madame Lydia de Meza will sing two selected songs, if you like,'" the handsome American an-

swered. Then she smiled at him curiously. "Look here, Signor Metelli," she went on, "or whatever else you call yourself. You don't understand me. You think this is just a singer-woman's freak. But I tell you it isn't. You may call me superstitious if you choose. I dare say I *am* a little bit superstitious. I have Spanish blood in my veins, and black blood, too; a drop of Carib from Cuba, a drop of Seneca Indian from North America; but at heart I am a New Englander, a Puritan woman. I've been singing here in Europe, on the public platform, for thirty years, and, thank heaven, I have my voice still, and I have my husband and my children. I don't look upon my art as a toy, I look upon it as a priesthood. Why did God give me this voice? Was it not that I might use it for the good and the hallowing of my fellow-creatures? I use it for that, and I try to do what better work I can with it. Sometimes I succeed. I set men and women weeping, I set them working, I set them praising God, I set them praying. You call that silly. I don't; it's the way God made me." She paused a moment, and looked up once more, with that strange air of inspiration in her big brown eyes. "When I was first studying music," she said, slowly, "I went to Florence, and there in Florence I saw some of Fra Angelico's pictures, who was the holiest man that ever painted. Those pictures made me think; they made me pray. Then I read in a book that Fra Angelico never took brush in hand without falling on his knees and asking for guidance. I thought to myself: 'That's why he could paint like an angel!' Then it occurred to me that I, too, would do the same in my art. You can't fall on your knees on a public platform, but you can pray, and I would pray for guidance. It is all the better for the art itself, for the more you think of the sacredness of your art, the nobler will it be; and it's a thousand times better for your own soul and for the souls of your audiences."

The manager stared at her with a

blank stare of surprise. "Well, I suppose I must submit," he said, turning it over slowly. "Though, if you'll excuse me, madame, that may be all very well in its way, but—it isn't business."

Madame's eyes flashed fire. "No, thank God!" she answered fervently, for she was a devout woman in her way. "You have hit the truth there. Thank God, it isn't business!"

II.

It was the day before Christmas. Hilda Lovell was walking in a retired part of Kensington Gardens with Percy Emlyn. She had met him by accident; it is true, so far as she was concerned; but he had been loitering about for an hour waiting for her. He knew she often walked back that way from her art-school at Kensington; and this morning he had intercepted her, and told her his secret. Not much of a secret, either, for she had guessed it, and even anticipated it, weeks ago.

"O Hilda," the young man said, as he stepped by her side, all tremulous, after she had whispered her "Yes" to him, "you don't know how happy, how proud, you have made me. Darling, my own home has always been so miserable that I scarcely dared to ask you. I scarcely dared to think you would ever accept me. You know about my poor mother—it is terrible to see her, so lonely, so heart-broken. And it was not my father's fault entirely, either, though he has a violent temper. It was what no one can help—natural incompatibility. They were not the two people best fitted to get on in life together. Each had great virtues, but even their virtues somehow clashed with one another. That made me feel half afraid to ask you. I wondered whether you might think I was too like my father in temper and disposition. But when I remember how you and I were created for one another, it makes me bolder. And when I look at your family—at the happy life your father and mother lead after so many years of marriage—the way they are still like lovers together——"

Hilda's heart gave a sudden jump. Something seemed to stab her inwardly. What a false note to touch at such a moment! It broke in upon her dream with a hateful shock of reality. Her father and mother! Like lovers together! Oh, ought she to undeceive him? But no, not now. It would be wrong to herself, it would be unkind to Percy, it would be cruel to her parents; for, whatever their differences, they had, at least, loyally tried, for their children's sakes, to hide them from the world, and had appeared, as Percy said, to outward view like a pair of lovers. She turned the subject off with a nervous little laugh and a suppressed sigh, "After so many years!" she murmured. "Why 'after so many years,' Percy? Surely love is for life, and life is all too short for love. I hope you and I will love one another equally—or more, if that were possible—after years of marriage."

"You and I—oh, yes, darling!—you and I—well, you and I are different. But it must give you great confidence to have lived all your life with a father and mother whose love is never clouded, while it makes me so diffident to feel that everyone may suspect me—I hate to say it, but—of being just like my father."

"No one could think you anything but just and sweet and good, Percy."

"Thank you, darling. How dear of you to say so! Well, I mustn't go any further with you now. You will tell your people, won't you? Shall I see you this afternoon, as you said, at the Stanley's?"

"O, Percy, I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were going there! And mother accepted some tickets to-day for Signor Metelli's concert this afternoon. You know, Madame de Meza is singing there."

"That's all right, darling. Then I'll cut the Stanleys and go to the concert, and meet you casually afterwards."

"But you can't get tickets; every one of them is sold. This is her first appearance since she came from Australia, and everybody says she won't

sing much longer. She's growing old, you know, though her voice is lovely still; so all London is flocking to hear this concert."

"Never mind," Percy answered; "where there's a will there's a way. I met the de Meza once, at my uncle Hubert's. I shall go to her boldly and ask her for a ticket."

"She'll have none; they're all gone."

"Then I'll ask for standing room."

"I do hope you'll get it!"

"If not, I shall loiter about the door outside, and wait till you come out. Then your people will see me, and ask me to walk back with them."

III.

They said good-bye near the clump of rhododendrons. Hilda went home, flushed and happy. But the moment of her arrival was, to say the least, an unfortunate one.

Three minutes before she arrived, Mrs. Lovell had ventured into her husband's study. She did not knock at the door. She entered hastily. Wilfred Lovell was engaged in writing the last paragraphs of his chapter on the Primitive Relations of Etruscan Art to Assyria and Egypt.

"Thus we see," he said aloud, reading over his sentence in a balanced voice, to judge of its rhythm, "that the intelligent craftsmen of Cortona and Clusium did not merely accept these imported ideas in a passive manner, but added to them certain original modifications of their own, which entirely—Shut that door! Who comes in without knocking?"

"Wilfred, it's me. I've come to ask you—"

"Didn't I particularly say I wished to be left alone to myself this morning? Didn't I specially ask you to take care that the children shouldn't be allowed to disturb me? Yet only five minutes ago that boy Charlie spoilt the ring of a sentence by bursting in without warning, 'to look for his top,' he said; and now you spoil another by coming to bother me at the precise wrong moment about some domestic matter. Well, what is it this time? Cook giv-



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

"I read in a book that Fra Angelico never took brush in hand without falling on his knees and asking for guidance."

en notice, eh? Maria broken something?—original modifications of their own, which entirely alter, and even destroy, the peculiar spirit of the Assyrian artists."

"No, Wilfred; it's not the cook. This is Christmas Eve, you know——"

"Christmas Eve! Oh, nonsense! Why, it's not one o'clock yet! How can it be eve before the day's half over? A transparent absurdity! Well, what do you want me for?"

"We're just going to boil the puddings, and before we tie them up——"

"Do I manage the pudding department?"

"No; but the children say everybody in the house must come and stir them."

"Come and stir them! Louisa! What a ridiculous superstition!"

The children by this time were peeping timidly round the open door. Mrs. Lovell grew annoyed; they were both hot-tempered. "It's not a superstition!" she answered, warmly. "It's just a good old custom. I wonder a man of letters and an antiquary like you doesn't see the picturesqueness and beauty of our quaint old customs!"

"Quaint old rubbish! It *is* a superstition, I tell you! Don't I know a vast deal more about these matters than you do? I've studied their origin. This stirring's un-Christian. It's a relic of the old cannibal sacrificial feast, where every member of the family had to bear his part in the slaying and eating of the human victim. Disgusting puerile trash! I won't countenance such nonsense, Louisa. You're old enough, I should think, to be ashamed of yourself!"

Mrs. Lovell made a deprecating face, and dropped her voice low. "Before the children, Wilfred!"

Her husband turned to his writing. "Get out of this study!" he cried, petulantly. "I will not have you and your children intruding into my room at all hours of the day! This is intolerable—intolerable—that a man engaged upon a serious life-work should be badgered and bullied by a superstitious woman to stir her plum-puddings,

in accordance with a ridiculous and degrading custom of our naked ancestors! Get out at once, I say! I don't want you or your puddings!"

The children stared at one another open-mouthed and terrified. Such open ebullitions were unfamiliar to them. But Mrs. Lovell by this time was angry in turn. "I will go," she said, slowly, with suppressed wrath in her voice, "and—I will not come back again. Wilfred, I can stand your vulgar violence no longer. I have made up my mind; I shall get a separation."

At that precise moment Hilda entered.

"Get a separation, then, by all means," the father answered grimly. "None too soon, I think! I've known for months that was the only way out of it. And now that you've dragged your children in on purpose to hear openly what they must have guessed long ago, there's no reason for delay. 'For the children's sake,' we always said; but it's better, after all, the children should know we had parted by mutual consent than be admitted to see us quarrelling like this. For my part, I'm sick and tired of the whole business. I shall go off to the seaside—and get leisure at last to finish my 'Greek and Etruscan Studies.'"

"Mother dear," Hilda said quietly, taking her mother's arm, "come and let me stir the pudding." For she guessed what had happened. "Father, you'll come too." She seized his arm also.

Wilfred Lovell hesitated for a second. It was too abrupt a surrender. But Hilda's touch on his arm was soft, and he loved his daughter. "Well, if you wish it, my dear child," he said slowly, climbing down with an ill grace—"though of course you are aware it's a degrading superstition."

"Yes, dear, so it is. A relic of barbarism. Come and stir the pudding, and explain to us all you have found out about it."

IV.

Lunch was a silent meal. Wilfred Lovell ate savagely, mused and looked gloomy. His wife pretended to be ex-



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

tremely busy with the children's food. The little ones sat awe-struck. Only Hilda tried to keep up some hollow semblance of cheerfulness. But deep in her own heart she was sadder than any of them. She had a sorrow of her own. What a terrible revelation for that trustful Percy!

After lunch, she took her mother's arm again with a gentle pressure. "Now, dearest," she said soothingly, "you must go up and get ready."

"Get ready—for what?"

"Why, you know, for Signor Metelli's concert."

"Signor Metelli's concert! I'd forgotten all about it. I can't go to-day. My eyes are too red, Hilda; I'm not fit for it. Your father's cruelty——"

"That's how you speak to my daughter about her father!" Wilfred Lovell interposed, looking up from the *Spectator*.

"Now, papa, you musn't! Go to your dressing-room and get ready. You must both of you come with me. Do as I tell you, dear. It's the best thing for all of us."

Wilfred Lovell moved with reluctant steps towards the door. "Very well," he said, gloomily. "It won't be for long, that's one good thing. As soon as this beastly Christmas rubbish is over——"

"We shall all settle down again in our places as usual; yes, dear, I hope so. Now go and put on your nice coat—I won't stir out with you in that horrid old one; and, mother dear, you must wear your grey. It's the right thing for a concert."

With infinite difficulty, she got them both off, and induced them to dress. Then she sent for a four-wheeler, and drove with them to the hall. "A pair of lovers," indeed! Her heart sank when she thought how she should ever break the doleful news to Percy. For this time she felt sure they really meant it.

As they were nearing the door, Wilfred Lovell broke the silence in which they had all ridden. "I do this to please you, Hilda my child," he said, looking across at her; "but I want you clearly

to understand that the moment this silly Christmas nonsense is finished and cleared away I intend to take your mother's advice and put an end to such scenes by having a separation."

They entered the hall, Hilda trembling. After they had taken their seats, about the middle row, she glanced around the room, on the lookout for Percy. A man would doubtless have failed to find him in so large an audience; but Hilda's quick eyes soon picked him out; he had managed to get a special seat near the platform, no doubt from Madame de Meza. It comforted the poor girl to reflect that, being a man, he would probably fail to perceive the trouble in her face, and the hard look of anger in her father's and mother's. Men don't read these things like women. But the discovery, after all, was merely deferred. Sooner or later, he must know; and then, what a painful beginning for their engagement!

The singers came forward and sang their various pieces. Hilda hardly heard them. Through a veil of mental mist vague sounds of sacred song came wafted across the air to her unheeding ear. She was too full of trouble to notice them. For months she had worn herself out in trying to smooth things down for those two whom she loved so dearly—for she loved them both alike; now the rupture had come, and there seemed no way out of the difficulty made by it.

At last, after three or four performers had been cheered and retired, a hush fell upon the hall—a great hush of expectation. Somebody rustled on to the stage. Madame de Meza swept forward, tall, queenly, defiant. Hilda raised her eyes, and looked upon the great singer. The woman's handsome face and big eyes somehow arrested her attention even then. She looked so strangely sympathetic. For a moment Madame de Meza paused, as the hall rang with redoubled applause at her appearance. Then she closed the big brown eyes; the rich lips moved silently. She was praying, after her wont—praying with her old-fashioned New England earnestness. When she

raised her eyelids again, she gazed round the room as if in search of something. She was seeking her inspiration. After a restless groping her glance lighted for a second on a fair young girl, with a very white face—white, though it had usually a bright patch of colour; so much she could gather even then, in spite of its whiteness. Madame gazed at the girl long without opening her lips. The audience grew impatient. Signor Metelli waited and twitched his fingers in mute wonder. The great singer's eye wandered on to either side of the girl, and fell on a man and woman in middle life, whom their daughter seemed to separate. All at once, with a rush, an inspiration came over her. She knew what to sing. She lifted her voice and began to pour forth: "John Anderson, my jo, John."

Signor Metelli's face was a study in horror. Was the creature mad? This was a sacred concert! That wild woman would ruin it.

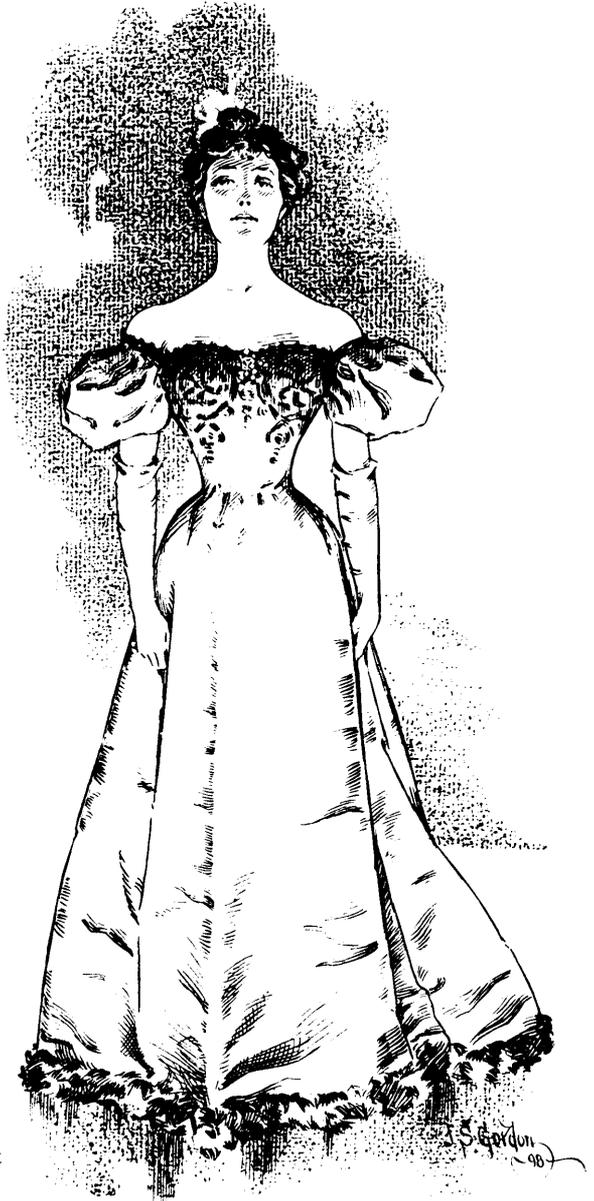
Madame sang on, unperturbed, like an inspired agent:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But—"

She paused, and then burst out afresh:

"—blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

There was nothing much in the simple words she sang to produce the effect; it was the way she sang them. She threw herself into the very spirit of Burns' touching ditty. Suddenly, half way through, as if by an inner im-



"Madame sang on, unperturbed, like an inspired agent.

pulse, Mrs. Lovell changed places noiselessly with Hilda, and sat next her husband. Wilfred Lovell said nothing, but his eyes glistened. He turned and looked. It was thirty years since; yet how pretty she was still, when she turned like that to him!

The great singer went on :

“ John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And many a canty day, John,
 We’ve had wi’ ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we’ll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo ! ”

She sang it with wonderful force and pathos and feeling. Her own heart trembled. All the hall held its breath. Madame had surely surpassed herself ! When she ended Signor Metelli gave a sigh, and breathed again. Business indeed ! The applause was deafening ; time after time it swelled afresh. Hilda let her eyes drop. To her immense surprise, there, unobtrusively under the grey cloak, she saw her mother’s hand locked fast in her father’s !

The rest of that concert was a whirling blank to her. She spent all her time in repressing her happy tears,

and silently thanking Madame de Meza.

When all was over, the audience rose and left. The hall thinned fast. Four people alone kept their seats—the Lovells and Percy Emlyn.

Mrs. Lovell dried her eyes, and turned, half sobbing, to her daughter. “ Let us go and tell her,” she said, simply.

Wilfred Lovell rose too. “ Yes, let us go and tell her, dear. I want to ask your forgiveness ; I want—to thank her.”

The great singer smiled when they told her. One impulse moved them. She laid hand in hand.

“ I saw your daughter’s face,” she said, “ and it seemed to put it into me. But I prayed, you know, too, and—this is Christmas time.”

That night Percy Emlyn supped quietly at the Lovells’. More than ever he felt sure his Hilda’s parents were like two lovers together.

IN FAIR CANADIE.

(*Written in Scotland.*)

O BONNIE bonnie mune in the lift sae hie,
 Wham saw ye in the Nor’land awa ayont the sea ?
 Where stars like diamonds shine an’ a fervid sun glows
 fine

On the grapes that bend the vine in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye on the prairie where flowers blaw free,
 Till a’ the land’s like sunset on a rainbow rippled sea ?
 Where Nicht’s but gentler Day on river, wood an’ bay,
 An’ wild things daff an’ play in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye bonnie mune ? an’ what said he ?
 What message sent my ain love to me frae ower the sea ?
 Said he ne’er a word ava ?—will he no come when the
 snaw

Fa’s deep an’ covers a’ in fair Canadie ?

O mune that winna tell, tak this kiss frae me,
 An’ when his sleep ye smile on ower there ayont the sea,
 Looote to my love fu’ fain, be kind an’ dinna hain,
 Till he dreams o’ me again in fair Canadie.

Jessie Kerr Lawson.

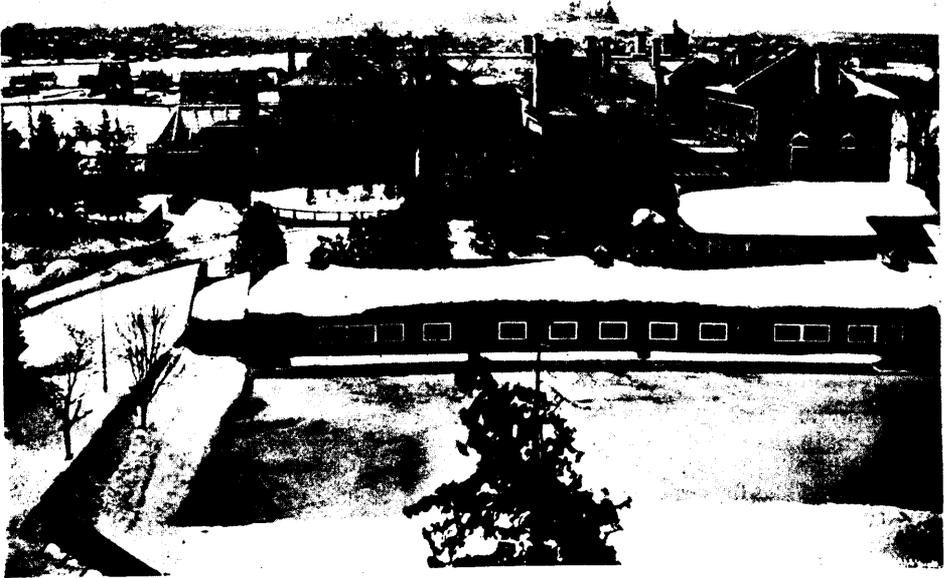
KEY TO SCOTCH.

To daff is to sport gaily.

Looote means stoop.

Fain means fond.

To hain is to spare, or to save economically.



RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, IN WINTER.

In the distance, across the bend of the River, may be seen the Dominion Parliament Buildings.

RIDEAU HALL—PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Earl of Minto is the eighth Governor-General to rule in what has been disrespectfully but truthfully called "a shapeless jumble of buildings." Government House, Ottawa, has also lately received this flattering tribute from the pen of a Chicago journalist: "It is a disgrace—from year to year it has been patched and added to till now it is an ugly and inconvenient old barrack, incumbering an acre or more of the earth's surface, and covering nearly one hundred rooms under its leaky old roof. A destructive fire is needed badly."

That "MacKay's Castle" should have to brook this insult! Ottawa people do not enjoy showing strangers the peculiar beauties of their Government House; but nevertheless few would wish to have a fire sweep away all traces of former oc-

cupancy, and all memories of its illustrious inhabitants. It was first of all the house of a man who, by his industry and mother-wit, made a name for himself as a wealthy contractor and member of parliament. The Rideau Hall we know is so different from that



RIDEAU HALL—THE GATE.

stone building of 1838, that few stop to realize its origin and growth to its present nondescript appearance.

In that year, when Bytown is referred to as "Half a Wood," Thomas MacKay, a canny Scot, bought one thousand acres of good land, and built thereon a mansion—for such it was in those days—of grey stone. The original building was of cut limestone, forty-seven by seventy-three feet, and two storeys high. There were eleven rooms, besides those in the basement and attic. The portico is the same as that now in use, but the original driveway was that bordering on Pine Street. Princess Louise had the second Avenue cut, as well as the "Vista" that goes by her name. The grounds have never been kept in the fine condition in which they were when Mr. MacKay lived. He trimmed the first cedar hedge ever set out in Ottawa, and took a great pride in the beautifying of the grounds. Each tree on the old Avenue, over which the MacKay horses so often stepped, was planted under the direct supervision of Mrs. MacKay, who was very fond of landscape gardening. A round tower and two wings formed the house. Inside it was furnished with all the luxury of that day, which would to us seem cold, stiff and formal. Grecian cornices and mouldings were greatly used as decorations, and were much admired by the visitors to the Castle. The only article that is still in use is a chandelier in one of the rooms. All people of note passing through were entertained at the Hall;

Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Metcalfe and Lord Elgin, for whom a large garden party was given, among the number. The Duke of Connaught was also, later on, an honoured guest, and the Prince of Wales was taken over the house and grounds when he visited Ottawa.

Mr. MacKay was very fond of music, and the upper room in the tower held violin, piano and harp. His family was a large one and kept the old "Castle" merry. It was taught even then how to echo sounds of gayety. One of the sons distinguished himself in the Mutiny by winning the Victoria Cross, dying, however, in the campaign.

Among the marriages celebrated under the roof of Rideau Hall, were those of Mrs. T. M. Clark and Mrs. T. C. Keefer. "Pretty Mary MacKay," as she was called, the fairest woman some say that ever dwelt there, was married to Mr. Hutchinson, father of Mr. W. C. Hutchinson, in her old home. Lady Dufferin's youngest child was born at the Hall. The building was christened by Mrs. Keefer one day, when some guests were expected. Her father said the place should have a name, and the one immediately suggested by her was at once adopted.

Inside and out, the grey old edifice with its Elizabethan arch and spreading wings, has certainly had much good "siller" lavished upon it since its leasing by the Government, on the 2nd of August, 1865. It was then leased for a term of twelve years at an annual rental of \$4,000, with the right of purchase any time within three years; \$82,000 was the price eventually paid.

Hon. Mr. Chapais has been blamed for not demolishing the building on its purchase, and having a fit and proper residence for the Governor erected; but we are not all gifted with foresight, and perhaps he did not realize that Bytown had made way for Ottawa, nor that more would be demanded of its Government House than primitive hospital-



RIDEAU COTTAGE.

ity. There were no large houses available with as great an extent of grounds surrounding.

When the property was leased the building was immediately enlarged, the designs being drawn up by Mr. Rubidge, the then Architect of the Public Works Department. In July, 1867, the improvements and additions to the grounds and building had cost \$80,819.66, and Rideau Hall was then a

building with a front of two hundred and ten feet by fifty-six feet, with a rear wing and basement. It was ornamented with a long verandah, as in the accompanying photograph. The property, which included the "Rideau Hall Domain," the "Bay" and the "Triangle," made a total of eighty-eight acres. In the spring of 1868 Rideau Hall was bought by the Government. Not being of a statistical turn of mind I would have none of the Auditor-General's report, in which is set down with fearful accuracy, and at great length, the expenditure, which this act of folly entailed. But he who will may find out the amazing total, and have his own opinion of the extravagance of the powers that be, and were.

But the first Governor, Viscount Monck, did not come to a very luxurious establishment; nor did he disburse much of his own wealth for the very good reason that he had little of this world's gear. Very little entertaining was done by him. He had no carriage and pair save when John Tozer, a well-known "citizen of credit and renown," scoured the city for horses and drove a spanking four-in-hand down to the Hall for His Excellency. The latter's

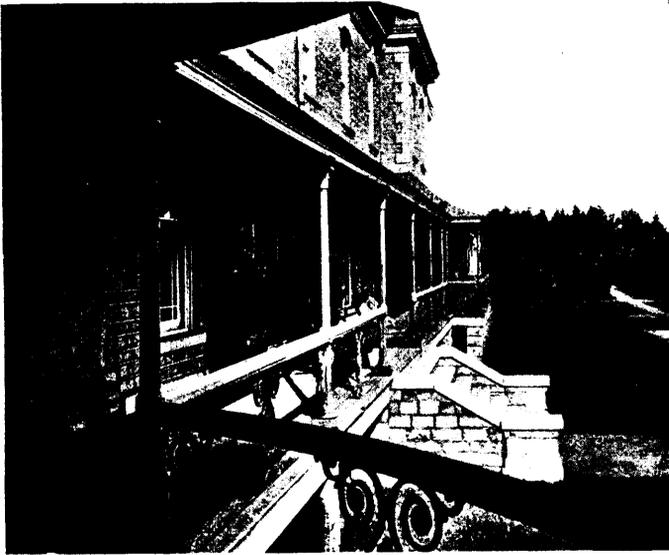


RIDEAU HALL—THE APPROACH.

usual way of reaching the city was by a boat.

Sir James Young, Lord Lisgar, was, if truth be told, slightly penurious. It is said that on a day when guests were invited till the hour of eight p. m., the gas went out at the fateful stroke, and the forlorn guests, huddled in the dark on the steps, waited impatiently for their carriage to "block the way." In a letter written by a Nova Scotian in 1872, this pen picture of the times is given: "I sha'n't libel Lord Lisgar, and therefore I won't say that the parties are very numerous or very pleasant. 'God Save the Queen' plays you out at ten o'clock. . . . We have here Butcher to the Governor-General, Purveyor and Apothecary."

The Earl of Dufferin was the first to raise Rideau Hall to its proper dignity. He added the ball room, in which the theatricals for which his regime was famed, were given. Here, too, the merry skaters, after skimming over the rink, danced the winter afternoon away. The brass sockets of the standards erected in this room, to set apart and enclose the Vice-regal Court when they danced the quadrille of honour, may still be seen there. But



RIDEAU HALL—A REAR VERANDAH.

the standards themselves and silken encircling cord have long since gone. When the Princess Louise saw them she was dismayed, and ordered them to be taken away at once.

So it has been with all the fancies of the various residents—"Sic transit gloria gubernatoris." Was Lord Dufferin's soul satisfied when he had green hangings and red furniture, or

poor covering for those ancient chairs whose glory had departed?"

"Well," he said, gravely, "it's this way, you see; upholstery comes high, and as each Governor's lady likes different colours, and the Government—especially this one—is most economical, they can get what they want by changing the colour of the chintz." Which, after all, is a most ingenious way of

suiting the capricious feminine one.

The Earl of Dufferin's study was full of sketches and portraits, many of them of his wife. During his reign the Racquet Court was added; many theatricals and plays in which children acted were given, together with moonlight parties, the first ever enjoyed in Ottawa. The Log Cabin, lately devoted to Lady Marjorie's use, and called by



RIDEAU HALL—THE LAWN.

her "Holiday Hut," where she was wont to cook and keep playhouse, was built by the orders of the Princess, who also had a Studio erected for her use. Lady Marjorie used to scrub the floor of this house with her own fair hands, and she is said to have hinted that she did not consider Her Royal Highness any too good a housekeeper.

The toboggan slide near the "Hut" is always well patronized at skating parties.

The following is a list of additions to Rideau Hall since 1867; their cost, together with the house itself, being \$300,000. There were added a conservatory, vinery, cottage residence, stabling, coach house, guard house, lodge, iron gates and stone pillars, Rideau Cottage, gardener's cottage and laundry.

The finest Cricket Ground in Canada is the field in front of Rideau Hall, but it is sacred to the use of the Ottawa Cricket Club for ever; and men in flannels disport themselves on the Crease in the hottest days in summer. The late Capt. Urquhart

and Lord Lansdowne were enthusiastic cricketers.

The Rideau Hall of the present is a long rambling structure which all too plainly shows that it is patchwork. As will have been seen from the foregoing, it is of no particular period of architecture nor uniformity of design; it is an embodied mistake which all the addition in the world can never rectify, but nevertheless is it worthy of regard. And though it cannot inspire love even in the hearts of those who have dwelt there, and only gains contempt from the passer-by, it has the majesty of any

house wherein the angels of birth and death have entered; and, in addition, a dignity all its own. It has grown with Ottawa and is a part of it. Almost every Governor has left something by which it is the richer; and when the time comes, if it ever does, for old and new to crumble in a common ruin, there will be some regret doubtless, mingled with rejoicing, over the end of the "disgrace" that cumberes the ground.

On entering the Avenue leading to Rideau Hall, the Lodge must be passed; an odd looking octagonal structure of yellow brick. Rideau Cottage, the residence of the Governor-General's



RIDEAU HALL—THE MORNING ROOM.

Private Secretary, is not visible, only its roof peeping through the trees behind the Hall. It is reached in a roundabout way, but it is really nearer than it looks. Crichton Lodge, the residence of Mr. T. M. Clark, picturesque with red roof and gables, was at one time the Secretary's house, and the Cottage suffers by comparison, although it is bright and cheerful within.

The arm of the Racquet Court—now used for a supper room at dances—reaches in yellow distance in advance of the older portion of the hall, or rather to one side of the portico where

cabs and coupes now as ever deposit their fair burdens. On entering the Hall two flights of stairs ascend. The one on the left leads to the Ball Room, the beauty of its white and gold mouldings and cornices striking the eye at first glance. It is carpeted in the same rich crimson as the lobby, stairs and corridors. On great occasions there is set up the dais or throne, over which hangs the oil painting of Lord Aberdeen done by Robert Harris. The building is very plainly finished through-

suggestion of warmth and luxury gives a very pleasing effect. In Lord Dufferin's time there was a skeleton, not indeed in his cupboard, but in the corner spoken of, and it used to be one of the traps laid for the unwary to come with a sharp turn upon the apparition. It was one used by the Governor to help him in his art studies, and was afterwards given to Sir James Grant, whose children dubbed it "Count Fosko."

From a skeleton to a ghost is not a very far cry, and there is just a faint suspicion of his ghostship about the place, an elusive legend that will not be hunted down, and in fact a hint of such a thing is all that is needed to put the old "castle" on a proper and respectable footing, for all ancient and honourable houses should by rights have a "haunt." Eerie stories were told at the time of its dismantling and altering by the Government, and the whisper that the place was haunted doubtless sent many a servant maid shivering to bed, but the only unrestful spirits ever evoked were the dusky bats which issued in great numbers from their hiding places as, disturbed, they flew distractedly about the tenantless and echoing rooms. For it is useless to try to invest Rideau Hall with romance and mystery; it is not old enough for legends to have become respected and safe from the hand of the antiquarian iconoclast. It is not a ruin,

picturesque, and beautiful in decay; rather it is prosaic and humdrum to the last degree.

A subterranean passage was once discovered beneath the house, and excitement ran high over the terrible deeds that might have been done in the bowels of the earth; skeletons were confidently and momentarily expected, and every one was on the *qui vive* for startling developments, when the quest ended ignominiously in an abandoned



RIDEAU HALL—THE ENTRANCE.

out. With the exception of papering and painting, the rooms and the furniture they contain remain unchanged from one generation of Governors to another. In some of the rooms upstairs the carpets look decidedly the worse for wear. The corridors are the most striking feature. The lobby narrows into one long aisle connecting the old part with the new; turning to the left by the conservatory it ends in the Chapel. The deep red carpet, with its

ice-house. Mr. Mackay had long before made the experiment of keeping ice under ground and, finding it a failure, had blocked up the passage again.

Her Ladyship's boudoir or study, that of His Excellency, and the drawing room form a suite of rooms in which the colour scheme is the same. They are carpeted in the crimson brussels used in the corridors; the paper is of pale

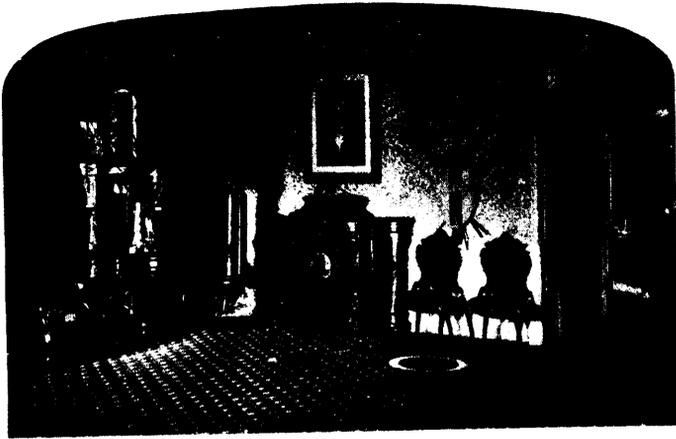
green. The drawing room is the largest room in the house, except the ball room, and it overlooks the lawn. Pale green chintz covers the furniture. An object always of much interest is the door painted by H. R. H. Princess Louise; the small panels are gilded, and the whole door covered with boughs of crab-apples, the effect being extremely pretty. Otherwise this reception room is not remarkable in any way for its beauty. Lying on the table amongst the books was noticed a number of the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. In Lady Aberdeen's study are several good pictures; there is, too, an illustration of the Irish village at the World's Fair. A grandfather's clock is in the room, and Gladstone's face looks down benignly from the wall. The Earl's sanctum is very similar, though smaller. Those who are invited to dinner at Government House dine in a room that can seat thirty. The ceiling and walls are tinted in terra cotta, the mouldings being of black and gold. A stuffed bear stands in one corner, a memento of the Quebec Carnival.

Two bronze busts look from their niches on those who ascend the stairs. The guests' bedrooms are very small for the most part; in those of His Excel-



RIDEAU HALL—THE DRAWING ROOM.

lency and Her Ladyship the furniture gives the effect of solidity and massiveness. Lady Marjorie's room is in the old part, near that most interesting chamber, the "Oval Room," which reminds one of the days that are gone. The latter is full of old associations and memories. In the Dufferins' time it was a ball-room, and it has been since used as a morning-room, bedroom, study and school-room. During the present regime it was used in the latter capacity, and though, as far as Lady Marjorie Gordon is concerned, "the child is a woman, the book may close over, for all the lessons are said," yet it is full of mementoes of her happy school days and those of her brothers. The wall is decorated with hockey sticks, dumb-bells and tennis racquets, and, of course, the ever-necessary maps. There are rules for the guidance of the little students, and there is one announcement which must be mentioned at the risk of intruding on the family privacy. A huge poster calls attention to the fact that A. and M. Gordon are able and willing to take photographs "unrivalled for delicacy and finish" for such as will pay five cents a sitting. Samples of the work are given, endorsed as "speaking likenesses" taken at rather in-



RIDEAU HALL—THE LOBBY.

ceiling was at one time gilded, but Lady Stanley had it tinted a cream white when she used it for a bedroom.

With the Chapel—the gift of Lord Aberdeen to Canada—this description of Rideau Hall must close. It is of oak, and can seat about one hundred. The building is lighted by electricity, and the diamond-paned

auspicious times for the victims.

The unused table was given over in holiday times to a miscellaneous collection of toys, decrepit dolls and Fuzzy-Wuzzys in dogs, and all the paraphernalia of Childhood's Make-Believe. The carved and decorated

windows are faintly coloured in pink and green. "Fortuna sequatur" is the motto of the donor. We will hope that fortune may not only follow him to his new home, but that her fickle regard may linger over Rideau Hall.

Florence Hamilton Randal.

A FOREWORD TO "NORLAND LYRICS."*

(To E. R. MacD., W. C. R., and T. R.)

SISTER, and Brothers, not by blood alone
 Kinship inalienably dear we own,
 Nor hearts close knit in common joys and tears
 And memories of dear familiar years
 That pledge the deep endurance of our love;

But also by the fellowship of song,—
 One art, one aim, one impulse,—we belong
 Each to the other! Therefore let this word
 Though poor, amid your northland notes be heard
 For craft and kin and the loyal warmth thereof.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

* These lines were written as the prologue to a volume of poems entitled "Norland Lyrics," by Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, William Carman Roberts and Theodore Roberts, presently to be issued by Small, Maynard & Company, of Boston.

HOLY SAINT CLAUS.

BY "KIT."

"AND they do say, Honor, that he travels in a sledge pulled by reindeers that can climb up on the roofs of the houses an' come down the chimly" said the Child.

The old woman knocked the ashes out of her pipe. "They do have horns, them reindeers, I've heerd tell."

"Big horns, Honor."

"Mebbe they'd get cotched in the chimly?"

"Oh, no, Honor," said the Child in her grave voice, "they couldn't. There's nothin' in all the world could keep Saint Claus from comin' down the chimly Christmas night. He's—he's got to come down."

The little wise head shook till the bright curls danced in the fire light.

"Shure if 'tis a saint he is, he can melt the deer's horns out of the way," said the old woman, "but its a quare way to be comin' into anybody's house. Why couldn't he dhrive up on a horse an' car an' knock on the door like a gentleman?"

"Becos' a saint isn't a gentleman, Honor," said the Child in her gentle little voice, "and besides there wouldn't be any difference 'tween him an' anybody else if he did it that way."

"He'd be a dale comfortabler," said the old woman.

Outside the wind was singing carols; now tapping playfully on the panes of the kitchen window, now stooping to whistle in at the key-hole. The old woman and the Child sat before the dying turf fire, the Child in her little high arm-chair and Honor on the low stool beside her. They were loving friends these two, the old child and the real one; both of the kind that people God's kingdom; both full of the gentle wisdom that He loves, but that the great, grown-up world calls folly.

The old woman began to cut up the

last of the knob of tobacco she held in her hand. She pushed it down into her pipe and stooped to the hearth for a live coal.

"An' who was tellin' you them stories, asthore?" she asked, after a brisk pull or two.

"Mamie Fallon," said the Child in her high, clear voice, "she said how that Saint Claus called on Christmas night down every chimly that had a child in it, an' if the child hung up her stockin' outside her door, he'd pack it with good things, sweets an' nuts an' oranges, an' maybe dollies;"—the little high treble voice broke into a squeak—"Mamie's mammy told her about it out of a book—a holy book—an' she's got her stockin' all ready."

"An' my lamb hasn't got any mammy." The old woman did not say the words, but they filled her heart, and the faded eyes that had rarely filled for her own griefs grew dim with the scant, hard tears of the old; the tears that seldom fall, but scald the eyes with their bitter waters.

She thought of the grand stepmother up in Dublin—the grand London lady the old master had married. High and mighty times she was having, no doubt, thinking little of the child she had left in "that dreadful Irish rookery" to the care of the old nurse. At the Castle she was, maybe, this Christmas night, dancing with the Lord Lieutenant, no less—"in the hall of Saint Patrick for all we know."

"Honor." The sweet, shrill voice broke in on her cogitations. "Honor, do you think if I was to hang up me stockin' Saint Claus would know, an' come an' fill it with something?"

"Sorra wan of him could help himself asthoreen if he was travellin' this a-way—but"—in a sudden hurry—"troth, Miss Doreen, its passin' by the house he'll be it we don't go to bed

soon, a-lanna. Shure 'tis near nine o'clock it is."

Upstairs in the little lobby-room the Child sat on the side of her bed and talked in her wistful way while old Honor took off her shoes and stockings. "We'll get a clean wan,"—she said in her soft brogue—"out of the press, to hang up for the Saint, Honor, the longest wan you can find, and the fattest."

"God help the child," said the old woman as she hung the limp, black stocking on the nail—"God help the poor childen. Shure He'll send th' ould Saint on his reindeer. He couldn't refuse the child. I'll just throw me shawl over me head an' step out to the village an' ax Widow Dooley if ever she heerd the like."

But first Honor went to the small room where she slept, a tiny, windowless pocket of a place where little daylight ever entered. Lighting a "bit" of candle she turned back the mattress and drew out the long, gray stocking in which she kept her money.

"Failing the Saint comin'—'tis busy he'll be, the crathur, if he has to go callin' on all the childhre of the world—I'll buy somethin' beyant at the shop for the childen's stockin'," she said, as she fumbled in the woollen toes. "Begor 'tis little that's in it—on'y elevenpence. Bad scran to me entirely, givin' thirteen shillin's last half gale to the agint on account of Maureen Doherty's land. What right have I to be payin' the rent for me cousin's wife's sister-in-law? An' here I am left without a shilling for me own little child. The sorra a sixpence would I borrow from th' ould housekeeper here if th' eyes was to fall out of me head on the 'count of it. Maybe I could get sixpennorth of something for the child anyway."

Brisk was Widow Dooley on her feet behind the little block of counter that bit deep into her kitchen. Up and down clattered the scales with their ounces of tea and half-pounds of raisins. Busy too, was her tall son, Peter, stooping for herrings out of the barrel, and joking with the *girshas* as he sold them

the Christmas candles. A pleasant word for everybody had the mother and son as they bustled about from one to the other.

"Ah, then, God save yourself, and a merry Christmas to you, Honor," said Widow Dooley in response to the old woman's greetings. "How is it with ye at the Big House to-night with the masther and misthress off in Dublin?"

"Middlin', middlin', Mrs. Dooley, thank you kindly," said Honor, as she edged her way through the people. Leaning over the counter she whispered a word into the good woman's ear:

"Sorra Saint of that name I ever heerd tell of," said Mrs. Dooley with a shake of her cap-borders; "but shure there's many a holy man in the calendher that's past understanding be the name they put on him. An' now you tell me he comes all over the world, down the chimley wherever there's a child! Dear, dear! and its ten of them I rared without bit or sup from him. A couple of herrin's? Certainly, Mrs. Casey, ma'am—an' how's Father Mike gettin' on at Maynooth, now? An' ounce of twist for your father, is it, Jimmy O'Dowd? an'.the divil a penny in your fist to pay for it! Don't you know well that 'tisn't any score a shop like this is afther givin'?' Run away home out o' that, an' come back with the thruppence." So the good woman rattled on.

Honor withdrew into the background and looked about her carefully. There was no use troubling Widow Dooley with any more talk about Saint Claus. She knew no more about it than Honor herself. Maybe 'twas a new Saint they made a while ago, that "the quality" knew about, but that hadn't reached the country people yet. Certain it is, that these simple country people, filled as they were with song and legend and superstition, had never become acquainted with the quaint German story of Santa Claus.

The shop "window" was merely the four crooked panes of the cabin. They were stuffed with everything. Soap, starch, blue, potash, tape, little cakes, thimbles and bread were jumbled behind the crossed pipes and heavy roll

of shag that occupied the foreground. A couple of bottles of sticky lemon drops and bull's-eyes fused together, were flanked by crockery, Connemara stockings, yarn and a few packets of corn-flour.

In the midst of these, radiant in a skimp pink calico frock, and white cap with grotesque borders, stood a gutta percha doll. She was extremely ugly, with her crooked slit of a mouth and eyes cut on the bias, but the heart of the old woman swelled with joy as she asked, in an awed voice, the price of this wonderful being.

"The gutty perk doll? A shillin'—not a ha'penny less," said Widow Dooley, pausing in counting some change to answer. "A Galway thraveller, on his way to Athlone, stopped here last night but one, and sold me three of them. They're all gone but this wan, an' she's the purtiest of the lot."

"I'm—I'm a little short to-night, Mrs. Dooley," said Honor, her old face flushing as she fingered the coppers in her hand nervously; "I could make it up to you in a day or so, ma'am. I'd like to have the perk doll, an' a thrifle of sweets, to give—for me—me niece's child, little Katie, for the Christmas—you could oblige me—"

"An' if 'twas only a matter of obligin', Honor Walsh, it's the preference you'd have before any woman in the three parishes; but if I was minded to ever so bad, I couldn't let you have the credit, asthore—'deed I could not. I gave me promise on my bended knees to the Blessed Virgin, at the last Station, that the sorra a score I'd let rise in the shop for two long year. An' 'tisin't breakin' me oath to the Mother o' God you'd have me be doin', Mrs. Walsh, ma'am?"

The old woman sighed. She laid her little pile of coppers on the counter, and, turning her back, began to fumble beneath her shawl. Then she set a thin gold ring upon the little heap. Time had bitten into its edges and paled somewhat the golden glory it had once worn, just as he had withered the cheeks and dimmed the eyes of little Honor Walsh.

"I've never had it off me finger since John Walsh put it there five and thirty year ago, indeed I haven't Ma'am" said the old woman as she took the rubber doll and little paper of bulls' eyes and tucked them under her shawl.

"No doubt, Honor, no doubt. I'll take good care of it till you can pledge it back, a-lanna. Now then, Mary Mulcahy—a pound of raisins? In a minnit, woman, in a minnit."

"Sorra blast of a pipe I'll have on Christmas Day," said old Honor Walsh as she trotted home happily with her "perk" doll. "Mebbe Mick Curly'd give me a grain to put me over the holiday."

Long, long did the child lie in her little bed, awake, listening with a throbbing little heart for the sledge bells of Saint Claus, and the sound of the reindeers' feet pattering over the house-top. Once she flew up in the bed, her eyes big and wide, the blood leaping to her little cheeks. But it was only the wind sweeping the chestnut boughs against the window pane. Towards morning, worn out, the little brown head nestled close against the pillow, and the small bunched figure huddled quietly down under the clothes and lay there lost in the deep sleep of childhood.

Outside the door, down on the floor under the stocking, another child watched. An old, old child with a curiously puckered face and faded eyes. Honor Walsh, with the "gutty perk" doll wrapped in the corner of her apron, waited through the long night for the coming of the Saint.

"Mebbe if I'll be prayin' he'll come quicker," she thought, and began the Litany. One Saint followed another but all came to a halt by Saint Claus.

"Holy Saint Claus, pray for us. Holy Saint Claus, come if you're for comin', asthore." She would give him the doll when he came and ask him to bless it and supplement her gift with an orange, and an apple and, maybe, a little cake. So she sat on the floor

with her back against the wall, waiting placidly, now praying, now dozing, at last falling into a heavy sleep.

Outside, the wind rose and fell, drifting the chestnut boughs against the pane and crooning softly, in the top branches, a little Christmas song. Slowly waned the night. Slowly the dawn swept across the sky, gray and chill. All at once a door was flung wide and a little figure in white pattered over the floor in bare feet. Limp and motionless against the wall dangled a lean, black stocking, and down on the floor under it lay a little, old woman fast asleep.

The child cast herself, crying loudly, upon this small huddle of humanity.

"Oh, Honor, Honor—he didn't

come—he didn't come—after all!"

The thin voice pierced through the very being of the sleeping woman. With a start she scrambled to her feet and looked about her. She saw the poor little figure of the child bent over and trembling under the storm of sobs; she saw the lean stocking dangling on the wall. Then an inspiration from heaven itself filled the loving heart of this little, old woman.

"Don't cry, murneen," she said, "don't cry, a-lanna. Shure the holy Saint came. Glory be to him! An'see what he brought! He tould me—he was in that hurry on his thravels, the crathur!—to put them in the stockin' meself—but shure I forgot a-murneen, I forgot entirely, God forgive me!"

Kathleen Blake Coleman.

THE MASTER MIND OF "HOLLYDENE."

IT was about a year ago, and on this particular evening—I can never forget it—I was anxiously walking up and down my library. My senses were bewildered. I would stop every now and then, pass my hand quickly over my heated forehead and distractedly say, "what *can* I do?" and then I would continue my impatient walking, all the while endeavouring to find some answer to that momentous question. I could, however, think of nothing I had omitted that could possibly help me in my search, and finally concluded that the best thing that I could do was to ease my anxious mind by going to the "Club," and drowning my sorrows in the wild joviality of a merry crowd of club-mates.

I was, however, prevented from carrying out my intention by a rather unexpected occurrence. There was a knock at my door, and my valet entered and presented me with a card, which read, "Mr. Andrew W. Jackson, *Hollydene*." "Why on earth should Andrew Jackson call on me?" I thought; I could never remember having met

him, although his appearance at the "Olympia" was not unfrequent. However, I told my servant to show him in.

Yes, it was Mr. Jackson who appeared at the door, but notably changed. His tall, splendidly-formed body seemed a little stooped, and his head to have lost that aristocratic poise that was in keeping with his position. His usually dark face was very pale, and contrasted greatly with his jet-black moustache and dark piercing eyes; while instead of his accustomed pleasant expression, his face wore a haggard and worried look, that betokened either great care or severe illness.

He smiled pleasantly, and advancing, we shook hands; while offering him a chair, I remarked that though I had seen him often at the "Club," I had never the pleasure of meeting him.

"Your face is quite familiar, Mr. James, but I don't remember ever having met you either," he said, and abruptly changing the subject; "But the reason of this visit—perhaps you can surmise?"

"What else can it be?" I thought; and almost instinctively I felt that this unexpected visit from the master of *Hollydene* was in connection with the mystery.

"I have an idea," I said, "but—

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. James, but are you the person to whom this advertisement directs?" and pulling out an S— *Times*, he read as follows:

"A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of Mlle. Dufreil, of Paris. She is about five feet four inches in height. When last seen she wore a dark green walking-dress with a narrow silver belt. Her hat was a light felt, of fedora shape, with a straight black feather. Apply to L. R. James, 37 D— St., S—."

"Yes," I replied, with a great effort suppressing my excitement. "Mlle. Dufreil disappeared about a week ago from the house of her uncle, M. Caron, and as he was rather old to attend very energetically to the search, I offered my services." I had become quite calm by this time, and added, "have you any information to give?"

"I am not sure," he replied slowly, "but I think I have the right person in mind; still I would like to be *positive*." He stopped, leaned his head upon his hand, and remained looking down in deep thought.

I had almost lost all patience, when he looked up and his face brightened as a possible solution of the difficulty presented itself.

"Perhaps—you—have—a likeness of the young—lady?" he said hesitatingly. Yes, I had, and snapping open the locket on my chain, I held it up to him. He happened to catch sight of the miniature first, and a knowing smile played for a moment around his mouth; it soon disappeared, however, and after looking intently at the picture of Mlle. Dufreil, he said, I thought rather gravely, "I feel quite sure now; one could not forget that sweet smile soon; I don't wonder at your loving her."

That little touch of sympathy almost

unnerved me, and with no small effort I controlled myself, and said somewhat angrily, "Mr. Jackson, if you know anything, why don't you tell me? Can't you realize how terrible this suspense is to me?"

"Yes, Mr. James, I do, but there is a difficulty about"—and he hesitated. I could hardly believe about the reward, but I was desperate, and ready to do anything that might hurry matters; so I said quickly, "come, let us agree upon the reward."

"But I don't think we can," was the unexpected reply. "However, I will explain what I require of you, in exchange for my information, and then we shall see."

Leaning forward in his chair and fixing his dark eyes on me, he slowly and deliberately said: "No doubt you have met, either in your university studies or in general reading, with the theory advanced by some that 'mind has control over matter!'" I nodded assent. "Well, I have a theory which goes one step further and says 'that certain minds, under favourable conditions, have a direct and controlling influence over certain other minds.' I need not enumerate the hundred-and-one occurrences that have led me to such a peculiar belief, but, that such is the case is my firm conviction. The fact, however, remains to be proved.

"For some months I have been endeavouring to find a suitable subject for the experiment. I did not care to ask any of my near friends to act, and, outside of them, could not obtain any one of sufficient keenness of intellect, who would care to hazard the experiment for mere pecuniary gain. I feel I have in you, Mr. James, all that could be desired in the requirements mentioned above, and, although it may seem cruel and unmanly of me to try and force you to something, which under ordinary circumstances you would not consider for a moment, still I cannot—must not—lose this opportunity to attempt the experiment, the successful outcome of which has been my daily thought and nightly dream for many months." He stopped, and his eyes,

at all times bright, now glowed with an unnatural ardour, and were fixed on mine with a terrible earnestness. He then continued slowly, "will you consent to act for me to-night, in return for the information?"

I hesitated, not knowing what to do. I did not care to deliver myself body and soul into the power of another man, and yet I felt I must know the fate of Élise, and, as Andrew Jackson was apparently the only person who could enlighten me, what could I do but consent? However, in spite of my desire to know what had befallen my fiancée, I do not think I could have agreed to this proposal, had I been complete master of my will-power; but, as I have since become convinced, I was not. I can clearly remember how those dark flashing eyes fairly pierced my soul; and I can remember him slowly but determinedly repeating, "Will you consent to act?"

What should I say? My natural inclination was to answer "no," but the word seemed to stick in my throat, and I murmured a reluctant "yes."

He seemed much relieved and said: "Come, Mr. James, my carriage is waiting."

"But," I interposed, "you have not told me." "Come with me, trust me, and I will tell you everything," he interrupted. With that I followed him to his carriage, jumped in, and, after a half-an-hour's drive, found myself at *Hollydene*.

Mr. Jackson hurried out of the carriage and up the steps. He led the way through several spacious halls and rooms to his library, reaching which he asked to be excused and disappeared through a door at the farther end. I had only been left with my none-too-pleasant thoughts but a few minutes when he reappeared at the door. His face, hitherto so pale, was now flushed, and his eyes seemed almost on fire as this, the supreme moment, had at last come; his thin lips quivered when he spoke and said: "Please, come this way, Mr. James." And once more I followed his bidding.

In a few minutes I found myself in a

room about fifteen feet long by ten feet wide and ten feet high. Its plainness surprised me, for the walls were perfectly black, and I felt almost as if I had entered the den of some dread conjurer in league with the "Prince of the Black-Art."

Almost immediately out went the lights; I heard a creaking of wheels, as of a curtain going up; on went the lights again, and there, filling the whole of the opposite end of the room, was as perfect a reproduction as art could make, of one of the beautiful walks through the forest that surrounded *Hollydene*.

I stood in silent admiration and drank in the beauties of that familiar scene. I saw the two long lines of rugged oaks and magnificent elms stretching before me and merging in the distance into a leafy wilderness. There was the well-worn path cut out from the walk and beaten hard by the footsteps of many generations. I saw the ivy enveloping the sturdy oaks in its green folds; and the towering elms which seemed to stoop their majestic heads as if to meet their shorter companions, and here and there, where the tops of the trees did not meet overhead, one could catch a glimpse of the clear blue sky. In places the sun forced his way through the mass of foliage, checked the grassy floor of the forest and lit up the vari-coloured wild-flowers peeping modestly out from among the grass and light undergrowth.

It was indeed a beautiful scene; and with very little effort of my imagination I transported myself there, and was once more enjoying another pleasant walk with Élise. I do not know how long I could have been gazing at the picture, lost in the shadowy realms of my imagination, but gradually, indeed almost imperceptibly, the picture began to fade away. I rubbed my eyes; but to no purpose; the details had almost all disappeared. The lights must be going out, I thought, and was about to turn and ask Mr. Jackson, when those piercing eyes of his met mine. I started; a shiver swept

through my body, and I realized that I was giving way to the terrible influence of some subtle power in his possession, in spite of every effort I could make. What could I do? *Nothing*. I was as it were falling gradually asleep, and it was at that moment, when I had almost lost consciousness, that a glass of—well, I must confess I do not know what—was handed me, which I mechanically took and drank.

In a short time a peculiar tremor shook my body, followed by an exceedingly strange sensation. I felt as if my body were devoid of all weight; and my mind, thus rid of any material encumbrance, was suspended in mid-air, however, possessed of all its faculties, and those extraordinarily keen.

My eyes were immovably directed before me towards the picture, which now began to reappear, and, if possible, more beautiful than ever. I could hardly believe my eyes, but it was unmistakable—life had crept into the hitherto quiet scene. A gentle wind whispered among the trees, and gently waved their leafy tops; and other wild-flowers were exposed to view, bending and bowing before the mild breeze. The sharp chirrupings of some robins fell upon my ears, and also the chatter, chatter of some frisky red squirrels that were scampering about in mad haste from one tree to another; and thus I saw the familiar scene as I had seen it many a time. But there were fresh arrivals; for far down the path, and seeming to have emerged from the leafy wilderness, I saw a couple come walking slowly towards me. Two lovers, I thought, for this was a favourite retreat for that happy and quiet-loving race. They came nearer, and nearer, and the details of dress and expression gradually worked themselves out; and as they did so the young lady's appearance seemed strangely familiar. Her dress and hat were very much like those of *Élise*; she smiled, and then there was no doubt; it was my dear fiancée—but with some other man. For a moment I was in despair, but this soon gave way to a perfect rage, and I was

frantic to go and tear her away from that man's company and take my place at her side. But no, I could not move; my mind was free to go, but had lost all control over my body, and all I could do was to remain an enraged spectator of a scene that almost drove me mad with jealousy.

They came still nearer, and I recognized from the frequent gestures and characteristic vivacity that it was one of her own countrymen, and probably Miron Girardot of whom I had heard her speak; and, from what she let fall, surmised that he had been, or still was in love with her.

They drew nearer. Smiles greeted smiles, and sidelong glances were freely exchanged. He took her hand; she resisted a little, but he persisted. I then saw him put his hand in his pocket, draw out a diamond ring, and attempt to slip it on her finger and at the same time kiss her. Her face flushed with anger, and she stepped back quickly and drew her hand smartly across his face. The little Frenchman lost his temper at once, and, springing towards her, grasped her tightly by the arm and almost hissed, "*Élise—*"

"Let go of my arm, sir!" she cried, her bosom heaving and her lips quivering in her anger; but he only held the tighter, and, leaning over close to her again, started, "*Élise—*"

"Let me go!" she screamed, and then began to cry loudly for help.

Would that I could go to her assistance! But it was impossible; I could not move. The Frenchman lost complete control of himself, and, rushing close to her, grasped her tightly around the neck and closed his hand over her mouth in order to stifle her screams. She struggled; he tried to maintain his position; the two bodies swayed backwards and forwards; she got one hand loose and was almost free, when her assailant, by a great effort, again regained his hold of her; she continued her desperate struggles, and might have succeeded in freeing herself, but she tripped and both bodies reeled backwards and fell,

Élise underneath. I heard her head strike the walk and then several low moans, and she was motionless. What had happened? I feared the worst because I knew she had a weak heart.

The girl, lying there upon the ground, seemed to bring her assailant to his senses, and to make him realize that she might be very seriously injured, but he stood over the prostrate figure for a moment in doubt what to do. He then suddenly turned and looked in my direction and a perfectly fiendish expression swept over his face. Yes, indeed, help had come, for a man hurried on the scene, whom I recognized to be Mr. Jackson. The Frenchman had been exasperated by his struggle with Elsie and was almost frantic at the approach of this unwelcome stranger. He quickly reached to his hip pocket, drew a revolver, took aim at Mr. Jackson, and pulled the trigger; click, went the hammer, and—no, the revolver had missed fire and Mr. Jackson was almost upon him. The Frenchman grasped the barrel in his hand and rushing to meet his antagonist, dealt him a smashing blow on the head. I saw Mr. Jackson reel back, and then, in an instant, Élise, the Frenchmen and Mr. Jackson disappeared from the scene. I was almost wild with fear and anxiety. What had happened to Élise? Was her rescuer dead? I tried hard to see some trace of either on the painting, but in vain. There it was as I had seen it before the actors in the tragedy appeared. I don't know how long I continued to gaze at the picture in the hope that I might see some sign of Élise and Mr. Jackson, but gradually the figure of a man bound hand and foot and lying across the path, appeared; it was the master of *Hollydene*. Then what had become of Mlle. Dufreil? Fear after fear chased madly through my brain. I had seen her lying motionless upon the ground, and then the terrible thought forced itself upon me that she was dead. Yes, it must be so, for how else could I account for her disappearance after the preceding scene? All my fears

were increased by what I next saw, for, cautiously peeping from behind a tree in the distance, came a head and it was that of Élise's assailant. He looked in the direction of Mr. Jackson for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied that the latter was bound tightly, the Frenchman turned and sneaked quickly away through the forest.

I had seen no motion in the figure on the walk, except a languid movement of the eye-lids. For a few moments the figure was quite plain and I could easily make out the details, but soon, however, these began to fade away and finally disappeared. My eyes were still directed on the picture and I searched out every nook in a vain endeavour to see some trace of Élise. A peculiar dimness now seemed to come over both my eyes and my senses. The keenness of my faculties seemed dulled; and I realized that I was again relapsing into a state of unconsciousness with no power of stopping myself, and I was soon in the land of oblivion.

* * * * *

I remember nothing more until I awoke and found myself lying on the sofa. I could not imagine where I was for a few moments, for the room seemed quite unfamiliar, but suddenly it all flashed upon me, and also in rapid succession the extraordinary happenings of that eventful evening. I had a slight feeling of exhaustion as if I had passed through a terrible dream; but no, it was no dream, I only wished that it might be; but the question, "Where is Élise?" forced itself upon me a dozen times, and from a fearful premonition came back the answer, "dead."

I jumped up determined to answer the question, and, in my precipitate haste, I knocked over a man sitting in a chair. This had the effect of waking him up and he stood up bowing and begging my pardon. I cut him short, however, and shouted at him, "Where is Élise?"

The man stood open-mouthed and silent.

"Where is she?" I said again, and shook my fist in his face, "tell me."

"I—don't—know, sir," he stammered.

"Well, you old fool, where is your master?" I had now recovered from my fit of excitement a little.

"If you please—sir, Mr. Jackson is—very ill and nobody can see him," he said.

"Well I must find out where—"; I was here interrupted by a rather old gentleman entering. He at once began to admonish me for making such a noise, saying that Mr. Jackson was above and very ill, and that he thought the best thing I could do was to sleep at *Hollydene* for that night, as it was very late.

I refused at first, but finally agreed to his proposal. It was a long time before my restlessness and anxiety would allow me to go to sleep but I managed to obtain a few hours rest and awoke in the morning quite refreshed and ready to do anything to obtain an answer to that momentous question of the whereabouts of my fiancée.

I had only been awake a few minutes when a waiting man entered and handed me a letter which read as follows:

Dear Mr. James,

I beg to inform you that we have succeeded in finding the body of Mlle. Dufreil at the bottom of the pond near the walk through the forest; and that every effort is being made for the capture of her murderer.

Yours obediently
Ralph Alderton (Detective.)

Then the worst had really happened; and my dear Élise, who was soon to have become my wife, was dead. It was some time before I recovered from the shock, but I was well enough to leave *Hollydene* that day; unable to see its master, however, for he was still very ill and was not permitted to see anyone. I felt that Mr. Jackson, not yet recovered from the blow he had received from the Frenchman, had undergone too severe a strain for the condition of his

health, and was probably suffering from nervous prostration.

He was well enough to be seen in about a week and I called to have him explain his experiment. He did so very graciously, but with the proviso that no mention of it should be made until after his death.

His explanation was substantially as follows: He first obtained control over my body and my will-power by the use of hypnotism, and, while in that state, he administered a drug (its nature he declined to divulge), and this accomplished the complete paralysis of my body. My mind was thus left in the peculiar state of existing practically alone but still possessed of all its faculties. Then this strange power, which he possessed, was directed upon my mind and brought it into close relationship with his mind and allowed him to transfer any impressions to it he desired.

This explained a number of things, such as the appearance of life into the picture. "But," I asked, "what caused the disappearance of Mlle. Dufreil, the Frenchman and yourself, after you were struck with the pistol?"

"Oh!" he said, "we need not have. I could have imagined what had happened and conveyed the impression to your mind, but I did not know for certain for I was knocked senseless by the blow. You remember seeing me lying on the walk and the Frenchman among the trees? Well, I had returned to consciousness for a minute or two, and then lapsed again into unconsciousness."

He concluded his very interesting explanation by remarking, "I had a terrible struggle to bring you back to your normal state. I released my control on your mind quite easily, and then administered a drug to counteract the paralysing effect of the other, but found myself fast breaking down under the terrible nervous strain, especially as I was in poor health. Try as I might, I could not bear up long enough to bring you out of the hypnotic state, and it was from that which you awakened on the lounge.

Then, after a few remarks about the murder, I left, and ever since then till the time of his death, which occurred about a year after the experiment, we remained the best of friends.

* * * * *

Miron Girardot was soon captured,

and at the trial which followed Mr. Jackson was the chief witness. It was quite apparent that it was not a case of "wilful murder" and the prisoner was acquitted on that charge; but was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to life imprisonment.

George William Ross.

A CHAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

"When the boar's head,
Crowned with garlands and rosemary,
Smoked on the Christmas board."

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbours together;
And when they appear,
Let us make such a cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

THOUGH there is considerable mist and haze surrounding the date of the Nativity, it has become the established custom in all civilized countries to celebrate the event on the 25th of December. The ancient Saxons, Romans, Greeks, Persians and other nations regarded the winter solstice as an important period of the year, and held festivals of rejoicing extending from the 25th of December to twelfth night, commemorative of the return of the sun, and in honour of their deities, Thor, Mithras, Odin, Brechta, and others. In the beginning of the fifth century, whether from the desire to supplant these heathen festivals, or from the influence of some tradition, the festival of the Nativity was placed in December. "It afforded," says an early writer, "a substitute in lieu of the Saturnalia to which they were accustomed while yet they were heathen."

The festival of the Nativity has ever been permeated with the "good cheer" element; but its purity became sullied almost at the first by revelry which crept into it,—a relic of the older faith.

The ancient Celts and Germans celebrated the annual recurrence of Christ-

mas with the greatest festivities. Christmas dramas representing the birth of Christ, the first events of His life, and all the occurrences of the night at Bethlehem, were reproduced with startling detail.

According to Shakespeare:—

"Here was consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To dash it like a Comedy."

In the course of time this form of entertainment fell into disuse, but is reproduced in our time in the so-called "Passion plays" of southern Italy.

Christmas is now celebrated in Germany in conformity with its true spirit. The Christmas tree is more generally used than in any other country, and in many homes the children are taught to sing a carol early on the morning of the Nativity for the pleasure of parents and guests. The custom of singing carols or "manger songs" on Christmas morning is of old standing; we can trace it as early as the second century. Indeed we may justly regard as the first carol the gracious message to all sinners and saints that was chanted by the angels, as they hovered over the fields of Bethlehem—

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men."

From the earliest times there have been secular, as well as religious carols; but unfortunately as the centuries elapsed the Christmas carols become sadly degenerated—almost Bacchanalian. F. G. Growest, writing of carols, cites as

an instance the "Boar's Head" carol—the Christmas grace that was sung before Prince Henry at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1608:

"The boar is dead, Lo! here his head,
What man could have done more,
Than his head off to strike,
Me-le-ager like,
And bring it as I do before."

In our time there are many beautiful carols that wake an echo in every heart. "When Christ was born of Mary free," "Hark the herald angels sing,"

"It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven born child,
All meanly wrapped, in
The manger lies;
Nature in awe of him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so
To sympathize."

Hymns like these form links in the chain of love and faith that bind the present with that time long ago:

"When Shepherds watched their flocks by night."

According to Sir Walter Scott,

"England was Merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again."

Nowhere were the Christmas festivities more eagerly welcomed than in "Merrie England," and at many a castle or manor-house banquet the "Lord of Misrule" was appointed master of ceremonies, and too often the true spirit of the day was lost in the excessive revelry with which it was celebrated. It was this that caused the day to fall from grace; the clergy and church took up the theme, and a more solemn mode of observance was instituted.

The Puritan party endeavoured, by act of parliament, to abolish it altogether, and for a time they were successful; but after the Restoration, Christmas was again celebrated in a hearty, cheerful manner. The Yule log was again brought into the hall with rejoicing, and the company assembled assisted in placing it in the fire-place. While it lasted (it was supposed to burn all night) song and story waxed

merry as the bright flames crackled and leaped up the chimney.

"With last year's brand
Light the block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is tending."

The Yule candles were then lighted and the servants summoned to carry in the banquet.

"Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving men;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary."

Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the bating of the boar."

The boar's head was one of the traditional Christmas dishes; though not so common now it is still served at the Christmas dinner of Queen's College, Oxford.

Roast beef, turkey, plum pudding and mince pie are more familiar names to us, and associated with them are pleasant visions and memories of the scattered members of a household meeting together to celebrate the birth of the Christ-child.

These pleasant reunions, and the cheerful conversation as we meet around the family table, bring to old and young a feeling of peace and goodwill—a desire to be happy and to make others happy.

There is a buoyancy in the air at Christmas time in which we renew our youth, and with it the true Christmas spirit.

"Heap on more wood—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

Many of our most cherished customs are of Pagan origin. The Christ-tree, or as we call it, the Christmas-tree, decorated with lights and gifts, the burning of the Yule-log, the mistletoe and the greenery with which we decorate our homes and churches at this season, are a relic of the symbols used by our heathen forefathers in the festivals they held in honour of their deities.

But the Christmas-tree has become a feature in all Christmas celebrations throughout Christendom, and it is pre-eminently the chief factor in the children's enjoyment of the day.

Year after year as they view it with unalloyed satisfaction, and ask the oft repeated question, "Is Santa Claus real?" We find it hard to deny them the sweet delusion. All too soon will come the stern realities of life, and we long to leave them awhile in Fairy-land.

" With holly and ivy,
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day,
With bays and rosemary
And laurel complete,
And every one now
Is a King in Conceit."

But let us not forget to impress the lesson of the Christ-child, the first best gift, the wonderful holy fact, that has made possible this festival of rejoicing and good will to men. Indeed, the sacredness of the day ought not to be forgotten by old or young.

The accounts of the origin of Christmas boxes are rather conflicting. According to one authority the word took its name from the word *mitto*, I send.

" This Mitto was a kind of remembrancer, or rather, dictator, which said, 'Send gifts, offerings, etc., to the priests, that they may intercede for you, etc.,' hence it was called Christ's Mass, or, as now abbreviated, Christmas.

" The origin of the boxes was thus, whenever a ship sailed from any of those ports under the authority of the See of Rome, a certain saint was always named, unto whose protection its safety was committed, and in that ship was a box, and into that box every person put something, in order to induce the priest to pray to that saint for the safe return of the ship."

Or, according to another version :—

" The term and also the custom is essentially English, and arose from the practice of giving small money—gifts to persons in an inferior condition on the day after Christmas, which is hence called 'Boxing-day.'"

The "Waits," or wandering minstrels, were also accustomed to pass a small money-box among the audience, after assisting with their music and mummings at the festivities held at castles and homes of the wealthy.

" Now ladies and gentlemen, your sport is just ended,
So prepare for the box which is highly commended;
The box it would speak, if it had but a tongue;
Come, throw in your money, and think it no wrong."

There are other versions of the origin of the Christmas box, but the two quoted will suffice to show that the giving of presents at this season is of great antiquity.

It is a pleasant custom when done with simplicity and discernment; but it is too often made the occasion for ostentation and folly.

Christmas is so sweet a season, so full of loving thought, that it seems a pity that it should be spoiled by the indulgence of reckless giving. "To them that hath, more shall be given," is too often exemplified, when there are so many in every city, town and village to whom the surplus would come like a benison.

We can assure ourselves of a good old-fashioned Merry Christmas by taking heed to "Tusser's Admonition":

" At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbour, the great with the small."

Eva Hamilton Young.



STAMP COLLECTING.

STAMP collecting—by this is meant the accumulating of postage stamps for the purpose of studying them—has become a hobby with thousands of persons. It is universal and embraces people of all classes, an innumerable company.

Starting, as the hobby did, within the last sixty years, its growth has been marvellous, clearly showing that it has its attractions. It offers to rich people the opportunity of obtaining things which they only may possess, the artist may study colour and design, others may go in for numbers, the person of an enquiring mind for varieties. By varieties is meant :—the number of perforations per centimeter around the specimen's edge; whether perforated, cut, or rouletted (these are the means by which it has been separated from the other members of its sheet;) also the paper upon which the impression has been made; the shades of color, and any other lines upon which a stamp is collected.

To the first two and the last class of collectors mentioned, belongs the heads of philately, the rulers of the fraternity as it were. They, wishing to obtain more rare stamps and more knowledge of the pursuit, find particular classifying to be necessary. In order to make the study more intense they confine their attention to a country or a small batch of countries and take each issue up in detail. But by far the greater number of collectors are they who gather everything that comes along, from a common forgery to a gum-pap, for this class the craze has no obtainable end. Such an army do they form, that governments make use of them as a means of drawing attention to certain celebrations or events and in instances as a means of obtaining additional revenue for their country; this they do through special issues or frequent changes of the stamps in common use. No better examples can be

furnished than in the case of the United States with its World's Fair Columbian issue, or the various British colonies with their Jubilee sets.

Governments were not however, the first to discover this interesting body; private persons had for years been catering to its appetite. Unprincipled wretches living in Japan, Germany, and other countries with the sole occupation of making forgeries and disposing of them through equally unprincipled dealers, had been there before them. A man in the United States, representing a large New York engraving firm, had for years agreements with the small republics which lie to the south of his country, to the effect that the firm would supply them free with everything of the nature of postal stationery, on the understanding that they would change their stamp designs at his request and hand over to him all the previous issue remaining on hand. At the same time, for their own protection, they would pass a law forbidding the use for postal purposes of the stamps just given up. In addition to the ones made for actual use the firm printed a large number of sheets of each denomination which never left their vaults; in the course of time, these, together with the remainders, were turned over to dealers to be sold to collectors below face value.

To pursue this hobby to its fullest extent means the spending of large sums of money, on account of the high prices that are put upon certain stamps. The price is regulated by the supply and demand; but it also depends upon the condition of what is offered for sale. Some of the figures paid for single specimens may not prove uninteresting; the English 1d. black, first stamp ever issued, now brings seventy-five dollars; the Canadian 12d. black readily brings three hundred and fifty dollars. These figures are mere trifles when compared with others. The lat-

est record, for instance, was made by the sale of two Mauritius 1d. in a pair for nine thousand eight hundred dollars (\$9,800) or four thousand nine hundred each, thus clearing the previous highest price paid for a single stamp (Baltimore 10 cent local) by five hundred dollars. Cheap stamps have practically no bottom price; they sell for what the purchaser is willing to pay. I recently noticed a firm advertising them for sale at the rate of fifty cents per pound avoirdupois, possibly five thousand stamps.

As may be judged from the foregoing, some of the collections of the world represent immense sums of money. One was recently turned over to a dealer and broken up by him which netted the owner two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The present system of franking letters, by means of government labels, was introduced by Great Britain in 1840. Brazil followed her example and the other countries soon swung into line. In the course of time all joined together to form our present efficient Postal Union. Stamp collecting started about 1847 and it took but a few years for collectors to become numerous. After them followed the dealers, and now they also form a large body. There are numbers of individuals who make their whole livelihood in

this way, giving their time and attention to the bartering of stamps. In certain cases they unite in partnership or joint stock companies, so large does their business become. In the instance of a St. Louis, U.S., firm of dealers and publishers, their affairs grew to such an extent as to give employment at one time to one hundred and twenty-five persons. Amongst other things, this firm published a weekly stamp paper—still in existence—and for over a year a smaller daily of the same nature. In its columns were telegraphic despatches, correspondence and local news. This undertaking, however, proved to be too far in advance of its times and it had to be abandoned. A firm in New York has made a practice of annually publishing a catalogue of all the known stamps of the world. In it the design of all the varieties ever issued (save of their own country) is shown. This book sets the prices for all the large sales in America, quotations being made at so much per cent. above or below Scott's as the book is called. Probably the largest dealer in the world is Stanley Gibbons, of London, England. Recently he has published a special catalogue classifying British and Colonial stamps only.

No one can doubt that the practice of collecting will day by day increase in the number of its votaries.

Basil G. Hamilton.

THE EVENTIDE OF LIFE.

NOW, let me rest at eventime, upon the grey hillside,
And musing, watch the autumn sun behind yon
mountain glide.

The long, long shafts of yellow light across the heavens
leap,
And touch with fiery glow the brow, of yon bald summit
steep.

These, the undisputable signs of calm and stormless days,
Show me that I should aim to leave like records of my
ways.

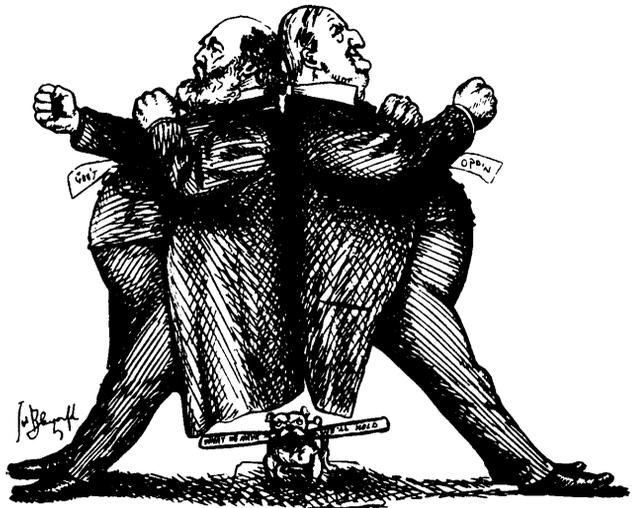
So let my life in calm content, fade out like this and leave
Like glowing colours after me, when sinks my sun at eve.

B. Kelly.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

AS was anticipated the Fashoda incident has blown over, for the time being, without a breach of the peace, although France retires from the situation with all her susceptibilities wounded. This is to be regretted, although it must be said that her humiliations are in a manner self-inflicted. To the region which she covets she cannot put forward even the shadow of a title. That it is part of the territories of the Khedive in which, for a time, his writ ceased to run because of a rebellion, admits of no contradiction. It was at no time given up. It has been known to all the world that preparations were being made on a great scale to put the rebellion down. In presence of this set of facts France sends a half dozen Frenchmen at the head of a few score natives, apparently with the purpose of anticipating the arrival of the comprehensive Egyptian expedition. Major Marchand and his handful of men were absurdly incapable of maintaining their position in the Khalifa's country. They appear to have had no hope of making a peaceful lodgment there, for immediately on their arrival hostilities began between them and a section of the Dervishes, and it is admitted that but for the presence of the British and Egyptians at Omdurman and the victory there Major Marchand and his little band would have been exterminated. But for Lord Kitchener's victory, therefore, M. Delcasse's diplomatic statement that "there is no Marchand expedition" would be literally true.

To make this Quixotic expedition and precarious occupation of Fashoda the basis of a plan for forcing some concession from Britain was impudent, and the scornful rejection of any proposition to negotiate about it was natural, and to be expected of the guardians of British interests. If Lord Salisbury had encouraged the French pretensions by showing any sign of receding it is altogether likely that the prospects of peace would have been diminished rather than increased. It was a time for speaking plain truths. Allowing France to seize the fruits that had been attained at a considerable cost of money and lives would not have been tolerated. No British ministry could have carried the odium of such a surrender. It must be realized that a government can only lead the people up to a certain point. It cannot hope to make them swallow a humiliating injustice, and that would have been the national feeling if the French game in the Soudan had succeeded. Lord Rosebery did a real service, therefore,



J. W. Bengough in *Toronto Globe*.

"FOR ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY!"

Partisanship is forgotten when the old flag is threatened.



Sam. Hunter in *Toronto World*.

READY FOR ANYTHING.

UNCLE SAM—What you goin' a-gunnin', John?

MR. BULL (loaded for bear)—Blest if I know, Sammy. Maybe hover to Frawnce, heagle 'unting, and then hagain maybe hover to Roosher, bear 'unting, y' know.

when he not only strengthened the hands of his opponents, but also gave the world to understand that it was really a United Kingdom that opposed a surrender at Fashoda and a kingdom that was prepared to go to any extremity in resisting a trumped-up claim. His declaration showed Frenchmen where they stood. There was no excuse for making a mistake. A refusal to leave Fashoda meant war. If one English administrator would not lead the people where they desired another would. That knowledge made for peace rather than war, and France has recognized the situation by withdraw-

ing Major Marchand unconditionally.

There still remained something to puzzle over. After the Fashoda incident closed, the war-like preparations which had been begun in presence of it were continued. What new danger was feared? everybody asked. The ingenious correspondents began guessing. Some of them are frank enough to admit that they are guessing, but others seek to gain importance for their imaginings by declaring that they have the sanction of "high authority." One specially bold romancer declared that he had high authority for the statement that Turkey, as suzerain of Egypt, had granted the Bahr-el-Ghazal province to France. This was not even a discriminating falsehood, for no "high authority" would ever sanction the publication of anything so preposterous. The high authority was unquestionably a gentleman in his shirt-

sleeves in an upper chamber in New York, grinding out "copy" for dear life.

Lord Salisbury's explanation of the continued activity after the danger of war seemed to be past was that it was not easy arresting such movements once they were under way. We can easily imagine, however, that the government, having entered on the work of impressing its foes, was determined to allow the lesson to go further than France. There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth. There is a Chinese question as well as an

Egyptian question, and it may have been thought convenient to let the other party to that matter see that the Old Lion shakes his mane to some purpose when he is really aroused. There can be no question that the humiliation of France, while Russia stands by and does nothing but grumble, is a staggering blow for the Russo - French alliance. The French may be excused for thinking that the alliance is merely a paper one, and that when Russia needs their aid for the execution of some of her plans they will be justified in standing aside. Russia will feel that in any sudden Chinese enterpriseshe will have to depend on her own legions. This of itself is a triumph for British diplomacy.



COUNT MOURAVIEFF.

Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, it is reported, discouraged the French resistance to England in the Fashoda dispute.

Mouravieff was very conveniently in, France when the Fashoda incident was

at its height, and it is supposed that his advice was against war. We may be sure that this wise but disenchanting counsel was accompanied by consolatory intimations that the time must

THE DEPARTURES FOR THE CRUSADES.

(Henriot in *L'Illustration*.)



IN DAYS OF OLD—Peter the Hermit. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Death to the infidels! God Wishes it!"

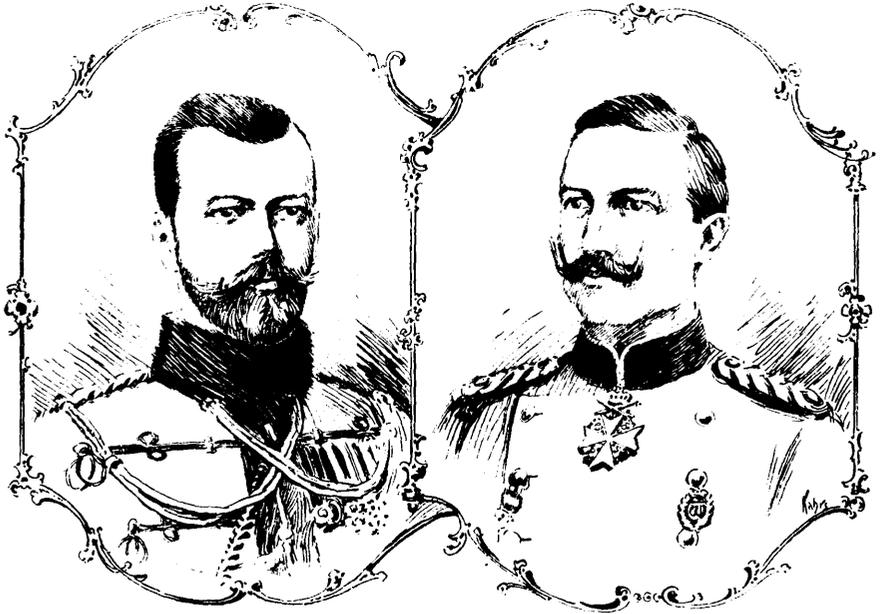
Frederick, your beard is growing red! (An allusion to Frederick Barbarossa.)



TO-DAY—The baggage of His Majesty. Embark, gentlemen.



TURKISH OFFICER—Attention! The train! Carry arms! Present arms!
RAILROAD EMPLOYEE—Holy Sepulchre! Five minutes for refreshments!



DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

EUROPE'S TWO ABSOLUTISTS.

The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany.

come when the Bear and Eagle would settle all scores with perfidious Albion. That time will be when some Russian rather than some French interest is at stake. How long Frenchmen will be in discovering the thorough selfishness of their ally remains to be seen. People are asking what manner of man the Russian foreign minister is. They ask if he is the inspirer of the disarmament conference. At the time of Mouravieff's appointment it was thought to presage good relations between Russia and England. Mouravieff had long been attached as Russian ambassador to the Danish court—the home of the dowager Czarina, the "mother of Nicholas. But it is also the home of the Princess of Wales, and Mouravieff was believed to be the general adviser of the whole group which was ever and anon gathered at Copenhagen. When he was appointed foreign minister, in succession to Lobanoff, who was regarded as hostile to English influence, it was believed that the Emperor's mother had a good deal to do with the choice. It cannot be said, however,

that the foreign policy of the Little Father has changed much under the new minister. The advance in China has been pushed more persistently than ever. The pretensions on the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea are steadily advanced. The alliance with France is ostensibly maintained as a menace to Europe.

It is not believed that either Mouravieff or the Czar is the author of the disarmament proposition. It is said to have originated with M. Witte, the finance minister. Finance Ministers are, as a rule, men of peace. War throws all their calculations out of joint, and whoever reaps honours from trampling troops and bloody fields it is not the manager of the finances. The guardian of the Russian exchequer has undoubtedly a heavy task on his hands at this juncture. In addition to all the other burdens of the Empire there is the Trans-Siberian railway, which, despite its somewhat crude construction, eats up all the Chancellor's surplus cash. It has only reached Lake Baikal, and

many versts have yet to be shod with iron before connection is made with the roads already constructed in Manchuria. To close out British enterprise in China it will be necessary to engage in the building of railways there, and good authorities express doubt whether money invested in Chinese railways will ever return to its owners. M Witte may well, therefore, desire a breathing spell of peace while he is turning the sharp corners caused by the divergence of revenue and expenditure.

He is probably aided by the Czar's temperament. This Cæsar, like that Roman who gave his name to czars and kaisers and the other imperious personages of the earth, is troubled with what Cassius called the falling sickness. From boyhood he has been subject to swoons that have become epileptic in their character. This of itself would dispose to seriousness, and when to it is added the doom that threatens every Czar, and, indeed, since the murder of the Empress of Austria, may be said to impend over every royal household in Europe, the soil is laid for deeds similar to that emancipation of the serfs which gained for an ancestor the title of the "Imperial Liberator." Of course the Czar is an absolute monarch, but he is so surrounded by tradition and by ministers who are bound to maintain tradition that he would have to be preternaturally stubborn or self-willed to break away from their leading. Nevertheless, we have to contemplate the fact that this young man of thirty can, at any moment, precipitate Armageddon with a motion

of his hand. The world may thank its stars that he is awake to his responsibilities, and that he has so far shown no thirst for military glory.

Can so much be said of his brother absolutist (for absolute he is so far as his capacity for raising a disturbance is concerned), the Emperor of Germany? Here is another master of a million fighting men who is averse to leaving this world without doing something for which he will be remembered. It must be said of him that he is disposed to be remembered in some creditable way, which is more than can be said of the majority of kings. At present he has attracted the eyes of the world by going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. The Sultan has received him as if he were of the sacred house of Abubeker. Russia, at least, will be inclined to doubt that the pilgrimage is undertaken in a spirit of Christian veneration. Germans have established themselves in various parts of Asia Minor, and it will be suspected that the Kaiser's tour is intended as an intimation to the exiles from the Fatherland that William II. is still their emperor, and is prepared to guard their interests and preserve for them a country. It looks too suspiciously like the establishment of an interest in the Sick Man's Territories, preparatory to his demise, to suit Russia. If there is in Europe any one whom the Czar's generals would hesitate to cope with on land, it is those stolid columns who overthrew Austria at Sadowa, and France at Sedan and under the very walls of Paris itself.

John A. Ewan



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THERE are men so narrow that they have sharp edges. But they vary, else their narrowness would make life unbearable. There is the man who believes it a sin to take a glass of beer, and who devotes his whole life and effort to crying out for prohibition. There is the man who believes that every person who does not belong to the same political party as himself is a criminal and a villain. There is the Protestant who believes that all Roman Catholics are murderers, and the Roman Catholic who believes all Protestants to be disciples of Satan. There is the man who says that everything foreign is wicked and ignoble, and that everything Canadian is holy, perfect, divine; while opposite him sits the man who says that Canadian literature and art do not exist, that Canadian history is not worth studying, and that Canadians are all blankety-blank fools—except himself. There is the preacher, whose starched linen and manners will not allow him to laugh, to approve of a dance or a game of cards, to see a good drama, to play a game of football; and opposite to him is the man who wastes too much time and effort on such pleasures and amusements.

But we forget our differences, our idiosyncracies and our weaknesses at such seasons as this. With the same bright smile, we wish our enemy and our friend "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." There are very few debts of spite or vengeance paid about the Christmas season. If you desire to do a little meanness, always choose the period just before Christmas; because the person whom you offend will, with greater probability, be generous enough to forgive you. It is the time of peace on earth, good-will towards men. Some men resume war

on the 26th, but most of them wait until the new month opens up. If we did not have these good spells, the guardian angels of the North American continent would never be able to take any holidays.

Walking down street the other day, within speaking distance of one of the busiest corners in Canada's second largest city, I noticed a milkman gently pouring milk into the gutter. I slanted across the sidewalk, as I passed, to discover the reason of his peculiar action. Down between the rough wheels of his red waggon, on the cold cobblestones, was a wee black kitten. And the milkman was *living* "peace on earth, good-will towards men."

On the same day I attended a meeting of business men. During the course of the conversation, one rough chap spoke of a certain prominent churchman in the city, a man whose name is connected also with many financial institutions, and this is what he said: "Mr. — is a hog!" And my thoughts about unknown milkmen and honoured financiers mingled and dovetailed and at last blurred. And out of the haze of the fancy which followed thought came the little old red-brick village church, and the honest men and women who had my respect when, as a boy, I had heard them sing "Peace on earth, and good-will toward men." The question so often framed in my mind was there again more distinct than ever: "Why are we sent out into a hard, hard world to see our ideals shattered, to witness science crumbling our faiths, and to see beneath the noise, bustle and hurry of a progressive world the sins of ambition and avarice and greed?" And the vision passed, and I again took part in the business discussion.

We need these Christmas days and Christ-like thoughts to prevent us becoming too hard and too unsympathetic. We are hard; we are unsympathetic; nineteenth century civilization worshipping its "Free Competition" and its "Survival of the Fittest"—its twin Gods of war—makes us hard and unsympathetic; forces us to fight and wrestle and struggle and conceal and deceive if we would win riches or fame. Hence the season which commemorates the birth of the lowly Man of Galilee, with his doctrine of self-sacrifice and self-effacement, is a season which softens the hearts of men. It is a season in which Canadians relax and give thought to much of what is noble and great and enduring, which but for this season would be neglected or forgotten.

While men and women are reviewing the past with more or less pleasure, the address of the President of the Canadian Bankers' Association has been calling our attention to Canada's progress. As his statistics are as dry as any other man's, I have endeavoured to have them transformed into pictures. Figure 1 illustrates the growth of the deposits in chartered banks, which have grown from an average of \$100,000,000 in 1883-7 to a maximum of \$238,573,704 in September of the present year. Let those who think we need outside capital to develop this country consider how much of this money is available. We are rich enough to develop our own country, if we possessed the courage. We are afraid. That, not the lack of capital, is the secret of what slowness there exists. The banks are full of money, the loan companies have plenty, the savings banks have a great deal—there is plenty of idle capital everywhere. Neverthe-

1883-87

1888-92

1893-97

SEP. 30TH, 1898

Fig. 1.—DEPOSITS IN CHARTERED BANKS.

Average of 1883-87,	\$100,000,000.
" " 1888-92,	134,771,032.
" " 1893-97,	184,000,000.
September 30, 1898,	238,573,704.

less, I am free to confess that I believe that there has never been a year, despite the growth of bank deposits, in which more Canadian capital was invested in Canadian enterprises than the year now drawing to a close.

1883-87

SEP. 30TH
1898

Fig. 2.—LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.

Average of 1883-87,	\$165,500,000.
September 30, 1898,	249,513,576.

Figure 2 illustrates the bulk of our loans and discounts in 1883-7 and in September of the present year. The growth is great, proving that our busi-

1887

1897

Fig. 3.—DEPOSITS IN SAVINGS BANKS.

1887,	\$51,000,000.
1897,	64,000,000.

ness men need accommodation and are getting it.

Figure 3 illustrates the growth of

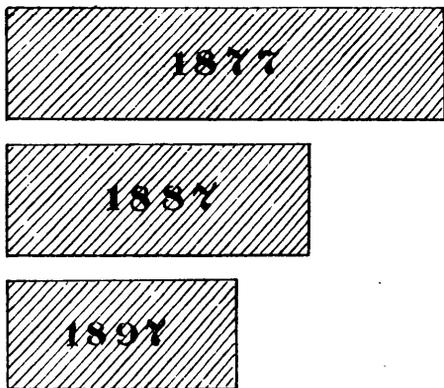


Fig. 4.—FAILURES IN CANADA.

1877, \$25,523,000.
 1887, 17,054,000.
 1897, 13,147,929.

deposits in savings banks. Not a great growth, is it? Why? Natural questions, these. The deposits in savings banks do not earn much money, and people sometimes prefer private banks—very foolishly, and more often choose the chartered banks. Then there is no doubt that in this, as in all

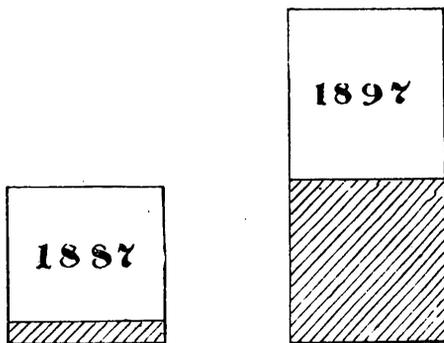


Fig. 5.—OUTPUT OF MINERALS.

1887, Metallic, \$ 2,118,000.
 Non-metallic, 9,000,000.
 1897, Metallic, 14,000,000.
 Non-metallic, 14,500,000.

other countries, the poor are becoming poorer, and the rich, richer.

Figure 4 is not upside down. It shows the decrease in the liabilities of those who have failed. Business is now being run in this country on a

basis which does not allow very great failures. Credit is not so cheap as it was once, and those who sell prefer bank notes to notes of hand. This is a very satisfactory feature, as the natural growth of trade might very reasonably be expected to have increased the amount of insolvents' liabilities.

Fig. 5 illustrates the increase in the output of our minerals. The shaded portion is the metallic, and the unshaded the non-metallic. The metals show the greatest gain, Northern Ontario, British Columbia and the Yukon have been much developed during 1898, and a figure on the same scale for this year would show a very great increase. Canada's mines and forests are her natural wealth—wonderful in richness, marvellous in extent. It is doubtful if it is being developed so as to obtain the best results for the citizens of to-day and to-morrow. But that is not the question under discussion at present.

Only one other bunch of statistics will be given. The foreign trade of Canada has increased as follows:—

1868.....\$131,027,532
 1869-73..... 172,283,151
 1874-78..... 188,061,672
 1879-83..... 196,674,896
 1884-88..... 199,832,987
 1889-93..... 226,082,897
 1894-96..... 234,815,248
 1897..... 257,168,862

It is certain that this country is making rapid and substantial material progress. These figures prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt, and furnish us with much ground for self-congratulation.

The London *Advertiser* says :

“There is a good deal of nonsense talked about Canadian literature. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing. Canadian literature is English literature, and English literature must conform to the same standard whether produced in Canada or Timbuctoo. For the same reason there is no such thing as American literature—it is English.”

On the other hand, Bystander in the *Weekly Sun* says:—

"We have not yet learned to be proud of our own. We hesitate to strike our own distinctive note of nationhood. We are too timid to confess a style. We are afraid to breathe a name lest we should be laughed at. Our models are all foreign models. We blush at our homespun. Again we have to contend with the inrush of another literature which is fast acquiring the national flavour and impress—the literature of the United States. This is a veritable flood which overwhelms us. It seems almost grotesquely ineffectual to attempt to strike up our own feeble note amid the clamour of resonant voices, sure and confident and strong and characteristic. A native literature is only possible when a common sense dominates the whole people of the commonwealth. Unhappily, this is far from being our experience."

So write Mr. John Cameron and Professor Goldwin Smith. The subject is one that is open for discussion and thought.

United States literature is English literature, but it is not British. Canadian literature is English literature, but it is not British; neither is it United Statesian. You may juggle with these words as much as you wish, and always be correct from some standpoint.

The man who is truly Canadian will produce Canadian literature if he lives and thinks in Canada. His characters, his colouring, his history, his estimate of freedom and equality, his narrowness, his breadth, his phrases—all these will be Canadian. There may be much about his work that is not Canadian, but the native will be exhibited somewhere.

English grammar is the same in Canada as in Great Britain and the United States; but grammar is not the vital feature which decides whether a book is British or United Statesian or Canadian, nor is language—in its broadest sense—for I might write a Canadian story in German. "The national flavour and impress," as the learned Professor puts it, is what decides. Parker's "Pierre and His People," Kingsford's "History of Canada," Mair's "Tecumseh," Kirby's "Chien D'Or," Miss Wood's "Untempered Wind," Barr's "In the Midst

of Alarms"—these are Canadian literature, and yet they are English literature.

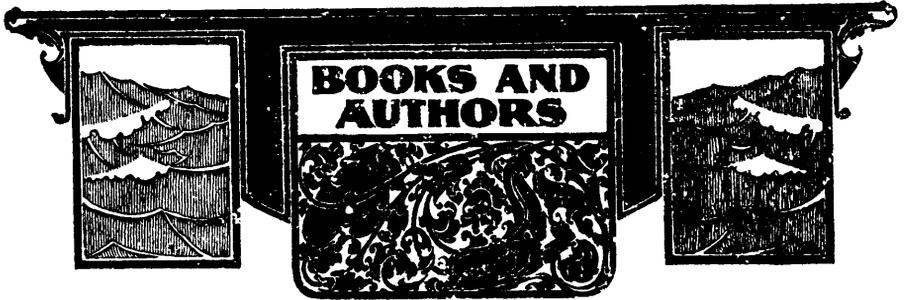
With this preface, I flatly deny Mr. Cameron's statement that "Strictly speaking there is no such thing as Canadian literature." The denial is, perhaps, unnecessary; but, to an enthusiast, the unnecessary is often pleasant.

Whoever is responsible for the formation of an Inter-collegiate Football League is deserving of much credit. Rugby is a hard game, and if the players are inclined to maim one another there is plenty of opportunity. In past seasons, under the auspices of the various Unions, there was much roughness, and the game was suffering in public estimation. The Inter-collegiate League has given a new tone to the college teams, and has permitted the people in Toronto, Montreal and Kingston to witness games without having their nerves seriously impaired. Further than this, it has brought the students of Canada's three leading universities into closer contact, and much more friendly relations. This will be productive of much good to the students themselves and, as they are the future leading citizens of our country, to Canadian unity.

Brutality in sport is something to be shunned and decried. It is harmful to the players of any game, and its effect on the public is not beneficial. Every man, every woman is interested in sport. The man or the woman who is not lacks breadth and culture. If the sport, therefore, is essentially degrading, the people will be degraded. If the sport be elevating, the people will be elevated. By comparing the sports of the British and Spanish nations, one finds a key to much that is characteristic of each.

I believe that the character of the average Canadian boy is more affected by his sports than by his studies in the public school or in the Sunday school. In his games he learns to be fair or unfair, to be a man or a scoundrel.

John A. Cooper.



BY CANADIAN AUTHORS.

- THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG**, by Gilbert Parker, author of "Pierre and His People," etc. Illustrated. Cloth, 432 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
- TEKLA: A Romance of Love and War**, by Robert Barr, author of "In the Midst of Alarms," etc. Cloth, \$1.25; 437 pp. Toronto: George N. Morang.
- BLACK ROCK: A tale of the Selkirks**, by Ralph Connor, author of "Beyond the Marshes." Cloth, \$1.00; 327 pp., gilt top. Toronto: The Westminster Co.
- HYPNOTIZED? or The Experiment of Sir Hugh Galbraith**, by Julian Durham. Cloth, 300 pp., gilt top, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Co.
- THE FOREST OF BOURG-MARIE**, by S. Frances Harrison (Seranus), author of "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-lis," etc. Cloth, \$1.25; Toronto: George N. Morang; London (Eng.), Edward Arnold.
- PATHFINDING ON PLAIN AND PRAIRIE: Stirring scenes of life in the Canadian North-West**, by John McDougall, author of "Forest, Lake and Prairie," and other books. With illustrations by J. E. Laughlin. Toronto: William Briggs.
- LOVE**, by J. W. Longley, D.C.L., Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. Cloth, 160 pp., gilt top. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
- UPPER CANADA SKETCHES**, by Thomas Conant, with coloured illustrations, portraits and map. Cloth, 242 pp., gilt top. Toronto: William Briggs.
- STEAM NAVIGATION and its Relation to the Commerce of Canada and the United States**, by James Croil (of Montreal). With numerous illustrations and portraits. Cloth, 381 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.
- CANADA: AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA. VOLUME IV.** Edited by J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.
- THE TENTH ISLAND**, being some account of Newfoundland, its people, its politics, its problems and its peculiarities, by Beckles Willson. With an introduction by Sir William Whiteway, K.C.M.G. Cloth, \$1.00; 208 pp. London: Grant Richards.

The number of newly-published books by Canadians is a mark of our growing Canadian literature and of the increasing interest taken by Canadians in the literary work of their fellows. Gilbert Parker's new book is undoubtedly his best piece of work, although in no sense Canadian. He has written so much about Canada that we can forgive him for going to the Island of Jersey for his colouring in "The Battle of the Strong." The people of that Island are very similar to the French-Canadians. They speak the French language, and possess the characteristics of Frenchmen; yet, since the time of William the Con-

queror, they have been English or British. Guida Landresse, the principal figure in the narrative, is a peasant woman of princely descent, who develops through adversity a wonderful strength of character. The daft Dormy Jamais, the sprightly Carterette, ambitious Admiral Philip, and the other men of the world, vary sufficiently to make each one a distinct study in character, and to give to the picture variety, spice and living interest.

Robert Barr has also eschewed Canadian scenes in his latest novel. "Tekla," a Romance of Love and War, is a Rhine story of the Crusade period. An Emperor in disguise, a beautiful princess, two plotting archbishops, Black Henrich with his famous castle which endured a two years' seige, a faithful henchman, and an expert longbow-man from England—these are the characters in this jolly story of love and adventure. The book is much like one of Anthony Hope's in that something is always happening, and incident follows incident with startling frequency.

One day during the past summer I met both Barr and Parker. Barr was lounging in the corridor of a Canadian hostelry, smoking a cigarette and reading a daily newspaper with a big, wooden binder on its back. He got up when he saw me approaching, invited me to occupy one of the big leather seats, and at once began to tell tales and stories without ceremony. I laughed heartily a dozen times before my half-hour was up and I was forced to hurry. That same afternoon I was invited to take tea with Mr. Parker in the "Red Parlour" of a more pretentious hotel. I sat up straight in a red-tapestry chair, asked some questions, answered a few, ate a macaroon and drank tea poured from a silver tea-pot. Here my laugh was a dignified smile. Such are the two men; such are their novels. Mr. Parker creates literature; Mr. Barr tells stories. Mr. Parker is an aristocrat; Robert Barr is a jolly comrade. When you are with Mr. Parker you feel that you would like to go abroad to finish your education; when you meet Barr you want to take him with you on a fishing trip, with a good cook and a well filled hamper. The one seeks to improve the world; the other to brighten it. I read every page in both these new books. Mr. Parker's impressed me; Mr. Barr's delighted. But I should apologize for attempting to compare them, for, at least, one of them thinks the other is not in his class.

Two "first" novels by Canadians are to hand. "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, is a collection of connected tales of a western mining and lumbering town, written by a man with a soul which has felt the storm and stress of the life-drama. Ralph Connor is a man writing for men, and doing it with a grace and a strength which are admirable. "Hypnotized!" by Julian Durham, is entirely different. It is not Canadian in scene and character. It is English, and more—it is cosmopolitan. She pits a young girl from the country against an aristocrat, who is also a dabbler in science. Sir Hugh Galbraith desires to know whether he can transplant a beautiful maid from the Farm to the Town, and make her a reigning belle. This is the experiment he conceives, he tries and he ends. His "Unconscious Hypnotic" power plays its part—a sad part. The book is clever, interesting and thought-producing.

Mrs. S. Frances Harrison (Seranus) went, when she was fifteen years old, to live among the forests and Rivers of Lower Canada. She imbibed the feeling of Quebec; she learned to understand the *habitant*. That is why she has been able to produce such an important novel as "The Forest of Bourg-Marie." The literary style, which is visible in all her pages, came later, as the result of years of literary work, during which her signature of "Seranus" was to be seen in the *Detroit Free Press*, in the *Week*, and in various other magazines and newspapers. These were years of apprenticeship such as many writers go through. But not all of them are able to put their experience to such good account as Mrs. Harrison. She has, of late, written several short stories which

have built up a certain fame for her in England. And now "The Forest of Bourg-Marie" is a distinct revelation of power and mastery of material. There is originality enough in it to give it a separate existence among novels, and we think it will take its place as a welcome contribution to Canadian literature.

"Path-finding on Plain and Prairie," by John McDougall, a missionary who spent many years among the Indians in the West, is a bright volume. The habits, customs and life of the Indians, and the dwellers on the plains, as they were before the advent of the railroad, are graphically and clearly described. What they wore, what they ate, what they did and what they thought, are set forth in interesting detail.

"Love" is the title of a little volume by the Hon. J. W. Longley, the versatile Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. It is the protest of a thoughtful man against the materialism of the age, against the selfishness of men which causes them in their pursuit of wealth to disregard everything that is highest and noblest. "The great impelling force which, generation by generation, century by century, and cycle by cycle, is lifting humanity up to the true ideal of life, is this love."

"Upper Canada Sketches," by Thomas Conant, is a most artistic book, with coloured plates and other illustrations. It contains an admirable collection of "old settlers' stories, and the legends and traditions of the past," although essentially a family history. The original English Conant came over with William the Conqueror, and in the seventeenth century one of his descendants was the first ruler of Massachusetts. During the Revolutionary War a Roger Conant passed from Massachusetts to New York State and thence to Upper Canada, took up land near the present town of Oshawa, where the author now lives, and became a fur trader. The volume is most entertaining and is a valuable sidelight on the early settler life of English Canada.

An interesting and informing book is "Steam Navigation" by James Croil, of Montreal. The modern ocean leviathan is a wonderful creation, but one which has not been made in a day. It is the work of a century—a hundred years of experiment, and trial, and improvement—a hundred years of thought on the part of many men. The history of all this human endeavour is wondrous, and only a master craftsman could possess the love and sympathy necessary to the extensive compilation and research of which these pages are evidence. "They necessarily contain much in common with other writings on this subject, but they are projected from a different standpoint and embrace a wider field, supplying information not easily obtained respecting the far-reaching waterways of Canada, her magnificent ship-canals, and the vast steam commerce of the Great Lakes." Mr. Croil's book exhibits what too many Canadian books lack—patience and thoroughness.

Volume IV of "Canada: an Encyclopædia" opens with the History of Presbyterianism in Canada. The Rev. Dr. Robert Torrance gives the origin of the various sects that are now united in the "Presbyterian Church in Canada"—a body which last year collected from its people \$2,250,600, and whose aggregate income since 1867 has been upwards of \$37,000,000. Dr. Gregg follows with a more detailed history. Dr. Robertson writes the history of the missions. Dr. Grant works over an old article on "Presbyterianism in the North-West." Professor Campbell deals with the Quebec missions and the Huguenots, and Dr. Cochrane outlines the doctrines and policy. Each of the writers, except good old Professor Campbell, is honoured by having his portrait published in the section. The second section of the work deals with the Moravians, the reformed Episcopalians, the Salvation Army, the Free Methodists, the Lutherans, the Jews, numerous other sects and miscellaneous religious history. These two sections occupy 164 pages of the volume.

The third section deals with "The Universities and High Educational System

of Canada." Each of the universities has been generously treated with the exception of Queen's, to which Miss Machar's weak article does not do justice. The statistics on pages 324 and 325, relating to higher educational institutions, are very valuable indeed.

Section IV is devoted to art, music and sculpture, and contains the best collection of material on these subjects to be found in any Canadian work. It is to be hoped that our citizens will consider them seriously and that the effect will be to engender a broader sympathy with those who are endeavouring to build up Canadian art. Up to the present, Canadians have not taken native art very seriously. Among the contributors to this section are: J. W. L. Forster, Robert Harris, R. H. Gagen, W. A. Sherwood, F. H. Torrington, Mrs. Harrison and Hamilton McCarthy.

Perhaps the brightest section in the volume is the fifth, The Military Section. Col. Walker Powell describes our militia system, Lt.-Col. Denison and Lt.-Col. Scoble the Fenian Raids, R. G. MacBeth the North-West Rebellion, Capt. Dixon Military Education, and Lt.-Col. Mason the Rebellion of 1885. In this section the editor's notes are copious and valuable. The whole volume maintains the standard set in the first, and in some ways shows improvement in style and arrangement.

Bekles Willson's book on Newfoundland is not new to the great world which recognizes the genius of Mr. Willson, the distinguished young Canadian who ornaments the staff of the London (Eng.) *Daily Mail*, but the book is new to these columns. Perhaps it is as well that a notice has been delayed a year, as we know more of Mr. Willson (note the two l's) than we did before, he having during this year had quite a few columns of Canadian newspaper space devoted to his goings and comings. He is now engaged on a history of the Hudson's Bay Co. Mr. Willson in this book seems to be sorry for Newfoundland, whose sisters, he maintains, have flaunted her and "have heaped calumny and cod-fish upon her headlands." I do not know what he means, but I deny it just the same—so far as Canada is concerned. He calls Newfoundland the tenth island, because it comes tenth in size. He states this, and then goes on to its romantic history and its present position—socially, constitutionally and financially. He possesses a sublime confidence in himself which shines all through his work and which results in clever remarks of which the following is a good example: "Politics run high in Newfoundland, and they run all the time in St. John's." Nevertheless the book is full of information, and not nearly as dry as most historical books written by Canadians.

CANADIAN EDITIONS—FOREIGN AUTHOR.

The Castle Inn, by Stanley J. Weyman. With six full-page illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The Red Axe, by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Gray Man," "Lochinvar," etc. With 26 illustrations by Frank Richards. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.50. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The Splendid Spur, by T. Quiller Couch. Illustrated by Arthur M. Boos. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25; 317 pp. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

The Romance of a Midshipman, by W. Clark Russell. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

Physical Education, by W. G. Anderson, M.D. Paper, 15 cents. Toronto: The Harold A. Wilson Co.

Cyrano de Bergerac, by Edmond Rostand. Translated from the French by Gertrude Hall. Cloth, 75 cents; Toronto: George N. Morang.

"The Castle Inn," by Stanley J. Weyman, has not the grace of style exhibited in some of his earlier works, notably "The Gentleman of France," but possesses a brightness of style and a quickness in dialogue and incident. It is an English romance of the time of George III., when highway-men, and duelling, and loose morality were striking social characteristics. It is essentially a study of the people of the time, and the style seems to have designed for the particular purpose in hand.

"The Red Axe," by S. R. Crockett, comes much nearer being literature, the style being graceful and easy, the language picturesque. The Red Axe is the hereditary executioner of a marauding German Duke. The story opens with his little son saving the life of a captive young maiden, who is about to be cast into a kennel containing vicious blood-hounds. The lives, adventures and loves of these two young people fill the volume, which is appropriately bound and generously illustrated.

Quiller Couch's new book is very pretty, and a reading of it convinces one that "Q" is cleverer than some of the "more advertised" authors. W. Clark Russell's book was reviewed last month, and credited to Sir Walter Besant—an unfortunate confusion of names. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is an English translation of the French play now attracting much attention among the theatre-goers of New York.

FOREIGN EDITIONS—FOREIGN AUTHOR.

The Life of Our Lord in Art, with same account of the artistic treatment of the Life of St. John the Baptist, by Estelle M. Hurl. With 104 illustrations. Cloth, 370 pp., gilt top. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Triple Entanglement, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglo-maniacs," "A Bachelor Maid," etc. Unwin's Colonial Library.

The Blindman's World and other stories, by Edward Bellamy, with a prefatory sketch by W. D. Howells. Cloth, 415 pp., gilt top. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Bibliotaph and other people, by Leon H. Vincent. Sketchy essays. Cloth, 233 pp., gilt top. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Roden's Corner, by Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers," "In Kedar's Tents," etc. Macmillan's Colonial Library. Toronto Agents: The Copp, Clark Co.

The People of Clapton, by George Bartram. Unwin's Colonial Library.

Forest Lily, a novel by James Donald Dunlop, M.D. Cloth, 366 pp. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

The Fall of Santiago, by Thomas J. Vivian, author of "With Dewey at Manila." Illustrated, cloth, \$1.50; 246 pp. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

The Day of Vengeance, Volume IV. of Millennial Dawn Series, by Charles T. Russel. Paper, 660 pp. Alleghany, Pa.: The Tower Publishing Co.

Labor Co-partnership: Notes of a visit to co-operative Workshops, Factories and Farms in Great Britain and Ireland, in which Employer, Employee and Consumer share in ownership, Management and Results, by Henry Demarest Lloyd. Illustrated. Cloth, 350 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Study of a Child, by Louise E. Hogan. Illustrated with over five hundred original drawings by the child. Cloth, 220 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

How to Get Strong and How to Stay So, by Wm. Blaikie, with numerous portraits. New Edition. Cloth, 510 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Phases of an Inferior Planet: a novel by Ellen Glasgow, author of "The Descendant." Cloth, 324 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Fables for the Frivolous, by Guy Wetmore Carryl. With illustrations by Peter Newell. Most artistically printed and bound. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Once upon a time I picked up a book of which I had heard a great deal, and proceeded to settle down for a few hours' reading. I read pages one and two, looked up twenty-three words in my dictionary—and then quit. That book was "Quo Vadis." I aim to understand every word of every sentence that I read, and my time was limited; hence I have never read more than two pages of Quo Vadis.

This experience was recalled by the opening paragraph of "Phases of an Inferior Planet"—a novel with the title of a book on science. Here is the paragraph in full:

"Along Broadway at six o'clock a throng of pedestrians were stepping northward. A grayish day was settling into a gray evening, and a negative lack of colour and elasticity had matured into a positive condition of atmospheric flatness. The air exhaled a limp and insipid moisture, like that given forth by a sponge newly steeped in an anæsthetic. Upon the sombre fretwork of leafless trees, bare against red-brick buildings, drops of water hung trembling, though as yet there had been no rainfall, and the struggling tufts of grass in the city parks drooped earthward like the damp and uncurled fringe of a woman's hair."

Do you wonder that an ordinary Canadian who has never read anything more literary than Shakespeare's dramas or Sir Walter Scott's novels, nor anything more ponderous than Professor Rand's sonnets should pause? I paused—and up to the present the pause exists. I am still worrying with "a negative lack of colour," and the artistic suggestion of the grass that rivalled the woman's "damp and uncurled fringe." Nevertheless, the book may be as popular as "Quo Vadis."

"The Fall of Santiago" is another book over which I paused. I find that it is written by a certain Thomas J. Vivian, who has also written "With Dewey at Manila." The first question that struck me was "How could Thomas be at Manila and Santiago at the same time?" Having answered this question to my own satisfaction and added "No, thank you!" I put the book away to lend to some of my worst friends.

"What shall I leave to my sons?" is a question which every father must face. Some desire to give them a good education, some a permanent situation, some a fat bank account. But very few realize the meaning of such words as these: "A boy cannot get from his father more stamina than the latter has, however favoured the mother may have been." Some boys will need to inherit a great deal of money to prevent them cursing their father for their physical defects—defects which were inherited and not cultivated out during youth. The boys of Canada are stronger than the boys of some other countries; but, in order to keep them strong, the fathers must encourage foot-races, swimming, stone-throwing, gymnasiums, football and lacrosse clubs, and canoeing. While aiming to develop a boy's morals and mind we must not, as Plato warns us, make him a cripple by neglecting his body. A perusal of William Blaikie's "How to Get Strong and How to Stay so" would cause many a father to change his attitude towards youthful sport—would change his own method of gaining and maintaining strength.

A volume somewhat similar in character, and dealing with a subject as steadily ignored by the general run of parents and teachers, is the study of child-tendencies. Louise E. Hogan's "A Study of a Child" has attracted much attention in the United States, probably because it is written in a more popular style than the other books on the subject. It is a record of observations made during the first seven years of a certain child's life. The child was left alone to develop as it might. All reasonable suggestions were made to him, but he was not

taught anything until fully six years of age. Explanations were made to him only when he asked for them. No attempt was made to make his amusements take any particular form; in this, as in other things, he was allowed to do as he pleased. The results were wonderful, and must have a profound effect on any parent who peruses them thoughtfully.

One novel by George Bartram whetted my appetite, and I welcomed "The People of Clopton." Nor was I disappointed. There are many books about the great and the rich and the blue-blooded of Old England, and some of them very interesting. The book contains a description of a country village in the Midlands, with its cottagers, its farmers, its poachers, and its hundred odd characters. As a story it is not much, but as a series of character sketches, it is vivid and pleasant. The prize fights, the village festivals, the poaching escapades, the shrewish women, the beer-drinking men, the amorous adventures of lads and lasses, the customs and superstitions of these uneducated folk—all are described in the full detail which denotes intimate knowledge.

In his biographical sketch of Edward Bellamy, which is introductory to "The Blindman's World," W. D. Howells points out that Bellamy's types are village types. In approval, Howells points out that the types are "therefore distinctively American, for we are village people far more than we are country people or city people." He seems to believe that this choice on Bellamy's part was an example of his sound judgment. Whether or not Bellamy possessed this quality, there is no doubt that his heart was right. He realized the weaknesses of our present civilization, refused to accept it as final, and endeavoured to picture a possible future. In this volume of short stories we have a series of minor protests against our shortsightedness, our tendency to indulge in war, and our selfishnesses. At the same time the stories are very readable.

Those who have studied Bellamy and have discovered in themselves some sympathy with his ideas, should read Lloyd's "Labour's Copartnership," an illustrated volume of actual observations in Great Britain and Ireland. How far coöperation has been adopted in these islands is not generally known, and this book will open many pairs of eyes. The author has done his work well, recording failures and successes with equal impartiality, and at the same time eliminating everything unnecessary to a comprehensive view of copartnership as it has fared in the British Isles.

THE FLORIN SERIES.

Mr. Morang has begun to publish a new monthly series of novels called "The Florin Series." For the first issue he has selected the "Bob, Son of Battle," of Alfred Ollivant; a story the power and interest of which have already caused it to be talked about on both sides of the Atlantic. The scene of this novel is laid in the northern counties of England, and "Bob, Son of Battle" is a shepherd's dog of wondrous prowess, who has taken and holds the silver cup which is the trophy of the dog that proves himself better than all his compeers at the annual trials when the great sheep-fair is held. There is another dog, grim and terrible, who is "Bob's" rival, and the foe of all the country around. But the human interest is equal to the canine. The "dourness" and tenacity of the north country are magnificently rendered. The book is full of Celtic fire, dash and feeling for nature; and the reader cannot help becoming an absorbed and headlong partizan of one or other of the competing groups. It is a story that will be laid aside to read again; in fact, so much of freshness, story-telling, and character-painting ability are displayed, that the reader feels that here is the work of a writer of true genius.

THE MOMENTS

THE POET ANSWERED.

To the Poet at Large :

DEAR SIR :

IN answer to your repeated questions and requests which have appeared for some years past in the columns of the rural press, I beg to submit the following solutions of your chief difficulties :

TOPIC I.—You frequently ask, where are the friends of your childhood, and urge that they shall be brought back to you. As far as I am able to learn, those of your friends who are not in jail, are still right there in your native village. You point out that they were wont to share your gambols. If so, you are certainly entitled to share theirs now.

TOPIC II.—You have taken occasion to say :
"Give me not silk, nor rich attire,
Nor gold, nor jewels rare."

But, my dear fellow, this is preposterous. Why, these are the very things I had bought for you. If you won't take any of these, I shall have to give you factory cotton and cordwood.

TOPIC III.—You ask also, "How fares my love across the sea?" Intermediate, I presume. She would hardly travel steerage.

TOPIC IV.—"Why was I born? Why should I breathe?" Here I quite agree with you. I don't think you ought to breathe.

TOPIC V.—You demand that I shall show you the man whose soul is dead and then mark him. I am awfully sorry ; the man was around here all day yesterday, and if I had only known I could easily have marked him so that we could pick him out again.

TOPIC VI.—I notice that you frequently say, "Oh, for the sky of your native land." Oh for it, by all means, if you wish. But remember that you already owe for a great deal.

TOPIC VII.—On more than one occasion you wish to be informed, "What boots it, that you idly dream?" Nothing boots it at present—a fact, sir, which ought to afford you the highest gratification.

Stephen Leacock.

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

It was hard on that budding poet who had written a fine piece of verse, touching on some of the martyrdoms of Ancient Rome. He had been reading "Quo Vadis," and his

imagination had been excited. So in his poem he said:—

"See the pale martyr, in his sheet of fire."
But he learnt a lesson as to the necessity of legible manuscript that he will never forget, when the line came out in the magazine:—

"See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

Hiram Gates.

HIS UNSHAKEN FAITH.

One of our theological students went up north the other day to "supply" for a Sunday. He is a youth of considerable ambition, and he had written a sermon against atheism, which he thought was calculated to produce a profound impression. In it he had reviewed most of what had been written on the subject in ancient and modern theological literature. He quoted the Fathers, and had a rub at Darwin. He adduced Paley, Gladstone and Sir Oliver Mowat. Going home to dinner with a farmer of the neighbourhood after preaching this learned discourse, our young preacher was naturally full of his subject, and led the way to converse on it. He was anxious to know what sort of an impression he had produced. At last he asked the farmer what he thought of the arguments he had brought forward. His companion hesitated for a time, and then blurted out: "Well sir, I know I ain't learned like you are, and no doubt what you said was clever, but still I must say I believe in a God."

Hiram Gates.

HIS FIRST PATIENT, OR, THE GANDER'S TOOTH

Amid his rustic environment, the newly fledged M.D. was the greenest of the green. Professionally, he was clever enough ; and he had passed his examinations with honours. But he was city bred, and so absorbed in scientific speculation, that the ordinary things of everyday life passed by him unobserved.

The small capital, with which he had started in life, just sufficed to purchase an insignificant country practice ; and that, with his books and surgical instruments, was all he possessed in the world.

Starvation was starving him in the face, when he was made the fortunate victim of a practical joke.

His utter ignorance of all things pertaining to country life, together with his absent



CONTRARY TO ETIQUETTE.

SKIPJACK—Aw, what shall I do? This wretched fish has swallowed the hook and I can't wemove it.

WALTON—Here, take my knife and cut it out.

SKIPJACK—But you can't cut fish with a knife, you know! You haven't a fawk about you, I suppose? P. T.

mindedness, made him an easy subject for the village wag to practice upon.

It was late in autumn, and growing dark.

Our M.D. had finished his frugal meal, and was deep in the study of a work on neurasthenia, when a startling knock sounded on his door.

He opened, to find standing without, a typical countryman who was panting for breath, as tho' he had run far and fast.

"Er yew ther doctor?" gasped the man.

"Yes."

"Well, old Miss Hull, up ter ther cross roads, wants ter know ef yew'll cum up and drar her old gander's tooth. Ther poor critter do be sufferin' torments. Sez she, th' old gander baint a christian, but, ef the doctor *be*, why he'll cum along and help a poor feller mortal. I'll pay him," sez she, 'just ther same for drarin ther gander's tooth, as I would fer a human.'"

"Of course I'll come," answered the doctor kindly.

He had but a vague idea of what kind of a beast a gander was, anyway; and it never occurred to him that ganders do not wear teeth.

He fell easily into the trap, and went.

It was a good three miles to the cross roads, and he had no horse. The roads were ankle deep in mud; the night was dark; and there was a cold rain falling.

But he tramped steadily onward, thinking of nothing but the book he had been reading.

He was awakened from his reverie by the sudden appearance of lights, and, at the same time, a man on horseback dashed past him, going in the direction from which he had come.

There was evidently something of a very exciting nature going on at the house of Mrs. Hull. Lights were moving about in all directions, and he could hear the sound of women's voices raised in mingled horror and sympathy.

He attributed it all to the sufferings of the gander, and felt glad that he had come.

Stepping briskly to the door he announced himself with a professional air.

"A doctor, be ye? Oh, glory, glory! Come in; he's shot himself!"

The M.D. did for just one moment wonder how the gander could have shot himself; but professional instinct overpowered curiosity. He quickly produced his pocket case of instruments, and found himself by the bed of a man who lay groaning with pain. The poor fellow had accidentally shot himself in the left arm while hunting in the adjacent woods. Our M.D. dressed the wound and remained with his patient for a fortnight, nursing him through the fever which supervened, thus gaining his eternal gratitude and friendship.

The patient was a wealthy man; and when he was able to be moved, he insisted on the young doctor's accompanying him to his native city; nor did he rest until, by his wealth and influence, he had established him in a flourishing and lucrative practice.

But, even now, when our M.D. allows his mind to dwell upon the incident which made his fortune, he wonders, in a dreamy kind of way, if Mrs. Hull got anyone else to draw her gander's tooth.

S. Sheldrake.

PROGRESS IN PRINTING.

WHERE "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE" IS PRINTED.

THE NEW HOME OF THE HUNTER, ROSE CO.,
(LIMITED).

ESTABLISHED under the firm name of Hunter & Rose forty-two years ago, the history of the present "THE HUNTER, ROSE CO., LIMITED" is full of interest for students of mercantile progress. From small beginnings, under the indefatigable guidance and indomitable energy of the late Mr. Geo. Maclean Rose, the firm advanced until it became one of the best and most favorable known on the continent, and until its old warehouse on Wellington Street, extensive as it was, was hardly adapted for the requirements of one of the first publication houses and printing establishments of the country. A move was consequently made, at the beginning of the present year, into the Temple Building, on the corner of Bay and Richmond streets, where in the finest business structure in Canada is now carried on the work of



LATE GEO. MACLEAN ROSE.



DAN. A. ROSE,
President.

the best-equipped printing house in the trade. Although now occupying such imposing premises, the Company has not forgotten the methods by which it has grown, and consequently today, as in the past, the same careful attention is paid to the smallest order, involving possibly the expenditure of

only a dollar, or less, as to a contract involving thousands. As a little card issued by the Company, inviting everybody to bring their printing troubles, says,—“The care bestowed on little things has made us big.” But it must not be understood by this that



ATWELL FLEMING,
Vice-President.

the execution of great undertakings is only a development of recent years ; in fact, it was by his daring grasp of large contracts and comprehensive enterprise that the late Mr. G. M. Rose ultimately grew to be the prominent figure he was in the printing and publishing trade. And the fame he gained, the reputation he made, is the sure and certain foundation of the present magnificent establishment, where facilities exist for executing as promptly and as artistically as any house can do, in Canada or out of it, orders of any magnitude or of any description. In fact, the capacity of the house is unlimited. All the machinery is of the latest and most costly description, comprising every known improvement, development and invention, whether for the purpose of saving labor, or for the production of the higher art publications.

The firm feel justly proud of the fact that they have always had the contract for printing the **CANADIAN MAGAZINE**, which is undoubtedly the



THE BUSINESS OFFICE.

best printed publication turned out of any printing establishment in Canada.

Although the Company do not make a specialty of any line of work, having in their extensive establishment (comprising three floors, with a frontage of 60 feet and a depth of 115 feet, extending from Richmond Street nearly through to Queen Street, together with an annex on Bay Street) facilities for executing the finest work in every branch of printing, bookbinding, electrotyping and engraving, they do a great deal of printing for patent medicine firms and establishments requiring the better class of printing and binding in extensive quantities at short notice. They have contracts now in hand from some of the best known of the world's specialty firms. The Company also turn out many works of fiction, as well as many technical works ; doing everything but write the books under



THE PRESS ROOM.

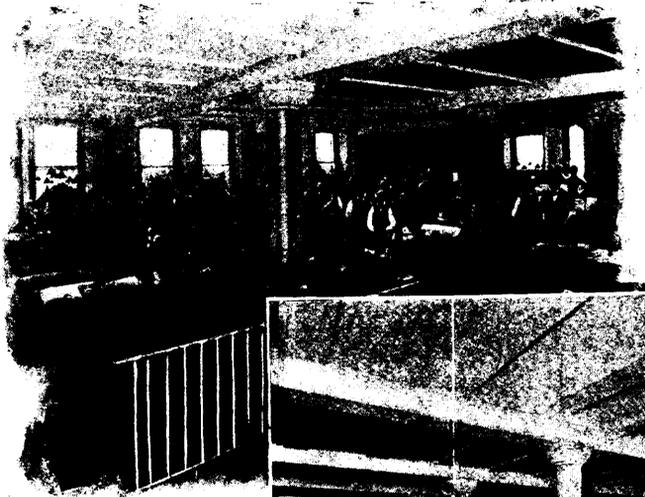


THE BOOK BINDERY.

the one roof. On the ground floor, for instance, is the press room, with a dozen of the very best presses ever made, presses of marvellous fineness and of the highest capacity ; on the second floor is situated the healthiest, best arranged, most extensive and most perfectly equipped composing room in all this land, while on the third floor is the bindery, which is fitted with the most modern and most delicate machinery, and operated by experts. All the machinery in this vast establishment, it should be mentioned, is worked by motor power, so boxed and hidden from view that such things as excessive heat, unpleasant odors, or dirt and dust, with which old-time printing offices abound, are unknown. In short, a visit to the establishment of The Hunter, Rose Co., Limited, is at once one of

the most interesting, enlightening and pleasant that can be imagined.

While founded on the old lines and the ancient foundation of the



THE COMPOSING ROOM.

universally known firm of Hunter, Rose & Co., the Company's business is virtually new throughout, that is, new and up-to-

date in resource and equipment, but old in integrity, in industry, in punctuality and in attentiveness. It is under the management of Mr. Dan. A. Rose, eldest son of the founder—who for twenty years has been connected with the firm—as President, and Mr. Atwell Fleming, a gentleman of great experience, as Vice-President, while the executive staff includes some of the ablest and most resourceful men known to the trade.



A Wholesome Food.

Some bread is light, sweet and wholesome (a delight !) while other bread is heavy, sour and soggy. The same ingredients may be used ; it is simply the knack of making it. Scott & Bowne have the knack of making "Scott's Emulsion" so that it is sweet, pure and wholesome ; almost everybody can take it.

Others have tried to make an Emulsion like it, but they have not the knack. They may use the same ingredients, but they do not get them together in the same way to produce the same results that "Scott's Emulsion" does.

The great value of Cod-liver Oil has been attested by physicians and their patients for more than a century, but in the form of a creamy palatable Emulsion, combined in an ingenious manner with the Hypophosphites as it is in "Scott's Emulsion," makes it a most remarkable remedial food to enrich the blood and build up the wasted body of the infant, child and adult.



The illustration depicts a woman with a large, pointed hat and braided hair, holding a tray with a BOVRIL bottle and a cup. The scene is framed by a decorative border.

BOVRIL
For Health and Strength.



P. D. Corsets

A WELL-KNOWN FACT.

To have a nice fitting dress, you must wear a

French
P. D. Corset

They are unrivalled for
Fit and Comfort.

THE ELECTROPOISE.

Its Value and Uses as told by Testimonials.

ONE of the effects of the Electropoise treatment is to stimulate the nerve centres to increased activity, thus building up the nervous system. This is proven by the letter given below from Rev. Mr. Bell, the well-known evangelist:—

We have had an Electropoise in our family for almost two years. I can highly recommend it for all nervous troubles. I believe it a success.
Monmouth, Ill.

Rev. H. H. Bell.

Another equally important result is the building up in flesh and tissue resulting in additional strength and vitality, and furnishing a reserve to fall back on in time of need. The letter from Mr. Rockwell, a successful merchant, gives his experience; it follows:—

I am doing considerable talking for the Electropoise as it has put fifteen pounds of flesh on me since July. Yours truly,
Wellsville, N. Y.

H. H. Rockwell.

Unless a person enjoys sound and restful sleep, there is some weakness, which in time is sure to be followed by a well-defined form of disease. Almost the first beneficial effects noticeable from this treatment is a feeling of exhilaration and strength noticeable after a sound night's rest. Mr. Pritchard, editor of a prominent religious weekly, gives his experience in the editorial that follows:—

“ . . . But I hold up before you the power of the Electropoise to put a person quickly and naturally asleep, and keep him asleep until satisfied nature awakes refreshed. In my own family, in this one respect alone, it has been an incalculable blessing. In this way the Electropoise is a preventer of sickness, and prevention is better than cure.
John W. Pritchard,
New York City.

Editor Christian Nation.

Persons suffering from poor circulation will find in the Electropoise a remedy sure and simple. Quick and lasting results follow. Often times by the use of this little instrument cold feet can be warmed quicker than by an

open fire. The experience of Miss Wright is given in a grateful letter:—

I have taken two courses of treatment with the Electropoise and have been marvellously benefited. My circulation is so invigorated that I feel a glow and warmth in my veins to which I have been a stranger. I have suffered much from cold feet and hands all my life, but now I am troubled no longer, and an inward trouble of many years' standing seems to have vanished also. I believe in the Electropoise.
Jennie Wright,
17 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We all know that drugs kill more people than disease, that the best doctors no longer give powerful medicines in the quantities they once did, but rely more upon good nursing and pure, wholesome food. The Electropoise cures without medicine, lasts a lifetime, can be used on every member of the family, and for any disease.

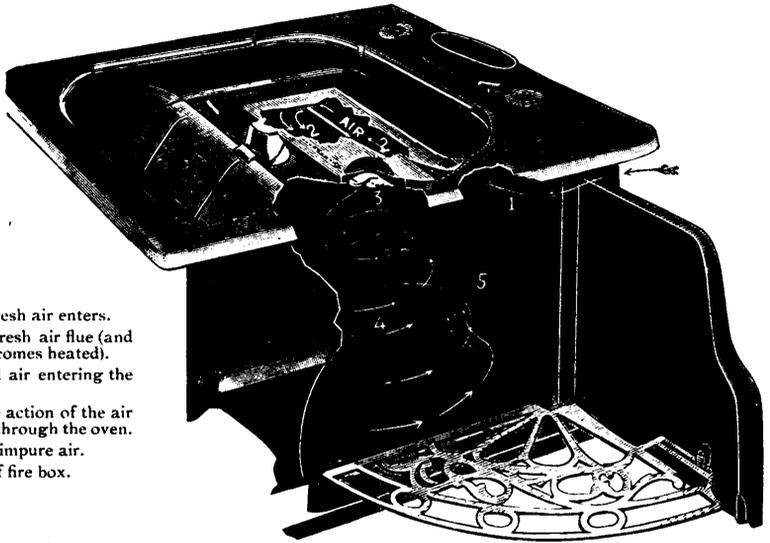
Send your own and sick friends' addresses for our 112-page illustrated booklet, mailed free upon request. Instruments delivered free of duty. Agents wanted. Address, ELECTROPOISE COMPANY, Room 35, 6, 122 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

CHAS. F. WRIGHT, Agent, Liverpool, N.S.



Leads with a big majority.

SOUVENIR kitchen Ranges, with their famous AERATED OVENS, are found in the homes of the people all over Canada.



1. Where the fresh air enters.
2. Circulating fresh air flue (and where it becomes heated).
3. Fresh heated air entering the oven.
4. Indicates the action of the air in passing through the oven.
5. Exit flue for impure air.
6. Back view of fire box.

The SOUVENIR is no mere creation of the hour, but has been tried, tested—and won—standing the best of all tests—time.

Where longest in use it is best known—measures up to the severest tests of the critical mistress of the kitchen. It is very economical, convenient, and combines all the latest improvements in the art of stove building.

Souvenir is the only stove made with aerated oven, and the aerated oven is the only oven which ensures absolute perfection in cooking.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited,
 MANUFACTURERS,
 HAMILTON, - - CANADA.

ELGIN

WATCHES

Tell Time Truthfully.

No gift is more acceptable, none more appropriate at the glad Xmas time than a

Full Ruby Jeweled Elgin Watch.

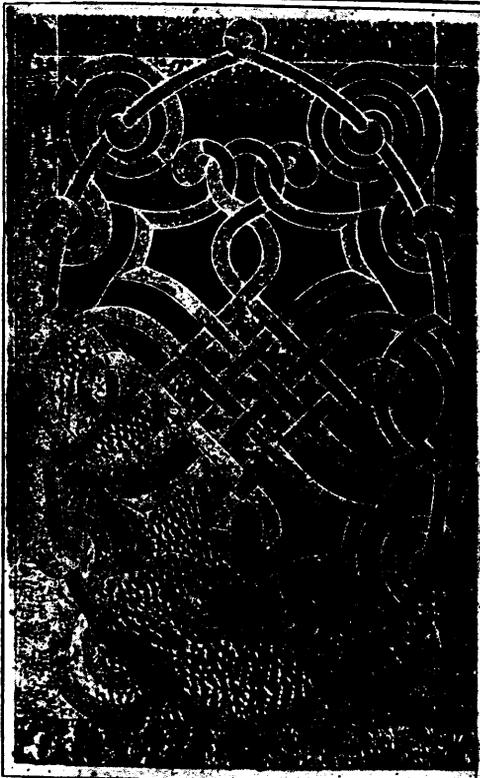
Elgins come in various sizes suited to the requirements of men, women and youth, and in endless styles of cases to suit every taste. Mechanically perfect, they are made to endure a lifetime and serve to remind hourly of the donor.

An **Elgin Watch** always has the word "**Elgin**" engraved on the works—fully guaranteed. Sold by jewelers everywhere.

The "Book About Watches" is mailed free to all who request it.



ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.



LATEST NOVELTY.

Electro-Glazed Fancy Glass.

Door Panels,
Transoms,
Stairway Windows,
Etc.

This new process of glazing fancy glass gives the most beautiful effect of any method of glazing known. Strength is also a feature. Panels of fancy glass Electro-Glazed in Copper will not shake or rattle, and the metal joints are almost invisible.

For Designs and Prices write to

**The Luxfer Prism Company,
Limited,**

58 Yonge Street, Toronto.

The Tub and Your Money

Seventeen dollars seems suspiciously low for a handsome, durable and absolutely sanitary Bath Tub all ready to set up in the bath-room—it is a price that attracts you, but you "want to see the tub and know all about it," you say. And that is just what we would like to have you do.



Our booklets show everything. They explain in detail why the "Duplex" Bath will not chip or crack—why it keeps even a little hot water hot—why it is practicably "undentable"—why with ordinary wear and tear it will last a life time.

If your dealer can't show you the "Duplex," send for our free books all about

The "Duplex" Bath

The Toronto Steel-Clad Bath and Metal Co. Limited
125-127 Queen St. East,
Toronto.

Exquisite Flavor

These are the four corners on which this famous Indian tea has built up such an enormous trade in Eng-

Great Strength

land, and it is on the same foundation that the trade is being built in Canada.

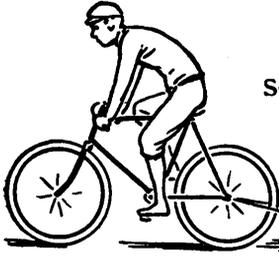
Ram Lal's PURE INDIAN TEA

This tea is grown in India, under European supervision, for the English market, the most exacting in the world. It is not an expensive tea, for though it costs a little more per pound it more than makes up the difference in strength. It is put up in sealed packets only. Ask your grocer for

Uniform Quality

Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

Delicate Aroma



Take along

some Pearline. Keep a little in your Bicycle tool-bag. It cleans dirty and greasy hands quicker and better than any soap can.

Takes grease and mud stains out of your clothes. You need it to clean yourself with, after you've cleaned your wheel.

Pearline and water is the best for cleaning and washing anything that water won't hurt.

Wheelmen and wheelwomen have a hundred good uses for Pearline. Unequaled as a lubricant for the chains.

521

Millions NOW USE Pearline

HOLDERS OF TWENTY ROYAL WARRANTS OF APPOINTMENT

To

Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen,
H.R.H. The Princess of Wales,
H.I.M. The Empress Frederick,
H.M. The Queen of Denmark,
H.M. The Queen of Greece,
H.M. The Queen of Sweden and Norway,
H.M. The Queen of Italy, &c., &c.

And under the Patronage
of the Courts of Great Britain,
Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy,
Denmark, Spain, Sweden and
Norway, Greece,
&c., &c.



Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges



THE "EGERTON" PERMANENT DYE

Specially woven from **Pure Wool** for strength and usefulness, for **LADIES', CHILDREN'S, and GENTLEMEN'S** Dress in all Climates and Seasons. Will not turn a bad colour by exposure to Sun, Rain, or Salt Water
Prices for Ladies and Children, 1/1 1/2 to 8/6 per yard; and for Gentlemen, from 1/5 to 13/6 per yard.

E. B's. IMPERIAL DRESS MATERIALS,
TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, TROUSERINGS, Etc., comprise a vast variety of shades and prices.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SKIRTS FROM 10/, GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS, Etc., MADE TO MEASURE.

Patterns, Illustrated Price Lists, and Self-Measurement Forms Post Free.

ANY LENGTH SOLD.

GOODS PACKED FOR EXPORTATION.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR THE COLONIES, ETC.

RESIDENTS IN CANADA are invited to deal direct with

EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd., Royal Serge Warehouse, **Wellington, Somerset, England.**

KINDLY MENTION THIS MAGAZINE

SAFFORD

QUEEN OF RADIATORS.



COMBINES IN CONSTRUCTION EVERY
GOOD POINT * * NO BOLTS NO PACKING
THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO. LIMITED
— TORONTO —

CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LIMITED
PRESTON, ONT.



OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH, & LODGE FURNITURE
 FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE AND
 DRUG STORE FITTINGS
 A SPECIALTY

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
 AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.



Delightful after Bathing, a luxury after Shaving. A positive Relief for Prickly Heat and all affections of the Skin. Removes odor of perspiration. **GET MENNEN'S.** The only genuine with a National reputation, as a perfect Toilet requisite. A little higher in price, but a reason for it.

The inventor's portrait on box cover is a guarantee of Absolute Purity. Approved by the Medical Profession and Trained Nurses for the use of Infants and Adults.

Refuse all other Powders, which are liable to do harm.

Sold everywhere or mailed for 25 cent's. (Sample free.)
GERHARD MENNEN CHEMICAL CO.
 Newark, N. J.

MOTHERS Your children cured of Bed-wetting.
SAMPLE FREE.
DR. F. E. MAY, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Laplough's Pyretic Saline.

The Specific for Every Kind of Stomachic Disturbance.

The following lines were written and forwarded to Mr. Laplough by a Fellow of an Oxford College who had derived immense benefit from the use of his famous Pyretic Saline, and supposed to have been "found amongst the ruins of ancient Troy":—

THE MISSING ODE OF ANACREON!!!

The earth was in gloom and the sky was o'ercast;
 The storm and the rain cloud were gathering fast;
 The gods in Olympus were heavy with wine
 Till Jupiter called for "Pyretic Saline."

The bright flashing goblet the Thunderer quaffed,
 And glad shone the sun on the earth as he laughed,
 "Ho! sunshine and youth shall for ever be mine,
 "For the essence of life is 'Pyretic Saline.'"

He gazed on the myriads toiling below,
 And prophetic he spake, "This Celestial flow
 "Shall some day be known, now a secret divine,
 "To mortals as 'Laplough's Pyretic Saline.'"

May be had of **ALL CHEMISTS** throughout the world, or of the Manufacturers,
HENRY LAMPLOUGH, Limited,

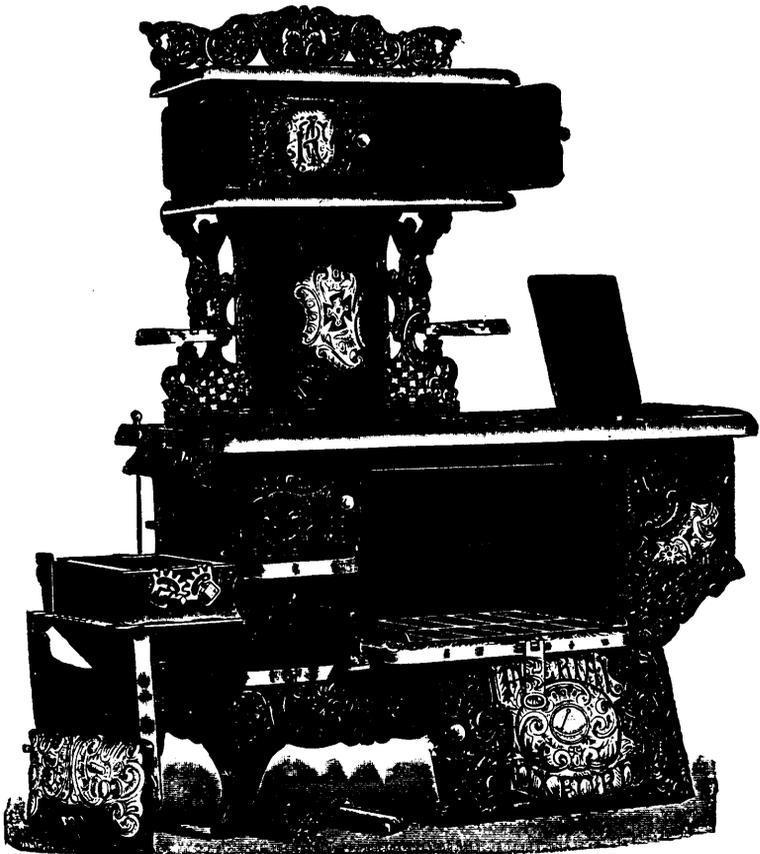
113 Holborn; 9a Old Broad St.; 42 Fenchurch St.; and 47 Monckwell St., LONDON, E.C.

Have You Seen It?

THE NEW

Imperial Oxford Range

Every housekeeper will be interested in the splendid improvements that give it precedence over all others.



We want you to realize just how much time, trouble and fuel this grand new range can save for you—just how many conveniences it offers that are exclusively its own—patented features that can't be imitated.

Call at Our Nearest Agents and see it for Yourself.

~~~~~  
**The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto.**

# OXYDONOR "VICTORY."

(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)



(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)  
(OXYDONOR APPLIED.)

inventor, Dr. H. Sanche. Beware of imitations.  
*Descriptive Books sent upon application.*

N.B.—Price same in Canada as in the United States.

**DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,**  
2268 St. Catharine St., - - Montreal, Canada.

## Gives Vigorous Health.

The **Oxydonor**, for self-treatment, causes the human body to attract and absorb oxygen from the air.

The **Oxydonor** thus causes the natural cure of all forms of diseases in men, women and children, without medicine or electricity. Plain directions with each appliance.

Get the genuine made by the discoverer and *Catalogue of Prices and*

- **Rheumatism and Headache.**

- 256-258 St. Paul St., Montreal, Mar. 20, '98.

- Dr. H. Sanche & Co., Montreal.

- GENTLEMEN—I am very glad to say I have been using your **Oxydonor Victory** in my family with wonderful results. I have just tried it for my child for **Tooth Disease**. It was really wonderful to see how quick it stopped the fever. I have also tried it in some other diseases, as **Headache** and **Rheumatism**, where we also had great results.

- I think it is one of the most wonderful discoveries of this age.

- Yours truly,  
• L. J. O. Beauchemin,  
• of Beauchemin & Fils.

THE  
**Toronto Patent Agency**  
LIMITED

CAPITAL, - \$25,000

W. H. SHAW, Esq., President.  
JOS. DOUST, Esq., Vice-President.  
J. ARTHUR MCMURTRY, Sec.-Treas.

79, 80, 81, 82 Confederation Life Building  
TORONTO, ONT.

General Patent Agents in procuring Home and Foreign Patents and all matters pertaining to Patents and Patent Causes, also the buying and selling of Patents, and the Organizing and Promoting of Joint Stock Companies. List of 500 inventions wanted and Illustrated Catalogue of Canadian Patented inventions for sale, mailed to any address free.

Address

THE **TORONTO PATENT AGENCY,**  
LIMITED,  
TORONTO, ONT.

## A WORD

with the

## LADIES.

Why use the ill-smelling "Oils," so-called, that stain the clothing? You can get quicker and better results from **Minard's Liniment**, that is cleanly and will not injure the finest fabric.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Proprietors,

**C. C. Richards & Co.,**  
YARMOUTH, N.S.

**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 48 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 young 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, Prop'r, 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 N.Y. City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.



# Buying advertising experience

Instead of purchasing *good advertising*, usually means failure, always defers success.

Years of experience, and constant contact with advertisers and advertising, fits our agency to guide advertisers, to help them to secure good advertising.

The large amount of business we control assures to our customers the lowest prices.

Plans and Estimates cheerfully submitted.

**The E. Desbarats Advertising Agency,**  
 Newspapers. Magazines.  
**MONTREAL.**

## Assay Apparatus

## Chemical Glassware

## Pure Chemical Reagents

Chemists and Assayers, Mining Companies, Colleges and Schools should get our prices before looking elsewhere. Send for our 1897 illustrated Catalogue of apparatus and quotations on chemicals.

# Lyman, Sons & Co.

MONTREAL.

## THE ART OF MUSIC

is the combination of sounds agreeable to the ear, the imitation of the voices of nature, the language of the emotions.

## THE KARN

is the masterpiece of Piano manufacture possessing a life-in-sound Tone of infinite possibility so necessary to the art of the musician.

## Karn is King

Sole Canadian Agents for Regina Musical Boxes.

**The D. W. KARN CO., Limited,**

PIANO AND ORGAN M'FRS,

WOODSTOCK, - - ONTARIO.

# Intemperance Cured — Homes Made Happy.

Our remedy comes in form of small, purely vegetable, soluble tablets, which can be given without the patient's knowledge, in tea, coffee, soup, etc. It is endorsed by medical journals and is prescribed by physicians. Is guaranteed absolutely harmless and free from poisonous drugs. It tones up the nervous system and aids digestion. It will not injure in any way a person, no matter with what disease. One full-size bottle, costing \$1.00, will usually prove its efficacy. Three to six bottles will cure most cases. If our remedy, called "Anti-Jag," is found otherwise than represented by us, your money will be refunded. Hundreds of unsolicited letters from former patrons bear witness to all we claim and more, too. Always ready to satisfy callers at our offices as to testimonials and our financial and commercial standing.

Write yourself and ask interested friends to write for descriptive booklet with references and testimonials. Address **Remova Medical Co.**, Dept. 66 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## THE QUEEN OF MUSIC BOXES, REGINA MUSIC BOX.

The first music box made in America. Has features not to be found in any other box. One of its strong points is the simplicity of its mechanism, being a great advantage over other boxes on the market that are continually getting out of order.



**PLAYS  
1000  
TUNES**

Runs 20 to 30 minutes with one winding and can be safely operated by a child. Wonderfully brilliant in tone, and plays all the latest music. For Hotels and Public Places the ORCHESTRAL REGINA, the largest music box made, is a big money maker.

Write for catalogue. The D. W. KARN CO., Limited, Sole Canadian Agents, Woodstock, Ont. Manufactured by

**REGINA MUSIC BOX CO., 941 Broadway, N. Y.**

## THE "MONEY-MAKER" KNITTING MACHINE

**ONLY  
\$10**

ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS. PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.

THIS IS GOOD FOR \$2.00 SEND TO

**CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs  
GEORGETOWN, ONT.**

# E. B. EDDY'S WARES ARE THE BEST.

Telegraph, Telephone, Tiger  
**MATCHES**

Capital Safety,  
Victoria Parlor,  
Red Parlor, Wax Vestes,  
Flamers.

ALWAYS  
ASK

TUBS, PAILS,  
**INDURATED  
FIBREWARE**  
WASHBASINS,  
ETC.

FOR  
GOODS  
OF OUR  
MANUFACTURE.

**The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited**

HULL, MONTREAL, TORONTO,  
QUEBEC, HAMILTON, KINGSTON, LONDON, ST. JOHN, N.B., HALIFAX, WINNIPEG,  
VICTORIA and VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.D.

**Best and Cheapest**

For Infants and Invalids

# NEAVE'S FOOD

Has for some time been used in the  
**RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.**



“NEAVE'S FOOD is carefully prepared from cereals, and contains flesh and bone-forming constituents above the average of the best purely farinaceous foods, so that when it is prepared according to the directions given with each tin, it makes a PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS.”

MRS. ADA S. BALLIN, Edtress of “BABY.”

**In 1-lb Patent Air-Tight Tins 1/-.**

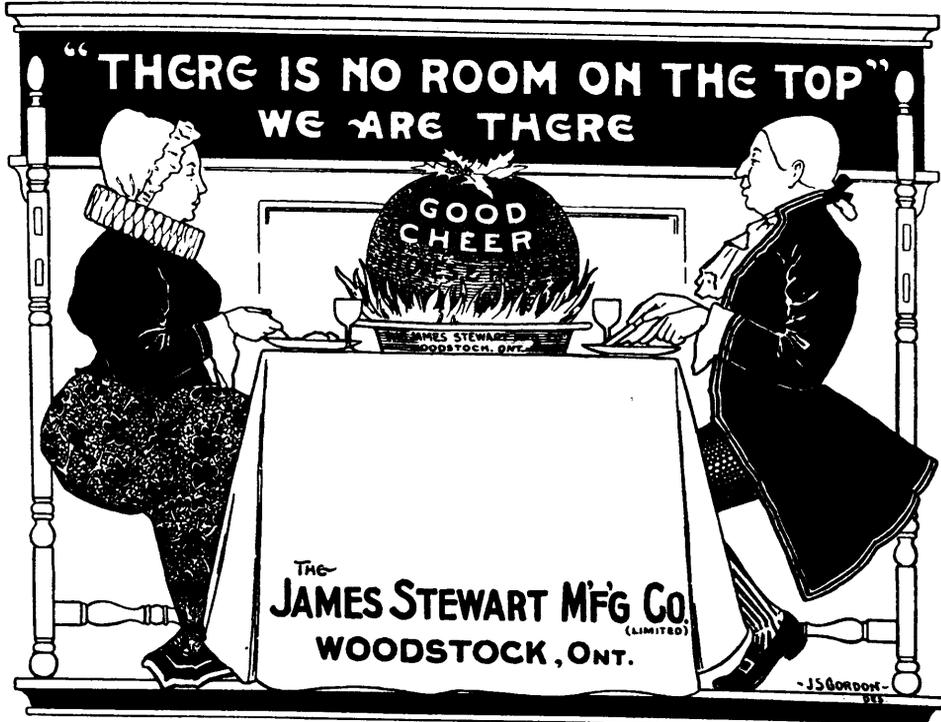
Every pound receives Government inspection and approval—insuring purity

**Japan Tea** (natural uncolored leaf)  
is the most delicate, sweetest and most palatable of all teas.

**Formosa Tea** (oolong)  
is celebrated for its purity, strength and delightful flavor.

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

A cup of Japan or Formosa Tea refreshes and invigorates at all hours—day or night



# TAYLORS WILD ROSE PERFUME

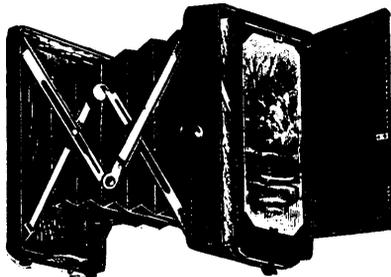
A  
SUITABLE  
GIFT

## TOURIST POCKET CAMERAS.

The most compact Camera on the market. Takes a picture  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  inches.  
Size closed  $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$  inches

Price

\$8.00.



Price

\$8.00.

Aluminum frame, leather covered, self locking arms. It is fitted with the celebrated Bausch and Lomb Meniscus Lens, and thoroughly tested before leaving factory.

Smaller sizes of above at \$5.00 and \$6.00.

We also make a full line of Long and Short Focus Hand and Tripod Cameras 4 x 5 and 5 x 7.

**Our "Royal" for 4 x 5 pictures is the best and most complete \$10.00 Camera made.**

Our No. 7 Long Focus for 5 x 7 pictures at \$37.00 is an ideal Camera for Amateurs and Professionals. Ask your dealer for them or send for free catalogue to

**MONROE CAMERA CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.**

# Wonderful Invention

## Tones Every Organ and Nerve in the



**System** Every home should have our New Improved Thermal Vapor Bath Cabinet (recently patented). It opens the several million pores all over the body, and sweats out of the system all impure and poisonous matter which causes disease. Gives absolute cleanliness and without medicine, keeps the body healthy and vigorous. Will cure a hard cold and break up all symptoms of typhoid and other fevers with one bath. Reduces surplus flesh; cures rheumatism and all blood, skin, nerve, kidney diseases. You will have

all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of bath at a trifling cost. Price \$5.00.

The Rev. J. W. Bailey, D. D., Topeka, Kans., recommends this Thermal Bath Cabinet highly for nervous diseases. S. R. May, Haven, Kas., suffered fifteen years with rheumatism. After using our Bath Cabinet a short time he was entirely cured. Dr. Wm. F. Holcombe, one of New York's oldest and best known specialists, recommends this Cabinet for Bright's disease and all kidney troubles, and also says it is the greatest cure known for pneumonia.

Ladies should have our Complexion Steamer, used in conjunction with the Cabinet, in which the face is given the same vapor treatment as the body. The only harmless and sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. It is the only cure for pimples, blotches, and other disfiguring sores and blemishes. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma. Price \$1.50 extra

**FREE** Descriptive Book and Testimonials to all who write. Special Inducements to Agents.

**MOLLENKOPP & MCCREERY 137 Summit St. Toledo, O.**



# A Bright Face

is a delight whether it is animate or inanimate; brilliancy of mind or metal is always admired. You can see it in your Silverware after cleaning with

## SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

and it's a pleasant reflection to know that it's done without detriment to metal or muscle. It's the easy way, the pleasant way, the saving way. Isn't it the way worth trying?

We supply the material for the asking. Simply send your address on a postal, or 15 cts. in stamps for full sized box post-paid. All good druggists or grocers sell it.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

### THE GREATEST HAIR GOODS HOUSE OF AMERICA

## The Dorenwend Company of Toronto, Limited

108 and 105 Yonge Street

### Plain Facts About Our Hair Goods

We Send Goods by Mail.

There is no disputing that we have proven by the thousands of HAIR COVERINGS worn by people all over America that they are essential to health, good looks and younger appearance.

We have LADIES' WIGS in all forms and shapes at \$15.00, 20.00, 25.00, 30.00, 35.00, 40.00 and up.

BANGS, WAVY AND CURL, at \$1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00 and 6.00 up.

WAVY FRONTS at \$2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00 and 10.00 up.

SWITCHES of all long hair, either Wavy or Straight at \$1.50, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00 and 10.00 up.



**Gentlemen's Toupees** — Over 36,000 of these Art Coverings true to nature are now worn by the leading men all over the continent. Their use prevents colds, catarrh, neuralgia and other head troubles, besides giving comfort and good looks to the wearer. Do not fail to send for CATALOGUE free.

WHEN ORDERING send sample of hair and amount per Registered Letter, P.O. or Express Order and goods will be forwarded by return of mail. Any goods exchanged if not found to suit. Address

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited, 103-105 Yonge St.





## Christmas-Gift Sense

Is in buying Note-paper for a lady. She is sure to take pleasure in our new line, the dainty "Regal,"—or mayhap she would prefer our very latest creation

### "French Crepon"

THE SWELL PAPER

without which no society lady's desk is complete.

"French Crepon" is exceedingly elegant, exactly resembling the fashionable fabric named from. Made in Cream, Azure, Syrian and Rose color. Put up in handsome boxes containing eighth of a thousand with envelopes to match. Can also be obtained in the New Empress shape envelope and note.

If your stationer has not yet received "French Crepon." write for sample to

**The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.**



## Turkey Time

This seasonable dish can be best prepared with a

### "Famous Active" Range.

They burn Coal or Wood.

Even heat throughout the oven. Fresh warm air circulates through the oven, and carries all fumes from roasting up the chimney.

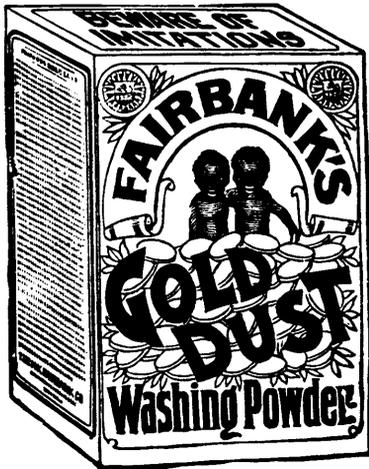
Thermometer shows exact heat of oven, without opening door. Cast iron coal linings, cannot break. **ROASTS, BAKES and COOKS** better, and with **less fuel**, than any other Canadian Range. Seven sizes and six styles. Water front can be attached when required.

### The McClary Mfg. Co.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer cannot supply, write our nearest house.

# All Cleaning



about the house, paint, floors, pans, dishes, glassware, silver and tinware, can be done better, quicker and cheaper with

## GOLD DUST

### Washing Powder

than with soap or any other cleanser. It saves your hands, your strength, your temper, your pocket-book.

For greatest economy buy our large 3-lb package.

**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.**

Montreal, Chicago, New York, St. Louis.

A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



# THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,  
Whiskey, Holland Gin,  
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better

**For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.**

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**AVOID IMITATIONS**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors**

39 Broadway, New York.

Hartford, Conn.

20 Piccadilly, W. London.

**WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS,**

Distributing Agents for Canada.

315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.



**They Look Better**  
AND  
**Last Longer**

and don't cost any more than others. That's why Kemp's

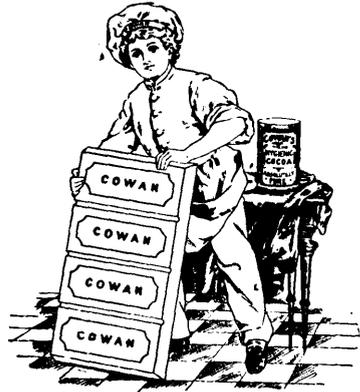
**Granite and Diamond**

Enameled Ware is so popular.

Every piece bearing these labels is guaranteed, and nearly all dealers keep them—so why not be sure of the best?

**Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto.**

**TRUE ECONOMY**  
 is to buy pure goods, and preserve  
 your health



**Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa**

Is absolutely pure. It builds up  
 and strengthens the system.

**SOLD IN TINS ONLY, BY ALL GROCERS**

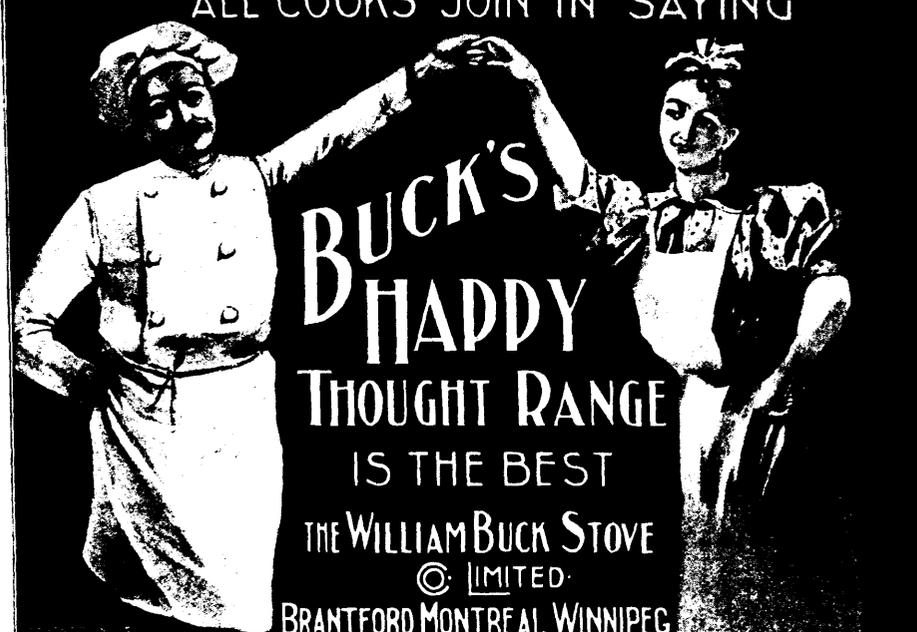


**A Stove Tonic.**

**Royal Blacklead** is pure blacklead. It acts on the iron stove as a tonic, filling up the pores, preserving it from rust and wear, while giving it that polish dear to the house-keeper's heart.

Beware of paste and liquid polishes, as they stain the hands, and are as bad for the stove as for the human beings who inhale their poisonous fumes.

ALL COOKS JOIN IN SAYING



**BUCK'S  
HAPPY  
THOUGHT RANGE**  
IS THE BEST  
THE WILLIAM BUCK STOVE  
© LIMITED  
BRANTFORD MONTREAL WINNIPEG



Portable Crushing and Screening  
Plant at Work.

## THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.

Mining Machinery, Quarrying Machinery, and  
General Rock Working and Handling Apparatus

Special attention given to Portable and Permanent Crushing and  
Screening Plants for Municipal Purposes.

Catalogues and Prices on request. Inquiries invited and carefully attended to.

BRANCH OFFICES

MONTREAL RAT PORTAGE, ONT.  
HALIFAX, N.S. ROSSLAND, B.C.  
TORONTO

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

23 Lansdowne Street,  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

## SINGER National Costume Series

### ITALY (FLORENCE)

**F**LORRENCE, *La Bella*, is a city of the Middle Ages, differing little today except in the dress of its people, from the Florence beloved by Dante and the Della Robbias. It is famous for its palaces and for its collections of paintings, sculpture, and the manuscripts resulting from the genius, thought and power in Florence during the time of the Medicis.

Ruined by the vice and luxury of that reign the Florentines have since made little progress. Their chief manufactures are of silk and plaited straw.

Our photograph shows a Florentine woman of the industrious middle class stitching a straw hat into shape by means of a *Singer Sewing Machine*. Although the average woman cannot correctly judge the comparative merits of different sewing machines, so far as mechanical construction is concerned, she has a nice appreciation of the difference in their work. The fact that Singer machines always turn out good work is the main reason why they are preferred by the women of all nations.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

Offices all over the world.



# FINE CUTLERY

CARVERS IN CASES.

DESSERT AND FISH  
KNIVES AND FORKS.

CUTLERY CABINETS.

RICE LEWIS & SON  
(LIMITED)

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

Toronto

# 50 Years Ago!



When on a golden wedding the gifts of fifty years back still keep their lustre, and whether sterling or plate still keep their good appearance, it argues more than care—it means good sterling or excellent plated ware—you may expect that wear from goods that bear our trade mark.



**SIMPSON,  
HALL, MILLER & CO.**

Wallingford, Conn..

Montreal, Can.

**A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.**



## Tenders for Supplies, 1899.

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on **MONDAY, DEC. 5, 1898**, for the supply of butchers' meat, butter, dairy and creamery, giving price of each, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., for the following institutions during the year 1899, viz.—

At the Asylum for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

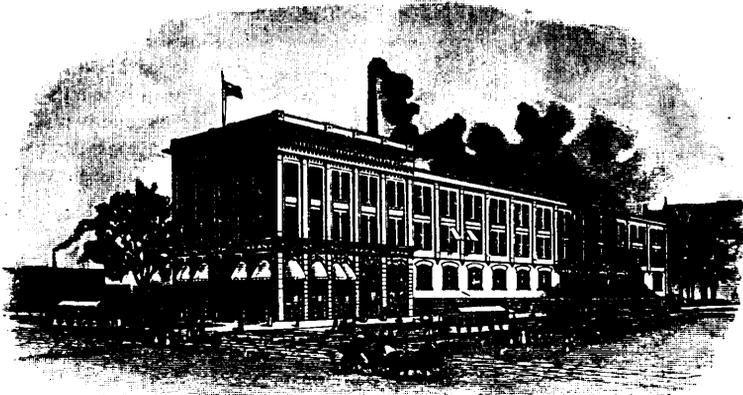
Specifications and forms of tender can only be had by making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the Asylum in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

(Signed) R. Christie, T. F. Chamberlain, James Noxon, Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1898.

**Calendars and Xmas Advertising Novelties.**  
 THOUSANDS OF NEW DESIGNS IN STOCK.



The Toronto Lithographing Co., Limited, King and Bathurst Streets, Toronto.

**Fuchsia**

**Without Manure**

**With Alder's Concentrated Horticultural Manure**

Sold by all dealers.

WALLACE & FRASER, 58 Canada Life, Toronto, Ont., sole Canadian agents.

# Genuine Barrios Diamonds \$1.00 Each

TRADE MARK.

ARE EQUAL  
TO REAL  
DIAMONDS  
AS TO  
LOOKS AND  
WEAR.

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvellous semi-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to Genuine Diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward either

Ring, Pin or Stud at \$1.00 EACH  
Earrings are \$2 per pair.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

DO NOT CONFUND GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMONDS with so-called Rhinestones, White Topaz and other imitations, regardless of what the name may be. The Genuine Barrios Diamond is the only stone ever discovered that will retain its brilliancy and has no artificial backing. It is the Rich Man's Substitute and the Poor Man's Diamond. All others are simply manufactured from chemicals. Genuine Barrios Diamonds are equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear and will cut glass.

**OUR GUARANTEE.**—Genuine Barrios Diamonds are guaranteed to retain their brilliancy forever; the mountings are heavy rolled plate and are made of one continuous piece. The plate is thick shelled gold and will last 100 years. These rings are warranted not to tarnish the finger, and are greatly superior to any similar goods ever placed on the market.

What the Great Sarah Bernhardt says:  
"I have used Barrios Diamonds for stage purposes and have found them the equal of real stones."

SARAH BERNHARDT.

Carrie Gay, of Charles Frohman's Co., writes:  
"While playing on the road I found Barrios Diamonds objects of great beauty and usefulness."

CARRIE GAY.

**Beware of feeble imitators. This offer will last for a short time only. Do not delay. Order at once.**

Address Mail Orders to **BARRIOS DIAMOND CO.,**

**42 AND 44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.**

Mention this publication when you write.



*Delicious, Nutritive, Digestible.*

# BENGER'S

**FOOD FOR  
INFANTS,  
INVALIDS,  
and the  
AGED.**

*The LANCET says—*  
"Mr. Bengel's admirable preparation."

*The LONDON MEDICAL RECORD says—*  
"Retained when all other foods are rejected.  
It is invaluable."

~~~~~

GOLD MEDAL awarded Health Exhibition, London.

Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

Bengel's Food is
Sold by
Chemists, &c.,
everywhere.

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt



\$15.00 Mattress \$15.00

is the ideal bed on account of its purity softness and durability. Send us a Postal Card to-day and we will send you by return of mail full particulars regarding this marvellous mattress, a product of modern science and sanitary teaching; (size 6 feet 3 inches long by 4 feet 6 inches wide, \$15.00; express charges paid by us east of Winnipeg.



Sold at the same price as the Ostermoor Mattress in U.S.A., thus saving the purchaser 35 per cent. duty.

GUARANTEE.—Sleep on it for a month, and if it isn't all you have hoped for in the way of a mattress, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$40.00 hair mattress you ever slept on, you can get your money back by return mail. "No questions asked."

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue free for the asking.

The ALASKA FEATHER and DOWN CO., LIMITED,
290 GUY STREET, MONTREAL.



The Grand Union

H. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

OTTAWA, - - - ONT.

Opposite City Hall and Russell Theatre.
One minute's walk from Parliament Buildings.

THE
CELEBRATED

STANLEY PIANOS

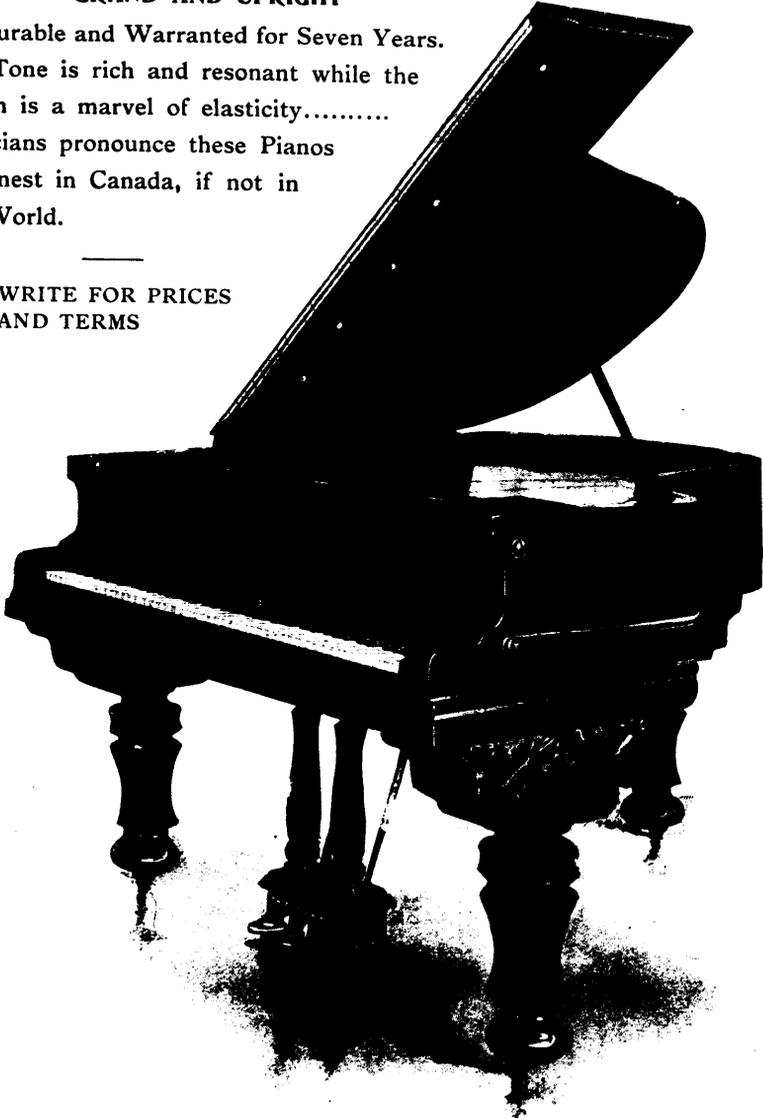
GRAND AND UPRIGHT

Are durable and Warranted for Seven Years.

The Tone is rich and resonant while the
Action is a marvel of elasticity.....

Musicians pronounce these Pianos
the finest in Canada, if not in
the World.

WRITE FOR PRICES
AND TERMS



THE STANLEY PIANO COMPANY OF TORONTO, Limited
93, 95 and 97 NIAGARA STREET

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English Skin Fluid.

**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**

BUY

**Coleman's
Salt**
THE BEST

Balmoral Castle Hotel
MONTREAL

AMERICAN PLAN 2/6 to 4/60 per day.
EUROPEAN PLAN 1/60 per day & upwards.
SPECIAL SEATS TO EXHIBITION PARTIES.

MONTREAL
A. ARCHWELSH, PROPRIETOR

BEST LOCALLY LOCATED
FINE GARDENS UNDER AN EXPERIENCED FRENCH CHEF.
ELECTRIC LIGHTED AND
ELECTRIC CARS TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY, PASS OUR HOTEL.

CASTOR FLUID..

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle.

Henry R. Gray, Chemist, ESTABLISHED 1859.
122 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free.
T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

The Old English Remedy For
Rheumatic Affections - - -

PATERNOSTERS' GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS

Are still prepared from the original recipe, and are as efficacious now as a century ago—that is to say THEY DO NOT FAIL. PRICES, 25c., 60c. and \$1.00 PER BOX. Sold by Chemists all over the world.

Proprietors—

POINGDESTRE & TRUMAN,

71 Old Kent Road, LONDON, (S.E.) ENGLAND.

J. E. FEELEY

CONTRACTOR FOR

Artesian and Driven Wells

To any Depths at Reasonable Prices.

And dealer in Windmills, Tanks, Tank Towers, Pumps of all kinds, Rife's Hydraulic Engine. Plans and Estimates made for complete Water Plants for Villages, Manufactories, Farms and Private Residences. Torpedoing Wells a specialty, to increase supply. Get my prices before contracting for a water supply.

17 Congress Street, Room 5, Boston

THE BROWN BROS.

LIMITED

Importing and
Manufacturing Stationers

64-68 King Street, - TORONTO

HEADQUARTERS
FOR

Account Books

Leather Goods

Office Supplies

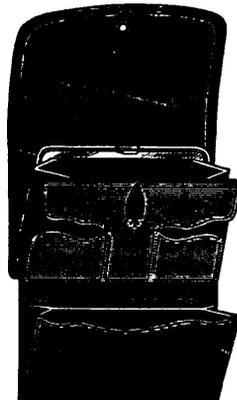
Stationery and

Paper

Typewriter

Supplies

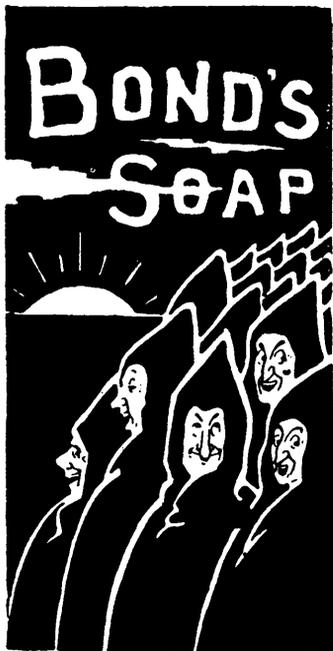
Bookbinding



SPECIALTIES THIS SEASON :

New lines in Wallets, Purses, Card Cases, Ladies' Belts, Etc. in all the New Styles and Shades of Leather.

ESTABLISHED 1855



THE DAWN OF PROMISE.

(With apologies to the author of the "Promise of Life").

Cheer up, O hearts,
 There's hope if you will listen;
Smile on, O eyes,
 There's end to toil and strife.
Rust soon shall fade
 And tarnished metal glisten;
Bond's Soap
 Makes perfect our imperfect life.

BOND'S SOAP

16 oz. Bar 10 cents, 8 oz. Bar 5 cents.

The Magic Cleaner and Polisher.

EASIEST. QUICKEST. BEST.

For Paint, Woodwork, Linoleum, Tiles, Stone Steps, Glass, China, Copper, Brass, Silver, and all Metals

DOES NOT SCRATCH.

TRY IT ONCE.

Sold by Grocers and General Merchants.

BOND'S SOAP AGENCY,
 1 St Helen St., - Montreal.

WRITE FOR SAMPLE.

Shoes That Fit

What a pleasure and comfort to the wearer. How much easier to walk. How much better your feet look. How much longer your shoes wear. Perhaps you know our reputation for foot-fitting. If not, permit us to fit you, as we know how to do. You will be a happy man and have cheerful feet.



H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge Street,
TORONTO

Perfect-Fitting Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

The Nordheimer **PIANO & MUSIC CO. LIMITED**
 MANUFACTURERS OF CELEBRATED

NORDHEIMER PIANOS.

15 KING ST. EAST TORONTO.

MANUFACTURERS!

For \$294.25

I can insert an Advertisement in space shewn below, twenty times, in **FOURTEEN** of the leading papers of the **ELEVEN** largest Cities in Canada.



KINGSTON
LONDON
OTTAWA
TORONTO
MONTREAL
QUEBEC



A
Snap
for
Holiday
or
Winter
Goods



SHERBROOKE
HALIFAX, N.S.
ST. JOHN, N.B.
WINNIPEG
VICTORIA
VANCOUVER



This is only an instance of what a small amount of money can do. But—I know what is best value in advertising—it differs for various lines of business. I will be glad to help you increase your business for 1899 by a judicious system of advertising. *Correspondence Solicited.*

The **E. DESBARATS ADVERTISING AGENCY**
MONTREAL

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO



...Stella Music Boxes

VICTORIOUS
EVERYWHERE

The Stella has no rival for
Sweetness and Purity of Tone

And is unsurpassed for
Harmony and Volume of Tone

Stella Music Boxes have smooth metallic
tune sheets, playing thousands
of tunes.

Stella tune sheets have no pins or
projections to break off, are
indestructible, can be placed in position
or removed by a child, cost only
30, 45 or 60 Cents.

A Stella Music Box should be in every
home. What better Xmas gift can
you find, search the world over?
It is none too early to make selec-
tion when stock is large and
the rush is not yet uncom-
fortable.

Call and hear them, or
SEND FOR CATALOGUE, PRICES AND LIST OF TUNES

Note the address:
188 YONGE STREET.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO



Vapo-Cresolene

**Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Asthma, Colds.**

Hundreds of thousands of mothers use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you! **Cresolene** cures Whooping Cough, every time; stops Croup almost immediately, and if used at once will cure a Cold before any complications can arise. I. N. Love, M.D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth, says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." W. R. Chichester, M.D. of New York, says: "As a vehicle for disinfecting purposes **Cresolene** is immediately successful." Anthony Comstock, says: "Malignant Diphtheria in my house; **Cresolene** used; cases recovered in two weeks; no others were affected."

Descriptive booklet with testimonials free Sold by all druggists.
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.
Schleffein & Co., New York, U. S. Agents.



The Flavor of the **PARAGON** Brand is well known in Canada, and has the largest sale of any Canadian Cheese in the United States. First-Class Grocers Keep it.

The

T. D. Millar Paragon Cheese Co.
Ingersoll, Canada.



IF YOU WOULD HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Get your hair scientifically treated. A course of our treatment will restore your hair to a healthy condition, removes all dandruff and irritation of the scalp, prevents the hair falling after fevers, alopecia and eczema. Hair dressing for photos, dinners, weddings, etc. We have just imported a large stock of fine cut hair in rare shades. Ladies who have difficulty in matching their hair should inspect our select assortment. Never before have we had natural wavy hair of such rare shades and texture. If you wear a switch, bang, wave or wig, it will pay you to visit us. Our prices are always moderate. Turkish Baths in connection.

W. T. PEMBER, 127-129 YONGE STREET. Tel. 2275.
BRANCH: 778 Yonge. Tel. 3553.



PROTECT and Beautify your Lawn with one of our Iron Fences. Send for catalogue to Toronto Fence and Ornamental Iron Works, 73 Adelaide St. West (Truth Building).

JOSEPH LEA, Manager.

**EASY WALKING,
INCREASED HEIGHT,
ARCHED INSTEP,
EASE AND COMFORT,**



By wearing Gilbert's Heel Cushions. Weight 1 oz. Do not require larger shoes. 1/2 in. high, 35c.; 3/4 in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. Ladies' or men's.

READ Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp, for pair on 10 days' trial. Gilbert Manufacturing Co., 47 Elm Street, Rochester, N.Y.

DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES CURED at home. Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. Free test and consultation at sole depot, F. HISCOX CO., 853 Broadway, N.Y. Send for book FREE.

Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best



OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF 64 PAGES WHICH WE MAIL FREE
WILL AID OUT-OF-TOWN BUYERS.

Holiday Presents

IN—

Fine Leather Goods



All our Productions are Exclusive in Style and
Distinct in Character.

TOILET BAGS
DRESSING CASES
SUIT CASES
WRITING FOLIOS
MUSIC HOLDERS
SHOPPING BAGS
PURSES AND
POCKET BOOKS



CIGAR AND
CIGARETTE CASES
PLAYING CARD
CASES
LETTER CASES
TICKET HOLDERS
AND
OTHER LEATHER
NOVELTIES

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Limited

105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

MAKERS OF FINE TRAVELING AND LEATHER GOODS

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

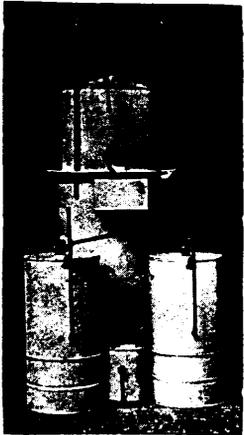
AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN—DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased stanzas, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; if the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on noles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. —**MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYSIS.**

RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.—Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER. (Cut this out as it may not appear again.)

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. } **MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.**
 } **MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE HAIR PREPARATIONS.**
 } You can register your letter at any Post-office and insure its safe delivery.

WE OFFER \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED



The "SAFETY" ACETYLENE GAS MACHINE.

The most simple and the safest machine made.

It does what other machines cannot do. It generates Gas Cool. It washes and purifies the Gas twice. Automatically removes the Ash from the Carbide. Leaves the Ash perfectly dry and thoroughly exhausted.

Acetylene Gas is the most brilliant of all known illuminants.

MANUFACTURED BY Every Machine Guaranteed.

THE SAFETY LIGHT AND HEAT CO., DUNDAS, ONT.

Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion of the celebrated **CLIFF-WARDLAW GENERATORS.**

SURE CURE FOR A COLD HOUSE

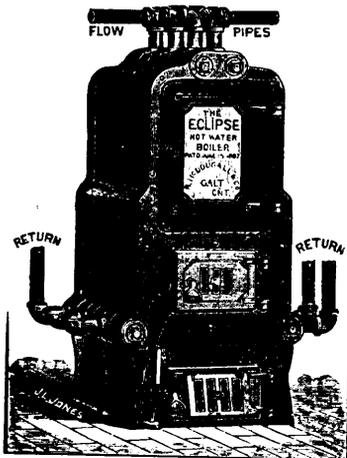
Hot **ECLIPSE WATER BOILER**

Connected to any Good System of Radiation.

THE EASIEST MANAGED, THE MOST POWERFUL and MOST ECONOMICAL of any in the World.

Catalogue D fully explains. Sold by the Trade and Made by

The R. McDOUGALL CO., Limited, Galt, Can.



THE MODERN **STOVE POLISH**
Enameline
 PASTE
 CAKE OR
 LIQUID. Every Package Guaranteed.
 J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., NEW YORK.



Learn to Stuff Birds. Learn Taxidermy. Learn To-day.

Because Success is Guaranteed from the Start! Because the work is pleasant as well as profitable. A collection of Birds is both beautiful and valuable. **Birds, Animals, Fish, Reptiles, etc.,** may be preserved, with little trouble, as records of the day's chase.

Boys, Girls, Men and Women can do nice work from the start and can become **Expert** in one week. Mounted birds find a ready sale, besides you can make money teaching your friends. Every school should have a collection of native birds and animals.

TAXIDER is a compound of wonderful embalming power. It is not necessary to skin birds or animals when using **Taxider**. Birds when mounted with **Taxider** become as hard as stone, and will last a thousand years undisturbed by moth or time. No tools required excepting those that everyone has.

One Box Taxider is enough to mount 30 birds the size of a quail, with full instructions for mounting everything. Also instructions for tanning skins for rugs, etc. Price \$1.00. Liberal discount on larger orders.

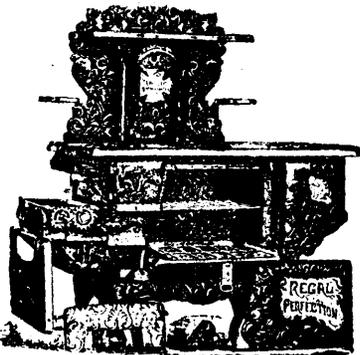
SEE WHAT ONE MAN SAYS.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 9, 1898.—Mr. F. L. Ackley. I received the box of **Taxider** some time ago. It works fine. I have just finished mounting a beautiful swan. I have already a nice collection of birds and a class of seven boys. It is really wonderful how it works. The very first bird I mounted was a success. Please find enclosed money order for one dozen boxes. Please rush as I am in quite a hurry. Thanking you for past favors, I remain yours truly, J. H. Flanders, Tacoma, Wash.

I have letters like this from hundreds of people and all are having success. Send for a box to-day. You can learn in one hour. Remember success is guaranteed from the start. Liberal discounts to agents. **Taxider** is manufactured by

• **F. L. ACKLEY, Hawarden, Iowa, U.S.A.**

N.B.—For further particulars inclose stamp. References: D. O. Stone, P.M.; John Robinson, Agent C. M. & St. P. Ry.; E. R. Ball, Agent American Express Co., Hawarden, Iowa.



Regal Perfection Range

Unapproachable in Design.
 Quick and Perfect Baker.
 Very Economical.
 Patented Draw-out Grate.

See it before you decide. PRICE IS ALL RIGHT.

**THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited,
 BROCKVILLE.**

TORONTO AGENCY—90 York Street.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

To Gain Flesh, to Sleep Well, to Know What Appetite
and Good Digestion Mean—Make a Test of
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.



MRS. CLARA FOLTZ.

**Mrs Clara Foltz, America's Leading Woman
Lawyer, Heartily Recommends Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets.**

NEW YORK, July 2, 1898.

F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.:

Gentlemen—In the arduous duties of my profession of the law I have frequently been subjected to severe mental and physical strain, which resulted finally in distressing attacks of nervous dyspepsia.

I have found much benefit in the use of your tablets, and heartily recommend them to my professional brothers and sisters, and to any one suffering from the distressing "American disease," indigestion.

Very truly yours,

CLARA FOLTZ.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz was admitted to the bar of New York State on February 21st, 1897. She was presented before the bar by General Benj. F. Tracy. Mrs. Foltz was the leading woman lawyer of the Pacific Coast before she came to New York. She was left a widow at an early age with five children. To support them she studied law and began her practice. She forced through an amendment to the California Constitution, allowing women to be admitted, and also successfully contested a suit to make law school trustees admit her to study. She has been one of the leading women suffragists of California. Mrs. Foltz is very prominent in social and legal circles on the Pacific Coast. One of her brothers owns the San Francisco Call, and another is counsel for the great Spreckels sugar interests.—*Press, New York, Aug. 24, 1898.*

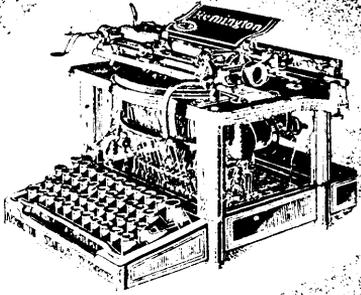
No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having to think that their nerves are to blame and are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicines and spring remedies. The real seat of the mischief is lost sight of. The stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspepsias often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, nor perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every organ. In some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others the kidneys are affected; in others the bowels are constipated, with headaches; still others are troubled with loss of flesh and appetite, with accumulations of gas, sour risings, and heartburn.

It is safe to say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any stomach weakness or disease, except cancer of the stomach. They cure sour stomach, gas, loss of flesh and appetite, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headache.

Send for valuable little book on stomach diseases by addressing Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich. All druggists sell full sized packages at 50 cents.

**The Searchlight
of Experience**
 turned upon
 the **NEW MODELS**
 of the **Remington**
Standard Typewriter



*Reveals how perfectly they are
 equipped for encountering every
 requirement of practical users*

Fast • Powerful • Constant

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
 527 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CHAS. E. ARCHBALD, Canadian Dealer, 45 Adelaide St., East, TORONTO.



Lord Aberdeen is Leaving Canada

but the ABERDEEN RANGE is here to stay. The people of Canada would not change it for any other for there is none better.

The features that are essential in a good Range are pre-eminent in the ABERDEEN. It cooks quickly, evenly, economically. It does so because the flues were constructed to secure a perfect freedom of draft. The ABERDEEN has a perfect draft.

**IT HAS NEVER FAILED.
 POSITIVELY GUARANTEED.**

The Copp Bros. Co.
 HAMILTON.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

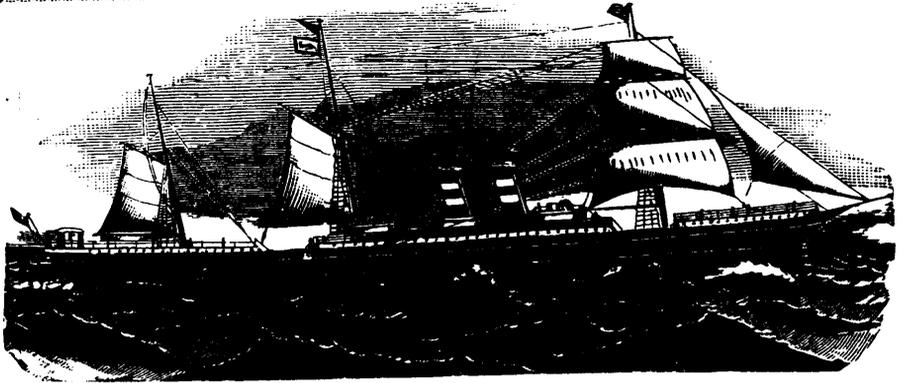
"The greatest Railroad in the World under one management."

The magnificently equipped Trains of the **Canadian Pacific Railway** traverse the **Dominion of Canada** from the Atlantic to the Pacific, reaching all Principal Points by its branches and making close connections with the United States Railways for all Points East and West.

- C. E. E. USSHER, Gen. Pass. Agent
MONTREAL
- E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen. Pass. A
TORONTO
- D. McNICOL, Pass. Tariff Mgr.
MONTREAL



McGillivray



BEAVER LINE.

From MONTREAL and ST. JOHN, N.B., to LIVERPOOL

	Steamers.				From Montreal.
Lake Superior,	-	-	-	-	November 16th
Gallia,	-	-	-	-	" 23rd
Ontario,	-	-	-	-	" 25th

ST. JOHN SERVICE.

Tongariro,	-	-	-	-	December 6th
Gallia,	-	-	-	-	" 23rd

The Two Above Steamers Have Excellent Cold Storage.

D. W. CAMPBELL, General Manager,
MONTREAL.

S. J. SHARP, Western Freight Agent,
80 Yonge St., TORONTO.

Lehigh Valley Railroad System.

THROUGH DRAWING-ROOM AND BUFFET
SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

BETWEEN

**Toronto, Hamilton and New York
via Niagara Falls.**

Fastest Time Toronto to New York.
The new route between all CANADIAN POINTS
and BUFFALO.

DIRECT LINE TO AND FROM

**New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wash-
ington, via Niagara Falls and Buffalo,**

AND

Toronto, all points in Canada and Chicago.

Solid Vestibule Trains through.
Dining Cars a la Carte attached to Day Express Trains.
Route of the **BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.**
Handsomest trains in the world.



For Tickets, Time of Trains, etc., apply to Agents of
Grand Trunk Railway System, or to

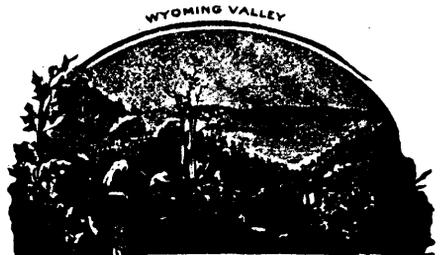
R. S. LEWIS,
Canadian Passenger Agent,
33 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.

A. A. HEARD,
Western Passenger Agent,
223 Main St., BUFFALO.

CHAS. S. LEE,
General Passenger Agent,
26 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK OFFICES—355 Broadway, 273 Broadway, and
26 Cortlandt Street.

DEPOTS—Foot of West 23rd, Cortlandt or Desbrosses Sts.



CALIFORNIA

Arizona, New Mexico and Oregon

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

OFFERS THE CHOICE OF

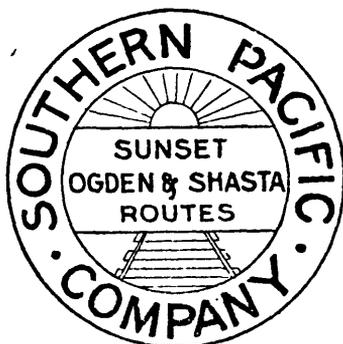
Three

via

Chicago



First
Class
Pullman



Routes

or

Cincinnati



Tourist
Sleeping
Cars

BY EITHER ROUTE

Best First and Second Class Service to
Los Angeles, San Francisco, and points in
Louisiana, Texas, Arizona
and New Mexico



For maps, time tables and further information pertaining to rates, route and service apply to

S. F. B. MORSE, G. P. A.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EDWIN HAWLEY,
A. G. T. M.,
343 Broadway, NEW YORK.

W. J. BERG, T. P. A.,
Room 220, Ellcote Square,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

W. G. NEIMYER, G. W. A.,
CHICAGO, ILL.



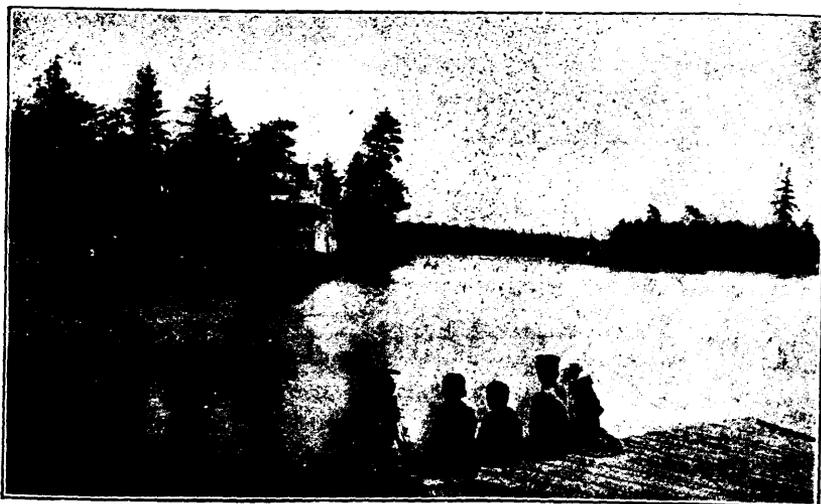
THE POPULAR **Tourist Route**
AND LEADING
International Commercial Highway

Favorite Dining and Sleeping Car Line
between
Eastern, Western and Canadian Cities.

The **MUSKOKA LAKE DISTRICT**

Reached only by

The Grand Trunk Railway System.



Waiting for the Ship to come in.—LAKE MUSKOKA.

Portland, Me., Quebec, Montreal,
Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo,
Hamilton, Detroit, Chicago,

and all points east and west reached by fast express trains over this great **DOUBLE TRACK System.**

Write for copies of handsome **Tourist Literature** including "Muskoka Folder," "Across Niagara Gorge," "Thousand Island Folder," "A Highland Holiday," "Gateways to Tourist Travel," Etc., Etc.

All information, maps, etc., cheerfully furnished by any agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System.

CHAS. M. HAYS,
General Manager,
MONTREAL.

GEO. B. REEVE,
General Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL.

W. E. DAVIS,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.,
MONTREAL.

GEO. T. BELL,
Asst. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.,
MONTREAL.

E. A. HUGHES,
Asst. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.,
CHICAGO.

The All Canadian Route

THE ONLY ALL RAIL LINE BETWEEN
ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX



Intercolonial Railway of Canada

SAFETY, SPEED and COMFORT

A Standard of Excellence has been Established
by Years of Careful Consideration of the
Requirements of the Public

No Other Route in America Presents to Tourists,
Sportsmen, and Invalids so Many
Unrivalled Attractions

The Montreal and Quebec Short Line

AND DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN ALL POINTS IN

New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island,
Newfoundland and West India Islands.

Fast Express Trains

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY, BETWEEN

Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax, and Cape Breton,
Making Connections for Points in
Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

COLLINGWOOD SCHREIBER, C.P. G.,
Deputy Minister and Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals,
OTTAWA.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager,
MONCTON, N.B.

J. J. WALLACE,
General Freight Agent,
MONCTON, N.B.

JNO. M. LYONS,
General Passenger Agent,
MONCTON, N.B.

THE Wabash Railroad

With its new and magnificent train service, is the admiration of Canadian travellers. Its reclining chair cars are literally palaces on wheels, splendidly upholstered and decorated with the costliest woods. Its chairs, which are free to passengers, can, by the touch of a spring, be placed in any position desired, from a comfortable parlor chair through the various degrees of lounging chairs to a perfect couch. Many prefer these cars to sleeping cars for night journeys, and for day trips they are the most comfortable and convenient cars that can be devised. Two of these reclining chair cars are attached to all through trains between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Full particulars from any R. R. Agent, or

J. A. RICHARDSON

Canadian Passenger Agent

Northeast corner
King and Yonge Streets.

TORONTO



WEST SHORE ROUTE

The West Shore is the popular route for Canadians to New York. Through sleeping car from Toronto to New York at 6 p.m. daily, without change, running buffet service, where lunches can be arranged for and luxurious state-rooms and sections engaged, avoiding all tedious transfers. Returning leaves New York, foot of West 42nd Street, at 6.30 p.m.

Call on Ticket Agents for information.

H. PARRY,

C. E. LAMBERT,

General Agent,
BUFFALO.

General Pass'r Agent,
NEW YORK.

DOMINION LINE MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

FAST AND LARGE STEAMERS—WEEKLY SAILINGS
MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL . . .

Labrador, 5,000 tons.	Vancouver, 5,000 tons.	Yorkshire, 5,000 tons.
Dominion, 6,000 tons.	Scotsman, 6,000 tons.	
Twin Screws.	Twin Screws.	

SALOONS AND STATEROOMS AMIDSHIPS.

Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers at moderate rates. One thousand miles of river and gulf smooth water sailing, after leaving Montreal, before the Atlantic is reached, making a very short sea passage.

BOSTON SERVICE — BOSTON to LIVERPOOL, via QUEENSTOWN. FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS

Ss. Canada, 9,000 tons.
Twin Screw.

Ss. New England, 10,000 tons.
Twin Screw.

Palace Steamers of great speed, having all the appointments of a first-class hotel. First Cabin Rates, \$75 and upwards. Second Cabin, \$42.50. For further particulars, apply to any local agent of the Company, or

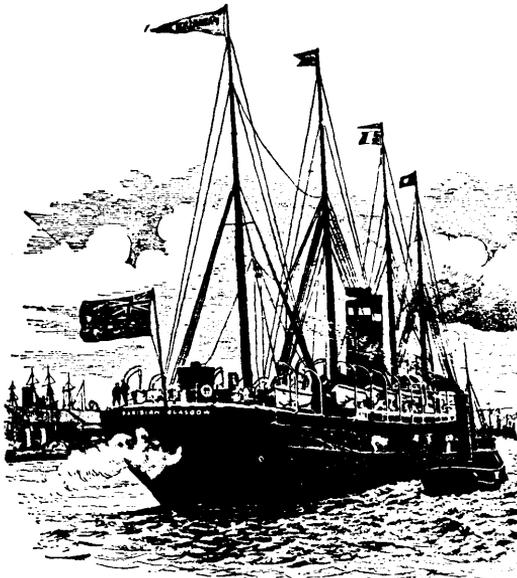
RICHARDS, MILLS & CO.,
103 State St., Boston.

DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

Allan Line

Established 1854.

32 Steamers. 126,137 Tons.



**The St. Lawrence Route,
Montreal to Liverpool.
Shortest Ocean Passage.**

Three days smooth sailing.
Magnificent Scenery.
Steamers Sail Weekly on arrival of
Trains from West.
Rates of Passage 25 to 50 per cent
lower than via New York.

For further particulars apply to
any Agent, or

**H. BOURLIER, 1 King St. W., Toronto,
or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal.**

S.S. PARISIAN, 5,500 Tons.
S.S. CASTILIAN, 8,800 Tons.
S.S. TUNISIAN, Twin Screws, 10,000 Tons.
S.S. BAVARIAN, " " 10,000 Tons.

Quebec Steamship Company.

TOURS TO THE TROPICS.

BERMUDA AND WEST INDIA LINES OF THE QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados,
via the New York and West India Routes of the Quebec Steamship Company.

New York and Bermuda Royal Mail Steamship Line.

The "A1" Iron Steamship "TRINIDAD" 2,600, or SS. "ORINOCO" 2,000 tons, specially built for the route, having the newest and best passenger accommodation, will sail from the Company's pier, 47 North River, New York, fortnightly during the summer months, every 10 days from January to June.

New York and Windward Islands Mail Steamship Line.

St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados.
The First-Class Iron Steamships "PRETORIA" 3,300 tons, "MADIANA" 3,100 tons, "FONTABELLE" 2,700 tons, "CARIBBEE" 2,000 tons. These vessels have excellent passenger accommodation, and are scheduled to sail from pier 47 North River, New York, alternately every ten days.

St. Lawrence Line to Maritime Provinces.

The Twin-screw Iron Steamship "CAMPANA" 1,700 tons, having first-class accommodation for passengers, will sail from Montreal for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspé, Mal Bay, Perce, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I., every alternate Monday during the season of navigation, sailing from Quebec the following Tuesdays. At Pictou the Intercolonial Railway train is taken for Halifax, whence connections can be made for St. John's, N.B., Portland, Boston and New York.

Tickets are for sale at all Principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.
For passage and pamphlets giving information of the above routes apply to
For freight or passage apply to

A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO.,
Agents, 39 Broadway, New York.

or to

ARTHUR AHERN,
Secretary, Quebec, Canada.



A TRIP TO JAMAICA
The Queen City of the West India Islands

Avoid the severity of our American Winters and take your vacation at this garden spot of the earth. About \$5.00 a day pays all expenses.

Send for our beautifully illustrated pamphlet G for full particulars.

PIM, FORWOOD & KELLOCK
24 State Street - NEW YORK CITY

THE J. E. ELLIS CO., LIMITED,
3 King Street East, Toronto.

DIAMONDS.

We are the largest retailers of diamonds in Canada. We buy at the same prices that the wholesale houses pay, and our profit is only the wholesaler's profit.

We can sell at wonderfully moderate prices.

We have a solitaire diamond ring at \$50 that a person would ordinarily pay about \$70 for.

We have a diamond pendant at \$50 worth \$65, and another pendant at \$75 that would cost \$95.

We have a girl's solitaire ring at \$5 that has a larger diamond than any other ring sold at the same price.

You can buy these rings by mail. You can buy any thing by mail from Ellis's. All you have to do is to write.



Steuben Sanitarium
HORNELLSVILLE, N.Y.

A Luxurious Home for the invalid, as the HEATING and VENTILATING is so perfect that the TEMPERATURE DOES NOT VARY MORE THAN TWO DEGREES, and the AIR CAN BE COMPLETELY CHANGED IN EVERY ROOM WITHIN TEN MINUTES.

BRICK AND STONE FIRE-PROOF STRUCTURES with ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, located in the healthiest and most beautiful part of the state.

Separate SURGICAL DEPARTMENT, where SPECIAL ATTENTION is paid to the PREPARATION of patients for intricate operations. The advantages afforded are such as are not found in any general hospital.

Every form of HYDROTHERAPY, ELECTRICITY, MASSAGE, PHYSICAL CULTURE, etc., given by TRAINED NURSES AND ATTENDANTS.

Excellent facilities for treating NEURASTHENIA, RHEUMATISM and PARALYSIS, as well as ALL conditions arising from defective elimination or perverted nutrition.

Fifteen consulting specialists—with a house staff of twenty years' experience, both in this country and Europe. Send for Pamphlet to **DR. J. E. WALKER, Supt.**

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
TEETHING
POWDERS



.. WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
TEETHING POWDERS.

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road
HOXTON, LONDON

A Charming Gift

FOR OLD AND
YOUNG.

IF you have a friend to whom you would like to make a present that would be appreciated, and never forgotten, and if that friend is afflicted with Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Eczema, Old Sores, Pimples on the Face, or in fact any disease arising from impure blood or disordered kidneys, give them

RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE.

Highly recommended by the following clergymen, and hundreds of others.

Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria College, Toronto, Ont.
 Rev. Mr. VanWyck, Hamilton, Ont.
 Rev. Father Groulx, Pr., Archbishop's Palace, Ottawa.
 Rev. J. B. Richardson, Canon, London, Ont.
 Rev. J. M. McGuckin, O.M.I., D.D., Ottawa, Ont.
 Rev. Thos. Geoghegan, St. Peters, Hamilton, Ont.
 Rev. George Braun, Evangelical Association, Berlin, Ont.



Book containing valuable information and sworn testimonials mailed free. Write

The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co.,
 Limited.
 HAMILTON, ONT.

PURE AS THE NOTES
OF A BIRD.



Tolson, to Ex.

BELL ORGANS AND PIANOS

ARE OBJECTS OF BEAUTY,
THE CREATION OF ARTISTS,
THE PERFECTION OF WORKMANSHIP.
THE BELL ORGAN & PIANO CO. LIMITED, GUELPH, ONT.

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

Christmas Giving.....

It's the gladsome season when the heart is bubbling over with kindness — with thoughts of others rather than oneself. We've a thousand and one things to meet the wants of the season. In this page we cannot go into details, but drop postal for our Store Paper containing nine pages of Holiday Suggestions. Two or three things we do tell of:—

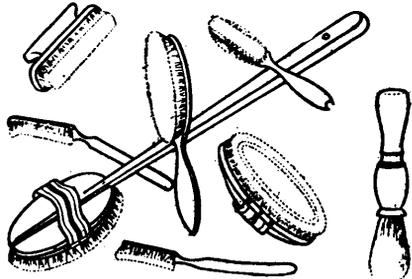


Smoking Jackets

Men's Smoking Jackets or House Coats, made from imported Saxony wool materials and camel's hair cloth, in broken plaids and checks, fancy mixtures and figured patterns, all the newest shades in brown, fawn, black, gray and greenish tinges. Trimmed on edges, pockets and cuffs with fancy colored braid or silk cord. Fastened with buttons or barrel buttons and frogs to match.

Very special **\$5.00**

Military Hair Brushes



A pair of Military Hair Brushes is perhaps appreciated more by a gentleman than any other article of toilet. Our stock sparkles with values in this line. The very finest quality of bristles, set to stay in solid ebony or polished cherry. They are all new and bright and good.

We will gladly refund the money in any case where your expectations are not more than realized. We expect the following three to be in especial demand for Xmas.

- With heavy polished cherry backs, hand-drawn bristles, full length, perfect beauties..... each **\$2.25**
- The same, in ebony, somewhat smaller size..... " **\$1.90**
- The same, in ebony, still smaller size..... " **\$1.75**

Handkerchiefs

- Ladies' Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, and scalloped edges, dainty patterns, 25c. each..... per dozen **\$2.75**
- Men's full size, Irish linen, hemstitched handkerchiefs. Extra value 12c. each..... per dozen **\$1.40**
- Men's real Japanese white silk hankerchiefs with 1½ and 2 in. hem, full size. Except ional value..... each **25cts**

Any of these goods can be ordered by Mail, if you address exactly as below.

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

Section 84

TORONTO, Can.



GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

The crisp winter air redoubles the interest in our splendid gathering of outer garments. We have the most exclusive cloths and patterns, and the best of low priced fabrics made up in stylish garments to suit any purse.

Gentlemen's Dress Suits or Overcoats - - - - \$12.00 to \$20.00
 Gentlemen's Business Suits or Overcoats - - - - \$ 5.00 to \$10.00
 Boys' Suits or Reefers for ages 5 to 10 - - - - \$ 3.00 to \$ 6.00
 Boys' Suits, Reefers or Overcoats for ages 11 to 15 \$ 4.00 to \$10.00

Our daily announcements make interesting reading in the Toronto newspapers.

Oak Hall Clothiers 115 to 121 King St. East -- TORONTO
 Opp. St. James' Cathedral

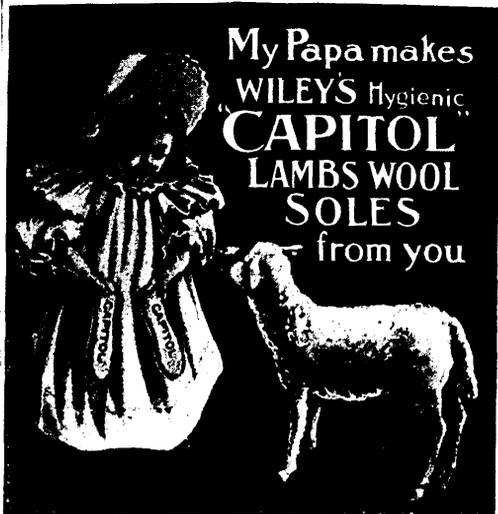
HEAT COSTS MONEY

It can be economically applied, but is more often wasted.

A Line to our Address may bring you some light on the question.



Geo. W. Reed & Co.
 MONTREAL



Ladies: Send 25c. for fine pair or 30c. for extra fine pair of Wiley's "CAPITOL" (Trade-Mark Registered) Lambs Wool Soles for crocheted slippers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. State size. Sold at shoe and department stores. Take no substitute.

Send 25c. for pair of Wiley's Hygienic Wool Lined "ALASKA SOCKS," for rubber boots, hospital and house wear. Only *antiseptic sock* made. State size. Sold at all shoe stores.



WM. H. WILEY & SON, Box 23, Hartford, Conn.

VIN MARIANI

The Ideal French Tonic for Body, Brain and Nerves.



"Vin Mariani aids the voice, and is quite invaluable in resisting fatigue. I speak from experience, having used it at home and at the theatre." **LILLIAN RUSSELL.**



"In remembrance of the excellent Vin Mariani, I always sing the praise of this most delicious and efficacious tonic stimulant." **ADELINA PATTI.**

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO.,

Sole Agents for Canada.

MONTREAL.



SILVER PLATED
SPOONS & FORKS
THAT WILL WEAR WELL

WE GUARANTEE ALL FLAT WARE

G. RODGERS & CO. A I

BEARING THIS TRADE MARK

The best goods bear the above Stamp. Look for it when purchasing. Wearing qualities fully guaranteed by **STANDARD SILVER CO., Limited** TORONTO, CANADA



"Ah! my friend, rum brought you here of course! I, too, used to drink, but for ten years not a drop of liquor has passed my lips."

"Scuse me, pard, but I don't want to hear no hard luck story now. I've got troubles of my own."



Every Housekeeper

wants pure hard soap that lasts well—lathers freely—is high in quality and low in price.

Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap.

5 Cents
a Cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO
ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

THINK ABOUT
ARTISTS' COLORS
 —AND YOU WILL—
 THINK ABOUT
WINSOR & NEWTON
 THINK ABOUT
WINSOR & NEWTON
 —AND YOU WILL—
 THINK ABOUT
ARTISTS' COLORS

A. Ramsay & Son, Montreal.
 Wholesale Agents for Canada.



BLAIR'S Gout and Rheumatic PILLS.

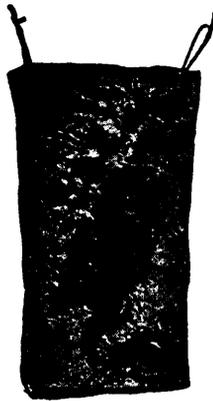
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
 Are quickly relieved and cured, without restraint of diet, by these celebrated Pills. All Chemists, Stores, and 229 Strand, London.
LYMAN, SONS & CO., Toronto and Montreal.

TEABERRY For The
TEETH

—A. Most popular TOILET-PREPARATION—
 25-CENTS-A-BOX—
ZOPESIA-MEDICAL Co.—TORONTO

HALFTONE, ZINC AND WOOD ENGRAVING
CANADIAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING BUREAU
 16 ADFAIDE ST. WEST.
 TORONTO.
 SEND FOR SAMPLES & PRICES.

Ask your Dealer for
RICE'S PURE SALT
 Best for Table and Dairy



FEARMAN'S FAMOUS



ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON

THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE
 For Sale by all Leading Grocers

SEE OUR WORK IN THIS NUMBER.
Coronto Engraving Co.
 COR. KING & BAY ST.
 TORONTO

THE GLOBE FURNITURE Co. LTD.
 WALKERVILLE, ONT.
 MANUFACTURERS OF
SCHOOL DESKS
CHURCH PEWS
OPERA CHAIRS
 BANK STORE & OFFICE FITTINGS.

THE MEGGA COFFEE
 AS USED IN TURKEY.

IMPORTED & PREPARED BY
JAMES TURNER & Co
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

THE NEW CROWN VIOLET.



— AN —
EXQUISITE
— PERFUME

"The Delicious Essence of the Violet itself, distilled from the fragrant Violet gardens of the sunny Riviera."

SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY

177 New Bond St., W.
London, England.

Children
Teething

Mrs. Winslow's has been used for over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

Sold by druggists in every part of the world.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

KLONDYKE TRAVELLERS

Should not fail to take a supply of

BRAND'S
BEEF TEA
TABULES

One Tabule is sufficient for a large cup of savory Beef Tea.

They will be found extremely Portable, Nourishing and Invigorating.

(Denc's Patent)

BRAND & CO., Ltd., Mayfair, London, Eng.

To be obtained of LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal.

Comfort in Writing! Have a Good Pen!

KENNETT & CO.'S PENS ARE UNEQUALLED.

The Pen of the day for ordinary writing

THE NEEDLE PEN FINE

J. A. KENNETT, 12 Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, England.

The Public are cautioned against spurious imitations of the above Pens. Each one will bear the name J. A. KENNETT, and none are genuine without.

2s. 6d. PER GROSS. SAMPLE BOX ONE SHILLING.

UPWARDS 100,000 GROSS OF THESE PENS HAVE BEEN SOLD.

KENNETT & CO., - - Manufacturers,

Established 1859.

12 Berners St., Oxford St. W., LONDON, ENGLAND

"Good Wives Grow Fair in the Light of their Works," Especially If They Use

SAPOLIO



JOHN BERTRAM & SONS

Dundas, Ontario, Canada

EQUIPMENTS FOR

Ship Yards, Boiler Shops, Locomotive Shops,
Car Shops, Machine Shops, etc., consisting
of Machine Tools for working Iron,
Steel or Brass.

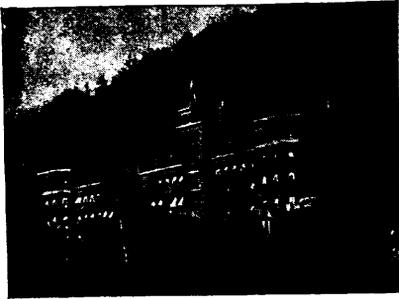
Correspondence Solicited.

Send for Catalogue.

HEALTH!

REST!

COMFORT!



The Jackson Sanatorium,

Dansville, Livingston County, N.Y.

Established in 1858. Most beautiful and commodious Fire Proof Building in the world, used as a Health Institution. All forms of Hydro-therapeutics, massage, rest cure; electricity administered by skilled attendants; a staff of regular physicians of large experience; accommodations and service of highest class; superior cuisine, directed by Emma P. Ewing, teacher of cooking at Chautauqua. Do not fail to write for illustrated literature and terms if seeking health or rest. Address,

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M.D.,

Box 1885.

Secretary.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD.

A REMARKABLE SCIENTIFIC AND
WONDERFUL SCIENCE.

THE ONLY TRUE SCIENCE BY WHICH YOUR FUTURE CAN TRULY AND ACCURATELY BE FORETOLD.



ZARAH, the world-renowned Egyptian Astrologer, who has been creating such astonishment throughout Europe for the past five years, will give a truthful, accurate, planet horoscope delineation of your life. He will give your personal appearance, disposition, character, ability, taste, probable length of life, possible accidents, advice and suggestions on love affairs, marriage, friends, enemies, speculation, business matters, etc.

RICHES TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

You can inform yourself thoroughly on this and on any other questions of your past, present and future life.

A SINGLE ANSWER MAY LEAD YOU TO MAKE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Send 10 cents and give exact date of birth and I will immediately return you a truthful horoscope reading of your life, and prove it to be all true by yourself. I make this offer as a test trial. All communications strictly confidential. Address

ZARAH the ASTROLOGER, Look Box 403, Philadelphia, Pa.

From PRESS:—"Zarah the Astrologer is certainly astonishing thousands. His wonderful predictions and tests are based upon indisputable and scientific influences."

LUBY'S RESTORES THE HAIR



Lyman's

Royal Canadian Perfumes

Special Lines for
Christmas Trade.

Sachet FOR Fancy
Powders Work.

- Heliotrope
- Violet (new style)
- Betrothal Bouquet (new)
- White Rose

LYMAN, SONS & CO.,
MONTREAL.

The Imperial Hair Regenerator..



NO matter how gray
your hair, or bleached,
or dyed, it makes it
beautiful, glossy.....

GRAY HAIR RESTORED
To its original color.

Bleached Hair..
To any shade desired.

BY the use of the *Regenerator* once in every few months, the hair is always glossy, beautiful and natural.

- NO. 1.—BLACK.
- NO. 2.—DARK BROWN.
- NO. 3.—MEDIUM BROWN.
- NO. 4.—CHESTNUT.
- NO. 5.—LIGHT CHESTNUT.
- NO. 6.—GOLD BLOND.
- NO. 7.—ASH BLOND.

Imperial
Chem.
Mfg.
Co.



292 Fifth Ave., - NEW YORK,
Between 30th and 31st Sts.

For Sale at Wholesale and Retail by

J. PALMER & SON,
1745 Notre Dame Street,
Montreal.

Quebec.
Ask your Druggist and Hairdresser for it.

For
A Cent

If you will drop us a Postal we shall be glad to tell you how you can save money when you buy a Broom or a Brush. Boeckh's Brooms and Brushes do just this for hundreds of thousands of economical women all over Canada. We direct you to the nearest dealer to you who sells them—thus we save you the trouble of making enquiries. Drop us a Postal.

Boeckh Bros. & Co., Manfr's.,
80 York St.,
Toronto, Ont.

**Boeckh's
Brooms,
Brushes.**

Established 1856.



The coming generation will have fewer skin diseases, because so many mothers are using

Baby's Own Soap

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF THE
CELEBRATED

ALBERT TOILET SOAPS

THE SECRET

OF A GOOD COMPLEXION

LIES IN THE USE OF

Dr. Campbell's

Safe Arsenic

Complexion Wafers

AND

Fould's Medicated Complexion Soap.



The only real beautifiers of the complexion, skin and form.

These wafers and soap are simply wonderful for removing **Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Pimples, Vulgar Redness, Rough, Yellow or Muddy Skins**, and all other facial disfigurements, whether on the **FACE, NECK, ARMS or BODY**.

If you desire a transparent, clear, fresh complexion, free from **blotch, blemish, roughness or coarseness**, try these wonderful, magical and marvelous **DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP**.

The wafers and soap are for men as well as women.

Wafers by mail, 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap by mail, 50c.

Address all mail orders to **H. B. FOULD**, sole proprietor, 256 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Beware of all other "so-called arsenic" beautifying preparations.

DR. CAMPBELL'S WAFERS are the only Beauty wafers made. **FOULD'S COMPLEXION SOAP** is the only **MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP** in the world.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

DOMINION PIANOS & ORGANS



Perfect
Mechanism,
Constructed under
Valuable Patents makes the
"DOMINION"
the Most Popular and Re-
liable PIANO manu-
factured in
Canada.
40,000 Instruments
in Use.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO. (LIMITED)
BOWMANVILLE, ONT. CAN.

We make a SPECIALTY of FABRICS for WALL COVERINGS, and are now showing a large assortment of Novelties, ranging from inexpensive JUTE AND COTTON TAPESTRIES to the finest SILK BROCADES.

FOR LIBRARIES, HALLS AND DINING ROOMS

Oriental Jute Tapestries, 50 ins. wide.....	60c. per yard
Fine "Vosey" Design Tapestries, 50 ins. wide.....	90c. and \$1.00 per yard
New Bouvais " " ".....	\$1.25 and \$1.50 "
Rich Silk Tapestries " " ".....	\$2.00 and \$2.50 "

FOR DRAWING ROOMS AND RECEPTION ROOMS

Plain Color Florentines, 50 ins. wide.....	\$1.25 and \$1.50 per yard
Silk Striped Brocades " ".....	\$2.25 per yard
Fine Silk Brocades " ".....	\$2.25 to \$6.50 "

FOR BED ROOMS AND BOUDOIRS

Striped Brocades—Style, Marie Antoinette, 50 ins. wide, 85c. and \$1.15 per yard	
English and French Glazed and Unglazed Chintz, Fast	
Colors, 32 ins. wide.....	25c. to 60c. "

SAMPLES AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

John Kay, Son & Co., 34 King St. W., Toronto

Koladermic

Is a SKIN FOOD, and we claim the very latest and best Skin preparation made. It is not only intended to Beautify the Complexion, but to Purify the Skin.

It is readily absorbed by the tissues of the skin, at the same time opening the pores, allowing them to perform their proper functions of excretion, causing a healthy glow to appear on the skin, at the same time softening and making the skin appear rich and full.



GENTLEMEN

DIRECTIONS.—After shaving, this preparation, applied as a lotion, will restore the face to its normal condition, cooling and softening the skin. When the face is heated, as a cooling lotion it has no equal. Apply by putting a few drops in the hand and then gently rubbing on the face. Let lotion dry on face and then wipe face with a soft cloth or handkerchief. Always see that your barber has it on hand.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.
LABORATORIES AT STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

THE
Koladermic Skin Food Co.
STOUFFVILLE, ONT.

WHAT IT IS AND DOES

- It is a Skin Food.
- It Banishes Sunburn and Sallowness.
- It Removes Crowfeet and Wrinkles.
- It Cures Pimples and Removes Freckles.
- It gives a Peach Bloom to the Complexion.
- It is Refreshing and Invigorating.
- It Removes Blacheads and takes away that oily shiny look.
- It is Used in Place of Powder.
- Its Use Cannot be Detected.
- It Makes the Face Soft and Velvety.
- It Restores Youth and Beauty.
- Ladies Use it for the Complexion.
- Gentlemen Use it for their Toilet and after Shaving.
- You use it, and you'll never use any other.
- It has no peer in the market.
- Ask your Druggist for it.



We Said "ADVERTISING DON'T PAY."

*"The mill will never grind
With the water that is passed!"*

LAST year's advertising will not do the business for this year, any more than the trips taken by your travellers last year will do for this year. You may do business without advertising, so will grain grow without fertilizing, but what will the harvest be? MacLeans' Trade Newspapers are the only class papers in Canada that circulate in every province. They are the only publishers of class papers who keep canvassers at work in every province the year round. Good company counts—always travel first-class—use MacLeans' Publications to reach the Manufacturing, Wholesale and Retail Trades.

The Canadian Grocer

The grocery and general store paper of Canada. The only exclusively grocery paper in Canada.

Hardware and Metal

The only paper in Canada circulating among hardware, paint and oil dealers, plumbers and steamfitters, mills, machinists, laundrymen and other manufacturers.

The Military Gazette

The military paper of Canada. The only paper having an extensive circulation among the gentlemen of Canada.

The Dry Goods Review

Only paper in Canada devoted exclusively to dry goods, millinery, men's furnishings, hats, caps and clothing trades.

Bookseller and Stationer

The official paper of the Booksellers' and Stationers' Association of Canada.

Printer and Publisher

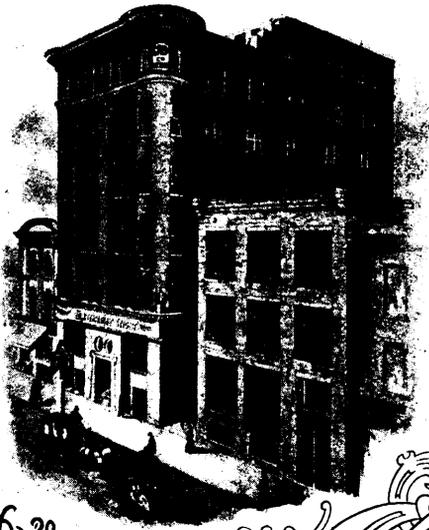
Official organ of the Canadian Press Association and The Employing Printers' Association.

THE MacLEAN PUBLISHING CO., Limited

London, Eng.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

New York.



25-28
Adelaide St. W.
TORONTO.

THE
GRIP

PRINTING
AND
PUBLISHING
CO. LIMITED

DESIGNERS
ENGRAVERS
ETC.



GRIP PLATES
ARE
GOOD PLATES



HAMILTON'S CREAM SODAS

Are really the finest
flavored and most
appetizing
Soda Biscuits.

Ask your grocer for a
3 lb. tin.

G. J. HAMILTON & SONS
PICTOU, N.S.

Window Shades

To act properly must be mounted on good
rollers. To get GOOD shade rollers buy
the

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

They are made by a concern that has
devoted all its time and energy for the
past 30 years exclusively to the manufac-
ture of shade rollers, and the autograph of
Stewart Hartshorn on a shade roller is a
guarantee that it will give you no trouble.

Don't buy the
worthless sort.

Get only the genuine
with the autograph
of Stewart Harts-
horn on the label.



WOOD ROLLERS. TIN ROLLERS.

ESTABLISHED 1778.

THE GAZETTE

MONTREAL, QUE.

Best Medium for Commercial Advertising in the
Dominion.

For Rates and Further Particulars Address

RICHARD WHITE,

Managing Director,

Gazette Printing Co., Montreal.

BE NOT A SLAVE BUT A QUEEN OF THE HOLIDAYS



BY USING

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

"HAS THAT RICH BEEFY FLAVOR"

For making Soups, Gravies,
Sauces and Beef Tea.

"Culinary Wrinkles," sent free to any address,
gives many suggestions for the use of **Extract of Beef** that
will make your holiday entertaining easy and economical.

Armour & Company, Chicago