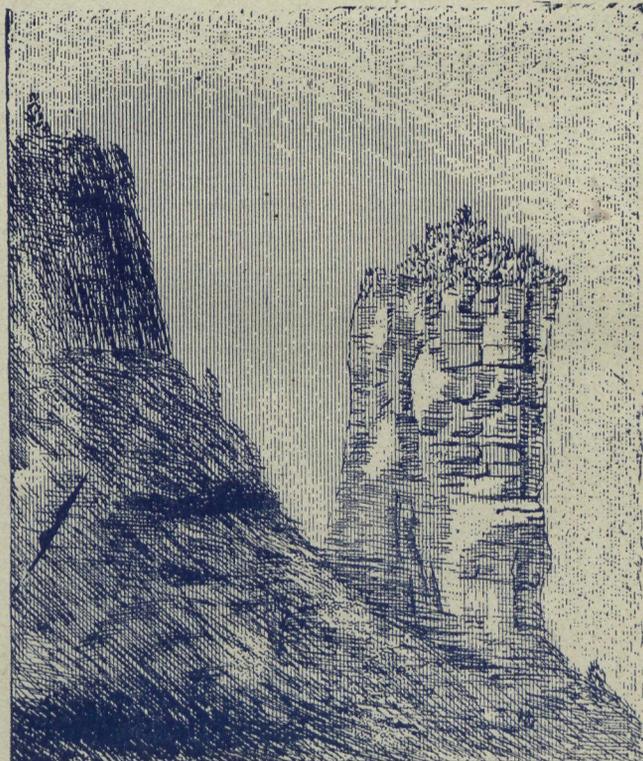


JUNE, 1902

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THE
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OF CANADA.



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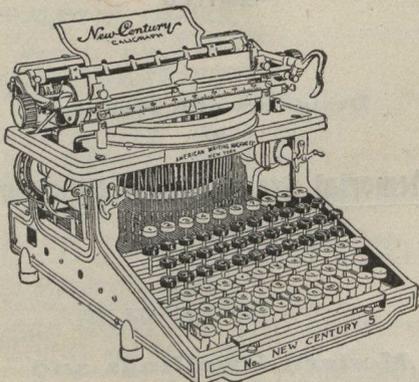
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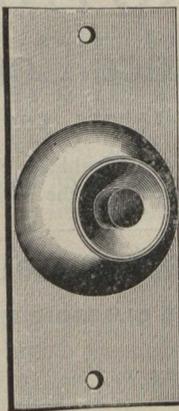
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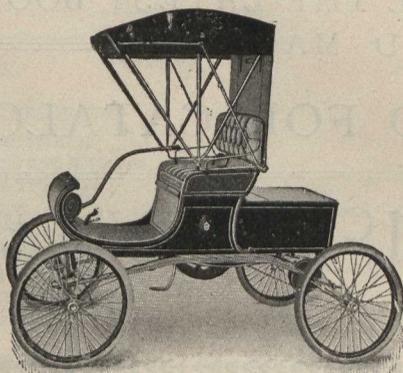
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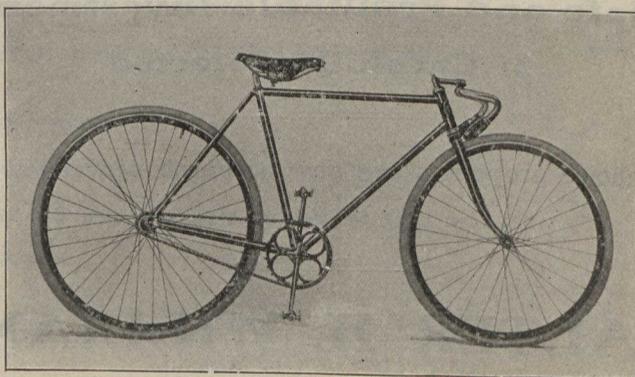
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• CECIL RHODES

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. I, No. 1

JUNE, 1902

\$2.00 PER YEAR

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

THROUGHOUT England and, indeed, the whole British Empire, the most absorbing topic at present is the prospect for peace in South Africa. After two and a half years of persistent fighting, including a long series of skirmishes during the past winter, the war situation gave promise, in the early part of April, of a speedy termination, and rumors to that effect, received first with diffidence, have since gained in strength and have inspired confidence among the British people.

The Peace Conferences

On the 10th of April, Acting President Schalkburger, Mr. Steyn, and Generals Botha, De Wet, and Delarey, with other Boer leaders, gathered at Klerksdorp, near the scene of the Hart's River engagement in which the Canadian soldiers distinguished themselves, to confer on peace terms with the British authorities. Later sessions were held at Pretoria. Chief among the demands made by the Boer leaders were independence, remuneration for property, complete amnesty, and withdrawal of the banishment proclamation. They consented to surrender, but they asked very handsome terms. On the first of these points they were willing to compromise, but they insisted upon the two last, which the British quite as firmly declined to grant. The Boer chiefs, thus brought to realize that Britain meant to

stand firm, and that they would receive no better terms—realizing also that the ultimate defeat of the rebel cause was certain, finally accepted the situation, and when promised by Lord Milner one or two seats in the Legislative Council, they practically agreed to the British terms. It is a precept of the Boers, however, that all peace treaties must be referred to the Volksraad, and this body being now non-existent the delegates were obliged to “go to the country” and put before their commandoes, for their approval, the decision which had been thus reached by the leaders. The delegates then visited each district of the Transvaal and Orange Free State in rotation, the burghers having previously been summoned to meet them. After this appeal to the people had been completed, there was a conference on May 15th at Vereeniging, near Pretoria, when a final decision was to be made. It is confidently expected that this decision will be for peace, and at the present writing a cessation of hostilities is looked for early in June. The burghers are hardly likely to seriously oppose their leaders, and the prospect for peace is much more certain than at any previous time in the war.

Britain's Plans and Methods

Meanwhile there has been no cessation of military activity. The British Government had already made arrangements for

a vigorous winter campaign. New troops will be sent to Africa, among them a fourth contingent from Canada, numbering 2,000 men, and ordered to sail on May 8-20. New Zealand, which has already sent ten contingents, will make up another, also of 2,000. Should the efforts to secure peace prove happily successful, these colonial regiments will be allowed to relieve the worn-out Imperial troops now on service. Great Britain's good intentions for South Africa have not, however, been confined to plans for ending the war. She has been protecting, feeding, and educating her foes. At an enormous cost hospitals have been established, relief camps organized, and schools opened. There are now twice as many children in the schools of Orange River Colony as in the palmiest days of President Steyn. Skilled women teachers are being brought from the colonies, forty young women having sailed from Canada, under engagement for one year.

Other African Troubles

The importance of recent events in the south has somewhat overshadowed another African trouble with which Britain is having to grapple in Somaliland, where Mahomet, a Mullah who is both mad and bad, is attacking the British possessions. He has been repeatedly defeated, but being as nimble as General De Wet himself, he has escaped capture. Troops have been sent down from Aden, and active operations will be maintained during the next few months. The Mullah claims to be divine, and so long as he is at large, with the determination and the ability to make trouble for the British, Somaliland, a district of no little importance, can not have assurance of rest. Troops are also being held in readiness to proceed to the Soudan, where trouble is threatening. Britain's occupation of Egypt is likely to some day draw a protest from France-Russia. The Congo Free State, which was organized to resist the slave trade in the heart of Africa, is reported to be itself a centre of frightful atrocities. The administration of the State will be investigated by a European Congress.

British Politics

The Budget, which is now occupying the attention of all England, shows a net deficit of £45,324,000, which, of course, will be considerably reduced if the war is brought to an end. The greater portion of this deficit—some two-thirds of the total amount—will be covered by an additional loan, financed as usual by the Bank of England. The balance will be made up chiefly by new taxes: an increase of a penny a pound in the income tax; two-penny stamps on checks instead of one-penny; and, most important of all, a duty of three pence per hundredweight on wheat and grain, and five pence on flour and meal. The income tax and the corn duty passed the Commons with votes, respectively, of 297 to 67, and 283 to 197. A fifth source of revenue will be the suspension of the sinking fund.

England and Free Trade

It is apparent that a new departure is being taken in British economics. For nearly sixty years England has been a free trade country, and would seem to have got a long way from the old Corn Laws. Of recent years, however, the signs of the times have been pointing more and more to a revival of the protectionist policy—and this from national rather than political necessity. Clearest of all such evidences is this new duty on breadstuffs. The Chancellor claims that it is not a violation of free trade principles, and that the tax is so very small that the working-people will not find it in any way burdensome, although as a first result the price of bread has been temporarily advanced. But there is another influence which is tending to make England protectionist. The logical outcome of her new Imperialism is that her colonies shall be given a system of preferential tariffs; a closer attachment of these colonies to the mother country can hardly be accomplished unless a more favorable commercial treatment be given them than to the rest of the world; and so not only is the necessity of home finances forcing England to adopt protectionist measures, but the logic of Imperial feder-

ation is tending in the same direction. A preference will probably be given to Canadian wheat; and half a million pounds will be granted to the West Indies to tide them over the period of depression until the German and French sugar bounties are abolished.

Other Matters

A firmer policy is to be adopted in Irish affairs, and stringent means taken to abolish the Land League. Ten battalions of English and Scotch militia are to be sent to Ireland at once. The Nationalists have been causing trouble in several counties, and the Crimes Act has been put in force. The Irish temper resents this measure, and, in the person of Mr. John Redmond, sends back the reply that the Irish people will meet the English face to face and give blow for blow.

It is thought that Lord Salisbury will retire from the premiership soon after the coronation. Mr. Chamberlain will likely succeed him.

Lord Rosebery's attempt on the Liberal leadership has quite fallen through, for the time being. There is no doubt, however, that when the Liberal party rises to its future opportunity Lord Rosebery will be the man at the helm.

The plague is increasing in India, especially in the Punjab, where there is also famine.

Australia's revenue for the first half year of the new tariff imposed by the Commonwealth has been unexpectedly buoyant, and it is likely that some reductions will be made. Australia has adopted penny postage.

EUROPE AND THE EAST

On the Continent matters are, more than ever, big with meaning and serious in their possibilities. Severe depression is upon Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, and in a less degree upon France also. The French elections were held on April 27th. In Paris the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry was overwhelmingly defeated, but was well sustained in the country.—Uprisings have taken place in various parts

of Spain, and the Government has been obliged to resort to reconstruction.—In Italy a general rising of the Socialist forces was prevented only by calling out the troops.—Turkey was never in quite so bad a condition as now. Her finances are deplorable, and the Sultan is in such daily fear of treachery that he has become quite crazed, being guarded by a hundred police. That he is nevertheless planning some remarkable *coup de main* is believed by those who know most of Turkish affairs. Turkey's near neighbors in the Balkan peninsula are also on the verge of serious outbreak. Yet the outbreaks may not come; south-eastern Europe has been unsettled for many years.

A Gigantic Labor Strike

A labor strike of unusual significance began in Belgium early in April. Under the inspiration of the Socialists serious riots took place, in which both lives and property were lost. Brussels was turned into a second Paris of the Revolution, and mobs howled with rage and fury. These riots were aimed at the Government. In Belgium practically only the upper and middle classes have voting privileges, and the working people, in their demands for manhood suffrage, played into the hands of rabid Socialists who plainly seek the dethronement of the present power and the triumph of revolution. The Government debated on the revision of the constitution and decided that universal franchise was not expedient. The Socialists were silenced for the time being, and the striking labormen have in most cases gone back to work.

Germany and Her Neighbors

The Triple Alliance, the parties to which are Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary, will be renewed. Fresh terms of agreement have been drawn up, Germany making some concessions to Italy and Austria in matters of trade. The good-will of these two countries is of value to Germany, and she doubtless does well to renew the compact. Germany is anxious to get possession of Holland, and has some prospects of ultimate success. Why should

not France, then, have Belgium, which she wants? Thus the partition of Europe is quite as live a problem as ever, and is at least among the possibilities. Away up in the north-west a land-grabbing movement is already in sight. Russia is trying to Russianize the Finlanders, resorting to means fair and foul in the effort; and Norway, Sweden and Denmark are alarmed. The shadow of the Bear is creeping out and up.

Russia's Unkept Promises

Late in March Russia made another move in her game in the East by sending ten thousand fresh troops to Port Arthur. They apparently are there for a purpose. War between Russia and Japan, over Corea, is not an immediate probability; it is likely, rather, that Japan will wait until China has rebuilt her army, and that the two nations will unite to drive out their common foe. China has a new statesman now in the person of Prince Ching, of whom much is expected. His attitude toward Russia is bold and firm, and he insists upon the evacuation of Manchuria, a demand which Russia partially acknowledges and tacitly ignores. She has promised to leave Manchuria within eighteen months, but evidently with no purpose of keeping her promises. She professes, however, to approve of the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

It would be doubly a misfortune should hostilities break out now between Russia and Japan, for it is thought that only an opportunity, such as this would be, is wanted for the renewal of Chinese outrages, there being still a strong feeling in official circles against foreigners. Recent despatches speak of the Dowager Empress as "not having yet ceased to dream of a bloody revenge." The Chinese rebellion, too, has within the past few weeks broken out afresh, and is spreading. It aims at the ultimate overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, Canton being the objective point. The end of the Chinese trouble is still afar off, but vigorous effort will be made from within and without to maintain the integrity of the yellow kingdom.

A National Problem

Russia has a problem at her own door. Side by side with the gigantic enterprises with which the name of Russia is nowadays associated, is the stern, inevitable fact that her affairs at home are in a very bad way. Famines in the great interior districts have become chronic, and in some places the peasants have risen in sheer desperation, and are ravaging the country. In the Altai region scurvy and typhoid are devastating the peasantry, who have even devoured the grain reserved for the spring sowing. The centre proper of Russia, the rich Black Earth belt, is impoverished, and agriculture is almost hopelessly crippled. Only in the border country, where she touches other nations, is Russia in any way prosperous, and it is there that the big fortunes are being made while the peasantry is starving. To cope with this problem the Government has from time to time devised various measures of relief, and is now said to be considering a number of remarkable engineering projects, which will be expensive, but may prove of lasting benefit. One is a canal to connect the Duna and Dnieper rivers, thus providing a channel for trade right through the middle of Russia and connecting the Baltic and the Black Sea. This would open up the centre of the country for further development. Another project is a great system of irrigation, utilizing the northern rivers and turning their water supply into a vast inland sea from which the surrounding steppes might be fertilized.

THE UNITED STATES

From the 20th of May the administration of Cuban affairs rests with the Cubans themselves, the American officials having transferred all shore property and the reins of government to a native ministry. Whether Cuba is really fitted for independence remains to be seen. Estrada Palma will be president. It is understood that the American policy will be favored by the new president and his government, and the American flag will be "morally dominant." A bill has been before Congress providing for the freer entry of Cuban

sugar. A reduction of twenty per cent. was finally passed, though opposed by the beet-sugar interests.

Congress defeated a bill to exclude the Chinese from the United States. The present law will be continued, restricting Chinese immigration by head tax.

A complete system of civil government has been framed for the Phillipines, to take effect when the war is at an end.

The purchase by the United States of the Danish West Indies is under final discussion by the Denmark legislature.

The American navy will number, when those now building are completed, 138 ships. Six new ships were determined upon last month, two of which will be the largest in the navy and among the largest afloat.

Wireless telegraphy will be adopted in Alaska. Competitive trials will be made of the Marconi and Slaby-Arco systems.

A combination of the leading Atlantic steamship lines, financed by American capitalists with J. Pierpont Morgan at their head, for the immediate purpose of steadying ocean rates and regulating competition, has given rise to a widespread satisfaction in the United States and a corresponding alarm in England over the increasing influence of American enterprise. Several British lines have been purchased and options secured on others, whose future business will be managed under the general combine. For the present and until existing contracts with the British Admiralty shall have expired, the ships will continue to fly the British flag, it being con-

trary to the United States law to fly the American flag on foreign ships. The promoters of the merger claim to have no ulterior purpose, such as the Americanization of Britain's sea trade, and assert that the combine will have rather a beneficial international effect, but the British people are fearing a general transfer of their commercial and naval auxiliary fleet when the Admiralty contracts have expired, within three or four years, believing that Congress will change the existing law to provide for the expansion of American interests. Germany is equally alarmed at the sudden enterprise being shown by United States capitalists.

The prospects for the wheat crop west of the Missouri are not encouraging. The spring has been a dry one, and it is feared that not more than fifty per cent. of last year's crop will be realized.

Irrigation is one of the great questions in the West. It is estimated that an expenditure of \$40,000,000 would provide support for 30,000,000 people by opening up arid lands. It is not yet settled whether this work properly belongs to the state or federal government.

Preparations are beginning for the Congressional elections next November. The chief grounds of the Democrats *versus* the Republicans will be the conduct of affairs in and concerning Cuba and the Phillipines, and the ship subsidies. Generally speaking, the people seem to be satisfied with President Roosevelt and his Government.

OUR OWN COUNTRY

THE WIDE DOMINION

THAT the prosperity of Canada is no delusion is shown by the figures of the Dominion revenue for the nine months ending March 31, which reached \$41,351,818, an increase of nearly three and a half millions over the same period last year. Another evidence of commercial

activity is the recent development of the stock market. The two leading cities, Montreal and Toronto, have become strong stock centres, and the transactions of the past three months have exceeded those of previous years both in volume and enthusiasm. Among the deals have been a large number of native enterprises, while Canadian capital is finding its way also to

some of the best securities in the United States. The growth of the money market has been taken advantage of by four new banking institutions, which have secured incorporation during the past session of parliament. These will be known as the Sovereign, the Metropolitan, the Securities and the Crown, the first-named having already commenced business.

A new loan of not more than \$15,000,000 will be raised to pay the floating debt and current expenditures.

The Canadian exhibit at the St. Louis exhibition in 1903 has been decided on as Dominion rather than provincial. The various exhibits will be amalgamated under a general classification.

Canada's agreement with Marconi, by which the inventor is given a cis-Atlantic base of operations in Cape Breton, is spoken of by the English press with warm commendation. The wireless telegraph system is held to be of great importance to the future of the Empire.

A contingent of Canadian soldiers will be organized and sent to England for the Coronation ceremonies. The appropriation is \$80,000.

It is thought that the trustees of Cecil Rhodes' great educational scheme will remedy the oversight by which so few scholarships were apportioned to Canada, and that provision will be made for all the provinces. As the will stands now, only Ontario and Quebec are mentioned.

The Labor Movement

A somewhat remarkable commotion in labor circles has been evident this spring in various parts of the Dominion. In Halifax nearly a thousand longshoremen were on strike for several weeks, and in the West there was reported dissatisfaction among the railway employees. The labor movement has had its centre, however, in Toronto and Montreal, where it assumed unusual proportions in some ten or twelve distinct trades. In Montreal the iron moulders, tinsmiths, plumbers, stonemasons, and electrical mechanics demanded increased wages and a new time schedule; in Toronto the same demand was made by the painters,

wood-workers, carriage-builders, lathers, bricklayers, printers, and street-car mechanics. In some cases these demands were met or compromised, and settlement of others is still pending. The workmen are claiming a fuller share of the general prosperity, and in some cases, under their new schedules, are receiving higher wages than have ever been paid before by Canadian employers. A parallel demand has been for the recognition of the labor unions, which have now become so fully organized that they are a force that must be reckoned with. So far as the railways are concerned, a measure was before the House to provide for compulsory settlement of strikes by arbitration.

The Tide of Immigration

It is expected that nearly 70,000 will be added to the population of Western Canada this year by immigration, an increase of 20,000 over last year. Some eight or ten steamers, already arrived or due at Halifax, will bring 10,000 from Europe. These include Galicians, Italians, Russians, and Germans, and thus far are a better-looking class of people than those of former years. While the chief distributing point is the North-West, a number of the Europeans have gone to Sydney and Sault Ste. Marie, having promise of employment in the great industries located there. A desire is being expressed among the French-Canadians now settled in the New England States to take up lands in the West, and a number have already gone to Prince Albert. Thousands more are said to be ready to follow, and some of the priests are at present inspecting the lands offered for sale, with a view to further repatriation of their French-Canadian parishioners. Still another source of new population is South Africa. The Colonial Office and the Government were said to have been in correspondence as to the disposal of the Boer prisoners, and these being considered a desirable class of settlers, the Government offers to give a homestead of 160 acres to every male over twenty-one and to admit to full civil liberty. While thus encouraging desirable immigrants, the Government will use increased vigilance in

keeping out aliens. There is a strong feeling against the Chinese.

The Beef Market

There is a general scarcity of marketable beef throughout Canada, and the high prices which have been ruling this spring form an interesting illustration of the extent to which conditions in one country sympathize with those in another. The droughts in the American West last summer so impoverished the grazing fields that the number of stock animals was very materially diminished, and the beef market suffered in consequence. At the same time United States shippers are under contract to supply large quantities of live stock for use in England. Thus to supply the deficiency at home, and also to make up the regular shipments to England, recourse was necessary to Canada, and as a result nearly all the marketable surplus of Canadian stock has been purchased for export. But to a lesser extent the same conditions have prevailed in Canada; local droughts and the high price of feed-stuffs operated in much the same way in the case of our own farmers and grazers, and fewer animals than usual were kept through the winter. Prices of beef accordingly went up in common with the general advance in the United States, where the situation, however, was aggravated by the oppressions of a beef trust operating from Chicago. The admission into England of Argentine stock, and the new grass crop at home in July, will relieve the situation. Meanwhile the unusual advance of price in meats has seriously affected the resources of the working people, and has been one of the reasons justly urged for increase of wages.

ONTARIO

The provincial elections are down for May 29. In the platform of both parties the development of New Ontario plays an important part.

The prohibition referendum will be voted on next December.

St. Joseph Lake and Lake Huron will be connected by a canal.

A new drill hall was opened in Brockville on May 5.

The buildings and development of the water power of the new pulp works at Sturgeon Falls will represent an outlay of \$100,000,000. The contract has been let to a Montreal firm.

A charter has been given to Boston capitalists to build an electric line between Toronto and Ottawa, with branch to Brockville, to cost about \$8,000,000.

Windsor will probably have new shipyards.

Business telephones at \$15 and house telephones at \$10 is the proposition made to the Ottawa authorities by a local promoter who contemplates a rival system to the Bell monopoly.

Galt and Thorold will have Carnegie libraries.

The local Government will investigate the causes of inferiority in the cheese product. Two model districts, comprising twenty factories in Leeds and Lanark and an equal number in Lambton, have been selected, where careful tests will be made and a system of expert inspection maintained.

The tax rate in Toronto goes down a quarter of a mill.

A comprehensive system of city improvement will be adopted in Ottawa, the Civic Parks Committee uniting with the federal commissioners. The Ottawa Improvement Act provides for an annual outlay of \$60,000.

The Clergue industries at Sault Ste. Marie will be added to by immense locomotive and engine works.

QUEBEC

Sir William McDonald has offered to build a sanitarium in the neighborhood of Montreal.

The Canadian Pacific Railway acquires the Ottawa and Western Railway at a price of \$4,000,000.

An elevator to hold 900,000 bushels is to be built in Montreal.

It is proposed to construct a tunnel under the St. Lawrence River at Montreal, connecting the city with the south shore. Plans have been submitted to the Railway

Committee. It will be the largest tunnel in the world, and will cost between four and six millions.

The fortifications at Quebec will be strengthened at a cost of \$35,000.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES

It is expected that the Marconi station at Table Head, Cape Breton, will be completed and in working order by Coronation Day.

A bridge across Canso Strait, to cost \$5,000,000, is a bit of engineering soon to be commenced.

Prince Edward Island will have an industrial exhibition next autumn.

The citizens of Halifax have voted a bonus of \$100,000 towards a ship-building plant in Halifax harbor. The facilities are exceptional.

A million and a half acres of land in New Brunswick have been secured by a Montreal syndicate.

The fruit growers of Nova Scotia are being given the advantage of expert demonstrations in tree-spraying and orcharding. The Government is seeking thus to encourage the provincial apple industry.

MANITOBA AND THE WEST

A majority vote of over 6,000 was polled on April 2 against prohibition, which was put before the people of Manitoba on the referendum principle.

Sites for seventy-five elevators have been asked for along the route of the C.P.R. A number of these applications are from American companies.

The newly tilled lands in the North-West will, if the crops are good, furnish a million bushels of wheat in excess of last year.

To handle the increasing summer traffic to and from the West the C.P.R. has placed orders for additional rolling stock to the value of \$5,000,000.

The North-West Legislature has been dissolved, and the new elections named for May 21.

There is disagreement among the leading Manitoba millers on the price of flour.

There is an enormous increase in the sales of Western lands. Since the first of the year 570,918 acres have been sold, at an average of about \$3.00 per acre.

A syndicate to control the salmon supply of the world, operating in British Columbia, is spoken as a possibility.

The sealing catch off the Pacific coast has been almost a total failure.

THE YUKON

A railway connecting Dawson City and Duluth, Minn., is projected, a company under name of the Great Northern of Canada having been incorporated in New Jersey. A vast area of new territory will thus be opened up, and the North put in connection with the Great Lakes. The road will cost a hundred millions. The C.P.R. is one of its backers.

A living allowance of \$5,000 per year, beside salary, has been granted to the Yukon judges.

The Yukon will soon have a representative in the House of Commons, and in the local Assembly will have five members instead of three.

An appropriation of \$84,000 has been made for public buildings.

The royalty on the gold output will be cut, and collected as an export tax. The present rate is five per cent.

The Tundra Plains, which skirt the Behring coast, are reported to contain millions of dollars' worth of gold dust.

NEWFOUNDLAND

The seal catch has been a success, totalling a value of \$450,000.

In proroguing the Legislature Governor Boyle congratuated the island colony on the present favorable industrial outlook and the general prosperity.

A party pledged to the idea of confederation with Canada is said to be forming under the leadership of Judge Morrison, who is now visiting Canada with a view to ascertaining the opinion of this country.

St. John's is to have a new system of civic government. The wards will be abolished, and the city will elect directly a mayor and six councillors.

CECIL RHODES, THE EMPIRE BUILDER

BY E. F. MURPHY

Cecil John Rhodes, the fifth son of the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, was born July 5th, 1853, at Bishop Stratford, England, and received his early education at the grammar school in that place. In June, 1870, he was sent to Africa that his shattered health might be restored. In 1871 he worked his first diamond claim. Two years later he returned to England and matriculated at Oxford, and in 1881 took his M.A. degree. The chief events of his South African career may be summed up under the headings of his entrance into Parliament, northern expansion scheme, consolidation of the mining interests, founding of Rhodesia, war with the Matabele, trans-African Railway scheme, the Raid, his trial, and his besiegement at Kimberley. He died March 26th, 1902. The bulk of his estate has been left to a vast Imperial scheme of education.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that the history of civilization is the history of great men. Granting this premise to be true and just, we may say that when the perspective of Time has told its tale, the unique figure of the Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes will occupy the position of the greatest Anglo-Saxon of his day. The history of his life will strengthen the generations that are to come after. In his name are embalmed some of the most stirring and dramatic episodes that have been chronicled in modern times. He died occupying no governmental or military position, and yet he bulks larger on the horizon than any other figure.

The Anglo-Saxon hungers for heroes, but heroes are rare. This is why the big heart of the world has spoken out its sense of irreparable loss in the passing away of the African Colossus. Had he cared for the trappings of power, he might have been buried in our Temple of Fame at Westminster, but he bade them carry him back to the lonely Matoppo Hills and lay him in a tomb hewn out of the living rock. This quiet kopje where he elected to be laid is called "The View of the World." It is a notable spot, for it has been fabled as the scene of King Solomon's Mines. It is notable, too, because it overlooks the jungle where in the Matabele war, Major Wilson and his thirty-three brave fellows held out against three thousand warriors till every

white man fell and every cartridge had been fired. Then, staggering to their feet, the little handful still remaining alive stood shoulder to shoulder in a circle, with their faces to the foe. Raising their hats they held them aloft and joined in singing an old song, and while they sang the Africans swept down upon them like a black river and speared them to death. The song of our men in that supreme moment was the British National Anthem.

This burial place of Rhodes is famous too, because within sight of it, he himself ventured unarmed into the rebel stronghold, among the savages whose hands were yet red with the blood of his kin, and talked with them till they surrendered.

It is a thrilling story. Carrying nothing but a little riding-whip, he threaded his way through the gloomy recesses of the Matoppo till he reached the camp of his enemies. To hesitate meant instant death, and so he moved quickly and as one having authority, till he stood face to face with the leaders. He urged them tell all their troubles, for he had come to them with peace in his heart. When he had promised redress for their grievances, he turned on his foes with the suddenness of an electric bolt and fiercely upbraided them for their base murder of English women and children, till the blacks cowered like whipped dogs. He was answered by an old chief, who advanced to Rhodes and said, "See, this is my rifle—I cast it at your feet; and this is my spear, which I likewise cast at your feet;" and all the chiefs shouted in assent. The rebellion was at an end.

And now wise men are asking where were the hidings of this man's power?

What was his Master-Passion?

His life is the story of a man with an ideal. Rhodes was a supreme idealist and at the same time a supreme realist. Like Moses, through the sight of the invisible

he achieved the impossible. Brooding long years in African deserts he saw the great plan; all his work was the filling-in of this plan.

We are inclined to underestimate the ideals, plans, and dreams that come to us in our luminous hours. Men cavil at them, but it is these that win battles before they are fought. Napoleon believed that every battle was won by imagination, and so while others slept, the great Corsican marshalled his forces and hurled them on his foes, achieving the victory in his dreams.

Now the dreams of the great Afrikander were ones that disturbed his ease and led him to obloquy, odium, and bitter hatred, for they were the stuff out of which an empire was built. He swept his hand down the map of Africa from top to bottom and said, "All red!" for so the English territories are colored. He realized that the scattered republics which went to make up South Africa must be welded into one coherent whole if the continent was to take its place among the first in the world. It was evident that the aborigines were not capable of self-government, and must inevitably give way before the advances of the white man—that the fittest must survive.

Now Mr. Rhodes contended that every nation aiming at a high standard should rest upon the three corner-stones of Justice, Liberty, and Peace; and as it was manifest that these three had reached their high-water mark in the Anglo-Saxon race, his far-stretching plan of "All red!" was justifiable, and must indubitably result in the greatest good for the greatest number. This plan of England's paramountcy in Africa was a large one, but the Great Colonist pursued it unflinchingly. In our ultra-sensitive times, it was a grim work he had to do. It meant, too, the load of calumny which is the burden of fame, for "What is Fame in life but half dis-fame?"

The red glare of war still hung on the horizon when

The Duel, Rhodes *versus* Kruger

began its long and momentous history. At this time the English troops had scuttled and run before the Transvaalers. The Burghers had been victorious at Laing's

Nek and Majuba, and so it was a very small figure indeed that England cut in their eyes.

Now, it happened that Paul Kruger had dreamed the same dream as Cecil Rhodes, except that it carried him only as far north as Zambesi. There was another difference too, for while the Englishman would allow equal rights to all, the Dutchman desired to assume the position of sole master of this territory, treating the Uitlanders and blacks as vassals, without any rights or liberties.

The First Trouble

arose over Bechuanaland, the trade-route to the interior. Rhodes urged the Imperial authorities to take this territory under British protection for it was the key to paramountcy in South Africa. Already the Dutch were trekking in and forming small colonies preparatory to annexing it to the Transvaal. In all his varied career, greater disappointment never came to Rhodes than the announcement from Downing Street, that no action would be taken in this matter. Immediately following this decision, Germany annexed a large territory to the north. This move caused anxiety in England, and the result was the proclamation of the British protectorate over Bechuanaland, for which Rhodes had fought so earnestly. The Boer colonists openly defied the proclamation and Rhodes was sent to interview Delarey. With apparent nonchalance, he walked into the tent of the Boer commandant and invited himself to breakfast. In describing his visit afterwards he said, "I stayed with Delarey a week; I became godfather to his grandchild and in the end we made a settlement."

But the wily old Doper, President Kruger, was not to be so baffled, and he at once took the bit in his own teeth by issuing a proclamation annexing Bechuanaland to the Transvaal. Now by this he not only ignored the British protectorate, but deliberately cast under foot the agreement made at the famous London Convention, whereby the Transvaal was not to extend her boundaries without the consent of the British Government.

An expedition of 4,000 men was sent against the Burghers under the command of Sir Charles Warren. Kruger, seeing his mistake, urged peace, and Rhodes was sent to the village of Fourteen Streams, near the frontier, to make terms. He was met by Leyds, then a young man, and Kruger. The upshot was that Kruger gave up all claims to the disputed territory and recalled the proclamation. Thus, without a drop of blood being shed, England won Bechuanaland and the Key to the North.

Score one, Mr. Rhodes!

It was after the close of this interview that Kruger said to Leyds, "That young man will cause me trouble if he does not leave politics alone and turn to something else. Well, the racehorse is swifter than the ox, but the ox can draw greater loads. We shall see."

The second round of the duel was on

The Question of Railways.

Rhodes foresaw that if the country was to be opened up for the development of its mineral wealth, and for white colonization, the railroad must be an important factor in the work. Transcontinental telegraph lines were also a necessity in order to lessen the chances of rebellion among the natives, and that the settlers might not be entirely shut off from civilization. Against these innovations, Kruger set his face like a flint and would have none of them. It is doubtful if he would have ever allowed a track to be laid in the Transvaal had it not been for the discovery of the Rand gold-fields. Even then he stoutly resisted its construction, but was eventually forced to capitulate by the members of his own Raad.

The population in the gold-fields had increased so enormously that a famine was imminent owing to the fact that the ox-waggons could not bring supplies quickly enough. Kruger saw that his position as president was decidedly insecure, unless he acceded to the demands of his supporters, and so in 1890 the line from Delegeo Bay entered the Transvaal on its way to Pretoria, which it reached five years later. In the meantime, Rhodes had opened an

opposition line through Bechuanaland which beat its rival by three years. Owing to Rhodes' line being more expeditious and better managed, it captured nearly all the trade. But, not to be out-manceuvred, Kruger made a fresh tilt at Rhodes. Forty miles of the British railway, between Viljoen's Drift and the Rand, belonged to the Netherlands Company, and on this section Kruger raised the rates to such an enormous height, and so hindered traffic by delays, that no one could afford to send goods over the line, and so trade was paralyzed.

Rhodes parried the tilt by organizing a fast and regular service of ox-waggons over this forty miles known as "The Drift," thus entirely preventing vexatious hindrances and prohibitive charges. But this round was not yet fought out. Furious at being so cleverly outwitted, Kruger made a savage lunge. His heated action was what is known as the memorable "closing of the drifts," which almost precipitated a war between the British and the Boers. His envy, hatred, and malice had carried him a step too far, for England declared his action to be a direct breach of the "free admission clause" of the London Convention. Acting on advice and information from Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain informed Kruger that the continued closure of the drifts would be accepted as a declaration of war. The Dutchman was thus forced from his untenable position, and the drifts were once more open.

Score two, Mr. Rhodes!

The Jameson Raid

The Reform Committee at Johannesburg, of which Dr. Jameson was a member, was made up of the leading Uitlanders who found the restrictions of the Boer Government unjust and intolerable. Petitions and appeals to Kruger were worse than useless. "Yes," he said, "you will get your rights, over my dead body." It was then that the appeal to arms was first thought of, and with Rhodes' consent, weapons and ammunition were smuggled into the diamond mines at Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes' defence before the Raid Committee in London explains the position. "After long efforts they

despaired of obtaining redress by constitutional means, and were resolved to seek by extra-constitutional means such a change in government of the South African Republic as would give to the majority of the population, possessing more than half the land, nine-tenths of the wealth, and paying nineteen-twentieths of the taxes in the country, a due share in its administration." Mr. Rhodes believed that Kruger would prove more amenable to reason if an armed rebellion were threatened, and that England would be stirred up to inquire into the grievances of her subjects in South Africa.

Cecil Rhodes was at the time Premier of Cape Colony, and in his official position ordered the police of the British South Africa Company to be stationed on the Transvaal borders in the eventuality of the Staals Artillerie being called out to attack the British insurgents. His action can in no way be justified, and it is quite possible that he did not realize the gravity of the step he was taking. However, as it has been pointed out, he fell into odium simply because his plan miscarried. Certain it is, Dr. Jameson precipitated matters in a foolhardy manner and made the attack without the consent of Rhodes. The defeat, Dr. Jameson's capture and imprisonment, Rhodes' resignation of the premiership, his trial and rebuff from the British Government, are all too well known to require more than a passing notice. These were black days in Rhodes' history, and for once it seemed that Mr. Kruger was pre-eminently victorious, but looking at the Jameson Raid from the standpoint of to-day, we must umpire fairly and say once more:

Score three, Mr. Rhodes!

And What About the Duellists?

Had the Dutch president exercised after this raid even a minimum of common-sense, and allowed some slight modification to take place in his stringent treatment of the Uitlanders, the Jameson Raid would not have succeeded. But Fate had decreed otherwise, and so "Doctor Jim's" headlong ride was but the bugle-call that ushered in Kruger's entire and irretrievable defeat.

To-day, twenty-four of Kruger's sons and grandsons have sworn allegiance to

the hated British; others of them have fallen by British bullets. His faithful old wife died of a broken heart and lies under the British flag, while he, an old man, exiled from home, forsaken by friends and execrated by foes, awaits the grim coming of death. It is a sad picture.

The other duellist, with Africa in his grasp, fell like Wolfe and Lincoln, at the moment of victory. Is it tragedy? Was it best? "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity. What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"

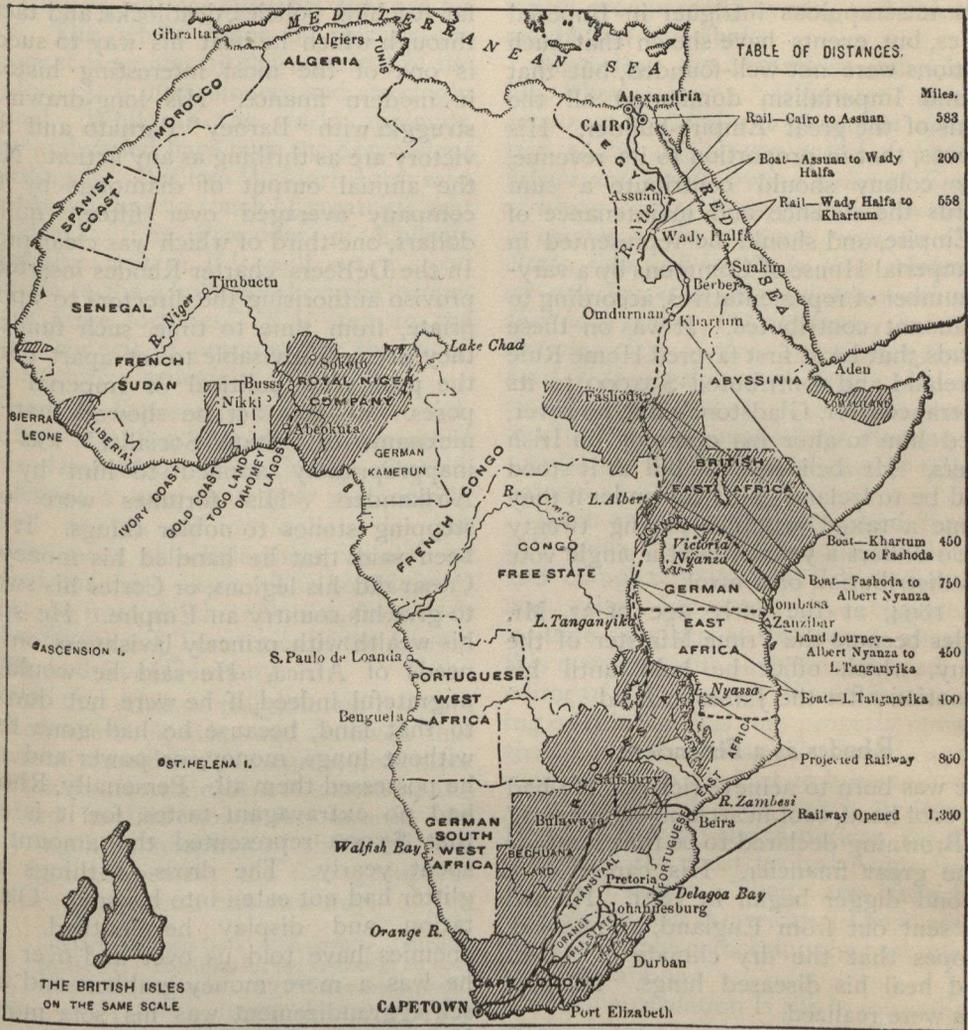
In the ebb-tide of his encounters with the Dutch, Mr. Rhodes found time to devote himself to

Parliamentary Matters.

In 1881, at the age of 27, he entered the House of Assembly at Cape Town. His auditors were not long in recognizing the fact that he would rapidly make his way to the front. As a speaker he expressed himself in pithy, but at the same time, plain, unvarnished Saxon. Someone, describing his style, said, "He doesn't make a speech at all. He gets up and has a sort of a confidential chat with the chairman for the benefit of those who happen to be listening."

One of the first affairs to which Rhodes gave his attention and opposition was the proposal to introduce Dutch into the House as the official language, side by side with the English.

His dealings with the native question showed him to have the acute perceptions of one who has bold and original ideas. He introduced a notable act, since called the Glen Grey Act, which secured a survey of the Kaffir reservations in eight-acre allotments. Each individual was given a title to one allotment which was secured him by the law of entail. This land could not be sub-let, but in case any native declined to cultivate it, the government resumed possession. This act also provided a labor bureau for the natives, and if a man refused to work, he was taxed ten shillings. In this way the "high rollers" of the tribes were made to have an object in life. The tax thus accruing was devoted to the erection of native schools in each district which



ROUTE OF THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

were under government supervision. One important clause in the act was the regulation by stern repressive measures, of the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives. Adventurers were amassing fortunes by selling them vile whiskey. Six months after this bill became law, the jails were absolutely without occupants, and crime was almost unknown among the natives in the districts where the act was in force.

Shortly after his entrance into the House, Rhodes was appointed a member of the Commission to Basutoland to decide what compensation should be paid to the natives who had remained loyal to the Cape during

the revolt, and had suffered in consequence. While serving on this commission he met General Gordon, and this was the beginning of a deep and lasting friendship. When Gordon was about to start for Khartoum in 1884, he sent Rhodes a telegram to accompany him. Rhodes was then Treasurer of Cape Colony and had to decline. Had it been otherwise, the recent history of Africa, both North and South, would have to be re-written, for the death of Gordon and the life of Rhodes are the two great agencies which to-day rule over the fate of Africa.

Rhodes' detractors have represented him

as an unscrupulous intriguer in Imperial politics, but events have shown that such assertions were not well-founded, but that a sound Imperialism dominated all the actions of the great Empire-builder. His idea was, that in proportion to its revenue, every colony should contribute a sum towards the defence and maintenance of the Empire, and should be represented in the Imperial House of Commons by a varying number of representatives, according to the amount contributed. It was on these grounds that he at first favored Home Rule for Ireland and contributed \$50,000 to its furtherance. Mr. Gladstone's bill, however, caused him to alter his opinions on Irish matters. He believed the bill as it stood would be to Ireland's hurt, for under it they became a taxed republic paying twenty million dollars a year without a single vote in its distribution or control.

In 1894, at the early age of 37, Mr. Rhodes became the Prime Minister of the Colony, which office he held until his resignation after the Jameson Raid.

Rhodes as a Financier

He was born to achieve riches. He had the "cool head, cool heart, and calm hand," that Browning declared to be the essentials of the great financier. His career as a diamond digger began in 1871. He had been sent out from England, a mere lad, in hopes that the dry climate of Africa would heal his diseased lungs. His best hopes were realized.

Rhodes' first months were spent on his brother's cotton-plantation at Natal, but before long he had a "claim" of thirty-one feet square. During six months of the year he washed the diamondiferous clay, and the other six were spent in England at Oriel College, Oxford, till he took his B.A. and M.A. degrees. This incident shows the dogged pertinacity of the youth, the imperiousness of will that afterwards led him to become a multi-millionaire. Everything he touched seemed to turn out well. Thirteen years after he had worked his first claim saw him in control of the whole diamond fields under the title of the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited. The disappointments, the hard-fought battles,

far-reaching policies, deadlocks, and tactics through which he beat his way to success is one of the most interesting histories in modern finance. His long-drawn-out struggle with "Barney" Barnato and final victory are as thrilling as any fiction. Now, the annual output of diamonds by this company averaged over fifteen million dollars, one-third of which was clear profit. In the DeBeers' charter Rhodes inserted a proviso authorising the directors to appropriate, from time to time, such funds as they deemed advisable to set apart out of the profits for political or Imperial purposes. By this act he showed that the nickname of "State Socialist" was not inappropriately applied to him by the Afrikanders. His fortunes were only stepping stones to nobler things. It has been said that he handled his money as Cæsar did his legions, or Cortes his sword, to give his country an Empire. He spent his wealth with princely lavishness on the needs of Africa. He said he would be ungrateful indeed, if he were not devoted to that land, because he had gone there without lungs, money, or power and now he possessed them all. Personally, Rhodes had no extravagant tastes, for it is said that \$3,000 represented the amount he spent yearly. The dross of things that glitter had not eaten into his soul. Ostentation and display he loathed. His enemies have told us over and over that he was a mere money-grabber and that self-aggrandizement was his sole motive. Not so! The Diamond King realized that his dreams would remain dreams unless he had the hard cash to materialize them and hence his remark to Gordon, that if he had been in Gordon's place when he was offered a roomful of gold in China, he would have taken that room and as many more as he could get, because, "it is no use having big ideas if one has not the money to carry them out."

That these affirmations of his ignoble greed were calumnious has been amply demonstrated by

His Last Will and Testament

wherein he bequeaths his fortunes to a vast Imperial scheme of education. It

is as Cæsar's will, for even his foes are his heirs. The whole tenor of this unique document is eminently characteristic of the testator. It is ultra-modern and strikingly original. While all the world applauds, many and varied have been the expressions regarding it. William Waldorf Astor says that the will has "a touch of greatness that bewilders." The President of Chicago University writes: "It will set a good example to the whole world on the proper use of large fortunes." "A step to the federal council of peace within the race," says Andrew Carnegie.

The will disposes of thirty million dollars, half a million of which is bequeathed to his *Alma Mater*, Oriel College, Oxford. He leaves a sum that may be roughly bulked at ten million dollars for the establishment of scholarships, tenable at Oxford, for three years. The beneficiaries are to be from all the colonies, from each of the States and Territories of the United States, and from Germany.

That the African magnate set no store on the mere bookworm, and believed that education should include a great deal more than scholastic attainment is shown by the standard he laid down for awards. In analyzing his conception of character, it is best first to present the four groups of qualities in the testator's own way.

(1) "Literary and scholastic attainments," (intellectual): 3 parts; (2) "Fondness for the success in outdoor sports," (physical): 2 parts; (3) "Manhood, truth, courage, devotion of duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship," (social): 3 parts; (4) "Moral force of character, and instincts to lead and take an interest in his schoolmates, attributes which will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim," (moral): 2 parts.

From this it will be seen that literary attainment only counts three parts in the allotment of the scholarships. To educationalists this is a startling novel standard. It might appear, at first glance, that in his apportionment of human qualities to the ideal youth, Mr. Rhodes would scrimp his moral traits. But upon a closer examination it will be seen that under the group called "social," many characteristics have been included which may be more correctly classed as moral, so that the third and

fourth groups really overlap and constitute one-half of the whole.

Regarding the American scholarships Mr. Rhodes says: "*Whereas I desire to encourage and desire to foster an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from a union of English-speaking peoples throughout the world, and to encourage the students from the United States who will benefit by these scholarships an attachment to the country from which they have sprung, but, without, I hope, withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth.*" He especially provides that no student shall be qualified or disqualified for election to a scholarship on account of race or religious opinion.

Much amazement is expressed that the will gives Canada but nine scholarships and completely ignores British Columbia and other provinces. As considerable latitude is given to the seven executors, this oversight will likely be amended. The editor of *The Toronto World*, in commenting on this fact, has very properly remarked that it is not necessary for Canada's young men to go to Oxford to become inspired with the British idea, nor is it necessary for them to learn the American for Canadians are the most typical Anglo-Saxons in the world. They are British in nationality and American in business and social life, thus combining the best qualities of both nations.

Much speculation is rife in journalism as to the effect the change will have on the two countries, for the results will be more felt in the political and social world than in the educational. Will a hundred young Americans pitting their abilities and instincts against England's caste-stiffened aristocracy, lead to more democratic tendencies in England or more conservative ones in the United States? It cannot but work both ways. If young Americans are to be the new wine in old bottles they must be prepared to take the flavor of the bottle. Yet it is probable that England will feel the change most for there can be no guarantee that the Colonial or American student when he has completed his university course will return home. He is

likely to remain and make his influence felt in the business and professional career of England. This was not Rhodes' intention and is perhaps the weak point in the plan. Coming, however, to speak of the ultimate results, we are on firm ground when we say that the will of Cecil Rhodes makes for the peace of the world. His conception was that patriotism of race should supplant national patriotism. His legacy will perpetuate it. Surely it can be said that he lived up to the wisdom of using his money to carry out his "big ideas."

His Make-up and Some Incidents

Nearly four years ago, we saw Cecil Rhodes in the Cannon Street Hotel in London and had the opportunity of observing him closely. In figure he was well-knit and massive, with a tendency to be broad at the belt like the typical John Bull in Teniel's pictures. Deep lines that were like scars, prominent perspectives over heavy eyebrows, a rather cynical mouth, and steel-colored eyes, went to make up a countenance upon which "deliberation sat and public care." Without the loose mass of wavy hair and unmistakably dimpled chin, it had been a cold, masterful, almost stolid face.

When we come to study his character from the various sidelights thrown upon it, we are struck by its strange complexity. Headstrong at times, Rhodes was again politic and diplomatic. Strict reserve was his attitude to all but a few intimate friends. Much of his success depended upon his secrecy. He did not confide his plans to others. Yet he could be candor personified. After the Raid fiasco, he was summoned to England to stand his trial before a committee of legal and political experts, among whom were the Honorable Edward Blake, Sir Richard Webster (the Attorney-General of England), Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labourchere, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Classes and masses awaited the trial with intense interest. It was to take place in Westminster Hall, the scene of many notable trials. Baxter was arraigned before the infamous Judge Jeffreys, and Charles I.

received his death sentence in this venerable Hall. Guy Fawkes, Archbishop Laud, Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More, the seven Bishops, and scores of others had here heard dread judgment, and now comes the troubler, Cecil Rhodes. Surely it will take all the astuteness and diplomacy of the judges to wring the story from this man of flint. They looked for equivocation, dodging, twisting, expediency, shirking, and moral reservations. "Will he answer?" "Will they tangle him?" were the questions on every lip.

On the 16th of February he took his stand in the witness-box and in a perfectly calm, dignified, and statesman-like manner told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It was the last thing expected, and completely disarmed his judges and undermined the foundations of their well-planned tactics. He had decided the "right or wrong" of his action long months before and was not afraid of the truth.

The great Afrikander was a man given to reasoning much on the eternal verities. He did not believe in a hell. He was an evolutionist. He was an agnostic. That he knew his Bible and could quote it upon occasion was, however, quite evident, for when with only one thousand men at his disposal Dr. Jameson began a war against the Matabele hordes, Rhodes telegraphed him the laconic message: "Read Luke xiv : 31." Jameson turned it up and read as follows: "Or what king, going to war against another king sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

Some one has called him "a splendid pagan," for he derived his intellectual stimulus very largely from Plato, Pliny, Horace, Homer, and Tacitus. He had many foes who anathematized him as the very apogee of rascality, but in an age like ours to have no enemies is to be eternally disgraced. A wise man has said that to be famous is to be slandered by people who do not know you. Those who were intimately acquainted with Rhodes loved him. They described him as possessing that rare gift of personal charm which was

due to his directness of speech and frank simplicity of manner. The key-note of his whole history was unconventionality. His life was full of daring, unfettered action. People never knew what to expect next. Yesterday he was at Cairo, to-day over the sea, to-morrow he will be at Cape Town. "What," they ask "is Cecil John up to now?"—for so he was familiarly called.

Above everything else, Rhodes was an opportunist and had the divine spark of genius that enabled him to seize the tide at its flood. He was resourceful, tireless, unafraid. Difficulties only tempered his sword. Defeat but paved the way for victory. To-day's triumph was only an incitement to renewed struggle to-morrow.

His capacity for work was enormous. None but a man with stupendous mentality could grapple with the multifarious and arduous duties that daily confronted him. Idleness of life was in his eyes the unpardonable sin. "Employ humanity," he argued, "and at the same time civilize. Build a railroad in South America or machine shops in China. There is an immense population, whole continents living in barbaric surroundings. Have at them! Make the Anglo-Saxon race predominant from Spitzbergen to Cape Horn and around the globe!" Nothing annoyed him more than a languorous, emasculated manhood. Yet he did not neglect

The Recreative Side of Life.

His diversions are thus recorded: "Kept a drag at Oxford, rides daily for two hours at 6 a.m.; reads chiefly the classics, of which he has a fine collection, with a separate library of type-written translations executed specially for him; Froude and Carlyle he admires universally; favorite reading biography and history; knows Gibbon almost by heart; favorite fiction "Vanity Fair," which he admires more than any single work in literature; collects old furniture and china and curios generally, *with a preference for anything Dutch*; has a Sir Joshua Reynolds; fond of nearly all old things, particularly of old oak chests; goes in greatly for gardening, especially rose culture; good pyramid player; a fair

shot; has a menagerie on Table Mountain, and visits his lions there every day when he can; his zebras, ostriches and buck of all kinds are not caged but run wild in huge inclosed tracts of the mountain side."

Rhodes was keenly alive to the power of the press and subsidized a prominent daily to boom Rhodesia. However, being a man of action rather than of words, he made it a point not to affirm what he was going to do. He preferred to accomplish and then tell about it.

It was a strange trait in his make-up that he was a woman hater. A story is told of a young lieutenant in his employ who got married while he was away on his holidays, and as he was about to leave Cape Town for Buluwayo with his bride, a telegram was handed him at the depot where his friends had gathered to see him off. The message was from Rhodes simply stating that the climate up there was ruinous to a woman's complexion—all understood its meaning.

Not less strange was his entire

Inability to Brook Control.

Perhaps at no time in his career was this more manifest than at Kimberley throughout the siege. He reached there by the last train before the town was surrounded and narrowly escaped capture at the hands of the enemy who in their vindictive hatred had built an iron cage in which to imprison the former Prime Minister of Cape Colony, in order that they might exhibit him publically through the Boer States. Kimberley was in charge of Colonel Kekewich and it was not long before he and Cecil Rhodes came into open conflict. This was most unfortunate, and Rhodes should have learned to play second fiddle for once. So strained were their relations, that Kitchener heliographed to Colonel Kekewich, "Put Cecil Rhodes in irons if necessary." From this it would seem that he was in danger of irons from both friends and foes. But apparently oblivious of it all, Rhodes got to work and organized a new force of 300 men which he called the Kimberley Light Horse, for the regulars were only 700 strong. He paid all the expenses out of

his own pocket. He also equipped a corps of 400 men which were named the Kimberley Rifles, and as a last defence called upon every able-bodied man to enroll himself in the town-guard, which totalled up a roll of three thousand men.

Much to the anxiety and distress of his friends he rode daily in and out of the barricades in peril of being "sniped" by the Boer sharpshooters. Strangely too, the exploding shells fell more often in his vicinity than elsewhere, but he seemed to bear a charmed life.

The Kaffirs who had worked in the diamond mines caused much anxiety in Kimberley during the siege, for their occupation was gone and they had no money. Rhodes organized relief works for them by setting them to build roads in the new parts of the town, the chief one of which was appropriately called "Siege Avenue." Nor did this represent the total of his energies. At Mr. Rhodes' initiation the famous gun, "Long Cecil" was turned out by the workmen in the De Beers' factory. None of them had any experience in manufacturing artillery, but by the aid of text-books on gunnery they began the task and completed it after twenty-four days of incessant labor. The gun had a range of 8,000 yards and its first shot was a tremendous surprise to the Boers who had no idea where the weapon of large calibre had come from.

Each shell was stamped with the words, "With C. J. R.'s compliments," for he felt he owed them a retort for their threats about the cage. In all 255 shells were fired from the gun but the carriage had not done all its work then, for it was destined to bear the body of its designer to its long, last resting-place.

Yes! it was a queer amalgamation that went to make up Cecil Rhodes. He

was slow to anger, but slower to forgive. The strong wine of adulation did not turn his head, for he was impervious to people's opinions. His outlook into the world of men was keen and far-sighted. Stead has said some men think in parishes, others in nations, but Rhodes thought in continents. Sometimes he was abstractedly morose, other times carelessly gay. A thoughtful student and a philosopher, yet he possessed broad-minded tolerance. Faults he had not a few, for he was human—very human. But now the bold heart is stilled and there is none to step into his place. He is the man who could best have brought Boer and British together. He understood them both.

Of late he suffered much physically. People said he was killing himself drinking champagne. On the other hand the physicians said it was the one thing that kept him alive.

"So little done; so much to do," were his words as he passed out of time. Africa was not "All red" except in blood. Is this what he meant? or did he look out over the wide field of the world? Who knows?

And they draped his coffin with the torn and stained banners which had led the English to victory in South Africa, and carried the dead man to his rock-hewn tomb on the mountain-top, there to rest "till the vision he foresaw splendid and whole arise." And when the night fell and the Christians had gone home, and the camp-fires were lighted in the lonely Matoppo Hills, the black men who loved well the great white chief, performed the rites of their Afana. Fifteen oxen were sacrificed to his spirit that it might rest in peace. For

"Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul."

BLUNDERS IN ADVERTISING CANADA

BY A. T. HUNTER

IT has sometimes been a subject of mild wonder to travellers and even to Canadians to see a country highly-developed and peopled by over seventy millions, and just alongside that country to see another country of at least equal natural resources but scantily developed and merely pegged down by a bare five millions of people. The same thing may be observed on a smaller scale on any business street in any city, where we may see one store almost deserted of customers, while its neighbor's counters and aisles are blocked with a confused and struggling mass of humanity. The explanation usually given in the business world, and which seems to fully cover the case may be summed up in one word—Advertising. Just as there is the advertising of a merchant, there is also the advertising of a nation, with precisely similar penalties for insufficient advertising, careless advertising, and bad advertising. During practically the whole of the nineteenth century, Canada persistently and deliberately practised nearly every possible form of injurious advertising. With their eyes fully open and yet not seeing, Canadians have joyously done everything within the limits of human folly to advertise to emigrants that this will be no land for them.

INSTANCE NO. I.—OUR CLIMATE.

It is surely one of the first principles of all good advertising not to direct attention to what either is a blemish or is difficult of satisfactory explanation. Now the climate of Canada is to those who have learned to love it by no means a blemish. But our climate is simply something that can not be explained in a comfortable way to a man who has never experienced it. The average emigrant who is a poor man and associates winter frosts with discomfort and even hardship, will when told of our

minimum temperatures simply feel that his old discomfort will be multiplied so many fold by our winter. We lose him as an emigrant and blame on his ignorance what is due to our own stupidity.

It would be no doubt, interesting to make a complete catalogue of the long list of literary men and travellers who have for purposes of saying striking things and making readable matter, injuriously advertised our climate. We might start with Voltaire whose historic reference to the loss of Canada as merely the loss of some thousands of leagues of snow, has demonstrated for all time that it is quite possible to be at once a very great philosopher and yet approximate to being a gigantic fool. We might go on through the list of learned and titled observers, such as Sir Francis B. Head, who in his "Emigrant," narrates with a gleeful chattering of the teeth that at his fireside in Toronto "several times while my mind was very warmly occupied in writing my dispatches I found my pen full of a lump of stuff that appeared to be honey, but which proved to be frozen ink." We have had hundreds of these picturesque, idle and disproportioned caricaturists of our land. But they are not the people who have done the mischief, and they are not the men I am after.

Why is it that Canadians abroad, (evidently observing the principle that up on Georgian Bay the man who tells the *first* fish story has no chance), must in competitive lying win laurels at the expense of our climate and therefore of our population? I have read the recent utterances of an eloquent Canadian statesman delivered in Australia, and if he did not succeed in persuading every hearer and reader in all Australia that this country possesses one of the most horribly frigid and austere climates in the universe, it would not be from any lack of effort or ability on his part.

Why is it that at the time of sending the first contingent (which in itself was material for good advertising), our papers must give Colonel Otter's portrait *taken in furs*? Why is it that the battery we sent to do such good service in South Africa by their horses' sweat and their own endurance, must inevitably be pictured in winter costume of furs?

It is needless to go further in this matter, except that I should quote from a very able and up-to-date English paper, *The Sketch*, issue of January 1st, 1902. Read the following advertisement, for it acts as an advertisement, and is made worse by six illustrations that would freeze your blood. Then tell yourself who is to blame for such cruel, ridiculous, and monstrous nonsense.

WINTER WITH THE CANADIANS.

Canada is seen at its best in winter. It is then that all the sports which are typical of the country and the people take place. Nowhere else in the world can one enjoy so varied and at the same time healthy and exhilarating exercises out-of-doors as in the realms of the "Lady of the Snows," as Kipling very rightly designated our Colony beyond the Sea in his famous poem.

Tobogganing is by far the favorite sport. The moment the Ice King commences his reign, chutes are erected in the principal parks and open spaces, and all day long the "swish" of the toboggan may be heard as it flies down the steep gradient at almost lightning speed. Not only grown-up persons of both sexes enter into the sport with the greatest of delight, but the children simply revel in it. An ordinary toboggan holds about five or six persons, and, with such a combined weight, the sledge simply flies down the chute.

Although Canada is very cold in winter, the air is dry, crisp, and invigorating. *The Canadians dress in fur and picturesque woollen garments*, and the scene on a Saturday afternoon at a large chute is a very animated one. For swift travelling over the snow, snow-shoes are resorted to. In design these latter very much resemble a tennis-bat. They are about five feet in length and twelve inches in width and made of wood. The boot is strapped to the centre. *Equipped with these curious shoes, the Canadians travel long distances without much fatigue.*

Every Canadian town boasts of its Snow-Shoeing Club, the foremost in Canada being the St. George's, with its headquarters at Montreal and associated Clubs scattered throughout the country. By the novice who dons the shoes for the first time they are regarded as very unwieldy contrivances, but with a little practice eight to twelve miles an hour can be covered with ease. Occasionally the St. George's Snow-shoeing Club give a fancy-dress ball on the ice, to which all members of the affiliated Clubs are invited. *To attend these festivals the members often travel on their snow-shoes for a hundred miles or more.*

An interesting winter pastime which our Canadian cousins indulge in to their hearts' content is that of ice-castle building. These creations of ice are not run up in a hurry, as many suppose, but occupy the services of

quite an army of men from six to eight weeks before they are finished. The ice is cut from the river with saws into rectangular blocks and carted to the scene of operation on sledges. The palaces are built under the superintendence of an architect, who is responsible for their stability. Block after block of translucent ice is swung into position by cranes, until the building is completed.

During the day, the castles or palaces shine in the winter sunlight like glittering crystal, while at night they are illuminated with strong electric arc-lamps, giving the structures the appearance of some enchanted fairyland. On the last night of the carnival, the palaces are destroyed in a befitting manner. A mock battle is arranged, in which the building falls into the hands of the attackers. The latter are generally dressed as Indians, to make the scene more picturesque. A display of fireworks and colored lights terminates the happy proceedings.

But the grandest and most exciting of all sports in this land of snow is ice-yachting. The great charm of the sport is the speed of the boats. They skim over the frozen lakes faster than the swiftest swallow. Sixty, seventy and eighty miles an hour are common performances on the Hudson River and the great fresh-water lakes of North America every year.

INSTANCE NO. 2.—THE BRAG OF LOYALTY.

Perhaps no more flagrant and idiotic blunder in advertising Canada has been made than by the continuous, systematic, but not disinterested brag of loyalty to the Mother Country. I am not referring to the recent sending of contingents to Africa. For in the first place, actual, as opposed to pretended, virtue is always respectable; and, in the second place the contingents have advertised the courage, endurance, and intelligence of Canadians, which in itself is good advertising. I refer not to applied loyalty but to the post-prandial, literary, and political loyalty that has disfigured our annals from the very earliest times. Following the excited (and not unrighteously excited) state of mind that the inhabitants of Canada have been in consequent on this succession of events, namely the persecution of the U. E. Loyalists, the War of 1812, the Rebellion of 1837, the Fenian Raid of 1866, and some other more local troubles, it has nearly always been *good politics* in Canada to be furiously loyal to England. It has also been *bad statesmanship*. It has won votes and lost population.

We have only to consider the guiding spirit of the average emigrant from Europe. This spirit is the spirit of discontent. Here then for over a hundred years we have had two countries side by side in the

continent to which the emigrant ever turns his eyes in the hope of bettering his material and social conditions. On the one hand we have had a nation boasting its freedom,—almost its license,—scorning Europe, deriding the customs of the old world as effete and unworthy of a free man, proclaiming new institutions and the unlimited liberty to rise above poverty or social caste. Such until recently was the spirit in which the United States offered its shelter to the European Emigrant. On the other hand we have had Canada, whose chief statesmen vied with one another in proclaiming the incessant desire “to shed our last drop of blood and spend our last dollar” in the service of the Mother Country. England’s institutions, her social customs, her aristocracy, her militarism have been represented,—quite unnecessarily and quite untruthfully,—as the models of perfection that we are struggling to achieve. Instead of telling the truth, that there are no freer, more democratic people on earth than the Canadians, that no people spend so little for gunpowder and no people more sincerely despise empty ceremonial and bombastic nonsense than the Canadians, we have done our best to frighten away the German, the Scandinavian, the Irishman, the Scotchman and the Englishman who sick unto death of the lord, the war-lord, the and-lord, and the lordlings, are not to be

attracted to a country which is represented as a would-be England without its conveniences.

The result is the difference between seventy millions and five millions. They have had the multitude, we have had the remittance-man. “Modesty,” saith Homer, “is not good for a beggar,” and loyalty is not good advertising for a country that wants emigrants. Loyalty is a stay-at-home, not prompting the removal of one’s household to strange lands, but keeping a man quiet in his own country. In proportion as we proclaim our superiority to England and all other countries so shall we appear desirable to the emigrant (alias the discontented man). The greater our national arrogance and the louder our contempt for the old world, the more will we be blessed with increase.

REMEDY.

I could give many other flagrant and indefensible instances of our bad advertising, but I think I have brought forward sufficient to make applicable the rule that “a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse.”

The true remedy is a moral reformation beginning in the hearts and minds of Canadians and looking towards the increase of our national pride and a greater solicitude for our national dignity.

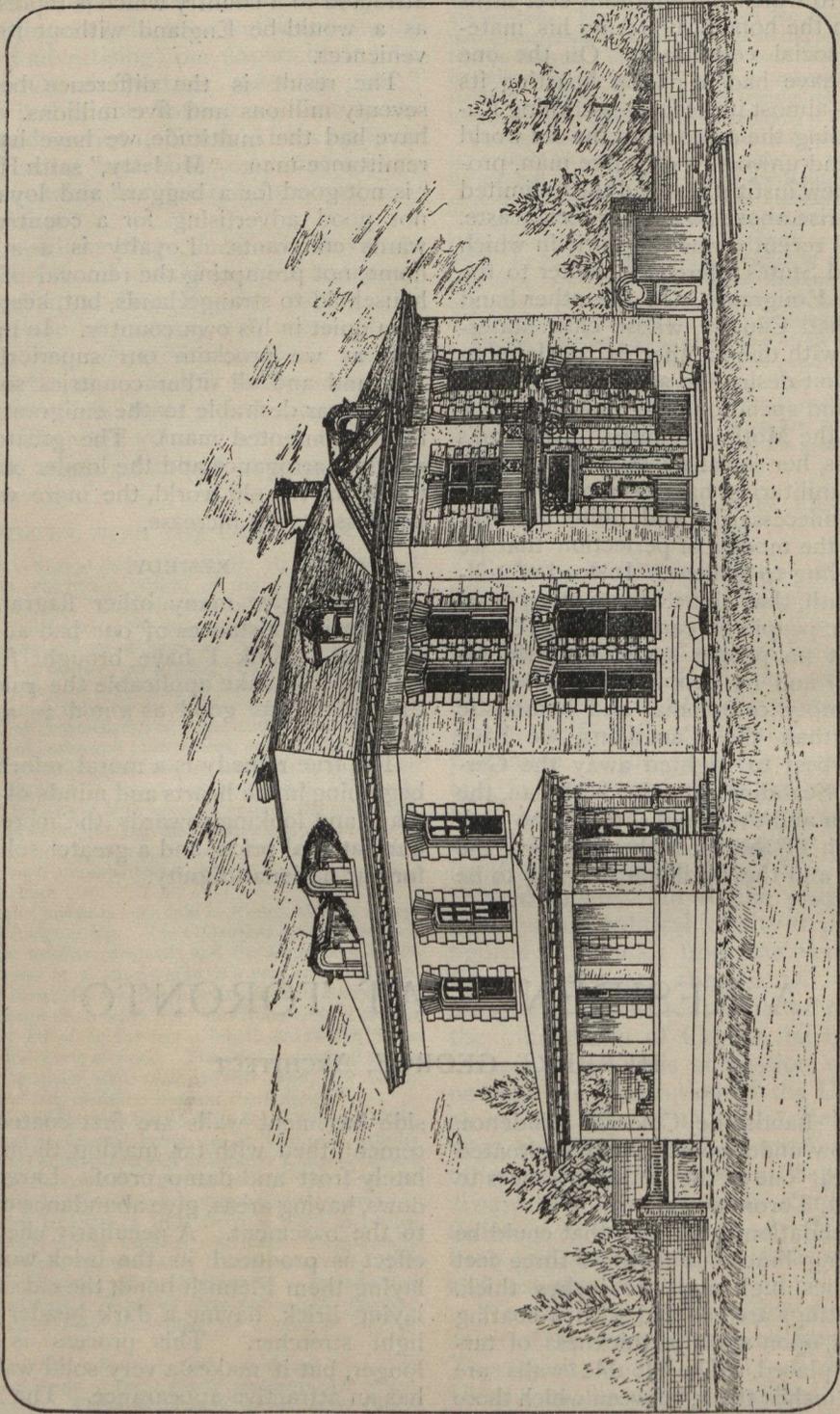
A RESIDENCE AT TORONTO

HERBERT GEORGE, ARCHITECT

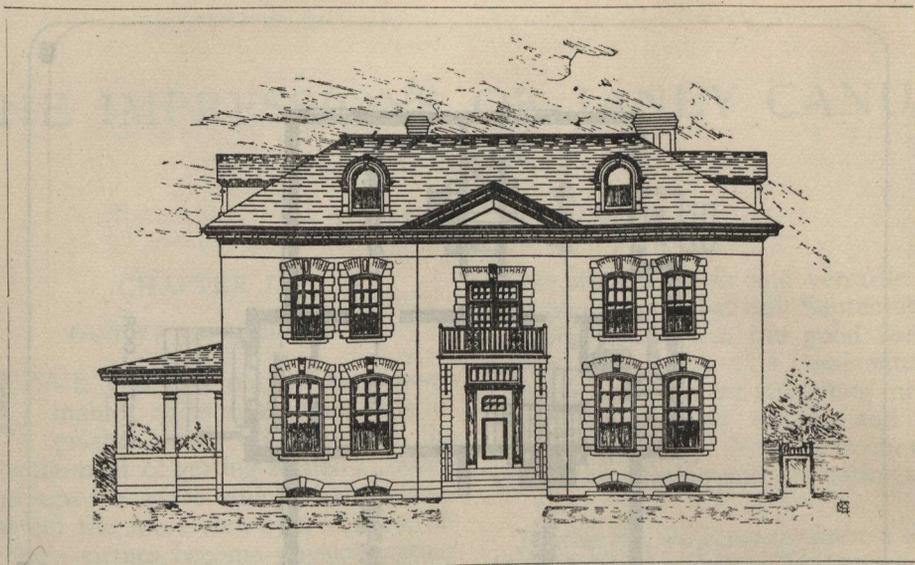
THIS handsome Colonial residence, now under construction, is situated near one of the main entrances to High Park, Toronto.

The foundation is the best that could be built, having limestone footings three feet eight inches high and six inches thick. These footings are covered with a coating of cement, upon which a thickness of tarpaper is placed. The double walls are each nine inches thick, between which there is an air space of two inches. The out-

side basement walls are first coated with cement, then with tar, making them absolutely frost and damp proof. Large windows, having areas, give abundance of light to the basement. A peculiarly checkered effect is produced in the brick-work by laying them Flemish bond, the old style of laying brick, having a dark header and a light stretcher. This process is much longer, but it makes a very solid wall, and has an attractive appearance. The roof is black slate, and the outside wood-work is



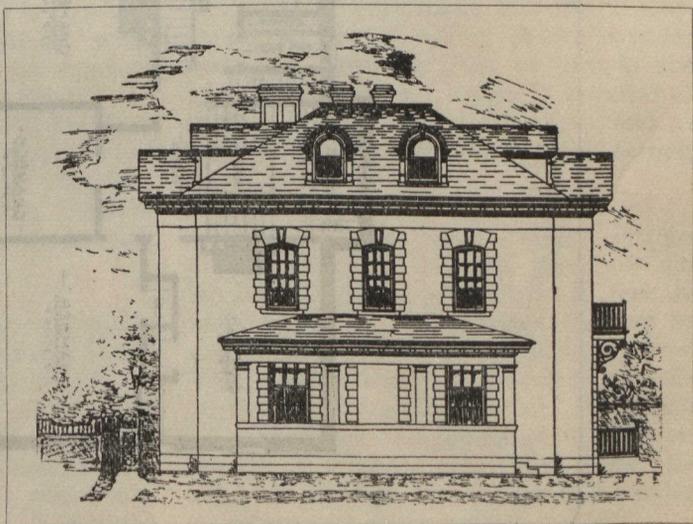
A RESIDENCE AT TORONTO



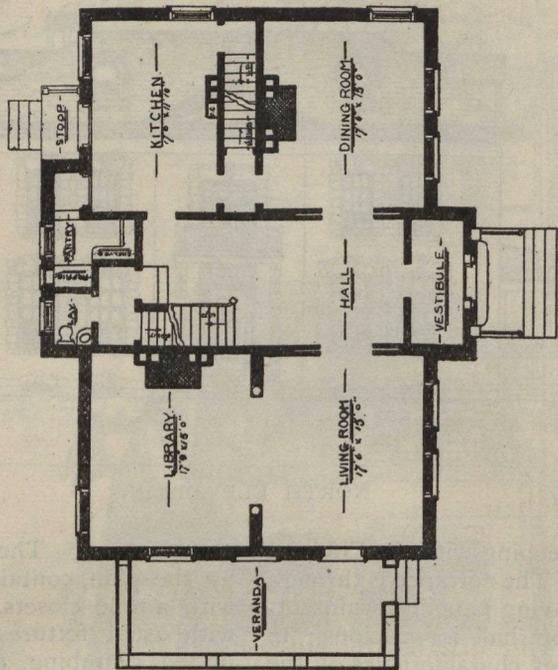
NORTH ELEVATION

painted white, in keeping with the Colonial style of the house. The entrance is through a tiled vestibule having panelled wainscoting. The reception hall is spacious; in fact one of the chief characteristics of the house is its large rooms not cut up by nooks and bay windows. The staircase is of handsome design, having a newel post formed of a cluster of balusters with a rail sweeping down around same and forming a cap. A nook provided with panelled seats and a large window, reached by two steps and separated from the landing by an open partition and columns gives a very cosy appearance to this part. The living room, panelled and finished in dark oak is separated from the hall by sliding doors, and from the library by an open partition and columns. A French window gives access from this room to the spacious verandah on the east. The library is finished in oak and provided with an open fire-place. The dining-room is finished in whitewood, and the kitchen is finished in Georgian pine and fitted up in a most com-

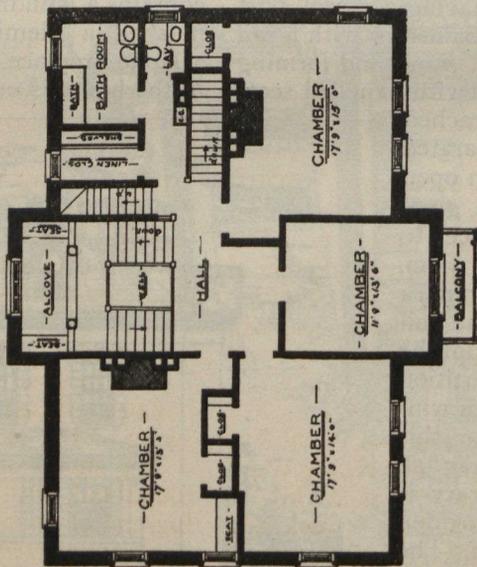
plete manner. The second floor, as shown by the plan, contains four large bedrooms with ample closets, a bathroom provided with usual fixtures and exposed nickel-plated plumbing, and on the third floor three bedrooms with closets, a trunk room and a bathroom. The cemented basement contains a laundry, furnace room, and a den finished in Flemish oak and provided with a stone fireplace. The general impression of the house is one of solidity and comfort.



EAST ELEVATION



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD.

BY EMILY FERGUSON.

CHAPTER I.

OUTWARD BOUND.

HAVE you ever noticed the abominable selfishness that distinguishes nearly all tourists in the first excitement of getting settled? Bustling groups vie as to which shall prematurely kill the most stewards. In travelling, one's virtues become physical rather than mental, and in spite of your most altruistic principles, it is astonishing how disastrously contagious becomes this low-minded, every-man-for-himself spirit.

We interested ourselves in the partings: "When shall I see you again?" How often is it repeated! and I think it is Kipling who says this is a question that lies very near to the hearts of the world.

* * * * *

At six, on the morning of July 5th, we awoke to realize that we were steaming down the St. Lawrence, "*The Gallia*" having crept away from Montreal some time in the night. Quebec was reached early that afternoon, and looking out on the ancient capital, I found myself peopling it with the charmingly drawn characters of Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*; with "Master Devil" Doltaire, Captain Moray, Mathilde, Alixe Duvarney and François Bigot.

It has been said that Quebec is the one *finished* city in the world, and Henry Ward Beecher declared that it was a bit of mediæval Europe perched on a rock and dried for keeping. This gaunt, grey rock is the centre milestone of Canadian history. Around its war-scarred heights, how many storms of history have broken! The blood

of the stolid English and versatile French that blended on that dull September morn so long ago, was the good seed from which has sprung this passionate young Canuck, with his far-stretching arms, his mighty thews and sinews, and all his abounding vitality. No page in our nation's story is so riveting and dramatic as this.

Further on, we come to where a veritable Minnehaha, the Falls of Montmorenci, leap madly down a lofty precipice, and beyond, in his little white-washed hamlet, lives the *habitant* with his "plaintee good healt' what de monee can't give"; his "good trotter horse an' nice famme Canadienne."

The Island of Orleans is passed; Baie St. Paul and Isle Aux Coudres come into view, and at Murray Bay the "first day out" is ended, and we turn to the study of life aboard ship. We try not to be homesick when we think of the rapidly "lengthening chain" that separates us from home and love; we even make half-tearful jokes about our berths calling them "wooden overcoats," but are glad to turn in and whisper our "Now I lay me"; for after all it is our first trip across the ocean, and we have not exhausted the simple, homely emotions of life.

Labrador, that tract which Jacques Cartier brands as the land given to Cain, has been passed, and we begin to feel the swing of the sea. We watch the fast receding shores of the bleak and sterile Newfoundland, until it is like a view from the big end of an opera glass, and then settle down to realize that the happiness of a sea voyage is a mixed one; that under the name of pleasure, we are prone to afflict ourselves with much misery.

O the dolours of the sea! I become cognizant of the fact the inner woman can take no Turkish bath comparable with an ordinary dose of sea-sickness. The steamer groans, sighs, and grumbles in unison with me. I have nothing more to anticipate in this life. My utter lassitude, my complete collapse of body and soul indicate that the limits of human endurance have been reached. The "large, airy stateroom" becomes a maddening cubicle and I strangle for air. I am in a floating hospital and there are dismal sounds of retching and wailing, of gasping and gurgling, notes of appalling mortal woe that are distressing in the extreme to hear. After a while the "contrary winds" abate and I get a sharp appetite, but the very superior stewardess insists on the discipline of renunciation. It saves her trouble; nevertheless it is a good axiom in travel to eat when you can. There is a fortune in store for the person who will write a practical book on "How to be Happy though Travelling."

To a certain extent, there is an unavoidable familiarity on a big liner. You drop your city-bred suspicions of every accidental acquaintance, and the company falls into parties. Natural selection is unconsciously established, and you find yourself more intimate with those whose tastes are congenial. The Padre says it is the old division of the bores and the bored. I do not think he means anything personal, but I must say he has an aggravating way of letting his chair back to the remotest angle, or of scowling at me as his natural enemy. It doubtless secures him from troublesome intrusion and gives him time to be idle—very idle, or to think "long, long thoughts" about sermons and things.

Early in the voyage we suffered much from the hoarse, anguished bellow of the fog-horn, and presently found ourselves surrounded by gigantic icebergs. They are intensely interesting studies of polar architecture. The ultra-nautical called them "bergs." These shy, spectral apparitions, pallid and luminous as opals, with their indescribable, palpitating hues and

polar breath, were strangely and irresistibly attractive. This proximity to "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was overwhelmingly oppressive, and the realization of our human smallness and incapacity was humiliating and entire.

Wishing to see something of the vitals of the ship, the Padre and I climbed down to where the stunning uproar and pulsing thuds of the ship's naked heart upset any preconceived ideas we had on descending. It was a submarine inferno. The engine "buzz'd and bang'd and clackt," and the regular, never-ceasing plunge of the pumps was dizzying in the utmost degree. The engineer told me about the governors, piston, cranks, and valves; about eccentrics and rockers, with a glibness born of long practice, and I pretended to understand it all. I understood the furnaces, however, those huge volcanoes with their white glare and never-satiate throats. Swarthy, half-naked men, with blood-shot eyes, demonstrated the burden of the primal curse that by the sweat of their brow they should eat bread. These stokers work four hours and sleep eight, and their wages are \$20 a month. They regard visitors as their lawful prey, and accordingly, one of them chalked the door-step and we had to pay our footing. When the Padre handed him the money, the man, with a ludicrous air of grandissimo, made a profound bow and shouted a song for our entertainment.

"Oh what care we when on the sea,
For weather fair or fine?
For toil we must, in smoke and dust,
Below the water line."

For those who go down to the sea in ships there are "paths in the great waters," and in one of these, fifteen hundred miles from land, we met a steamer of the Dominion Line. It was the first vessel we had sighted, and as the ships passed on, we "spake to each other in passing."

* * * * *
Till you have seen the coming of daylight across the sea in the soft blending of moonlight and dawn, you have not tasted the sweetest draught Nature has to proffer

her lovers. The slow-widening dawn opens a vista of loveliness that is only hindered by clouds so delicate that they might be angels' robes. There is no horizon, for the sky and sea are one.

The disquietude and pain, the grisly terrors of death and disease that hold their earth-born clods in morbid thrall, are all fallen into this "sea of glass mingled with fire." It is a vision that overawes your pettiness. It means that you sit as lightly to the material as you may ever hope to, 'til this mortal shall have put on immortality.

It is the quickening of the soul.

* * * * *

There were a score of English people aboard, and they talked of Canada, not quite as "the blawsted colony," but rather as believing Mrs. Jameson's statement that Canada is "a small community of fourth-rate, half-educated people, where local politics of the meanest kind engross the men, and petty gossip and household affairs the women." They spoke of our gruffness and bad manners. Perhaps it is so. I have not seen enough of the world to institute comparisons, and it may be that we Canadians need the warmth of a more genial atmosphere to soften our brusquerie.

They look upon us as more akin to the Americans than the British. One gentleman pressed the matter rather far when he said that we had the same nasal monotone and the tiresome habit of braggadocio. In the future he will have absolutely no doubts as to Canadian bluntness, for I told him that Mrs. Bird-Bishop, his countrywoman, had given as the result of many years' travel, the interesting decision that while the Americans were *nationally* assumptive, the English were *personally* so.

The stewards know the character, habits and idiosyncrasies of all the passengers. It is wise to be good to them. The chief steward is the major-domo of the vessel. He is all-puissant; he has an itching palm; he is the incarnation of the "nickel-in-the-slot" machine.

The eminently haughty stewardess took her "tip" with the patient air of a Christian martyr. I was much honored by her gracious acceptance of my poor offering.

The deck-steward is the fountain-head from which much creature-comfort springs. Does Madam wish to air her body and soul? He will find her chair; he will tuck her rugs about her and deftly arrange the pillows; he will bring biscuits and hot bouillon, and will support her head and save her back hair in moments of unutterable human woe.

If you are extremely anxious about it, and are not overly modest, you may have a hot salt bath in the morning, but otherwise, when the angel prepares the water, like the man at the Pool of Bethesda, you will be pushed aside and another will step down before you.

"Time" is "made" each day at noon and remains stationary for the next twenty-four hours. An active pool is operated, the subject being the run *per diem*.

Off the coast of Ireland, we were surrounded by black duck and wheeling flights of strong-winged gulls that shrieked in the very tones of the sea. With weird, yelping cries they dipped after the ship's offal. Their graceful, curving movements were like those of girls skating on our own lakes.

The brown, precipitous banks of "the Scoundrel Isle" loomed up vaguely in a lilac haze. At dusk great curtains of umber clouds hid it from our view.

Early next morning we skirted the Isle of Man and someone quoted Wordsworth's lines:

"Bold words affirmed in days when faith was strong,

That no adventurer's bark had power to gain These shores if he approached them bent on wrong;

For suddenly up-conjured from the main, Mists rose to hide the Land—that searched, though long

And eager, might be still pursued in vain."

An upstanding rock with a hole through it is "the eye of Man," and as the vessel

proceeded on its way, the Man shut his eye after the manner of a doll that goes to sleep. It was too deliberate to be construed into a wink.

The softest of the silken waters is the Irish sea, and acutely green, like an ocean of melted emeralds.

Steaming down the Mersey, we passed through New Brighton, where the lands were thronged with children, and on into Liverpool. There are no "Sky Scrapers" in this wonderful city and all the houses appear uniform in height.

A tender was sent out to bring us ashore. We were transported with an ill-smelling crowd of steerage passengers and quickly landed at some place—I could not just say where; all I knew was that the gangway slid out, we were crushed down it by the crowd, and stood for the first time on the shores of England. The trip from Montreal had occupied ten days and fourteen hours.

The process of removing the luggage was long and tiresome, and we passed the time in watching a confused heap of towzle-headed, uncared-for youngsters, balancing on an iron rail which edged the dock. They kept us in a state of nervousness and trepidation, and then, considering their acrobatic feats worthy of monetary reward, extended grubby little digits for pennies and followed us with a fire of appeals.

Our trunks having received a cursory glance and green bilious-looking labels, we resigned ourselves to the mercy of the cabman. I was fairly frightened till the Padre whispered, "Codlin's your friend— not Short."

Being so advised, we went to a large Temperance Hotel. We had "a candle to light us to bed." How delightful! In Canada it is exotic; here it is indigenous: it is at home.

CHAPTER II.

ALONG THE YELLOW MERSEY.

LIVERPOOL, July 23rd, 1898.

We were outrageously fleeced at the Temperance Hotel. The landlord was a rapacious Shylock. Conscience made no coward of him. We were glad to escape such a raving wolf and move our party of five into lodgings where we are now living *à l'Anglaise*.

For the rent of two bedrooms and a sitting room, with "attendance" we pay three guineas a week. We purchase our own food which the landlady cooks and serves; this, with the care of the rooms, is what is meant by "attendance." Coal, gas, the washing of bed linen, and cleaning of boots are extras; indeed, the extras become the bill.

It is more expensive than our system of boarding, and I find it decidedly inconvenient to thus assume the responsibility of catering to a family when I am travel-tired and a stranger in the city.

A dinner deferred maketh the heart sick, but there was no help for it. I had to sally out and forage for provisions. This meant visits to the butcher, baker, grocer, and dairyman. Still the system has its advantages: We can consult our tastes and purse in the matter of food, and have as much privacy as possible outside our own home.

Our landlady has a strident voice. She daily pours out the whole Communion service on the little, work-stained slavey, overwhelmingly cumbered with much serving. She frequently came into my room to tell me that our little girls were too noisy, and finally that she really disapproved of children altogether. I could only express my profound regret and assure her that had we known a few years sooner, it might have been different.

My shopping expeditions were carried out in a state of bewilderment, not only because of the maddening currency but by

reason of the names of articles that hitherto I thought I knew. How was I to know that a "pottle" was a peck, that corn-starch was "corn-flour," or that potatoes and apples were sold by the pound, and that a layer-cake was a "jam-sandwich." Neither could I say whether I wanted a "quartern" or "half-quartern" loaf of bread, or whether I preferred malt or date vinegar.

I paid 30 cents a pound for steak, and then my landlady with an irritating sniff told me that it was "only trashy foreign meat." Tinned tomatoes were entirely beyond her comprehension: she declared they were "mashed-up stuff," and quite unfit for food.

Wishing to test some of the national comestibles in the way of vegetables, we tried sea-kale, chicory, scarlet-runners, endives, and Brussels sprouts. The cucumbers are long, smooth and of such delicious flavor that I can understand *Sairey Gamp's* ecstasy. On the whole the edibles of England, while more expensive than in Canada, are infinitely greater in variety and of better quality.

The Padre left us to paddle our own canoe in Liverpool and went to Keswick to attend the great annual convention.

My first impressions of England have not been entirely happy ones. Everywhere, I noticed flashily-dressed women who are avowedly and unblushingly disreputable. Their sidelong glints and encouraging smirks to all male-comers are their offers of sale—their allurements to sin. Occasionally one of these pleasant-mannered Delilahs is attired in widow's weeds, but is by no means as mournful as she is dressed. This life with its vile wage must be a great temptation to kitchen drudges, who see only the fine clothes and not the sad finish of "the crimson trail."

The mendicant and criminal poor are painfully in evidence. Poverty-distorted children with extended hands dog your foot-steps with appalling persistency. If you are heedless, they call you a "toff,"

which is the Liverpool equivalent for a "dude." Indeed, these young gamins do their best to fulfil their baptismal vow by using a great deal of "the vulgar tongue."

Bare-headed drabs, clad only in shawls and draggled skirts, reeled foul-mouthed and beer-besodden from the low groggeries. The men looked positively oozy, and reminded you of a beer-soaked sponge that you have only to touch to make the fluid come out.

The saloons seem to be innumerable. Over their entrances are the words "Shades" or "Vaults," and who shall say inappropriately? It is not the odor of sanctity that one gets whiffs of in passing their foul and sloppy bars.

If environment moulds a people, one needs to be endowed with a large hopefulness to predict a bright future for the poorer classes of Liverpool. Their condition cannot be contemplated without moral and intellectual dismay. With the lean wolf of hunger always crouching at the door; sleeping in squalid homes where cleanliness and decency are impossible, and living in foul streets with so many tempting facilities to vice, the deterioration of mankind, both spiritually and physically, is inevitable.

I was much struck by the solidity and finish of the city itself. The buildings are of massive strength and durability: they are built for eternity. The abominable bituminous smoke, that grimy incense of half a million chimneys, gives the city a gloomy, brown atmosphere and dirties the blue skies themselves.

Riding on omnibuses is a source of unflagging pleasure to me. The drivers have graduated in the rough college of practical experience, and were veritable Doctors in Philosophy. They are sitting encyclopedias, and are able to post you in all the "wrinkles" of sight-seeing, where to go, what to see, and how much to pay. The omnibus horses mostly come from Canada, as do the heavy draught horses. Staid,

magnificent, sober-minded, incapable of surprises, with their glossy hides and well-padded contours, they are a credit to our young colony.

Liverpool, being the greatest port in the world, the "sight" of the city is the docks. In order to see them, I took a trip on the overhead Railway, starting at Dingle Station and going to their terminus at Seaforth Sands. I entered a noisy little juggernaut and was at once plunged into "a horror of great darkness," from which I emerged to find myself speeding breathlessly past the interminable shipping and turmoil of the city's front. For miles along the yellow Mersey the docks extend in one line of grey granite, broken only by huge gates which are opened when the tide is at its flow to admit vessels to the basins. When the tide begins to ebb the gates are closed, and so the vessels within float at sea level. Each dock exists for a specific object. In one place are berthed vessels that are in need of repairs. Further on is the Herculeum Dock, which was blasted out of the rock, and is used for the storage of paraffine. At Prince's Dock liners are tethered, for it is the "Landing Stage" at which ocean steamers arrive and depart. There is a dock for the life-boat service and one for the police; in others, cargo boats are lading. These docks are flanked by imposing warehouses, some of which cost as much as a million dollars. Into their capacious rooms, stevedores were carrying grain, tobacco, cotton, and other merchandise.

The resinous odour of the squared pines that lay in huge straw-colored heaps in the Canada Dock, the largest of all the docks, was a sudden and subtle elixir. Just now the newspapers are complaining of a pest of ruthless mosquitoes, and claim that these tiny annoyers with their tremendous thirst, had a free passage to England in this very Canadian timber. My brain was bewildered by the maze of shipping that made a continuous scratchy etching nine miles in length, against an ashen sky. I was glad to shut my eyes on the return

trip and listen to the conversation of my neighbors in the coach.

* * * * *

My varied peregrinations led me to St. James' Cemetery, which is a pocket sunk a great depth into the rock. It was at one time a stone-squarry, and there are tiers of graves reaching up many feet in the rock. On the graves were wreaths of black beads, or of plaster-of-Paris under glass cases—atrocities of taste intended to be highly decorative. On many of the slabs the inscriptions were indecipherable; on others the unprofessional muse and the "monumental liar" have been at work. Untroubled by the trammels of rhyme and metre, the epitaphs are often fulsome and extravagant. Among the stones, I looked for the one described by Nathaniel Hawthorne when he visited this cemetery in 1853. On it were the words, "Here rests in *pease* a virtuous wife." Sarah Biffin, the celebrated miniaturist, is buried here. She was born without hands or arms, and painted by her mouth. The Corporation of Liverpool are about to have this cemetery filled in with clay.

I went twice to hear Dr. John Watson, better known as *Ian Maclaren*. His church was densely packed on both occasions. The creator of *Drumsheugh*, *Doctor MacLure* and *Jamie Soutar* did not disappoint me. In his own words they were "rael bonnie sermons" that I heard. Dr. Watson has suffered persecutions long drawn out, because forsooth, his novels are not doctrinal. His flaw-picking brethren have been pouring out vitriolized tirades on this theological Prodigal, but as he is a man of strong convictions, and I should judge as unyielding as an axiom in Euclid, it is not likely he will be frightened or bow-wowed out of his opinions. Before the sermon, he offered a short extempore prayer which was an entreaty for blessing on those who had lost their reason; a benediction for all near to death; mercies for any name that might be repeated. His subject was "Successful Life," and his text, "Behold this dreamer." He said had Joseph lived in the Victorian era a

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK ABROAD

book for young men entitled "From a Jail to a Throne" would have been written, and his life held up as a model of a successful career. This spirit has been satirized by Matthew Arnold, and we are apt to sneer at Smiles' worthies, but if material success be not always honorable, neither is material failure; "Wherefore," he said, "without a blush, I shall proceed to preach on the excellency of success."

This great divine spoke from notes and the sermon showed thorough preparation. His rhetoric was copious and elegant. His tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Dr. Watson has the power to stir the spirit to its depths. He has an elusive, indefinable something we call personal magnetism, and puts his auditors under the spell of this mesmeric influence. They surrendered unconditionally, now leaning forward to catch every word with highly-wrought tension, and then as he finished a point, leaning back in their seats only to repeat the process a little later. With his pathos, sublimity, and cynical humor he touched the cords of every heart. He is versatile, passionate, sympathetic, and intellectually, a giant.

Dr. Watson is one of the speakers whose listeners never wonder what o'clock it is, for he talks *to* people,—not *before* them. He uses cunning, penetrative words: they are his "nimble and airy servitors"—indeed, I can only say of him what Emerson said of Whitman, "I find incomparable things said incomparably well."

I had the great pleasure too, of hearing the Bishop of Liverpool, the venerable Dr. Ryle, one of the famous champions of Evangelical religion in the world. He is prodigiously tall but in spite of his age and feebleness, preserves an erect and stately carriage: his handsome scholarly face is deep-bitten with wrinkles. Although the Bishop's voice is weak, he speaks with the snap and spirit of youth: his style is direct, terse, and pungent. The sermon was live matter; chiefly

"n'oration

About High Church innovation an' a-driftin' back to Rome."

They were no soft words he used in his scathing protests against the "heretical and damnable" doctrines that are undermining the Established Church. His uncompromising hostility to ritualism did not permit his palliating or glossing over the situation. He hit straight out, and hard.

I went to a Ritualistic Church also, to see celebrated what is termed "High Mass." In the vestibule was a holy-water stoup for the use of the faithful. No imprudent commingling of males and females is allowed in this church, for the sexes are seated on opposite sides, the sheep from the goats. To overstep the line of demarcation would be too bold an act to even contemplate. There was an altar to the Virgin Mary, so that *Oxenham's* words about the Spaniards in *Westward Ho*; "They pray to a woman—the idolatrous rascals," would apply to these worshippers. Each altar had candles of "unbleached wax" and other importations of Roman materialism. "Matins" were "said" at half-past ten, the service lasting twenty-five minutes. There was no singing. So miserably mumbled were the lessons, that I was quite unable to glean the faintest idea of what the clergyman was reading. It sounded like a theorem.

Much to my surprise, the clergy retired at the close of the morning prayer and as the congregation did not move, I sat on quietly. This service was merely prefatory, a necessary inconvenience, to the Communion service which followed. A few minutes later, a person of ambiguous sex, dressed in a cassock, surplice, and red girdle, entered and lit the candles. He bowed to the altar with that shame-faced air a ritualist adopts as compared with a Roman Catholic, "frightened," like Johnson, "at his own temerity." Another pause, when the doors of the vestry were thrown open and a magnificent individual with trimmings of scarlet and lace, entered swinging a censer. In his wake came the Crucifer and the choristers with banners, two Clergymen, the Gospeller and Epistoler, and lastly a most ornate person with his hands clasped as in prayer and showing the whites of his eyes.

His pose smacked of "professional piety," or what is more vulgarly called clap-trap. His white satin robe was stiff with embroidery, and he wore something (I cannot say what) on his back: it was more like an inverted tea-cosy than anything else. Two attendants bore his voluminous skirts: this was the celebrant attired for mass.

Up and down the aisle the procession moved, the choristers singing "Through the night of doubt and sorrow." Arrived at the altar, the stiff robe and tea-cosy were lifted off the celebrant and carried to the vestry. This left him dressed in a white robe, on the back of which was embroidered a large cross. I was unable to follow the service intelligibly, but eventually learned that all were kneeling for the epistle, which the Clergyman intoned to the measure of a swinging censer. He seemed to be utterly unable to turn the pages of the prayer book himself, which necessitated an attendant performing that office for him. The Gospel finished, the Priest kissed the book. At intervals the Roman Missal was read in a droning monotone. I could not understand the tricks of scenic devotion or the minutiae of ritual, for the service throughout was a succession of tableaux and burlesques; it was playing at religion. Still I could not but admire the skill of muscular movement involved in the sinuous and sensuous manoeuvres of their strange and intricate quadrille. The priests would bow their heads almost to the floor, till I got alarmed lest their blood-vessels burst. Absolute prostrations on the stone pavement of the chancel were followed by numerous posturings and gesticulatory embellishments. It was highly theatric, and without the clouds of incense, had been entirely trivial and vulgar.

If outward ceremony constitutes religion, then here is truly religion. Well may men's hearts fail them for fear, for this service formerly called a holy one, is not even dignified. Dean Farrar has written; "The ceremonies of such churches are but as spangles upon their funeral pall." The sermonette which lasted as long as fourteen minutes, was prosy and soporific, it being delivered in a wooden, soulless manner with-

out the slightest attempt at oratory. By way of spiritual pabulum the preacher instructed us as to when, and under what conditions, we might eat meat. We took the wine and wafer by proxy, none of us having an opportunity given us to partake of it. This church was showered by stones on the next Sunday, by the Evangelical pugilists of the Church Militant and the clergy roughly handled, for it would appear that the dogs of war are loose, and the end is not yet. Their rage, as exhibited on this occasion is, however, neither dignified nor discreet, and it is to be hoped these tactics will be discontinued. Such "zeal is not according to knowledge." The rough goblin of public opinion as voiced in the newspaper contends, that the Established Church is hopelessly entangled in the meshes of traditional absurdity; is burning out the dregs of the oil in her cruse—is singing her swan-song. We prefer rather to believe that Miller is right when he says: "The present admiration for the mediæval cannot be other than a transitory streak of fashion, for the shadow on the great dial of human destiny cannot move backward."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE WING.

WEDNESDAY, August 10th.

It was raining with dreary persistency when we left Liverpool. The soot or "blacks" dirtied our faces and linen, and hurt our eyes. For the superfluous services of opening the cab door, a loafer asked a half-penny, but one soon grows impassive to the wheedling whine of the charity seeker.

We travelled in a corridor car which looked extremely small. A narrow passage runs down one side of the coach, off which the compartments open. The engine seemed unfinished without our indispensable "cow catcher." The conductor is called a "guard." You can only see him at the stations, for it is impossible to pass from one car to another. We were near the end of the train, and as the engine's

loose-jointed vertebra swung its tail round the curves, we kept our seats with difficulty. We had read of English trains as "cushioned bullets," but as our suffering increased, we felt that Ruskin had described them better as "carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves." We counted thirty tunnels and then grew tired. Their monstrous gloom is oppressive. It is good advice "never to go under ground until you are put there."

At Derbe, tea-baskets were passed through the window; we put them off at Leicester. A basket has four compartments in which are held the tea-pot, cup and saucer, cream and sugar, and buttered bread; it cost a shilling. We were able to supplement our tea by purchasing baskets of strawberries. This is an improvement on our system of insanely bolting at some junction, indigestible chunks of water-logged pie, and parboiling your throat with hot tea.

The landscapes are full of interest. The fields partitioned by hedges of box and hawthorne; the yards and the truck-gardens free from litter; the park-like character of the woods, and the tiny farm-houses with red tiles and deep-pitched, time-warped roofs, were pleasing novelties to us. There are smooth-turfed lawns too, and gardens wherein all sweet things blossom. The English do not gather into barns, but the grain is piled into stacks or ricks, which are thatched. The pasture-lands are mottled with sheep, usually penned behind fences of basket-work made from split hazels. The fences are built in sections (called sheep-hurdles) so as to be easily moved when one spot is grazed clean.

The graveyards seem to hold "the great majority," for they are more populous than the villages.

We are surprised at the scarcity of orchards and streams, which are so important features in our Canadian scenery. The fences of warm-colored brick are tapestried with lichens and tender parasites. Ivy, fern and myrtle grow in their chinks and

add an air of softness to the harsh rock-masses. No stray blots of ugliness disfigure the country: even along the railway the waste places have been made beautiful.

It has been pithily remarked that England is thoroughly groomed, for here Brute Nature has long been subject to the hand of man. The fields appear to be perfected by a hairdresser rather than a ploughman. They are combed, and brushed, and pomatumed, and coiffured. They are as formal and precise as stage scenery.

It was a mean view of London we got on our way through to the sea. The train passed underground most of the way, only emerging occasionally to run on a level with the housetops. It left an impression of mediocre streets, congested brick and mortar, chimney-pots, red-tiled roofs, grime and sordidness.

Being the day before Bank Holiday, that we arrived at Southend-on-Sea, we had great difficulty in getting a place wherein to stow ourselves. Finally, we secured three rooms at Westcliff, a pretty suburb away from the noise of the "trippers," who were already pouring into the Town in thousands. On Bank Holiday, the traits brought one hundred and fifty thousand of the laboring class from London, and so we made the acquaintance of a "'Arry," and "'Arriet." 'Arry, who is always crop-headed, is attired in a Derby hat and bell-mouthed trousers; 'Arriet in wide-leaved headgear, an enormous structure trimmed with an elaboration of velveteen, feathers, and flowers. This pretentious hat, she wears jauntily cocked on the side of her head, and let me parenthetically observe, that her millinery is usually rented at so much a week, or paid for on the instalment plan. Large, pendant ear-rings and a fringe are her absolute essentials. None of her class are good-looking; they are all vulgar and coarse: they are London's brown-bread. 'Arriet is slatternly: she has half-closed, animal-like eyes and what Du Maurier describes as "a frolicsome spirit of camaraderie." She probably has her virtues but they do not lie on the

surface. High-kicking and dancing, when she is not heavily *enceinte*, appear to be her favorite amusements. She gets drunk before dinner. Her price is by no means "far above rubies." She is considerably lower than the angels.

'Arry, like David's enemy grins like a dog and runs about the city. He sings too, and harmony is not his strongest point. To the strains of the detestable accordion, he dances with 'Arriet, but his performance in the saltatory way is neither light nor fantastic. He bashfully attitudinises before the camera on the beach. 'Arry rejoices in the day of his youth.

It is a queer conglomeration that goes to make up the sweltering swarm of this holiday. Among them you will find respectable mechanics and their families, who stretch themselves on the sands to enjoy the draughts of air from the life-bringing sea. They are quiet people, and if you talk with them, they are glad to tell you about their friends who have gone to Canada, and how they were going too, but their brother who settled at Barrie wrote of the many wolves in that district, so they decided it was safer to remain in England. They ask you about the buffaloes and "revolver fights," and you answer them in a "Big Injun" way, which if not entirely reliable, is at least exciting and original.

In the color-splashed throngs there are scores of swaggering "lads in red" busily engaged in "chawfing" 'Arriet; sea-flushed sailors too, with flapping breeches, bandy-legs, and rolling gait; bovine women whose faces are marked with evil passions; red-jerseyed Salvationists; rascally-looking sharps with unpleasant leers; and multitudinous children, for Mrs. John Bull has brought her hapless progeny for a day's outing. We wander idly to and fro with the crowds in the bazaars and look at the whimsical merchandise, the lithographic views, ha'-penny toys, trumpery jewels, knick-knacks, and "things wherein is no profit." We inspect illuminated pictures through peep-holes and find them not particularly edifying, or

take a turn on the "roundabout" and thus solicit qualmishness for a mere song. "Oh! if you will only walk into my parlor," cries the man of the camera-obscura, and being simple, we turn in thither and try to understand the opticalness of it.

The limitations of poverty need deter no one, for in England, you learn the purchasing ability of a farthing. For this tiny bit of money you may buy a toy trumpet, an apple, or even a doll. Being females, we could not throw straight, and so did not waste our substance on the riotous man who dodged cricket balls thrown at his head. His motions were a revelation in dexterity, for no one secured a prize. We potted around the raree shows and expressed our superlative admiration in copper coin. A gypsy told me "all the things that ever I did." We were merry with swarthy ragamuffins and their monkeys; with harlequins and burnt-cork comedians. The penny-in-the-slot machines wrote us love-letters, told our characters, fortunes, strength, our weight (in stones), the names of our second husbands, and showed us the photographs of our first babies. No need to take anxious thought for the morrow, it is all explained to-day.

An entertainment of the "variety" order was in full blast, and as Sairey Gamp would express it, we happened in quite "permiscuous." The principle feature seemed to be the dancing of a young woman whose garments suggested difficulties in the way of getting into them, and still greater difficulties in the way of getting out of them. They were eminently calculated to display the shapeliness of her nether limbs. She was a living, moving picture, sportive, lithesome and sinewy as a tiger. She was sandal-shod. "The blush was fixed upon her cheek." It was fortunate that her male companion was not seven feet high, else she might have kicked his head off. Her hip-play, bodily contortions, and bacchantic leaps were of such a character that most girls would hesitate before taking their mother to see this young wanton. After a little rest, she performed a rhythmic, gypsy dance to a

guitar accompaniment in slow *tempo*. The *danseuse* was habited this time in voluminous drapery to correspond to the charm of "woven paces and waving hands" in the trailing, dreamy measure. Her performance was the elaboration of what is sometimes called "Love," and was well marked with the suppressed, tantalized sensuousness and the ecstatic tremors that belong to dances of the Oriental origin.

Outside, the Salvation Army were holding a service, for in this way only "the poor have the gospel preached to them." A young soldier from Gibraltar was telling his "experiences." As one looked at the drunken throngs, and then at this little band endeavoring to follow in the steps of the manger-born, work-stained, thorn-crowned Carpenter, you wondered if things were not reversed nowadays, for it would appear that the ninety-and-nine are without the fold, and the one sheep inside.

Towards evening, the people became either quarrelsome or roysteringly happy. It could hardly have been otherwise, for all day they had taken long and strong draughts from the barrels of beer which had been rolled into the streets. One man felled his female companion with a blow like a sledge-hammer on an anvil. She was stunned, and after some little time a policeman was found in a "pub" and induced to take them into his protecting care. The police are not a terror to a holiday crowd, as they must perforce be lenient on these occasions, for the jails would be totally inadequate for the thousands of drunks and disorderlies. Besides, it may be said of these guardians of the peace, what Rudyard Kipling makes an Indian to say of the agent on the Reservation: "Melican officer good man—Heap good man—Drink me, Drink he, Drink *he*, me blind—Heap good man."

The mad whirling night with its garish glitter and boisterous conviviality, took on the nature of a Saturnalia. It was a lively demonstration of "midnight shout and revelry, tipsy dance and jollity," and all else that goes to make an English holiday.

* * * * *

We are having sultry dog-days at the sea but the evening air is divinely soft. I do little the live-long day but lie supine on the beach in dreamy indolence. I have learned to forget the busy bee whose shining example was held up before my young eyes and have learned to emulate the poor sluggard—and what a world it is to rest and dream in. I am learning a charming variety of ways of doing nothing. I can do nothing by watching in lazily contented fashion, the efforts of the bairnies in amateur canal engineering: or perhaps it is a house of sand which they have built on driftage, and set it about with s'imy seaweeds, rosy-lipped shells and sea-litter, but the cruel ermined waves have attacked its flanks, have undermined its walls, and have brushed it aside, and so my little Babel-builders are sad for their "Palace Beautiful." They have not dreamed as yet how the fierce surges of Time wash away other and bigger castles. I can do nothing very pleasantly by loitering out to consider the lilies of the fields, "How they idle, how they grow," or resting in the shade of some sweet-scented hayrick, I make idle predictions about the weather which are never established. I can do nothing in the way that has a dash of adventure in it, by crossing to Prittlewell for tea and coming back for supper. I can do nothing by gazing—and this is a most fascinating exercise—at the Sheerness forts and deciding to sail there the day after to-morrow. Indeed the study of the *dolce far niente* is not the least important in the world. Just now, I feel that there is no life so happy as that of a thorough-going loafer.



CITY HALL, TORONTO

E. J. LENNOX, Architect

LITERATURE

THE POWER OF THE MAGAZINE

TO those of us who have held that fiction is the most popular form of reading to-day, the article by John Cotton Dana in the March number of *The World's Work*, comes as a startling revelation. Mr. Dana is librarian of the Newark, N.J., Free Library. The article is statistical.

He points out that about ten million copies of new books are published in the United States every year, but these are not the intellectual food of the mass of people in comparison with newspapers and periodicals. About four billion separate copies of periodicals are printed every year, which is a ratio of one hundred to every possible reader.

Mr. Dana calculates that the number of daily, weekly, and monthly copies of periodicals published in the United States is:—Dailies, 2,865,466,000; Weeklies, 1,208,190,000; Monthlies, 263,452,000; total, 4,337,108,000. He analyzes and tabulates the contents of a few typical periodicals and newspapers, making due allowance for space taken by illustrations, and display headings, with the following result:

SPACE DEVOTED TO VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

| | Per cent. of space Approx | Space in terms of a book the size of "David Harum," copies |
|--|---------------------------|--|
| 1. Commercial and financial: including market and manufacturing reports, real estate, etc. | 14 | 270,600,000 |
| 2. Health and pleasure resorts; general gossip; trivial town news | 8 | 160,200,000 |
| 3. Advertisements: dry goods, clothing, department stores, etc. | 8 | 159,200,000 |
| 4. Political: domestic, army and navy, Congress, Philippine war, etc. | 8 | 156,600,000 |
| 5. Sports: athletics, etc. | 7 | 132,000,000 |
| 6. Legal: trials, colonial questions, notices, etc. | 6 | 119,000,000 |
| 7. Criminal | 4 | 86,200,000 |
| 8. Personal: not trivial | 3½ | 71,400,000 |

SPACE DEVOTED TO VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

| | Per cent. of space Approx | Space in terms of a book the size of "David Harum," copies |
|---|---------------------------|--|
| 9. Advertisements: personal, marriages, deaths, employment wanted | 3½ | 69,600,000 |
| 10. Advertisements: medical | 3 | 61,200,000 |
| 11. Advertisements: railroads, shipping, telephone, telegraph, hotels, etc. | 3 | 60,000,000 |
| 12. Advertisements: wants | 3 | 58,000,000 |
| 13. Advertisements: real estate, lodging, resorts | 3 | 56,400,000 |
| 14. Literature: essays, stories, poetry, book reviews, drawing, music and art | 2½ | 51,000,000 |
| 15. Social Science: strikes, union, reform work, etc. | 2½ | 49,400,000 |
| 16. Advertisements: financial, stocks, etc. | 2½ | 49,400,400 |
| 17. Religion: churches and church work | 2½ | 47,600,000 |
| 18. Political: foreign, including wars | 2½ | 46,400,000 |
| 19. Railroads: Shipping news; trolley lines, etc. | 2¼ | 45,000,000 |
| 20. Disasters | 2 | 41,000,000 |
| 21. "Society" | 2 | 41,000,000 |
| 22. Science | 2 | 40,000,000 |
| 23. Political: international, Chinese crisis, Nicaragua Canal, etc. | 1½ | 30,200,000 |
| 24. Advertisements: Theatre, opera and other entertainments | 1 | 21,200,000 |
| 25. Educational: schools and colleges | 1 | 18,800,000 |
| 26. Advertisements: food and mineral waters | ¾ | 15,000,000 |
| 27. Theatrical: Actual stage news | ½ | 13,400,000 |
| 28. Musical | ½ | 12,600,000 |
| 29. Advertisements: books | ½ | 9,000,000 |
| 30. Advertisements: Fine arts, schools, etc. | ¼ | 3,900,000 |
| 31. Historical | ⅓ | 3,600,000 |
| 32. Advertisements: liquors | ⅓ | 3,200,000 |

NOTE.—Essays, stories and poetry, 2½ per cent., as compared with commerce and finance, 14 per cent. Advertising amounts to 28 per cent., or 566,000,000 volumes.

The obvious lesson to be learned from this table is the enormous influence of the magazine on the life, activities, and culture

of the reading public. In commenting on Mr. Dana's figures, the *Times Saturday Review* of New York observes, "In all this striking movement, we see as in most other phases of civilization, a constant rise to better things. May we not anticipate further and constant advances? From popular and ephemeral fiction, readers are certain to turn in time, to books having the more vital and lasting qualities. Already there are signs of wider interest in biography and history, for which historical fiction obviously prepared the way. Here exists a vast, and to the majority of readers, probably an unexplored domain, rich beyond any dreams of literary avarice. No man will be accused of undue optimism who predicts that the next ten years will find for books in these two classes a larger demand than ever before was known."

WHERE THE SUGAR MAPLE GROWS

IN her idylls of village life, Adelina Tesky has performed the most successful office of bringing us into living touch with the unminted gold of village society. This is a field comparatively uncultivated in Canadian literature, and the authoress has opened a very wide view of its possibilities.

Her style is a model of clearness, and strongly reminds us of that of Mary E. Wilkins, with the advantage to Miss Tesky of an entire freedom from pessimism. Her portraitures are true, with no tendency towards caricature. A healthy interest in commonplace people, genuine good sense, easy natural dialogue, and acute observation, mark every page of these spirited and graceful sketches. She makes us to love her rural folk, not merely for their modest virtues, but for their faults and foibles as well.

There is a virile sketch of the village "Deespensation," Cordelia Nixon, whose craggy corners were so well rounded by hard-fisted Sickness, that she becomes known as "A Miracle of Grace." Not less interesting is the racy delineation of Jerry McClosky, an uncombed Irishman, who apologized for his bulbous head by the explanation, "There was so much time

shpent in the makin' av me heart, me head got the go-by."

"The village helper" who "laid out" the dead is a type known and recognizable by any one familiar with Canadian village life. We may call her "Granny Rogers," or perhaps "Mother Gilpin," but true it is that each of us has such a masterful angel of mercy in our mind's eye.

Miss Tesky's best work, however, is given us in the story of "Kirsty McAlister." Its local color, pathos, incident, and concise, musical language stamp the authoress as a woman of rare ability.

Miss Tesky is an ardent student of physiognomy and never fails to conjure up for us a mental picture of her subject just as Scott made us to see things in color.

We are persuaded that the volume will be widely read—at least, it deserves to be.
—*The Musson Book Co.*

THE RIGHT OF WAY

WHEN you are surcharged with a subject it is a relief to flow over into writing. This is why it is pleasurable to review Gilbert Parker's new book.

The reader fares sumptuously on every page. The rapid, dramatic movement, as it carries the reader breathlessly along, would be almost painful in its tenseness were it not for the surprise power which the author possesses in so abundant a degree. I mean the power of sudden transitions of thought from the point anticipated by the reader to another point remote but apposite. In this respect, he is a master of style. His versatility too, is remarkable. It is quite certain that he has the make-up for a play-wright, you would like to read an essay from his pen, and his poetic genius is unmistakable.

The book is full of strong character drawing, the central figure of which is a young lawyer, Charlie Steele,—“Beauty Steele,” they called him. He is introduced to us as an agnostic lost in the mists and marshes of negativism, a *poseur*, an unutterable cad, a self-conceited fop, an arsenic eater, a drunkard, but possessing great mental powers withal. His character is summed up by different people, and variously.

He is described by his wife as "a cold-blooded, selfish coward." "Something of a fool," thought *Billy*, his brother-in-law. *Finn*, the groom looks after him and says, "Well, if he ain't a queer dick! a reg'lar 'centric—but a reg'lar brick, cutting a wide swath as he goes! He's a tip-topper; and he's a sort of a tough, too—a sort of a a kind of a tough." *Jack Hough*, the Frenchman, referring to his monocle, characterized him as "a hell-of-a-fellow with a pane of glass in his eye;" "the odd soul of Beauty Steele," writes the author.

It is out of the dense white ashes of this heart consumed by evil passions that the author builds up a character that is truly noble. We follow Beauty Steele through the blood-tracked way of anguish and self-abnegation till we almost love him. Every nerve of his quivering soul is exposed to view in an absorbing portrayal of two natures fighting for supremacy, the animal nature ever grappling at the throat of the higher and spiritual.

The portraiture of *Rosalie Evanturel* is well-drawn. It is said that Miss Reed, of Reading, Pa., whom Parker visited, is the original of this character, but he has denied this report as a newspaper canard.

The author understands the "true inwardness" of French character, and his delineation of it is irresistibly entertaining. The whole book is a virile and strong piece of literary workmanship.—*The Copp*, Clark Co.

THE BOOK BAROMETER

IT must be gratifying to Canadians to observe in the booksellers' and librarians' reports for the months ending February 1st, that the "Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker, and "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor, head the list. The appended lists are taken from *The World's Work* (March):

1. The Right of Way. (Parker.)
2. The Man from Glengarry. (Connor.)
3. Lazarre. (Catherwood.)
4. The Cavalier. (Cable.)
5. Marietta. (Crawford.)
6. The Crisis. (Churchill.)
7. Kim. (Kipling.)
8. The History of Sir Richard Calmandy. (Malet.)

LIBRARIANS' REPORTS.

1. The Right of Way. (Parker.)
2. The Crisis. (Churchill.)
3. Lazarre. (Catherwood.)
4. D'ri and I. (Bachelier.)
5. The Eternal City. (Caine.)
6. The Man from Glengarry. (Connor.)
7. Blennerhasset. (Pidgin.)
8. Up from Slavery. (Washington.)

The six most popular books of the month, as given in the list compiled by *The Bookman* (March), are as follows:

1. The Right of Way. (Parker.)
2. The Cavalier. (Cable.)
3. The Man from Glengarry. (Connor.)
4. Lazarre. (Catherwood.)
5. Sir Richard Calmandy. (Malet.)
6. The Crisis. (Churchill.)

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY

A NEW book by Ralph Connor is an event in thousands of Canadian homes and is sure of an eager welcome. "The Man From Glengarry" is worthy the author's reputation. Read the first couple of pages, the rest is a matter of course. The book is a series of vivid pictures of life on the Ottawa, and is full of the charm of faithful rendering. It is devoid of complicated plot and of the morbid themes so common in current novels. On the contrary, it is a strong, absorbing, wholesome story that makes us sorry we sneered so often at "the merely fictional." From start to finish it has a bracing atmosphere and must have a tonic effect on all readers.

Ralph Connor is a close and wide observer of the ways of men, and portrays them with the charm of broad human sympathy. Two characters stand out with especial prominence—*Mrs. Murray* and *Ranald*, the Man from Glengarry. The former is said by some to have her prototype in the author's mother. Let that be as it may, he has given us a woman of fine mental poise—a woman who although keenly sympathetic, could be silent at any time or on any subject. What more can we say?

The heroine, *Mamie St. Clair*, is an interesting young jilt with a heart no bigger than the proverbial grain of mustard-seed. True, we can sympathize with her chagrin when her lover comes to her dinner-party in shantyman's attire, for

even Carlyle has confessed, "There is safety in a swallow-tail"

Ralph Connor has done much to preserve for posterity the early habits, customs and language of the Canadian pioneers. Nowhere are there more graphic descriptions of the logging-bee, the sugaring-off, the work of the shantymen, or of seeding-time. More than once, you drop the book to look at the picture of the thoughtful, sedate face of the author, and to marvel that under so grave an exterior lurks such a subtle understanding of the hot blood that maddens. In his portrayals of love and war, there is no escaping its throbbing and passionate intensity, and so you quiver, and fight, and suffer with these vigorous men of Glengarry.

Presbyterian novelists find it hard to get through a book without a tussle at "Justification by faith," and it was over this topic that *Ian Maclaren* came his "cropper" in circles theological. When *Mack Cameron* dies, Ralph Connor engages the elders and the sharp-witted *Yankee* in a discussion as to whether he was in hell or no. It was true *Mack* had given up his life to save another, and that *Yankee* described him

as "the straightest, whitest man I ever seen," but the elders contended that he had not undergone the process of being "Born again." It almost seemed as if they had the best of the argument till *Yankee* summed up his opinions in the retort, "If a fellow like Mack goes to hell, then there ain't any—at least none to scare me."

The old Presbyterians were (to use the author's words) "grand on the attributes, and terrible fine on the Law," but judging from the views of the younger preachers as presented in their novels, there is a strong swing from outworn metaphysical aridities to the wider conception of Religion as a living force in the individual man. It is brain-work and soul-work. According to the teachings of this new school, Religion has its most perfect emblem in the words, "Ye are the light of the world." It is a thing seen, not heard; it shines but makes no sound; not often found on their lips, but always in their lives.

"The Man From Glengarry" is not a "goody-goody" book, but a good book. If it has a moral, it is that the gold is more than the guinea's stamp.—*The Westminster Co., Ltd., Toronto.*

THE HOME

THE BIRTH-RATE IN ONTARIO

THE literature of the subject is becoming large. Philanthropists and socialists sharply remonstrate; preachers, in fine frenzy, pour out pulpit broadsides, but in spite of all the woman is ominously silent. None has spoken. Question her, and with a shrug that dismisses the topic, she will quote the paradox of controversy laid down years ago by Dr. Holmes, "Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it." Or perhaps she raises the old query, "Why trouble about posterity? What has posterity done for us?" It is useless to argue—"If she will, she will, and there's an end on't. If she won't, she won't, depend on't."

Yet the subject is great, dangerous, intricate, and not one to be summarily set

aside. Our national and social life is based on the family. Many ancient civilized states came to an end, not by invasion or war, but solely by cessation of the birth-rate. Moreover, the nations which artificially limit their fecundity arrive at such bestial corruptions as would alarm any tolerant spirit. Vice, organic degeneration, and slow debility are the inevitable results. It is no wonder then, if in the face of statistics, we ask ourselves the vitally important question, "Is woman preparing a second and greater Fall for man?"

Entering upon the analysis of the subject, it is well to observe it first from the woman's standpoint. She holds that if a woman has a right to decide on any question, it certainly is as to how many children she shall bear. She claims to be

mistress of her own body. With Jean Paul Richter she believes that before or after being a mother, one is a human being, and neither the motherly nor wifely destination can over-balance or replace the human, but must become its means, not its end. To be more concise, she holds herself to be a *human being of the mother-sex*. Enforced maternity, she contends, is a moral and physical outrage which results in the production of puny, distorted, short-lived children.

In second and minor argument she sets forth the unequal conditions which exact so much from the mother and permit so much to the father. On the former falls all the irksome task of baby-rearing. It often means the sacrifice of beauty, grace, and health to the duties of maternity. She becomes work-worn and tired—"A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair"—only to be neglected by her husband for some fresh-faced woman of wayward spirit, with no principles to speak of. She holds with Tolstoi that men are polygamous, polyandrous, and have the inestimable privilege of being born without a reputation.

Perhaps the strongest argument adduced by her is that which deals with heredity. A woman should know how to regulate her offspring, for many fathers are consumptive or scrofulous. In a paper on "Heredity," read at the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association, forty per cent. of drunkenness was attributed directly to inebriate ancestry, and twenty per cent. to insane and mentally diseased tendencies.

The Mosaic dispensation, recognizing that it is impossible to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles, provided for the isolation of the "unfit," but in our days science has given woman protection by other means and she claims the right to use such, rather than entail upon her children any weakness either of body or mind.

But alas! there are other women—brazen braggarts who boast of their iniquity—whose only excuse can be the rage for enjoyment and luxury, and the love of ostentation. They feel the duties of maternity very slightly or not at all. The in-

cumbrance of a family would be a clog in their whirl through life. They obey no wand but pleasure's. Their only prayer is, "Suffer NOT little children to come unto me."

Nor are women entirely to blame, for though often unnoted by themselves, they are still the victims of wrong standards. Poets, comic writers, and novelists delight in laughing at large families. Five or six children are supposed to be an affliction. What wonder, then, if women learn the lesson.

Nor is art entirely free from the onus, for does it not hold up a wrong ideal of "the female form divine"? The painters of the Middle Ages handed down figures of strong, healthy women in whose naked bosoms ran sound and vigorous blood. Even the Madonnas were for the most part, mothers with robust bodies, with a baby on their arm or around their neck. Rubens, Rembrandt, and even Raphael left no other type, but now we have as ideals raw-boned, gaunt-muscled women of the Gibson creation—women with arms like mummies and distorted bodies incapable of children, and compared with which, a china doll would be spiritual and artistic.

But sweeping aside this dust-cloud of arguments and sophistries, and looking at the matter from an ethical standpoint, we would emphasize the mere truism, but at the same time profound truth, "It can never be right to do wrong." Dr. Napheys in "Physical Life of Woman" says, "From the moment of conception a new life commences, a new individual exists, another child is added to the family. The mother who deliberately sets about to destroy this life, either by want of care, or by taking drugs, or using instruments, commits as great a crime, is just as guilty as if she strangled her new-born infant, or if she snatched from her breast her six months' darling and dashed out its brains against the wall." We would like to ascribe such sins to ignorance, to thoughtlessness, to bad counsels, but it is not always possible to take this charitable view.

We cannot but think that there is some mental astigmatism, something awry in the sensibilities of a healthy wife, who

deliberately elects never to bear children. It may be that they have not been taught to expect the exceeding great reward of motherhood; taught that a babe is the outward shape of love in nature, that husband will be dearer, and the world wider and more full. A child wisely desired, intelligently prepared for, properly cultivated in embryo, and at length joyfully welcomed to loving arms, is an object of interest and joy to all humanity.

It is time the women of Ontario should clear their reputation of the foul imputations of criminal practices that have been laid upon them. With our liberal governments, unrivalled educational systems, easy access to wide culture, our far-stretching country with its bracing climate and wealth of produce, no women are more favorably placed or better prepared to occupy the proud position of mothers to a brood of young giants, who should lead the world both mentally and physically. Well may they listen, like one of old, for the whisper of the shining visitant, "Hail thou that are highly favored! Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

GENTLEMEN ALL

THE Buffalo moth has a reputation supremely malodorous. He has a use, I suppose. They say everything was created for a purpose, but it is not easy to guess the *raison d'être* of this headlong blackguard. Yet his mission is so very definite, it is not possible to ignore his infamous personality.

It is not generally known that the dear little lady-birds, that we so innocently order to "fly away home," are only beatified Buffalo moths. Nature has garbed them up in scarlet and gay polka-dots, and has sent them out to seek matrimonial felicity.

Now I would digress here for a short space to acquaint the reader that it is my opinion that the so-called lady-birds are not ladies at all, but belong to the male sex. Their horrid lust for food and inordinate craving for variety is to my mind an irrefragible argument in support of this

theory. When Dolly Winthorpe offered Master Marner some lard-cakes she said, "Men's stomicks is made so comical, they want a change; they do, I know, God help 'em." And what was it made trouble in Eden?—man and his food. I am not unmindful of the fact that learned commentators and preachers have ever laid the evil at the door of the woman, but, nevertheless, it is a true, if not generally understood fact, that the serpent who tempted our mother Eve with the lure of the forbidden, is spoken of in holy writ as a male.

Now these marauding male beetles are sacred to the Virgin Mary; which, in the widest stretch of charity, can hardly be considered a compliment to our holy Lady. We should change all that.

In his "infernal wriggle of maturity" known as the larva-state, nothing is half so wily as the lady-bird, or as we should more properly call him, the Buffalo moth. He is sure to out-manœuvre the best laid plans of attack. You note well the outward and visible signs of his inward and unspiritual tunnelling, and resolutely track him through the labyrinths of your crumbling blanket, only to find that the free-booter has gone engineering, or on a trip of geographical discovery in the carpet. Such underhanded villainy is enough to wear out the stoutest heart.

Nothing can turn him from the evil tenor of his way. He has none of the conscious deference of a trespasser, but treats you as a subdued enemy. To quote the foreword of Aurifaber in one of Luther's books, "his gorged paunch is puffed up with uncivil pride."

Linnæus calculated that the flesh flies and their immediate progeny would eat up the carcass of a horse sooner than a lion would do it. A foraging party of Buffalo moths are even harder to board. So generously uncritical are their appetites, that they can live solely on insect powder, and indeed find it highly nutritive above all other diet. They do not even wait for grace. The fumes of sulphur or of deadly acids are only as the sweet savors of Araby the blest to them—just a mere tang and freshness that stimulates them to renewed

efforts. Ah! there is no sinner as bad as the tedious one.

The Buffalo moths are hydras. Turn them inside out and they will get along just as well. Trembley, the French naturalist, cut hydras in slices, and each in a few days became a full-grown animal. He grafted them and produced monsters with six mouths and only one body. He divided them longitudinally and produced a cluster of hydras. He found this creature superior even to decomposition, for when a part of a hydra's body decays, it throws it off and replaces it as a matter of course.

How then are we to retaliate on this household hydra for his rapine? I will tell you. Pick up his bulgy, plethoric person in your finger and thumb. It will send horrible little chills down your spine, but be brave. Do not flinch or all is lost. Take him down to the kitchen and burn the brazen interloper in the fire. Just one word—*Carefully gather the ashes and wash them down the drain pipe*, else Phoenix-like, he will rise from them to life immortal.

I could say more about him—but, to be candid—he is not worth it.

OPEN

A little hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door.
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart:
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open, for I am weary of the way,
The night is very black,
I have been wandering many a night and day;
Open, I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently;
I listen dumb with pain,
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived am dead."
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. "And I?" She said.

There is no sound in the winter air
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

FINANCE

A VERY gratifying feature in the business situation is the marked industrial development that is to be noted almost from one end of the Dominion of Canada to the other. Not only is this the case in regard to new industries that are being established, but older manufacturers and merchants, feeling the impetus of more active and healthy trade conditions, are, in many instances, enlarging their plants and increasing their outputs, showing in this manner their faith in the continuance of present prosperity. The opening up of new territory, particularly in north and west Ontario, is resulting in a steadily increasing market for the product and manufactures of the older portion of the Province.

It is to the West, however, that eastern Canada is looking to at this time. Manitoba and the Territories are enjoying a

period of prosperity unexampled in their history. Settlers are flocking in by the thousands, and best of all, they are not foreigners with no money, but principally substantial farmers from the western States, with capital to purchase lands and stock the farms, so that they will almost immediately become producers and consequently consumers. The effect of this upon eastern trade can be readily seen. Last month alone saw over ten thousand settlers pass through Winnipeg, and it is estimated by the Canadian Commissioner of Immigration that 200,000 settlers will go into Manitoba and the North-West this year. This is about one immigrant to every twenty-five of the inhabitants of Canada. The phenomenal crop of last year of course has a great deal to do with attracting attention to the country. There are, it is said, 18,000,000 bushels of wheat still in the west, with about 117 days

before the next harvest. To remove this wheat the Canadian Pacific would have to take about 155 carloads a day.

This state of things is naturally reflected in the earnings of the Canadian national railway, whose financial year is now drawing to a close. The company last year earned 6.70 per cent. on its stock, but this year for the nine months ending March 31st the net earnings showed an increase of \$1,983,000. A similar increase during the three months ending June 30th would mean a further increase of \$660,000, or earnings of 10.76 per cent. Receipts from land sales also are large, and it is stated that after paying off the five per cent. land grant bonds, the company will have at least \$6,000,000 of deferred payments on lands already sold, equal to nine per cent. on the capital stock, or with the earnings from traffic of 19.76 per cent. This probably accounts for the rapid rise in the price of the stock.

The greater abundance of money in the country has led to what might almost be termed a stock speculation fever, which at one time approached the dangerous point. Indeed there are those who do not hesitate to say that had it not been for the conservative action of the banks in demanding margins in some cases as much as 60 per cent., and thus restricting the tendency to stock gambling, there would have been a panic on the market. Canadian people who could not be tempted to put their money in a safe investment company, about which they could obtain the fullest information, were gambling in securities the value of which they were entirely ignorant. A painful instance of this, in which no inconsiderable amount of Canadian money was invested, is given, that of the alleged Webb syndicate, the Dominion Securities Company, with a capital of \$1,500,000, for the financing of railway enterprises in Canada. They took hold of the Cape Breton Railway Company, which had a subsidy of \$8,000 a mile, and were said to have \$950,000 stock and \$2,500,000 bonds in the company, also large interests in the Manhattan Contracting Company

and the South Shore Railway. First was paid a 2½ per cent. half-yearly dividend, which ran the stock of the company up from 87 to 118. The North American Lumber and Pulp Company operating lumber and land properties in Nova Scotia was also acquired, the shares rising from \$30 to \$40. A circular of the company, showing its alleged great wealth in Canadian subsidies, was brought to the Minister of Railways in the House of Commons, and the statements it contained declared to be false. Then the downfall commenced, the company collapsed, several broking houses were forced to suspend, and one of the partners is now under arrest in New York charged with fraud. The public, who went in without sufficient information, have lost their money. The collapse of this syndicate, it is thought, may prevent the sale of the Canada Atlantic Railway for \$11,200,000 to Mr. Stewart Webb, who was supposed to be interested in the Dominion Securities Company.

A significant event in Canada was the rolling of the first steel rail ever made in this country, on May 5th, at the Clergue mills at Sault Ste. Marie. When it is considered that Canada has 18,000 miles of railway, and that the life of a steel rail is from four to five years, the importance of the market here can be appreciated. The time is undoubtedly coming when the whole of our requirements will be supplied from Canadian mills. As far east as Nova Scotia, too, a steel rail plant is being equipped by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., a concern that operates an extensive plant at New Glasgow. It is reported of this latter company, too, that it is contemplating an extension of its works with a view to entering into the construction of steel cars.

With coal and iron in close proximity in Nova Scotia, steel can be turned out there in competition with the largest plants in the world. The coal output of the Cape Breton mines for last year was 2,618,934 tons, and of this 2,353,567 tons were produced by the Dominion Coal Company.

The latter Company now finds it necessary to look far afield for a market for its output and recently made large contracts for shipments to Cuba. The other day, too, a steamer sailed from Sydney, Cape Breton, for Norway with coal, and several other steamers are to follow. In all, the Dominion Coal Company exported over 50,000 tons of coal to Europe last year, and there is evidently a steadily increasing market across the Atlantic.

The vast enterprises which have been established at Sault Ste. Marie since Mr. F. H. Clergue first erected his pulp mill there, and with all of which Mr. Clergue is associated, are brought into prominence by the listing on the Toronto Stock Exchange of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, with \$82,000,000 authorized capital stock. The company absorbed and combined the Lake Superior Power Company, the Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company, the Tagona Water and Light Company, the Michigan and Lake Superior Power Company, and the Algoma Steel Company, Limited. By the absorption of the Ontario and Lake Superior Company, the enterprises under its control were also combined under the same management. These were the Algoma Central Railway Company, the Algoma Central Steamship Company, The Manitoulin and North Shore Railway Company, The Algoma Commercial Company, the British American Express Company, Limited, and the Algoma Central Telegraph Company. The enterprises thus united under a single combination include mining and exploring, manufacturing, transportation by land and water, water-power development, the operation of public franchises, and the administration of an extensive grant of land. The manufacturing enterprises include the production of wood pulp, sulphide pulp, and ferro-nickel, also the iron and steel works, the charcoal blast furnaces, the coke blast furnaces, and the works for producing fuel and coke.

The fire insurance business in Canada does not appear to have been very profitable in the past thirty-three years, judging

from the government returns, from 1869 to 1901, the period covered by the returns. The net premiums received in the thirty-three years amount to \$166,456,406, the net losses paid amount to \$116,184,804, and the expenses (estimated at 30 p.c.) to \$49,936,920, a total of \$166,124,724, leaving premiums in excess of losses and expenses of \$334,682, to which add the outstanding premiums at the end of 1901 (partly estimated), amounting to \$815,000, making the total premiums in excess of losses and expenses \$1,149,682. Against this, however, must be charged the outstanding losses at the end of the year, also the premium reserve (partly estimated), as follows: the unearned premium reserve amounting to \$6,645,780, the outstanding or unpaid losses amounting to \$501,465, making altogether \$7,147,245. Deducting from this sum the premiums in excess of losses and expenses, as shown above, viz., \$1,149,682, there remains a deficit, on premium income account, at the end of thirty-three years (1901) of \$5,997,563.

Canadians are keenly interested in the great Steamship merger recently engineered by the New York capitalist, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whereby some of the principle steamship companies of the Atlantic are combined under one powerful management, which, having agreements with the railroads both on this side of the Atlantic and in England, expects to be in a position to control both passenger and freight rates. The companies in the combination are the White Star, Dominion, Atlantic Transport, Leyland, and Richards, Mills & Co. The total capitalization of the new corporation is \$170,000,000, and it is understood that the Morgan firm receive for their services \$50,000,000 of debentures, \$2,500,000 of preferred stock, and \$25,000,000 of common stock. Where Canadians are principally interested is that our western grain trade may be secured by this combination, which has already commenced to interfere with the operations of the Canadian Immigration agents in the Old Country. The ring is seeking to control the rates for passage to Canada, and has already threatened to divert immigration from Canada

unless the work of the sub-agents appointed by the Government throughout the United Kingdom for promoting such traffic is restricted. This phase of the question has been brought to the attention of the Dominion Government, which has stated that it will protect Canadian immigration business, but just how to meet the situation has not been decided. Representatives of the different Canadian steamship and railway companies have been sounded as to their views, and one idea is that the best way to fight the Morgan combine is through a company able to operate a trans-Atlantic fleet and a trans-continental railway of its own. To this end, it is said, negotiations have opened with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the establishment of a fast Atlantic steamship and freight service, but the opponents of this point out that there is nothing to prevent the Morgan or any other combination of capital from obtaining control of the Canadian service by simply buying out the stock of the railroad. The operations of the combine, however, appear to be developed so far on a purely business basis, having in view the reduction in the cost of operation and the maintenance of permanent freight and passenger rates on a more remunerative basis than in the past, and it is argued that the proprietors of the Cunard, Allan, Anchoria, French and German lines who, it is reported, are not to be controlled by the syndicate, are too powerful to be subordinated by any competing organization.

A distinct step in favor of compulsory arbitration in labor disputes has been taken by the Dominion Government in a bill which has been laid before the House of Commons providing for compulsory arbitration in any disputes that may arise between the railroad corporations of this country and their employees. The bill, as outlined by the Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, calls for the appointment of arbitrators who shall decide upon the issues, and penalties are provided for in case of refusal to arbitrate. The bill will

not be made law this year, but was simply laid before the House with a view to having its provisions carefully studied. It has been received with favor, however, and one railroad, the Canadian Pacific, recently recognized the principle of arbitration when in its dispute with its trackmen it offered to arbitrate, an offer which was accepted by the men.

THE SOVEREIGN BANK

IT is doubtless due to the growth of banking in Canada and a realization that further banking facilities would be welcomed that has led to the establishment of the Sovereign Bank of Canada, which, on May 1st, opened its doors for business at 26 King Street West, in this city. The new institution comes before the public strongly capitalized, and, it may be added, with an exceptionally powerful Board of Directors. Bank stocks are always regarded as desirable investments, but in this particular instance for the first time in Canada the stock of a bank was offered to the public and taken up at a premium, the price realized being \$125. With the stock paid up and the premium thereon, the bank's position is as follows: authorized capital, \$2,000,000; paid-up capital, \$1,000,000; reserve fund, less organization expenses not exceeding 2½ per cent., \$250,000. With a surplus of nearly 25 per cent. of its paid-up capital, the bank has then a very handsome reserve fund and a valuable addition to its earning powers. In financial circles it is considered that a wise selection was made in the appointment of Mr. Duncan M. Stewart as General Manager of the Bank. Although a comparatively young man, Mr. Stewart has had a wide experience in banking, being lately inspector for the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal, and formerly for many years with the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Stewart's appointment is an assurance of a vigorous policy on the part of the bank.

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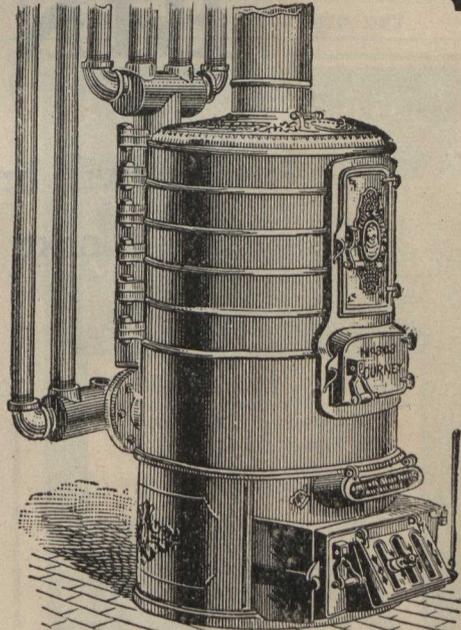
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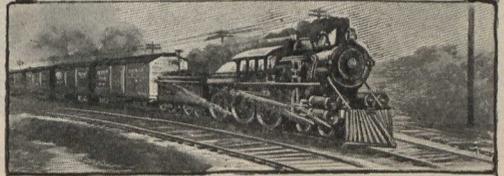


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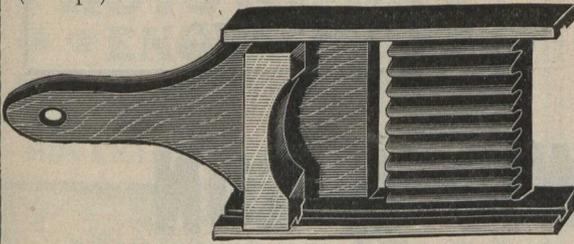


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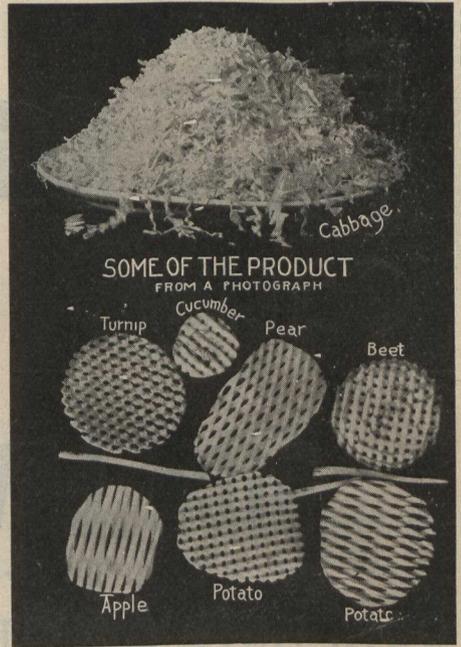
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10TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

... OF ...

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1901

Since organization, ten years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members **\$1,530,311.02**. All **withdrawals** have been **paid promptly**. Every dollar paid in, with interest, being returned to the withdrawing member when the required period has been reached.

| ASSETS. | | LIABILITIES. | |
|---|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Mortgage Loans on Real Estate | \$642,954.04 | Capital Stock Paid in | \$1,013,590.17 |
| Real Estate | 513,955.38 | Dividends Credited | 37,079.34 |
| Loans on this Company's Stock | 70,051.60 | Amount Due Borrowers on Uncompleted | |
| Accrued Interest | 7,785.70 | Loans | 1,771.14 |
| Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc. | 3,136.74 | Borrowers' Sinking Fund | 42,675.48 |
| Accounts Receivable | 1,050.97 | Mortgages Assumed for Members | 11,300.00 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 6,690.93 | Reserve Fund | 45,000.00 |
| The Molsons Bank | 27,408.43 | Contingent Account | 131,392.13 |
| Cash on hand | 9,774.47 | | |
| Total Assets | \$1,282,808.26 | Total Liabilities | \$1,282,808.26 |

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.

THOMAS G. HAND, } Auditors.
G. A. HARPER, }

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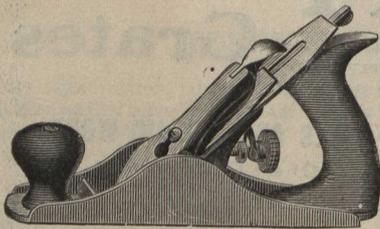


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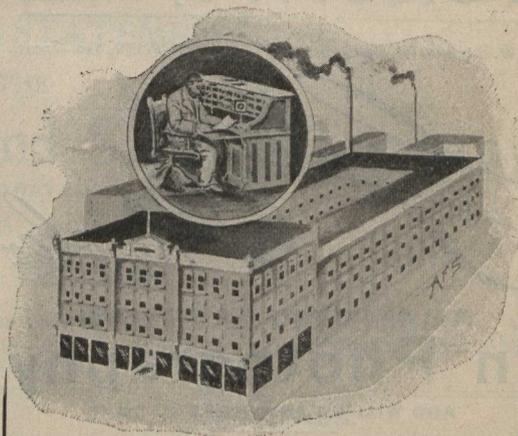
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