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MISSING

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OUR POINT OF VIEW

Made in Canada

THAT Canadian people should buy Canadian goods is logical patriotism and sound business. The people most interested in the welfare and prosperity of a country are naturally the people who live in it, and with them rests the responsibility of encouraging the means to that prosperity. If patriotism does not begin at home it is not patriotism. If home industries are not patronized they cannot prosper. If the industries do not prosper the country cannot.

There is no one but will admit these self-evident truths, and presumably there is no one but would also profess to have his country's good at heart. Yet the fact remains that Canadians spend every year immense sums of money for foreign-made goods, withholding their support from the home industries, and retarding to just that extent the business growth of the country. It is true that some of the imported goods are of kinds not made in Canada, and we must either import or do without. Of most such cases it can only be said that, although they are not now made in Canada, they ought to be. But of the great staple lines of manufactures, the Canadian who buys the foreign-made article does so either because he deliberately prefers to do so, or because he is not well informed as to the existence or the excellence of goods made at home. Of these two classes there are many thousands, and partly because of that fact the country has not made the progress within the last half-century that might naturally be expected of it. The charge of being unpatriotic must be laid in the one case, but it is more charitable to believe that the greater portion of the foreign buying has been done simply through ignorance of, or failure to recognize the variety and merit of our home manufactures. It remains, therefore, to educate the public to a more intelligent appreciation of national industries and national needs, assuming that once wakened to actual facts the people will turn their support in the right direction.

This is exactly the point aimed at by the organization most closely connected with Canada's industrial development, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. This body is at present raising a fund of $50,000, to be used in an "educational campaign to impress upon Canadians the advantages of conserving and developing Canadian industries and maintaining, as far as practicable, the home market for Canadian manufacturers." The campaign will be conducted by means of the public platform and the public press, and will be prosecuted carefully and vigorously. It is under good auspices and should bring good results. Canadian

people are unfortunately sometimes indifferent or unthinking about this matter; the proposed campaign will induce them to think.

"Made in Canada" is the winning catch-word of our domestic trades. A movement has set in, especially within the past year, to emphasize the advantages of buying home-made goods, and both national pride and national prosperity may be very effectually fostered by paying heed thereto. It is a good rule to follow: Buy the things that are made at home.

Where Our Money Goes

THE average Canadian does not realize how large an amount of Canadian money goes out of the country in annual trade exchange. Government blue-books and trade returns are not attractive reading, and the busy man needs to have the facts put before him in as concise a form as possible. In brief, then, Canada sends to one country alone, the United States, no less than $120,000,000. That is our largest item for imports, and represents an expenditure of $3.00 for every $1.00 we sell to the United States in return. Our net exports to that country, exclusive of bullion, have decreased two and a-half millions in thirty-five years, while we are now buying from them four times as much as we did then. There was once reciprocity in natural products between the two countries, but after its abrogation in 1866 the United States adopted a protective policy and put high tariff laws in force against us. They had a right to do so if they wished, but instead of meeting them on their own terms, in self-defence, we have doubled, trebled, and quadrupled our purchases from them, while naturally our exports have diminished.

Mr. John Charlton, M.P., summed up these facts very forcefully in a speech in the Canadian Parliament during the last session, when he spoke in part as follows:

"We purchased from the United States manufactured goods to the extent of $28,289,000 in excess of what we purchased from Great Britain, and to the extent of $15,000,000 in excess of what we purchased from all the rest of the world put together. . . . . Why, the United States has command of the market of Canada for manufactures. Now, if we cannot sell to these people of whom we buy manufactured goods to the amount of over $65,000,000; to these people of whom our farmers buy wholly $35,000,000 of that $65,000,000 worth; to these people who allow our farmers, on the other hand, to squeeze in a miserable, paltry $8,000,000 worth of farm produce through their tariff fence—I say that if we cannot secure some arrangement by which we can exchange the products of our own labor for the immense quantity of goods we buy from them, we had better make arrangements to manufacture the goods ourselves. It will cost us something at the start; but for my part I am perfectly willing to pay my share of that additional cost. . . . . Here we are alongside of a mighty nation of eighty million people. Our sons and our daughters are drifting to that country; the choice of our population goes there. We have no arrangement in our trade with them that gives us the advantages which we have a right to demand, and if we cannot get fair trade relations with that great nation, trade relations mutually advantageous and just, then I say that it is not a question of protection *per se*, but that it is a question of self-protection. It is a question whether we will turn the left cheek when we have been smitten on the right cheek, or whether we will assert our own independence, and proceed upon the principle that the best thing possible for us to do is to care for our own interests."

Protection for Farmers

THE farmers of Canada, perhaps more than any other class of people, need to be acquainted with the significance of present conditions, and the correspond-

ing advantages of self-defensive protection. For protection is for the farmer as well as for the manufacturer. The latter is already keenly alive to the situation; the farmer, unfortunately, is sometimes apt to confound no-protection with one-sided reciprocity, and to consider the present weak tariff as a compromise, which leaves reciprocity still a possibility. As a matter of fact however, a higher tariff would itself be reciprocal, for the tariff wall already exists on one side, and to retaliate from our side would merely be reciprocity in protection. Protection can only be met by protection.

The farmers need protection for themselves. Eighty-two per cent. of our farm-product exports goes to Great Britain; the United States takes only ten per cent., or $8,240,000, while Canada actually imports from that country farm produce to the value of $25,460,000! Canada's farmers should ponder this. Not only are manufacturers being imported, but the products of foreign farms are coming in to lessen the profits of our own farms.

The Canadian farmer needs protection also in order to restrict the exodus of young men, which is felt most severely in the country districts and on the farms. There are living in the United States today a full million of native-born Canadians, or enough to produce all the manufactured goods which we import from that country. What might we not hope for in the way of industrial development if we had this million of our own sons back wth us, and conditions such that they could go to work on our own farms or in our own mills? Improved industrial conditions would keep young men at home.

Another reason why the Canadian farmer should welcome protection is because it would strengthen and develop the home market, and in every respect the home market is to be preferred to the foreign. It saves heavy transportation charges, which in the end revert upon the producer; it gives quicker returns and is finacially safer; it furnishes a demand more easily and more readily supplied; and by mutual dealing it stimulates national commerce and encourages local investment of capital. Adequate protection would leave this home market entirely in the hands of the home producer, and a direct gain would thus be made both by the farmer and by the tradesman.

Again, farmers would be benefitted by protection because the farming, mining, and manufacturing interests of the country are all interwoven and have common concern in the national welfare. They cannot and should not be paired off against each other. If Canada is to be built up her success depends upon the prosperity of every branch of industry and not upon any one alone. To retard the manufacturing industries, for instance, is to lessen the chances of the laborer and the tradesman, and thus to minimize the market for the farmer. The farmer is, therefore, both directly and indirectly concerned in the readjustment of the tariff. His chief fear heretofore has been that higher protection would require him to pay higher prices for his implements and other supplies, but Canadian manufacturers now stand ready to pledge maintenance of present prices if only they can secure the domestic patronage.

Labor and Protection

LABOR needs and deserves protection. Competition is not always fair. The conditions governing production vary greatly in different countries, and the same article produced in one place may represent a much larger or a much lower outlay than in another. Under such circumstances competition becomes unfair. An article manufactured in a foreign country where labor is cheap and low-class, and perhaps where sweat-shop methods are in vogue, may, if permitted entrance, seriously interfere with domestic manufactures in the same line, where labor is high-class, fully organized, and

costly. And because the better condition of labor is an outcome of a higher civilization in which skill is more than force, it counts higher in the world's work, and is more worthy of encouragement than labor furnished under inferior social conditions. But, other things being equal, an article will sell in proportion to the cost of the labor expended upon it, and the importation of the low-cost goods may thus become very prejudicial to the local industry. It does not follow, however, that the foreign country is better fitted for production, even if it can produce at a cheaper figure ; the home manufactures are equally capable, but are under the pressure of higher general standards of work and living. They have the first claim because they are the country's own, sharing its responsibilities and helping to develop its resources. Competition at home will keep down the prices to a reasonable level, the lowest that local conditions will permit, and to bring in the foreign-made article would be only to disturb the fair adjustment of cost and price.

Protection is therefore the only safeguard for labor. The cost of labor in the home market should be made the standard for all foreign goods entering in competition; that is to say, a sufficient duty should be imposed upon imports to make their cost equal to the lowest cost of the domestic article. Once put on this level, their competition would be purely on grounds of merit. Labor is one of our great national resources, and must, equally with other resources, be protected. The riches of the country are in its mines, its forests and its farms, but the strength of the country is in its laborers; and if those laborers are more skilled, live publicly and privately on a better scale, and share more intelligently in national life than their cheaper co-workers elsewhere, their superiority is rightly a matter of pride for us, as a nation, and is deserving of protection.

Canada's Mineral Wealth

THE mineral resources of Canada give an annual production of nearly seventy million dollars. Every part of the Dominion shares in this wealth. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have gold, iron, and coal; Quebec and Ontario have iron, gold, copper, and petroleum; Manitoba and the Territories have gold and coal; and British Columbia has gold, iron, coal, copper, and silver. Miscellaneous mineral deposits are distributed all over the country. In 1901 the total production was as follows:

Gold	$24,462,222
Coal	14,671,122
Copper	6,600,104
Nickel	4,594,523
Lead	2,199,784
Iron	1,974,397
Asbestos	1,186,434
Coke	1,264,360
Miscellaneous (forty kinds)	12,454,085
Total	$69,407,031

In industrial value coal takes the leading place. The coal areas of Canada are estimated at over 97,000 square miles, with vast tracts in the far north as yet unworked. The amount of coal under surface in Nova Scotia alone is at least 7,000,000,000 tons, while the deposits in the Rockies and in British Columbia cover even a larger area. It is also claimed that a great coal belt exists across the Arctic Circle, stretching for three thousand miles along the islands north of Canada. Coal has been found there by explorers and it may be that some use will be made of these northern deposits when the tide of settlement pushes upward from the North-West. Between New Brunswick and Manitoba there is no coal known to exist in any considerable quantity. Central Canada is therefore, unfortunately, dependent upon the mines of Pennsylvania for her domestic and manufacturing supplies, and the disadvantages of being thus dependent

are clearly evident at the present time, when the results of a protracted labor trouble in another country entail both loss and inconvenience upon us, a country that should be self-contained. There could be no cause for complaint if we were naturally a coalless country; but there is within our own borders enough coal to last all Canada, for all purposes, at least a thousand years. With such unlimited resources, it is unfortunate that we should be at the mercy of foreign capitalists. The simple remedy is the development of the Canadian mines and the improvement and cheapening of trans-continental transportation. Anthracite from British Columbia, and bituminous coal from Nova Scotia would be then easily at the command of Ontario and Quebec.

Prosperity in the West

THE tide of prosperity in Western Canada is still in the flood. There are on every hand abundant evidences of increasing wealth and industrial development, and the eyes of the whole world are turned toward Canada's great West and North-West. Happily this year's record will add still more to the substantial progress already made.

The wheat-crop of 1902 will total fully 70,000,000 bushels, of which 60,000,000 bushels will be available for export. The area under wheat cultivation this year was 2,625,500 acres, an increase over last year of 109,000 acres. Other grain crops amount to another 70,000,000 bushels, with an increased area under cultivation of 250,000 acres. The total value of the grain, live stock, and dairy products for export will be about $50,000,000. The western farmer has thus a goodly heritage in the crops of 1902.

The wheat has also been of excellent quality. Never before was the average so high. Over sixty per cent. is No. 1 hard, ten per cent. better than last year. Some cases of wonderful yields are reported, several farms having forty bushels to the acre, and the average being twenty-seven, two better than the year before. Thus in every respect there has been progress. There is more land in tillage, the crops have been larger, and the quality better, and $50,000,000 is the snug result. There are also more people in the country. At least 50,000 immigrants have taken up homesteads in Manitoba and the Territories, and a number of colonization schemes have been set afoot, which will bear fruit next year.

A sure sign of the commercial progress which follows close upon agricultural development is the increase of banking business in the West. A number of new branches have been established, and capital account has been increased to meet the urgent demands of the western trade. The benefits of this prosperity beyond the Lakes are certain to be felt in the East as well, and eastern business firms have an opportunity which they cannot afford to neglect.

The Effect of Science on Society

THE advancement of science is tending toward a steady upward movement in the industrial scale. Improved machinery and better methods throw men out of work at the lower end of the scale, but they provide more intelligent work at the upper end. Thus humanity as a whole is the gainer and society is transformed to its own advantage. Machines now do the work that men used to do; donkey-engines have replaced the human carrier; the reaper has given way to the swiftly-moving harvesting machine; ships go by steam rather than by the power of galley-rowers; and nearly every article of common use, once made by hand, is now produced by machinery. Thus, at the same time that education is lifting up the lower classes and unfitting them for the menial occupations, science is sweeping away those occupations, the one process nearly compensating the other. In this way large numbers are being deprived of occupation. What becomes of them?

If, however, science is abolishing occu-

pations at the lower end of the scale, she is creating new ones at the top. There are thousands of men at work to-day in callings which had no existence three-quarters of a century ago. Modern society has given rise to many entirely new vocations. The electricians employed by the telegraph, telephone, electric light, electric locomotives, etc.; the civil engineers and draughtsmen; the journalists, teachers, photographers, and a hundred others; these are instances of the new employments brought into being by the new inventions. Whole armies of men are thus employed, and all at what may well be called skilled work. It is estimated that in England alone one-fifth of the adult male population now find their livelihood in callings that had no existence a hundred years ago, and in America even greater progress has been made.

There was a time, and indeed it is not even yet fully past, when the laboring classes met the introduction of labor-saving devices with disfavor, and sometimes with riot. The immediate effect of such improvements is, of course, that workmen are thrown out of employment for the time being. They are thus forced by circumstances to move a step higher in the industrial scale. They cannot, however, pass at once from the lowest to the highest employments. A coal-heaver cannot take up an engineer's work at a day's notice, nor a plumber become an electrician. But a gradual creeping-up is always taking place. The man out of work must exert himself to meet the requirements of a higher position, and the changing at the top brings about a shifting at the bottom by which a vacancy is provided for him to step into. This upward movement is also helped by the family education. The plumber educates his son to be an engineer, the carter apprentices his boy to a plumber, and the dock laborer encourages his young folks to be carters.

Thus the general drift of the whole social scale is steadily upward. Science provides intelligent occupations at the upper end and abolishes those that are more or less brute-like at the lower, and society is constantly being transformed and bettered by the practical effects of scientific progress.

England's Great Excitement

POLITICS, religion, and education, are curiously mingled in the great public question that has for some months been exercising the people of England, known to us as the English Education Bill. No such complication could be possible in Canada, where sectarianism has fortunately never gained the foothold that it has in the older country. Yet complicated as it is, the whole matter reduces to very simple terms. It is a fight for public control of the schools, in which the contestants are the State Church and the Nonconformists.

The public schools in England are of two kinds, board schools, supported from the public funds, and voluntary schools, established and controlled by the church, but only partially supported by it. In these latter schools the religious teaching is sectarian, and there are eight thousand parishes where no other kind of elementary school exists. Long usage has given the churches a powerful influence in this connection, but they are finding the financial support of the schools an increasing difficulty. The present Bill accordingly proposes to abolish the electoral boards and put the control of all schools in the hands of a county council, the whole cost of maintenance to come from the public rates. The voluntary schools will, however, continue under denominational control to the extent that the church in question will select two-thirds of the local managers, and will appoint and dismiss the teachers. To this the Nonconformists strongly object, and are prepared to forfeit their property rather than to submit. They claim that schools supported from the public funds should be under free control, and that the proposed endowment

of sectarian schools is practically taxation without representation. They also hold that, instead of creating a national system of common-school education, the sectarian element will be perpetuated, and moreover the new committees of the County Council will not be directly responsible to the electors. The Bill has some advantages, however. It will bring the various schools under one administration, will attract better teachers, and to a partial extent will bring the denominational schools under popular control.

The Bill is now before Parliament. All England is interested in it and excited about it. The situation is a difficult one, and is further aggravated by the fact that the Nonconformists who so strongly oppose it can suggest no alternative that would not be equally objectionable to the Episcopalians. It is unfortunate that the educational system in so great a country should be so hampered by merely ecclesiastical considerations, but it is one of the disadvantages of long-established habit. The political significance of the measure is also considerable, and its results, if passed, will be very far-reaching.

What is Real Education?

THERE seems to be much difference of opinion nowadays as to what constitutes real education. Systems and methods now in vogue are severely criticized and new experiments are being constantly made in practical application of various theories. It is therefore interesting to know how the foremost educationists of the day look upon the matter, and what they consider to be the fundamental principles of a good education. They are the men who ought to know whereof they speak, and their opinion counts for something. President Hadley, of Yale University was not long ago asked four questions which pretty well cover the field. The following are the questions and his answers:

1. What do you consider the chief characteristics distinguishing the educated from the uneducated person?

Breadth of view. A good general education should give a man broad views of life as a whole. A good technical educaion should give him broad views of his profession.

2. What special advantages does the college-trained man gain over the self-made man, so-called?

He tends to get the experience of other men and other ages in better proportion of the results of his own experience.

3. How may a person best make up for the lack of a college training?

By dealing with large things, whether in business, in society, in art, or in literature.

4. How would you differentiate the education of woman from that of man?

The general education of the two should, it seems to me, be nearly similar. The technical education will necessarily, in the present stage of civilization, be, in the majority of cases, widely different.

Along the same lines, Dr. Edward Everett Hale says: "An educated man understands the language of his time. He knows how and where to find the facts he needs. He is not, very likely, informed on many of the infinite number of facts, but he can understand those who know, and he knows where to find them. Woman's life is more at home than man's, or should be. Her physical strength, on the whole, is not so great as his. A woman will always be glad if she can readily adapt herself to new relations in life. She has, perhaps, as things go, not so ready a choice of the place she will live in as her husband. The essential point is that Education is the important matter, and Instruction—the pouring in of facts—is comparatively unimportant."

AWAKENED CANADA: A PROPHECY FROM THE ACTUAL

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

FOR the most part the business of prophecy no longer receives either payment or honors, and breath spent in forecasting anything but the weather, might more wisely be spent in cooling good broth. Nay, if a man were altogether to give himself over to prognosticating, he would soon, on the coming of winter, be compelled for lack of firing to seek warmth for his fingers in the roof of his prophetic mouth.

Yet in this century of inquiry, one may go at least so far in prophecy as to venture to deduce some very obvious, and perhaps not uninteresting effects from some good, plain, and highly-interesting causes. Our present business is to attempt by such means, not so much to forecast, as to indicate upon lines sufficiently broad, what manner of future Canada has already entered upon. Furthermore, as it is our wish to be enfranchised from all consideration of politics, either national or international, and to try to bring to our study as much curious interest and as little foolish bias as is in any wise possible,—and because it is always very well worth while to get a point of view that is radically new,—we shall make a little attempt to dismiss our own person altogether, and to view this large-flung country of ours through the astonished round spectacles of a globe-trotting " Man from Mars."

In the first place our Martian, like an intelligent and systematic traveller, has devoted his first studies and journeyings to that " Middle Continent," old Europe. And when leaving it, to his scientific and mathematically-ordered mind it has seemed most natural to follow the course of the sun, and to move westward upon lines of latitude. While still upon the Atlantic it is explained to him that during the last century the shifting of population upon this planet has been almost entirely to the northern continent of the western hemisphere. And from political causes, and because there existed a very general belief that the upper half of that northern continent,—whither his ship is now bearing him, —was a region of ice and snow, all but a very small part of that emigration had gone to the southern division. Indeed, so great an activity had been created thereby, and by the industrial revival consequent upon it, that hundreds of thousands of emigrants who *had* gone to the northern half, and hundreds of thousands more who were afterwards born in it, were in the end also drawn to the southward. And after seventy-five years of that, the proportion of population, northern and southern, stood as five millions to eighty.

Now our Martian has provided himself with an atlas, and while still on shipboard, too, he already begins to make his investigations. At once he notes some rather unlooked-for coincidences. The area of " Canada " is 3,650,000 square miles, or within less than one-twenty-fifth of being the same as that of Europe. Both, too, have almost the same extent of territory within the arctic circle. On the right, Europe reaches out, irregular and peninsula-like, to the westward. On the left, Canada extends itself, with like irregularity towards the east. For a Baltic there is a Hudson's Bay,—much less accessible he is informed, but vastly richer in fisheries. For a Scandinavia there is a Labrador. For a Mediterranean there is a Gulf of St. Lawrence and

the "Lower Lakes." For the salt waters of the Black and Caspian there are the "Upper Lakes," which, with Erie and Ontario, offer 2,700 miles of connected waterway to the sea. And the abashed Martian is compelled to admit that even those famous canals upon his own planet,—of which he has hitherto had so much to say,—can in no manner compare with this!

He is glad enough to duck his head into his geography again,—to discover that,—corresponding to European Russia, in western Canada there is a vast region of great plains. These great plains are watered and drained by a wonderful network of rivers of the first class, and by more endless chains of huge, fresh-water lakes. And, in the extreme West,—where, in the East, Europe was shut in by the Urals,—Canada, in a great stretch of island-sheltered harbors, lies open to the navigation of the Pacific.

Having landed, our wanderer proceeds to view the land, not only,—like your bored and be-timetabled Cook's tourist,—by railroad and steamboat, but on horseback and a-foot, with "packing" parties and dog-trains,—going, indeed, wherever a wide-minded and inquiring Martian may have opportunities of seeing new things. His first surprise, and one that is most lasting, is caused by the temperature. He has come in the autumn, and his European garments are much too warm. In all the Maritime Provinces he is informed that he might wait many winters for zero weather. It is very similar along the St. Lawrence and in Ontario. In its lower peninsula he finds an unmarketable plenty of fruits, more than enough to supply the whole country ; and not only hardy apples and small berries, but pears and peaches and grapes, such indeed, as he remembered in the orchards of the Rhine and Southern France!

He goes north to James Bay. At Moose Factory all the small fruits can be grown. In the North-west, in the mighty valleys of the Peace and Athabasca and the Mackenzie, he still finds that it is almost the same. Nay, more, he learns that the temperature is uniformly higher there than it is in Minnesota and the Dakotas, six and seven hundred miles to the south. And even in the Yukon there are big gardens of summer vegetables! As for Manitoba and Assiniboia, where, as he has read, on the un-lee'd, unwooded prairies, the frost strikes a fathom deep into the soil, he finds such a cereal-growing country as surely had never been imagined by Europeans!

He begins to feel that somehow he is being made a joke of. And when, in British Columbia, its inhabitants give him to understand that they can grow "pretty nearly everything in the temperate zone," he suggests, with some acerbity, that under such happy circumstances they would we well to commence doing it.—Then he gradually works his way back to the East in the winter, and, through his stupefaction, breaks a realization that it is only the great snowfalls and the formation of thick ice upon the lakes and streams that really bring out the gaiety of this strange people. And in the country districts, this terrible winter season is the only great time of merry-making!

Long since, too, he has made other almost incredulous observations, of which a very considerable group are geographical. In Labrador and Ungava he finds infinitely the most extensive region between the equator and the arctic which is still to be explored. Yet enough is known of it to say that it is one vast forest, and the overflowing wealth of its minerals reaches to the very sea-shore. The ray-like upper counties of Quebec disappear, over the "height of land," into a great breadth of fertile land, which, in one tremendous sweep of watering rivers and alluvial plains, extends, ever-widening as it goes, for two thousand miles to the Rockies.

And it is practically without population! Yet he is informed that, even in the one small division of it known as the "clay

belt" of New Ontario there is farmland upon which every inhabitant of Canada at the present time could subsist. He tries to imagine as unpeopled a tract of equal area in Europe. It would comprise Germany, Austro-Hungary, and half of Russia. He cannot quite remember what the populations of these counties were,* but it seems to him that, added together, they would make a very large figure. Nor are there in this Canada any great marshes or deserts. It has none of the far-stretching "tundra" wastes of Russia. The only barren lands it once did believe itself possessed of, he is told, have of late begun to be turned to such account by a certain Mr. Clergue and his fellows that any man might well wish himself the possessor of many square miles of them. True, the temperature averages uniformly a few degrees lower than in Europe, but of late he has been much enlightened upon this matter of temperature.

And in the great North-west the farther one penetrates into the interior, the finer becomes the natural system of irrigating waters. Nor is the land crossed and broken by the hundred little mountain ranges of the older continent. Yet in one place there *are* mountains. In the Rockies could be hidden Alps and Vosges, Balkans, Appenines and Carpathians. And between these Rockies and the Pacific he sees once more this British Columbia with its 250,000 square miles of valleys and plains and plateaus, and its twelve thousand miles of coast-line, and its population is of tens of thousands where in Europe it would be of scores of millions!

Again our Martian speechlessly overlooks the land. It is timbered throughout one-third of its entire area. What billions of feet have been already cut serve but as the merest measuring-rod to guage the rest. In the Pacific province, the Douglas fir and red and yellow cedar alone count their fifty thousand million feet; he has learned to know that to almost any European country such amazing forests would be its most valuable of natural assets. Yet in the upper North-west, in the central section and the whole East, there is *pine* in such quantity that the fir and cedar of British Columbia could very well be altogether neglected. And of spruce and poplar there is enough to supply the world its pulp-wood for a thousand years to come.

Indeed, to our traveller, what settlements there are, seem little more than so many clearings in the woods. Prince Edward Island, a coast and river-line fringe in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the St. Lawrence and Ontario valleys, and a small part of Manitoba,—these districts alone can be said to be under cultivation, as he has been taught in Europe to understand the word. True, too, as in Europe, through the middle region there is beginning to be much production of cheese and other dairy products. Yet, commensurate with its area, how very little! In Alberta and Saskatchewan, as upon the *steppes,* there is found the raiser of cattle and horses. Yet again only thousands are grown where in Europe there would be millions.

Our Martian is, by now, as near exasperation as it is possible for a mandarin of that smooth and urbane planet to become. Yet still he pursues his investigations. He finds that East and West and North there are minerals, gold and silver, copper and iron and nickel in a profusion astonishing even after what he has seen in such countries as England and Spain. There is the best bituminous coal in Cape Breton, peat and lignite in "Old" and New Ontario, surface coal in Manitoba and the territories—(the farmers dig it from the banks of the Saskatchewan)—and more of the highest grade bituminous in British Columbia. His atlas tells him tersely that the fisheries of Canada, both fresh water and salt, "are the most extensive in the world." Hudson's Bay, that inland sea containing everything from salmon and herring to whale and walrus, has no parallel in any other continent. And it seems to the Martian that the untouched

*About 145,000,000.

streams can be hardly less in number than the fish so far taken from those now plied with line and net. He finds the woods full of game for the hunter, of skins for the trapper. Everywhere throughout the country are wonderful lake districts where tens of thousands of tiny wooded islands offer idyllic summer retreats to almost whoever wills to take them!

"Truly," says our staggered wanderer, "this is the very prodigy of countries! But,—unless it be the poor opinion so many of you appear to have of it,—its greatest wonder, and one which you seem to accept with no amazement, is the countless millions of population which it does not possess! If the other nations of your earth should suddenly have their eyes opened to what you have,—if you even awoke to it yourselves,—I could well wish to return and view your land again, a half century from now!"

Justly might that Martian wonder at our scant population, and well may we acknowledge the necessity of one infinitely greater. For a huge new country is like a great Gulliver asleep in Lilliput; however mighty its innate resources, its strength is pinned down by all the million threads of Nature, until man, himself a pigmy but all-powerful if he have but numbers enough, enters and cuts those threads. The four or five million who have made up our population for the last quarter century have been able to do but little, though indeed they have done some things which could hardly have been looked for from them: perhaps the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was as great an industrial achievement as has ever before been accomplished by a population so small. Yet with this prone and pinioned Gulliver of a half-continent, we must frankly own, that, of that most multiplex net enmeshing him, only the first strands have as yet been severed.

But now, in these present years, the really *great* work has begun. Canada *has* awakened. And we, now living, are to see the mighty Gulliver uprising! The Martian saw broadly, but only broadly. And many small things, of most inestimable significance, he did not see at all. Nor of what he did note as accomplished, he did not know how much was the work of the last ten years, the creation of this first decade of Canada's "industrial renaissanse." He did not know that at the present moment the trade of the Dominion is increasing more rapidly than that of any other country save Japan. He did not know that in almost every town and city, capital is doubling, not only the capital of the great corporations, but that upon the books of the savings banks. He did not know that everywhere manufacturing establishments are adding to their numbers and capacity more rapidly than houses for the mechanics they employ can be erected. He did not know that almost every forest and mountain range now contains the camps of hundreds of "timber-lookers" and mineral prospectors. And their work is already bearing interest a thousand-fold.

"There be three things," says Bacon,—(and 'Industrial Canada' could have taken no better motto): "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous; a fertile soil; busy workshops; and easy conveyance for man and beast from place to place." To support Canada's claim to the first and third of these, surely no longer brief need be written. Now let us speak of the second. It has been many times asseverated that the coal of England has given her her present position among countries, and has contributed more than any other cause to the present wealth of Europe. A very clear-headed modern thinker, Andrew Carnegie, has set it flatly down that "that nation that can produce the cheapest ton of steel has industrial supremacy." Within the last few years there have been uncovered in Cape Breton and British Columbia coal to the extent of billions of tons; and both the Eastern Cape and the

Western Province have been shown to be "beautiful pictures in *iron* frames." In Cape Breton already there is now being made the cheapest steel upon the globe,—so cheap, indeed, that it can be sold with profit in every other great iron centre in the world! And smelting works have gone up not only at Sydney, but at Ferrona and North Sydney; and, in Ontario and Quebec, at Radnor, Deseronto, Hamilton, Midland, Collingwood, and the "Soo." If "coal and iron mean to modern nations even more than wood," when wood of almost every commercial variety is at hand to be added to them, what more is needed to produce nine-tenths of the world's manufactured staples?

The country that can turn out the cheapest ton of steel will, in the immediate course of things, begin to roll its own rails and structural and tubular steel; it will manufacture its own machinery, its railroad supplies, its agricultural implements, and a thousand other essentials, and will become industrially independent. With iron weighting its springboard, a country may leap securely and leap far. It will begin to export that one product the consumption of which has for generations been increasing not merely in proportion, but in geometric ratio to national increase in population. A tonnage of steel equal to the entire Canadian demand, will, upon the completion of their works, be produced by the "Dominion" and "Superior" Companies alone. And the other corporations already embarking or embarked upon its production will double, quadruple, multiply the output indefinitely. It is a demand which the blast furnaces of no nation have as yet succeeded in overtaking.

Nor is Canada's wealth of coal, even when standing alone, to be considered something of only medium importance. Already Sydney and Louisburg have become two of the great "bunkering" ports of the Atlantic seaboard; and Cape Breton coal and coke, not satisfied with the market extending from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, is reaching out to the markets of South America, and the Mediterranean. Cape Breton and Nova Scotia now stand where stood Great Britain before the first tons of her most precious resources were fed into the furnace.

More than this—if we may venture to seem to repeat what was said in a former essay,—the Sydneys have been able to assemble their coal and iron upon tidewater. No other steel centre can say this, and the absolute importance of it need not be pointed out to any manufacturer. Manchester, until by dredge and steam-shover she made herself a seaport, paid as much to bring her raw materials by rail from Liverpool, as it cost to freight them to Liverpool from the Americas. If a canal were suddenly to open from Hudson's Bay to the St. Lawrence, it would be no more paramountly valuable to Canada than in this tide-water position of the Sydneys. Said an old sea captain when passing the harbor: "They've got a Clyde and Tyne in there, with a chance for a Glasgow and Sheffield, and Liverpool all in one, if they only knew it. Why don't they start building steel ships?" Only the week before, the "Dominion" Company had declared its intentions in that regard, though the old captain did not know it. But those shipyards were inevitable, and the new Glasgow and Liverpool are inevitable; for of the conditions now found in that wonderful harbor are great cities made. And between Sydney and Louisburg—along that "long dock of North America," are half a dozen other magnificent havens; and Nova Scotia has a score more of them. Nor is all this promise in the much-vaunted great West, nor in Ontario and Quebec, once looked upon as the only natural seats of wealth in Canada, but it is all in the extreme, the abandoned, unhoped-for, unregarded East!

And now we are on the eve of a repetition of all this in British Columbia. The

blast-furnaces and steel mills with which James J. Hill is to astonish Montana, will be duplicated in the Canadian West, and again, as at Sydney, upon tide-water. The keys which open the " Seven Seas " in the twentieth century are of iron; and Canada has been given open portal upon earth's two greatest oceans, with a great steel highway already laid down between them.

Nor can little less be said of the steel works at Sault Ste. Marie, flanked as they are by a dozen other huge industrial enterprises. For they, too, hold a key, that of our inland fresh-water seas. " Sitting at the receipt of custom," they command a shipping tonnage greater by far than that passing through the Suez. Did we compare the Upper Lakes with the unlinked Black Sea and Caspian? Upon the former, which alone is open geographically to the Mediterranean and the waters of the world, every attempt of the Russian Government to establish even a single steamship line upon a paying basis, has most woefully come to naught. And at the Sault, too, steel ships are to be built. Already at Collingwood they have begun launching seven-thousand-tonners And this is taking into no account the steel ship-building of Lake Ontario.

Our Martian learned some unexpected things about Canadian temperatures. And he might very truthfully have been informed that, this side the Equator, until one enters latitudes in which cereals can no longer be grown, the odds have always been to the North. Draw a median through the United States,—is the lower half worth one-third, nay, potentially one-sixth of the upper? Draw your line through Europe—how does Spain compare with France, or Italy and the Bosnian States with Austria and Germany?

The "Man from Mars" saw in Canada only five million people, and he was told that for seventy-five years the trend of emigration had been to the southward. But he was not told that in this decade that movement had come to an end, that the great basin of the United States had been filled, and the overflow from it had begun to billow strongly northward. And, more than that, it is such an emigration as is beyond all reckoning, valuable to a country. Rich men are coming to seek investments for their surplus capital. Widely branching commercial companies have come, with German science and American enterprise, to found new industries, to open the wilderness, and to turn what was once considered waste into the hopper of great mills and reduction works. It is the kind of emigration which trebles the population of a country-side, not by land-opening but by the settlement upon it of a mining people, not by real estate booming, but by the careful launching of enterprises hardly less secure of interest than the treasury of the Government, or of permanence than the Government itself.

In the lumber districts the increase of men and capital has been phenomenal. In the West, syndicates of American farmers are taking up whole counties at once. And companies of ranchers are acquiring grazing lands for ten and twenty thousand cattle in one buying. It is an emigration of the world's best builders and mechanics and agriculturists, those men who are, for a thousand reasons, best prepared to teach the untutored millions who must follow them. And they will follow. They are already following. And now, almost monthly, editors and economists and capitalists from England and Europe, and still more from America, have been viewing the land with all the amazed emotions of the "Man from Mars " himself. And when they return to their own places they speak those words which swing wide the lock gates. We have no need to prophecy; we can read the future in the present.

And if Great Britain, that ancient battling matron, no longer feels within her the strength of her mighty youth, here at her right hand is an Amazon daughter who can well take up the struggle where she may choose to leave it.

She has the weapons of wood and iron; she will soon have the numbers behind her. Is it not good that we should be alive and Canadians at such a time as this?

Upon the most eastward promontory of Cape Breton there is a headland, once one mighty mass of coal, now but a huge, weather-worn ember of lava-like reddish gray. Therefrom, perhaps ten thousand years ago, there blazed a great beacon-call to the old world; and it was not heard. Now, in these years, high above that headland have been raised the wireless towers of modern knowledge and enlightenment; and they, too, are calling. At first their words have been caught but faintly; but with the coming of a time now almost at hand, from Canada will go the voice which will call the people to her from all this earth.

MR. CARNEGIE'S RECTORIAL ADDRESS*

BY W. H. HUNTER.

"In our survey of the world the efforts of Canada and of Australia to manufacture were not overlooked. Nothing ever found or heard of in either of these lands was calculated to deter us (i.e., Americans) from going forward without fear. If the United States had not transcendent resources, and an unequalled home market that enables it to sell its surplus to Canada cheaper than Canada can possibly produce, manufacturing might be established to some extent there. Under present conditions the outlook is not favorable . . . . Neither (i.e. Canada or Australia) is ever likely, as far as yet seen, to be important factors as manufacturers for the world's trade."—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

TO Canadians, this is the statement of most interest in the Rectorial Address, an address remarkable for its candor, its analysis, and its breadth of view. Mr. Carnegie makes a special application in the case of Canada of what he has aptly named "the law of the surplus." Manufacturing establishments have become gigantic simply because the more made the cheaper the product, there being a score of cost accounts divisible by product. By giving constant employment, and having the reputation for never stopping, the best workmen are attracted and held. The manufacturer upon a large scale can afford in times of depression to make many contracts in distant parts of the world, and even some at home, at a direct loss, knowing that, upon the whole, the result will be less unprofitable by running full than short time or stopping. Hence those possessing, to the practical exclusion of foreign competition, the most profitable home market, can afford to supply foreign markets without direct profits, or even at a loss, whenever necessary. And the American manufacturer enjoys the largest home market, a market which takes in ordinary times ninety-six per cent. of his total output.

"I speak from sad experience on this point," said Mr. Carnegie, "for during most of my life we have had to encounter Britain's surplus in our markets in times of depression here (*i.e.*, United States), to the great disadvantage of the home producers and advantage of the British manufacturer."

Now, however, the pendulum of trade has swung the other way. The United

* From the Rectorial Address delivered at St. Andrews University, Edinburgh, Oct. 22nd, 1902. Printed in the November NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada.

States has the greatest and most profitable home market, not only for steel, but for most articles, and therefore by "the law of the surplus" the United States can afford in times of depression and over-production to invade Britain, or any other market from which its products are not rigorously excluded by prohibitive tariffs, and if necessary may thus sell abroad without direct profit, or even at a loss. Canada, under existing conditions, according to Mr. Carnegie, is so vulnerable to the operations of this "law of the surplus" that Canadian manufacturing which might otherwise be established to some extent, will not be an important factor in the world's trade.

Curiously enough, we owe the first illustration of the injury to Canadian manufacturing through the operation of "the law of the surplus," not to the United States, but to Germany. In the United States, at present, the home market for steel is so prosperous that foreign orders are not only unsought, but neglected. In Germany, on the other hand, the steel trade at present suffers, alike with other industries, a time of depression. The German steel makers, accordingly, consciously or unconsciously following the workings of "the law of the surplus" are willing to sell the surplus of their product abroad, even at a loss, if a loss is necessary to affect the sale. For as we have seen, it is less of a loss in the end if only the home market is conserved and the plants are kept running full.

The German steel makers have just sold to Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, the builders of the Canadian Northern, an order of steel rails to be delivered at the head of Lake Superior for $27.00 a ton. Why need this one transaction affect Canadian steel rail mills? First listen to Mr. Carnegie:

"It is not the amount imported, however, that discourages the home producer; the knowledge that he is open to serious competition from abroad, a small amount of which will break his market, is what makes him loth to invest the great sums sometimes necessary to keep him in the front, and robs him of the do-or-die resolve, which often is of itself the secret of victory in the struggles of life."

Just one month after the delivery of Mr. Carnegie's Rectorial Address, a Canadian manufacturer who is directly affected, has given his views upon this transaction between the German rail maker and Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann. He says that the German iron master has kept up the price in the home market, but sold at a much lower figure in the foreign market in order to get the trade.*

"The German market," says Mr. Clergue, "is protected by a duty of between $6 and $7 a ton. Consequently, if you were to buy rails in Germany for use in that country, the price would be from $30 to $32 a ton. The usual freight on these rails from the German port to Montreal would be $3 more, and from Montreal to Port Arthur another $3, or a total of about $38.00 per ton. Now Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann are reported to have purchased their rails for $27 per ton delivered at Port Arthur. We cannot afford to produce rails at that figure. We have spent $15,000,000 in iron mines, and in the construction of rolling mills and railways to connect with them, and if other railroad companies are going to follow the example of Mackenzie & Mann we simply cannot produce steel rails, that is all. The question is one for the whole of Canada to decide. But they should understand that the closing down of our rolling mill would mean a loss of $2,000,000 a year to the people of Ontario. I cannot believe that the Government will continue to bonus railroad companies that use foreign rails, or allow in future a bonus to be paid to

* Interview with Mr. Francis Clergue, of The Lake Superior Co., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., in the daily papers of Nov. 22nd, 1902.

railways that are now being laid with foreign rails. The terms of the subsidy require Canadian rails to be used if they can be got in Canada on equal terms, but equal terms does not mean rails sold at slaughter prices. It means the price at which the rails can be bought in the open market abroad plus the current rates of freight to this country. At present the situation is this, that while the Government gives a bonus to encourage the production of steel rails, the absence of duties allows the market to be exploited by foreigners."

The Canadian manufacturer, of course, thinks it is short-sighted policy on the part of Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann to buy foreign rails. For on the line of the Canadian Northern are large deposits of iron ore, which can only be developed in Canadian iron industries. This iron ore, if required for manufacturing in Canada, should yield in freight to the Canadian Northern more in haulage in a month or two than the whole saving effected by buying German rails. Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann will probably answer, if they think it worth while to discuss the matter at all, in the same vein in which they recently discussed the question of terminal facilities with the town of Fort William:

"Our business is building railways, and we understand all about building railways, but we do not know if we shall operate the road after it is built, and as we are railway builders, not railway managers, we do not profess to act as if we were going to operate the road after it is built, and had better not deal finally with such matters.

Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann are perhaps right in their view, that as railway builders they are entitled to buy steel rails in the cheapest market, even if such purchase should injure an industry which, by liberal bounties, Canada is endeavoring to create. As a practical man, the railway builder prefers the certain and immediate profit flowing to himself by the saving in the cost of construction to any future or contingent profit that might accrue to the railway from the development of a great industry.

When the interest of the community is opposed by the more powerful motive of self-interest, the active interference of the community itself is required to protect the common interest. Thus, Canada can compel the Canadian railroads to use Canadian rails by imposing an absolute condition to that effect in the money grants in aid of construction, or indirectly by imposing sufficient tolls upon the importation of foreign rails. And if the question is pushed to an issue in the present instance no doubt Canada will decide against the railway builder. For there is nothing in the history of railway building or operating in Canada to deter the people from restricting the profits of the railway builder.

Instead of acting in isolated cases from time to time, it would be preferable if Canada were to determine once for all the national attitude towards manufacturing in Canada. For if we care to pay the price, practically everything we require can be manufactured in Canada, and if we desire it enough Canada can get a share in the world's trade for her manufactures. Nor does this falsify Mr. Carnegie's prediction altogether, for it will result from so changing the conditions that Canadian industries will no longer be subject to "the law of the surplus," which now favors the foreign manufacturer.

Mr. Carnegie states six propositions as embodying the economic laws bearing upon the material position of nations, and, leaving out of the reckoning for the moment "the law of the surplus," which, if we choose to pay the price, need no longer subject our industries to the "transcendent resources" of the foreign manufacturer; Canada, if tried by these laws, can make out a fair case.

There can be no question that Canada has ample area, had she only the population to make use of her territory. Moreover, she has an unequalled capacity for producing cheap food, for she has empires

of fertile land in the West, of which only the border has been stirred by the plough. Yet to one who has seen the mighty river of wheat even now flowing into the granaries at Fort William, it seems that should new acreage during the next few years be brought unceasingly under cultivation, four such railway systems as the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern will be required to hurry the food stuffs of our golden west to the hungry markets of the world. On every hand, we hear that the drift of emigration has turned towards the Canadian prairies. For the land is cheap; access is easy; and the 20 to 25 bushels of "No 1 hard" to the measured acre, year after year with slight tillage, so far exceeds the bounty of the seasons in less favored countries, that thousands of the farmers of the Western United States are transferring their capital and energy to the Canadian North-west.

The capacity to produce cheap food has a twofold influence upon increase of population, the rate of natural increase rises, and also foreign workers are willing to throw in their lot with such a country, and the more readily if steady employment offer. If new work can be found in Canada for the new people, the increase of population should, for the future, keep pace with the increase in the food produced. On the other hand, increase in population and increase in the amount of food produced are not in themselves conclusive of the well-being of a country. For increase of population, unless accompanied by such an increase in work as to keep the added population profitably employed, merely increases the burden of the community, despite the greater production of food. How best to increase the amount of productive work in the country is, therefore, the chief problem to be solved by a country desirous of a rapid increase in population. The effect already produced in Northern Ontario, by prohibiting the export of saw-logs, is a fair example of how a legislature may materially increase the value, measured in the employment given her people, of one of the natural resources of the country.

New settlement in itself increases the amount of work to be done in the country. New implements, new houses, new stores, and new facilities for transport are at once required. And if, in addition, we can of our own manufacture supply all the articles that the new districts require, the varied industries of the country will be quickened. Every country, Mr. Carnegie points out, has a greater capacity to supply its own wants than was supposed. So in Canada, if it is desired, we can manufacture practically everything needed in Canada. In desiring to do so, Canada but follows another of the Carnegie maxims: Nations will develop their own resources to the greatest possible extent as a patriotic duty, offering inducement to the enterprising to risk time and capital in the task.

As nations are more and more to supply their own wants, home commerce will increase much more rapidly than foreign commerce. Indeed, from Mr. Carnegie's standpoint, the home market is all important. For if exchange of products benefits both buyer and seller, home commerce is doubly profitable. Politicians give far too much attention to distant foreign markets and far too little to measures for improving conditions at home, which would increase the infinitely more important home market. If her people could spend one pound per head more per year, Britain's home commerce would be increased more than the total value of her exports to all of Australasia, British North America, and China combined. Truly foreign commerce is a braggart always in evidence, home commerce the true king. The label "Made in Canada," for articles intended for home consumption is in this view a happy inspiration.

Besides the home market, which, if it chooses, Canada may more freely enjoy to the exclusion of the foreign manufacturer, there is some outlet for foreign trade in

working up her store of raw material. It is probable, for example, that if the export of nickel ore or matte were prohibited, that the necessities of the foreign consumer would lead to the refining of nickel in Canada. It is more certain, that if the export of pulp wood was prohibited, that the manufacture of paper pulp in Canada for export, would largely increase. The establishment of this industry at Sturgeon Falls under existing conditions, shows the powerful attraction of the conjunction of raw material and water power where the intention is to manufacture for export.

Skilled labor, Mr. Carnegie points out, has lost its power to attract capital, and raw materials which under favorable conditions now attract capital and labor. And in many branches of manufacturing for home use, we have all the conditions (assuming that abundant water-power compensates for the want of coal in inland Canada), required to attract both capital and labor.

As the price of success, it will be necessary, however, to assure Canadian enterprises safety from unfair competition in the home market with the "surplus" of the foreign manufacturer.

THE KING'S OLDEST COLONY NEWFOUNDLAND

By FRANK YEIGH

AT last we were headed for England's oldest colony. Behind us lay Canada's coaling town of Sydney, in Cape Breton; before us, the glittering Atlantic, its white-caps catching and reflecting the summer sunlight. After a ten-hours' sail, peaks of rock emerged from the ocean to the north, and gradually grew into semblance as the queer little isles of St. Pierre and Miquelon, where a miniature France exists, all that is left of the New France of the old French Kings.

The Newfoundlanders prefer that their sea-indented home should be called the land of fish rather than the isle of frost or fog, for there indeed the Cod is King, though it is far more than

"Some place abroad
Where sailors fish for cod."

The fishermen of to-day draw from the same rich and inexhaustible harvest field of the deep as their forefathers, and the fruitful cod, flattened into homeliness, strewed the scores of drying platforms along the shore or were piled in conical heaps on the stones of the beach. Inside the harbor lay anchored a small fleet of "bankers" (as the native deep-sea fishing craft is called) unloading their catch, while another fleet of schooners were filling their holds with the salted product of the seas ready for the world's market. But before the cod finds its way to the breakfast table of a far distant consumer, it is first taken to St. John's, carried into one of the great whitewashed warehouses that line the water front, treated to a final coating of salt, and thrown into bins according to its quality and size.

The fisherfolk of Placentia are good types of the primitive ocean peasantry who populate the coves and bays of Newfoundland. Their sturdy stature and physique explain why Great Britain has for many a year drawn some of the best stock of her navy from the shores of her Atlantic dependency, and it further explains the wisdom of the recent decision to establish a naval reserve at St. John's.

The journey to the capital revealed

many quaint fishing coves. A narrow opening in the great perpendicular cliffs that face the Atlantic formed a natural sea entrance to Quidi Vidi near St. John's, and a narrower waterway between ugly rocks led to an inner harbor where a strange peace existed in comparison with the mournful restlessness of the ocean a few yards away.

Coming in, were three boats, manned by veritable sea-dogs in tarpaulin and long boots, their feet partially hidden in the heaps of fish. The morning catch had been a good one, so they said, as we stood on the rickety wharf and watched them pitchfork the cod from the lugger into the hut, where others of the crew beheaded and disembowelled the fish with remarkable quickness. Before the men had a chance to rest from their long hours of toil, the catch had to be salted and made ready for spreading on the drying platform.

Going out were other small-sailed craft, bobbing over the waves like corks, and looking fearsomely frail before the breakers outside the cove. Men must work while women work too, in these out-of the-way fishing hamlets, and the labor is a daily toil amid hardships and dangers. Times there are and many when women must weep—when the "Terra Nova" or the "Labrador" or the "White Wings" never returns, when an angry sea claims its human toll, when wives are made widows and children are made orphans by the cruel dash of an over-topping wave. A rude cross, with crude lettering, faced the sea, the wooden symbol of Calvary telling the story of the drowning of a crew of six or eight fishermen near the very feet of the jagged rock and within sight of their humble homes. The coasts of Newfoundland have been a graveyard for many a son of the old Isle.

Did you pause to notice the queer name of Quidi Vidi? It is a sample of the odd local nomenclature. Come-by-chance, Seldom-come-by, and Run-by-guess, are hyphenated specimens. Heart's Delight, and Heart's Content, and Heart's Desire, offset Deadman's Point, Cut Throat, Gallows' Cove, and Famish Cut. Comfort Bight, and Hope—all are encouraging as compared with Dead Island and Ragged Harbor; or you may have your choice of fishing for a precarious living in Push-Through or Step-Aside; in Dominoe or Dumpling, in Punch Bowl or Scrammy, or even Happy Adventure or Bare Need!

Or you may choose, as thirty thousand others have done, to settle in the fine old city of St. John's, the seat of Government; built upon a hillside and overlooking a deep harbor with an ocean entrance most dramatic and picturesque. Entering the Narrows from the Atlantic, a line of cliffs, a mile in length, loom up on either side, the deeply blue waters between forming a safe haven from storm and fog. Fishing huts and drying tables cling to the rocks, and at every turn are evidences of the fishery and maritime wealth of the capitol. A turn of the steamer reveals to the left the head of the harbor, and a panorama of the whole City capped by the towers of the Catholic and Episcopal Cathedrals. The view from the heights is a superb one under a clear sky, the lights and shades forming a composition of color that an artist might seek in vain to copy, but truth compels the statement that, under the influence of a Grand Banks fog, obliterating land and sea with its silent sweep, even St. John's becomes dreary and depressing, and one seeks the cheer of a grate fire to dispel the gloom.

Anchored in the harbor we found the Labrador sealing fleet. The seal-catching season only lasts for a few weeks in the early spring, the boats lying idle for the most part during the rest of the year. An exploration of the "Aurora" illustrated how staunchly this class of craft is built in order to successfully battle with waves and ice. The timbers are of the strongest, the braces are of the finest, the masts are of the stoutest, and all this is needed, for the pressure from a North Atlantic ice-floe is not to be despised.

The spacious tanks in one hold held one spring no less than thirty thousand seals —the large catch of a single boat, though their season only lasted for a few weeks. Here again, the tale of many a tragedy may be told. On a bright day of 1897, a sealing Schooner sailed into St. John's harbor with a gruesome freight, the bodies of some thirty men out of a crew of fifty that had perished on ice-floes away from their ship. The recovered bodies were frozen, the features retaining a perfect lifelikeness until exposed to warmth. One can but dimly imagine the grim procession of coffins that made its way up the steep streets of the city to the cemetery amid the wild cries or silent agony of the widowed and orphaned mourners. Thus the Atlantic claims its human toll from the sealers as well as from the fishers.

St. John's is also the centre of the whaling industry, which has recently been revived and prosecuted with new vessels and improved apparatus. A lull in the business for a few years had resulted in a considerable re-population of the Newfoundland waters, and the companies now operating have thus far been successful in capturing some huge specimens of these ocean monsters.

A new era dawned for the old island with the completion of the Newfoundland Railway for over five hundred miles, from St. John's to Port Aux Basque. No less than ten thousand men were employed on this great undertaking at one time. The opening of the new route has revealed a new world of scenic beauty. The great bays that penetrate the coast on all sides have a striking likeness to the fjords of Norway, a fact which has given ground for the claim that Newfoundland is the Norway of America.

The railway furthermore opened up hitherto inaccessible areas of agricultural lands in the interior, beside extensive timber belts and pulpwood forests. Iron and coal are known to exist in large quantities, as well as granite and marble. The greatest iron deposit is on Belle Island, off the coast of Conception Bay, on the east coast of Newfoundland. It is estimated that forty million tons of ore are in sight, which can be worked as in an open quarry and can be placed on board steamers for a little over a shilling a ton! Some of the richest specimens of the ore contain sixty-four per cent. of iron. The island was recently sold for a million dollars to the great iron and steel company operating at Sydney, Cape Breton. The staple product of the island is as yet the fisheries, the annual value reaching over a million and a quarter pounds, the cod fisheries representing the greater percentage, the seal and lobster fisheries equalling each other, and the herring and salmon coming last on the list.

The trade returns of the Newfoundland total over three million pounds. Her largest customer is Brazil, next in order coming Great Britain, Portugal, the United States, Gibraltar, and Canada.

One may venture to predict that the twentieth century history of the King's oldest colony will be a far different one from that of the former centuries—that its mineral and timber wealth will be utilized, its commerce expanded, its agricultural lands settled upon, its limited population increased, its scenic beauties appreciated by the tourist, and its fish and game attractions become known to the fisherman and hunter. Then if its annexation to Canada could be carried into effect, the dream of the founders of the Canadian Confederation would come true, and the Isle of Fishers would even more rapidly develop in wealth and importance.

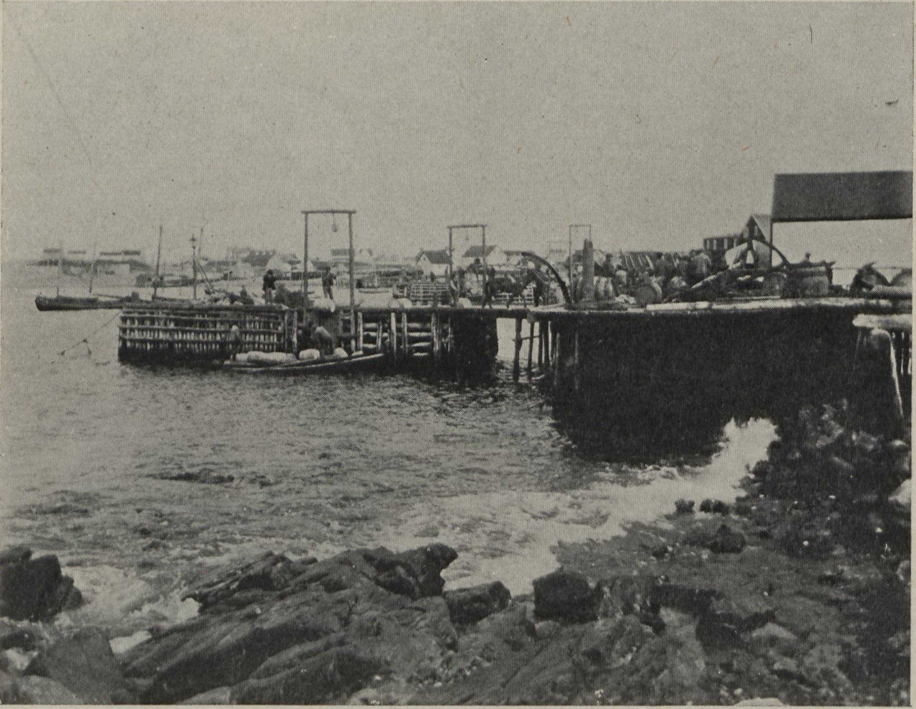
A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING COVE AND VILLAGE.

QUIDI VIDI COVE, NEAR ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

CITY AND VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

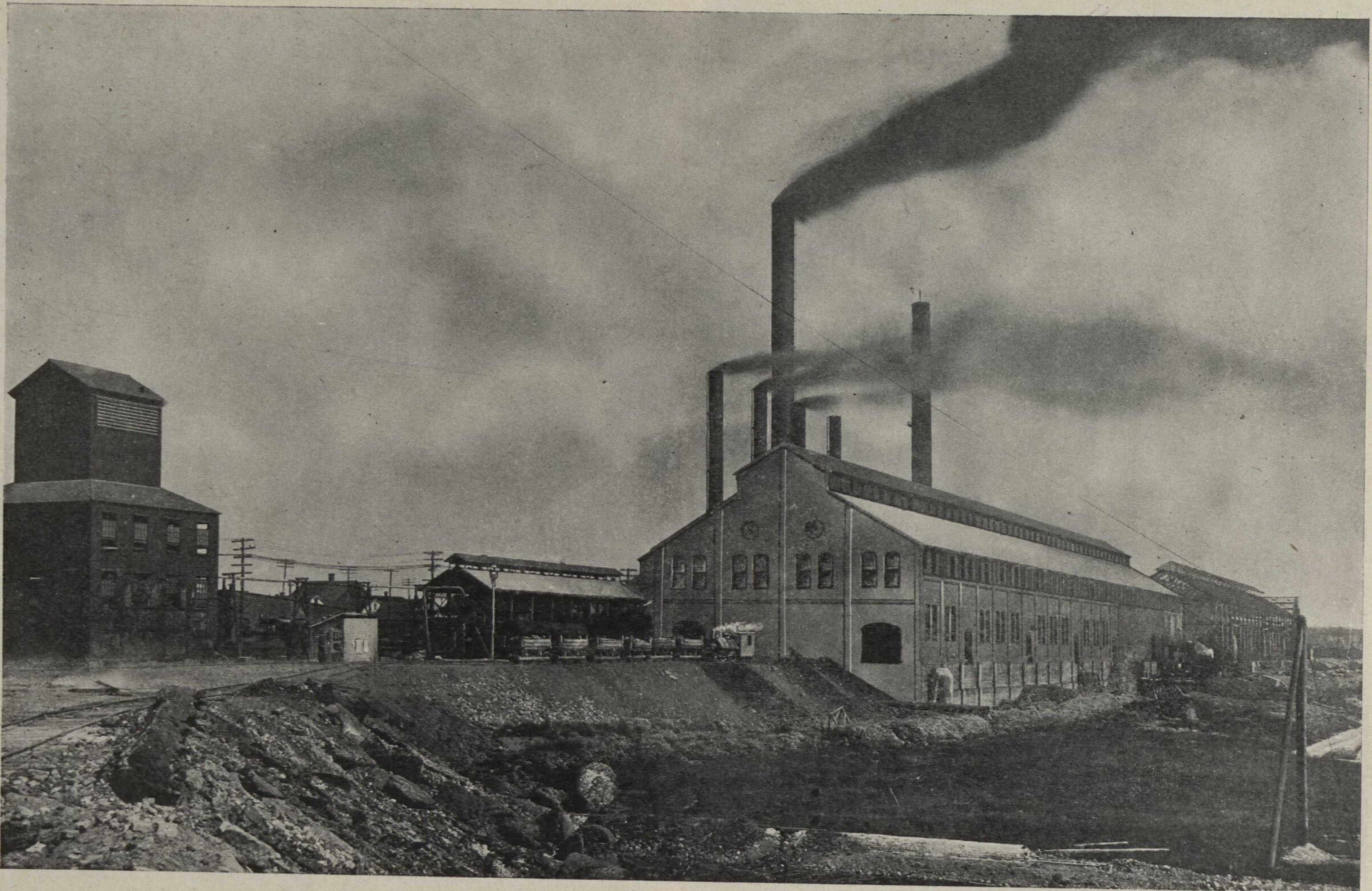
ENTRANCE TO ST. JOHN'S HARBOR, NEWFOUNDLAND.

LANDING FISH AT TORBAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

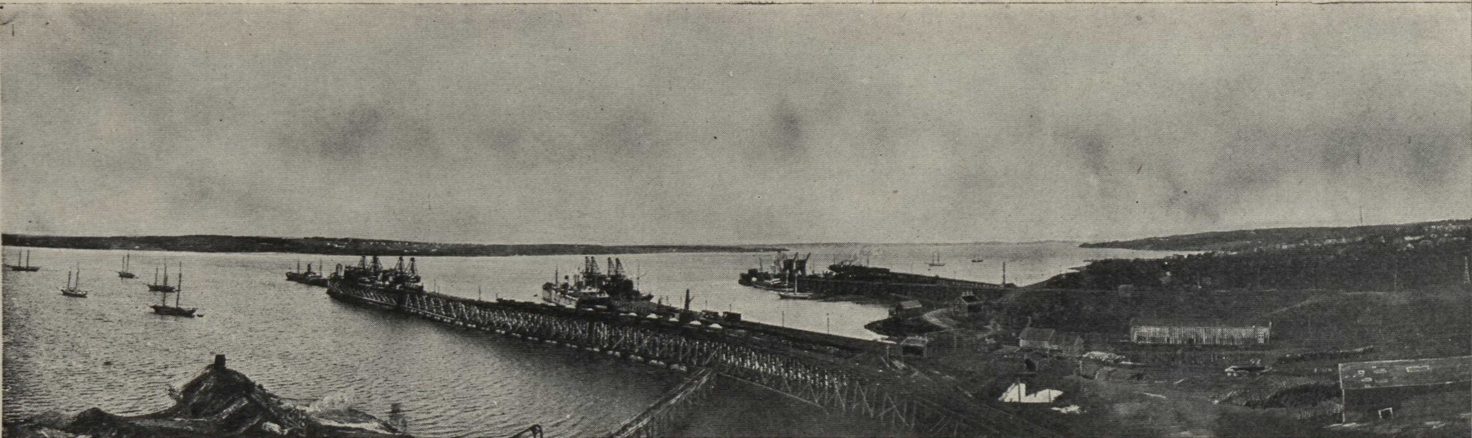


A NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE.

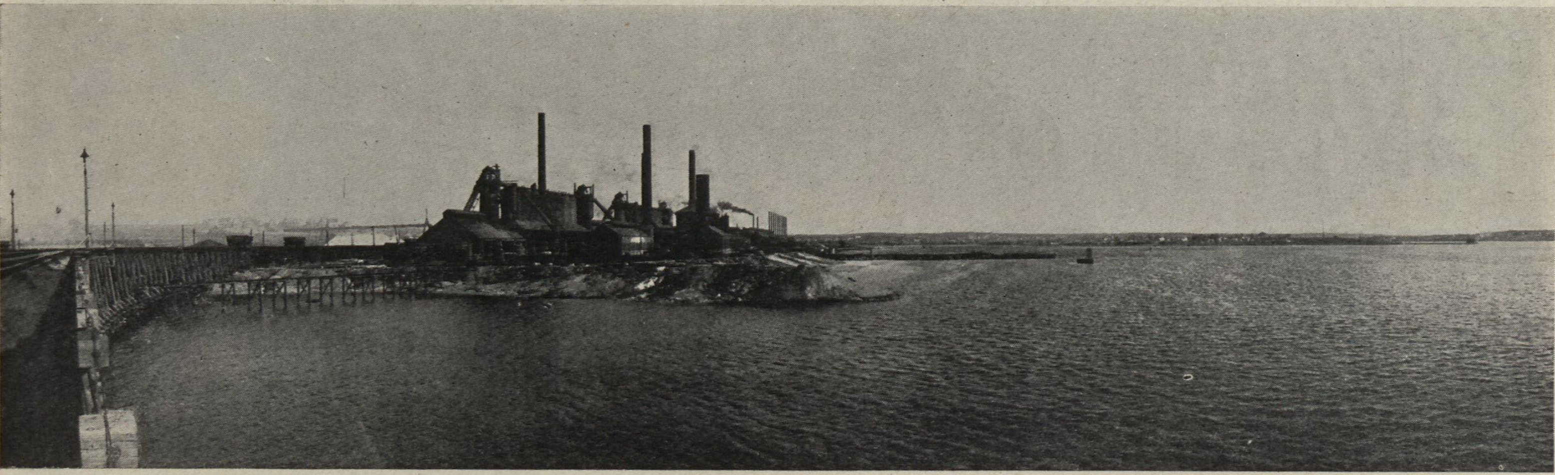
PICTURES OF OLD MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA



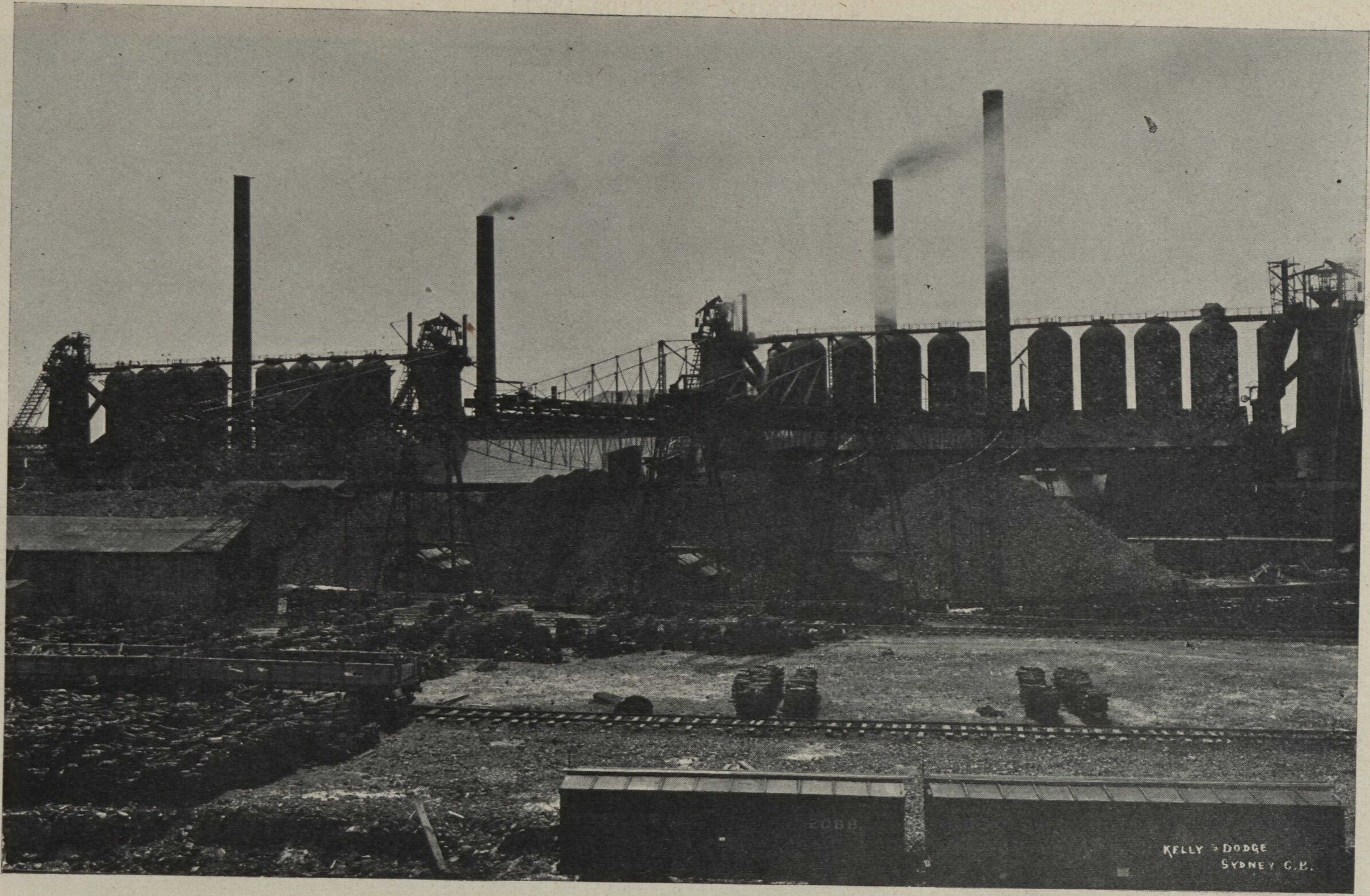
BLOOMING MILL, SYDNEY, C.B.



PIERS, SYDNEY, C.B.



BLAST FURNACES, SYDNEY, C.B.



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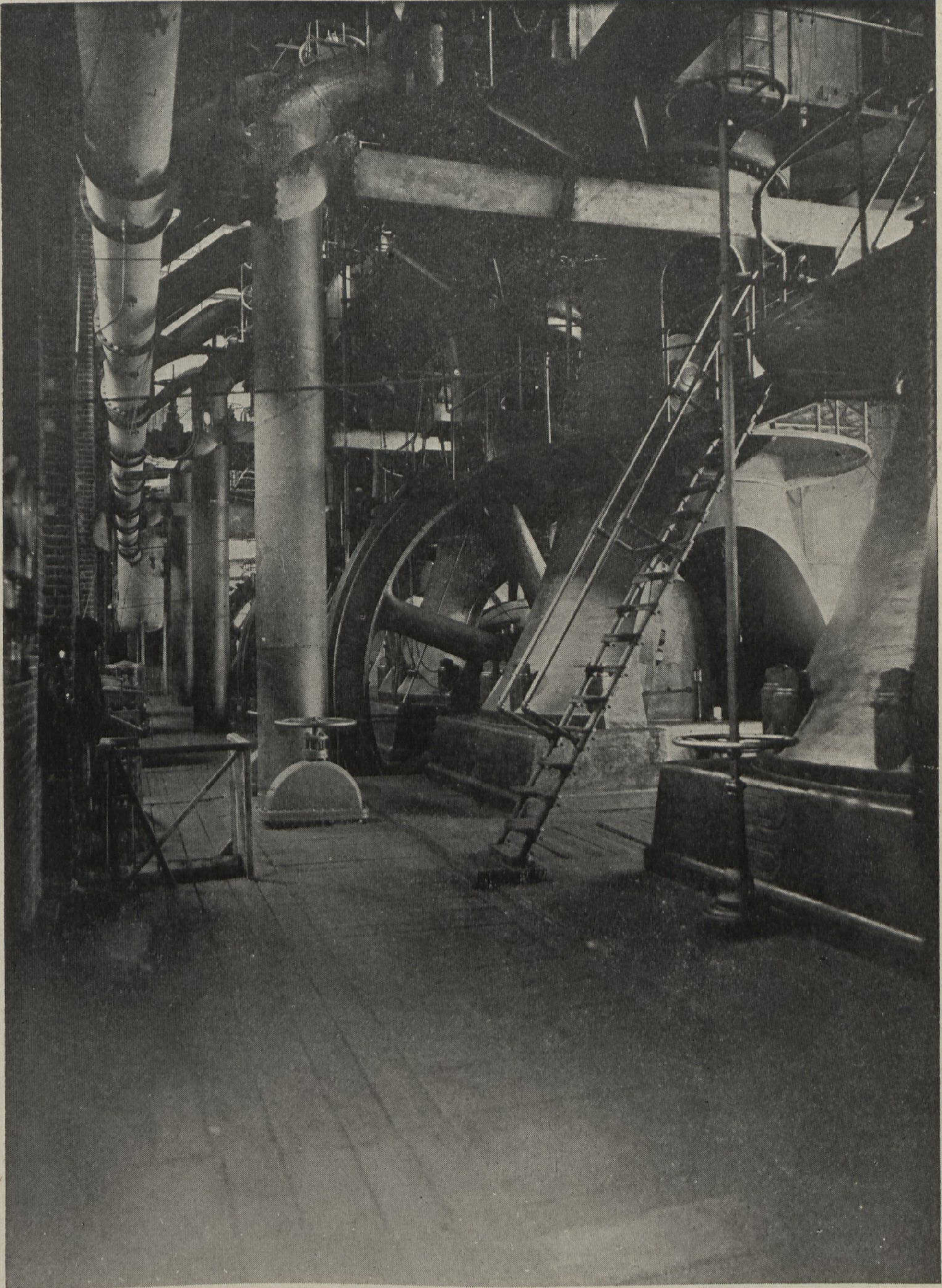
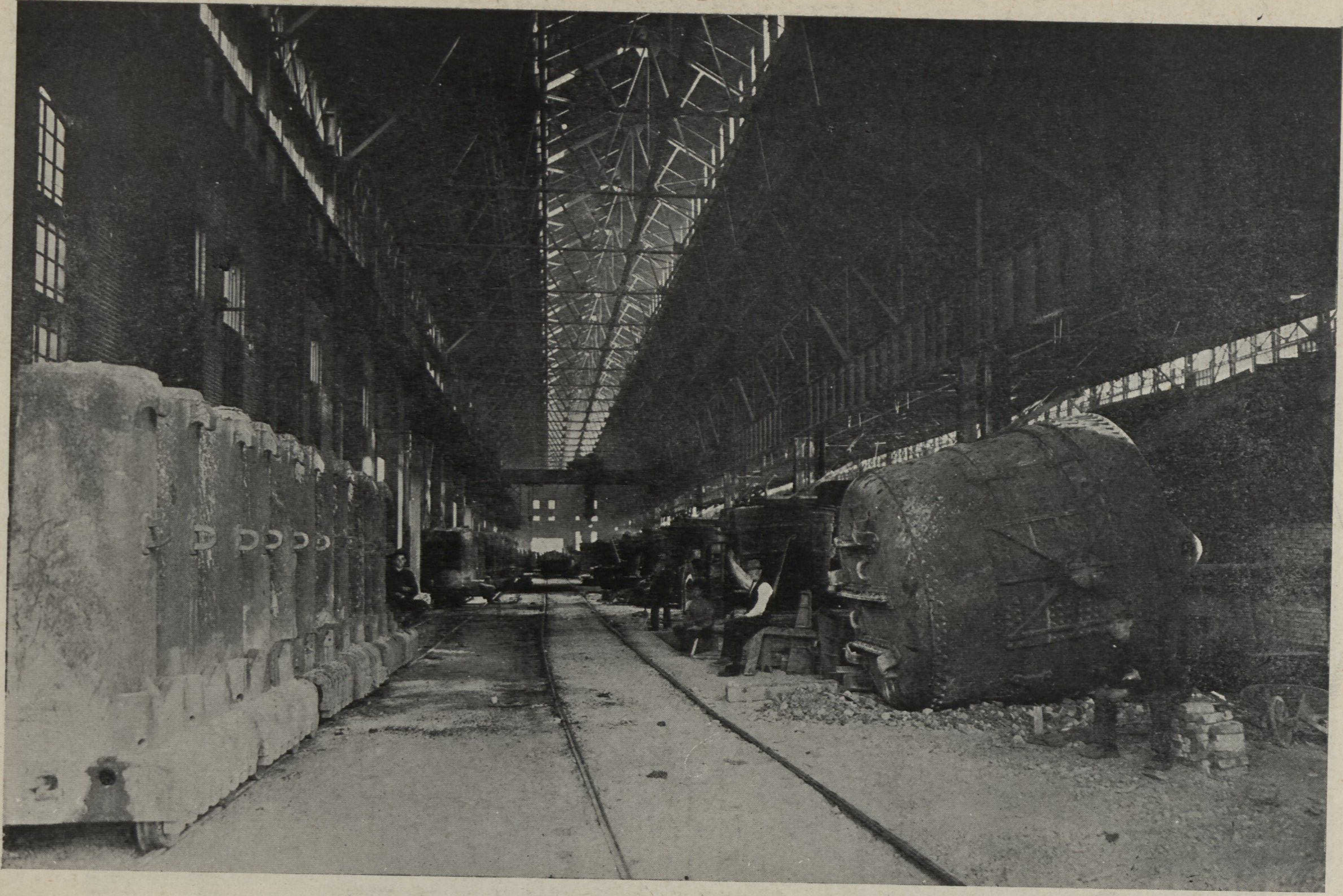
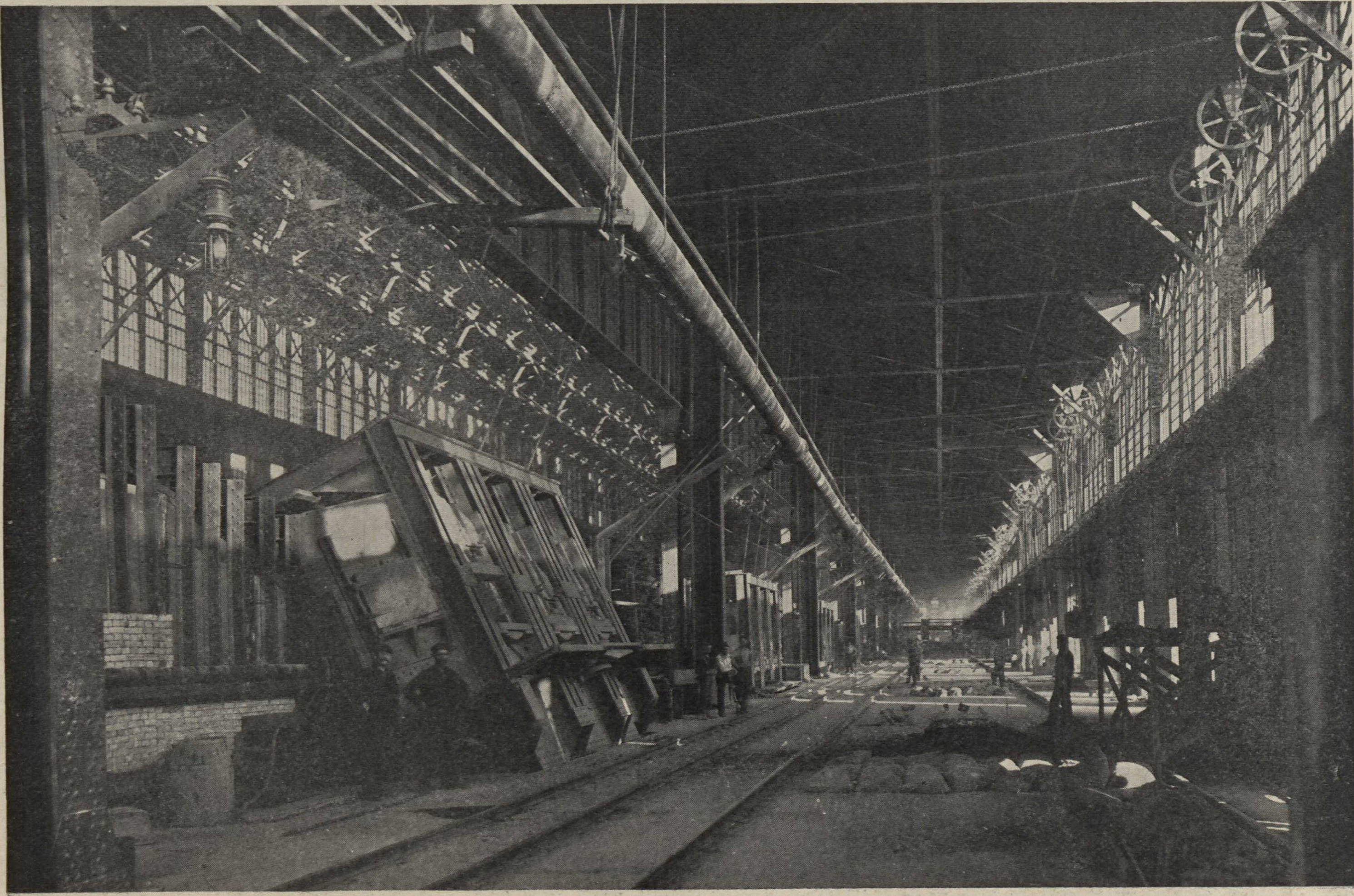


BLOWING ENGINES, SYDNEY, C.B.



INTERIOR OF OPEN HEARTH (EAST SIDE), SYDNEY, C.B.



INTERIOR OF OPEN HEARTH (WEST SIDE), SYNDEY, C,B,

PENELOPE'S CHRISTMAS AT HOME

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

PENELOPE'S brother was one of the "Triumvirate"; the Triumvirate was a Bohemian oligarchy of Canadian bachelors who lived directly below the eaves of a New York flat-house and were their own cooks and housekeepers; and Penelope, with all due respect for the proprieties, wished to play at keeping house with them instead of subsisting miserably on the broken meats of a boarding house.

She chose the only way in which another member could be added to the Triumvirate without changing its name; that is to say, she and "the Squire" were duly made one. It was a way that was quite satisfactory to the Squire. It was a way, indeed, that he was accused by the other two of having suggested to her. And thereafter their co-operative housekeeping became a sort of "fairy-godmothered bachelordom" with a woman in the house.

Her brother, "Marcus Aurelius," whose Christian name was Mark, had no objections, he said, to "committing matrimony in his sister's name." And "Isaac Walton," so called because he had once been on a fishing trip, and "had lived ever since on the fish he had caught"—by writing fishing stories for the magazines—declared that his fiction had been suffering, like Kipling's and Stevenson's, for want of a model for his women, and welcomed the coming of Penelope as his opportunity to remedy his one great defect. The only flaw in the arrangement was the merely financial one from which the Triumvirate had always suffered; and that, as Marcus Aurelius philosophically remarked, was one which their creditors would notice more than they.

It was brought home to them, however, with the approach of Christmas; and when Penelope came into their common "study" from an excursion to market on the morning of the 20th of the month, she surprised them in a solemn conclave which the suddenness of her entrance did not give them time to adjourn. They faced her with the studied innocence of a party of raided anarchists. She sat down in a cane chair and took off her hat. "Well," she said with sarcasm, as she ruffled up her pompadour, "what's the joke?"

"Penelope," her brother replied, "you forget that you're only a woman and have no sense of humor."

"I supposed," she said, "that you were considering the size of your Christmas donations to the hospitals." She smiled at her husband, but he looked so uncomfortably grave that she rose with a good-natured laugh. "I see I'm not wanted. I don't think I take my fun quite seriously enough to join in—in festivities like these." She nodded over her shoulder to them as she shut the door.

Then Isaac Walton said: "You're bound to let her go."

"Well, it wasn't exactly in our marriage contract," the Squire replied, "but it's been an understood thing between us that she was to spend this Christmas in Canada. I know she'll be disappointed." He fingered the veil of her hat. "The trouble is, I don't happen to have more than half a million of the needful right at hand—and she has to have decent clothes—and she has to have pocket-money while she's there—and the only story I have unpaid for is with Murray's, and they don't pay till publication."

"Now look here," Isaac broke out. "You're not the only spade in this hole. She's darned my—half-hose—till there's not two square inches of the original wool left in them"—

"Oh pshaw," the Squire said.

"And she's nursed me," Marcus Aurelius put in, "through grippe, bankruptcy and the hives, this Fall. I got a claim here, too."

"That's awfully decent of you fellows of course," the Squire began to object.

"And you'll have plenty to pay us back after Christmas," Isaac interrupted. "We'd be a darned poor lot if we couldn't advance a little loan"—

"And she may talk of not wanting to leave you," Marcus Aurelius added, "but you know she's set her heart on having this Christmas with the folk. They're used to making a fuss with Christmas trees and a family reunion."

"I suppose she has," the Squire conceded. "She needs cheering up anyway. It's been blue around here lately—with rejections."

"That settles it," Isaac said. "How much are you worth, Marc?"

"In cash or expectations?" the philosopher counter-questioned warily.

"Cash or realty."

Marc made a careful search of all his pockets, and laid on the table one dollar and fifty-two cents, a pearl-handled penknife, a carved ivory watch-charm, and an autograph letter—one of a collection on which he spent all his spare money. "That," he said, spreading the letter, "is—or ought to be—worth twenty-five dollars. It was given to me five years ago—and I was going to sell it anyway. I have some others I can part with, and shed no more than 'a few sad drops.' And I've the first edition that the mug in 23rd street offered to buy."

Meanwhile Isaac had been considering. "There's the suit-case I borrowed from my brother last summer," he said. "It was worth fifteen dollars when it was young. And I've a lot of old 'duds' and books and things that I can 'hang up' for a while. What have you, Squire?"

"Twenty dollars ready money, and one bird on the wing," he said, meaning a manuscript out seeking a publisher. "A homing pigeon it is, too, I'll bet. I can't pawn anything. She'd miss it."

"How much will it cost?"

He pursed up his mouth. "Thirty dollars for her fare there and back. And she can't get a decent outfit short of—a hundred" He was calculating with a man's helpless ignorance of the cost of feminine apparel.

"One hundred and ten dollars," Isaac said, "to be begged, borrowed, or stolen before Christmas—and this is the twentieth. Well, I'll do the begging. It's in my line. Squire, you can"—

"Thanks," the Squire growled. "That seems to be in *my* line, all right."

"And Marcus, you"—

"Oh, don't mention it. Don't mention it," Marc said.

They separated to shut themselves in their rooms. Then Isaac made a secret exit from the back door of the flat, carrying a bulging suit-case in one hand and a parcel of books in the other—"to balance." Marcus went through his beloved collection and pocketed a willing sacrifice of his best. And the Squire sat down before an unfinished manuscript and figured in dollars and cents on the margin of it, like a second Balzac.

After Penelope had retired for the night, one conspirator after the other tiptoed to the dining-room—which was at the end of the flat most remote from "Benedict's Hall"—and there covertly opened a bottle of ale and lit their pipes. There was a silence of deep puffs. Marc said solemnly: "How much?"

Isaac spread his palms. "Dree dollars und sevendy-vive zends for de gaze."

Marcus Aurelius grunted. "Gosh! How much for the clothes?"

"Ach Himmel! De glothes!" Isaac sighed. "I used to think a heap of those clothes."

"I know," the Squire sympathized. "Whenever I see a Willy doing Fifth Avenue in his new creases, I have that consolation—they'd look like thirty cents on a pawn ticket."

"How much?" Marc insisted.

Isaac groaned. "Five dollars for my 'Sunday blacks,' my only public trousers, and a Fall overcoat."

His watch, being of some value as an antiquity," had brought four dollars, and his books two dollars and twenty cents. His gross return, therefore, from his "sacrifice sale," as he called it, was $14.95. "If I can pay fifty cents on the dollar," he said, "it's my limit."

Marc shook his head. His watch—being gold—had brought $8.00. Three letters had sold for $18.75. His much-prized first edition, a relic of his father's library, had gone for $11.00. "And I couldn't buy them back for a hundred," he complained. "That's the difference between selling—and being sold."

The Squire added up the figures. "Fifty-two seventy," he announced. "My twenty makes seventy-two." He took a long drink. "Well, she'll have to do it on that."

Isaac lifted a reflective eyebrow. "It wouldn't be modest of me to part with any more clothes. I'm not tattooed."

The Squire snorted smoke indignantly through his nose. "Rather not," he said. "It's darned decent of you two. You've done too much already." He frowned over a new difficulty. "How am I going to give it to her?"

They smoked on that. Isaac suggested: "Santa Claus?"

Marc added: "Andrew Carnegie."

"Well, if you're going on that line," the Squire sneered, "why couldn't one of us get an acceptance?"

Isaac Walton pointed at him with the stem of his pipe. "Tag! You're it," he said. "Leave it to me."

His hand was forced, next morning, by finding in their letter-box a long envelope addressed to the Squire; and in literary Bohemia the long envelope means "the fact that the manuscript, which you have been so kind as to submit, has been found unavailable for our uses," etc., etc. Isaac smuggled it to the Squire, who confirmed his worst fears. "It's the only one I have out," he said, "and she knows it."

"Hold on, now," Isaac encouraged him. "It isn't a printed slip, is it?"

"No. . . . No; he says he 'should be pleased to take this story,' but although 'it is virile and strong,'—yah! yah! yah! —it's too brutal in places."

Isaac cried out a chortle, seized the letter and a bottle of ink eradicator which they used on manuscripts, and locked himself in his room with the typewriter.

And when the Squire, at luncheon, opened the envelope which Isaac brought to him as newly delivered by the postman, the contents read: "We should be pleased to accept this story. It is virile and strong. A check will be sent to you at the end of the week."

The Squire flourished it at Penelope. "There's your trip home."

She caught it from him. "Goody, goody!" she cried, stroking out the folds in the paper with a tender palm. "Why, what funny-looking typewriting!"

They gathered behind her, winking over her head. "Huh," the Squire said, "I suppose something happened their machine. They seem to have used another one after 'strong'."

"They certainly do," Penelope frowned.

"Well," her brother argued, "as long as they send the check"—

"And I notice by the tailors' ads," Isaac said, "that large checks are fashionable, this year."

Penelope laughed. "All right," she agreed, "I'll wear the most of this one."

It was arranged, then, that she should separate from her husband on the day before Christmas, in the early morning. It was decided by her, later, that she should not take her train until Christmas Eve, after an anticipatory celebration of which she was to have full charge. And finally it was stipulated that owing to the poverty of the bachelors—for which they invented the most glib and amazing excuses—there was to be no exchange of gifts; they

would have a festival dinner, and then they would escort Penelope to her train.

To all of which Penelope innocently agreed. She was so busy shopping for her journey that there was apparently no room in her mind for any suspicion of the check—which came while she was out and was cashed before her return. She accepted $70 of it with a selfish eagerness that filled the Squire for a moment with a treasonable disappointment. And she went so happily about the preparations for her departure that no shadow of the common cloud that hung over the household seemed to pass across her smiling brightness and high spirits.

They sat down to their Christmas Eve dinner at five o'clock so that she might easily catch her train at half-past eight; and when Marcus Aurelius saw the spread of dishes for them, he looked apprehensively at the clock. "Do you think we'll have time?" he said.

The Squire came in from the kitchen. "Where did you get the money for all this stuff?" he demanded suspiciously.

She waved him aside with a table-napkin. "I'll tell you later," she said. "I've a speech to make when we come to the toasts. Don't spoil it now."

He saw a secret in the mischievous sparkle of her eyes. "What is it?" he asked.

"Aw, please don't, dear," she pleaded. "I'll tell you later."

Isaac whispered to Marcus Aurelius: "We've only two dollars to feed on for the next two weeks or so. Fill up!"

They proceeded to fill up, to an accompaniment of laughter and amazement as Penelope's dinner developed course by course. For the two bachelors it was a game of "Open your mouth and shut your eyes"; and the grins and gurgles of delight with which they received each dish, set Penelope laughing till she choked. For the Squire it was a Belshazzar's feast with the handwriting to follow, a banquet of Damocles with a hair that was doomed to split, a dinner at a strange cafe when you know that you are going to come to the desert and find that your pocket has been picked. Penelope had evidently catered for the meal with the understanding that she had only received, as yet, $70 of a hundred dollar check!

When she brought in Havana cigars to accompany their coffee, the Squire felt that his time had come. "My dear," he said, in a tone of faltering reproof, "have you been spending your trip money on us?"

She jumped to her feet, blushing with excitement. She jerked the hurried burlesque of a bow. "Fellow-triumviratians," she said, "let me observe"—

"Hear, hear!" Isaac applauded.

"Shut up, you clam," Marcus said. "Can't you let the lady observe?"

"A thing which *you*," she retorted, "have apparently not observed—namely, that the editor of the ——— magazine, being a purist, always spells 'check' with a q-u-e."

Isaac looked up at her quickly from the lighting of his cigar.

"What? What's that?" the Squire said. "Not so fast."

"And also," she added, "that our typewriter has a defective 'c'." Isaac's match flickered and went out. "Read Sherlock Holmes, Mr. 'Walton', and avoid forgery."

She paused to get her breath. Isaac was a guilty red. The Squire blinked with the brain's quick focus on a new view of the situation, and then smiled sheepishly down his nose at his cigar. Only Marcus Aurelius preserved a classic innocence of eye.

"Let me observe further," she laughed, "that there does not seem to be a watch left in the flat. And when I went to Mr. Isaac's wardrobe for garments to repair, I found several hooks empty that formerly supported Sunday wear."

Isaac Walton made a horrid grimace. Marcus turned to him with a look of stern suspicion. "What's this, Ikey?" he accused him.

"This was strange," she said.

"Well, rather," Marc agreed.

"Strange also"—She addressed the philosopher with an oratorical flourish—"passing strange, was the absence of *the* first edition from its accustomed place on yon shelf. And unless my eyes have deceived me, several autograph letters have been lost to the collection of Marcus Aurelius, no less."

Isaac "Ho-ho'd" at him. Marc said brazenly: "I had to buy some Christmas presents to send home."

She shook her head. "These evidences of a conspiracy to deceive an unsuspecting woman have been strengthened and confirmed by the unusual poverty of the flat and the fact that there are only two dollars in my husband's pockets instead of thirty-five or forty."

The Squire looked up at her with an affected composure. "My dear," he said, "if you are going to catch your train home, you'd better cut off this eloquence."

She replied evenly: "There seems to be some misunderstanding about that word 'home'. This happens to be my home, now, and I'm going to spend my Christmas here."

She waited for the storm of protest to subside. "As for the shopping which I have been doing," she continued calmly, "if you will come into the front room I'll preside over a Christmas-tree distribution of booby prizes for unsuccessful conspirators, as soon as our neighbor across the hall brings in the tree."

Isaac beat his head with a despairing hand. Marcus Aurelius lay back in his chair and howled. "What—what nonsense!" the Squire protested.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that you've lost your pawn tickets."

They sat up to search through their pockets in amazement.

"But your clothes and your watches are on the lower branches, and there are several things on the upper ones which you need more than first editions. . . . Well?"

The uproar that followed came near to being a serious breach of the public peace. And when the loaded Christmas tree was carried in, the Triumvirate set up such an earth-shaking dance of whirling dervishes about it that the janitor himself came up breathless to them from the depths and darkness of the basement. "Here! here!" he gasped, "youh're knockin' all the tessalature off the ceilin's down below there."

They dragged him in. They tipped him all around. They wished him a merry Christmas. "Are you having a good time down below?" they asked.

"So, so," he grinned. "We're not much on celebratin'."

"Why don't you send your wife home?" Marcus Aurelius joked.

He winked. "She wouldn't go."

"That," the Squire said, as he ushered him out, "that is exactly what has happened here." He turned to his wife. "Penelope, if you are to spend Christmas with us, I must really ask you to make less noise."

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

BY EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

February, London.

I had my first ride yesterday in a horseless carriage. On the whole I prefer the horses, but still it has some advantages.

"It doesn't shy at papers
As they blow along the street;
It cuts no silly capers
On the dashboard with its feet;
It doesn't paw the sod up all around the hitching post;
It doesn't scare at shadows as a man would at a ghost;
It doesn't gnaw the manger,
It doesn't waste the hay,
Nor put you into danger
When the brass bands play."

I drove to 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, for forty-seven years the home of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle. The sound-proof chamber where the crabbed seer wrote "Frederic" is in the attic. Every inch of the house was interesting, even the closets, which Mrs. Carlyle described as roomy enough to satisfy any Bluebeard.

I touched the copies of Carlyle's works as sacred things, and why not? His writings were no mere empty masks. You can feel his heart-beats in them. To no philosopher, historian or essayist, can we attribute greater critical acumen, more piercing insight, or fearful fluency, than to this venerable sage of Chelsea. And how the unholy public have turned him inside out! We are told that he was acrimonious, a soul-pickled misanthrope, an old scalded baby, a mangler of his unhappy wife. Nevertheless, none but a man with well-nigh unfathomable depths of love in his heart could pat the marble hands of William of Wykeham's statue.

Froude has told us too much about his peevishness, his gloom, his domestic dissensions, and we poor silly bats have listened, and on the altar of our curiosity have immolated Carlyle with bloody ceremonies. Few look at his other side. His wife's carpings were often the result of tingling nerves and "low spirits," yet he prepared her letters for publication. He hid no evidence of his thoughtlessness or neglect, but made an atonement as bitter as it was magnanimous—What more could a great soul do?

February, London.

Having received permission from the Deputy Master of Royal Mint, I went to see how the coin of the realm was made. It is an interesting operation. Each press can stamp and mill one hundred and twenty coins per minute.

A great deal of Colonial coin is minted here, although there are mints in India and Australia. Everywhere one looked, were great piles of gold. It has been pointed out that there are no gold mines to speak of in England, but yet it has more gold than in all other countries. In the waiting room is a collection of medals and coins and a skeleton cube 33 3-8 inches in length, showing the size of £1,000,000 worth of standard gold in mass.

I felt pathetically poor, and as if I badly needed the Gold Cure (not the Keeley) but tried hard to think that after all, "this was only a common place of solid granite where they turn out dollars and rubbish of that kind."

* * * * * * *

Having secured an "Open Sesame" to Newgate, I was duly admitted to this gruesome gehenna. Strength and durability are written on every line of its

thickly-massed masonry. Its smeared face has passed into an adage, for one often hears the expression "black as Newgate."

In the room where criminals were pinioned before execution, the guards show the axe that was used for decapitating the bodies which had been hung. The corpses are covered with quick-lime and buried under the paving stones in the "Bird-cage walk," a passage covered only with cross-bars of iron. Newgate is much the same as other prisons:

> "The grated bars and iron-studded door,
> The cold, bare walls and chilly pavement floor,
> The hammock, table, stool and pious book,
> The jailor's stealthy tread and jealous look."

Since 1868 the public have not been admitted to executions, which formerly took place on a scaffold known as "Black Meggie." In 1882 Newgate was condemned as a prison and will shortly be torn down. Among others imprisoned here were DeFoe, Dr. Dodds who was hanged for forgery, and preached his own funeral sermon in the chapel on Acts xvi. 23; Sackville and Withers the poets, and Penn for street preaching. Lord George Gordon died in Newgate from jail distemper.

The prisoners are of a different stamp to-day. One may read "a dead soul's epitaph on every face." They are men without even hope. Some go insane. They are "God's children," for so the poor call the mad. A pall of sin and misery hangs over the whole place. The very shadows are a crushing weight.

Newgate stands for "the abomination of desolation."

CHAPTER XII.

THE THREE TOWNS.

Plymouth, March 30th.

We have been six weeks in Plymouth and leave to-morrow on "The Flying Dutchman" for London, going *via* Bath, Bristol and Exeter.

It is quite warm here. The air has an indefinable softness but withal an inebriating effect. It may be that we miss the bracing Canadian climate, for there has been no snow all winter. The weather has been such as we have at home in the latter part of October. The English know little, if anything, of the ugly moods and wild caprices of nature. Their climate does not inconvenience them, nor do sudden changes of temperature make the exhausting demands that we must perforce meet in Canada.

Plymouth is divided into three parts: Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport. Its population is 350,000, but it is only a "town," for there is no cathedral here. The streets are nearly all up-climbing. On the steep acclivities the terraces of houses present a curious, half-tipped appearance, as if resting on one knee.

The park that stands on the height of land, is called "Freedom Field." The soil thereabouts is rich in blood, for in 1648, after a four years' siege, the Plymouth Roundheads made their final and victorious stand against the Cavaliers who were commanded by Prince Maurice. This is recorded as "The Great Deliverance." It might be called "Freedom Field" too. because it is open at night and is a trysting place of questionable or rather unquestionable character, for the soldiers, marines, and girls of the lowest stratum of society. The morals of this quarter are notoriously lax and will not bear microscopic examination. It is said that among the servant girls such a thing as virtue is almost unknown, and as for the soldiers and sailors, while they enjoy a reputation for bravery, they do not for morality.

We spent a morning in the dockyards at Devonport and had to give our names at the receipt of customs and have it vouched by a well-known citizen that we were not dangerous people sent to spy out the land.

The dockyards are being enlarged and

when completed will be the finest in the world. Six thousand men are employed on the works and the annual wages paid amount to $2,500,000.

Under the care of a policeman, we went through *The Ocean,* which was launched last year by the Princess Louise, and is now being fitted with machinery. It is the flagship and the narrow gallery which runs around the bow is the Admiral's coign of vantage from whence he directs the battle. The vessel is heavily armour-plated over the boilers and magazines, but the bow and stern are mere shells, so that if a ball struck at either end, it would go through the vessel and do less harm than if it exploded inside. *The Ocean's* largest guns, which do good work at fifteen miles, are of forty-six ton weight and are made of wire so that they expand in quick-firing. She also carries some twelve-pound Hotchkiss guns. The naval authorities believe with Tacitus that the gods are on the side of the strongest. Other ships were being built, too: "Titanic forces taking birth" that one day will carry mutilation and death in their brazen throats.

All the iron and steel required for ship-building are cast in the smithies on the dock, and here, too, the machinery is made. The lighting plants are manufactured and dynamos tested in the electrical shops. The cordage, with its one strand of colored thread, is chiefly the handiwork of women and girls. A large department of the work is the manufacture and repair of buoys, each one being given an appropriate name, such as *The Knight Errant.*

The Phoebe, a trim snow-white cruiser, had just arrived from the West Coast of Africa. As the clock struck twelve, the sailors poured out of the vessel on the "noon leave." Each man carried a bag containing curios, which our guide told us they would sell to dealers. Jack ashore is a queer fish out of water. He earns his money like a horse, and spends it like an ass. All attempts to indue him with self-restraint seem to be abortive—even chains and bad health do not purge his bad soul.

A few days after our first visit we saw *The Implacable,* a first-class battleship, launched from its slip in these yards by Lady Edgecumbe. Great interest was centred on the vessel—this modern Prometheus chained upon the rock. Sooty-faced, hard-handed workmen stood with the gathered thousands to see the child of their rearing take its first steps. When the moment came for the props to fall, we all held our breath: there was a dead silence followed by a deafening acclaim, for at last "she walks the water like a thing of life." The new battleship has a displacement of 15,000 tons and 15,000 indicated horse-power. She will have a speed of 18 knots, an armament of 40 guns and a complement of 750 men.

There are four regiments stationed at Devonport. Passing the Raglan Barracks one day, we were seized with a desire to go inside and see where the awkward squad were beaten into shape. We endeavored to secure an entrance at one gate but the sentry gave us a decided refusal. It was rather dampening to our feelings, but by dint of bribery and corruption we were more successful at the next. Once inside, we expected to be arrested as trespassers or "catch it" in some way or other, but with quakings and knee-shakings, we pushed on and addressed ourselves to some important person of the Falstaffian order, who asked no troublesome questions, but called a private and told him to bring us to Corporal S——, of Company G, and tell him to show us whatever we desired.

A rattling game of football was being played with more vigor than science. The contestants were burly, strongly-knit fellows "wanton as youthful goats and wild as young bulls." It is a fit pastime for those whose business it is to kill men.

Corporal S—— was a milky-complex-

ioned chap, and by no means a mine of information, but by extraordinary diplomacy, we managed to secure some little information. We thoroughly " did " the barracks of Company O. The recreation room is large, contains papers, a billiard table, and games in plenty. Most of the books read appeared to be of the " penny-dreadful " variety. The canteen is at one end of the room. In the bed-rooms soldiers were furbishing up their accoutrements and pipe-claying their leathers. Each soldier sleeps in an iron cot, which folds up and consists of " three biscuits "—a military term for one pillow and two blankets. His meals are served in the room where he sleeps. It is an old saying, that an army marches on its stomach. This being the case, Thomas Atkins should be a good walker, for his *regimen* is decidedly " halesome farin'." That day for dinner his rations consisted of meat, bread, potatoes and vegetables in generous quantity.

The kitchen was scrupulously clean, and the smell of the food was appetizing. The white linened soldier chef who makes " things to eat," is trained at the Aldershot school of cookery, and can perform culinary feats that would drive an ordinary cook crazy. A one-hundred-pound meat pie does not stagger him. He can tell you off-hand to the very ounce how much flour, pepper, salt and meat are required. He can cook in-doors and out-doors, with or without a stove, or on any kind of a stove used in the British Army. He is so well-trained in domestic economy and in the science of utilizing " truck 'ats just a-going to waste " that he could almost make buckle and strap meet on a country clergyman's income. For his skilled service the cook gets 84 cents a week extra for three years; afterwards, his pay is raised to $1.37 a week, which is an El Dorado of treasure for a private.

Half a dozen merry roisterers were doing twenty-four hours in the guard house, under the charge of an armed sentry. A closer acquaintance with the average private does not tend to enhance your ideas of him. He is much glorified by his military outfit, and could not be better described than in scriptural language, as " Butter in a lordly dish."

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The streets leading to the Barbican docks pass through a congested district of disease-breeding rookeries, and noisome courts, mostly inhabited by seafaring people, the men who have " little to earn and many to keep." The docks are a Babel of odors, sights, and sounds.

Fishing sloops, three and four deep, hundreds of them, form into " a line of black that bends and floats on the rising tide." The innumerable spars recall to the mind's eye the burnt pines of our own forests.

An eager, struggling crowd bidded, jabbered, and jostled around the big hauls of fish, that lay on the greasy flags. Slimy, tar-grimed old " sea-dogs " emptied great baskets at our feet. Mackerels, pilchards, John Dories, soles, turbots, lobsters and other queer fish, till there seemed a sufficiency to supply the Kingdom.

It was from this Barbican that *The Mayflower* sailed. Under the chaperonage of a shock-headed laddie, I set out to find the identical spot of embarkation. It was marked by a plain slab bearing the figures 1620. The quay has been built out a stone's cast, but this was the old dock-edge. I have heard it said in England, that the way of the transgressor was the shortest way to America. It was not so in those days. With all their failings, the Pilgrims were the right stock to create a new nation whose people should be lovers of civil liberty.

Near the docks, and facing the sea, is the promenade called *The Hoe,* on which a monument has been erected in memory of the deliverance from the Armada of Spain. It bears the text *Flavit est dissipati sunt.* It was while playing boles

here, that Drake sighted the Armada, and said, "There is time enough to play the game out and thrash the Spaniards afterwards."

On the Hoe stands the old Eddystone lighthouse, known as Smeaton's Tower. It stood on the Eddystone Point for one hundred and twenty years, when the rock began to give way beneath it. I ascended by stairs, above which is the living-apartment, with a coffin-like bed, and around the walls the words, "Except the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it." The topmost room was where the lanterns hung. It is surrounded by a gallery railed in with iron. The view from this point is rhapsody-inspiring and is said to be unequalled for beauty by anything in England, taking in as it does a radius of one hundred miles. In a distance of magnificent sublimity, the veiled mountains of Cornwall, loomed vaguely, and waved a tempting invitation to speed thitherwards. Sixteen miles out, stands the new Eddystone lighthouse, and closer still is Rennie's wall. The weight of stone in this huge breakwater is equal that of the great Pyramid of Egypt. It is one mile long, 360 feet wide, 50 feet high, and cost $10,000,000. It hurls back the heavy seas that used to beat in from the south, bringing so many wreckages that the Sound was called "Dead Man's Bay."

Close to the tower is the wonderful Saltash Bridge built by Brunel, and near too, is Drake's Island, a cubical mass of rock, heavily fortified. Flanking the town rises Mount Edgecumbe with its long, dark belt of wood, and beneath in the offing, lie foreign merchantmen, fishing smacks, yachts, and great battleships. The sun is bending westward, and the shadows are lengthening, when I reluctantly tear myself from these scenes whose wondrous beauties I cannot translate into words.

Some friends took us one Saturday to Princetown, the highest point of any importance in the Kingdom. It was an hour's "run" from Plymouth. We passed through the Laira Estuary, across which are the Woods of Saltash, skirted the beautiful vale of Bickleigh and out into the Dartmoor, where the granite tors rise in whimsical, erratic shapes. These queer freaks of nature are not connected with each other, but rise at intervals from the weather-beaten braesides.

Our train climbed 1,380 feet in twenty-one miles, its heavy stertorous breathing, giving evidence of the steepness of the grade. We zigzaged round the towering summit, always upward, straining through desolate wolds, great boulders of granite, and sodden quagmires. The scape was a monotonous study of dead-brown bracken, gorse, heather, and reeds. Wiry polo-ponies, shaggy and unkempt, browsed on the scrub-grass.

We reached Princetown with sharp edges to our appetites and made a substantial lunch of beef-pie, treacle-pasties, scones, "Hovis" bread, apricot jam, cherry cakes and tea. Resuming our pilgrim staves, we walked out to the great prison, which was built in 1809 for the accommodation of French prisoners. The prisoners cultivate the land thereabouts, and although comparatively unguarded, an escape is rare, for there is no covering wherein to hide, and if a break were made during a fog, the men would soon come to grief in the bogs and sluggish morasses which in many places would swallow up a form as light as a bird.

The Moor is the fountain-head of nearly all the Devonshire streams, for here rise the Plym, Tavy, Taw, Teign, Yealm, Okement, Erme, and Avon. The hut circles and avenues that our forefathers built on the moors three thousand years ago with boulders of "eternal granite," stand to-day hiding a story from the ken of the acutest historian. We dawdled about doing amateur botany and geology till the fresh live air made us all sleepy and glad to hie homewards.

One day Prebendary H——, of Exeter Cathedral, who is Rural-Dean of Plymouth, took me for a drive into the country to visit some of the churches in his jurisdiction. His office demands that once a year he shall examine the repair of the churches and vicarages, the register, plate, and other church property. He meets the clergy and wardens, and inquires into the conduct and affairs of the parish and reports his findings to the Archdeacon.

The Office of Rural-Dean is not merely titular as in Canada, although they have some idle dignitaries in England too, for Bishop Wilberforce once congratulating a Rural-Dean upon his zeal and success, received this reply, "Well, my Lord, I believe some people are under the impression that I am mad." "All I can say, then," neatly answered the Bishop, "is I wish you would *bite* all my Rural-Deans."

While the Prebendary put the Clergy of St. Pancras church through their facings, I wandered about the cemetery plucking flowers, reading epitaphic literature, and listening to the tattling of the rooks, who seemed somewhat perturbed bv my intrusion. Here in their last quiet bivouac, lie English officers who fought in their country's battles. Many of the dead are as forgotten as the roses that fade year by year over their mould, but not all, for the inscription over the grave of an old man of eighty-one, records that he was buried in the dust of his betrothed wife, who died sixty years before, at the age of eighteen. The Church of St. Pancras is interesting too. It looks so spick and span, and yet part of it dates back to the days of King Stephen.

Driving to the church of St. Budeaux, we heard "the steady tramp of armed men" and presently a company of soldiers swung into sight. They looked dusty and tired, and no wonder, for each man carried a knapsack, and was doing his daily constitutional of sixteen miles. Every soldier has to take this march for one month each year in order to inure him to the prolonged marches of a campaign.

It was raining when we reached St. Budeaux, and the Vicar told us in real Devonshire parlance, to "come in out of the weather." A snug fire burned in the Vestry, at which we warmed our benumbed fingers.

The Vicar roundly rated the verger because his hands were dirty. I thought the poor old fellow would be very much hurt at being reprimanded so openly, but such was not the case, for when we were left alone, he assured me that the Vicar was of the right sort—a blood of the first degree. He also told me that he had held the office of verger for thirty years, and had succeeded his father and grandfather. These English have no jealousy of social disparity. On the contrary, they are proud of "the quality." The lower classes confine themselves to their caste and do not aim at imitating the manners of their betters, but when these same classes come to Canada, they at once affect an officious air and familiarity that are most objectionable.

We had afternoon tea at the Vicarage. I like these doll's tea parties, where you sip the tea from dainty china, and nibble at sweetmeats. Miss fondles her Persian kitten, papa drops *The Times,* mamma her tatting, and the conversation turns on airy nothings. On this occasion papa brought out the old Parish Records, to show me the registration of the marriage of Sir Francis Drake to Mary Newman, in 1569, and the burial of Sir Fernando Gorges, the first Governor of the State of Maine, who died in 1635.

Then the conversation became more personal, for they discussed my Canadian idioms and colloquial peculiarities. I could not defend the pleonastic use of "right" (e.g., "right there") nor could I tell why I always "fixed" things, but I gave *Richard III.* as my authority for "I guess," and the use of "gotten" for

the past participle " got," as an heritage that had come from England with the Pilgrim Fathers. They were all under the impression that I spoke with a decided Scotch accent. So much for the second generation of Irish Canadians!

Old St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, is pregnant with historic interest. In it is interred the heart of Admiral Blake, who died as his ship sailed into Plymouth Sound in 1654. Rainbows of light, from the stained windows fall on the effigies of recumbent knights in armour, and on quaint old epitaphs " full of all the tender pathos of the here and the hereafter."

Outside, a beautiful cross seventy feet high has been erected to the parishioners of St. Andrew's, whose bodies in the last eight centuries have been buried about the church. The records show that two hundred years ago there was a heavier charge laid on coffined than shrouded bodies, the former occupying the ground much longer, and so preventing its use again. It is estimated that in it two hundred thousand people have been laid to rest—yet not to rest, for the men of to-day have violated the graves, and have laid naked hands on the bones. They have broken, and spaded, and leveled them, and all the clay we tread on here, was once human and laughed, and loved, and was ambitious.

We spent a day " out-to-doors," as they say in Devonshire, at the seat of the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe. It was one of those illusive spring days that cheat you with a deep delight of physical well-being, and of strong youth—a rare golden day, free from all anxious thought for the morrow.

We peered into the opening eyes of the cowslips, and breathed in the languid scents of the orange blossoms, or wandered along paths, fringed with eucalyptus, rhododendrons, and camellias, and on past quaint old ruins. The primrose-chequered turf was like velvet moss under our feet. Sweet-throated larks and thrushes, robins and tom-tits, careened over the bracken-covered uplands. There were magpies, jackdaws, and cormorants too, and drunken-flighted gulls " plaining discrepant between sea and sky." Herds of fallow-deer peeped at us shyly through the laurels, limes, and laccas, and then bounded off, leaping upon the mountains and skipping upon the hills.

The English are festive-minded, and seize every opportunity of lunching. We had two "spreads" this day, one beneath a cork tree that nestled under the lee of a rock, and the other at the head huntsman's cottage, in a little garden paved with round pebbles. We had plenty of Devonshire cream, for no lunch in this county is complete without clouted cream and junket. The latter is a compound of cream, spices, and spirits. Devonshire cream when spread on bread and streaked with golden syrup is locally known as " Thunder and Lightning."

The estate stretches out to Penn Lee, a distance of two miles, and while the gentlemen walked thither, the ladies rested on the bald, sinister, water-worn rocks and chatted, dozed and stored vitality.

This day, however, hardly prepared me for the next which I spent in the ramshackle houses and tortuous by-ways of the slum-district. The transition from the beautiful sunny-land of Mount Edgecumbe, to the valley of the shadow of death that crouches at its base, was painful in the extreme. We found that for sordidness and pitiable poverty, the district quite surpasses Whitechapel. It forms what Victor Hugo called " a dung-heap of souls "—a heterogeneous horde, living from hand to mouth in the midst of revolting filth, of both the quick and dead varieties.

The houses are plague-spots in the city; real human shambles, whose best visitors are the merciful angels of death and disease. It is said that the poor are the world's feet. It is high time then, that the world should look to its boots, for, like the Irishman's shoes, they need new

uppers, lowers, heels, and soles. These houses reek with festering mildew and verminous filth. They are human cesspools holding the lees of humanity.

Closely following the curate of the parish, we warily groped our way up dark staircases by the aid of ropes, through mouldering garbage and trodden-down nastiness. The municipality have compelled the landlords to place these ropes here to prevent the unfortunate tenants making headlong plunges in the dark. It began to dawn on me what "knowing the ropes" meant.

Mr. Curate pushed the doors open as he knocked and entered without waiting for an invitation. He usually said, "Good morning! I hope we are not frightening you," whereupon we would be offered chairs (if they had them), but I had been forewarned and declined the honor, indeed, as I looked at the remains of crushed vermin on the walls, and at the ashes, broken food, and fish-bones that littered the floor, I felt that the caution had been hardly a necessary one. The people lodge like peas in a pod, whole families living in promiscuity. Bishop South was not wide of the mark, when he said that the children born in the slums were not so much born into the world as damned into it. They are conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity.

Owing to the overcrowding, from their birth, they are accustomed to inconceivable vice—they are "maimed for virtue," yet the authorities, governmental and ecclesiastical, are agreed that they *have* souls. In the first room we entered, an old woman with red, teary eyes was minding "a bottle-baby" and giving it sips of gin and water. Its mother is a needlewoman, and during the day leaves the child with its grandmother. Their squalid quarters indicate the vast difference between pin and needle money.

It is in these feverish districts that child-insurance and baby-farming thrive, for there are mothers lower than brute-beasts—women who make you long for an *Ivan Ivonovitch,* some "God servant" to slay them with an axe, as he did the mother who threw her babes to the pursuing wolves.

In one court several women were washing. They boiled the clothes in a "copper," a big, black kettle set in a brick oven, with a fire underneath. It is only when they have no clothes to change that they wash in their rooms, for all the water has to be carried up and down stairs. The renting of an upstairs room generally carries the right of the use of the copper. The women spread the wet clothes on a plain board and rubbed them with scrubbing brushes. I explained how we washed in Canada with metal wash-boards, wringers and washing machines, but I fear they did not think much of our housewifely accomplishments. One girl accompanied her efforts with a song that ran something like this:

"For its thump! thump! souse! souse!
Scrub! scrub away!
There's nowt but glumpin' in the 'ouse,
Upon a washen' day."

The facilities for cleanliness are not such as to encourage "the great unwashed," for a bath-room is an unknown thing to them.

Loud-voiced, bold-looking jades lounged in the doorways and eyed us sharply as we passed. In an alleyway, a drunken woman lay prostrate on the ground. Her hair was hopelessly matted. A sack tied round her body alone covered her nakedness. She was loathsome with disease and unmentionable filth. So awful an object was she, that I could hardly believe her human.

In one room a fine-looking, intelligent man sat up in bed. His foot had been crushed four years ago, and he had not walked since. He was childless: his wife was deaf, he could not read. He was rebellious, and why not, for his hours were days; his head ached with wonder, and his heart with pain. Outside, the slum-babies, "Satan's Godchildren," were dancing to the strains of a grind-organ,

and seemed the only happy things in the district. True! the little girls are bound in slavery to the ever-recurring infant of the household, but they seem to accept this as inevitable. In appearance they reminded me of Phil. Robinson's description of the low-caste Indian children: "Images of God, cast in mud and never baked."

Some few of the rooms were clean and well-kept, and in one an old woman lay dying. It seemed as if even her minutes were numbered. Our slumming suddenly became an impertinent intrusion, an ugly curiosity. We were looking at these people as we would fossilized toads in a museum. The Padre knelt beside her bed and committed the passing soul to its Creator. He said, as we groped our way down stairs, that we were Levites passing by on the other side. The dark distress, ugliness, and pain perplexed and hurt us. We were not so confident about our age after all. Why should these people go down in sight of land? If flesh and blood cannot enter heaven, surely something of heaven can enter flesh and blood? "Christ has come, but when cometh salvation?"

The Curate said that they rarely go to a place of worship, but that *he left a tract in their rooms once a year.* He assured us that it did not do to get too familiar with them. We had the honor once of being the guests of the Bishop of Stepney, the apostle of the slums, and he told us on that occasion that only one per cent. of the inhabitants of the slums ever went to a church—except to get married.

On the whole, the Church seems to handle the slums with dainty finger-tips. She is content to touch the mere fringes of the work. She dwells too much upon her efforts of the past, while her present efforts are terribly inadequate. Needs grow infinitely faster than the Church's endeavors. She has practically no influence upon "the lapsed masses." They are blankly indifferent, and faith is sick—very sick.

There is not much use either in preaching to people whose spirits are deadened by hardships and starvation, and who are struggling to keep their footing in a quicksand. Some of them are crying ominously in the night. The working brutes in England's back-yard are growling, and it would not be strange if one day they broke their chains. It is a pressing and depressing question. The whole matter is not of to-day only: it casts a lurid darkness over the future.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOY BELLS.

London, April 2nd, Easter Day.

Unless you spend the Easter Festival in London, you can have but slight appreciation of how generally it is observed. The sonorous joy-bells rang out sharply from every spire and cathedral tower. A sun-drenched atmosphere dispelled the mists and glooms that are wont to hang over the city. "Christ is risen," was the inspiring theme on every tongue, and one must indeed be dull of soul in whose heart the words awoke no glad response.

I was not a little embarrassed in making a choice of where to attend church, but finally decided on Christ Church, Westminster Road, where the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., the eminent Baptist divine, is the pastor. Mr. Meyer uses the Liturgy of the Established Church with some slight modifications. Both infants and adults are baptized here, and can be either sprinkled or immersed. I was early for service, and on entering met Mr. Meyer who had just returned from India and whom I recognized by his portraits. He told me to go to the front and take any seat I wished. In personnel, Mr. Meyer is a spare man with a pale, clean-shaven face, and delicately-cut features. His mouth is slightly indrawn, and under overhanging brows are eyes that at once attract your attention. They are keen eyes, kind eyes, honest eyes, laughing eyes, the eyes of one who sees life steadily and sees it whole. His manner is quiet

and dignified. In speaking you cannot but notice his long, thin, artistic fingers that somewhat suggest nervousness and power.

The church is octagonal in form, and the architecture is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur. Palms and lilies were banked about the communion table. It being the first Sunday in the month, the morning prayer was dispensed with, and the service opened with the singing of "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." The Communion service followed, the congregation singing the *Kyrie* to *Tallis* in A.

Mr. Meyer speaks with great deliberation, but still holds one's interest from exordium to finish without break or waver. He addressed us upon the words, "And they told what things were done in the way and how He was know to them in the breaking of bread." "This," said the preacher, "is an idyll of the resurrection: it is an idyll of our king." He gave a vivid and realistic description of the two disciples walking to Emmaus, and of the Sabbatic quiet that rested over the land for the people had gone up to the Pascal Feast. These two men "communed together and reasoned" of all "the things which had happened," when a stranger joined them from the rear. He probably entered into their ordinary conversation, but suddenly startled them with the words: "What manner of communications are these ye have one to another, as ye walk and are sad?"

Mr. Meyer's description of their unfolding the tragedy of the One "who should have redeemed Israel" showed masterly narrative talent, and a powerful imagination under the control of good judgment. "These men," he said, "wept as patriots. They looked for this Jesus to establish a Kingdom, and to drive back the Roman dogs into the sea from whence they came." He pithily grouped the subject under three phases of experience: Darkness, Sunrise, Daylight, or in a more alliterative way, Hearts that break; Hearts that burn; Hearts that believe; or, again, Christ neither seen nor felt; Christ felt but not seen; Christ both felt and seen.

Hearts that break! Desolate hearts! Why are ye sad? It is Easter day. On the resurrection day a tidal wave swept around the Church and lifted it to a higher plane. It was a tidal wave of the warm gulf-stream that should melt ice-bound hearts. The sailors on the Aegean Sea cried out on Easter Day: "Pan is dead!" Why are ye sad when idols are being cast to the moles and bats? Why are ye sad when Heaven rings with the song of angels? Why are ye sad when the women say, "He is risen"?

Christ told his disciples they were slow of heart. Their hearts were clean, regenerate, true, but still *so slow*. In describing the slow hearts of humanity, their intellectual doubts and misgivings, the speaker used keen, penetrative phrases that cut like a scalpel. All hearts were bowed and hushed before him, and one could not be other than deeply impressed. He then changed his style of utterance, and with sweet, subtle words that showed him to have a tremulous sense of pity, and a more than womanly tenderness, he said, "Have I a child who is weak of intellect, dull of understanding, slow of heart, his eyes are holden, he does not answer my suggestions like the others—do I love him the less? Ah! I sit me down, and taking him in my arms, I teach him gently, I give him gifts and whisper, 'Little one this is for thee.'" The conclusion was a quiet recitative which was most effective.

Mr. Meyer is not a believer in close communion for "all who love the Lord Jesus" were invited to be partakers of the sacrament.

In the afternoon I wandered out to the Kensal Green Cemetery. This great necropolis is a mile and a half wide, and laid out like a miniature city, with avenues, streets, and paths. It contains seventy thousand graves, and is divided into consecrated and unconsecrated por-

tions, the latter being for the Dissenters. Sauntering idly through the labyrinth of tombs, some familiar names began to claim my interest. Here lie Tietjens the great singer, and Brunel the engineer. Further on are Birkbeck, the founder of the Mechanics Institute, Anthony Trollope, Harrison Ainsworth, and Shirley Brooks. W. M. Thackeray's grave is marked by a plain grey slab. Here, too, sleep Sidney Smith, Allan Cunningham, and Cardinal Manning. Tom Hood's monument, which was erected by public subscription, is the most artistic in the cemetery, and bears the words, "He sang the song of the shirt." The headstone of a chorister of Westminster Abbey is headed with two bars of "O Rest in the Lord." One grey monument is in the shape of a huge hour glass.

Many stones were marked with the words, "The family grave of ———," which mean that all the family are buried in one grave. By counting the names, you can coldly calculate how many feet deep of bodies there are in it. This great cemetery is a quiet place for the living, one of "unfathomed rest" for the dead.

> "The stones with weed and lichen bound enclose
> No active grief, no uncompleted woes
> But only finished work and harbored ques'
> And balm for ills."

London, April.

It was the evening of April 12th, in London, a gray night upon which a heavy fog had settled down like a stifling pall upon the city. A stranger within the gates, a tired Canadian halted at St. Paul's churchyard and bethought her of a quiet spot to take tea, for it was now five o'clock, and the eve of the great praise meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the eve they would celebrate their one hundredth anniversary.

But where to go, and the fog was stifling and hurt one's eyes. It came like an inspiration—*The Castle and Falcon,* and it was within sight. True, it is not a fashionable Inn now, as on the 12th of April, 1799, just a hundred years ago to-night, when sixteen clergymen and nine laymen met to establish a society whose object should be the promotion of the Gospel among the heathen. It was the day of small things, but these men with large-eyed hope looked out into the future knowing that the oak-tree is wrapppd up in the acorn, and that the first man represented all humanity: Who, then, could prophecy how God should use their grain of mustard-seed?

It was a quaint old room, and as I sipped my tea by the light of the open fire, my thoughts leapt across the gulf of the century to the meeting held in this very spot. John Venn is in the chair. The officers are elected. Mr. Wilberforce declines the presidency. He feels it too important a position, and so the society must perforce start without one. Strange, too! the fathers of this baby society quite forgot to give it name, and it is not until six weeks later that it is called, "The Society for Missions to Africa and the East." They are busily engaged in drafting the constitution and have just decided to send a copy of it with a respectful letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace, however, took no notice of the new Society, although they waited for a whole year, when he was verbally interviewed.

We long to tell these kindly ghosts we have resurrected, the story of how the leaves of this tree of their planting has been for the healing of the nations—how it has been a balm in Gilead, but alas! they have faded away into the dull, cold land of the dead.

I have barely time to reach the great Albert Hall, for it is an hour's journey hence. This hall, built in memory of the late Prince Consort, is a vast elliptical building of red brick, constructed in Italian Renaissance style.

Arrived at South Kensington, swarms of men insisted on our taking sample copies of *The Christian, The Life of Faith,* and pamphlets discussing the church crisis from all standpoints—the high, low, slow, broad, and fast, for Eng-

land is now, as in the days of the Reformation, "a land of hearts that burn, and brains that seethe."

Only ticket-holders were allowed to enter, and hundreds were turned away. As I watched the disappointed ones fall back, I thought of the story Mr. Eugene Stock tells of the mother of Mr. Cates, a C. M. S. Missionary, who died of fever in Sierra Leone. She went to the annual meeting of the society at Freemason's Hall. To prevent overcrowding only members were admitted. "Are you a subscriber?" she was asked. "No," said the poor woman, as she sadly turned away. Suddenly she re-appeared. "Yes," she exclaimed, "I am a subscriber; *I have given an only son.*"

The vast amphitheatre was densely crowded with twelve thousand men and women. Galleries, floors, and boxes were packed to overflowing with people, their faces showing like a white fringe of surf above a dark wave.

A voluntary choir of six hundred voices was singing as we were seated. One word as to the great organ that was to accompany the praises that night. It is the largest in Great Britain. It has eight thousand pipes, and its motive power is supplied by two large steam engines. It has one hundred and sixty-five stops, and five manuals, and takes three men to manipulate it. Oh! to-night everything that hath breath will praise the Lord. Across the hall was stretched a canvas proclaiming, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Before one realized that the meeting had opened, I had risen and was singing with the great company, "All people who on earth do dwell." What a Niagara of song! Then, as we knelt in the confession and prayer for devotion, all hearts were hushed in a profound and unaffected worship. Who could forget the words? "For all the lost opportunities of our lives, for privileges neglected and grace unused, we beseech Thee to pardon us. For our sloth and selfishness, for our dull ears and cold hearts, for our slow feet and closed hands, we implore Thy forgiveness. O Thou who didst not spare Thine own Son for our sakes, give us willingness to give ourselves." The prayer of contrition was followed by an outburst of joy—the glad singing of the 98th Psalm.

The Right Hon. Sir J. H. Kennaway, the beloved and venerable President of the Church Missionary Society, told how that day the Kings and great ones of the earth had sent their greetings of sympathy with the joy of the occasion, and he told us again how Christendom had poured out her unstinted treasure in the Centenary Fund, as a great thank-offering to be presented at this praise meeting.

Again we rose to sing out our thanksgiving for extension at home and abroad, and anon, were bowed in a profoundly impressive litany. Other speakers followed: Archdeacon Eyre, with his impassioned eloquence, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and Mr. H. E. Thornton, but the great ovation of the evening was given to Mr. Sidney Gedge, M.P., who only the day before, was the mover in the House of Commons of the motion of severe censure on the four thousand Clergy of the Established Church who were members of the English Church Union, and which motion was carried by a vote of two hundred to fourteen. Again and again, the deep-seated Protestantism of the people gave vent to itself in prolonged cheers. It was an enthusiasm which fired the blood, stirred the pulses, and lit the eyes of that vast assembly.

Protestantism has not forgotten her baptism of fire and blood, and when the suffering and memory of her martyrs shall no longer be objects of deepest veneration, surely "it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation."

LITERATURE

THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER: By Booker T. Washington

THE book consists of a number of short informal essays that were originally given as Sunday evening "talks" to the students of the Tuskegee Institute.

They are not remarkable for grace or literary finish, but are practical, exceedingly practical, dealing as they do with the vital questions of every-day routine and of how a man or woman may make the most out of life. They give evidence of independent and vigorous thought, and are rich in the stimulus which inspires with high resolve.

Booker Washington, a mulatto, is one of the first orators in America, and is alive to the needs and characteristics of the world of men, particularly to those that relate to the education, elevation, and betterment of his own race.

We marked paragraphs for quotations as we read his book, and when we came to the end we found about half the book had been so marked. We are persuaded it will be widely read—at least, it deserves to be.

William Briggs, Toronto.

STILLMAN GOTT: By Edwin Day Sibley.

STILLMAN GOTT is not a copy of *David Harum*, as some have said, although more of the latter would not be unacceptable, but a distinct character. The type does not die out, but is constantly reappearing. It is a type that makes the reader imitate *Oliver Twist*, and ask for more.

Stillman Gott is a New England farmer-fisherman, quick-witted, shrewd, and overflowing with dry humor and bonhommie. He is a sure cure for the blues. Nurture had not done much for him, but Nature turned him out a true, hale-hearted gentleman. He is a wholesome, out-of-doors character—a make-up of oak and rock, but also of vine and flower.

The author knows the types, and what is more, he can draw them. He is a keenly sympathetic observer of life. His people are not dummies whereon to hang the manners and quaint speeches of the villagers, but each is very much alive with his or her own individuality.

The story, which is uncommonly readable strikes a strong, healthy, buoyant note, and it would be impossible in a review to convey its charm, its spontaneousness and vitality. The author carries through from the first the thread of a charming love-story, woven with such delicacy as to give the book its crowning interest.

Perhaps the best chapter is the thirteenth, in which Stillman Gott is put on trial on a charge of incendiarism and elects to act as his own counsel. *Rhoderick Friend*, the plaintiff, is well sketched, and those of us who have lived in smaller towns are familiar with the type—a hard-as-nails curmudgeon, a mangy money-lender who lives solely on the life-blood of the poor. He is what Cecil Rhodes calls "a safe key in breeches."

Stillman Gott had the right idea of how to get on in life. Speaking to an ambitious young man, he said: "Go up to Boston and try yer luck, an' when I say ter try yer luck, I don't mean ter sit down waitin' fer good luck ter hunt yer up. Doin' that is a good deal like settin' down in a fifty-acre lot waitin' fer er cow ter back up ter yer ter get milked. She won't do it, and while yer waitin' some other feller hez hunted her up and filled his pail."

Stillman had a record piece of ground on his farm. The description of it would fit Muskoka. "There's er piece uv land up back uv my house where I hev ter whittle pertaters down to er sharp p'int

ter get 'em inter ther ground 'tween ther rocks, and yet they keep on er teachin' school ter sing 'er farmer's life is ther life fer me."

William Briggs, Toronto.

MUSINGS BY CAMPFIRE AND WAYSIDE: By W. C. Gray.

A MOST noticeable feature of the present-day literature is the number of Nature writers. The catalogue of their works grows apace. A growing study of Nature is everywhere evident, but each writer studies from a different standpoint, for after all, every interpretation of Nature depends upon the medium through which it comes. We *look* physically, but *see* mentally.

And it is no small debt we owe to these students. It is but a minute portion of the universe we can turn into clothes or food, or for the gratification of the body, but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. The universe is the temple of beauty, but most of us are blind in the midst of it, as blind as if we were tenants of a dungeon. We have eyes but see not, and ears but hear not.

Willam Cunnigham Gray, the author of the work before us, was for many years the Editor of *The Interior.* Too often the gall of the ink-pot gets into editorial blood. Indeed, it was said of a certain editor, "He vomits bile and calls it a newspaper." But no such scathing charge can be laid at Mr. Gray's door. His rich intellectuality and fine poetic sensibility are warmed by a broad reach of humanity. His "Musings" have the freshness and wholesomeness of the big woods, and contain every touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin. The reader feels the undulating, whispering music of the forest, the power of the shady silences, the dignity of the beasts who live closest to the heart of the woods. Whether we listen to the lonesome cry of a loon calling to his mate, or watch the swift flight of the arrowy-winged wild duck, it is always through the medium of one who has a sensitive perception and remarkable insight into Nature's moods. He individualizes each scene and object and studies it as a picture.

His chapters on "What Adam Did in Eden" are perhaps the best, and the thoughts are strikingly original. He compares "Milton's noble absurdities" with the Paradise of Moses, which from the standpoint of art is immeasurably superior to Milton's. The latter's conception of Adam was that of an opulent English gentleman dwelling in a highly artificial English park in fine weather. His Eden was not a very congruous combination of Oriental and English landscape, but the Paradise of Moses was a broad country diversified by mountains and plains, in which great rivers rose and flowed to the sea. It was an Eden that makes us sympathize with Eve as she looked back upon the circling sword of fire and cried in pathetic lament, "Must I thus leave thee, Paradise!"

The author also shows us thirteen points of description with which anthropological science identifies and describes the primitive man, not one of whch is omitted by Moses, thus giving Moses a wonderfully specific, particular, and thorough vindication.

THE PRIMITIVE MAN:	THE ADAM OF MOSES:
1. Wears no clothing, and is unconscious of any physical or moral need of it.	1. Wore no clothing. "He was naked and not ashamed."
2. Subsists on the spontaneous products of nature, primarily and chiefly, as his dentition shows, upon fruit, seeds, and nuts.	2. Subsisted upon the spontaneous products of the garden. "I give you," said Elohim, "every plant bearing seed and every tree producing fruit. That shall be food for you."
3. The primitive man is devoid of moral perceptions. He does not know the difference between good and evil.	3. Adam did not know the difference between good and evil.
4. His intellectual powers are undeveloped. He has but little knowledge.	4. Adam had not eaten of the tree of knowledge.

5. He builds no home, but lives in caves and in the rudest shelters.	5. Adam built no home. Milton says he slept under a bower of roses.
6. He has but a few rude tools, and they cutting instruments of flint or chert.	6. Moses implies that Adam had cutting implements. "He dressed the trees."
7. He plans nothing; does not till the soil.	7. "There was not a man to till the ground."
8. His first speech is in giving names to the animals around him. He must be able to communicate concerning the animals he would eat, and those that would eat him.	8. Adam's first recorded utterance was in giving names to animals.
9. He has a religion. He believes in mysterious personal powers superior to himself, to which he is subject.	9. Adam recognized the existence of God, a being superior to himself, to whom he was subject.
10. His religion is anthropomorphic. His gods are powerful men.	10. He conceived of God as a powerful man, who was accustomed to avoid the tropical heat, and walk in the garden in the cool of the day.
11. The first moral sentiment to appear in primitive man is modesty. He makes a covering at first of leaves.	11. Adam's first act of moral consciousness was prompted by modesty. He made himself an apron of leaves.
12. His first permanent clothing was the skins of animals.	12. Adam's first permanent clothing was of the skins of animals. "Unto Adam and his wife did Elohim make coats of skins and clothed them."
13. Primitive man is an arboreal animal. He finds his habitat, food and refuge in or among the trees.	13. Adam was an arboreal individual, finding his habitat and food in and among the trees of the garden.

The author points out that Adam's first great discovery was the use of fire, and it remains until now the master discovery of time. He learned to turn loose in fury the fire-god upon his enemies, or to domicile it tamely in his cave. As he slept, it kept his enemies at bay. He could create summer in winter and thus master the elements. Held in check by water, it hollowed out the trunk of a tree and gave him his first boat. It lit his torch so that he might peer into the blackness of the waters and send his stinging spear deep into the finny prey. By laying one log across the other, the fire-god would cut them squarely in two, and thus enable him to use them as building material. It taught him to compel iron out of tawny dust and fashion it into tools and weapons. And now with wings of fire, man flies across the continent. With his hammer of fire he crushes the heart of the mountains; with his hands of fire he hurls death upon his enemies miles away. Fire is his sword, his servant, his steed.

Adam's strength came from his weakness, his self-reliance out of his dependence, his safety out of danger, his love out of hatred. Had he been armed with fangs and claws like a tiger, he would never have risen above the tiger, but forced by nature to rely upon reason and inteligence, these faculties set him on top of the scale of life.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the last chapter of these "Musings" should be entitled, "Expiring Embers—a Study of Death," for the author died before his work had yet gone to print. His closing words were prophetic: "It seems to me that I hear the sound of the coming ship more distinctly as it approaches. She is past due, and cannot delay much longer. Already I see her plumes of smoke, and hear the plash of her wheels and I step upon her decks for a journey into the Unknown, from which there is no return."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

SPECULATION is rife as to the unknown and pseudonymous author of this book. It began its career as a serial in *The Century,* and its unusual theme, freshness, cleverness, literary reticence and originality at once attracted great attention. It is a book that is very much worth while. We opened it somewhat latish the other evening, and it was almost sun-up before the *finis.* One can hardly feel that the "Confessions" have been written for the public, and you feel almost guilty in reading them. They are the inmost sacred longings, shrinkings, and awakenings of a young and wholly innocent girl.

Marna is as delicate and poetic a creature as any novelist has given us for a long time. Someway or other she wins her way into our hearts till we feel that we own her, and a sense of rage possesses us as the terrible story is unfolded, and we follow her through the blood-tracked paths of anguish.

On the night of her engagement to *Dana,* she writes a letter to her mother: "Mother! My dear, dead mother, out somewhere in the wide summer night, I write a note to you. Did any girl ever write a letter to her dead mother before? Oh, I don't know; but mother, I *must!* I am such a lonely girl! I have nobody to speak to—I cannot talk to the girls I know, and there isn't any older woman who has ever shown a mother-heart to me that I could care, for to turn to now. Mother, don't forget me in your grand heaven! I never needed you so much, when I was a little crying baby on your heart—a little black-faced baby holding its breath till it almost died because it couldn't get what it wanted, the way they tell me I used to do—I never needed you so much when I wore pink socks and little crocheted sacks, as I do to-day. I wonder if you remember about the socks and sacks, up there in your great silence? Have the angels driven baby-clothes out of your heart? I don't believe it. . . . Sacred mother's tears! Flow for me to-day. My mother's face! Lean down to mine a little out of heaven, if you can.

"Kiss me, mother—if they will let you. I have told him I would wear his ruby ring."

You are not acquainted with the best in womanhood till you have read this book.

The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

THE HOME

BY JANEY CANUCK

The Beauty of Good Manners

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

IT has been wisely said that the art of pleasing is the art of rising, for gruffness and boorishness always go down under grace and suavity of manner. A young man or woman who has failed to cultivate good manners is handicapped for success. Courtesy is the "open sesame" everywhere, the passport to all hearts. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," said a knowing American, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of entering and owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess." There is scarcely a moment in our lives when our value may not be materially increased by good manners.

We give our children a complete curriculum at school, and too often send them out "certificated barbarians." Not that we should expect the school to be the beginning and end-all of education. The home is the proper school for courtesy. The mother who asks her child's pardon is teaching it an unforgettable lesson in manners. She should explain to it that a slovenly, dirty person, is rude and uncivil under another form, that boasting of one's attainments and possessions, whispering about people that pass them on the street, or joking at a friend's expense, are vulgarities. "Sinful?" said the mother in *Punch's* story: "My son, it is worse than sinful—it is vulgar."

No matter how pressed by work, or hindered by interruptions, the parent,

teacher, or employer ought to be sufficiently poised to greet or dismiss with a smile, a nod, or a pleasant word. It not only oils the bearings of life, but in the commerce of life, these small coins of civility will prove to be more profitable than minted gold.

What Are Good Manners?

They have been defined as the shadows of virtues. Good manners are not merely skin-deep, but have their foundations in a good heart. They do not consist of idle formalities nor a polished veneer made up of bows and grimaces. Such superficiality has been rightly styled "the candied peel of courtesy." Artificial rules are of little value. "Etiquette" is often the essence of untruthfulness.

Nor do they consist in mere impulses spasmodic and intermittent, depending on the feeling of the moment, and changing with the ever-changing sensibility. To a large extent, good manners are the exponents of our inner nature. Their root is to be found only in unselfishness, so that to be really polite one must cultivate the affections. It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who *never* inflicts pain. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast.

Bobby Burns, the ploughman poet, was said to be the most thorough gentleman in Europe. He was never rude, for he loved everything, even to the timid mouse and the field daisy.

Benjamin Franklin, when a laborer, reformed the habits of an entire workshop.

When Prince Henry of Prussia was in the United States, a prominent public man thus described him: "He is such a true gentleman that he can meet a Prince without himself being embarrassed, and can meet a poor man without embarrassing the poor man." And this was a good standard wherewith to judge him. As a rule, it is not difficult for a person to be courteous to individuals who are classed in the same social scale, but the truest test comes when that individual is brought into contact with some one who is considered beneath him in wealth and influence.

Too many people put on courtesy as they do a dress for company and make up for it at home by being rough, selfish, coarse, or even brutal. Yet they deceive few, for their thoughts and feelings are put down, added up, brought forward, and registered on the living page of the face. Plenty of women whose lips are modelled on classic pattern, with complexion that challenges comparison with lilies and roses, are nothing but ugly, unattractive jades because they are cross-grained and rude. There never can be a handsome idiot, nor can there be a comely boor.

We must not, however, quite overlook those unfortunate people who are often thought to be stiff and reserved when they are only shy. The late Prince Consort was not a favorite in England until the people understood that a big, warm, every-day soul lay very close under his handsome but cold exterior. Another of this ilk was Sir Isaac Newton, who was so shy, and had such a keen dread of notoriety, that they kept his discovery of the Law of Gravitation a secret for years.

To overcome this shyness, one should endeavor to think only of others, and never of oneself. The perfection of manner is ease, and nothing will prevent your being natural so much as the desire of appearing so, whereas a genuine wish to be thoughtful for others will enable you to conquer embarrassment.

It will also teach you the happy way of doing things. Two people may do the same thing for us, and one cause us pleasure and the other vexations. The refusal of some people is preferable to the acceptance of others. Therefore, practice benevolence and unselfishness. They will bring you happiness, grace of person, and success in life. What greater gifts could the Fates bestow?

1902-1903

TWO men stood on the top of the Alps. One of them raising his hat towards Rome exclaimed, "Glories of the past, I salute you!" The other, lifting his hat and looking towards Germany, said, "Glories of the future, I greet you!" To-day, we stand on the Alpine-top of experience, from whence we can look upon the victories of the past and future, and salute both.

January takes its name from Janus, to whom the Romans dedicated this season. They represented him with two faces—one that of an old man looking back upon the past; the other that of a young man looking forward to the future. He had a key in one hand and a staff in the other—the symbol of his opening and governing the year.

The key! what has it opened for us in this year? Every day has shown us, framed in brightness, an open door. Life is full of illustrations. We are continually coming up to doors which stand open for a little while, and then are shut. An artist tried to teach this in a picture. Father Time is there with inverted hour-glass. A youth is lying on a luxurious couch, while beside is spread a table with costly viands. Passing by him towards an open door are certain figures, which are opportunities; they invite him to come to nobleness, manliness, usefulness, worth.

First is a rugged, sun-browned form carrying a flail. This is labor. He invites the youth to toil. He has already passed far by unheeded. Next is a philosopher with an open book inviting the young man to thought, that he may master the secrets of the mystic volume. But this opportunity, too, is disregarded. Close behind the philosopher comes a woman with a bowed form, carrying a child. Her dress betokens widowhood and poverty. Her hand is stretched out appealingly for aid. Looking closely at the picture, we see that the youth holds money in his hand, but he is clasping it tightly and her appeal is in vain. Still another figure passes, endeavoring to woo and lure him from his idle ease. It is the form of a beautiful woman who seeks by love to awaken in him noble purposes, and to inspire him to ambitious efforts. One by one these opportunities have passed, with their calls and invitations. At last he is arousing to seize them, but it is too late; they are vanishing from sight and the door is closing.

This is a true picture of what is going on all the time in the world. Offers and solicitations are rejected one by one, and pass by to return no more. Door after door is shut in our faces while we languidly loiter outside, till at last the sound of shutting bolts falls on our ears as the knell of hopeless exclusion, and so we stand with beggared lives, having missed all the enrichment from the passing days.

He is a genius at stupidity who does not think now. Will the coming months mark the advent of new energy, or witness the continuance of old indolence? The new way will have new scenery, new possessions, new joys, and should have new songs. It should be a better year than the last, or we have missed our lesson. The life of Jane Seymour, the English Queen, departed when that of her son Edward VI. dawned. The Queen died, a King was born. The grave was on one side, the cradle on the other. It should be the history of the years.

To all of us the paths of 1903 will be new. "You have not passed this way heretofore." What shall come, we cannot tell. A thousand ships may sail over the same sea, but to each the voyage is new and unfamiliar. The keel leaves no trace in the sea to guide others. So human lives beat no paths across the world. No one who has gone before us had precisely the same experiences that we shall have. We are getting ready to climb this Matterhorn of a New Year, which springs from the base, where we are standing, up and up into the silent blue. We are seeing if there is meat and drink in our wallets, against the biting hunger of that

upper air; if our staves are well shod with iron, against that slanting sea of glass up whose billows of ice we shall have to climb, and if our guide-ropes are all stout and ready. Before us lies uncertainty. There are places yonder where no inexperienced head can bear the dizziness, and no faint heart surmount the terror. Will our feet miss the narrow notch hacked for a footing in the ice, and shall the shepherds in the springtime find the wreck a thousand feet below? There is the peril of the avalanche, the peril of the altitude, and the silent, stupifying frost deadening the brain as with opiates, relaxing the limbs, paralyzing the will. We need above all thngs—

> "The courage that fails not, nor loses its breath
> In the stress of the battle, but smilingly saith,
> I'll measure my strength with disaster and death!"

The New Year is a time for good resolutions. We are vine-dressers pleading for the barren fig-tree. "This year also, till I dig about it." And resolves are well enough, but unless they are gotten into the life as well as in big lines on paper, they have no practical worth. Rainbows are splendid pictures as they arch over the fields, but they vanish as we gaze at them. No hand is alert enough to grasp them and hold them down upon earth. Lovely visions of excellence glow before us in our better moments, and unless we set ourselves to work them into life, they will vanish into air. But once captured, they will be the wonderful lamp that Goethe tells us of, which placed in a fisherman's hut changed it all to silver.

The trouble with most resolutions are that they are made for some future time, and so amount to nothing. Someday is no day. Resolves postponed are lies. Before the iron cools, it is good striking; while the wax is pliable, it is good setting on the seal.

At the end of this year we can do nothing better than rouse ourselves to honest inquiry concerning our aim in living. What are we striving to make out of our life? Are we master or only slave of circumstances? Is there a master-passion dominating our acting and thinking? We shall never begin to live forcefully or even effectively until we come under the sway of a great purpose.

Some Things a Woman Can Do

She can look pleasant while she is getting the drippings from an unbrella.

She can put love in her voice long after it is dead, and there is no son of Adam can do that.

She can sharpen a lead-pencil, if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can thread fifty needles while a man is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She can practise economy while her husband preaches it.

She can give a dollar to the missionary cause and not grudge it.

She can say "no" in such a manner that it means "yes."

She can hang a picture without calling all the household to aid in the task.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a baseball pitcher.

She can come to a conclusion without the bother of reasoning on it.

She can "rake in" thirty-seven "bargains" with $4.99, and tell how much each article cost.

She can walk all night with a crying baby and not publish it to the street-car next day.

She can send a man insane, and bring him back to Paradise in half a minute.

She can dance till morning in a tight pair of shoes and enjoy every minute of the time.

FINANCE

THE INVESTMENT OF MONEY.

THE different ways of investing money are very numerous. However, the principal ones are in the manufacture of useful commodities; the buying and selling of goods so manufactured; the raising, purchase, and sale of agricultural products; the mining of minerals and metals; the transportation of persons and property; and the loaning of money with either personal or real estate pledged as security for its repayment with interest.

In almost every avenue of life immense sums of money have been made and lost. The waters of the sea are forever surging, moving, changing. And so are men in their possessions. Men are rich to-day, but poor to-morrow. President Schwab of the billion dollar steel company carried a dinner pail at a dollar per day less than twenty years ago. The poor of to-day will on an average be better off to-morrow. Why such rapid changes go on will be the theme of this short paper.

Each generation has its favorite new investment for money. In our day it appears to be electric railroads. A generation ago it was steam railroads. Before that it was canals, plank roads, and stage coaches. What it may be in the next generation is now, of course, speculation. It may be compressed air, it may be airships, it may be liquid air, it may be something else, we do not know. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is, changes will come as surely as night follows day.

Two or three generations ago there were no railroads, and stage coach companies were the order of the day. Large sums of money were invested in coaches, horses, plank roads, bridges, toll-gates, taverns, etc. Their owners, or some of them at least, made great fortunes for that day out of these investments. But railroads came and the stage coach went. In the fall of the stage coach and wayside inn many people lost heavily, but who will doubt for a minute that the change was not a benefit to the people as a whole? Or who would now be willing to go back to the day of the stage coach to live?

A few years ago carriage manufacturers were reaping a great harvest. The country was prosperous, people wanted fine carriages, commerce needed waggons and buggies, and carriage and waggon factories grew to immense proportions all over the country. People freely invested their money in carriage manufacture, and for a time drew large dividends therefrom. But electricity came, and with it electric cars, and many people were willing to take a fine ride on the cars in preference to the care and great expense of a horse and carriage. Hard times assisted in bringing about this feeling also. In addition bicycles came and proved much better for many purposes than a horse and buggy, and these facts combined proved disastrous to carriage companies, and the losses to people owning stock in these companies and claims against them would amount to millions of dollars.

Gas stocks were once very high, but electric lights checked their advance. Acetylene gas now threatens to displace both. Constant improvements are going on, and new contrivances for lighting are continually being discovered, so that it is difficult to say how safely permanent investment in stocks of this character may be. A self-binder that is in demand among farmers to-day is discarded by them to-morrow by reason of a newer, lighter, and better machine. Electric railway lines as now constructed will, in all probability, be succeeded by compressed air lines, and the vast amount of capital required for electric power houses, poles, and overhead wire will no longer be required. So rapidly have improvements

come that the stock of a hardware store five or six years ago would be practically without value to-day. This same fact is true in almost all other lines of business. The machinery that runs a newspaper office to-day is vastly different from what it was only twenty years ago—yes, ten years ago.

All these well-known facts, and many others which might be cited, prove the instability, generally, of stocks for permanent investment purposes. Municipal or county bonds are better, for the reason that the real estate of the city or county can be subjected ordinarily to their payment.

Investments of money in real estate remain to be considered. Without a question, investments made carefully in real estate are the safest and most enduring. It is true, of course, that immense sums of money have been lost by investment in real estate, but this fact is the result of improper judgment on the part of the persons investing rather than the real estate itself.

So long as people must have homes and places in which to transact business, so long will there be a demand for real estate. The most desirable ordinary real estate to own will always be commonly styled homes, outlying farms, and business blocks in the centre of any town or city. Good farm lands always have an intrinsic value. The great west, having become somewhat fairly settled, this value will hardly decrease in the future. On the contrary, it is quite probable that farm lands will steadily gain in value for many years to come.

As before stated, people must have houses in which to live. Of the cost of a house about ninety per cent. is labor and ten per cent. raw material. The cost of labor remains about the same year after year. Prices of labor change very gradually and very slowly. It will thus be seen that the cost of houses remains about the same from one decade to another. As the population is constantly increasing, there will always be a demand for houses built agreeably to the neighborhood in which they are located, provided they are also built in the ordinary way, with ordinary material. One is almost sure to get a fair interest from the rental of such houses so located and so constructed.

The most central property in almost any village, county seat, or city, is safe to purchase at a fair price. There is always a demand for the "best corner," always someone both ready, willing, and able to take off your hands.

From the foregoing it is seen that investments in real estate property made are the safest investments it is possible to get. It is also seen that investments in real estate require care, study, and experience. Loaning money by way of mortgage on real estate requires an equal degree of the same care, study and experience, and people ought readily and willingly to pay something for expert counsel in investment of this character.

L. L. Rankin.

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