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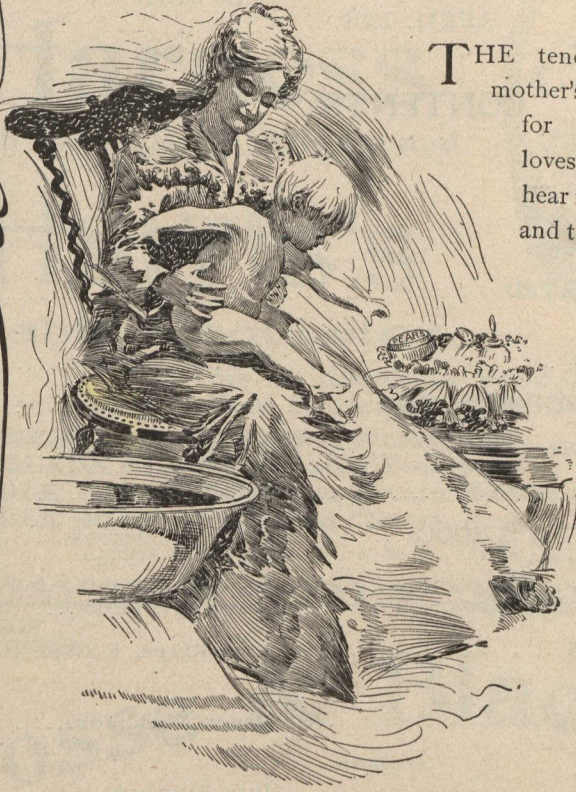
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## THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI.

APRIL 1901.

No. 6.

### CONTENTS:

	PAGE
FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.....	490
From a Photograph.	FRONTISPIECE.....
A VISIT TO COREA IN 1899.....	491
With Thirteen Special Photographs.	HELEN F. M. LEWIS.....
WHERE ENGINEERS ARE EDUCATED.....	497
With Numerous Illustrations.	J. W. BAIN.....
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER.....	505
Prof. Wm. Clark.....	508
MISS DEBORAH'S EASTER HOUSE-PARTY, Story.....	513
Marion Harland.....	520
THE WOMAN IN THE SNOW, Story.....	521
Arthur Stringer.....	521
TO MY LASSIE, Poem.....	521
E. D. A.....	521
MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.....	521
With Numerous Special Illustrations.	JAS. W. ROBERTSON.....
OTTAWA MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.....	538
Albert H. Leake.....	540
HALF A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.....	540
Third and Last Paper.	JOHN READE, F.R.S.C.....
THE ATTRACTIONS OF QUEBEC.....	554
With Several Rare Illustrations.	BYRON NICHOLSON.....
AT EASTERTIDE, Poem.....	559
Jean Blewett.....	561
MOOSWA OF THE BOUNDARIES, Story.....	561
Chapter VIII.—The Trailing of The Moose.	W. A. FRASER.....
WOMAN'S SPHERE.....	569
Illustrated.	MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS.....
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.....	572
Illustrated.	JOHN A. EWAN.....
PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.....	576
John A. Cooper.....	579
BOOK REVIEWS.....	582
IDLE MOMENTS.....	582
Including contributions by Arnold Haultain, Evelyn Durand, Newton McTavish and B. Kelly.	

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## A NEW SERIAL

**A Maid of Many Moods**, by VIRNA SHEARD, will commence in the May number and run through the summer issues. Mrs. Sheard, a Toronto writer, has had the honour of being admitted, with both poetry and prose, into leading New York publications. "Trevelyan's Little Daughters," a story of children, was issued in book form in both the United States and Canada in 1899.

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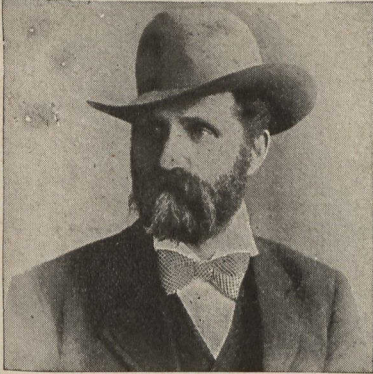
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MAURICE HEWLETT.

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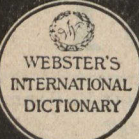
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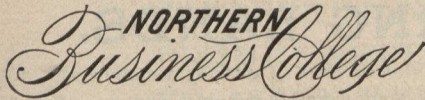
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than any other school in Canada. Our Business Course comprises every subject that is needed in a successful business career. Hundreds of ex-students say so and tell others so. Write for Catalogue and College Journal, which contain dozens of such testimonies, to

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UPPER SCHOOL—Boys prepared for the Universities and for business.

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1886 PRESIDENT

**CONSERVATORY**  
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Affiliated with the University of Toronto and Trinity University.

**The Strongest Faculty in Canada.**

**Affords an Artistic and Finished Musical Education of the Highest Standard.**

**Many of its graduates, thoroughly equipped as Solo Artists and Teachers, hold responsible positions in other Musical Institutions throughout Canada and the United States.**

**Attendance this season larger than ever, and steadily increasing.**

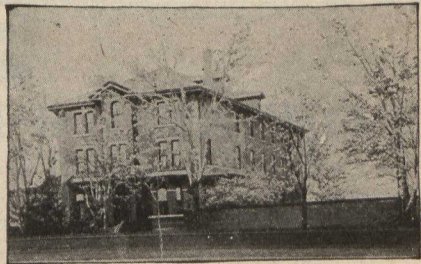
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**Reading, Recitation, Oratory, Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Rhetoric, English Literature, Orthoepey, Psychology, Pedagogy.**



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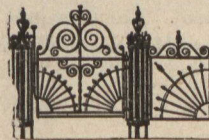
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**JOSEPH LEA, Manager.**



# Start a Fortune To-day

**\$1,000,000.00 IN DIVIDENDS WERE PAID TO STOCKHOLDERS**

in the Republic Co. of Washington in a little over a year. Stock in this company sold at 10c. a share in 1897. To-day it is quoted at \$4.00 a share. Everything points to a similar experience for the stockholders in the

## Great Republic Gold Mining Co., of Seattle, Washington

**Treasury Stock** (par value \$1.00), fully paid and non-assessable, in this great Mining Co. may now be secured **Without Paying Cash down** at time of purchase. Our plan insures success. It is to your interest to investigate it. No such opportunity was ever before offered to careful and conservative investors. **Now** is the time to secure stock in **Dividend** earning Gold Mining properties.

### SEND NO MONEY

until you have thoroughly investigated all our claims regarding the wonderful properties this great Mining Company controls. Write to-day. Stock in this Company sold at 15c. in October, 1900. Now selling at 30c. a share.

### GOLD MINES, TOWNS AND A RAILROAD ARE OWNED BY THIS COMPANY.

**Conservative estimates show that the Railroad alone will earn over \$600,000 a year.**

More than \$1,000,000 worth of ore is already blocked out, which will soon be turned into cash to be paid to stockholders in monthly dividends. There is not a safer investment in this country to-day than the Treasury Stock of this great mining company. Every opportunity is given you to make a careful investigation. Remember, you may hold in your own name to 1,000 shares of Great Republic Gold Mining Stock upon the payment of a small deposit, thus enabling you to secure dividend-earning Stock without paying the full cash value at time of purchase; but, instead, you may pay for it in small monthly instalments. For further information concerning our plan and the wonderful possibilities of our property, testimonial letters from prominent men of Washington State, and how you can make money on a small investment, write, mentioning **THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE**, to

**ALBERT E. HALL, Fiscal Agent, 220 Broadway, New York.**



## ONTARIO'S MINING LANDS.

The Crown domain of the Province of Ontario contains an area of over 85,000,000 acres, a large part of which is comprised in geological formations known to carry valuable minerals and extending northward from the great lakes and westward from the Ottawa river to the Manitoba boundary.

Iron in large bodies of magnetite and hematite; copper in sulphide and native form; gold, mostly in free-milling quartz; silver, native and sulphide; zincblende, galena, pyrites, mica, graphite, talc, marl, brick clay, building stones of all kinds and other useful minerals have been found in many places, and are being worked at the present time.

In the famous Sudbury region Ontario possesses one of the two sources of the world's supply of nickel, and the known deposits of this metal are very large. Recent discoveries of corundum in Eastern Ontario are believed to be the most extensive in existence.

The output of iron, copper and nickel in 1900 was much beyond that of any previous year, and large developments in these industries are now going on.

In the older parts of the Province salt, petroleum and natural gas are important products.

The mining laws of Ontario are liberal, and the prices of mineral lands low. Title by freehold or lease, on working conditions for seven years. There are no royalties.

The climate is unsurpassed, wood and water are plentiful, and in the summer season the prospector can go almost anywhere in a canoe. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the entire mineral belt.

For reports of the Bureau of Mines, maps, mining laws, etc., apply to

**HON. E. J. DAVIS,**

Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Or

**THOS. W. GIBSON,**

Director Bureau of Mines, Toronto, Ontario.

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM)

# Independent Order of Foresters

“THE BEST FRATERNAL BENEFIT SOCIETY  
IN EXISTENCE”

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Office for India, 4 Lyon's Range, Calcutta  
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## FIVE CARDINAL POINTS

IN THE I.O.F. SYSTEM OF FRATERNAL ASSURANCE UPON WHICH ITS  
SUCCESS HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED:

LIBERAL POLICY  
EQUITABLE METHODS  
CAPABLE MANAGEMENT  
PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS  
NO ASSESSMENTS AT DEATHS

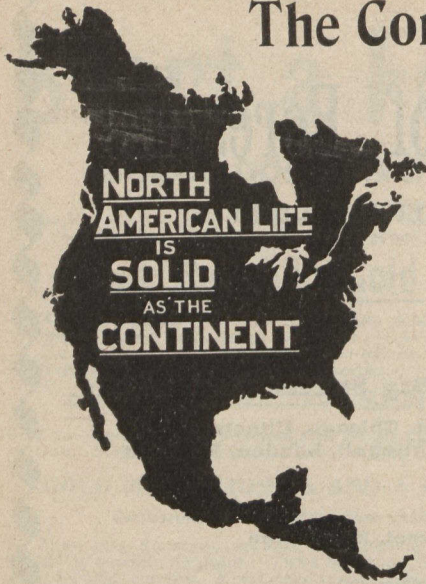
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For further information respecting the I.O.F. System of Fraternal  
Assurance apply to any Officer or Member

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# The Compound Investment Policy

INTRODUCED BY THE

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

is to-day one of the most popular and advantageous policies on the life insurance market.

Issued on the 15 and 20 Payment Life, 15 and 20 year Endowment Plans, at ages 20 to 60.

Is indisputable after one year.

Guarantees, after three years, Paid-up Insurance, Cash Surrender and Loan Values, and provides:

**That if the insured die at any time after the tenth year, and before the investment term expires, a handsome bonus will be paid to the beneficiary in addition to the face value of the policy.**

**After ten premiums have been paid the policy cannot lapse for the non-payment of further premiums.**

Send your name, address, age next birthday, and in return you will receive rates, together with a little booklet giving full information about this excellent policy.

L. Goldman,  
Secretary.

Wm. McCabe,  
Managing Director.

## North American Life

Head Office—112 and 118 King Street West, Toronto.

### Still Forging Ahead.

#### The Northern Life Assurance Co. of Canada

has another successful year.

**Memo. of 1900 Business as compared with 1899.**

**Increase** in Premium Income, - 50¼%

**Increase** in Interest Income, - 11½%

**Increase** in Total Income, - 45½%

**Increase** in Total Insurance in force, 21½%

**Decrease** in percentage of expenses to Premium Income, - 16¾%

**Decrease** in percentage of expenses to Total Income, - 10¾%

**The Interest Income** since the Company started business has more than paid all Death claims.

4%

### INVESTMENT BONDS

of The

## CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN AND SAVINGS CO'Y  
TORONTO

*Afford an absolutely safe and profitable investment for sums of \$100 and upwards.*

**Interest** allowed from date money is received.

**Interest** paid half-yearly.

**Money** can be withdrawn upon giving 60 days' notice or at end of one, two or three years.

**Capital and Assets, \$7,500,000**

HON. GEO. A. COX, President.

F. W. BAILLIE,

Secretary.

E. R. WOOD,

Managing Director.

# THE TIME TO SECURE INSURANCE IS NOW

While you are well, strong and insurable.

The policies issued by the

## Confederation Life

ASSOCIATION

On the Unconditional Accumulative Plan are free from conditions from date of issue.

Pamphlets and full information sent on application.

HON. SIR W. P. HOWLAND, K. C. M. G., C. B., President.

W. C. MACDONALD, Actuary.

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.



### THE MUTUAL LIFE of Canada

Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life

#### Abstract of Accounts for 1900

##### INCOME

Premiums, net .....	\$ 927,845 10
Interest, Annuities, etc.....	244,099 85
Total .....	\$1,171,944 95

##### DISBURSEMENTS

Payment to Policyholders for Death Claims, Endowments, Profits, etc.....	\$ 431,565 50
All Other Payments.....	239,624 22
Total .....	\$ 671,189 72

##### ASSETS

Loans on First Mortgages .....	\$2,471,154 60
Municipal Debentures and Bonds.....	1,614,844 47
Loans on Company's Policies .....	604,686 37
Real Estate, Including Head Office .....	138,845 84
Cash on Hand and in Banks.....	42,267 65
Other Assets.....	310,215 64
Total.....	\$5,182,014 57

##### LIABILITIES

Reserve, 4 and 3½ Per Cent .....	\$4,837,733 68
All Other Liabilities.....	33,931 59
Total.....	\$4,871,665 27

##### SURPLUS

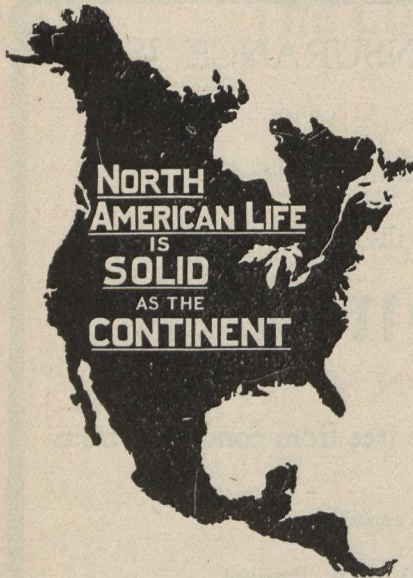
On Company's Standard 4 and 3½ Per Cent.....	\$ 310,349 30
On Government Standard 4½ and 3½ Per Cent .....	516,009 80

ROBERT MELVIN,  
President.

GEO. WEGENAST,  
Manager.

W. H. RIDDELL,  
Secretary.





**TWENTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT**  
OF THE

**North American Life**  
**Assurance Company**

**Head Office: 112-118 King St. West**  
**TORONTO**

**For the Year Ended December 31st, 1900**

Dec. 30, 1899, To net Ledger Assets..... \$3,336,710 21

**RECEIPTS**

Dec 31, 1900. To Cash for Premiums..... \$822,929 00  
To Cash Income on Invest-  
ments, etc..... 183,041 55  
1,005,970 55  
\$4,342,680 76

**DISBURSEMENTS**

Dec. 31, 1900. By Payment for Death Claims, Profits, Etc..... \$304,679 33  
" " By all other Payments..... 264,493 35  
569,172 68  
\$3,773,508 08

**ASSETS**

Dec. 31, 1900, By Mortgages, Etc..... \$1,282,389 92  
" Debentures (market value \$739,199 47)..... 729,813 10  
" Stocks and Bonds (market value \$1,031,680 00)..... 1,013,779 96  
" Real Estate, including Company's Building..... 389,751 79  
" Loans on Policies, Etc..... 239,719 38  
" Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call)..... 91,580 00  
" Cash in Banks and on hand..... 26,473 93  
\$3,773,508 08  
" Premiums outstanding, etc., (less cost of collection)..... 163,071 16  
" Interest and Rents due and accrued,..... 40,684 59

**LIABILITIES**

Dec. 31, 1900. To Guarantee Fund..... \$ 60,000 00  
" Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund..... 3,362,709 00  
" Death Losses awaiting proofs, etc..... 54,362 44  
\$3,977,263 83

**Net Surplus..... \$500,192 39**

Audited and found correct.

**J. N. LAKE, Auditor.**

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled. Its percentage of net surplus to liabilities exceeds that of any other Home Company.

New Insurance issued during 1900 ..... \$4,153,150 00

Exceeding the best previous year (except one) in the history of the Company.

Insurance in force at end of 1900 (net)..... \$24,883,061 00

**President, JOHN L. BLAIKIE**

*VICE-PRESIDENTS*

**HON. G. W. ALLAN.**

**HON. SIR WILLIAM R. MEREDITH, K. C.**

*DIRECTORS*

**HON. SENATOR GOWAN, K.C., LL.D., C.M.G.**

**E. GURNEY, Esq.**

**L. W. SMITH, Esq., K.C., D.C.L.**

**J. K. OSBORNE, Esq.**

**D. McCRAE, Esq., Guelph.**

**Managing Director, WM. McCABE, LL.B., F.I.A., F.S.S.**

*SECRETARY*

**L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A.**

*MEDICAL DIRECTOR*

**J. THORBURN, M.D., Edin.**

The Report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 30th last, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, will be sent to policyholders. Pamphlets explanatory of the attractive investment of plans of the Company, and a copy of the Annual Report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Head Office or any of the Company's agencies.

# Total Abstainers

are admittedly better risks for life insurance than non-abstainers, and should therefore get better terms when insuring their lives.

## The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company

which has over 7,000 total abstainers insured for over \$7,750,000, is the total abstainers' company in Canada, and it should be, for it gives them better terms than any other Company.

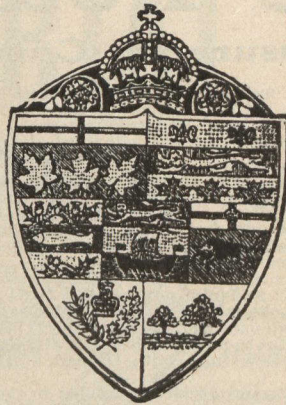
No total abstainer should insure his life without considering what it has to offer.

HON. G. W. ROSS  
PRESIDENT

H. SUTHERLAND  
MANAGING DIRECTOR

Head Office—Globe Building, Toronto, Ont.

The



# Federal Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE:  
Hamilton, Can.

Capital and Assets, - -	\$2,150,105.92
Surplus to Policyholders, -	1,026,367.85
Paid to Policyholders, -	1,978,514.58
Amount Insured, - - -	12,176,282.20

**DAVID DEXTER,**  
Managing Director.

# Absolutely Unexcelled Security

Investors are afforded a security the character of which cannot be excelled, and also a profitable return for their money in the **FOUR PER CENT. DEBENTURES** of

## The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation

WHICH HAS THE

**LARGEST** PAID UP CAPITAL  
RESERVE FUND  
ASSETS

AND IS ADMITTEDLY

Canada's **PREMIER** Company

# The Federal Life

## Assurance Company of Canada

The nineteenth annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held at its head office in Hamilton on Thursday, the 7th instant. In the absence of the President through illness, Mr. William Kerns, Vice-President, was appointed Chairman and Mr. David Dexter Secretary.

### DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The directors presented their annual report, as follows:—

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year which closed on the 31st December, 1900, duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of fourteen hundred and forty-two applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,094,735, of which thirteen hundred and ninety applications, for \$1,995,985, were accepted; applications for \$98,750 were rejected or held for further information.

As in previous years the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by \$211,430.12, and have now reached \$1,271,340.92, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,149,055.92, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,123,738.07, showing a surplus of \$1,025,317.85. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$147,602.85.

Policies on sixty-five lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$164,507.98, of which \$18,500 was reinsured in other companies.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums, \$23,079.23, with annuities, \$2,929.56, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$170,813.58.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, largely on mortgage securities and loans on the company's policies, amply secured by reserves. These investments have yielded results better than the average results of insurance companies doing business in Canada.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's service.

Having decided to increase the guarantee or subscribed capital to \$1,000,000, the amount authorized by our act of incorporation, your directors issued on 12th November last the balance of 3,000 shares, at a premium of 40 per cent. on the amount called. These shares were allotted to and taken by the existing shareholders. Though the call of \$13 per share was required only in bi-monthly instalments, the greater portion of it was paid before the close of the year.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to \$12,176,282.20, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and, in addition thereto, a considerable surplus, as above shown.

JAS. H. BEATTY, President.

DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director.

### AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen, We have made a careful audit of the books of your company for the year ending 31st December, 1900, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and are found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company, as on 31st December, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Hamilton, 1st March, 1901.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS,  
J. J. MASON,

Auditors.

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1900.

Premium income.....	\$ 413,794 76
Interest and rents .....	50,414 21
Capital stock.....	31,285 00
Premium on stock.....	15,600 00

Paid to Policyholders for death Claims—	\$ 511,093 97
Endowments, surrender values and profits .....	\$ 170,813 58
Expenses, taxes, dividends and reinsurance premiums.....	146,552 35
Balance.....	193,728 04

### ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1900.

Debentures and bonds.....	\$ 117,752 59
Mortgages.....	626,464 83
Loans secured by policy reserves.....	237,314 69
Cash in bank and other assets.....	289,808 81

### LIABILITIES.

Reserve Fund.....	\$ 1,271,340 92
Claims unadjusted.....	\$ 1,073,902 67
Present value of claims paid by instalments not due.....	25,932 37
Present value of dividends paid by instalments not due.....	13,889 95
Surplus.....	10,013 08
	147,602 85

Guarantee capital.....	\$ 1,271,340 92
	877,715 00

Surplus security.....	\$2,149,055 92
Policies were issued assuring.....	\$1,995,985 50
Total assurance in force.....	\$12,176,282 20

On motion of Mr. Kerns, seconded by Mr. T. H. Macpherson, the report was adopted.

The Medical Director, Dr. A. Woolverton, presented an interesting statistical report of the mortality of the company for the past and previous years.

The retiring Directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the Board, Mr. James H. Beatty was re-elected President, Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Mr. T. H. Macpherson Vice-Presidents.

# IMPERIAL LIFE

**FIRST AND**

For every One hundred dollars of liabilities on policyholders' account, the Company holds One hundred and eighty dollars of securely invested assets.

**TO POLICYHOLDERS**

All policy reserves are maintained upon a 3½ per cent. basis—the most stringent standard employed by any Canadian life insurance Company.

**HON. SIR OLIVER MOWAT**  
(Lt.-Gov. of Ontario)  
**President**

**CAPITAL,**

**\$1,000,000**

Maintains the largest **GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT** of any Canadian life insurance company.

The following facts and figures tell the story of the most successful year's business in the Company's history:

The Company's unsurpassed financial condition enables it to furnish insurance with the *highest attainable security* at the least possible cost to the assured.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY**

**PARAMOUNT**

	At Dec. 31st, 1900.	Increase in the year.
1. Total Assets .....	\$1,102,092	18 per cent.
2. Reserves for Policies and Annuities .....	597,488	35 "
3. Annual Premium Income.....	314,410	46 "
4. Interest Income .....	35,273	32 "
5. Net Surplus over all Liabilities..	39,199	23 "
6. Total Insurance in Force..	9,226,350	29 "
7. Gross Surplus for the security of policyholders....	\$489,199.61	
8. Application for new assurances \$3,847,000, of which \$3,107,000 were accepted and \$740,000 declined or uncompleted.		

**WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS TO**

A. H. FAIR, Provincial Manager, Halifax, N.S.  
A. McN. SHAW, Provincial Manager, St. John, N.B.  
H. M. BODDY, District Manager, Ottawa, Ont.  
E. S. MILLER, Provincial Manager, Montreal, Que.

J. W. W. STEWART, Provincial Mgr., Vancouver, B.C.  
J. S. WALLACE, Provincial Manager, Winnipeg, Man.  
GEO. R. HAMILTON, District Manager, London, Ont.  
J. B. COOKE, District Manager, Kingston, Ont.

**HEAD OFFICE—24 King Street East, Toronto, Can.**

A. E. AMES, 1st Vice-President.  
T. BRADSHAW, F.I.A., 2nd Vice-President and Actuary.  
JNO. L. DAVISON, M.D., M.R.C.S., Medical Referee.

F. G. COX, Managing Director.  
ROBT. JUNKIN, Superintendent.  
MESSRS. EDGAR & MALONE, Solicitors.





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FOR CORRESPONDENTS AND ACCOUNTANTS.  
**TO BE HAD AT THE STATIONERS**

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**SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, NEW YORK, N.Y.**

## MILITARY RIFLES

Are you interested in the Newest Pattern Rifles.  
 We have Samples of the Latest Designs in

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 Mannlicher, Martini-Metford and Savage.

WEBLEY'S W.G. ARMY REVOLVERS

# Mauser Pistols

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FRONTSPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK, LONDON

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI

APRIL, 1901

No. 6

## A VISIT TO COREA IN 1899.

WITH NUMEROUS PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

*By Helen F. M. Lewis.*

IT is a little over a year since the King of Corea informed all the Great Powers that he had had himself proclaimed Emperor. At that time—so far as a casual visitor to Seoul, the capital, could judge—the Government seemed in a very unstable condition. Ever since the assassination of his Queen by the Japanese, the Emperor had been living in fear of a similar fate. He had deserted both his ancestral palaces, with their handsome structures beautifully situated in truly regal parks, rich with trees and foliage, and transferred himself and his large retinue into a number of great ugly wooden sheds hastily erected on a low-lying piece of ground adjoining and dominated by several Foreign Legations. Into each of these he had had constructed a species of private run-way to allow of his having a choice of retreat in case of disturbances amongst his own people, or sudden political differences between am-

bassadors. Soldiers patrolled day and night the vicinity of the Court—comic opera soldiers these with their badly made uniforms of French pattern, their caps perched high on the top of a species of horsehair nightcap, worn to preserve the proper shape of the top-knot, the Corean token of manhood. Frequently one might see suspects driven inside the Court grounds from whence a few moments later would issue their shrieks of torture, this to force them into con-

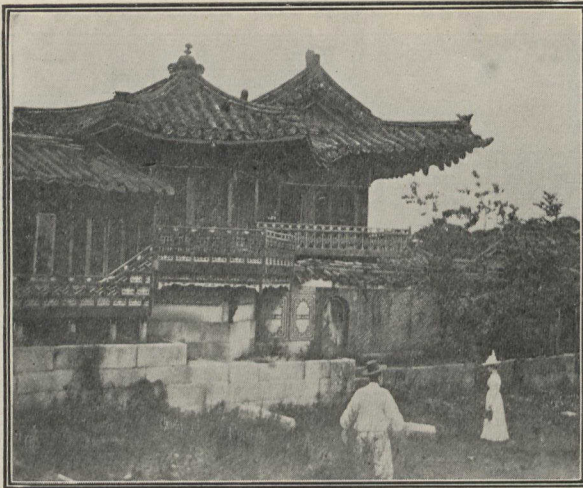
fessing themselves the authors of the several dynamite explosions which had taken place near the residences of the Emperor's favorite Ministers.

The populace were still excited over the burning up of the new electric cars, to which they accredited the prevailing drought.

Daily the tolling of the great bell in the centre of the city summoned all to read fresh proclamations from the Emperor, full of threats toward wrong-doers. One edict forbade all, un-



EMPEROR LI-HSI OF COREA



THE LATE QUEEN OF COREA'S FAVOURITE RESIDENCE



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA IN COREA



PUBLIC BRIDESMAIDS GOING TO A WEDDING

der pain of death, to stir outside after sundown.

The opportune arrival of Prince Henry of Prussia, heralded by great deluges of the long-wished-for rain, seemed to pacify everyone. Edicts were repealed, arches in his honour were erected, and the two chief public bride's-maids, noted for their luxuriant hair, were in daily request to assist in celebrating long-delayed wedding feasts.

The Koreans, as a people, impress one as being lazy, inoffensive and absolutely devoid of ambition. Centuries of extortion by Government officials have killed all desire to accumulate any possessions. Even in Seoul there is no sign of wealth anywhere, no building of more than one floor, no store of which the stock—and that chiefly foreign—would fill a room fifteen feet square, no industries or factories of any kind. The house of even a "Yang-Bang," or noble, has few claims to either comfort or superiority. The decadence of the nation is made still more marked by the existence of wonderfully well-built city walls, the ten miles of which were constructed within a few months, less than two hundred years ago. At one time also they made cabinets of a design and finish peculiarly beautiful, and boxes of iron-work delicately inlaid with silver. Both of these arts now appear to be lost.

The desire of the Korean is to impress upon every-

one the fact that he does nothing. In order to emphasize this, he has his outer garments as ample and as nearly white as possible and wears upon his head a delicate horsehair hat as fragile as an eggshell and transparent enough to show his possession of a top-knot. These hats are worth anywhere from two to thirty dollars apiece.

It is the women of Corea who accomplish the greater part of what work is done. This consists chiefly in cultivating the fields, bringing the produce to the weekly "Chang" or market, and—hardest labour of all—keeping clean and that without soap, the flowing white robes of their lords and masters.

Previous to the China-Japan war, it was the Chinese merchant who was paramount in business throughout Corea. Those who survived that event were forced by the Japanese outside the town limits, in order to secure for their own merchants the best business centre as "Concessions." The Chinese now, however, are rapidly regaining their trade ascendancy, Koreans, foreigners and missionaries of all denominations preferring to deal with them rather than the Japanese.

Nevertheless it is to the latter that Corea owes most of her steps toward civilization. With the exception of an occasional Russian steamer, it is Japan that supplies the excellent coast service. We should have been obliged to walk or be carried in chairs from Chemulpo to Seoul (a distance of twenty-five miles) but for the little Japanese steamer on the River Han, the fare for a whole day's trip being only one dollar. Be-



STREET SCENE—THE BLACK GAUZE HATS PROTECTED FROM POSSIBLE RAIN BY CONICAL OIL PAPER COVERINGS

sides the interest attached to the succession of ancient walls and fortifications on either bank of the river, and the frequent stoppages at various villages, we had for company on the boat all the Corean State Ministers returning from paying their respects to Prince Henry on the *Deutschland*.

The hotels are Japanese (with the exception of one in Chemulpo, run by a Chinaman). Doctors, dentists and hospital nurses are Japanese likewise,



HILLS BEHIND CHEMULPO—MIDDLE CLASS COREANS AND A COOLIE



ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN COREA  
—GOING TO THE CHANG OR  
WEEKLY MARKET

and if you wish to send a letter or telegram to foreign parts it must go through their post-office, the Korean one being for purely local matter.

There are nearly ten thousand of the Mikako's subjects scattered throughout the country. Many of them are soldiers in bar-



A NATIVE TEACHER AND HIS  
PUPILS—FUSAN, COREA



BRIDGE ON THE PATH TO SAK-KUM-SAH MONASTERY.

racks. All have served in the army, and at a few hours' notice would blossom into regiments. It is little wonder then that seeing on every side evidence of their own energy and the Korean's inertness, they act rather as proprietors of the country than as visitors.

Whilst in Northern Korea at Gensan, the chief port, and adjoining the great harbour of Port Lazaroff, so much coveted by the Rus-

sians, we heard of a monastery perched far up amongst the distant mountains, and decided to visit it.

There are no temples or monasteries in or about the towns and cities. After the great number in China and Japan their absence is most noticeable. Up to about three hundred years ago Buddhism flourished, and at that time more than a fifth of the male population were priests, and their monasteries were solidly enough built to be considered forts. About this period the country without previous warn-

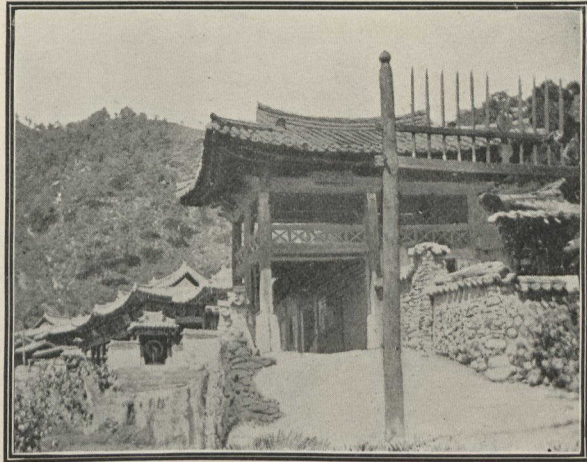
ing was invaded by the Japanese. Advance guards dressed as priests entered one city after the other, opening the gates after dark and then mercilessly butchering the unprepared populace. Thirty years afterwards when the Japanese were expelled, an edict banished all Buddhist priests from the cities and plains. To-day, about the only worshippers of Buddha are the priests themselves, it being a case of "out of sight out of mind."

The masses in Corea have fallen back on the propitiation of demons with which they believe the air to be filled; and those having knowledge of Chinese classics regulate their lives by the teachings of Confucius.

Early one August morning we started for the monastery with a missionary and his Corean teacher, the latter acting as guide. They were afoot, my husband on his bicycle, and I in a comfortable cane chair, its poles borne by four very active and fine-looking coolies. For a few miles we skirted the seashore, the narrow footpath running between the paddy fields and over very primitive bridges. Then we began the ascent and our troubles commenced. The heat was intense, almost suffocating. Very often the path disappeared amongst boulders and then for miles stretched over clay hills resembling an unballasted railroad with the spaces between the ties about eight inches deep. This had been caused by generations of burden-bearing oxen putting their hoofs in the holes made by their predecessors.

My husband had previously to this been alternately carrying and pushing his bicycle, riding being long since out of the question. He now straddled a great ox, persuading its owner to carry the machine, of which he seemed in great fear.

The view of the monastery, from whatever side one sees it, is most



ARROW GATEWAY AND ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY

picturesque. Approaching, we passed under an narrow archway a short distance from the main entrance, upon the gate of which is painted the Korean crest. We were soon surrounded by monks in white attire and conducted to the Abbot, who offered us rice cakes and a pleasant drink composed chiefly of wild honey.

The sun was just setting. We had been fourteen hours on an unshaded



FIGURE AT TEMPLE GATEWAY





AN EXTERIOR WALL OF TEMPLE—NATIVE CHRISTIAN TEACHER—TWO LITTLE BOYS GIVEN BY THEIR PARENTS TO THE MONASTERY TO BE EDUCATED AS BUDDHIST PRIESTS—THE LADY IS THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE.

road, not a breath stirring, and the thermometer registering  $118^{\circ}$ . Our only thought after several times emptying the Abbot's flagon, was of a place in which to rest. Outside of one of the several temples we were asked to remove our shoes and were then conducted to a dimly lighted corner within and informed we could lie down. Sleep came immediately although our rugs were thin and the clay floor hard and smooth as polished marble. How long we slept I know not, but I awoke parched, suffocating and in a bath of perspiration.

Soon I put my hand on the floor. My exclamation of surprise, almost horror, was enough to awaken the others, and we realized immediately that it was only another act of welcome on the part of the kind Abbot.

He had had a fire built under the clay floor, that being a luxury without which no Corean who can afford it ever goes to sleep, winter or summer.

Gathering up our belongings we quickly tiptoed our way out to a building with open sides, reached by several steps. Inside were a few rather narrow tables, a couple of which appeared to be occupied by sleepers. We thought of trying the others, but the dread of rolling off decided us to content ourselves with the floor. The sun was quite high when we arose and made the ghastly discovery that our companions *had been lately monks* and that the tables upon which they rested were their biers.

In spite of his ninety years the Abbot himself showed us many treasures in and about the extensive premises. His hearty laugh over some of our translated queries, and the pleasure he derived from our acceptance of a monk's four-cornered headgear, necklace and bamboo undershirt, are amongst our pleasantest recollections of a summer spent with the "Hermit Nation."



TEMPLE WITH IMAGES OF FORMER ABBOTS AND MONKS

## WHERE ENGINEERS are EDUCATED



By J. W. Bain

THE ONTARIO SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

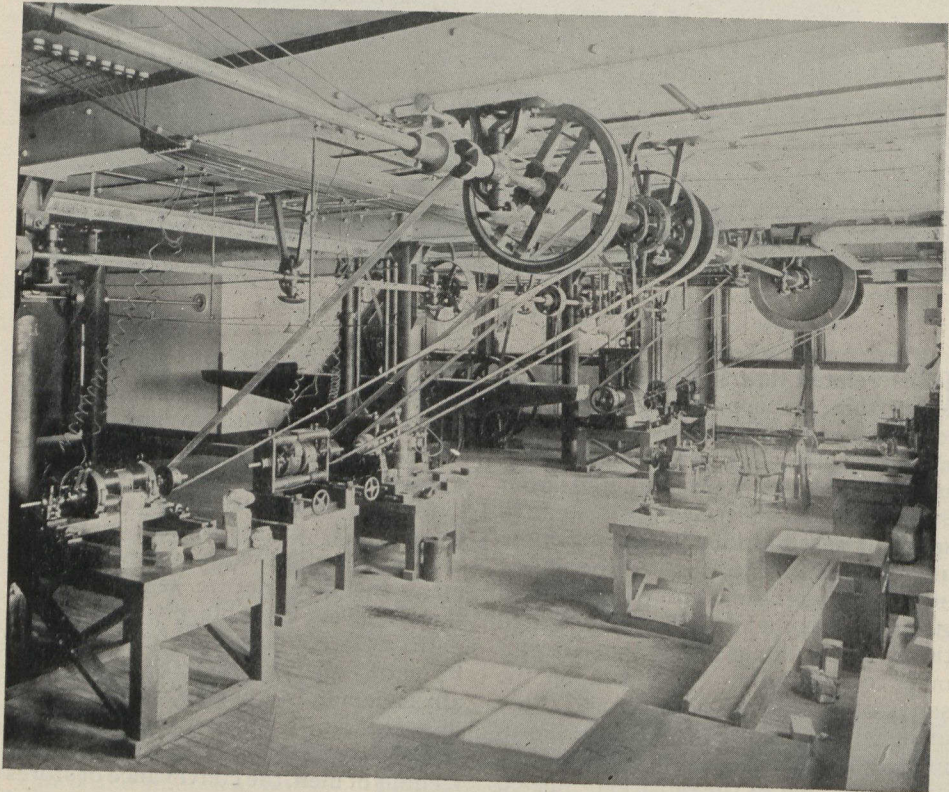
IT is related that in ancient times, a certain monarch of Egypt desired to erect for his future resting-place, a tomb of surpassing grandeur. Thousands of slaves were gathered from every direction and set to work, some to split out vast blocks of stone from the quarries of Syene, far up the Nile; others to rough-hew and trim the irregular masses; while still others floated the dressed stones down the river almost to the Delta. To-day upon the sands of the Libyan desert stand those artificial hills which we call the Pyramids, still one of the wonders of the world and one of the most magnificent evidences of the skill of man. How these massive blocks were placed in position is yet unknown, but the ability of the builders is shewn with overwhelming force; in our time the men who planned and directed the work would be called engineers. So the profession is ancient and the engineer, including under that designation the architect, has been an important person in all ages, but never more so than to-day. Perhaps we wish to bring into closer touch our cousins who live in

some remote district. The engineer receives instructions to build a railway and starts forthwith to spy out the land. After long weary days in the woods, sometimes attacked by fever and tormented by insects or almost frozen to death, the survey is finished and construction work commences. In many instances nature seems to have thrown every possible obstacle in the path. Here a deep rock-cutting must be made, a few yards farther a yawning abyss demands a bridge, while a short distance and a vast swamp calls for a floating roadbed. The housing and feeding of men, the conveyance of stores from the outposts of civilization, and the adaptation of the materials which lie at hand are a few of the problems with which the engineer must deal, and the mere recital in this hurried manner of the demands upon his skill and experience are quite sufficient to convince anyone that engineering calls for a man's finest and most careful work. The construction of a railroad has often been made the subject of a magazine article and nearly everyone is to a certain extent familiar with the

difficulties and dangers which beset the builders, but the engineer has other tasks which call for just as much patience, skill and experience. Mighty bridges must be built to meet the demands of modern travel; waterfalls must be put to work to produce the electrical current so indispensable at the beginning of the twentieth century, and that current must often be led for miles to supply motive power for many a factory and light for many a house-

called upon to assume. It is little wonder, therefore, that engineering, in addition to an extensive experience, calls for a liberal education, and the marvellous growth of colleges for the teaching of applied science is a striking evidence of this.

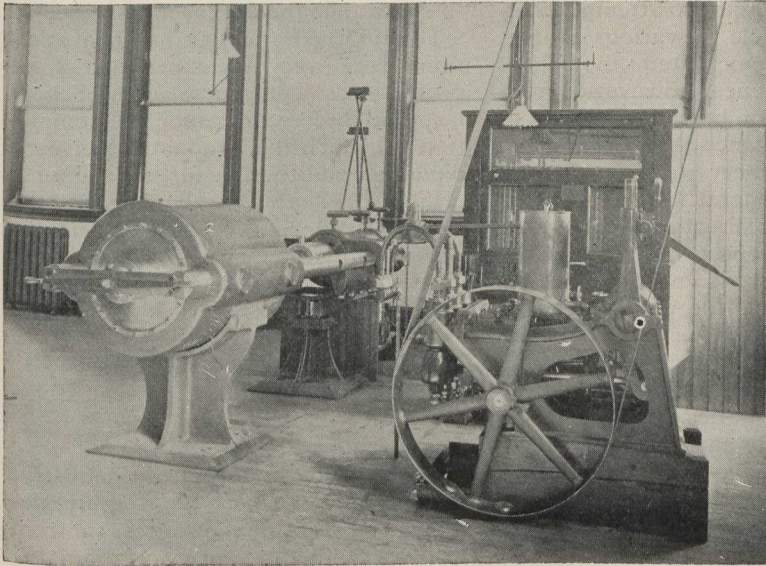
The need of such a college in Ontario was laid before the Government a little more than a quarter of a century ago, and the merits of the proposal were so marked, that under the regime



THE DYNAMO ROOM

hold; canals must be built for the cheap carriage of bulky merchandise and harbours provided for the accommodation of shipping; huge buildings must be erected upon high-priced plots of land in the centres of great cities; millions of tons of coal and iron must be mined far below the surface of the earth to supply the busy world with raw material; and there are still dozens of other duties which the engineer is

of the Hon. Adam Crooks, at that time Minister of Education, the Ontario School of Practical Science was established and a building provided a short distance to the south of University College, Toronto. Since then the growth of the School has been steady and gratifying, and although in 1889 a new wing of almost double the size was attached to the old building, the accommodation is to-day entirely in-



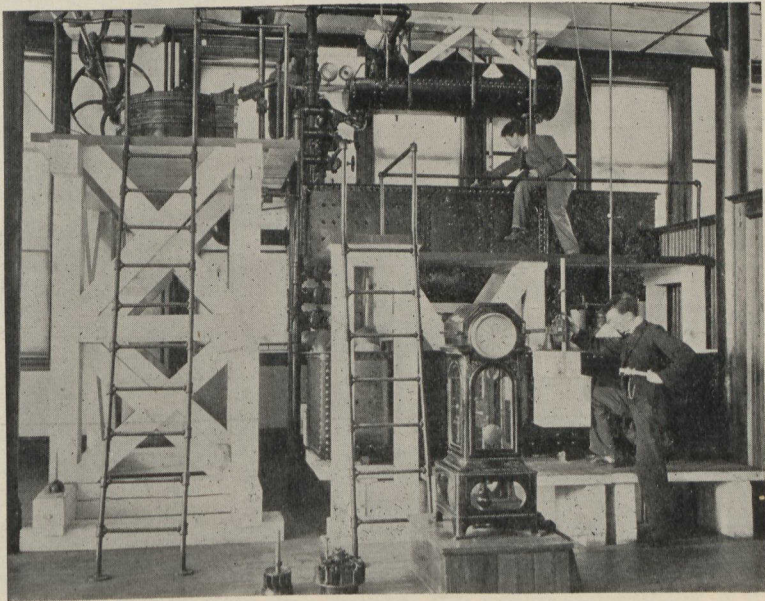
EMERY MACHINE FOR TESTING STRENGTH OF MATERIALS

sufficient for the proper carrying on of the work. The departments of mining, mineralogy and geology and chemistry are particularly cramped for room in their present quarters, and it is to be hoped that these branches of engineering education which are at present of so much importance to the country at large, will not be allowed to stagger along under the heavy burden of insufficient work-room.

The importance of the engineer to the community at large has already been pointed out in the briefest manner, but to offset this brevity there is always the con-

tribution that nearly everyone who reads these lines can see every day some tangible and enduring monument of engineering skill. Even indoors, it must not be forgotten that many of the ornamental and useful articles to be found in every home have come from what we call factories, which are after all only places where engineering has made a specialty of the production of certain particular classes of articles.

The curricula of modern colleges of applied science vary somewhat and it



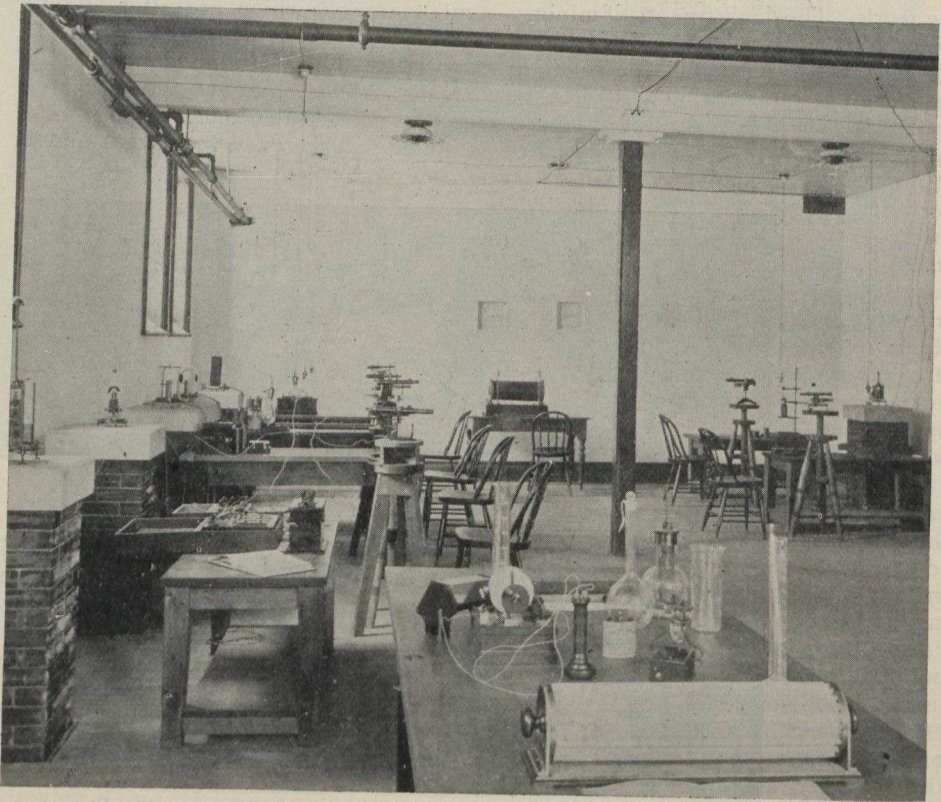
THE HYDRAULIC PLANT

would be out of place to attempt to indicate in this article the various courses which have been exploited; the School of Practical Science, however, agrees in the main with best institutions of the day and a glance at the studies of the young engineer in Toronto will give a fairly general idea of modern education in this direction. Before an engineer can properly proceed to design a bridge, it is evident that he must have some knowledge of the strains which are to be carried by the various parts of the structure, and this information can only be obtained by the aid of mathematics. The architect, in his engineering capacity, must have some knowledge of the occurrence and endurance of the stone which he employs; mineralogy and geology are his guides in this direction. Such illustrations might be multiplied tenfold, but the two given above are sufficient

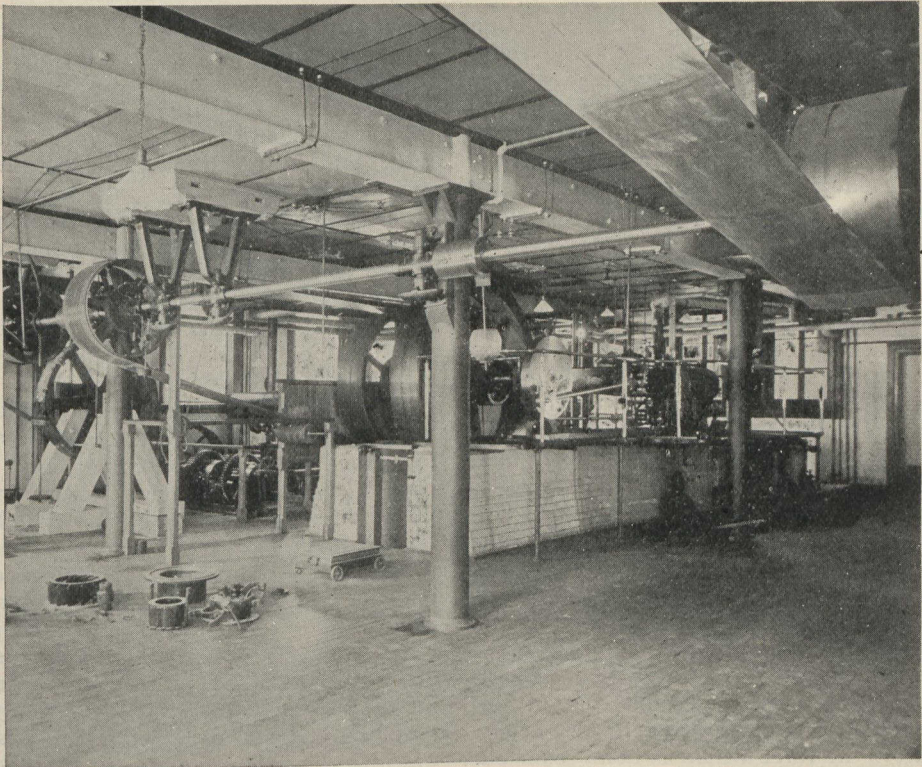
to shew that the engineer has need of a certain theoretical training in addition to the every day experience of his profession. The course at the School lasts for three years, upon the completion of which the graduate receives a diploma; and there is further a Fourth or Post-Graduate year, ending with the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science, conferred by the University of Toronto. The student may take his choice of five separate courses:

1. Civil Engineering.
2. Mining Engineering.
3. Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.
4. Architecture.
5. Analytical and Applied Chemistry.

The courses may be roughly described as a gradual progression from lectures in the first year to laboratory work in the fourth. The student must first become familiar with the principles



THE GALVANOMETER LABORATORY



EXPERIMENTAL ENGINE

upon which his future work depends, and commences by studying mathematics, statics, dynamics, surveying, chemistry and electricity. As he passes from year to year the applications of these subjects are presented to him, for example in strength of materials, constructive design, machine design, practical astronomy, hydraulics, theory of the steam engine and technical chemistry. Having become sufficiently familiar with the elements of the various subjects, the student passes to experimental work in the laboratory, travelling first over well-known ground and finally attacking problems which demand for their solution his individual thought and experiment.

In the laboratories of the School are to be found many interesting machines and pieces of apparatus, but it would be quite impossible to describe within the limits of an article such as this, the equipment of even one of these

rooms; and we must content ourselves with a rapid journey through the building, stopping only here and there to notice something of particular interest, just as a humming-bird selects the sweetest blossoms in a garden of flowers.

In the basement, at the south end of the building, is the engineering laboratory, and we find here a fifty horse power Brown engine, which is used solely for experimental work; it can be worked condensing or non-condensing, steam-jacketed or not, so that a valuable study may be made of the efficiency secured during operation under different conditions. Beside the engine stands a three-throw pump, with a capacity of 500,000 gallons per 24 hours, while the stream which this supplies may be utilized for driving a turbine or for filling various tanks which discharge constantly through orifices, the whole constituting a hydraulic system. An opportunity is thus

afforded for studying such important factors in hydraulic work as the influence of varying heads of water upon the discharge through circular or rectangular holes or through notches of various sizes and shapes, while the efficiency of turbines may be found under varying conditions, as the head and quantity of water are changed. The importance of hydraulics to the engineer in a country such as ours, where water-power is to be found in profusion, needs no further remark.

In the south end of the building may also be seen the laboratory for the testing of materials of construction such as iron, steel, wood, stone, brick and cement. There is installed in this department a fifty-ton emery tension and compression machine, which has a marvellous delicacy for so ponderous and powerful a structure. It is constructed upon the same principle as an hydraulic press, but oil is used in the cylinder instead of water, and an indicator of ingenious construction enables the operator to tell very accurately the force which is being exerted. The machine can put forth a total force of fifty tons in either tension or compression, and yet, when there is nothing between the clamps, a pull by hand is instantly recorded by the indicator. Not far away stands the Olsen torsion machine, which twists bar iron in the same fashion as a confectioner twists a stick of candy. Like some giant among the common throng, we see the upper part of another testing machine protruding through the floor beside the other two. The main portion is to be found below, and if we are curious enough to go down stairs we find that here are tested wooden, iron and steel beams and posts of all sizes and shapes. This machine can exert a force of one hundred tons, and all around are the trophies of its prowess, huge wooden beams, broken crosswise, small blocks of wood crushed and shattered, brick piers and wooden posts, which have all alike given way under the terrible strain. A careful record of all the experiments is of course preserved. To complete our view of the laborator-

ies for the testing of materials of construction, we may visit the room where mortars and cements receive their judgment. Everywhere we see little briquettes, some in water, where they have lain perhaps for the past nine months, some air-dry and hard as stone, and others moist, with the appearance of having been freshly made. When the proper time arrives, each and all will be placed in the rubber-covered jaws of the testing machine and strained until they break—truly iron hands under gloves of velvet.

The electrical department finds house-room partly with the large testing machine in the basement, and a row of dynamos stretches across the floor, with much wire and many switches and fuse-boxes and other paraphernalia dear to the heart of the electrician. A large modern switch-board provides for the transference of currents from one set of wires to another and serves as a sort of nervous centre for the whole building. If we follow carefully one set of wires which pass out into the hall, we arrive at the electrical laboratories in the north end of the building, which serve the one as a galvanometer room and the other for high tension work. Both are well equipped, and provide excellent facilities for experimental work. Across the hall, within double doors, is the astronomical and geodetical laboratory, with an array of mathematical instruments, while a stately clock with solemn tick seems astonished at our haste.

When we have thus glanced through some of the laboratories in the basement we commence naturally to climb upstairs, and here we find ourselves in a region of lecture and drafting rooms. Of the latter there are four, filled with large wooden tables, one for each student, and upon all may be seen the drawings which are being made as everyday work proceeds. The course in drafting and practical design is thorough, and the student is taught carefully the importance of being able to correctly convey his ideas to the workman by means of his drawings. After



MINERALOGICAL COLLECTION

inspecting the drafting rooms, we turn to the museum, which is situated on the third story in the north end and is devoted to mineralogy and geology. A collection of minerals is to be seen which is used by the students for study and comparison, and a collection of ores, principally from Ontario, is placed near by. There is a fine set of Canadian and foreign rocks, and a palæontological collection occupies the remainder of the space.

On the second floor, beneath the museum, are the chemical laboratories, the qualitative at the east end, the quantitative at the west. Unfortunately, the accommodation is entirely inadequate, and the work suffers accordingly. Junior and senior men have to occupy the same room, and cannot avoid interference, with the result that much valuable time is wasted by both parties, and it is very difficult to carry on any work which calls for

much room in which to set up apparatus. The blowpipe laboratory is situated upon the first floor, and, having been refitted recently, is equipped with all necessary apparatus and provides plenty of room. At the other end of the corridor is the chemical lecture room, a large theatre, which answers the purpose capitably. In the basement we find the assay laboratory, which is well fitted out, and is quite large enough for class work, but on passing into the mill-room we find once more that space is sadly lacking. Here may be seen the three-stamp gravity mill, with a Frue vanner for treating ores, and much valuable work has been done with this plant since its installation. A pair of rolls and a chlorination barrel are mounted temporarily upon wheels, and have to be rolled into position, because there is at present no position where they may be stationed permanently.





CHEMICAL LABORATORY—QUANTITATIVE ANALYSIS

From this brief description an idea may be gained of the work which is carried on by the students, and one might easily suppose that the young engineer leaves the school tolerably well equipped for the practice of his profession. Such, however, is not the case, and unless the graduate has gained some practical experience either previous to his entering the school, or during his vacations, he must spend considerable time in acquiring that somewhat vague, but valuable, adjunct, experience. To quote from a recent address by the principal of the school, "If the young graduate neglects to keep his eyes and ears open, and to make plentiful use of his notebook, if he does not absorb practical knowledge as a dry sponge absorbs water, he ought to go into some other profession; he will never become an engineer, even though he be a graduate of the School of Practical Science."

The question may possibly be asked,

"Of what value then is a course in an engineering college, why not enter professional life at once?" True enough, a man may become an engineer without a college education, and occasionally men of uncommon force of character have raised themselves to high positions by their own unaided efforts; such cases are, however, rare, and the ordinary man can improve his chances tenfold by a little preliminary discipline and training.

The college graduate on first coming into contact with the practical man appears to have a considerable disadvantage, and his work is usually inferior. If, however, our young engineer is determined to succeed, it will not be long before his practical knowledge will be on a par with that of his rival, while his scientific training leads him to speculate and experiment in the most logical manner, upon the possibilities of devising new methods, new apparatus or new materials for his work.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER.

By Professor William Clark, D.C.L.

“ Oh ! day of days ! shall hearts set free  
No ‘ minstrel rapture ’ find for thee ?  
Thou art the Sun of other days,  
They shine by giving back thy rays :  
Enthronèd in thy sovereign sphere,  
Thou shedd’st thy light on all the year ;  
Sundays by thee more glorious break,  
An Easter day in every week.”

**F**EW will accuse the poet of the Christian year of exaggeration in employing such language in reference to the great Christian festival of Easter, for the Sunday does not merely shine more glorious by reason of Easter Day ; it has its very existence from the fact that the event commemorated at the Easter Festival—the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead—took place on the first day of the week.

It is a strange fact that, whilst we may be said to know the date of the Resurrection with sufficient exactness, neither in ancient nor in modern times has the Church agreed as to the exact day of the Festival. In the early Church the Quartodecimans, pleading the example of St. John, kept the day of the month, whilst the Latin Church, and especially the Roman, kept the day of the week ; and, although this controversy was laid to rest by the Council of Nicæa declaring for the Sunday, yet in our own day, by reason of the difference in the calendars, the Russian Church frequently keeps the festival later than the Western Churches.

In the Greek and Latin Churches the festival is known as the Pascha (Italian, *Pasqua* ; French, *Pâques*), derived from the Hebrew name of the Passover, during the celebration of which Festival our Lord was put to death and rose again. Curiously enough, this name has survived in the north of England, and even in Scotland, where they still speak of the dyed eggs used at that period as Paste

or Pace Eggs, when probably not one in a hundred who use the phrase has the slightest notion of its meaning and reference. The English and German names (Easter and Ostern) for the festival have a heathen origin. They are taken from the name of the fourth month of the year, corresponding very nearly with our April, and this month derived its name from Eostre, a goddess worshipped in Britain, whose festival was celebrated near the time of the vernal equinox.

From the earliest days this festival was held in the highest honour by all Christians. It is believed that there is a reference to it in St. Paul’s words, 1 Corinth. v. 7 : “ Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us : therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness ; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.” The feast of Easter was, at least, the Christian Passover, in which was slain the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, and in which those who joined in the commemoration of the sacrifices feasted at the table of God. From the days of the Apostles down to our own times it has been held in high honour throughout the whole Church, and in these latter days, even among those denominations which have opposed the institution of sacred seasons as savouring of superstition, there has been manifested a disposition to keep with special solemnity the festival of the Resurrection.

Gregory of Nazianzus calls Easter the Queen of festivals, and says that it exceeds all others as far as the Sun excels the other heavenly bodies. In early times it was surrounded with every mark of reverence, not only in worship and in the obligatory reception of the Holy Communion, but by tokens of special regard in the emancipation

of the suffering and in the care for the sick. Thus we hear from several of the early writers of the Church that Easter was an occasion for the display of liberality to the poor, that slaves were frequently emancipated at this period, and that there was also a general release of prisoners, with the exception of those who had been guilty of the most heinous crimes. To this very day we have one standing evidence of the greatness of the festival. The Latin Church requires all its members to come to Holy Communion at least on Easter Day; and the Anglican Church orders, in the rubrics to the Communion service, "that every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one."

When we consider the meaning and significance of Easter, none of these ordinances can surprise us. Every Christian festival has its own special meaning and power. Who does not delight to think of that "happy morn in which the Saviour of mankind was born"? Who does not follow, in the services of the Church, with humble faith and thankfulness, "the traces of those holy feet which marked out for us the way of life." But surely that festival which "brought life and immortality to light," has a power and a glory all its own, and deserves every honour which the believing heart can offer it.

Let us consider for a moment what is its message, and what we should be without that message. It appears to some that these are questions which may be dismissed with little concern as to the conclusions at which we may arrive. Such an opinion can hardly find justification in the idea that it matters little to mankind whether on Easter Day we commemorate a fact or perpetuate the belief in a hallucination. It surely does matter a good deal, a great deal whether there is such a thing as a resurrection from the dead, whether man may or may not look forward to a future life. There are few convictions so deeply rooted, there are few beliefs so universal, as the belief

in immortality. In some form it has prevailed among all races and in all ages. Tennyson was uttering not a mere individual opinion but a universal aspiration when he said, addressing the "Strong Son of God, immortal Love":

"Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him."

The language of the poet Young may be somewhat inflated, but it is substantially true to the experience of man:

"A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.  
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,  
That ghastly thought would drink up all  
your joys,  
And quite unparadise the realms of right."

Surely, then, man may reasonably give ear to any arguments which may support such a belief, to any evidences which may induce the conviction that we are not made to die; that there is a future for mankind beyond the life of earth. We must hold, therefore, that he is the reasonable man who approaches the consideration of such evidences in a sympathetic attitude, with the hope that they may prove adequate and conclusive, rather than he who assumes that no such evidences are to be expected and none can be convincing. Why should they not be expected? The belief in immortality is not an absurdity, or an individual opinion. Why should the life of man not persist in a different environment? Whence comes "this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality," but from the roots of that nature which is a reflection of the nature of God, a finite reproduction of the being of Him who "alone hath immortality?" He who listens to the testimony of the angel at the tomb—"He is risen; He is not here," is a more rational man than he who rejects the testimony as incredible.

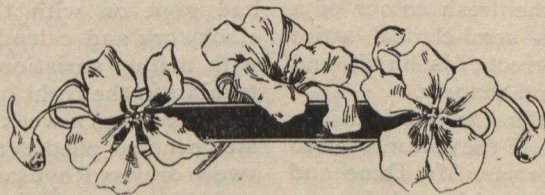
There is no better attested fact in the past history of the world than the resurrection of Jesus Christ. There is probably no rational human being on the face of the earth who believes that the

apostles were impostors or deceivers. That men should sacrifice everything that the world counts desirable in order to propagate a belief which they knew to rest upon a falsehood is a theory too absurd to deserve discussion. On the other hand, it is almost as difficult to believe that they were under a mistake as to the resurrection of their Master. This theory of hallucination seems the last hope of the opponents of Christianity. For it comes to this: the denial of the resurrection is the denial of the supernatural character of the Christian religion. And there is nothing left for those who refuse to believe in the resurrection but the theory of vision or hallucination. And even this theory is now beginning to be abandoned; and some of its former advocates are falling back on the assumption that there was conscious deception on the part of the apostles. No wonder! Each sceptical theory is, in turn, discovered to be so baseless, that it must immediately give place to the theory which it had recently supplanted.

The theory of hallucination on the part of the apostles is almost as ridiculous as the theory of deception. It is quite certain that they did not expect the return of their Master. His death produced such a shock as to disorder all their hopes and expectations in regard to His Messianic character. They never doubted His greatness and goodness: "He was a prophet mighty in word and deed;" but they doubted the correctness of their own previous judgments: "We trusted that this was He that should deliver Israel." And from this state of despondency and apprehension they were aroused not by the ecs-

tasy of an excitable woman, not by the springing up of a new hope within themselves, but by the visible appearance of Him who had died, who proved Himself the conqueror of death, the Lord of life, bringing the hope of everlasting life to the children of men. If they were mistaken, if Christ had not risen, there was one proof by which their adversaries could have shut their lips and convicted them of false testimony—the production of the sacred body of the crucified. If the apostles had possession of His body and declared that He had risen, they were impostors—an idea not capable of being maintained. If their adversaries had possession of it, they would have produced it.

Well, therefore, may the Christian Church, on the great Festival of Easter, take up the language of St. Paul, and declare: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." The dead are not lost, not separated from us for ever. They "sleep in Jesus," and of them we are assured that as "Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him;" and when the shadows of death are stealing over us, we see a light shining in the darkness, and hear the voice of love and power which declares: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Such is our faith, and it brings a joy which no one taketh away from us. THEREFORE LET US KEEP THE FEAST.



## MISS DEBORAH'S EASTER HOUSE-PARTY.

BY MARION HARLAND.

*Author of "Alone," "Beech Dale," "The Hidden Path," "Handicapped,"  
"Moss Side," "An Angel Unawares," etc.*

THE list of guests lay on the table before her. While she talked she tapped it with a gold pencil-case, keeping time in a sort of happy rhythm with the music of her thoughts. The gold pencil-case had a diamond in the top that shot out tiny sparkles, also in rhythmic order. Upon the third finger of the hand that beat the happy tattoo was a larger diamond in an old-fashioned setting. The gems were heirlooms. So was the furniture of the room in which the two friends sat—a long, low apartment, the ceiling crossed by oaken beams. The house itself was colonial, having been built in 1710 by Gerardus Glen, and had come down in the direct line to Colonel Ten Eyck Glen, the father of Miss Deborah Glen, the present owner. She was the only survivor of eight children born under the venerable roof.

Her forty-fifth birthday would fall upon Easter Sunday, now but five days off. They proposed to celebrate it by a gathering of no mean sort. Miss Deborah was not ashamed to tell her age. She was wont to say that she valued every year she had lived, and would not show disrespect to one of the forty odd.

The Rev. Cecil Dane—the straight, trim, well-groomed gentleman to whom she was telling her plans for the afore-said celebration—was fifty years of age. His eyes were clear; his clean-shaven face had the fresh colour of a healthy boy; his semi-clerical attire was invariably correct; his hands and feet were small and shapely.

Mrs. Graham, Miss Deborah's neighbour and the wife of the rector, used to say that she never saw Mr. Dane and Miss Glen together without being reminded of a pair of Dresden china

figures—shepherd and shepherdess—and longing to set one on each end of her mantel.

Twenty-five years ago Cecil Dane was engaged to marry Katey Glen, Miss Deborah's twin-sister. After her death, which occurred just a month before what was to be their wedding-day, the young clergyman went as a home-missionary to the Far West, and remained upon the frontier, coming home but three times in the interim, for fifteen years. He was driven back to the East by ill-health threatening his life. When Western malaria—that curse in the blood that baffles time and drugs—was eliminated from the system, there remained a reminiscence of overwork under unpropitious circumstances in a chronic bronchial weakness which forbade him to take a regular cure of souls. He had a modest patrimony that had supported him in the missionary field without aid from ecclesiastical societies, and it sufficed for his bachelor wants when he took up his residence in the sleepy town of Rhynsart-on-the-Hudson, directly across the river from Glenwold, the ancestral abode of the sister of his dead betrothed.

Gossips had grown tired speculating as to "what might come" of his regular visits to Miss Deborah. Even rural gossip wearies of monotony of diet, and the relations of the two old friends had gone on with the regularity of clockwork and calendar for ten years, with neither variation nor shadow of turning to the right or to the left.

Three times a week the shabby little steamer that plied every other hour between drowsy Rhynsart-on-the-Hudson and the dead-and-alive hamlet, sucked, as driftwood by an eddy, towards the

Durham station at the foot of the hill crowned by the Glenwold House—carried the dapper little gentleman to and from his friend's home. If Miss Deborah were absent for a day or a week the ferry hands found it out by his failure to take passage with them. As methodical was the order of proceedings within doors after his arrival. On Tuesday evenings the two played chess, in the library in winter, because it was smaller than the drawing-room and more cosy; on summer nights, in the great parlour where the windows looked upon the river and the breeze had more room to wander. On Fridays an hour was given to backgammon, another hour to reading aloud. Miss Deborah was the reader always, Mr. Dane's throat being weak and his breath uncertain. She had her own chair, he his, unless there were others present. Both chairs had high, straight backs, and neither occupant ever availed himself or herself of the prim support they offered. All summer long, and often when the weather was cold, Miss Deborah wore white gowns, muslin, trimmed with delicate, hand-wrought embroidery, or fine, soft, real lace that had descended to her along with the house, furniture and family jewellery. She had a pure, bell-like voice, somewhat slender, but never sharp, and she read as well-instructed young ladies were taught to read fifty years ago, in a genteel, unaffected way, with just as much and no more emphasis than they would use in everyday conversation with their social equals. To be elocutionary was to be theatrical and in poor taste. When the reading was done they talked it over, exchanging views and suggesting theories.

There was also reading on Sunday evenings, of a more serious cast, of course, and longer, more discursive dialogue; dialogue that was always brotherly, sisterly and frankly friendly. Gossip would have died a natural death in listening to it. The grave they never forgot held more than the dust so precious to both. Youthful dreams and hopes were there decently interred, without the sure and certain hope of

resurrection that gilded the memory of the beloved twin-sister.

At the Christmas before the Easter which is the date of my story, Miss Deborah had paid a long visit (for her) to the widow of her favourite brother in New York. Her pretty young nieces, Helen and Margarita Glen, had fallen in love with the dainty spinster whom they had scarcely known until then, and were moved by her sprightly chat of their common forebears and their home, to entreat that they might come to her before long and see the enchanting old place for themselves.

"I dare you to let us make up a house-party for you next Easter!" bantered Helen.

"With all my heart," exclaimed the aunt, flushing so rosily that she dropped ten years from her real age. By the way, she never looked it, honestly, at her palest and gravest. "I shall be forty-five years old Easter Sunday, April 7th. It would be a celebration worth talking about if you would come. But neither you nor your friends would venture into the country at that season. I know the ways of city butterflies!"

A clamour of protest drowned her voice. Nothing would be more fascinating. Easter in town would be as dull as ditchwater by comparison. The more the scheme was pulled over and shaken about and held up to the light, the more alluring it was to the *blasé* fashionists. By the time Miss Deborah left the hospitable abode one and another had prayed to be included in the scheme, and all were positively pledged to alight at the Durham Station on the evening of Saturday, April 6th, and to remain at Glenwold until Tuesday morning.

On her way home Miss Deborah stopped over night in Albany to renew her intimacy with some cousins once removed. Emma Van Wyck, the fun-loving daughter of the house, caught eagerly at the novel idea of a gathering of the younger members of the Glen clan in the manorial homestead, and begged leave to bring with her the young man she was to marry in May.

Thus stood the list as rehearsed by

Miss Deborah to the rhythmical tapping of the jewelled pencil-case.

"There will be just a dozen of us, all told. Helen, Margarita and Alexander Glen, with Helen's 'bright, particular' friend, Mr. Corwin (such a nice fellow!) Then there are Belle and John Saunders and Mary Willis and her most devoted admirer, Mr. Elmendorf. That makes up the New York contingent. From Albany there are Emma Van Wyck and Charley Depue, another engaged couple. Cupid will have his hands full while they are all here. You and I are to chaperone the gay crew, play propriety and be make-weights generally," smiling with cordial sisterliness into the kind blue eyes bent upon her.

A pink mist rolled gently over Mr. Dane's face until it lost itself in the fair hair that was growing thin on the top of his head. It might well happen that a well-preserved man of fifty would be more sensitive as to his age than an independent spinster who had voluntarily entered the old-maid ranks at thirty-five.

Miss Deborah ran on, her joyous excitement blinding her to the possibility of jarring her friend's sensibilities.

"I pride myself upon the ingenuity that has devised comfortable quarters for one and all in this dear old rookery. You will come over on Saturday afternoon, prepared to stay until Tuesday?"

"Would that be best?" demurred the other. "I had thought, instead, of offering to take a couple of men home with me Saturday night, engaging to return them at breakfast-time Sunday. To relieve the pressure upon the rookery and your ingenuity, you know. One of my brotherly prerogatives is to be of service to you whenever I can. It is a privilege I seldom enjoy."

"You are mistaken there." She brought the jewelled top of the pencil-case down upon the table with a ringing rap. "You are my Prime Minister, my Secretary of State—my everything that is kind and helpful. To nobody else would I confess what an event in my quiet life this house-party—and on

my birthday!—will be. It is like renewing my youth to find that really young people, with the ball of society at their feet, want to come to see me; are willing to take me into their charmed circle and make me one of themselves. It is a beautiful thing to be young. A beautiful thing," she repeated, musingly, a tender smile upon lips that to-day had taken on their youthful curves.

"Maturity, mellow and sweet—an early autumn, such as yours—is fairer, and more enduring," said Mr. Dane, in gentle sincerity.

"Don't try to reconcile me to the inevitable, Cecil. I am well content with my age, my world and my life. And the thought of those blessed children leaving the gaieties of Easter in the city to enliven the existence of a sober, settled body like myself—coming, as Helen puts it, 'a seven hours' journey into the wilderness' to see me—is enough to make me in love with human nature. Now"—putting out her hand to a bell-rope—"I mean to have all the rooms lighted and take you from the bottom of the house to the top to see—and admire—my arrangements and to suggest alterations."

His one suggestion was not offered until the tour of inspection was concluded, and they were back in the library, the until-now-neglected chess-board between them.

"It does not accord with my ideas of right and fitness that you should tuck yourself away in a mere closet under the eaves when everybody else is so luxuriously lodged."

Tone and visage were expressive of such discontent that she laughed outright in setting out the white chessmen at her end of the board.

"How odd it seems to see you cross. I shall be as snug and happy as a house-wren. They used to call me 'Jenny Wren' when I was a girl. But"—flushing while she laughed in a shamefaced way that was very bewitching—"I shall not be content, like priggish Jenny, to 'wear my russet gown and never look too fine.' To take you into another secret I had a

new white frock made 'all on a-purpose' in New York. A marvellous 'confection' of *crepon* and *chiffon*, and half-a-dozen other French *ons* that would be all Greek to you. I shall walk in silk attire and look my very best. I cannot do the occasion too much honour."

On Friday afternoon Mr. Dane pleased himself by sending to Glenwold a great box of roses he had ordered from Albany, and another that had been filled in Boston with trailing arbutus.

"You forget nothing that could bring happiness to your friends," said the note he received in acknowledgment of the gift. "Do you recollect that Katey and I always wore arbutus on Easter Sunday, when there was a sprig to be had?"

"The weather bureau predicts foul weather for Easter. I refuse to believe it. Yet what will that matter when my house-party is once safely within my doors? The sunshine within will defy the windy storm and tempest."

Saturday morning dawned under a veil of drifting rain that stiffened into slanting sleet by nine o'clock. At four in the afternoon the shabby ferry-boat tossed like a chip upon waves that chopped and pitched and foamed as in mid-ocean. There were but three passengers besides the trim little gentleman who wore a mackintosh and carried a dress-suit case as he stepped ashore. Not a conveyance was in sight. Nobody in his dry and sober senses would be calling for a hack at the lonely landing overswept by the swirling waters and as slippery as glass.

He was encased in an icy shell when he paused for a long breath in the deep porch of the colonial homestead. Every window was aglow, every shutter was wide open. Scarlet spears of light hurtled against the angry lines of sleet and broke into prismatic halos upon the blackness of the outer night. The wind was shrill, threatening, insistent.

"A brutal night!" muttered the visitor, taking off and shaking his mackintosh.

"Oh, is it you?" Miss Deborah exclaimed, as she came forward to meet him. "Come in! Come in! I hardly dared hope you would risk crossing in this storm. Yet I might have known I could depend upon *you!* I hope you have not taken cold."

They were standing under the hall chandelier. She wore the white "confection," and it became her rarely. Her hair, dark and abundant, with never a trace of silver in it, was piled high upon the small head and fastened with a jewelled comb. A feverish glow was in her cheeks; her eyes gleamed and flashed; she talked fast and animatedly. Her gala attire and air of suppressed excitement had a strange contrast in the profound stillness of a house Mr. Dane had expected to find reverberant with merry voices.

"I thought you were the carriages," she said, looking around. "I sent both of them to the station to meet the 5.10 train from New York. A part of the New York contingent is coming in that. Before they arrive you must come into the dining-room and see how lovely your flowers have made the table."

An oblong bed of roses in the centre of the table imbedded the arbutus. A cluster of the same was at each plate. A knot of the pale, sweet firstlings of the spring nestled in the laces of Miss Deborah's corsage. Roses, in harmonious shades of pink, were the setting of the oval central ornament. The Glen silver, cut-glass and china glittered in rich profusion on buffet and table.

While thanking Mr. Dane for his praises of the fair array, Miss Deborah seemed hardly to have heard them.

"The table was laid for twelve an hour ago," she went on, giving here a touch, there a pull, to the rose-setting, with unsteady fingers. "The afternoon mail brought two letters, both 'special deliveries.' Mary Willis's mother was taken ill yesterday, and her daughter cannot leave her. Of course Mr. Elmendorf would not come without her. Bella Sanders's sister writes that both Belle and John are down with the *grippe*. It is a scourge in New York just now. You'll think



me weak and silly, but it nearly brought the tears to be obliged to take two leaves out of the table and alter the disposition of the rooms. Belle and Mary were to have my room. It gives me no pleasure to move down into it from my cubby under the eaves."

"I can quite understand it," said Mr. Dane, with real feeling. "Everything is beautiful still. I am wicked enough to wish that the absentees may know what they are missing. But it would not be safe for one with so much as a touch of *grippe* to be abroad to-night," he added, tactfully.

She glanced up gratefully. She had drawn comfort from accent and look, more than from what he said.

"Thank you," she said, in her gentlest tone. "Now, wouldn't you like to go upstairs? Your valise has gone to your room."

The storm was too loud for him to hear the returning carriages. By straining his ears he fancied that he caught, while dressing, the sound of voices on the stairs and in the corridors. Knowing more of the exceeding deceitfulness of human nature than the sweet-hearted spinster could ever learn, he was sceptical as to the validity of the "regrets" she had accepted in all good faith. He was glad to think that Jenny Wren would have her "party" in spite of the defection of the disingenuous quartette.

A heavy *portière* was drawn across the door of the drawing-room. Mr. Dane pulled it aside. Miss Deborah sat in a low chair at one corner of the hearth, her face buried in her hands. The slight rattle of a ring upon the pole supporting the *portière* brought her to her feet. She turned aside abruptly, but not until he had seen that she was crying. He made a hurried step towards her.

"Deborah! What is it?"

For a second she kept her back towards him; her handkerchief brushed hastily at her eyes. Then she wheeled about and laughed—a forced, broken feint of merriment that cut at his heart-strings.

"Nothing worth talking about; that

is, nothing I might not have expected. Read those."

She flirted a couple of telegrams to his feet. He picked them up, gravely courteous, and opened one.

"Afraid to set out lest we should be storm-bound *en route*. Awfully sorry. —MARGARITA SANDERS."

The other was: "Bad sore throat. Impossible to travel in storm. Mr. Depue sends regrets with mine. —EMMA VAN WYCK."

Mr. Dane stooped down and thrust the telegrams into the burning cinders. The indignant gesture, the moved look with which he turned to her and held out both hands, overcame the poor pretence of stoicism which Miss Deborah had kept between him and her wounded spirit. She dropped her face upon their joined hands.

"And I believed they meant what they said," she sobbed. "O Cecil, is *nobody* true?"

Two more leaves had been taken from the table when the house-party sat down to an eight-o'clock dinner. The mossy bank, even when shorn of the rose-border, almost encroached upon the plates of the four revellers. The trained servants moved with noiseless alacrity about the board, a solemn gladness in their mien; they were too well-bred to express otherwise.

At half-past six the Glenwold carriage had driven to the Rectory, less than half-a-mile from the Manor House, and Mr. Dane leaped lightly out. At seven the carriage set down at Miss Deborah's door the Rev. Mr. Graham, his wife, and Cecil Dane.

The servants and Mrs. Graham were the witnesses of the ceremony in the rose-scented drawing-room. The rector and his wife remained to the belated dinner. Not a lisp of telegrams and special delivery letters shadowed the gentle hilarity of the feast.

"Mrs. Dane had expected several young relatives to be with her this Easter," the bridegroom observed lightly during the meal. "They were detained at home by *grippe* and other casualties. We will drink to their better health."

## THE WOMAN IN THE SNOW.

By Arthur Stringer.

WAIL, msieu, you hax me w'ere I got dat leetle gold coompass wit' de diamon' an' de pearl on heem! It was de long tam ago, msieu, de long tam ago, an' I never tol' 'bout dat storee to no peep'. She alway' hang by the buckskin cord roun' my neck, lak de scapular, an' I only tol' 'bout heem wan tam, I t'ink. By gare, dat was w'en I was de cavalier wit' Josephine Bonsecours, down on Sainte Dorothée, before she mak' mariée wit' dat Cyprien Dorval on T'ree Reevee.

Wan night Josephine she hax see dat leetle coompass, an' she say she know ver' wail it was de *souvenir d'amour* wit' som' odder femme, an' she cry on de eye an' say she will not spik wit' me *encore* till I tail her all 'bout dat. Wail, I tail her, an' she wipe de eye an' say I try to mak' foolish wit' her. Den I say bigosh dat's de trut', an' den she say ver' col', *certainement*, dat all is de ver' strenge storee, an' den, by cripe, she go out de parloir wit' de head up, an' not even say 'excoos' to me!

You hev' been in loave many tam mebbe, msieu? Wail, I don' want never to be in loave, I t'ink. If I smash my canoe, Teet Michel, on de rapide or if de bull moose fight wit' me on de snow an', bigosh, break my arm wit' hees front leg, or if I geev de *hypothèque* an' lose dose leetle two honder arpent my fadder geev me w'en he die on Sainte Dorothée, dat's all de purty bad t'ing, I t'ink. But I lak dose all 'appen on me better den fall in loave any tam.

Wail, dat coompass 'appen 'bout a man w'at fall in loave, an' mebbe dat mak' de strenge storee, but I tail you de bes' I can. It 'appen de long tam ago, on de year I lef' de raf-gang on de Ottawa, an' ole Desjardins tol' me how he read on de Mo'real *Herald* how de man from New Yor' mak' de

announcement dat he want de *Canadien* guide to go on de boosh, an' he say mebbe dat was de good t'ing for me. Wail, I feex up an go on de 'otel, an' de man, by gare, he say ver' wail de firs' t'ing. He was a ver' strenge man, an' hees name was 'Enry Barton Chandler, but all de peep' call heem jus' Moose Chandler. Dey call heem dat name Moose b'cause wan tam he mak' de grande peechure of de bull moose w'en he kill de man on de snow an' de odder man come up too late. My brodder say dat was de bes' peechure he never see, an' de peechure-man mak' de moose so good dat after dat dey all call heem Moose Chandler. I t'ink he mak' two t'ree honder nice leetle peechure lak dat wit' de fonny leetle brushes an' de paint. Some tam he put ole 'Poleon in dem, an' by gare he mak' de leetle man on de peechure look lak me sure 'nough, for he show me dose peechures in de book w'at tail all 'bout how de caribou an' de wapiti an' de moose an' de otter an' de black bear leev on de boosh.

But I find dat all out after. W'en we firs' go up on de woods I near go outside myself wit' de joy w'en I t'ink of all de red deer, an' de fine moose hunt we hev, an' de pleasement we mak' wit' shooting de caribou. An' by gare we go up to Leetle Maurice, two t'ree honder arpent from de Canadian Pacifique Railway an' seex mile pas Mattawa, an' dere we build de fine leetle *cabane*. But de Moose Man he never shoot nodding all de tam, an' I t'ink on de inside dat is ver' fonny. He jus' tak' hees pencil in hees hand an' put on hees snow-shoe an' w'en he see de caribou he ronne an' ronne lak de crazy man, an' chase de caribou two t'ree hour on de snow till de caribou he near bust wit' de fatigue an' seet down at las', an' let hees tongue hang out. Den de Moose Man he ronne up too

an' seet down too an' mak' de leetle peechure wit' de pencil, an' come on de 'ouse at night singing de *chanson*, he was dat happy, an' put hees leetle peechure in de beeg book wit' "Caribou" on de back, an' say it was de grande day for heem. Some tam, too, he mak' me lie down all day in de snow an' wait for de cow moose, an' bimeby de cow moose com' an' den he tak' hees pencil an' mak' som' more peechure an' put heem in de beeg book wit' "Moose", on de back, an' say 'bout heem she was wort' de whole year to wait on de snow for dat.

Wail, I t'ink all de tam dat he was crazy on de head, for he never let me shoot de caribou or de moose wan tam, onless shee be for de grub, but, by gare, he walk twenty, t'irty mile t'rough de snow for de leetle peechure. An' dat don' mak' no pleasurement, I t'ink. But, by gare, dat Moose Man was de grande feller all de sam. He work lak de beaver all de winter, an' he laugh wit' de mout' all de tam, no matter w'at 'appen, an' never spik de *sacredam*. An' den, after all, I t'ink he was not crazy on de head.

Den bimeby he go to New Yor' an' come back de nex' winter an' bring two t'ree sleigh load of de fonnies' t'ings you never see—de photygraf an' de books an' de beeg bat' tubbe an' de sof' fadder pillow wit' de fony cover an' a lot of t'ings w'at I never see b'fore. Den we keek out de ole box-stove an' put heem in de keetchen an' de Moose Man tail me how to mak' de beeg stone fire-plac' on wan side of de *cabane*. Den we feex heem up inside wit' de robes an' de skins an' de peechures, an' she look lak de *manoir* for sure.

Wail, de Moose Man he seem ver' happy, an' som' tam he mak' de peechure all day long an' som' tam he go on de boosh an' watch de animal all day long. An' he wheesle wit' heemself lak de rossignol in de morning w'en he use dat fony bat' tubbe, for, by gare, he tak' de bat' ev'ry day, no matter how col' she mak'. An' I hax heem if he feel lonesome no tam, an' he say mebbe, but dat's de on'y way, he tail me, to be de great man some tam.

Den wan day de fonnies t'ing 'appen. It was after de beeg snowstorm dat year, an' it was de mos' fines' day I never see, wit' ev'ryt'ing all w'ite wit' de snow, w'en no wind blow, an' de sonne shine bright on de eye an' all de sky was de sof' blue lak de robin's egg. But she was ver' col', by gare, for all dat. We was come back on de *cabane* roun' by the Horse-Shoe Reedge, w'en de Moose Man sodden catch my arm an' cry out: "My God, dat woman she will be keel for sure!"

Den I look up on de Reedge an' I see w'at he mean. De snow she curl over de rock on de top of de Reedge lak de pie-crus' curl over the pan som' tam. An' I t'ink for sure dat woman was crazy on de head, for she stan' dere out on de edge of de Reedge an', by gare, she keek de snow-crus' down on de rock wit' her foot, two t'ree feet onderneat'.

De Moose Man he ronned up an' down an' wave hees han' an' holler "Go back, go back!" Den de woman on de Reedge she see heem an' wave her han' at heem, an' den I see w'at 'appen an' tol' de Moose Man. "You see dat leetle reedge behin' de woman, msieu? Wail, I t'ink she mus' hev slide down de snow-crus' on dat, an' I t'ink, by gare, she don' know how to climb back *encore*, for de snow-crus' she is mebbe too slippery!"

An' de Moose Man look, an' he say he t'ink dat was right sure 'nough. Den we bot' start out to climb de Reedge, but it was de long way round an' we hev to mak' de beeg detour an' de snow she was ver' deep.

On de way I tak' w'at you call de sash off de Moose Man, an' tie heem togedder on my sash an' mak' de lariat wit' heem an' say dat's de t'ing to t'row down on de woman w'en we mak' de try to pull her up. An' de Moose Man say "Good!"

W'en bimeby we com' 'round to de top of de Reedge de sweat she ronned down my back lak wan reever, I t'ink. But de Moose Man he jus' chew hees teet' togedder an' mak' de hurry to de edge above w'ere de woman stan' an' spik wit' her. I can' spik de sam'

words w'at he say, but I tail you de bes' I can.

"You ver' foolish woman," he say, "how dare you go out on dat Reedge?"

De woman she turn' roun' ver' slow an' look up on heem ver' col'. By gare, I t'ink she hev de face lak de sainte. I never see no face lak dat, but she say to de Moose Man ver' proud:

"Who are you? An' how dare you spik wit' me lak dat?"

De Moose Man he don' know w'at to mak' wit' dat. "Don' you know you be keel for sure?" he holler down at her. "How did you get on dat reedge?" Den he say to me ver' low, "Queeck, 'Poleon, queeck, for God's sake."

De woman she look up on heem an' don' say nodding. Den de Moose Man get scare an' holler: "Don' move! Don' move!" But she jus' look up on heem an' don' say nodding, but try to geev heem de scare wit' de eye, I t'ink. But de Moose Man he frown wit' hees face an' geev her de scare back aft de more. Den she look down on de snow wit' de eye an' laugh de leetle tam an' geev wan shoulder de shrug an' den look up on de Moose Man *encore*. Dat tam she look up lak de leetle chil' w'at know he do somet'ing bad, and say ver' qui't: "I ronne away!"

"W'ere you ronne from?" hax de Moose Man. De woman she smile lak she say on de head, "W'y, here is a man w'at don' know me," an' den she say: "I say wit' myself, I t'ink I lak to clim' de beeg w'ite hills an' see all dat strenge country jus wan' tam. So I climb all de way up here an' slide down on dat leetle fonny ice-crust w'ere you was stan' now, an' den I fin' I can' clim' up heem once more. An dat's all, on'y I t'ink my feet is ver' near freeze."

I can' tail you de words w'at she spik, but dat's mos' all she say, I t'ink.

Den de Moose Man say *encore*: "I want to know w'ere you ronne from." An' de woman she look on heem an' hang de head down so he can' see her face, an' say she ronne away from de Canadien Pacifique Railway down de

hill, w'ere de train was stock on de snow all night, an' she say dey still t'ink she was asleep on de car.

De Moose Man he don' know w'at to mak' wit' dat, but he look roun' w'ere de railway ronne t'rough de valley an' he say: "W'y, de train is gone." Den de woman she mak' ver' w'ite on de face an' put de han' on her heart an' say: "No! No!" lak she cry wit' de tears in her voice. An' de Moose Man he say, "Queeck, 'Poleon, queeck!"

Wail, all dat tam I was chop de foot-hole in de snow-crus', an' w'en I get close 'nough I drop de sash over her head an' pull heem tight 'round de waist purty queeck.

"How dare you do a t'ing lak dat," she cry out, an' stamp her foot on de snow. But we hol' our breat' an' pull up on de sash for all we can. An' w'en she stamp de foot lak dat, de snow-reedge she don' say nodding, but she jus' spleet down de meedle an', *mon Dieu*, de whole reedge w'ere de woman was stan' fall two t'ree honder feet down on de rock in de valley.

"T'ank God," de Moose Man say w'ile we pull de woman up on de top w'ere we stan', "T'ank God!"

Den de woman she look w'ere de snow reedge was jus' de leetle tam b'fore, an' den she look way down, w'ere de snow dat fall mak' de beeg w'ite cloud on de rock, an' den she look in de Moose Man's eyes, an' don' say nodding. But de firs' t'ing we know she was faint right off an' fall out on de snow lak she was dead for sure.

Den de Moose Man he kneel down on de snow, an' tak' de fur off de woman's neck, an' rub de snow on her forehead wit' hees han'. Den he tak' off her glove an' rub her han' ver' fas', an' dat don' do no good, den he rub som' more snow on her forehead an' push up her hair ver' sof', an' shak' hees head two t'ree tam. Den I start to rub her han' an' de Moose Man say ver' queeck: "Never min', t'ank you, 'Poleon; I'll ten' to dis!" An' so I don' say nodding on dat, but stan' dere an' watch. An', by gare, I look down on dat woman w'ere she lay out on de w'ite

snow an' I don' t'ink I see wan tam any woman dat look lak dat. She was all dress, bigosh, in de fines' fur I never saw b'fore, an' she hev de fonnies' leetle w'ite han', an' de fonnies' leetle foot I never see. An' she hev de ver' w'ite colour on de face, but it hev de sof' look lak de sainte, an' de hair dat shine almos' as mooch lak de gold on ole Desjardin's watch as de fur of de gold-en marten, I t'ink, an' I never see so mooch hair. An' w'en I stand dere an' say on de head dat I t'ink for sure she look lak de angel, bimeby after de leetle w'ile she open up de eye ver' slow an' say: "W'ere am I, Natalie?" An den I see she hev de sof' eye, lak de sky w'en de robin sing on de boosh dat spring was com'.

Den de Moose Man he rub her forehead ver' gentle wit' de col' snow an' say dat's all right. Den he lif' her up in hees arms lak de leetle *enfant* an', by gare, he carry her all de way on de *cabane*. On de way I see dat he was purty tire an' I hax heem if I tak her for de leetle tam w'ile he mak' de res', and he say, "No, t'ank you, 'Poleon; I t'ink I manage all right."

Wail, w'en we get on de 'ouse I mak' up de fine beeg fire an' de Moose Man feex de beeg ch'ir wit' de pillow an' all de softes' fur, an' de woman she sit dere on de front of de fire wit' her head lean back on de beeg red pillow. An' she laugh leetle bit an' say we all try to mak' de foolish wit' her, lak she was sick. Den de Moose Man geev her de leetle glass of cognac to dreenk, w'ile I mak' de bes' supper w'at I know how, de venison an' moose-tongue an' w'ite biscuit an' tea an' hot pan-cake wit maple-syrup.

Wail, w'ile I do all dat de Moose Man he go to put wan more cushion onder de woman's foot w'en he say: "W'y, dose foot was wet t'rough an' you hev not tol' me!"

Den de woman she turn pink on de face an say, "I know dat, msieu, but I t'ink it don' mak' no diff'rence," an' try to hide her foot.

Den de Moose Man go right off an' get wan beeg pair of hees woolen stocking wit' de red stripe, w'at he

wear wit' de snow-shoe on de boosh, an' de bes' pair of mocassin w'at he hev, an' say to de woman lak she was hees leetle girl, "I t'ink you had bes' put dose on b'fore you tak' de col'!"

I don' t'ink de woman lak de way he tol' her dose, for she bite de lip an' say ver' proud she don' care to do t'ing lak dat, t'anks. But de Moose Man he say she mus'. Den de woman she stamp her foot an' say she will not. Den de Moose Man say "Ver' wail, we see 'bout dat," an' tol' her she mus' hev dose t'ings on w'en he come back.

Den de woman she try to mak' heem scare wit' de eye, but he don' say nodding, an' den she cry a leetle bit an' den she laugh an' say she t'ink he was a ver' beeg cross man. An' w'en he com' back sure 'nough she hev de nice warm stocking on, an' de Moose Man kneel down an' feex de moccasin on for her, an' say he feel ver' sorry 'bout w'at he say. Den de woman say she almos' lak mebbe to hev som' wan spik lak dat to her. An' w'ile he kneel dere he look up on de woman w'ere de fire shine on de red pillow an' de woman's face an' mak' all de gold hair lak wan beeg crown on her head, an', by gare, I never see de Moose Man look on any wan lak dat b'fore. An' I t'ink it tak' heem ver' long tam to feex dose moccasin. An' de woman I t'ink she see de way de Moose Man look, for she go pink on de cheek an' den she go w'ite on all de face, w'ile she look down on heem wit' de sof' eye, an' ver' sad I t'ink. Den she look up an' try to mak' de laugh, but she don' go, an' den she don' know w'at to do, so she move her toe up an' down in de moccasin an' say she never feel nodding so nice an' warm lak dat on her foot. Den she look roun' an' say she never see such a nice leetle warm *cabane* lak dat b'fore. Den she look on all de book an' de peechures an' de skins, an' den she com' back an' look on de Moose Man an' say it mus' be de bes' t'ing in all de worl' to leev lak dat. An de Moose Man say it is. Den she walk up an' down on de room an' hol' out her han's—so—and say it was de grande t'ing to be free.

Den she say she mus' help me mak' de supper, an' she laugh som' more an' hax me to turn up de sleeve for her, an', by gare, I show her how to mak' over de pan-cake on de odder side, an' she t'ink dat ver' fonna. An' de Moose Man com' an' help, too, an' we all mak' de talk ver' fas', an' all laugh 'bout ev'ryt'ing, an' I tail her de bes' story w'at I know 'bout de boosh, an' she mak' de beeg eyes at dose, an' den we hev supper, I t'ink, an' she eat ev'ryt'ing de Moose Man geev her an' say she was ver' hongry, an' den she sit down on de beeg ch'ir *encore*, an' look on de fire an' mak' de leetle sigh an' say dat was de happies' supper she was ever eat. An' de Moose Man he look on de fire too an' say dat was de happies' supper he ever eat. Den she look at all de Moose Man's leetle peechures w'at he mak' in de book, an' say he was a ver' great man. Den dey mak' de talk for de long tam 'bout de plac' dey call Lon'on an' mak' more talk 'bout Paree, I t'ink, an' som' tam dey spik in Anglaish an' som' tam in de Frainch. An' dey sit on de fire ver' happy togedder, I t'ink, an' spik 'bout de t'ings w'at I don' know 'bout, w'en de leetle clock on de fire-plac' strike ten tam, an' I t'ink som' t'ing com' back on de head of dat woman, for she jomp lak she jus' wa'k up an' say "*Mon Dieu*, I mus' be crazy, I mus' be crazy! Queeck, queeck, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, I mus' go back. Please tak' me back, msieu!"

"Yes, but w'ere?" de Moose Man he hax.

"W'y, to de railway train," she say. "To my own peep'."

"I'm 'fraid we can' do dat," he say.

"Here we are on de boosh, alone, an' dere is no train. De neares' plac' is Leetle Maurice, an' dat is seex mile off, an' de on'y wan dere is Beel Polson, de ha'f-breed. But 'Poleon here will go to heem to-night, an' tak' any message you mak' an' hev heem start *immiediatement* for Mattawa, an' den dey can sen' on de portage sleigh t'morrow. Dat's de on'y way."

"T'morrow!" she cry, "but I mus' go now! Oh, you don' onderstan', you

don' onderstan'!" An' she wa'k up an' down lak de lynx in de cage. "I tail you I mus' go," she say *encore*.

De Moose Man say ver' qui't he is sorry, but she will be keel wit' de col' for sure. Den de woman say ver' wail, she go jus' de sam', an' den she mak' ready to start.

De Moose Man walk to de door of de *cabane* an' stan' dere.

"You will *not* go," he say ver' qui't, an' de woman draw herself up ver' high w'en she hear heem spik lak dat.

"Do you know who you spik lak dat wit'?" she stan' up an' hax.

"Yes, I do," de Moose Man he say, ver' qui't.

"Wail?" she hax, an' raise de eyebrow.

"De woman I loave," say de Moose Man. "An' for dat reason I will never let you be keel wit' de col' jus' to mak' de foolish on de night lak dis tam!"

De woman she step back on herself t'ree four steps ver' slow, an' hol' up her han'. Den she cry out "Stop! Stop! You don' onderstan'." Den she pull on her glove ver' queeck an' say, "You hev been ver' kin' an' good to me, an' you hev also save my life. An' onless I tail you now it will seem lak I was try to mak' de lie." Den she stop an' she look on de groun' lak dat tam she say she ronne away. An' den she t'row up her cheen, lak she say on de head she don' care, den she almos' cry on de eye an' say: "I—I am Frederica Eesabelle Veectoria, Preencess of—of—" an' she tol' heem de place, an' my brodder he say w'en I tol' heem 'bout it dat he know dat country wit' de fonna name ver' wail.

By gare, dat woman look ashame she was de Preencess, I t'ink, for she hang de head an' go back on de ch'ir an' watch de Moose Man ver' qui't. Den de Moose Man, I t'ink, hees heart get col' on heem lak ice, but he draw heemself up an' look on her de long tam an' den he say ver' qui't: "You are all dat, mebbe, but you are de woman w'at I loave." By gare, he was de mos' courageous man I ever see, dat Moose Man. W'en I try to tail Josephine dat down on Sainte

Dorothée I was alway' get hot lak de box-stove an' den col' lak de piece of ice inside, an' not be able to say heem.

W'en he say dat de Preencess she look on de fire lak she preten' she don' hear w'at he spik an' say ver' fas': "Dat is not all, I mus' tail you de res'. I am Preencess Frederica Eesabelle, but b'sides dat I mus' tail you dat I mak' mariée wit' my cousin Gustave Walde-mar of Saxony, in t'ree mont's." Den he try to stop her, but she say ver' queeck: "No, don' stop me now, I mus' tail you ev'ryt'ing." An' den she tol' heem how she leev on England w'en she was de leetle girl till she grow up beeg, den dey tak' her 'ome an' dey all tail her she mus' mak' mariée wit' Preence Gustave, for dat is de bes' t'ing for de country. An' she say ver' wail, on'y she say she mus' go all roun' de whole worl' wan tam b'fore she hev to be shut up in w'at she call de court. An' she say dat is w'y she mak' de voyage wit' *sa tante* an' dat dey mak' de visit on Rideau Hall for de winter *fetes* dere, for *sa tante* know ver' wail de man w'at was de Gouverneur Generale of de whole Canadaw. An' she hax heem how far Ottawa was from dere. An' den she tol' heem many more t'ings w'at I can say, for dey all get meex up on my head, I t'ink.

Wail, de Moose Man he leesten to all dat an' den he com' over an' tak' de Preencess han' an' walk wit' her on de winder, an' look out on de snow. Den he say, ver' *difficile*: "You see all dat w'ite worl' an' dat sof' light on de sky. Wail, dose light are de Northern Light, an' dat is de Nort', an' de Nort' is always true!"

"Yes," de Preencess say after heem, "de Nort' is always true!"

"An' here," de Moose Man say, "all de res' of de whole worl' don' mak' no dif'rence. Here dere is jus' de stars, an' de snow, an' de Light, an' de heart w'ere loave can buil' de nes'."

De Preencess she look up on de stars ver' long tam, an' don' say nodding on dat. Den she put de han', I t'ink, on hees han', an' smile ver' sof', an' w'en she do dat he shut her up tight in both

hees arms an' say two, t'ree, four tam dat he loave her an' hax w'y dey both can' shut de door on de whole worl'. An' de Preencess lay dere de leetle tam an' not say nodding, on'y mak' de breat' com' ver' queeck. An' den all at once she look roun' wit' de scare on her face, an' say, "No! No!" Den she look on hees eyes once more, an' tail heem ver' gentle dat he mus' not hax her dose t'ings dat night, for she can' t'ink wit' de head w'en she see heem dere an' he stan' so close to her.

Wail, jus' on dat tam I start out to tail Beel Polson 'bout go on Mattawa for de portage-sleigh, an' geev heem de message w'at to sen' on Ottawa by de tellygraf. An' w'en I com' back ver' late, by gare, I fin' de Moose Man walk up an' down outside on de snow, an' he tail me be ver' qui't for de Preencess was asleep. An' w'en I wake up in de meedle of de night I see heem sit by de fire on de keetchen, w'ere de light shine on hees face, an' I don' know w'at he t'ink 'bout so hard, but I say wit' myself it's de fonny t'ing to fall in loave, by gare.

An' de Preencess I don' t'ink she sleep ver' mooch, too, for w'en I mak' de fines' breakfas' you never see, all she eat was de leetle cup of tea an' two t'ree bite of de bannock. But she talk all de tam, an' say she never sleep b'fore on de fonny place lak dat, an' laugh ver' mooch, but I see ver' wail de eyes don' laugh wit' de mout. An' ever' leetle w'ile she look, I t'ink, ver' sof' on de Moose Man. An' de Moose Man he don' eat nodding on dat meal. Den he say mebbe it mak' two t'ree o'clock by de tam de peep' an' de portage-sleigh com' up from Mattawa, an' he hax de Preencess if she lak to res' on de 'ouse or mebbe mak' de leetle picnic on de pine hills de las' day she was in de Nort'. An' de Preencess say, by gare, she lak to see de pine hills, an' look ver' happy on dat. An', bigosh, I mak' her de nice leetle pair of bear-paw snow-shoe w'ile she wait, an' de Moose Man geev me de moose-skin w'at cover hees gun, to cut up for de string to lace heem wit'. An' w'ile I feel up de leetle tea-pail wit' de grub

de Moose Man feex de Preencess all up nice an' warm, an' off we go on de boosh.

Ah, msieu, dat was de mos' fines' day I never see. All de sky was lak wan beeg blue bowl turn upside down, an' de sonne shine on all de w'ite snow, w'at cr-r-runch lak charcoal on de foot, an' de wind I t'ink she fall asleep for sure, an' de on'y soun' was de leetle snow-bird, w'at sing all de sam' as de robin in de spring, an' de Preencess say it was lak de shower of musique w'at was turn into de icicle. An' sure 'nough, dat's jus' how de snow-bird soun'. An' all de leetle firs on de hill-sid' hev de w'ite hood of snow on dem, jus' lak de Ursaline nun, I say, an' de Preencess laugh at dat an' geev den de leetle shak' wit' de han' an', pluff! all de snow fall off. An' I go on ahead an' break de trail t'rough de deep snow, an' de Preencess an' de Moose Man walk behin', an' w'en I hear her spik on dose qui't beeg w'ite hills, I t'ink for sure I never hear musique lak dat on de voice b'fore. An' w'en we climb on de top of Otter Mountain de Moose Man show de Preencess de grande view, w'ere de hills sit onder de blue sky an' laugh in de sonne lak de lot of leetle chil'ren. An' de Preencess say all de straight black pine-tree up an' down de hills look lak de army of marching sojers, an' den she smell dat sweet air wit' de nose an' sigh two t'ree tam. "It's all so qui't, so qui't!" she say; "an' ev'ryt'ing is so sof' an' w'ite an' still," she say; "I could leev here happy for wan honder year, an' grow ole wit' de stars, an' sing in de winter-tam lak de snow-bird, an' loave de sommer all de more w'en she com'. An' den, w'en de longue voyag' be mak', I t'ink I could say good-bye ole worl', an' sleep onder de blue sky w'ile God put all de worl' to bed."

Den she lean on de Moose Man's arm, an' he say to her ver' qui't: "Den w'y can' we mak' dat longue voyag' togedder?"

Den she look on heem, an' her eye shine lak de stars on de sky at night.

"We could," she tol' heem, ver' simple. "We could. Yes; we could,

if loave was de on'y king." An' den two leetle tear ronned down her cheek an' she say nodding.

An' w'en de Moose Man see dose two leetle tear, I t'ink he's de ver' fonny man if he don' see dat de Preencess loave hem for sure 'nough. He hol' out bot' hees arm to her, but she shak' de head ver' slow an' say "If loave was de on'y king." Den de Moose Man act ver' strange an' say two tree honder t'ings, I t'ink, all on de sam' tam'. I can' tail you all w'at he say, but he tol' her loave was de on'y king, an' hax her w'y she mus' go back to dat odder worl'.

But she shak' de head ver' slow *en-core* an' say dat odder worl' was her worl', an' dat in her worl' she mus' do de t'ing w'at de odder peep' say, no matter w'at dat cos' her. An', by gare, she tail heem right out how mooch she loave heem, an' dat she can never loave no man lak dat once more. An' she cry on de eye a leetle tam, an' tail heem dat w'at dey call honour was com' b'fore de loave. An' de Moose Man, I t'ink, he see dat de right t'ing sure 'nough, for he drew heemself up an' look w'ere de red sonne go down over de black pine, an' don' say nodding for de long tam.

An' de Preencess she stan' dere, too, for de long tam, an' den she shut bot' her eye an' sway on wan side an' den on de odder, lak de tree in de win', an' den she say: "Won', won' you kees me, jus' for de wan tam?"

An' de Moose Man shut her up in hees arms an' kees her dat wan tam, lak she hax heem. An' de sonne go down behin' de hills, an' de rabbits com' out to ronned all 'roun', an' de snow-bird he don' sing no more, an' de day she mak' ver' col' an' gray. An' we all go back on de *cabane* ver' slow, an' no wan say nodding all de way.

W'en we are almos' dere we hear de sleigh-bell, an' up com' de portage-sleigh an' two t'ree dozain sojer wit' de black capot an' de silver button on de coat. Den wan of the sojer, de wan wit' de gold button on hees coat, w'at Beel Polson tol' me was de *aide-de-camp* to de Gouverneur Generale,



he step up an' mak' de salut' an' say,  
"T'ank God, your Highness! Dey  
all t'ought you was los' on de woods!"

Den de Preencess hax heem ver' col'  
w'ere w'at she call de Duchesse was ;  
an' by gare, she spik de odder way dan  
she spik wit' de Moose Man, I t'ink.  
An' de man wit' de gold button on de  
coat say de Duchesse was on de spee-  
cial train w'at was sen' back on Mat-  
tawa, an' dat t'ree four compaignie of  
de sojer mak' de hunt all t'rough de  
country for her.

Den de Preencess say ver' wail, she  
com' *immediatement*, an' den she turn  
an' say good-bye to de Moose Man.  
An' de Moose Man he go all w'ite on  
de face, but he smile ver' qui't, an'  
mak' de col' bow. But w'en de Preen-  
cess hol' out her han' he say ver' low :  
"I will loave you for all my life!" An'  
de Preencess close bot' her eye an' she  
say, "An' I, forever." An' de man  
wit' de gold button mak' de salute  
*encore*, an' de sojer line up on de snow,  
an' de sleigh-bell ring, an' de Preencess  
was gone, an' I stan' dere on de trail,  
an' peench myself to se if I on'y mak'  
de dream.

An' w'en we go on de *cabane* she  
seem ver' dark an' qui't, an' I don'  
know w'at mak' all dat seem so fonny  
an' *solitaire*, an' w'en I mak' de supper  
for de Moose Man he on'y sit by de  
fire an' not mak' de mov' an' not say  
nodding. At las' I say: "Msieu, de  
supper she wait wan hour!" an' I t'ink  
he don't hear dat, an' I say heem once

more. Den he look up an' say, "T'ank  
you, 'Poleon;" an' I t'ink I never see  
heem look so tire' out lak de ole man.  
An' dat night, by gare, I see heem  
kees de beeg ch'ir w'ere de Preencess  
was sit w'en she was on de *cabane*.  
Den he look roun' on de peechure, an'  
say wit' heemself: "By gare, I hev de  
beeg work to do dis nex' two t'ree  
year!" An' I go on de keetchen to  
bed an' leev heem dere.

Dat's all de storee, msieu, for de nex'  
day de Moose Man say to me: "'Poleon,  
I don't t'ink I care to leev on de *cabane*  
no more. I t'ink mebbe I mus' go  
back on my own country. But you  
are de bes' feller dat I know, 'Poleon,"  
he say, "an' I want to geev you dis  
leetle coompass as de souvenir of de  
happy tam we used to hev on de ole  
*cabane*."

Oh, yes, msieu, I see de Moose  
Man in de sommer one tam after dat,  
two t'ree year ago, up on the Gatineau.  
He look ver' ole an' hev de leetle w'ite  
hair on de side of de head, an' my  
brodder tol' me dey say he was de mos'  
wonderful man down on de States,  
w'ere he mak' de peechure call De  
Lonely Life, w'ere de Preencess sit all  
alone on de beeg t'rone, wit' de qui't  
mout' an' de sad eye, w'ile all de peep'  
roun' de t'rone laugh an' make de plea-  
surement. But I t'ink de bes' peechure  
he mak' was de wan wit' all de blood  
on de snow, w'ere de moose keel de  
man an' de odder man com' up too  
late.

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#### TO MY LASSIE.

THE stormy sea's atwixt us twa,  
Oh, my ain, my dearie, lass ;  
An' when my bonny's far awa',  
The days are lang an' dreary, lass.

Altho' I'm idlin' by the burn,  
Or wand'rin' o'er the heather, lass ;  
My thochts to thee will ever turn,  
Our hearts are aye together, lass.

But when at e'en the shadows fa',  
An' come 'twixt thee and me, lass ;  
I feel that sad thou'rt far awa',  
The dew gets in my e'e, lass.

An' ilka day it's a' the same,  
My heart is sad an' sair, lass ;  
An' gin I get me safe at hame,  
I'll never leave thee mair, lass.

E. D. A.

# THE MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOLS.

*By James W. Robertson, Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for Canada.*

OPPORTUNITIES for great growth are opening up to Canadians in all directions. There are now more people in the Dominion than there were in the United States at the beginning of the last century. What and how shall it be with Canada a hundred years hence? The direction and rate of progress will depend largely upon the quality of education given in the public schools. Ability to see the coming needs and possibilities, and earnest labour in sympathy with these, are the talents which good men have put at the service of their fellows in the past. They have not always been understood and welcomed in their day, but they cannot be dispensed with except at the cost of stagnation and decay in the nation's life.

In its real nature a system of education is something greater and deeper and broader and higher than books and schools and equipments. These are only some of its belongings. If one takes the old Scottish parish schools as an instance: their merit and their power lay not so much in books and regulations as in the personality of the teachers and the prodigious enthusiasm of the people in their appreciation of education. It is on such an intangible social spirit in the community that every system of education must rely for its vitality, vigour and efficiency.

## EDUCATION MORE THAN INFORMATION.

Schools, as we all know, are among the means which mankind have used for conserving and passing on the intellectual wealth of the past. They have the two-fold use of imparting information and training the powers of the pupils. Knowledge is certainly necessary; but the acquiring of it can hardly be counted the main purpose of

education unless that be also the chief end of life. Far be it from me, so conscious of deficiency, to speak lightly, much less disrespectfully, of knowledge, or of the happiness which the pursuit of it brings. But at its best it can be only a means to an end greater than itself. The learning of any good thing really well, and endeavouring to apply it carefully to thought and conduct, have a fine effect upon character. They refine and strengthen it. The point is that the learning and the applying should go hand in hand.

Much has been said about the danger of over-educating the rural population and thereby leading them to leave the farms. I do not think it is possible to over-educate anybody. On the other hand, it is easily possible and has been quite common to overload boys and girls as well as grown people with information.

It has been said, also, that the schools where book studies are the only or chief ones turn the children from contentment with occupations in which bodily labour plays an important part, and incline them to leave rural homes for cities and clerical and professional pursuits. Doubtless, one of the many causes which have helped to bring about a distaste for manual and bodily labour has been the too exclusively book and language studies of the common schools.

## TRAINING IN SCHOOLS.

Education begins with the child's life; and although the school years may be short it does not end with them. It seems unnecessary and wholly undesirable that the school period should be different from the years which go before and follow it, in its influence on the development of some of the most important faculties. Before the child

goes to school it is receiving most of its education by its senses bringing it into conscious relationship with the material world around it, and by doing things with its hands. After boys and girls leave school most of them are required to do things with their hands, and to recognize and control their relationships to the things about them.

Surely it is not too much to expect that schooling, while imparting information and developing the general intelligence, should also cultivate their senses to be keen and alert, training them to report accurately and fully on what lies all around them. None the less should their hands and eyes be disciplined to obey readily and skilfully the decisions of the mind. The systematic training of the senses, of the hands and eyes, and obviously of the mind through them, are some of the objects of practical and manual instruction. Manual Training is a means of developing mental, more than muscular, power; and is not a short cut or a long step towards learning a trade.

#### PURPOSE OF EDUCATION.

A child is one and indivisible, although in seeking clearness of explanation we speak of the body, the emotions, the intellect and the will. Sound education implies progress in intelligence, in practical ability, and in desire and capacity to work with others for the good of all. It involves the training of the body and its senses, the training of the intellect, and the training of the moral nature also. Manual Training fittingly finds its place in such an education. It is a means in the development of moral as well as mental power. Books are only agencies; and there are others no less suitable. Indeed some of us think that materials tools and exercises with them, plants instruments and exercises with them, are much more useful than books alone can be, particularly during the public school age of children.

To cultivate the emotions into an intelligent outgoing towards noble ends, to develop the intellect in its spiritual outreach and grasp of verities,

to have these operating in a sound body trained to obey the decisions of the will, itself quickened to sustained effort by love of the truth and by faith in the Unseen Power which maketh for righteousness; to bring about these—nothing lower, nothing less—is the purpose of worthy education.

#### TEACHERS AND THEIR OFFICE.

The teacher is the prime power outside the pupils that makes for growth by leading out their activities in right directions. He uses methods, processes and devices; but these are only means whereby he makes available ideas and ideals to stimulate, direct and nourish their minds. Ideas and ideals for children are gotten from things and from life more than from symbols, words and books. Efficiency in the all-round development of the child-life is what we all want, and not the taking up of a burdensome multitude of subjects to qualify for passing examinations. Consequently the school courses and methods should be adapted for use in training the whole child harmoniously. It is claimed by those who have had much experience that what is known as Manual Training can supplement book studies and other influences in that direction. On the other hand, there is a danger nowadays that too much may be made of it and expected from it. Any part of education, which has been neglected, by and by gets its innings with a likelihood of too much attention for a time. That may account for the enfeebling bookishness so manifest in recent years.

Love of the task put before the pupil sets the pace for his progress. An awakening of interest is the first step. Should not, therefore, the exercises and subjects for schools be selected and arranged from those which children naturally love, or which in themselves arouse interest and awaken love? Surely school lessons and studies are incomplete or ill-fitting when a child may be punished for misdemeanour by being 'kept in' to continue any one of them. Are things any more whole-



A CORNER OF MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING CENTRE—WESTMOUNT, Q.U.E.

some when they are distasteful? In the Manual Training classes, punishment is felt when a lad is prevented from going on with his work. Is it not time to abandon the notion that discipline—intellectual, moral and physical—is to be gained only through doing what is disliked or by refraining from doing what is agreeable? Expenditures of love by the teachers on the pupils, by the pupils on their work, by the parents on the results of the joint efforts of both, are the most precious as they are the most potent of all factors and forces for advancement. That is the more excellent way in education to which the hand of Manual Training points.

#### THE KINDERGARTEN.

Kindergarten takes its name from two German words signifying a children's garden. It has come to indicate the method of teaching and training and also the place where these are carried on. A gardener does not furnish plants with leaves and fruit to be attached to them. He does everything necessary that they may grow. Since the order of mental growth is Desire, Action, Sensation, Thought, the desire of the child must be quickened towards an action or series of actions, having an educational value. Thus mental growth begins and power is gained.

#### NOT TRADE SCHOOLS.

Manual and practical instruction (under the name of schools of industry) was advocated a century ago mainly as a means to fit the children of artisans to earn their own living successfully. These schools were more generally promoted in Germany than elsewhere and were not educationally a success. Manual and practical instruction is now recommended as an educational means for developing intellectual and moral qualities of high value in all children, without particular regard to the occupations they are to follow afterwards. It is not technical education, although it gives, during the period of general education, the necessary preparation whereby anyone may derive the full

measure of benefit from technical instruction at a later age.

#### DIFFERENT FROM APPRENTICE WORK.

The Manual Training room is not a workshop where operations are carried on with a view to the commercial value of the articles turned out. A workshop is a money-making institution, whereas a room for Manual Training as part of a school is for the training and developing of the children, without regard to the intrinsic value of the work turned out, or the length of time required to make any particular object. The course is really a series of exercises so arranged as to have educational results.

#### THE BEGINNING IN LONDON.

Manual Training in the primary schools was begun in London, England, about 1886. As woodwork was not then recognized by the English Education Department as a subject to be taught in elementary schools, the School Board was unable to use public moneys to maintain it. Next year a grant of one thousand pounds was obtained from the Drapers' Company through the City and Guilds' Institute. A joint committee was formed whereby the funds were administered. The Manual Training was found so thoroughly useful and acceptable that it was speedily extended. In 1890 woodwork was recognized by the English Education Department as a school subject. The School Board was thus enabled to expend its own funds upon this branch of school work; and in the same year money was provided by Parliament for grants for it from the Imperial Exchequer.

#### WHAT I SAW IN ENGLAND.

In both of the two past years, I have visited some of the primary schools in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds and other places. So far as I could learn, the Manual Training centres established in England in 1890, did not provide for the boys from more than 50 schools. It is estimated that in 1900 the Manual Training cen-



A CORNER OF MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING CENTRE—BROCKVILLE, ONT.

tres in England provided for the boys from about 5,000 schools.

At a typical school which I visited, the room was fitted with some twenty benches, each provided with about a dozen woodworking tools. There was also a supply of general tools for the room in addition to the particular tools on each bench. One instructor took charge of the twenty boys. Each boy attended half a day per week. Consequently, the Manual Training room in that instance provided facilities for 200 boys, there being ten half days for school in every week.

#### BENCHES AND MODELS.

The benches are of convenient height and size, and each one is fitted with a rack for the holding of tools, and also with tools. Some of them are also fitted with a simple device for the holding of the drawings, so that the work with the tools may proceed with the drawing in full view all the time. General class instruction with the aid of a blackboard is given by some teachers in a fifteen minutes' talk, before the bench work of the half-day begins; and instruction is given also to each of the pupils individually as the work at the benches proceeds.

A series of articles technically called "models" are made by the boys. The things are articles of use, and are known to be such by the pupils. Each one is wholly made by the pupil. When the teacher needs to give practical demonstration, he gives it on another piece of wood, and not on the piece on which the boy is working. "It is not much learning, but much interfering, which makes anybody mad."

#### NATURE OF THE MODELS.

The pupils make drawings of the models from measurements, and make the objects from the drawings. In some schools the first object to be made is a wedge or flower stick or plant label. These involve (1) cutting to an exact length (2) reducing to the proper thickness and width, and (3) making the same angles as those of the model. In other schools a small pointer is the

first model, and in others some object equally easily made. The first article is easily made; the second introduces some slightly different use of a tool or the use of some different tool; and so they follow, arousing, training and gratifying the child as he makes all of each one himself.

#### HAND-AND-EYE TRAINING.

The Manual Training includes practically as much drawing with a pencil on paper as it does woodwork by the use of tools. It is really hand-and-eye training. It is not in the nature of a new subject or study to be added to an already over-burdened school course. It does not offer an unprofitable knowledge of facts, but it does furnish nourishing ideas. It is in the highest sense a recreation for the mental powers of the boys. Its purpose is to train the child with system and care to observe, to interpret, to construct and thus to express his thoughts.

#### THE BOYS LIKE IT.

The course of instruction lasts for three years, and each boy gives half a day per week to it.

In some cases the Manual Training rooms are in the ordinary school building; in other instances, the Manual Training is carried on in a separate building, which serves as "a centre" for the boys from two, three, or more schools in the locality.

I learned that the attendance of the boys at the Manual Training was more regular than at any of the other classes during the week, and that discipline was not hard to maintain.

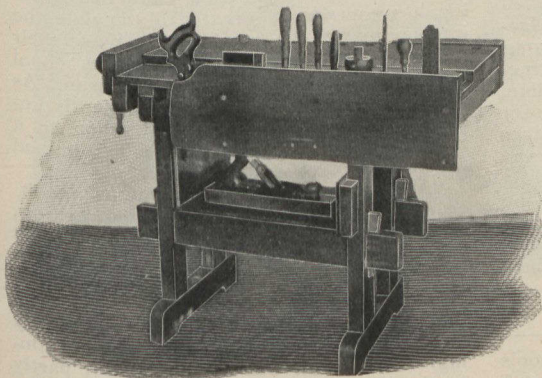
I observed that the children were deeply interested in what they were doing. A casual glance of observation was all they gave to visitors. A spirit of earnestness, self-reliance, carefulness in little things and perseverance seemed to pervade the schools. The teachers told me that in accuracy of observation and clearness and exactness of expression there was a noticeable improvement in the children after they had gone through the Manual Training course.

## THE REFORM IS FAR-REACHING.

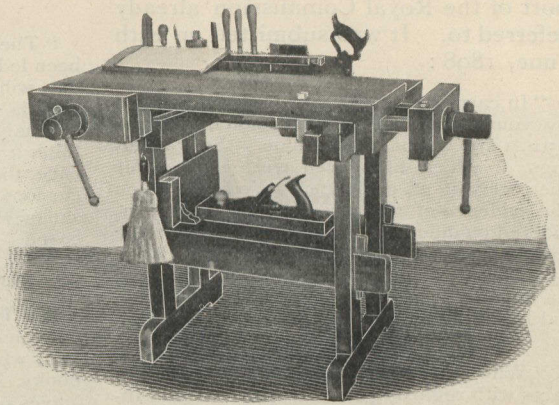
This Manual Training movement is only part of the educational reform which is making headway in Great Britain and other European countries. In 1897, a Royal Commission was appointed to determine how far and in what form manual and practical instruction should be included in the educational system of the primary schools under the Board of National Education in Ireland. The report of that Commission is a most instructive document, in which they point out certain changes in other parts of the system of national education which they think will become necessary with a view to the development of manual and practical instruction. The order in which they consider these changes, is as follows: Kindergarten, Educational Handwork, Drawing, Elementary Science, Agriculture, and some others.

## IT WILL AFFECT AGRICULTURE.

The Kindergarten system has already been quite generally adopted in many of the Canadian schools, and Manual Training is intended to include Educational Handwork and Drawing. Elementary Science is finding a place in many of the Canadian schools under the name of "nature studies." Regarding Agriculture, the report of the Commission says:



MANUAL TRAINING BENCH—BACK VIEW



MANUAL TRAINING BENCH—FRONT VIEW

"We do not think that agriculture as an art, that is to say practical farming, is a subject that properly belongs to elementary education. At present the study of what is called the theory of agriculture is compulsory for boys in all rural schools, and is highly encouraged by fees. But our enquiry has shown that this study consists, for the most part, in committing a text-book to memory; and we have come to the conclusion that it has little educational or practical value. We recommend instead that the course of Elementary Science to be taught in rural schools should be so framed as to illustrate the more simple scientific principles that underlie the art and industry of agriculture. We also recommend the maintenance and extension of school gardens, as a means by which these scientific principles may be illustrated and made interesting to the pupils."

The gift of \$10,000 by Sir William C. Macdonald to provide prizes for boys and girls in the seed-grain competition is in accord with the recommendations of these Illustration School Gardens.

The Progressive Agriculture Branch of the Macdonald Manual Training Fund has great possibilities of usefulness. Over 1,500 boys and girls have entered the competition; and there is no saying whereunto its educational influence may grow.

## ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE SUBJECT.

The following are extracts from the fourth and final re-



port of the Royal Commission already referred to. It was submitted on 25th June, 1898:

"In carrying out the task imposed upon us by your Excellency's Commission of January 25th, 1897, we have had ninety-three meetings, of which fifty-seven were sittings for the receiving of evidence. We have taken the evidence of 186 persons whom we considered qualified to give information on the matters submitted to us, and we have visited 119 schools, in most of which we have had an opportunity of seeing Manual and Practical Instruction actually given."

"With a view to ascertain the existing facts with regard to Manual and Practical Instruction in Germany, France, Switzerland, and Holland, we employed as our assistants to visit these countries, Messrs. Purser, Rolleston, Bonaparte Wyse, and Hughes-Dowling. The reports of these gentlemen will be found in Appendix B. We have had the advantage, too, of the assistance of Mr. M. E. Sadler, Director of Special Inquiries and Reports to the Committee of Council on Education, who was kind enough to furnish us with a memorandum on Manual Training for boys in Primary Schools in foreign countries. For our information regarding schools in the United States, we are indebted to the very complete and exhaustive reports issued by the United States Bureau of Education. We have also had the benefit of the experience of one of our colleagues, Professor Fitzgerald, who took the occasion of a visit to America, in the autumn of last year, to see some of the primary schools in that country."

#### RESULT OF INQUIRY.

"After careful consideration of the evidence laid before us, and of the facts which we have seen for ourselves, we now proceed to report, in accordance with your Excellency's Commission, how far, and in what form, Manual and Practical Instruction should be included in the system of primary education carried out by the National Education Board in Ireland. We may at once express our strong conviction that Manual and Practical Instruction ought to be introduced, as far as possible, into all schools where it does not at present exist, and that, in those schools where it does exist, it ought to be largely developed and extended. We are satisfied that such a change will not involve any detriment to the literary education of the pupils, while it will contribute largely to develop their faculties, to quicken their intelligence, and to fit them better for their work in life."

NOTE.—The Commissioners visited schools in Ireland, England, Scotland, Sweden and Denmark.

#### REASONS.

"The considerations by which we have been led to the general conclusions above set out, will be fully discussed in the second part of this report, under the several heads of Manual and Practical Instruction. But we think it will be for your Excellency's convenience, that the general summary of our conclusions should be here followed by a general summary of the grounds on which they are based."

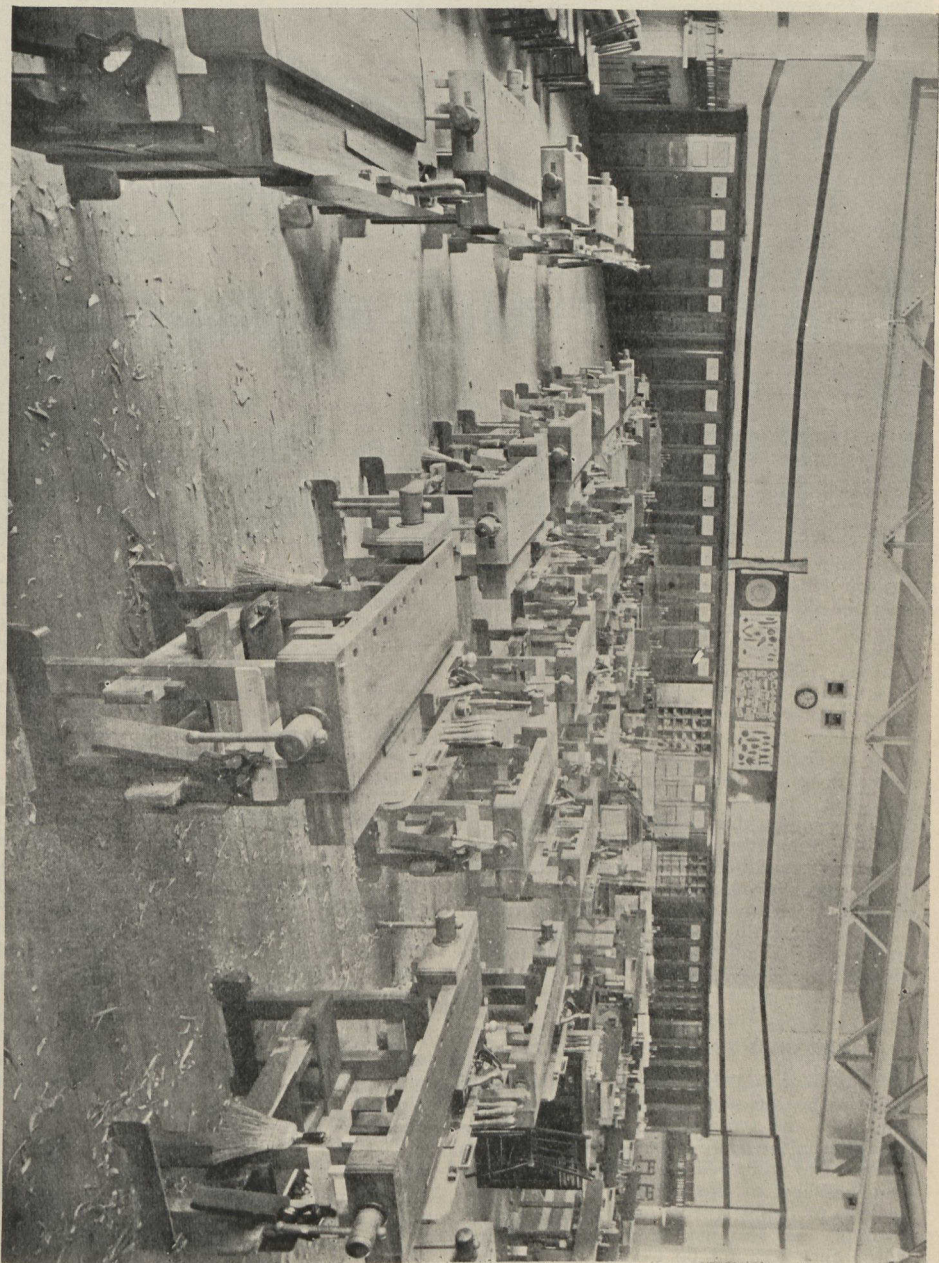
#### REASONS MAINLY EDUCATIONAL.

1. "First, then, there are reasons founded on educational principles. The present system, which consists largely in the study of books, is one-sided in its character; and it leaves some of the most useful faculties of the mind absolutely untrained. We think it important that children should be taught not merely to take in knowledge from books, but to observe with intelligence the material world around them; that they should be trained in habits of correct reasoning on the facts observed; and that they should even at school acquire some skill in the use of hand and eye to execute the conceptions of the brain. Such a training we regard as valuable to all, but especially valuable to those whose lives are to be mainly devoted to industrial arts and occupations. The great bulk of the pupils attending primary schools under the National Board will have to earn their bread by the work of their hands; it is therefore important that they should be trained, from the beginning, to use their hands with dexterity and intelligence."

#### REASONS FROM EXPERIENCE.

2. "Next, we have the practical experience of those schools in England, Scotland, and on the continent of Europe, in which such a system as we recommend has been already introduced and tested. The evidence we have received on this point, is absolutely unanimous and, as we think, entirely conclusive. We have been told, over and over again, that the introduction of manual and practical training has contributed greatly to stimulate the intelligence of the pupils, to increase their interest in school work, and to make school life generally brighter and more pleasant. As a consequence the school attendance is improved; the children remain at school to a more advanced age; and much time is gained for the purpose of education.

"We inquired particularly whether the literary side of school studies—reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and geography—had suffered any loss by the change; and the answer was uniform, that no such loss had been observed. In some cases we were assured that the literary studies had been positively improved by the introduction of manual training. This result was accounted for, partly by the increased intelligence of the children, partly by the constant change and variety of



ONE OF THE MACDONALD MANUAL TRAINING CENTRES—OTTAWA  
Cupboards with pigeon-holes for every boy's drawings, models and apron are shown at the far end

their occupations,—many of the most useful exercises being only a kind of organized play, and partly by their increased interest in their work.

“We regard it also as a very significant testimony to the value of manual training, that wherever it has been once introduced, it has, with hardly an exception, been continued and extended. There has been practically no disposition to go back to the old system, which made primary education almost exclusively literary in its character; and after an experience extending over some years, there is a general consensus of managers of schools, inspectors, and parents, that the value of primary education has been greatly enhanced by the change.”

#### A BASIS NEEDED FOR TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

3. “Lastly, there is a consideration of a practical character, which seems to us deserving of no little weight. A strong desire exists throughout this country, and it is growing stronger every day, for the introduction of a general system of Technical Education. It is thought that a good system of Technical Education would contribute largely towards the development of arts and industries in Ireland; and in this opinion we entirely concur. But the present system of primary education is so one-sided in its character that it leaves the pupils quite unprepared for Technical Education. The clever boys trained in the National Schools, if they are disposed to seek for a higher education, may pass with advantage into Intermediate Schools of the kind now general in Ireland; but they are not fit to enter a Technical School, even if they had such a school at their doors. Now it seems to us the changes we recommend would go far to remedy this defect. The system of National Education, modified as we propose, would give an all-round training to the faculties of the children, and would thus lay a solid foundation for any system of higher education—literary, scientific or technical—which might afterwards be found suitable to their talents and their circumstances.”

#### THE CHANGE TO BE GRADUAL.

“We think that the changes recommended ought to be introduced, not all at once, but gradually and tentatively. They should be tried first in the large centres, and afterwards extended to more remote districts. It would be necessary, at the outset, to engage the services of experts, from outside the present staff of the National Educational Board, whose duty it would be to organize the classes, and to aid the teachers with their counsel and instruction. But we have no doubt that this work, after a little time, could be taken up by the ordinary staff of the Board. Again, it is obviously important that all teachers should be trained in the new subjects; and

the programme of the training colleges must be framed to this end, with as little delay as possible.”

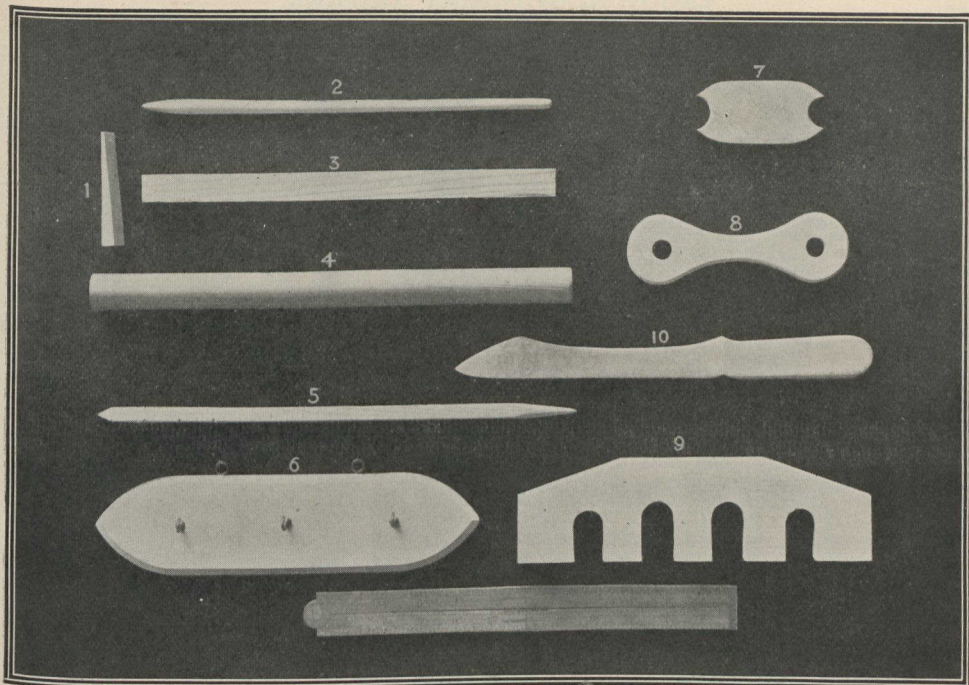
#### CONCLUSION.

“In presenting this report to your Excellency, we venture to express our conviction that, if our recommendations be adopted, the system of education carried out in the primary schools of Ireland can be made, within a few years, very thorough and complete. At present, no doubt, it is excellent in some respects; but in other respects it seems to us seriously deficient. Insisting too much, as it does, on the study of books, it leaves the faculty of observation and other important faculties comparatively uncultivated; and it neglects almost entirely that training of the hand and eye which would be so useful to the children in their after life, and which is now regarded both in England and on the Continent of Europe as an element of great importance in primary education.

“The development of Manual and Practical Instruction, on the lines we have pointed out, will remedy these defects, and will not, we are satisfied, inflict any injury on the literary education which is now given. It will quicken the intelligence of the children, brighten the tone of school life, and make school-work generally more interesting and attractive. With the system of National Education modified as we propose, the children will be taught not by means of books only, but also by the more simple and effective agency of things; and they will be better prepared for their work in life, which, for the great bulk of them, must consist mainly of manual occupations.

“It is hardly necessary to say that the changes we have recommended cannot be carried out without a considerable expenditure of money. But we feel confident that the State, which so largely maintains and controls the system of National Education in Ireland, will not hesitate to provide the necessary funds for improving that system within reasonable limits. The progress of the people in wealth and material prosperity must largely depend on the education given in the primary schools; and to make that education thoroughly efficient and fit for its purpose is a task, we submit, which may well be undertaken, in the highest interests of the State, whatever the necessary cost may be.”

I have quoted freely from that Report. I am greatly indebted to it. I consider it peerless even among Parliamentary Blue Books for the thoroughness of its information. Its statements are clear as sunshine, strong with words of wisdom, and convincing as truth itself.



MODELS OF THE FIRST YEAR'S COURSE

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|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Window Wedge—Basswood.</li> <li>2. Round Flower Stick—Pine.</li> <li>3. Square Ruler—Pine.</li> <li>4. Round Ruler—Pine or Mahogany.</li> <li>5. Square Flower Stick—Pine.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6. Key Rack—Basswood.</li> <li>7. Fish Line Winder—Birch.</li> <li>8. Rope Stretcher—Birch or Maple.</li> <li>9. Marble Board—Basswood.</li> <li>10. Paper Knife—Birch.</li> </ol> |
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#### THE PLAN FOR CANADA.

The plan which the generosity of Sir William C. Macdonald of Montreal made it possible for me to adopt for introducing Manual Training into the public schools of Canada, was based very largely on the information and recommendations of that Report. The purpose was to furnish an object lesson of Manual Training in the public schools of at least one town or city in every province in Canada for a period of three years. Sir William provided a fund fully adequate for that scheme, including the equipments of benches and tools, the necessary improvement of the rooms, the salaries of the instructors and the expenses of maintenance for three years. The fund is also sufficient to permit the teachers in training at one Normal School in every province to receive instruction by thoroughly qualified instructors.

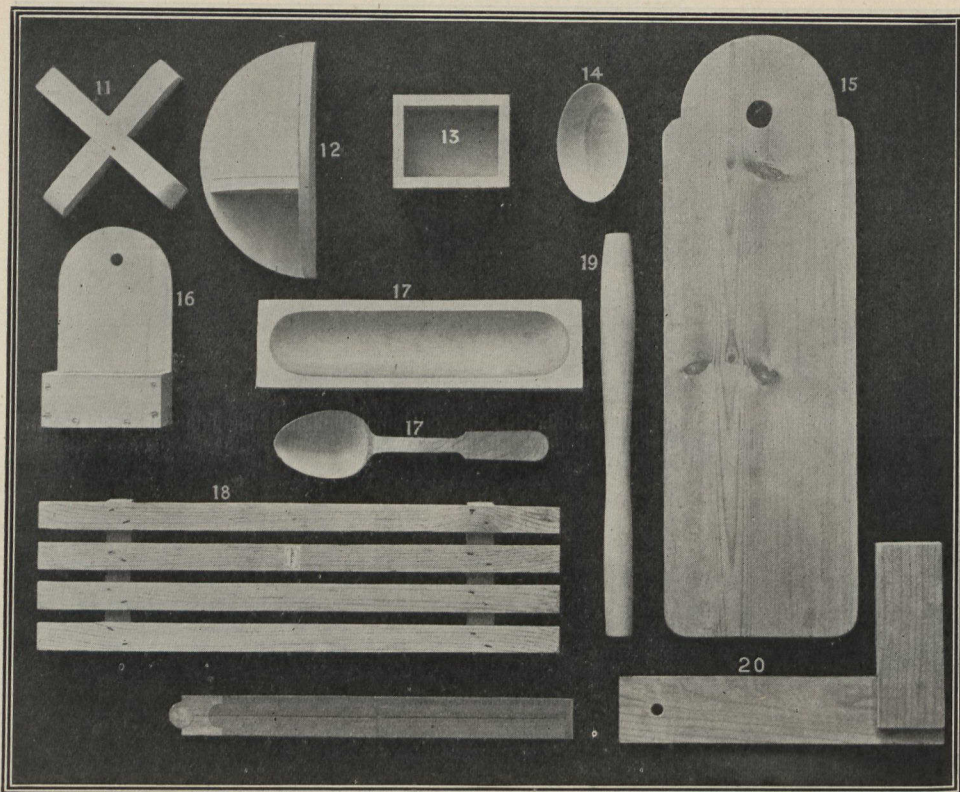
#### THE PLACES IN CANADA.

In choosing the places to receive the offer of these Manual Training schools consideration has been given to the advantages of selecting centres from which the movement could spread most readily throughout each Province, and most quickly and effectively benefit its school system and its children.

Altogether, provision has been made for about 6,000 boys in the public schools and the teachers attending the Normal Schools to receive Manual Training during three years.

Under the Macdonald Manual Training Fund, I was able to arrange for the opening of a Manual Training school at Fredericton, N.B., in April of 1900.

The school authorities provided a room. All the other expenses were borne by the Macdonald Manual Training Fund. A Saturday forenoon class



MODELS OF THE SECOND YEAR'S COURSE

- 11. Flower Pot Cross—Pine.
- 12. Bracket—Basswood.
- 13. Small Box—Pine.
- 14. Pin Bowl—Birch.
- 15. Knife or Bread Board—Pine.

- 16. Soap Box—Pine.
- 17. Pen Tray, or Spoon—Birch.
- 18. Flower Pot Stand—Pine.
- 19. Hammer Shaft—Birch or Maple.
- 20. Try Square—Beech.

for teachers was also provided. It was taken advantage of and highly appreciated by them.

A Manual Training school was also opened in April, 1900, in Brockville, Ont. The School Board arranged for a commodious room, and, as in Fredericton, the expenses were met from the Macdonald Manual Training Fund.

A summer course for teachers was provided during the summer holidays at Brockville, Ont., and Fredericton, N.B.

On Saturday forenoons, or at some other convenient time every week, classes are arranged for the teachers from whose schools the boys go to the Manual Training centres. In Ottawa these classes are attended by over 90, and in Montreal by over 100 teachers.

Agreements have been made with the school authorities at the following places; and in them Manual Training has been made part of the public school course:—

In Ontario,—Ottawa, Brockville and Toronto;\*

In Quebec,—Westmount, The Model School, Montreal; Waterloo, Knowlton, and Bedford;

In New Brunswick,—Fredericton;

In Nova Scotia,—Truro;

In Prince Edward Island,—Charlottetown and Summerside;

In Manitoba,—Winnipeg;

In N. W. Territories,—Regina and Calgary;

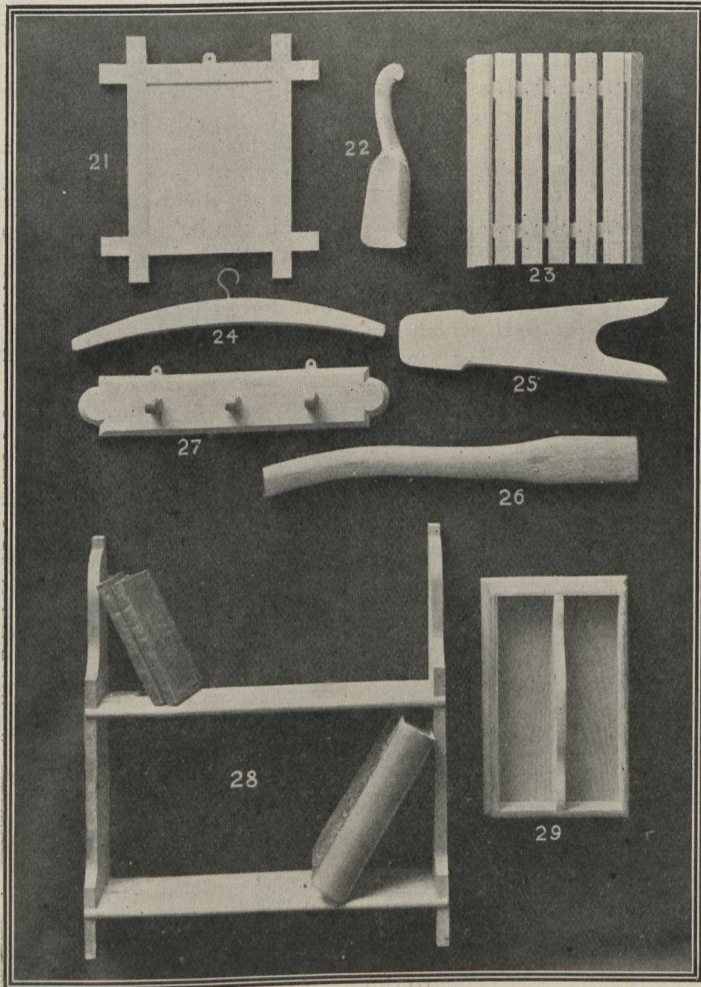
In British Columbia,—Victoria and Vancouver.

\*In Toronto, 4 centres only.

TEACHERS FROM ABROAD.

To introduce this improvement into the school system of the various Provinces of Canada, with a chance for the best possible results, it has been necessary to engage teachers who have been trained specially and who have had experience elsewhere. At this date twenty-four teachers have been brought from Great Britain. Two instructors have been engaged from the United States, and one from Sweden.

A few more will complete the number of teachers of experience required to begin the work in the various Macdonald Manual Training Schools. Several assistant teachers have been engaged in Canada, who will have an opportunity to become proficient as full instructors. Special courses are also provided at Ottawa, Ont., and Truro, N.S., to train Canadian teachers to carry on the system efficiently and thoroughly in all the Provinces, in



MODELS OF THE THIRD YEAR'S COURSE

- 21. Oxford Frame—Basswood.
- 22. Flour Scoop—Birch.
- 23. Stool—Pine.
- 24. Coat Suspender—Birch.
- 25. Boot Jack—Birch or Maple.

- 26. Axe Handle—Oak or Ash.
- 27. Clothes Rack—Pine.
- 28. Book Shelves—Pine.
- 29. Knife Box—Pine.
- 30. (Not shown).—Book Stand—Pine.

the several towns and cities where it will be taken up.

The instructors appointed as Directors of Macdonald Manual Training Schools in the different Provinces, have proven themselves to be the right men in the right places; and their assistants also, by their character, their enthusiasm, their qualifications and their skill, have won more than a continuation of the first warm welcome which was extended to them alike by the pupils, the school teachers, the inspectors and the parents. My gratitude and appreciation go out to all concerned in this most delightful object lesson of intellectual and social hospitality, mutually offered and accepted.

#### POWER TO OVERCOME OBSTACLES.

Manual Training develops in children habits of industry, and leads them thoughtfully to adjust their acts to desired ends. It begets a sense of responsibility, in response to which the child rises to the exercise of its powers in sustained efforts suited to its strength and intelligence. It brings about the mental habit of appreciating good work for its own sake, and is quite different from that sort of education which consists in informing the pupils about the facts within a definite area of knowledge in order that they may be able to pass examinations on the subjects included within it. The so-called dull boys, who are not quick at book-studies, have in many cases been found to show great aptness in the Manual Training part of education. It prevents them from being discouraged with school life, and from feeling any sense of inferiority to the quick children. It gives them habits of carefulness and makes them self-reliant, hopeful and courageous. All of these are manifestly most desirable educational results. It is also a soothing and strengthening corrective to the quick and excitable children who become over-anxious about examinations on book-subjects.

The glow of satisfaction, from having done something well with one's

own hands, has certain stimulating and strengthening effects. Is it not the same as that which is revealed by the sacred historian when he wrote: "And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good?" It is a good thing to let boys and girls become partakers of this divine joy in their own work. The happiness which springs from the consciousness of having begun and finished a piece of good, useful work by one's own labour, is more than a mental and physical tonic. In large measure it allies the worker with the Power that maketh for righteousness. It gives power to overcome obstacles; and the power to overcome obstacles in the path of material, mental, moral and spiritual progress is perhaps the most desirable quality which can be acquired through education, "*Train up* a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

#### SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

##### *The Equipment.*

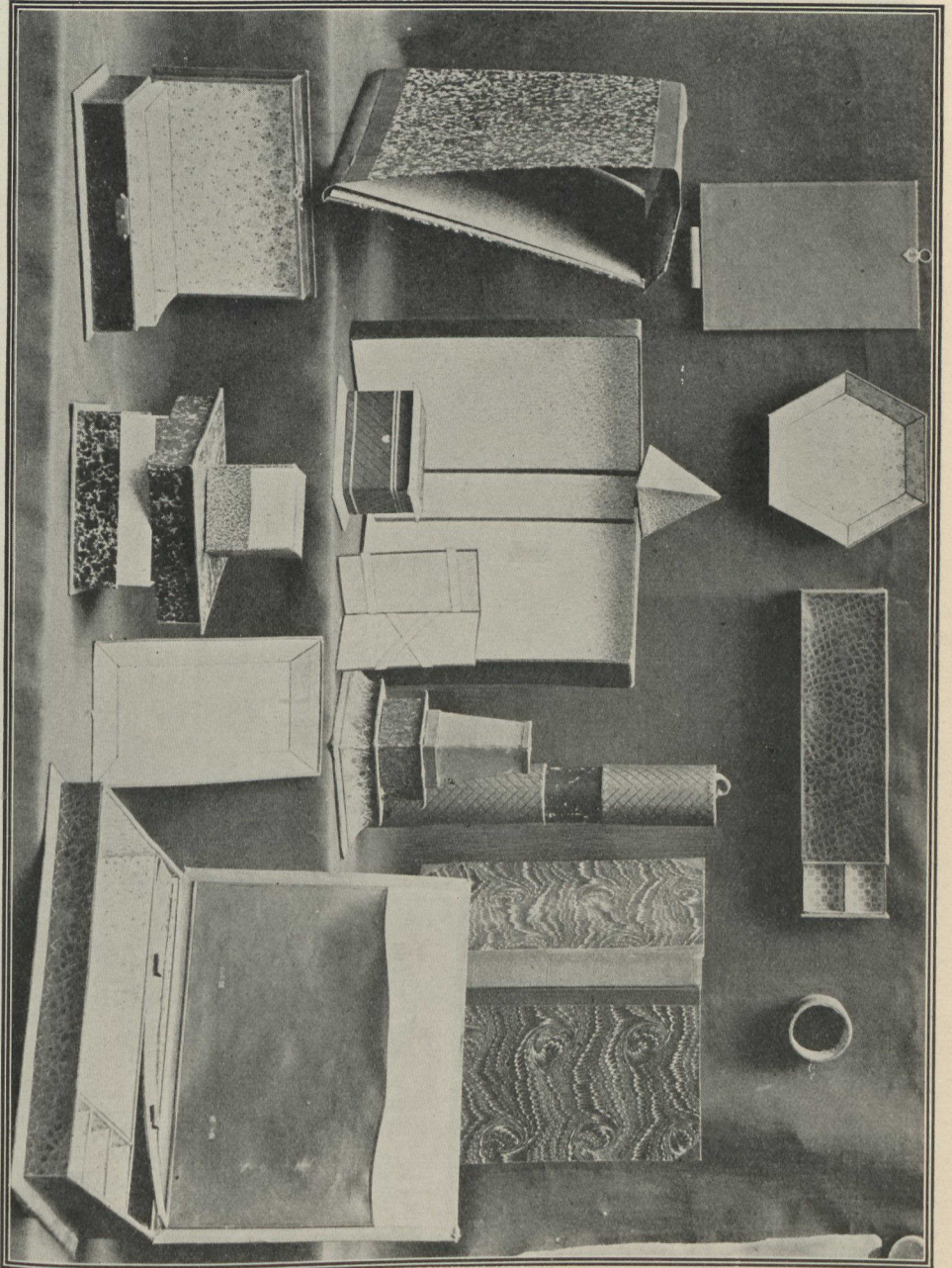
A room for a single centre to accommodate twenty boys at one time should be not smaller than 600 square feet of floor area; and 750 square feet is a better size. It should be specially well lighted. A cloak room and other conveniences should be adjacent. Single, adjustable wooden benches, with two vises each, have been provided in the Macdonald Schools. Tools for each bench, together with general tools for every twenty bench room, have been furnished as stated on the following lists. The rooms have also been fitted with cupboards, tool racks, and other conveniences necessary in such places.

##### *Tools for Each Bench.*

- 1 Rule.
- 1 Drawing Rule.
- 1 Sloyd Knife.
- 1 Gauge.
- 1 Try Square.
- 1 Jack Plane.
- 1 Firmer Chisel, each  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1.
- 1 Bench Hook.
- 1 Pencil Compass.
- 1 Back Saw.
- 1 Marking Awl.
- 1 Drawing Kit.
- 1 Brush and Hook.

##### *Tools for the Room.*

- 5 Smooth Planes.
- 3 Fore Planes.
- 8 Mallets.



CARDBOARD MODELS

Memo Slate, Hexagonal Tray, Pencil Box, Serviette Ring, Musical Folio, Square Pyramid, Album Case, Money Box, Card Case, Match Box, Round Trench Case, Case for Pamphlets, Jewel Casket, Handkerchief Box Cube, Oblong Tray, Writing Desk





- 1 Draw Knife.
- 1 Mitre Box.
- 2 Try Squares.
- 4 File Cards.
- 8 Screw Drivers, small.
- 2 Screw Drivers, large.
- 1 "T" square, each 4' and 5'.
- 8 Flat Files, 8".
- 4 Half Round Files, 8".
- 2 S. T. Files, 4" and one handle.
- 2 Flat Files and one handle.
- 4 Braces.
- 5 Bevels.
- 5 Nail Sets.
- 8 Wooden Spoke Shaves.
- 4 Hand Screws.
- 10 Bradawls, assorted, handled.
- 2 dozen Bradawls, not handled.
- 2 Slips for Gouges.
- 8 Scrapers.
- 4 Mortise Gauges.
- 4 Wing Dividers, 5".
- 4 Pincers.
- 1 Cutting Pliers, 5".
- 1 Flat Pliers, 5".
- 1 Round-nosed Pliers.
- 2 Oil Cans.
- 2 Centre Bits, each  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{5}{8}$ ,  $\frac{3}{4}$ ,  $\frac{7}{8}$ ,  
1,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ .
- 1 Auger Bit, each  $\frac{3}{16}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{5}{8}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$ .
- 4 Drill Bits.
- 2 Screw Driver Bits.
- 2 Wood Countersinks.
- 1 Iron Countersink.
- 5 Oil Stones.
- 1 Rabbit Plane.
- 10 Hammers.
- 2 Firmer Gouges, each  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{3}{4}$ , bev. inside.
- 2 Firmer Gouges, each  $\frac{1}{2}$ , 1,  $1\frac{1}{4}$ , bev. outside.
- 2 Chisels,  $\frac{1}{8}$ .
- 4 Firmer Chisels,  $\frac{1}{8}$ .
- 2 Mortise Chisels, each  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{3}{8}$ .
- 1 Hatchet.
- 1 Pad Saw.
- 1 Grind Stone.
- 4 Rip Saws and 4 Crosscut Saws.
- 6 S. P. Corks.
- 2 Spg. Dividers.
- 3 Cutting Gauges.
- 5 Gimlets.
- 1 Tool Grinder.
- 2 Bent Gouges, No. 15, each  $\frac{3}{4}$  and 1.
- 2 Blackboard Compasses.

*Form of Agreement.*

The following is the form of agreement which has been used, with slight modifications to meet local conditions:

THIS AGREEMENT made the.....day of  
.....nineteen hundred.....

Between  
The Board of.....  
of the First Part

and  
James W. Robertson, of the City of Ottawa,  
representing the Macdonald Manual Training  
Fund,  
of the Second Part.

WHEREAS the said party of the second part, acting on behalf of the Macdonald Manual Training Fund, has requested the said Board to establish a centre or centres of education with the object of giving to the pupils of .....an opportunity to receive a course of manual training under competent teachers.

AND WHEREAS the said Board has consented to establish a centre or centres for said purpose,

NOW THEREFORE this Agreement witnesseth that in consideration of the premises and of the mutual covenants hereinafter set forth, the said parties hereto agree as follows:

1. The said Board hereby agrees to provide a suitable room or rooms to be used as a manual training school for the term of three years, to be computed from.....
2. The said party of the second part shall at his own expense equip the said room or rooms with all necessary material and apparatus as to him shall seem right for the purpose of such manual training, and at the expiration or other determination of this agreement, such material and apparatus shall belong to and be at the disposal of the said party of the second part, or his successor as representing the said Macdonald Manual Training Fund.
3. The said party of the second part shall at his own expense pay all costs, charges and expenses in connection with teachers' salaries and expenses of equipment, maintenance of equipment, and materials for use of pupils.
4. In case there be not a room or rooms in the premises of the said Board suitable for manual training, when the said Board provides a room or rooms not in their premises, the said party of the second part shall pay the expenses of the janitor or other caretaker and of lighting and heating the said room or rooms; but when a room or rooms in the premises of the said Board are provided for manual training then the said Board shall pay the expenses of the janitor or other caretaker and of lighting and heating of the said room or rooms.
5. The pupils in each manual training centre are to be under the control of the School Board as to attendance, discipline, and all other matters, as in the ordinary school rooms.
6. The course of instruction shall be acceptable to the School Board.
7. In case of any unforeseen difficulty or difference arising between the directors or instructors in manual training and the School Authorities, it shall be referred to a Committee composed of the representative of the Macdonald Manual Training Fund and two members appointed by the Board.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the said Board of .....have hereunto set their Corporate Seal under the hand of their Chairman and Secretary, and the said party of the second part has hereunto set his hand and seal.

## MANUAL TRAINING IN OTTAWA.

*By Albert H. Leake, Director of the Macdonald Manual Training Schools in Ontario.*

MANUAL Training Schools were formally opened in Ottawa, Oct. 27th, 1900, by their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto.

Manual Training centres are now fitted up in the city as follows:—

Three public schools—Archibald Street, Cambridge Street and George Street—have each a room for twenty boys. The Model School is provided with the same accommodation, and an outside centre is fitted for sixty boys in the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association rooms, as being easy of access for those parts of the city not otherwise provided for.

The boys are drafted from the public schools in classes and attend either one forenoon or one afternoon per week. The class attending the centre on Monday forenoon will attend the following week on the same day and at the same time, and so on through the ten half-day sessions of the week for every class attending. The boys in some cases proceed to the Manual Training room directly from their homes, or, what seems the better plan, march from the school under the charge of a teacher or the captain who is elected by the boys themselves. The captain leads the boys into the room, arranges them in bench order and marches them to their assigned bench in the room, which bench is kept throughout a boy's attendance at the class. This method of procedure induces a spirit which is beneficial to the boys and helpful to the work.

The morning session lasts from 9.30 to 11.30, and the afternoon session from 1.30 to 3.30. Accommodation is provided in the city for 1,400 boys to receive one lesson per week. Facilities are provided for every boy from Junior III. upwards to receive this

training, and it is hoped that before many months have elapsed a preliminary course will be arranged for the younger boys. Already cases have arisen where a class when given the option of taking a half holiday or attending the Manual Training class, has almost unanimously chosen the Manual Training. The attendance has been gratifying, and the Principals of the schools have expressed the opinion that the attendance at the ordinary school work has been materially improved owing to the attractions offered by this training.

A record of the attendance and work of each boy is kept, so that any time the progress of any individual may be seen. Each boy is provided with an adjustable bench and a complete set of bench tools, placed in a rack at its back, while round the room are arranged the tools not so frequently required. In addition a separate pigeon hole or locker is given to each pupil in which to keep, from week to week, his apron, his drawings and his work, and for the neatness and tidiness, of which he alone is responsible. At the close of every lesson each boy sweeps down his bench and replaces in its proper position every tool he has used. The rooms are also provided with museum cupboards, in which are exhibited the boys' best efforts, the standard models, and any interesting objects relating to the trees and timber of the Province, that may be brought by the boys.

At present the bench work is almost entirely in wood, and consists of a series of models most carefully graduated, in order of difficulty, as to kind of wood, principles of construction and complexity of tool operations. Every model is made from a fully dimensioned drawing previously prepared by the

boy himself, first to full size, and later on to a scale. Accuracy of form and measurement is insisted on from the commencement, and it is surprising to find how soon a lad becomes dissatisfied with anything but the best he can produce. No work is accepted that a boy does not conscientiously believe at the time to be his best; and when a lad has made, say model 3, he often asks to be allowed to make model 2 over again, having discovered during the making of number 3, faults in number 2 of which he was not before aware.

The first lesson necessarily consists of an explanation of the rule and its divisions, whether metric or English, practice in drawing lines of given length, first without the rule and afterwards with, and the drawing also of simple elementary figures to given dimensions. After this the boys are taught by an examination of the model itself and the instructions of the teacher to prepare a simple working drawing. Line by line the model is drawn upon the blackboard, the boys pointing out as the work proceeds the actual

line of the model represented by the line on the board, so that when the drawing is finished the boys have a clear mental picture of the object they are required first to draw and then to make. No mere copying of drawings is allowed, and to prevent this and also to test the efficiency of the instruction, the drawing is erased and the dimensions of the various parts given, and from these and an examination of the model itself the boys are expected to produce a drawing, fully dimensioned, from which the model can be made. At other times they are allowed to measure the model for themselves and make their drawings from their own measurements.

In addition to the models comprising the different courses, suitable object lessons are given on the growth, defects and character of the different timbers used and the construction of the tools employed, and in these lessons care is taken that the boy has an actual specimen of the wood, or the actual tool in his hand, so that upon it he may exercise his own observation and judgment.

The courses are arranged as follows :

*First Year:*

MODEL.	TIMBER.	DRAWING.
1. Wedge.	Bass or Birch.	Simple elevations.
2. Round Flower Stick.	White Pine.	Working drawings of different stages.
3. Square Ruler.	White Pine.	Isometric projection.
4. Round Ruler.	Pine or Mahogany.	Different stages.
5. Square Flower Stick.	Pine.	Plans and elevations.
6. Key Rack.	Basswood.	Plans and elevations.
7. Fishline Winder.	Birch.	Plans and elevations.
8. Marble Board.	Pine.	Elevation, plan and end elevation.
9. Rope Stretcher.	Birch.	Plan and elevation.
10. Paper Knife.	Birch or Mahogany.	Geometrical construction.

*The Second Year's* Models are,—Flower Pot Cross, Wall Bracket, Small Box, Pin Bowl, Knife or Sleeve Board, Soap Box, Pen Tray or Spoon, Flower Pot Stand, Hammer Handle and Try Square.

*The Third Year's* Models are,—Oxford Frame, Flour Scoop, Stool, Coat Suspender, Boot Jack, Book Stand, Clothes Rack, Axe-handle, Book Shelves, and Knife Box.

Although it is too soon to speak of the permanent effects of the training, yet the absorbing interest displayed by the boys, who are taking to the work in a marvellously intelligent manner, and the unanimous approval of the Public School Principals, point to the fact that this course of training

(new to Canada alone) is appealing to that side of a boy's development which has been too long neglected. The hope may be expressed that in the near future every boy in the Province will have an opportunity afforded to him of reaping the benefits which this practical education can give.

## HALF A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

### THIRD PAPER.

*By John Reade, F.R.S. Can.*

IF we try to realize the difference between the Dominion of Canada to-day and the separated provinces and territories of British North America in 1851, we shall be imposing on ourselves the task of solving a complicated problem. We must, first of all, ask what the relation is between the population now unevenly distributed over our federal area and the isolated communities of fifty years ago. The question is not easily answered. For, apart from natural increase, we must account for constant influx and outflow, and an intermigration that had no parallel in our past. Many causes combined to produce this movement to and fro within our new limits, while strange racial elements were swelling the mass of inhabitants in our eastern cities and our western plains. The admission as immigrants of some of the new-comers can only be regarded as an act of faith; the exodus of sons and daughters of the soil is, in many cases, a certain loss. For repatriation never brings back the successful.

We know in a general way from what outside sources our population had been increased from 1815, when the first systematic emigration to these shores from the United Kingdom took place, until the close of the first half of the century. We know less of the sources of the immigration from the old world during the previous portion of the British period. We are, however, constantly adding to our knowledge of the subject, and we look hopefully forward to the day when what has been achieved in tracing up our French population to their original homes in the France of the 17th century will stimulate research touching every other element in our complex nationality, until we are able to indicate with

some approach to certainty the ethnic constituents that were brought together a third of a century ago for the making of Canada.

The taking stock of our people, their origins, their ages, their conditions, beliefs and employments, which begins this year will serve as a starting point for retrospect and comparison during the whole of the coming century. It will also serve as a goal of development from any earlier starting point by which to compute the rate and character of our progress as a whole or in special directions. It requires peculiar training to know the meaning of statistics and to make comparisons between those of different countries or times that will be approximately rational and true. Would it be possible without a long acquaintance with such collected and classified knowledge to evolve from the census of Upper or Lower Canada for 1851 any approach to an accurate notion of one or other community at that time? We have to take thought of so many native-born, so many foreign-born, so many able to read or write, so many professing to hold certain religious creeds, in each county, city, town, parish, village; so much land cleared and occupied, with the crops, the cattle, etc., so many grist and saw mills, so many distilleries and breweries, so many criminals and their offences, so many insane, so many deaths in the year and from what cause. Certainly such statistics ought to aid one to imagine, to realize, the community to which they relate. But if we had no other data than those bare figures, under their several headings, we should find it difficult to reanimate the generation in question as men, women and children, living human lives from day

to day. But when we know something actual about the people thus classified according to age, origin, creed, occupation, etc., have seen quite a number of them in the flesh, heard them speak in their own tongues, know something of their antecedents, their struggles, aspirations, trials and triumphs, and can amplify our personal knowledge by the spoken or written communications of hundreds of others, these figures are no longer dead; they stand for a great multitude of living, thinking, striving men and women, and the children to whom they assigned the task of continuing and adding to their work.

#### OUR POPULATION BEFORE 1851.

But the inhabitants of Canada to-day, though most of them are the descendants of the people of Canada snapshotted statistically by the census man fifty years ago, are in a good many ways different from them. There has been a great deal of immigration of an unusual character, and since 1867, and especially since 1885, the interprovincial migration has been of an activity entirely without precedent. If one of us were asked suddenly how many languages are spoken in Canada, how many races or nationalities are represented or how many religions are professed, he would be wise to pause before replying. If we have regard to the aborigines alone, the excellent bibliographies of the late Mr. Pilling, the works of H. H. Bancroft, the reports on the tribes of British Columbia by Dr. Boas and the late Horatio Hale, and Dr. John McLean's "Canadian Savage Folk," show the many-sidedness of the subject. Although the aborigines have as yet contributed but little to the progress of our people as a whole, they have played a part in our history which makes it impossible to ignore them, and it is noteworthy that one of the earliest Premiers of Western Canada was of Indian blood. During the last fifty years they have undergone a change so sweeping as to give a new direction to their destiny. The collection and classification of the records

that make up their strange, eventful history; and the study of their languages and folk-lore have been the chosen tasks to which great scholars in both hemispheres have, during the last half century, successfully devoted attention. The North-west has, moreover, presented a field for the missionary efforts of humane and fearless men.

To the ancient lords of the soil succeeded the French; and of the original homes, advent and settlement of those pioneers of civilization in British North America, we know a great deal more to-day than any one dreamed of knowing in 1851. It was not until 1870 that the first volume of that Golden Book of an entire people, Mgr. Cyprien Tanguay's "Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes," was given to the world. Before the last of the seven volumes saw the light, M. Benjamin Sulte had published his *Histoire des Canadiens Français*. And it was only last year that the Hon. Mr. Justice Baby made an important addition to our knowledge of the stock from which one great section of our people is derived. And these works, however important, represent by no means the whole of our gains in the knowledge of what we are. Abbé Ferland, who was the first historian to indicate with accuracy the sources of the French pioneers, also made his contribution within the period specified.

As to our British origins, although we know much more than our predecessors in 1851, we are only beginning to ransack the registers to find out what they are. The work of Sabine touching the United Empire Loyalists has been continued by Dr. Canniff, Sir John Bourinot, and other able writers, and such work as the Ontario Historical Society is now accomplishing will ultimately give material for a most remarkable chapter or series of chapters in our history. The volume of the late Dr. Akin has done in part for the British beginnings of Nova Scotia what Senator Poirier, in correcting certain inferences of M. Rameau de Saint-Père, did towards the elucidation

tion of Acadian ethnology, while in Calnek-Savary's\* "History of the County of Annapolis" we have a mine of precious data regarding the very first efforts of colonization in what is to-day the Dominion.

For trans-Superior Canada before the era of Confederation there is already a large library to consult, the works of the Rev. Dr. Bryce, the Hon. L. R. Masson, the Hon. D. Gunn, and others, having shed much light on the era of the Companies and the beginnings of settlement in the ante-Confederation period.

We certainly know enough of our origins not to be ashamed of any stock that has contributed to our national life-blood. The average Canadian need fear comparison neither with the average Briton nor the average Frenchman.†

To sum up, then, it may be said

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\*In a courteous letter Judge Savary, of Annapolis, joint author with the late Mr. W. A. Calnek of the "History of the County of Annapolis," suggests that, in the first of these papers, the name of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., should be substituted for that of the late Hon. Joseph Howe as one of three "cherished friends" of the late Archbishop Conolly there mentioned. I would have no objection to that change, but I gave the names as they occurred in a contemporary notice of the Archbishop's Vatican speech, so far as my memory served me. Judge Savary's reason for the suggestion is that Dr. (now Sir Charles) Tupper was Archbishop Conolly's friend, while Mr. Howe had been his political enemy at a time (1857) when religious strife grew high. An interesting account of the state of politics in Nova Scotia at that time may be read in the "History of Annapolis County," pp. 452-3-4, where Mr. Howe's attitude to the Roman Catholic Church at that stage of his career is clearly brought out. My reply is, that when the Vatican Council opened Mr. Howe had been for nearly a year a member of Sir John Macdonald's Administration, and therefore, *de congruo*, on friendly terms with his former political foes. Twelve years had then elapsed since the bitter strife of 1857, and besides, men are sometimes friends in private, though opposed in the political arena. Nevertheless, if I could have received Judge Savary's letter before the publication of the article, I would have made the change he suggests.

†See "The Climate of Canada," by Sir W. H. Hingston, M.D.

that, except in Manitoba and the North-west, the Indians have not mingled, to any appreciable degree, with the population of European descent. For the Maritime Provinces Senator Poirier and for Quebec M. Sulte may be said to have settled this question. The cases in which Chinese or Japanese have formed alliances with European descended persons are extremely exceptional. The general character of the first settlers in Nova Scotia we know from the lists in Dr. Akin's selected archives. Governor Murray's lists and the registers for Montreal, etc., published in the Dominion Archives Report for 1885, with jury lists, etc., enable us to judge of the origins and standing of the first British settlers in Quebec. Inter-marriage between the newcomers and the French-Canadians prevailed to an extent that few realize. Of the U.E.L. contributions to our foundation stock in the Maritime Provinces and Ontario as well as in Quebec our knowledge is fairly full. But it should be borne in mind, as Mr. C. C. James has pointed out, that there was a considerable non-British element in the Loyalist contribution. The Loyalist immigration continued until the close of the century. Of the settlement of the Eastern Townships of Quebec, mainly by newcomers from across the border, we have a good deal of information. Apart from the points mentioned, and the records of military settlement, our knowledge of the influx from 1760 till 1815 has large gaps. Of what followed the adoption of a policy of systematic emigration in 1815 until the close of 1850, we know a good deal, though a good deal remains unknown save vaguely by the tradition of pioneers' families. It would certainly be interesting to have a fairly accurate statement of the constituents of the population in the area now comprised in the Dominion at the point of departure of our retrospect. We must be contented to know that, although the local differentiation which began to be remarked even in the 17th century continued till the middle of the 19th, the stocks from which our people originat-

ed were of the best in the old world, and that, in the small proportion of cases in which the pioneers had intermarried with the aborigines, the progeny thence resulting was of a hardy, fairly intelligent type of which we had no reason to be ashamed.

#### POPULATION IN 1851.

The population of Upper Canada in 1851 was 952,004; that of Lower Canada, 890,261; that of New Brunswick, 193,800; that of Nova Scotia, 276,854; that of Prince Edward Island, (probably) about 65,000. As to the rest of actual Canada, it may be stated that in 1849 Assiniboia had a population of 5,391; in 1856, of 6,691; Manitoba's population in 1870 (exclusive of Indians) was 12,228. In 1861 Vancouver's Island had a population of 3,024, of whom 2,350 belonged to the town of Victoria or its vicinity. In 1870 British Columbia had a white population of 10,586. In 1874 the population was estimated to be 15,000, thus distributed: whites, 11,500; Chinese, 3,000; blacks, 300; Kanakers (Hawaiians), 200. For years the population of British Columbia was like Sambo's chicken; it moved about so much that it could not be counted. The figures above given enable us, however, to estimate the population of all the provinces and territories in 1851, Indians included, as something less than 2,500,000. In 1871 the population was 3,635,024; in 1881, 4,324,810; in 1891, 4,833,239. By the coming census it will probably range from 6,125,000 to 6,250,000. It is not likely to exceed the latter figure.

After the census of 1881, I compiled for my own satisfaction a statement of local majorities according to origins and it showed an extraordinary persistence of the grouping of the first settlements in each. This grouping has been disturbed with increasing, though in some cases very gradual, results since confederation and the accompanying railway policy opened doors of ingress and egress and paths of connection. The group system is continued, necessarily doubtless, in new

Canada. The influx of hitherto unknown or little represented elements to our population has not made appreciably less the rate of increase of the native born (4,185,877 out of 4,833,239 in 1891). Very instructive from an ethnological point of view are such lists of names as those of the contingents of last year (including Strathcona's Horse) or of the officers and men of the force engaged in putting down the North-west Rebellion of 1885. At the same time, if the names of our public men—federal, provincial, judicial, municipal, our men of science, our clergy, our educationists, etc.—are examined, it will be seen that there is a fair representation of the non-French and non-British elements.

In the little hand-book of Canada, prepared for the Toronto meeting (1897) of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, there is an instructively comprehensive Note, by Professor James Mavor, in which attention is called to the heterogeneity of the population of the North-west Territories. He instances the town of Lethbridge as comprising among its 2,000 inhabitants, besides "persons of British origin," "Belgians, Italians, Norwegians, Swedes, Icelanders, French, Austrians, Germans, Dutch, Danes, Hungarians, Russians, Negroes, Chinamen and Half-breed Indians." He refers to the colonies of Jews, Germans, Scandinavians, French, Austrians (Galicians), and Icelanders. In his survey of the Maritime Provinces, Professor Mavor says that there, as in Quebec, "people of origins other than French and British form a small fraction of the population." In the list that I made to show what origins predominated in the counties, I found that Germans have still the majority in Lunenburg; that they come second in Queens; and third in Shelburne, and were represented in other counties. They are, of course, practically British, but their ancestors were German. There is also a German element in Prince Edward Island (in all three counties) and in several counties of New Brunswick.



The statement which, of course, any one may see in the census report (1882), shows that the ethnic or nationality majorities vary from county to county, there being English majorities in Quebec, French and German in Ontario and Nova Scotia, French in New Brunswick and Manitoba, and in the Territories majorities of Russians, Icelanders, Hungarians, and Jews. Pictures may be seen in some publications in which the foreign family group, after a few years' residence, is contrasted with the same group as it appeared on its arrival. The native-born North-westerners who have been encouraged to associate with their extra-canton neighbours or to seek employment in other parts of the Territories, tend to grow up British-Canadians. The danger is lest they feel inclined to seek fuller emancipation by crossing the boundary. The question of immigration and of retaining our own sons and daughters, whether of the old stocks or the new, is one of the most important as well as difficult problems with which the statesman has to deal.

#### COMMUNICATION IN 1851.

The young man or woman of to-day will not find it easy to realize the conditions that prevailed in 1851 and for years afterwards. Some writers, indeed, who are not at all young, are prone to speak of Canada as if it still consisted of four isolated regions separated from each other by the interdict of nature—the Maritime Provinces, the Canadas, the vast region between Lake Superior and the Rocky mountains, and the region between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean. There were patriotic men generations, we may say even centuries ago, to whom the lack of means of facile communication between New Brunswick and Quebec was a cause of discontent. For a long time the project contemplated was a military road. But when the railway era set in aspiration took another form and nothing but bands of steel would satisfy the more progressive minds.

When he was writing the first volume

of his History of Lower Canada, Robert Christie called attention to some improvements in inter-communication during the years 1840-47. Since the establishment of the Cunard line of steamships, news from India via the Mediterranean and England reached Canada in two months, while from Europe they had news regularly in from sixteen to eighteen days, and from Boston and New York in three. But a new stage in the transmission of news had recently been attained; for, continued the historian, "at the hour of committing this to paper (half-past noon, 4th October, 1847,) we learn by the electric telegraph just finished and in operation between Quebec and Montreal that the steamer *Hibernia* from Liverpool with the English mail of the 19th ult., arrived yesterday, at 2 p.m. at Boston; the information reaching Montreal by the circuitous route of Buffalo and Toronto." A little reflection will disclose the great difference between conditions in which communications, so slow to our present contemplation, were hailed as triumphs of enterprise. On the other hand, when it is borne in mind that, at the date in question, a score of years had not yet passed since the inauguration of England's first railway and that in the interval oceanic steam navigation had advanced from trembling experiment to assured success, we may be able to understand Mr. Christie's feelings. Indeed, when we read the sentences that follow the passage that has been quoted, we may think, perhaps, that the forecast which he based on the premises just indicated, though it may seem wise and true to us, must have appeared rather extravagant to his average contemporary. "Truly," he comments, "in this respect, times are changed since the close of the last century, and for the better. Who can say that, before the close of the present, an overland trip hence to the Columbia or California, and a voyage thence to the blooming isles and Edens of the Pacific, including Hawaii and its magnificent volcano, the mighty Mauna Loa, to which Vesuvius, *Ætna*,

Hecla, are said to be mole-hills, en route for Europe, via China and India, to spend the winter in St. Petersburg or Paris, may not be fashionable, and of more frequent and easy accomplishment than is at the present time a voyage to Naples or Gibraltar, Madeira or Teneriffe—when the whole may be done in fewer weeks, peradventure, days, than it took Sir George Simpson months, to perform his famous overland expedition; and a tour of the globe, from Quebec, by that route, looking at London and the lions on the way home in spring but an agreeable excursion during winter, of four months at most, including stoppages at Delhi, Tobolsk, Constantinople, Vienna and Berlin!

This is a somewhat involved sentence. The magnitude of the thought that filled his mind was calculated to make its delivery hazardous—the author's joyous pride in his vision of the future and natural anxiety to share it with the world, adding doubtless to the risk. To many readers of that day it must have seemed little else than the wild fancy of a somewhat eccentric man. To us it rises from the dead past as one of the most remarkable forecasts of coming events to which the 19th century gave birth. For it will be seen that what Mr. Christie had in mind was not merely our own inter-oceanic line, but a like band of steel crossing the continental expanse of the Eastern hemisphere. The route is certainly vague. Such a sequence as "Delhi, Tobolsk, Constantinople," suggests aeronautic travel rather than movement along the solid earth. Nevertheless, Tobolsk is really one of the "stoppages" of a trans-Asiatic railway, and if Delhi and Constantinople have not yet been joined by an overland line, it is because the Euphrates valley scheme, long urged on British statesmen, was not taken up and pushed forward while England was powerful with the Porte. As it is, the completion of the links that will connect the old Mogul capital with the chosen home of the first Christian Emperor is only a matter of time.

## THE BOSTON JUBILEE.

The first great event of the railroad era in Canada was nigh at hand when Mr. Christie wrote his prophecy. It took place in the first year of the period under review. Nowhere in the pages of our history can we turn with better assurance of satisfaction in our search for the outlook of the optimist of fifty years ago than to the record of the Boston Jubilee. Perhaps some of our younger readers may ask what there was in it that so much concerns us. In reply, we may say that the Boston Jubilee, which took place on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of September, 1851, was a "celebration commemorative of the opening of railroad communication between Boston and Canada." Among the "First things" (as Mr. George Johnson would say) of the New World, this Jubilee must ever hold a place of importance. In view of the mighty achievements that have since been added to the victories of science, enterprise and diplomacy, the enthusiasm of the Americans and Canadians who gathered around President Fillmore and Lord Elgin during those days of mutual congratulation may to us of to-day seem exaggerated. From an international point of view the good fellowship that inaugurated the junction of New England and New France may not have borne all the fruit that it promised. Lord Elgin did, indeed, fulfil his share of the compact. The year before had seen him insulted and assaulted in one of the cities of whose brotherly love he was so potent a voice. But his great heart returned good for evil, and before he left Montreal there was none to do him despite or to withhold the reverence that was his due. At the Jubilee Lord Elgin was at his best. Every word that he said was timely and well chosen. The royal Bruce head, the handsome features, the thoughtful brow, the firm yet kindly lips, the dignified presence, the ready speech and unfailing charm of manner took Boston captive, and it was not in mere compliment that the offer of one speaker to make him President, if he stayed with his hosts,

was so rapturously applauded. Lord Elgin, his staff, ministers and chosen delegates from the cities of Canada and the Maritime Provinces, the Mayor of Boston, Mr. John Prescott Bigelow, the Council, Committee of Arrangements, and other leading citizens, President Fillmore, with his secretaries and other prominent representatives of the United States of that time, formed altogether a personnel of unusual interest. Among the Canadians were Sir F. Hincks, the Hon. Joseph Howe, Sir Allan N. McNab, His Worship John Bowes, Mayor, and Mr. G. Duggan, Recorder, of Toronto; J. G. Ridout, Esq., the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, the Hon. E. P. Taché, the Hon. H. W. Killaly, R. W. Cameron, Esq., Col. Gagy, Mayor Weller, Cobourg, Hon. A. Stewart, Master of the Rolls, N.S.; the Hon. J. Bourret, Hon. Wm. Young, N.S.; Mr. W. Mattice, Mayor of Cornwall; the Rev. Digby Campbell, Montreal; the Hon. Wm. Morris, Hon. John Molson, of the same city; Solicitor-General (afterwards Right Hon. Sir) John A. Macdonald, and several others. The names of Winthrop, Everett, Brinley, Conrad, Edmunds, Bartlett, Sherman, Stuart, Josiah Quincy, and several others, along with those already mentioned, stood for the public life of the United States in the middle of the century. In addition to Lord Elgin, who was a host in himself, the Old Land was represented by his brother, Col. Bruce; Lord Mark Kerr; Capt. Nye, 20th Regiment; Lieut. Pilkington, R. E., and quite a number of other officers of the various services.

The ten years that followed the Jubilee were eventful years for Canada. The era of the railway had begun, but although, from the connection of Montreal with Boston there was no pause in our enterprise and progress, it was not till a quarter century had elapsed that Montreal was joined to Halifax. In nine years more Halifax was connected with Vancouver.

#### OPENING OF THE GRAND TRUNK.

Meanwhile, within the two groups of Provinces, railways were built for

their special wants. In five years from the Jubilee Montreal had a memorable celebration on the occasion of the formal opening of the Grand Trunk Railway. I have before me a thin volume to which I had the honour of slightly contributing. The Executive Committee of the celebration appointed a sub-committee to prepare an outline of the city's history, with special reference to its manufactures and trade. During the preceding summer, soon after arriving in Canada, I had been introduced to the chairman of the sub-committee. He was overwhelmed with work, and so he asked me to help him in arranging some of the material. I was very glad to do so, and also very glad to be paid for doing so at celebration rates which were generous. This little book, which is scarce to-day, contains some valuable information, both general and local, some of which may not be found elsewhere. "In the fall of 1852," says one chapter, "the Grand Trunk Railway was fairly launched into existence and embraced, in its ramifications, the construction of a continuous line of railway from Trois Pistoles, about 150 miles below Quebec, on the southern side of the River St. Lawrence, the point at which a junction with the proposed Halifax Railway is looked forward to, and Port Sarnia on Lake Huron, a distance of 800 miles," with the Belleville-Peterborough branch and the lease of the Montreal-Portland line. An interesting account of a trip from Halifax to Montreal by Portland in the year 1857 is given by Captain Francis Duncan in his book, "Our Garrisons in the West." There was no lack of variety in the methods of travel employed. The line from Halifax to Windsor was as yet incomplete, being open for only ten miles. The rest of the distance was done in a coach, the amazing architecture of which is described. The body of it hung on two gigantic leather bands, long enough to permit of considerable oscillation and at sharp turns requiring some effort to resist the centrifugal tendency. In the roomy interior the passengers sat three deep.

The horses were wretched; the coachman was important; the coach "coated with the mud of ages, but allowing nevertheless sufficient antique gilding to peep through to awaken in one's mind the idea of a lord mayor's coach under a cloud." So great was the peril from recklessly-piled baggage that the nervous old ladies inside, who were the Captain's fellow-passengers, never took their eyes off the roof in apprehension of the threatened catastrophe. Nevertheless, such travel had its enjoyments, for the scenery showed no lack of wildly beautiful subjects for the artist. The little world of passengers is favourably contrasted with "the silent individuals in an English railway carriage, each with his *Times*." After passing Mount Uniacke and remarking on its resemblance to an English manor-house, the Captain sympathizes with the proprietor of the "Half-Way House," whose knell of doom, like that of many an old English inn, the railway had already sounded. Through "a beautiful, well-cultivated and fertile district," he reached Windsor, and embarked on the steamer *Creole* for St. John. Thence he went by sea to Portland to make his way thence back into Canada.

Captain Duncan made a second trip from Halifax to Montreal on an occasion that Canadians have not forgotten. Fifteen years before the opening of the Intercolonial Railway the international difficulty known as the "Trent affair" made it necessary to convey a considerable body of British troops from Halifax to Montreal in winter by the overland route. The march was accomplished, but, if war had been declared, instead of the surrender of Mason and Slidell taking place, before the start, there would have been striking evidence of the difficulties and dangers of the route. Captain Duncan has given a lively account of the journey, from both a personal and military point of view. The troops concerned consisted of several batteries of field and garrison artillery, with Armstrong guns but no horses; a battalion each of the Grena-

dier and Scots Fusilier Guards; the 62nd and 63rd Regiments, the 15th Regiment (Fredericton), a company of the 16th Regiment and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with Royal Engineers, military train, army hospital corps, commissariat staff corps and cavalry instructors for volunteers and militia. This force, in command of Colonel Ingall, disembarked at St. Andrew's on New Year's Day, 1862. The weather was stormy and intensely cold. The first stage was by rail (all but twenty-three miles) to Woodstock, which was reached at midnight of the 2nd. Every building available for love or money was occupied, and there the force remained until arrangements were completed for the advance to Rivière du Loup.

In actual warfare the plan adopted would, of course, have been liable to interruption, if not stoppage. "Every morning," writes Captain Duncan, "a column of one hundred and sixty men with their baggage left Woodstock in sleighs for Florenceville, about twenty-five miles. On their arrival at this place, it was the duty of the officer commanding to despatch two telegrams, one to the station immediately behind—in this case Woodstock—and the other to St. John, for the information of the General, reporting their arrival or otherwise, and the state of the roads. The same messages were despatched from every station by every column, so that there could be no confusion by the accumulation of troops at stations where there was not adequate accommodation. In the long stages between Little Falls and Rivière du Loup, there was a mid-day halting-place, where refreshments could be had for payment at a moderate rate. The accommodation for the men was much the same at every station after Woodstock. It was always a large building, containing a huge stove, and with the floor covered a foot deep with spruce boughs, forming a soft and fragrant bed for the troops." Half the officers took the lead on the road; the baggage sleighs with their guard followed; then came the body of the

troops and the remaining half of the officers brought up the rear. The chief trouble arose in that part of the route nearest to the frontier from the attempts of agents from over the line to decoy the soldiers, by offers of big bounties, from their allegiance. At Grand Falls the officers did sentry duty in the hope of capturing one of the agents, but Captain Duncan won ridicule by arresting one of the drivers. He pays a cordial tribute to the loyalty of the French-Canadian villages along the route. The journey had (save for some experience of immobility through stress of weather and consequent starvation at the outset) been so thoroughly enjoyed that it was with some regret the sleighs were exchanged for cars at Rivière du Loup. From Point Levis the crossing was made in canoes to Quebec where a right hearty welcome awaited the soldiers. The *matériel* of the Armstrong field batteries was transported on light Canadian sleds—the sleighs especially manufactured at Woolwich having been discarded as too heavy for the roads and therefore useless.

#### THE INTERCOLONIAL.

Little more than a year before that overland march the Prince of Wales had closed his New-World tour at Portland and had bidden adieu to his enthusiastic hosts amid hearty cheers and the strains of "God Save the Queen." Last month the MAGAZINE recalled that visit of the Heir Apparent to Canada, which has assumed fresh interest since His Majesty's accession to the throne. To Montreal, especially, it gave a memorable date, for the opening of the Victoria Bridge was the special function for which H.R.H. had crossed the Atlantic. Those who were old enough in 1860 to be able to take note of what went on will remember the enthusiastic outburst of loyalty that greeted the young Prince wherever he appeared. As a test of a sentiment which, amid much fluctuation of public opinion, has remained strong and unchanging, the visit was not untimely. From the United States point

of view, it was just in time: a little later would have been too late. For the feeling of sectional antagonism, which was hushed during the Prince's visit to Washington, found such menacing expression after his departure that the issue was no longer doubtful. And wisely or unwisely Englishmen and Canadians took sides in the quarrel and, in many cases, offended the destined victors. It was no longer safe to depend on the Portland route. Things had greatly changed since the Boston Jubilee. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the delegates from Toronto, Montreal or Hamilton who enjoyed in 1851 the hospitality of Boston were as much strangers to their fellow-subjects of the Maritime Provinces as to those who flourished beneath the folds of the Stars and Stripes. As early as 1832 the advisability of overcoming the long break of interprovincial continuity by a line of railway had occurred to men of foresight. Messrs. Smith and Hatheway, on the part of New Brunswick, and Major Yule, R.E., on the part of Quebec, had explored the region as long ago as 1836 with a view to the construction of a line of railway from Quebec to St. Andrews, on the Bay of Fundy. But the troublesome boundary question, which was not finally settled until 1842, interfered with the plans of the provincial authorities. Six years later Major Robinson, R.E., recommended a route from Halifax to Levis over the Cobequid mountains, by the Gulf shore, the Bay Chaleurs, up the Metapedia Valley to the St. Lawrence and along that river by Rivière du Loup to the terminus opposite Quebec. This line was to be 635 miles long and to cost about \$25,000,000. The "Trent affair" towards the end of 1861, necessitating the rapid despatch of troops into the heart of Canada, made it obvious that to delay any longer the construction of a line of railway from Halifax to Quebec was to invite disaster. In 1863, at the united call of the Imperial, Canadian, Nova Scotian and New Brunswick authorities, Mr. (now Sir) Sandford Fleming, C.E.,

took charge of the surveys of the Intercolonial and in 1865 a report was prepared setting forth the various projects hitherto proposed and classing and comparing them. There were in all some fifteen lines or combinations of lines which were grouped under the three heads of Frontier, Central and Bay Chaleurs. Preference was given to the last mentioned plan. The report opportunely synchronized with the passage of the Confederation Resolutions in the Canadian Legislature. On the 1st of July, 1867, the British North America Act, which we regard as the Constitution of the Dominion, went into force and, in accordance with its provisions, the chief engineer of the Intercolonial was instructed to proceed with the surveys for the final location of the line. In 1876 the line was completed from Halifax to Riviere du Loup, a length of 559½ miles.

#### BUILDING THE C.P.R.

Meanwhile, by successive stages, trans-Superior British America had been brought within the domain of the Confederation. Mr. Christie's forecast was about to be fulfilled. Ten years after he wrote the long sentence already quoted a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company. In ten years more the British North America Act had opened the door to all provinces and territories that preferred union to isolation and settled government to a state of wilderness. The story of the transfer of the North-west is associated with conflict. But the condition on which British Columbia became part of the Dominion put, when carried out, a term to unrest. Fourteen years after the admission of the Pacific Province, the Hon. Donald Smith (now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal) drove the last spike of the great trans-continental line at Craigellachie, in Eagle Pass, 340 miles from the Pacific. On the 6th of November, 1885, Lord Lansdowne, then Governor-General, communicated to Sir John Macdonald Her Majesty's congratulations to the people of Canada

on the completion of the great undertaking. The message was forwarded to the Hon. Donald A. Smith, who replied that the last rail had been laid, and that the through train from Montreal was expected to reach Port Moody at ten o'clock on the following morning, Sunday, November 8. The consummation thus attained meant much more than the completion of a railway enterprise. It was the realization of an idea as well as the fulfilment of an ideal.

#### CANADA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

The building of those great lines that joined Central Canada to the Atlantic on the one hand and to the Pacific on the other, also linked Canada with India and Australia and brought the whole Imperial system nearer to its centre. It was the expression of a centripetal as opposed to a centrifugal tendency which had for a time found encouragement at headquarters. Economic policy at variance with colonial aspirations, a Downing-street tone now dictatorial, now indifferent, now insulting, had aroused wrath in loyal breasts. To-day we can hardly call up the reality of the estrangement that was once nearing a disastrous goal. Of all the means for contrasting the relations between the British North America of half a century ago and the British Government with the relations between the Imperial authorities and the Dominion of Canada to-day, I know of none more patriotic and loyal and at the same time so clear, so fearless, so rational as a lecture delivered by Judge Haliburton in Glasgow in the spring of 1857. It is the most characteristic of all the utterances of that remarkable man. "I come to warn you," said the veteran patriot, "in sorrow and not in anger, seriously but amicably, that if there be not a change in the colonial policy of this Empire, the distant extremities will fall off from the body politic, from their own unwieldy bulk and ponderosity." Then, after referring to Franklin's warnings in the years that preceded the Revolution, he said: "His advice was unheeded and

his prophecy was fulfilled. I do not pretend to compare myself with him; I have neither his talents nor his knowledge. But I know as much of the feelings of my countrymen as he did; and, without any disparagement to him, I am infinitely more attached to this country than ever he was. For all my predilections are monarchical and not republican. In like manner I now warn you that there are other subjects more important than the bombardment of Canton, the fall of Herat, or the establishment of the Danubian boundary; and first and foremost among them is the retention of British America." And what did Judge Haliburton understand by British America? "Canada," he explains, using the figure prolepsis or anticipation, "is a country so vast that it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of its size; so fertile that nothing short of official returns will exonerate a description of it from the charge of exaggeration; so prosperous as not merely to rival, but surpass all other countries on the face of the earth; so healthy in climate, so beautiful in scenery, so abundantly supplied with magnificent lakes and rivers; so full of commercial resources, and so rich in minerals that I am overpowered with the magnitude of the task I have imposed upon myself in attempting to convey even a faint idea of it. . . . Well, indeed, might Count Joubert exclaim, with bitter regret, whilst surveying the magnificent display of agricultural and mineral products of Canada, which obtained the Grand Medal of Honour at the Paris Exhibition, 'Now can we form an estimate of these few acres of snow ceded to England by the culpable neglect of the Government of Louis XV.'"

In describing the treatment to which the people of this magnificent territory had been subjected at the hands of certain statesmen and officials, Judge Haliburton uses language which at the present day may seem somewhat startling. "We say," protested our champion in one of his mildest sentences, "that we are consigned to the control of an office in Downing-street in which

there is scarcely a man who ever saw a colony, and who has, however clever he may be, and however well disposed (and we make no personal remarks—they are all honourable men), yet who has no practical knowledge of us."

As an example of supercilious disregard of Canadian aspirations followed by unjust reflections on Canadian patriotism, Judge Haliburton mentions the fate of Canada's offer of military help on the outbreak of the Crimean War. He takes up the supposed reproaches of those Englishmen who, not knowing the true inwardness of the matter, have naturally wondered why Canadians should content themselves with bonfires for victories which they did nothing to win. "It is," he admits, "a reasonable and a rational question to ask and here is an answer to it. An offer was made to raise two regiments in Canada and conduct them to the Crimea, to be commanded by colonial officers, but to be, like others, under the command of the General-in-Chief, whoever he might be. The offer was returned from London unanswered; it had been addressed to the wrong office! I will not repeat the indignant comment made on this contemptuous and contemptible conduct. The offer was not repeated and its reception is not forgotten."

Judge Haliburton did not speak or write in vain. In the very next year (1858) the 100th Regiment was raised in Canada. Since then the drift of opinion has been, in the main, towards a better understanding between Great Britain and Canada. The story of our Confederation has been often told. It was the alternative to probable absorption by the United States. That is a solution of what a great writer calls the Canadian Question which has been more or less calmly contemplated by Canadians not essentially wicked. The best historical argument for it is that of Dr. Goldwin Smith, whose precedent is the union of England and Scotland. Dr. Smith has always been a keenly critical observer of the events of his time, and it would be strange if his book did not contain a good deal of

pertinent truth. But his central mistake was that he ignored or underrated the fact that there is a distinctly Canadian patriotism, especially among the descendants of U. E. Loyalists, who prize their birthright as much as the Englishman prizes his. His friendliness towards the "Canada First" movement and his tribute to the founder of it cannot be easily reconciled with a view of Canada's destiny so repugnant to the feelings of Foster and his colleagues. Dr. Smith's essay on "The Empire" is equally opposed to the prevalent aspirations of England to-day. It contains some glaringly unfulfilled prophecies, such as that regarding the revival of Spain's power. Some of his forebodings, on the other hand, seem to be on the way towards realization. So far as his books tend to temper the arrogance of a thoughtless and defiant Jingoism they are never untimely, and it ought not to be forgotten that our U.E.L.'s have no more effective champion than Dr. Smith in his "History of the United States." He may be regarded, in his capacity of American professor of history, as one of the founders of the new and fairer school of which Professor Coit Tyler is the central voice.

#### CANADA FIRST PARTY.

In the record of changing sentiment in Canada, Dr. Goldwin Smith stands foremost in the protest against the country's vast field of interests being made the mere arena of parties and placemen. This doubtless was the principal bond of sympathy between Dr. Smith and the late W. A. Foster, Q.C.

Although the movement with which the latter's name was and is honourably associated, did not start at the exact middle point of the period under review, it may serve very well as a line of bisection. Its object was to unite in spirit, aim and effort the several populations which had been brought into federal union by the British North America Act. The pamphlet or booklet which gave the movement its name was published in 1871. "Canada First, or, Our New Nationality" was

an appeal to the sentiment of unity and an endeavour to minimise causes of difference. The history of the country was treated as a continuous whole, the brave struggle of the French in Canada and Acadie and the bold resistance of French and British to their assailants being regarded as successive stages in the life of the same people. Whatever was worthiest in the record of the Old Regime and of the New was recalled to inspire the heart of the living representatives of both with pride in their common destiny. The deportation of the Acadians was denounced as cruel and the abandonment of the colony by Louis XV. as base. Canada's roll of honour was composed of the names of those who had thought and toiled and fought for Canada. Confederation had done away with invidious barriers. Canadians had a great and splendid heritage and they must develop it and with it their own self-respect. They must have confidence in the future of the country that they loved. "Let each of us," the author concluded, "have faith in the rest and cultivate a broad feeling of regard for mutual welfare, as being those who are building up a fabric that is destined to endure. Thus stimulated and thus strengthened by a common belief in a glorious future and with a common watchword to give unity to thought and power to endeavour, we shall attain the fruition of our cherished hopes, and give our beloved country a proud position among the nations of the earth." It was not until 1874 that the Canadian National Association, which had "Canada First" for its motto, was formed. In the same year it issued an address to the people of Canada. This address, signed by Messrs. W. H. Howland (chairman *pro tem.*) and W. G. McWilliams (secretary *pro tem.*), set forth the objects of the Association. It stood for neither Gritism nor Toryism. Its aim was to awaken those ennobling sentiments which had their source in home and country; to infuse into all Canadians the spirit of unity, vigour, self-reliance and self-respect.



In 1875 (which bisects our retrospect) the Canada First movement, scorned and denounced by both parties, but most by those who should have dealt kindly with it, began to wane. But it had an influence for good. Its aims, if somewhat vague, had a note of chivalry and high purpose derived from Foster himself, which is still working its way in a larger field of action.

#### THE EMPIRE FIRST.

The history of Canadian sentiment between 1875 and 1890 does not always evince on the part of our public men Foster's high note, a note that may be said to be higher than the name of the movement. To-day we hear of a larger patriotism, and as, after knocking for more than thirty years at the door of the United States for admission on equitable terms for our wares and knocking in vain, we have finally decided to cast in our lot with the Empire, our only rational course was to adapt our feelings to our new duties. By that dread agent, the "irony of fate," it was allowed to the eloquent leader of the "continental" policy to make the right-about-face by his preferential tariff. The sinuous lane had found its turning at last, and "Empire First" was adopted by acclamation as the symbolon of Canada.\*

That Imperialism is the prevailing note in the Mother Land and the great daughter lands oversea is an assertion that no one will contradict. From what germs and by what processes grew the Imperial Idea, as now understood in Britain and Canada it would take long to show in detail, but that Canada has had a considerable share in tending its early growth and giving it direction as it rose to view it is almost needless to insist. It may be added that Mr. Edward Jenkins, who wrote the memorable article on Imper-

\*For the course of economic thought among the leaders of opinion in Canada during the last ten years, and for the corresponding development in the Old Land, see Prof. John Davidson's "Commercial Federation and Colonial Policy."

ial Federation which was published in *The Contemporary Review* in 1870, was the son of a Montreal Presbyterian clergyman, a High School boy and McGill man. "The New Empire," by Mr. O. A. Howland, Barrister-at-Law, and the writings of Dr. G. R. Parkin, C.M.G., are of special importance as marking stages in the development of Imperial sentiment.

#### ELEMENTS IN OUR PROGRESS.

What Jules Verne calls *la découverte de la terre*—the gradual discovery and mastery of our share of the great globe—has not ceased since the North-west was added to Canada.\* The work of the Geological Survey, of the Department of the Interior, of the Post Office (which dates from 1851), with the services of the H. B. Company and special explorations, arctic and sub-arctic included, and the researches of independent traders and sportsmen, has penetrated to every corner of British North America. The improvement of our great waterways has gone on abreast with the opening up of new roads and the making of railway tracks. In ocean navigation, which had just taken its first great start when the celebration of 1856 took place, we have not kept greatly in the rear. In that year 9 days and 23 hours was the time of the quickest passage from Quebec to Liverpool. We have long got beyond that, but are not yet satisfied.

One of the most creditable chapters in our fifty years' record is that of education. Especially to be praised are the efforts made to prepare teachers of young children. Formerly one would be laughed at if he maintained that any special gift or training was needed for conducting an elementary school. Now we know that it is the budding mind and undeveloped body of the child which require the wisest, tenderest and most skilful care. We were half through the half century before the fact began to be recognized

\* See "Canada and Newfoundland," in Stanford's Series, by S. E. Dawson, Litt.D.

amongst us. Normal schools were organized during the first decade—to teach how to teach. Indeed the middle of the century was a sort of educational renaissance period for Canada, in spite of some angry words. And for years there was peace. Can we forget that Pope Pius the Ninth gave his apostolic blessing to the Rev. Dr. Ryerson? The latest realization of new lines of thought is the introduction of the Sloyd or true sleight-of-hand system under the generous auspices of Sir W. C. Macdonald. In higher education, literary, scientific, professional, we stand very far in advance of where our predecessors stood in 1851. In fact, Canada has shared in the general onward movement of civilization.

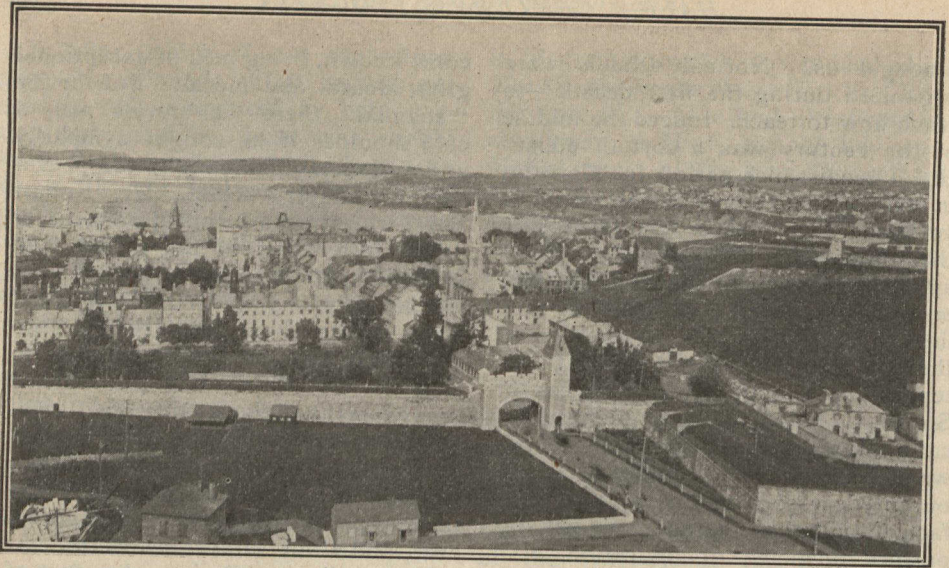
The improvement in means of communication has broadened the outlook of our people by bringing dwellers in the remoter districts into intercourse with those who have superior opportunities. Socialistic legislation has produced good results. Farm labourers are lectured to on all subjects connected with a farm, and they include about half the circle of the sciences. The city workman is environed with advantages. That the new generation of Canadians in country as in town shows the results of such care for the workingman's interests and happiness it would be folly to deny. Hygiene is no longer a mystery to be dispensed charily to the "masses." We have had some terrible lessons from epidemics, cholera, influenza, typhoid and small-pox during the half century. They have not been unfruitful; yet we have just found out that we left something sadly undone and are taking measures to guard against fresh sacrifice of life through the deadliest of plagues.

In literary production and journalism the period under review has shown a remarkable advance. The position of the young writer to-day is greatly better than was that of the literary aspirant fifty or even twenty-five years ago. Men like Haliburton, in literature, or Dawson in science, might be-

come known, being men of exceptional gifts, mental and moral. But for the "colonial" there was *prima facie* a cold shoulder if he sought sympathy and *à fortiori* if he sought compensation for literary work. Mr. Robert Barr, who started on his literary career in the latter half of the period, had some complaints to make on this subject not very long ago in this Magazine. Even to-day there are very few who attempt to live by literature alone in Canada, notwithstanding the marked improvement in the quality of original writings—especially in fiction and poetry—and the great increase in the number of educated readers. The turning point has been reached, however, and a fair future lies before us.

The reading public in every part of the Dominion to-day is as far ahead of the reading public of 1851 as the commercial and industrial classes are superior to their predecessors. All the averages have improved. Old-fashioned people may find drawbacks. The time is gone when a lawyer could be rebuked in court for wearing a beard and when a moustache was an offence to society unless the wearer was a dragoon. Ladies are encouraged to earn their livings in ways that would have shocked their grandparents. But charity of the warmer type has not decreased and more time and energy as well as money are given in the cause of suffering humanity than ever before. This is, however, only repeating what has been said already, that Canada has not lagged appreciably behind the rest of the civilized world. In a few cases where it may seem backward, it may be more blessed than its successful rivals. A great Imperialist had a favorite motto which sums up a whole philosophy of practical life, serviceable both to nations and individuals. It was this: *Festina lente*. There we have the stimulus of duty, hope, innate energy; the check of prudence, vigilance and again duty.

THE END.



QUEBEC FROM THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING, SHOWING THE OLD WALL AND ONE OF THE RECONSTRUCTED GATES IN THE FOREGROUND—THE CITADEL TO THE RIGHT—THE TOWN OF LEVIS ACROSS THE RIVER—AND THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS IN THE DISTANCE

## THE ATTRACTIONS OF QUEBEC.

*By Byron Nicholson.*

SPEAKING of England, the accomplished author of that admirable book for boys, *Tom Brown's School Days*, says, "I only know two neighbourhoods thoroughly; and in each, within reach of five miles, there is enough of interest and beauty to last any reasonable man his life." The latter of these two propositions is emphatically true of Quebec; and this for either of two reasons, namely, its historical associations and the magnificence of its surrounding scenery. Hence in a sketch like this it will be impossible to do more than glance at a few of the more prominent features which strike the tourist with admiration and inspire him with emotions of pleasure.

The first thing to do on reaching the ancient capital of this ancient Province is to secure one of the numerous one-horse cabs, or better yet, a carriage. The Quebec cabby or "carter," as he is styled there, is in many ways a very good specimen of his race, being re-

spectful, polite and attentive. He will take his fare to all those noted places which are, he knows, of interest to visitors in general, but in doing so he will pass in silence by many a quiet spot which, for one reason or another, is well worthy of notice. Thus, he will drive you to the Falls of Montmorenci, but will never think of shewing you what are called the Natural Steps, those terraces formed during the course of ages by the resistless stream as it cut its way through the rocks, as if determined in its mad career to hurl itself over the awful precipice in order to be united with the St. Lawrence, so that both together might find a home in the ocean. And yet for even the ordinary visitor the place possesses a singular charm, and is of absorbing interest to the amateur geologist. Again he will drive you along St. Louis street, but, unless you happen to enquire about it, he will probably omit to point out to you the site of the house where Montgomery was carried,

after he had fallen when attempting to take the city, or the place where stood that other house, of greater interest still, which witnessed the death of the brave Montcalm. Cabby is almost certain to show you the fine post office building, but may forget to direct your attention to the *Chien d'or*, which adorns its eastern façade, and perhaps will be unable to explain to you why it is virtually a memorial to him who may be called the Hampden of Quebec. Should he take you to be a Protestant—and he generally makes a pretty shrewd guess on such matters—he is

memorial Quebec possesses of the death of that ill-starred Irish soldier and American Revolutionist, General Montgomery.

However, as this article is not meant particularly for the benefit of those to whom Quebec is more or less known, but for the sake of others, it is desirable to attempt such an account of the city or its neighbourhood as may be interesting to people in general, and show them that though they might spend a summer holiday where the goddess of fashion is more wantonly worshipped by her votaries—and where



PHOTO BY LIVERNOIS

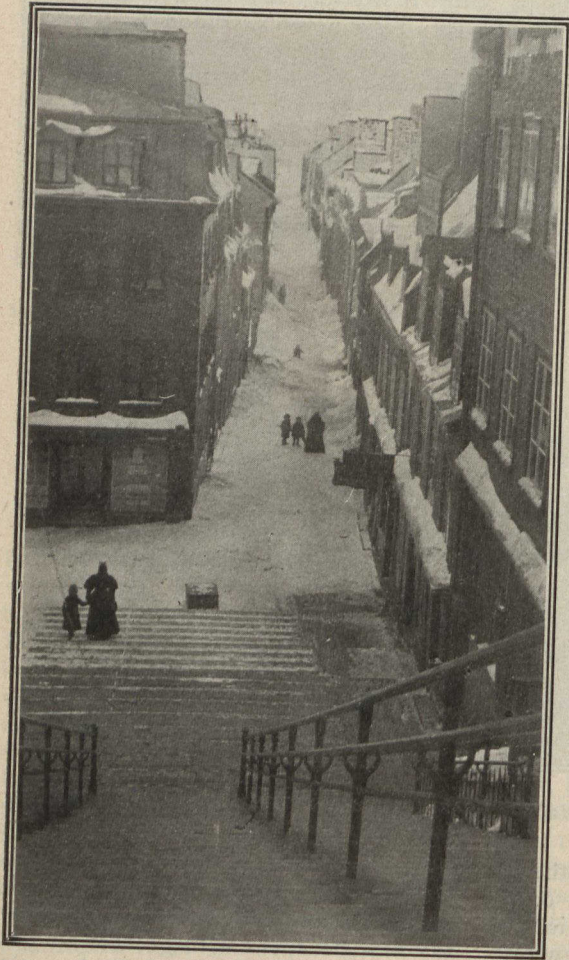
QUEBEC—GRAND ALLEE AND THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDING

sure to point out to you St. Matthews' Church; but, poor fellow, how could he be expected to know that in the church-yard, perhaps within a few feet of where you are standing, there is a memorial of the brother of the author of *Waverley*. Quite likely he will also drive you out along Champlain street to shew you the change made in the appearance of the precipice by the fatal land-slide in 1889; but if you are at all interested in the abortive attack made on the city by the Americans in 1775, make him take you down under the cliff so that you may see the only

also their expenses would be much greater—they will hardly find a locality on the continent where such a holiday may be spent with greater advantage to both mind and body. Of course, one may spend his vacation almost anywhere in reckless dissipation; but the man who spends it rationally in Quebec or its neighbourhood will return to his work with all his powers wonderfully refreshed and recuperated.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to the ancient capitol, especially if he comes there by way of the St. Law,

rence from the sea, is its commanding situation; the next, the strength of its fortifications. As he passes from bastion to bastion, and looks down upon the river, so far below, where the British ships lay at anchor in the summer of 1759, he cannot but be amazed at the military genius of the man who



QUEBEC—LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET IN WINTER DRESS

succeeded in taking such a seemingly impregnable fortress; and that, too, in spite of an army as brave as his own and commanded by a general no less gallant than himself. Perchance he gives a sigh to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm; and when he sees the monument, one monument, which com-

memorates both of the great men, he thinks nothing could be more appropriate than the inscription there engraved: "*Virtus mortem communem; famam Historia; posteritas monumentum dedit.*"

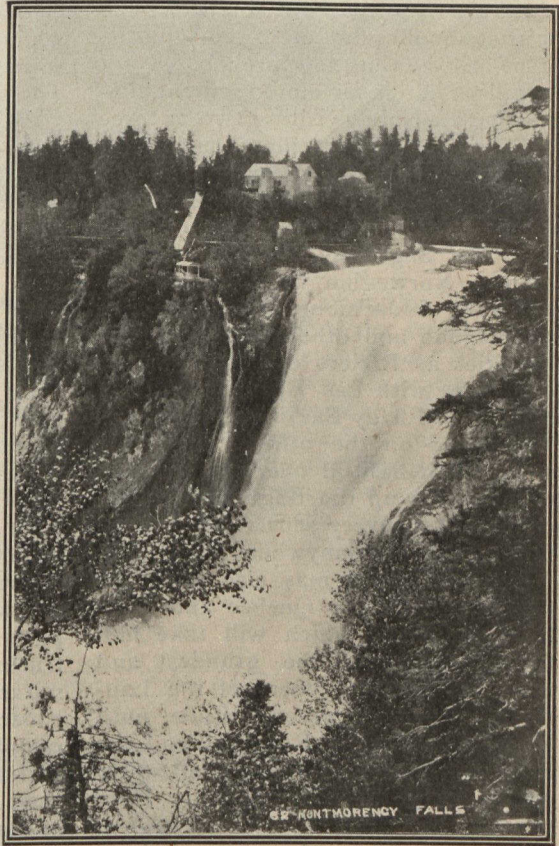
To the present generation Quebec remains a monument, a somewhat pathetic monument, of the days of the old *regimé*. No one endowed with any sensibility to the tragedy of human life, who realizes that suffering must attend every step upward to a higher level than before, who knows that sacrifice is an essential condition of progress, but must feel a sort of sadness as he gazes upon the few remaining memorials of the past life of the old city. Here and there he finds himself in streets, narrow and irregular, that must have been laid out before Scottish Kelt and Anglo-Saxon had exhibited prowess on the Plains of Abraham. On this side or that he sees houses of such strange construction, and high roofs, and queer-looking windows, as altogether of an appearance so quaint, that he involuntarily exclaims, "Ah! these indeed must have been built not long after Champlain began to found the city." As he looks down from the Terrace, or The Battery, or other point of vantage, upon the broad expanse of the majestic stream below, his thoughts go back to the days of the intrepid Cartier. Still, however, notwithstanding British rule, Quebec affords striking evidences, touching evidences, that Cartier's countrymen were its first settlers and its original rulers.

Since those old days many a change has taken place; and, as a rule, each change has been an improvement upon what had been before. Thus, the modern English architecture, and even the modern French architecture, as seen in numerous fine private residences, present, both in external ap-

pearance and internal arrangements, a remarkable contrast to the old dwellings that are still to be seen; whilst many of the civic buildings of past days have been replaced by structures which would do a credit to a city of ten times the population. The Court House, the City Hall, and the Legislative Buildings—the latter two fine examples of modern French—would be ornaments to more than one European capital. As to churches, every one knows that Quebec possesses some of the finest on the continent, and indeed the same thing may be said of almost every French-Canadian town of any importance. Perhaps the most spacious and beautiful of the Catholic churches in the city are the majestic Basilica and the beautiful St. John's; whilst the most imposing and commodious of the Protestant churches are the stately Anglican Cathedral and the ornate St. Matthew's. If one wants to hear an eloquent English sermon in a Catholic place of worship, he should go to St. Patrick's.

No finer promenade can be found in the whole of Canada than one to the west of the delightful Governor's Gardens, Dufferin Terrace, and the still higher terrace facing the highest level of the Citadel, looking seaward, from which the scene that presents itself to view possesses characteristics—here a beauty, there a sublimity—which are, perhaps, unrivalled, as they are certainly unsurpassed, by any other landscape on the continent. Across the river lies the odd-looking, old-fashioned town of Point Levis, with its precipitous streets and fine fortifications, but having many a charming view in the background. A little to the east, and in the embrace of the arms of the parted river, is the beautifully green Island of Orleans, a favourite resort for those who during the summer days

seek a calm and pleasant retreat from the city's heat, and glare, and dust, and hurry, and weariness. With its shady groves and purling brooks, its gentle undulations, and the songs of birds in the trees, and the musical murmur of waters, as they gently lave its beautiful shores—indented with many a sweet little cove—Orleans is a delightful spot. Nearer still we see the



QUEBEC—THE FAMOUS MONTMORENCY FALLS

River St. Charles flowing calmly on its sinuous course through a vale of wondrous fertility and beauty; here and there we catch a glimpse of a quiet village and see the tin-covered spire of its modest church shining in the light of the summer sun; or perchance we see the pretty little dwellings of the Canadian farmer peeping out from beneath the wide-spreading branches of

the leafy maple. Surely this is nothing less than a fairy land of beauty ; and here an artist might form his paradise. In the distance the Laurentian Mountains tower towards the sky, clear and distinct as the noon-day sun ; though when they hide themselves in mist and gloom they impress the beholder with those feelings of mystery or solemnity which are produced by the sublime.

Within easy distance of the city there are many places of note which the tourist should not fail to see—that is, if he has the time to spare ; but if not it will be better for him to content himself with leisurely visiting two or three of them rather than rushing over a greater number. He ought, however, to take a trip to the Saguenay River if possible ; for it is said that when one has seen the Saguenay, he has virtually seen a Norwegian fjord. Going by water he finds along the route such picturesque and otherwise interesting localities as Riviere du Loup on the one side, with Les Eboulement, Bay St. Paul, Murray Bay, Cap l'Aigle and Tadoussac on the other. The river route is a delightful one, and the continuous trip up the Saguenay to Chicoutimi is in every sense unsurpassed for scenic beauty anywhere in America.

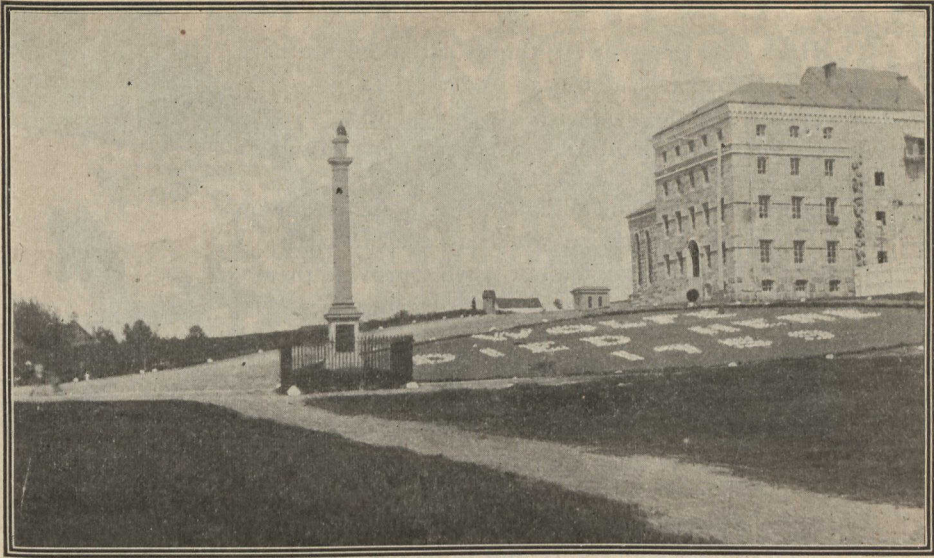
But the tourist may also reach his destination by the Quebec and Lake St. John R.R., which will take him through some of the grandest and most impressive scenery of the Laurentian range at great altitude, until he reaches romantic Roberval, on Lake St. John, a splendid sheet of water about forty miles in extent. Here the deep and rapid river has its source, and emerging thence, here it gently flows between verdant banks, there it rushes between precipitous rocks, some two thousand feet in perpendicular height—tossing and foaming, until at last it mingles its dark waters with those of the more placid and pellucid St. Lawrence. The river does not actually take its rise in Lake St. John, but passes through it, its source being about three hundred miles further back in Lake Misconaskame, and from thence to Lake St. John it is known as the

Ashuapmouchouan, or, to use the shorter form, Choumochan. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery along its course from Ha-ha Bay, a distance of some seventy miles.

But if this magnificent trip be out of the question, a choice may be made from several other places—quieter, indeed, but none the less attractive, and reached more readily. For example, there is Jeune Lorette, a little village having a beautiful cascade nearby, whilst not far off is a capital reservoir which supplies the city with water. The village is inhabited by, not indeed “the last of the Mohicans,” but by almost the last of the Hurons. By the way, before the visitor leaves, he may as well have a look at a small herd of buffaloes, to be seen in the immediate neighborhood. They belong to Messrs. Holt, Renfrew & Co., the furriers. Like the North American Indian, the North American buffalo seems also to be fast disappearing.

Of course, no one would think of granting even so short a time as a couple of days at Quebec without visiting the world-renowned shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauprè, a shrine which has such a reputation as being the scene of wonderful works of healing, that it has drawn, and continues to draw, millions of devout pilgrims and others from all parts of the continent. Is there any truth in the accounts given of these miracles? Well, when one sees the collections of crutches left here by cripples who, when they came to the shrine, were unable to walk without their aid, and when one listens to the statements of those whose testimony seems to be of the most unimpeachable character, what can one say? To be sure, the sceptic will turn away with scorn, and say that such works are absolutely impossible, that they are contrary to the laws of nature, and that no miracle has ever been performed at the shrine of Ste. Anne or anywhere else. But may there not be “more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of even in the philosophy” of the sceptic?

*En route to Ste. Anne de Beauprè*



QUEBEC—MONUMENT TO WOLFE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM—GENERAL HOSPITAL

we get the finest view to be obtained of the graceful Falls of Montmorenci. The milk-white colour of the waters glistens in the sunlight, and we are not surprised to hear that the Indians, after their usual manner, called the place "The Cow," not a poetic name, perhaps, but certainly expressive. Though some two hundred and fifty feet in height, or about one hundred feet higher than Niagara, the Falls

of Montmorenci, owing to the comparative smallness of the stream, cannot be said to be sublime. The stupendous volume of water which is ever rolling over Niagara's heights, and tossing, foaming and seething in the river below, fills the mind with awe, almost with dread; the sunny stream which falls over the heights of Montmorenci, affords us pleasure and delight.

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## AT EASTERTIDE.

THE EARTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

YE cannot take from out my heart the growing,  
 The green sweet growing, and the vivid thrill;  
 "O earth, ye should be old," ye cry, "not glowing  
 With youthful vigour, and with beauty still!"

Old! and the new life stirring in my bosom,  
 Old! and my children drawing strength from me;  
 Old! in my womb the tender bud and blossom,  
 Old! steeped in richness and fertility.



Hark how the growing things call to each other,  
In whispers I alone can understand,  
"How she doth nourish us, this wondrous mother,  
Who is so beautiful, and strong, and grand!"

Mark how the wild things of the forest hide them  
In gray still coverts which no eye can trace,  
Think ye they love me not when I provide them  
Shelter, and soothing, and a resting place?

And then my other children—could ye listen  
To secrets told me in the stillness deep  
Of noon-day, or when night dews fall and glisten—  
Ah could ye hear my mortals laugh and weep!

Some whisper low to me of love and passion,  
Of gladness all too strong to be pent in—  
The sweet old tale which doth not change its fashion  
And, brokenly, some tell of wrong and sin.

Others so full of sorrow they must share it,  
Hide stricken faces on my soft brown breast,  
Sobbing, "Dear mother Earth, we cannot bear it,  
The loneliness, the anguish, the unrest!"

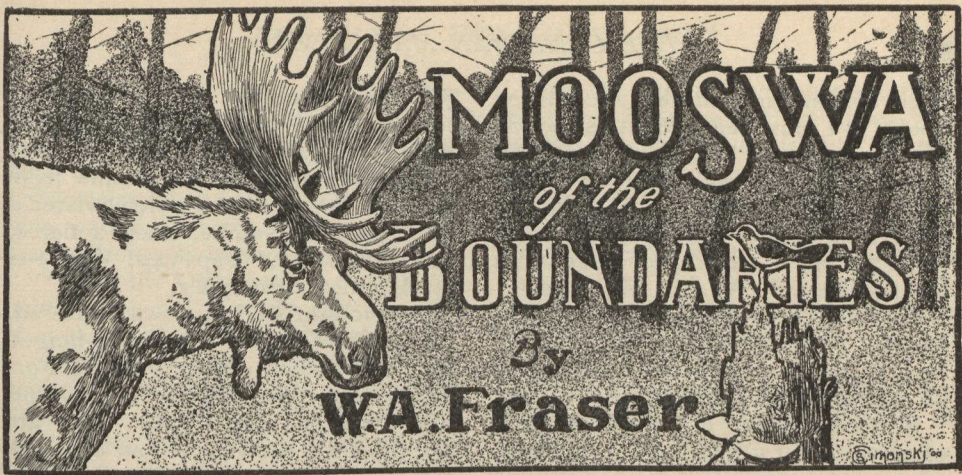
The old, old cry of bitterness and sorrow—  
It rings to-day, as it rang yesterday;  
Ay, and will ring in every new to-morrow  
That ye may hold for us, O Century!

To passion-torn, to penitent, and lover,  
I answer make with bud and quick'ning sap,  
"Peace, peace," I say, "when life's brief day is over,  
Ye shall sleep soundly in your mother's lap."

Past centuries have not trodden out my greenness  
With all their marches, and I have no fears  
That ye will bring me barrenness or leanness.  
March on! what to me are thy hundred years!

March on, O Century, I am safe holden  
In God's right hand—the garner-house of truth—  
The hand that holds the treasure rich and golden,  
Of life, and sweetness, and eternal youth.

*Jean Blewett.*



## CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRAILING OF MOOSWA.

RESUME.—The furred dwellers of the northern forests are introduced choosing anew the Black Fox as their King. They then renew the oath of The Boundaries, that each will help the other, and that the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all. François, a trapper, and Rod, the son of a former Hudson's Bay Company factor, have built a shack in The Boundaries and set traps in the neighbourhood. The animals conspire against them and spring their traps. Mooswa, the Moose, when a calf was a pet at the Factory and knew and loved the boy Rod; consequently, he makes all the animals promise to do him no harm. Carcajou, the Wolverine, and Black Fox, the King, are trapped but succeed in getting away with the assistance of the other animals, although Black Fox loses a foot. Carcajou, in revenge, enters the shack one day while the men were out, unlatches the door, and lets in the other animals. Everything eatable in the shack is taken away or destroyed by these wise and mischievous beasts. As a consequence François decides to leave Rod alone for a week and go to The Landing for more flour, bacon, and traps. After François' departure the animals take council and decide to look after the Boy who has only a dozen whitefish and a little flour on which to live during François' absence. Pisew (the Cat) treacherously steals the whitefish during the Boy's temporary visit to the river to draw water. For this act Pisew is tried and condemned to death by the other animals. During a blizzard, the boy cut his foot with an axe and was rendered helpless. The animals dropped wood and fishes down the chimney, while Mooswa started off to attract to the hut two hunters, who lived down stream. It was a dangerous game, but Mooswa loved the boy.

MILE after mile Mooswa cut from the head-trail, with his easy-swinging rack, the strong crust of frozen snow giving his great limbs free play. The open bed of the river held just such a run as he liked; no tree branches to catch his huge horns, no fallen tree giving cover to a stalking Panther or strange Wolf pack; and, as if to make his trip perfect, he was running up a north wind. He was like a telegraph operator sitting at his clicking instrument with the wires telling him everything.

"A brother Moose crossed here, just a hundred yards ahead," the wind whispered one time. "Wh-f-f-f! it was a Bull, too," the scent-wind told his delicate nostrils. "Ugh-wh-e-e-e-

f-f! Sikak has crossed the trail here, and killed the strongest scent left by any other—disgusting little brute!" This message Mooswa took from the wind and repeated to himself. For a mile his nostrils were simply stricken dumb by the foul odour; his nose told him nothing of other affairs.

Then for a matter of ten miles there was nothing but the sweet breath of spruce as the wind filtered through a long point covered with it. "Line clear," the frosty air signalled, as Mooswa, taking a straight course for the merging of dark green and river white, raced eagerly.

At the Second Rapid, where the float-ice had grounded on rock-boulders in the autumn closing-time, the

river bosom humped like a corduroy road. "I must remember this spot on my coming back," Mooswa muttered, as he picked his way more slowly over the troubled ice-road. "Here I can make a big run if enemies are close," he added, as a stretch of many miles reached away, level as a mill pond.

"Wolves! the gray hunters! the murder brothers who go in packs!" he said, as his quick-feeling nose picked their presence from the north wind. "Not Rof's pack," he continued, sampling the scent a little finer—"strangers!" and he watched warily, cocking his ears forward for a warning whimper.

"Huh! they're busy!" for as he flashed over their cross-trail there arose the fainter odour of Caribou. "Safe journey, cousin," he muttered, "and confusion to the throat-cutters. It's the meat-eating, the blood-drinking," he philosophized, "that breeds enmity in the Boundaries. There are grasses and leaves and flowers enough for all, and no encroachment, if we'd only stick to it; but eating one's comrades is what makes the trouble."

Just before daylight Mooswa stopped, climbed up a sloping bank warily and ate a light breakfast; then he slipped back to the river-bed, huddled up in the lee of a clay-cut, and after resting for two hours pushed on again. Another ten miles, and he stopped like a flash, holding his head straight up wind, the coarse, strong-growing hairs over his withers vibrating with intensity.

"Sniff! Sniff! Dogs! Man! Rof said nothing of Dogs. This makes it more complicated. It is the scent of White Men, and the Dog-smell is not that of Huskies. These Whites sometimes bring the long-legged creatures that follow us like Wolves."

He worked cautiously down the river till his eyes caught sight of a blue smoke-feather floating lazily upward. Five or six short steps at a time, three or four yards he moved—then stopped and watched with eyes, ears, nose, and all his full sensibility. He knew the Man-trick of a flank movement—he must

get them out on the river behind him; besides, there was now the stronger, more certain odour of Dogs. He was perhaps a matter of half a mile from the little shack, above which twisted a spiral curl of smoke, when a fierce, strong-throated, "Yap! yap! Whe-e-e, yap!" cut the frosty air.

"I thought so," Mooswa muttered. "I know that breed—the fierce-fanged ones the Scotch Factor had at Fort Resolution—from his own boundaries across the sea they came. They are like the Men themselves—on, on, rush and hold! Deep-chested like Caribou; with long legs that carry them over the snow like those of my own family; gray-haired and strong-jawed like Blue Wolf; but weak in the feet—small-footed with hair between their toes which balls up in the snow and makes them go lame." Then Mooswa considered the task he had undertaken.

"If the Man slips the Dogs and the snow keeps hard and dry there will be more fighting than running," he said to himself, "for these brutes will come faster than I care to go. But there is a strong crust, strong enough to bear me, and if the sun warms the snow so that it will ball in the haired toes, then I'll have a chance in the run. The Man moves," he continued, whiffing at the air. "Two of them!" he muttered as their forms outlined against the morning sky. "Rof brought tidings of but one. Now for it! I'm coming, Boy!"

He turned and walked slowly back on his track, breaking into a shuffling trot farther on. In a few minutes the two men, snow-shoe clad, rifle in hand and cartridge-belted, reappeared circling through the woods on the bank. With one of them were four Scotch Stag-hounds in leash. Mooswa's eyes took in the situation as he trotted, carrying his head a little to one side. "The flank movement," he muttered, "and a stolen shot at the next bend—they'll not slip the Dogs while they have hope of a shot."

When the first river bank point hid him from their sight he raced. "They're running now," he thought, for he was

down wind from them and the telegraph was working. When the two hunters reached the belly of the next bend they saw a big Bull Moose quietly browsing at the point beyond. He was walking slowly, snipping at the tree branches as he moved.

"Keep the Dogs back," one hunter said; "we are sure to get a quiet shot at him, for he's on the feed."

Point after point, bend succeeding bend, Mooswa played this game; mile after mile they toiled, the tantalizing expectation of a stolen shot leading them an amazing distance on the Moose trail.

"It's the Stag-hounds that keep him moving," remarked the man who had spoken before; "he's down wind, and gets them in his big fat nose—if I could rustle a shot into his carcase, I'd slip them quick enough then; but if we let them go now it will be a play of twenty to thirty miles before we get another sight of him. I'm not struck on following a Bull Moose under full trot with a pack of Dogs behind him."

"We'll get a shot on the quiet soon," remarked his comrade. "He is a bit on edge just now, but will settle down after he has seen us a few times." They had given up travelling in the bush, and were following straight on the hoof-marks in the river bed.

"Hello!" sang out one, pointing to a depression in the snow, "he's been lying down resting here—he's getting fagged. Somebody else must have been running him before we struck his trail—he's nearly beat."

As they crossed the Wolf trail Mooswa had found on his way down, the Trapper in the lead said, significantly: "It's the gray hunters have done the Bull up; they've been after him, and he's dead beat."

The big Stag-hounds sniffed the Wolf-trail, dropped their long, bony tails a few degrees of angle, raised their heads and bayed a howling note of defiance. "Shut up, Bruce!" exclaimed one of the men, pulling at the rawhide leash; "you'll be better up against a Moose than tackling that gang."

Now the mark in the snow had been made by Mooswa just to draw the hunters on; he wasn't tired, for the hard crust held him up and he could have kept that gait for two days. They had travelled probably thirty miles when the leader said: "Better slip the Dogs, Mac; this Moose is putting up a game on us; he's as cunning as an old Fox, and we'll lose him to-night, I'm afraid."

When the straps were unbuckled the Scotch hounds broke into a chorus of delight: "Yi, yi, yi, yi! yap, yap! yi, yi! Bah-h-h! Bah-h-h!" Then they stretched their long limbs and raced on the Bull Moose's trail. That showed a strain of Collie blood in their veins, for if they had been pure bred they would have run silently and by sight only.

"Pleasant greeting, that," muttered Mooswa, as his flanks lengthened out in a terrific pacing gait.

"We're coming—we're coming! yi, yi!" sang the Stag-hounds, their heads low to the snow, their lean flanks stretching out until they seemed like something shot from a catapult. But swift as they were, Mooswa was swifter. They were running at high pressure, straining every nerve, using every ounce of speed that was in their wire-haired bodies; the Bull was running with a little in hand—something in reserve. "They will upset everything," he thought. "Those blood-thirsters will chase me on past the shack, and the Men may never see it."

At the Second Rapid, with its tortuous ice-humps, the Bull lost a little ground—he had to go more slowly. The Dogs, quicker of foot, and able to turn more sharply, gained on him. Each time they caught sight of their intended prey they gave savage yelps of eager exultation and ran with their heads high—ran by the eye.

"Sing, gaunt brothers!" said Mooswa. "On the level you'll have to run with your bellies closer to the trail to keep your advantage."

Well clear of the rapid-ice, the Bull again swung his awkward-looking body forward with increasing pace,

Suddenly a hoof crashed through the crust, almost bringing him on his nose; before he had gone a hundred yards this happened again. Fringed by giant spruce, tall banks on either side had stood as barriers between the fierce-biting frost wind and the snow crust—also the day's hot sun was beginning to rot its brittle shell. Oftener and oftener it broke under the racing Moose; the lighter dogs ran freely over its treacherous surface. The Bull looked over his shoulders at the pursuers. They were gaining—he could see that. "Six points more to the shack," he muttered, as he rounded a low-reaching headland that turned the river wide in its snake-like course. Animals count river distances as do the Indians—so many land points from one place to another; and Mooswa's six points were a good ten miles. Each time he floundered in the deep snow his swift-running enemies gained a dozen yards.

"I wish Blue Wolf were here," thought Mooswa; "I'll never make the shack. I'll try a Boundary call." He stretched his throat and called, "Wha-a-a—e-i-n-n-g," which is not unlike the cry of a Rook. The Hounds answered with an ironical yell; but another sound struck the runner's ear, very faint, and very far ahead. It was the Help-call of the Boundaries—Blue Wolf's voice.

"Good old Rof!" cried the Moose, as he shot forward with revived strength.

The Hounds were now running by sight, head up all the time. Every few minutes Mooswa repeated his signal; each time it was answered ahead, stronger and closer; and behind him the eager yap of his pursuers was drawing nearer. "There'll be more fighting than running presently," he thought; "it's just as well—if Rof has the pack it won't take long to settle these hungry hunters."

Rounding the next bend a clear stretch of two miles lay straight away, and at the farther end of it his trained eye discovered three moving specks. Behind him, not thirty yards away, raced the Dogs.

"It will be a battle," he muttered; "four against four—four of the Boundaries in the Starvation Year against four fish-fed dwellers in Man's camp." Another mile and the foremost Dog was snapping at the Bull's hocks, just falling short each jump; but Blue Wolf and his comrades were only a stone's-throw off.

As Mooswa and his pursuers neared the great, gaunt, blue-coated Wolf, the latter crouched—chest and neck and jaw flat on the snow; behind, well spread in rigid leverage, were the strong, gnarled legs. A length back, two younger Wolves waited ready for battle, flat-lying as their leader. Mooswa understood. As he slashed by Blue Wolf, almost touching him, the close-following Stag-hound sprang for his quarters, all but dragging him to earth; but the fangs, tearing a gash down Moose's thigh, failed to hold, and as the Dog fell sideways a pair of jaws, strong as a Bear-trap, closed on his lean throat.

"Hold fast, brother!" wheezed Mooswa, swinging around in his own length, and making a vicious sword-cut at the Hound's back with his iron hoof. The second Dog sprang at the Bull's throat, only to strike the big antlers quickly lowered to guard it. Rof's two sons had closed with the other Hounds, and a battle to the death raged. There was not much noise, only a snarling snapping from where Blue Wolf's fangs were fastened in the throat of the Hound he had pinned down.

Once Mooswa got a clean slash with his fore foot at his fighting Dog that laid the brute's shoulder open; once the Dog fastened in Mooswa's throat as the treacherous crust gave way and threw him off his guard. It seemed anybody's battle. Blue Wolf knew better than to let go the first hold he had taken. It was said in the Boundaries that long ago, two or three generations back, a Bulldog had mated with one of his ancestors, and the strong strain had more than held its own; the way of the Bulldog, which is to catch and hold, against the way of

the Wolf, which is to cut and jump, cut and jump. Certain it is that Rof fought as no other Wolf, except his two sons, ever did; holding hard and fast, and working his jaws sawlike, as an Otter-hound does, more and more into the grip. But the Stag-hound had a well-fed strength which stood him in good stead. Over and over the two rolled, the Hound's jaws fastened on one of Blue Wolf's forelegs, close to the paw. The bone had been broken long ago—chewed into splinters—and the pain was terrific; but if Blue Wolf had the tenacity of the Bulldog strain, he also had the wild wisdom of the Wolf brain, and he knew that to let go meant death.

Once something swept the Hound sideways with terrific force from over the top of Rof, almost breaking the Dog's back; that was a little side help from the shovel-horns of Bull Moose. Up to that time it had been all hoarse growls from the strong-fighting animals, for the advantage had lain not much on either side. Suddenly a "Wh-u-f-f! ki-yi-yi-yi—wh-e-e-e, yi-i-i," dying into a piercing treble, went up. Mooswa was grinding his Dog into the snow crust with his hundred-pound antlers. A lucky pass with a fore-foot had brought the Hound down, and before he could recover Mooswa had thrown the weight of his fighting charge upon him, and was cutting his steel-gray body into fragments.

There was still hot work to be done, for one of the young Wolves had been overcome, stretched out with a broken neck, and the released Dog was helping his comrade to down the other one. They were both at him when Mooswa charged. Once, twice, three times, as a trip-hammer hits hot iron, the heart-shaped hoofs, knifelike on the edges, smote the Dogs, for they were taken unawares; then, as before, his horns made the work complete.

As Mooswa straightened himself, a little staggeringly, for his throat was badly torn, there were only two left fighting; all the rest were dead—the two sons of Blue Wolf and the three Stag-hounds.

"Thanks, brother," said Blue Wolf, rising on weak legs, as a deft dragging-sort of blow from Moose's right arm laid open the Hound's stomach, and finished the work Rof's fast-tiring strength was hardly equal to. "Very neatly done—I could almost fancy it was a rip from Muskwa's paw. My two lads are done for," he whined piteously, looking at the gaunt, gray bodies stretched out on the white snow, all splashed crimson with red wine from their veins. "Wolf-blood and Dog-blood—it scents much alike," he said, turning his head away, as he sat on his haunches, holding up a broken leg. Drip, drip, drip, drip, little red drops ate their hot way into the snow from Bull Moose's neck.

"That's a nasty slash, Mooswa," sympathized Blue Wolf, looking at his companion's wound.

"We twig-feeders have strong gullets," answered the Bull, "else it had been worse. There's nothing torn, for I still breathe through my nose; but for many a day you'll hunt on three legs because of me, comrade."

"I suppose so," moaned Blue Wolf regretfully, licking nervously at his crushed paw. "I'll mate well with Black King. But it is all in the life of the pack, and is not your fault; no one takes blame to himself who calls when his life is at bay. Where go you, brother—how far back are the Hunters?"

Mooswa straightened his head sharp into the wind—it still held steady from the north. "Their scent comes from the second point, and we must trail again; the fire-stick is not like Dogs—it bites beyond reach. Get in my horns, Rof, and I'll carry you."

"No," said Blue Wolf, decidedly, "each takes his own hurt to his burrow—that is the way of the pack; each to himself in the fight—one down is all on top. Besides, comrade, your long legs are knocking together at the hocks now; the snow drinks much of your red blood."

"Come," called Mooswa, "the Man-scent turns the first point."

Blue Wolf, whining piteously, was

rubbing his red-stained jowl up the neck of one of his dead sons. He turned, balanced himself on two cornering legs, holding up the smashed one, and tried to kick snow over their dead bodies. Bull Moose, seeing this, lowered his head, gave three or four mighty scrapes with his wide horns, and piled great mounds of snow over Blue Wolf's dead children.

"Come away now, comrade," he commanded again; "the Hunt-men sight us—they are racing."

"They'll have a fair trail to follow for a little," answered Wolf; "then it will be dark, and we'll lose them. I go to the pack for safety; had I known of the Dogs and this other Man I should have brought more than two Cub Wolves."

"I go to the shack," said Mooswa, shortening his steps to keep pace with the Wolf.

"To be killed by the Hunt-men?"

"I don't know; I go to the Boy."

As they climbed the bank—"Bang! pin-g-g-g!" sang a leaden messenger, fairly whistling through the crotches of Mooswa's horns.

"The fire-stick!" he grunted; "sight of his dead Train Dogs has angered the Hunt-man. Slip off to your pack now," he continued, as they trailed through the little clearing close to the shack. "Get Umisk to fix up your foot."

"And you?" queried Blue Wolf.

"I stop here!" the other answered, swaying as he stood in his tracks for a second.

"Come with me," pleaded Rof; "my pack shall turn back the Hunters."

"Here they come—off to the woods!" Mooswa answered, going himself to the shack door and rattling his horns against the boards. The noise wakened Whisky-Jack, who had already curled up for his night's sleep under the eaves.

"Thieves! Hello, Mooswa!" he piped, craning his neck around the corner, and seeing the big-horned head.

Inside a faint, querulous voice asked impatiently: "Is that you, François,

or is it the angels with wood? If it is, throw it down the chimney, please—I'm too sick to get up."

Mooswa "whuffed," blowing the wind through his blood-coated nostrils with a sound the Boy knew, and then he scraped his horn up and down the door again. There was a muffled, slipping noise of some one crawling to the door. The bar dropped, Mooswa pushed it gently open, staggered in, and plumped down exhausted on the floor.

Carcajou had heaped the fireplace well with wood for the night—dry tamarack to make it blaze, and green poplar to make it last; the bright light shone on Mooswa's blood-matted body and revealed to Roderick his terrible condition.

"Mooswa! Mooswa!" he cried, dragging himself close and putting his arm around the big nose. "Who has done this? You are wounded."

Just then two men, with the blood-thirst of the chase hot in their hearts, glided to the door on snow-shoes. One had thrust forward a rifle, but his companion struck it up. "What would you shoot?" he asked.

"I don't know," answered the other, his rifle almost falling from shaking fingers as he caught sight of a small boy-figure huddled against the animal's head. "Is it a banshee, Donald?" he continued in a frightened, husky whisper.

"Is that you, François?" cried Rod, sitting up in his eagerness, as the voices came to him from the outer dusk.

"Great powers!" exclaimed the man Donald, stepping through the door, "that's Factor McGregor's kid, Rod. I heard he was down here somewhere trapping with that Breed, François. What's the matter, laddie!" the thick Scotch voice burred.

"Well, I'm hanged if I ever outspanned anything like this," said the other man; "it's like that thing we used to read, Babes in the Wood."

"Where's your mate—François?" asked Donald again. "And what's the matter with you—scurvy?"

"François?" answered the Boy hesitatingly, for days of wound-fever had clouded his young brain; "François? oh, yes, I remember; he went to the Landing long ago."

"And left a kid like that here alone!" cried Donald's companion.

"What's the matter with your leg—scurvy?" asked the leader again.

"My leg? Yes, it's sore—awfully sore. Sometimes I dream that it's another person and I talk to it."

"What's the matter with it?" the man reiterated huskily, pulling the peak of a fur cap down over his eyes to hide something, for the little, pale, pinched face, backed by a mass of yellow, knotted hair, made him feel rather queer.

"My leg? Oh, yes—yes; there was so much snow, and I slipped, and the axe cut it."

"Better get in the blankets, laddie;" and, standing his rifle against the wall, Donald reached down with his strong arms to lift up Roderick.

The little fellow shrank away, and clasped the Moose's head closer. Mooswa's big ears were flickering back and forth nervously; he knew that something was being settled, and lay perfectly still, waiting.

"Come, laddie," said the big man again, coaxingly; "don't be afraid; don't you remember me—I worked for your daddy, old Factor McGregor, at Fort Resolution—Donald Bain is my name."

The small pinched face looked up at him. "I'm not afraid, but you'll hurt Mooswa; you've shot him now—see the blood. He's been taking care of me." Donald Bain straightened himself up and looked at his comrade. His companion understood, and nodded encouragingly.

"No, laddie, I'll give you the word of a Scotchman that we'll not harm him. God's truth! in the old land if one's enemy came hard pressed to the house for shelter it would be a black-guard that would injure him, or give him away. Get in the blankets now, laddie, and we'll take care of both you and the Moose."

The presence of friends and a cup of hot tea which they brewed him soothed the Boy, and he became quite rational.

"This is the queerest thing I ever saw in my life," said Donald Bain. "I've heard of a hunted Fox, close run, taking refuge in a house, but this Moose staggering into the shack is very extraordinary. Who kept the fire going and fed you, McGregor?" he asked.

"Oh, I prayed every night, and in the day, too, and the angels came and dropped wood down the chimney, and fish and bacon." Donald's companion tapped his forehead significantly, and, turning his face away, stalked over to the fire and poked it vigorously.

"Mooswa came every day," added the Boy. "He's the Moose father used to have at the Fort—I didn't know him at first and was afraid."

"Oh, ho-o-o!" exclaimed the big man, ending up with a distinct whistle. "I remember him. He took to the bush when he was two year old. That accounts for his coming to the shack—he couldn't quite shake off the civilization he got. Here, Dave," he continued, addressing the other man; "get a pail of water and give the wounded beast a drink."

"He's killed four of the best Hounds ever came to the Northwest," Dave remonstrated, looking at Mooswa.

"So would you, man, if you could, when they tried to pull you down. It was a fair fight, and not of his seeking either." The Boy also pleaded for Mooswa.

"Now we've got to get young McGregor to the Landing just as quick as we can," declared Donald Bain, as he examined the Boy's limb. "Look at the size of it—it'll be a case of blood-poisoning, I'm afeerd."

"How will you manage it?" queried Dave sullenly. "This brute has killed our dogs—will you carry him on your shoulders?"

"That's so, mused Donald, taking off his big hat and scratching the thick grizzled hair of his head; "I suppose we'll have to rig up a carryall and pull him ourselves."



"You want to go to the Landing?" asked Roderick.

"We don't want to—" began Donald, but checked himself, and added: "Yes, me and Dave must go up for more Dogs and some baccy," fabricating with chivalrous ingenuity to reassure the sick Boy. "We was thinking you'd better go along, too; there's no Dog-train, but me and Dave could track you up on a small jumper—does there happen to be one about?"

"I think Mooswa would drag the sleigh—he used to at the Fort," suggested Rod.

"By the great Wallace!" exclaimed Bain, slapping his thigh, "that he will—if he's not grown too wild. Hitched to a sled, he could run clean away from a Dog-train in the old days."

"He's been harnessed right enough, some time or another," declared Dave. "Here are two white-haired spots on his back—that means saddle galls. Gracious! he's as quiet as an old horse."

They put in a busy evening, the two men bathing the Boy's leg, and, with a sailor's needle they found in Rod's outfit, sewing up the torn wounds in Mooswa's neck. He never moved, just looked at them stolidly. He knew they meant him no harm. Any animal can tell from the touch of a man's finger, or the look in his eye, whether its war or kindness.

Whisky-Jack had been intensely interested in all this—the clatter and noise kept even his bird eyes open. "Wonderful doings!" he exclaimed; "the Boundaries are being turned into a regular Sun-dance—but I'm glad I saw it all. The Boy will be all right now—good old Mooswa!" He flopped about drunkenly, outside, for his eyes were not quite like Owls', and the different lights bothered him.

Then he fired a word of encouragement at Mooswa. "Stick to the Boy, old Dainty-head-gear; you're Big Buck of the Boundaries—I'll tell Black King and all the fellows so. Stupid light, this—fancy they'll get on without me now;" and scrambling up to

the eaves he stuck his head under wing and went fast asleep.

In the morning a carryall was made, a rude harness constructed from rawhide strips known all over the West as "shaganappy," trap-chains and straps, and before noon they were on their way to the Landing; Mooswa submitting to be hitched up.

"I guess our shack and things will be all right till we get back," said Donald. "At any rate, Factor McGregor's kid has first call, I reckon. I'd like to put a bullet through that Breed, though."

"What if the Moose bolts?" asked Dave. "Here's a tracking-line they used on their canoe—suppose we take a hitch on his horns or his nose with it; we could stop him then if he tried to get away."

"Yes," answered Donald, "and if we can't, if the worst comes to the worst, we can drop him before any harm's done."

But they need not have bothered their heads about the line, for Mooswa knew just what was being done; he was taking his Boy to the land of good care. Like an old cart horse he plodded along.

In three days they arrived at the Landing. François was just ready to start with a new outfit the Factor had given him credit for. Then for days he had to hide from Donald Bain, for there was sheer murder in the big Scotchman's heart.

The day after their arrival Mooswa disappeared. When he got back to his comrades he found that Whisky-Jack had told them everything, and next to Black King he was the greatest hero in the Boundaries.

The Factor sent Roderick in to Edmonton with his own team, and nursing soon put him right. When he told about the angels feeding him, and keeping his fire going, the people listened a little awe-stricken, for they saw that he believed it firmly. Also, the two Hunters asserted that the fire was burning brightly when they came. Perhaps after all it *was* the angels.

# WOMAN'S

Edited by

Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

# SPHERE

MANY sympathetic thoughts are now turned to the castle in Cronberg where the Dowager Empress

THREE  
NOTABLE  
WOMEN

Frederick is bravely fighting her good fight against that dread disease—cancer. Her life has had many trials, some of them

those which her particular disposition and sturdy character must have made doubly hard to bear patiently. She was made to feel for years the disapprobation of many of the German people, and her own unpopularity because of her deep love of her native land. She often had to face with apparent unconcern the unjust insinuations and covert slights from which even her exalted position failed to protect her. The painful death of the husband who adored her left her still more alone among people of another nation. And now in the midst of her physical suffering the loss of her mother and the fact that she alone of all the Queen's living children was absent from her death-bed, must indeed have been hard to bear.

The great strength of will which helps her now to endure suffering bravely often brought her into difficulties with her mother when she was a child, and some of the stories told of her in this connection are amusing. It is said that a prominent physician, a personal friend of the Prince Consort, used to visit His Royal Highness, who was in the habit of addressing him familiarly as "Brown." The Princess Victoria, having been overheard by the Queen also calling the

visitor "Brown," was told by Her Majesty that she would be sent to bed if she ever did so again.

Shortly afterwards, when Dr. Brown was again at the castle, the Princess Victoria ran into the room, and, holding out her hand, said pertly, "Good morning, Brown"; then, glancing at her mother, and marking the expression of disapproval in Her Majesty's face, she added, "and good-night, Brown; I am going to bed," which she did straightway.

The Lady of the White House in Washington, the First Lady in the United States, is unfortunately also far from strong, and it is said official dinners and long receptions and other duties of her position are in consequence a great strain upon her. Mrs. McKinley, whose maiden name was



MRS. MCKINLEY, THE QUEEN OF WASHINGTON

Miss Ida Saxton, was the daughter of a rich country editor, and her girlhood was quietly spent in a small town in Ohio. In 1871 she married William McKinley, a teacher, who was also a lawyer and a volunteer soldier, and who is now President of the United States for the second time. Mrs. McKinley is slight, but her face is clever and interesting. She is popular with those who are admitted to her friendship, and is particularly gentle in her manner and courteous to all with whom she comes in contact. Although unable from the state of her health to take an active part in any departments of woman's work, yet she always gives quiet expressions of her sympathy and interest.

A woman whom many loved passed away lately from the ranks of Canadian women workers, when Miss Frances E. Murray, of St. John, New Brunswick, was called suddenly to her rest. Descended from the Loyalist Colonel Murray, Miss Murray, who was left comparatively alone in the world at an early age, lived during the greater part of her life in the home of Dr. LeBaron Botsford in St. John, who regarded her with much affection as his adopted daughter. Her deep interest in all movements for good, her genial manner and her charming personality won for her the deep affection and esteem of all with whom she was associated. In all branches of work in connection with the Church of England Miss Murray was especially interested, and spared neither time nor effort to further the same. In the National Council of Women also she was a prominent member, holding office in the Local Council of St. John continuously from its first inception. At the last Annual Meeting of the National Council in Victoria, B.C., Miss Murray was chosen to reply to the address of welcome on behalf of her fellow-delegates, and, at all times a fluent speaker, very gracefully and charmingly did she fulfil her onerous undertaking. Besides her scholarship and general literary attainments, in her zeal to perfect herself in

Bible knowledge, Miss Murray studied Hebrew for some time under the late Bishop Medley.

Mrs. M. A. Slipper, of Port Arthur, sends the following interesting account of a Western Branch of the National Council:—

"The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Local Council of Women of West Algoma was held at Fort William on Saturday, February 23rd.

"In the absence of our President, Mrs. Gibbs, the Vice-President, Mrs. Perry, presided. Thirteen of the affiliated societies answered to the roll call. The Corresponding Secretary's report was very

interesting, giving an outline of work accomplished during the year. A delightful address was given by Miss Burriss, the Victorian nurse at Port Arthur; also the delegate sent by the West Algoma Council to the meetings of the National Council in Victoria last July. Miss Burriss gave a splendid description of her trip, and spoke in highest praise of the kindness of the Council in Victoria.

"Miss Cope, one of the two Victorian nurses in Fort William, gave a most interesting paper upon the subject of 'Home Nursing.'

"Mrs. Perry, in a touching little speech, spoke of our work as a Council, urging upon the President of each Federated Society the advantage of studying the aims and objects of the National Council of Women of Canada."

During the coming Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo an International Congress of Nurses will be held, an International Council of Nurses having been formed last year, which will hereafter hold quinquennial meetings in conjunction with those of the International Council of Women. The next one (after the Buffalo Congress, which is a special occasion) is to be held in Berlin in 1904. The President of the International Council of Nurses is Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, of London, and

the Vice-Presidents are the Presidents of the respective National Councils of Nurses.

A very excellent and much-needed charity is that of the Diet Dispensary in Montreal, which is the only one of the kind, I think, in Canada. Every one knows how much restoration after illness depends on good nourishment, and how difficult it is for the poor to provide the same for those who need it. Not only does this difficulty exist because of poverty, but it exists also among those who could afford to procure the materials for the same, but who have not the knowledge necessary to prepare such nourishment. To all of these the Diet Dispensary is a great boon. To the very poor the food is given without charge, but those who can pay are expected to do so. Societies and institutions that wish to make use of the institution may procure tickets at half price. Three district nurses are also employed by the Dispensary and are so constantly in demand that their visits average 5,000 a year. This Diet Dispensary, which is situated at 97 Osborne Street, and of which Miss De Witt is President, was organized by the Young Woman's Christian Association in 1879, and became an independent institution in 1889.

E. C.

FEBRUARY 1ST AND 2ND, 1901.

The eyes of all the world are turned to thee,  
Majestic figure, on thy royal bier,  
Nor deem it strange to see a nation's grief,  
An Empire's tear,  
For human hearts have lost in thee  
A friend most dear,  
O Queen!

The hearts of all thy people mourn for thee,  
The thoughts of all thy people follow thee,  
And linger on the way—this mournful day,  
O Queen!

Tread softly, noble clansmen, while ye bear  
Your Queen and Highland chieftain, trusted  
to your care;

You never failed her yet, but ever served her  
true,

Carry her safely now, boys, 'tis the last she  
asks of you;

While pibrochs wail and stout hearts quail,  
O Queen!



MISS FRANCES E. MURRAY, OF ST. JOHN

Ah sun! shine down upon us to brace brave  
hearts to-day!

Ah winds of heaven, blow softly, to waft her  
on her way!

Was ere by mortal man such wondrous vision  
seen?

Ten miles of battleships to make a highway  
for our Queen!

While guns boom out from shore to shore  
One long last moan!

O Queen!

Now her dear soldiers take her and guard her  
down the street,

Where silent thousands wait their long-loved  
liege to greet;

Thro' joys and sorrows, theirs and hers, she  
always gave her best,

Without farewell to these she scarce could  
take her rest,

No eye was dry when she passed by,  
Our Queen!

Weary to death and tired of earthly crown,  
"It is enough," she said, and laid her sceptre  
down;

Arrayed in bridal veil she went to meet her lord,  
She has not died but passed thro' Christ to God!  
Dear Queen!

Ah yes, "her God, oh Christ," but there we  
hold our breath;

And feign would pass with her thro' pageant-  
ries of earth—

The blaze of kings and princes fade in a  
brighter light,

Black London's weeping crowds are lost to  
keener sight.

The life so crowned with glory—  
Now bathed in love and rest—

Grows into great completeness—  
More true, more full more blest—

But oh, I can no more, to try is but to fail;  
For her not death but life, more life

Behind the veil! A. E. O.

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

CURRENT criticism of the Chinese situation sometimes loses sight of the fact that some of the Powers find themselves in China in a retributive capacity. This was supposed to be the original impulse of all. Mixed up with it, perhaps, was the idea that if the time for casting lots for the yellow man's garments had come it would be well to be on hand—each with his own set of dice. Once there it is easier to see the advantage of retiring than to do so with dignity and without peril to many interests. What would be the effect of such retirement on the position of Englishmen in China? There is no possibility of conveying to the Chinese mind that such a policy of scuttle was other than a retreat—no possibility of getting credit for acting from higher motives. The whole purpose of the expedition as a moral corrective would be lost.

The only real material interest that Britain or the United States has in China is the trade interest. Given an assurance, confirmed by treaty, that no matter who were masters of China every country should have equal trade facilities there, Great Britain and the United States might observe the partition of China with equanimity. If partition is a high-handed piece of brigandage, the Powers not concerned in it could scarcely be held responsible. No people or combination of peoples have yet assumed the role of the world's policemen, although Britishers have at times talked as if they were born in a blue coat and brass buttons, and swinging the locust of international law and order. The nation is not in that mood just now,

however, and if Germany or Russia feels like undertaking the task of managing masses of Chinese there should be no protest from London. Equal freedom of trade, or, in other words, the "open door," would give Great Britain and the United States all that is worth striving for.

From the selfish point of view, Europeans generally should view the partition of China with a certain amount of satisfaction. Observant travellers have pointed out that it is their religion rather than their patriotism that binds the Chinese together. So long as no violence is done to those observances which maintain so strong a hold over them the question as to who reigns at Peking or Sianfu is a matter of indifference to them. The extent of the country and the lack of easy communication make the political connection exceedingly loose. The Governor of the province is a greater personage to the Chinaman in that province than the distant and vague personage, or even the distant and vague personage's equally vague grandmother at Peking. If the necessity for sending tribute to Peking were once broken China as a political entity would be no more. After that movements against the "foreign devils" could not at least be easily centralized and carried on under one controlling power. When we consider the teeming population of the country and its inaccessibility the idea of "punishing" it if there were any real leader of the fanaticism of the race would be out of the question. That it is capable of producing some real leader we cannot doubt. The race that produces a

statesman of the calibre of Li Hung Chang may at any time heave to the surface a military leader of equal talents. So large is the country, so vast its population, and yet so easily fed that a skilful, tireless, not easily discouraged commander could train his troops to war even though at first he suffered nothing but defeat.

Russia would be especially exposed to this "yellow peril." We usually conceive of Russia as an avalanche momentarily threatening the ancient Eastern empire over which it hangs. It is sometimes difficult to tell, however, which is the avalanche. In population China best answers to the description. On the borders of sparsely-settled Siberia, far away from the centre of Russian authority, four hundred millions of Asiatics swarm like flies. Nowhere else among the civilized or semi-civilized peoples is life so cheap. A warrior of the type of Genghis Khan or of Tamerlane would have a greater quantity of the raw material of war, namely, human beings, than the Little Father of St. Petersburg, or even the whole of Europe itself. And Russia might profitably remember that both these conquerors were Mongols, and that both, coming from the borders of China, watered their steeds in the Volga and ultimately in the Dneiper.

In these earlier times, of course, numbers and valour counted for everything. Today weapons are at least an equal factor. Russia's safety from the yellow peril may lie in the impossibility of arming such hordes with modern arms. Experience shows, however, that whoever has money can procure arms. But if Russia need

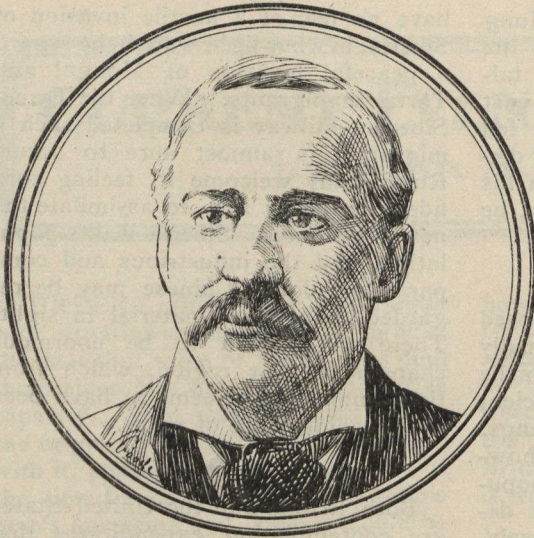
have no fear of a hostile invasion of Siberia, in what light would she regard a peaceful invasion of Mongol and Tartar immigrants. When the Trans-Siberian railway is completed such a migration is almost sure to occur. Russia may welcome it, feeling confident in being able to assimilate the new population. Siberia wants population, and the industrious and comparatively docile Chinese may be regarded as the best material in sight. There are certain to be enormous changes in that region, which from time immemorial seems to have been the breeding-place of races.

Both Britain and the United States are contemplating expenditures that by reason of the wars they have on their hands are greater than have been. In Britain the matter occasions much concern. In the United States, although grave reflections proceed from one or two quarters, there are indica-



UNACCOMMODATING BRITISH LION

—The Minneapolis Journal



J. PIERPONT MORGAN—ORGANIZER OF THE AMERICAN STEEL TRUST

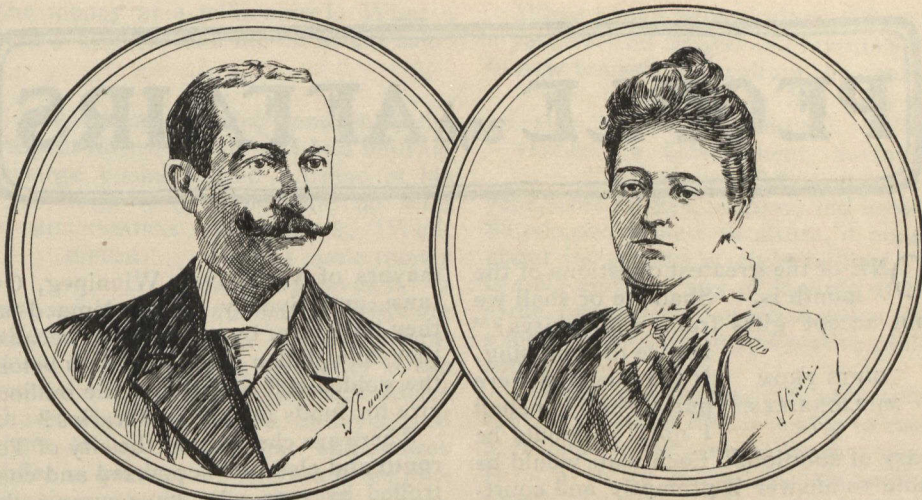
tions that throughout the nation the size of the expenditure, like the size of the country and of its trade, is a matter for pride and congratulation. The idea of national taxation has never taken form in the mind of the average American citizen. The expenditures of Congress seem to be a matter of indifference to him. When a Congress is labelled the billion-dollar Congress, instead of being an epithet of rebuke, it assumes for his mind something rather creditable—something of largeness and magnificence that appeals to his weakest side.

The Congress whose two-year term of life has just expired has made even the billion-dollar Congress look pale. The appropriations for the two years amounted to \$1,457,269,457, a sum of amazing proportions when we consider that there are some forty States, each with its money-raising and money-spending legislative bodies. The British budget in ordinary years is less than \$500,000,000, and it must be remembered that this includes a number of services which are assumed in America by the states and the municipalities. In making such comparisons, however, we must also take into account that the population of the one

country is double that of the other, and their ability to bear taxes may be fixed at a still higher proportion.

While remembering this disparity of population, it must be considered nevertheless that the proportions to which public expenditure has mounted in the United States constitute a rude awakening from the dream of a simple and economical form of government which was to be established in these happy regions of the west. Still more disillusionizing is the fact that an extravagant proportion of these expenditures are necessitated by present or past wars. In pensions alone the annual expenditure is over \$150,000,000 a year. Legislation passed by the Congress whose term has just expired authorized an army of not less than 63,000 men, with a maximum of 100,000. For some time to come the maximum will be needed, if they can be raised, although there may well be some doubt about that. In times of peace it was found difficult to keep the army up to the old standard of 25,000 men. It may not be difficult to raise the larger number when there is a prospect of foreign adventure; but the time will come when, all prospects of adventure having disappeared, nothing more attractive will remain than lying around barracks in hot tropical islands or the equally dead-alive existence at dreary frontier posts in the west. The task, then, of keeping up even the minimum of 63,000 men will be no easy one. The value of a soldier will rise, with a consequent increase of military expenditures, which are even now greater than those of any country in Europe, although, to quote a phrase familiar to every American's ear, cursed with militarism.

The fact of the matter is, that the people of the United States are as susceptible to the allurements of military



COUNT DE BOURBON

PRINCESS DES ASTURIAS

## THE SPANISH ROYAL COUPLE

glory as any other people in the world. And it can scarcely cause any wonder that they are so. American boyhood is nurtured on tales of military adventure. The nation's heroes from George Washington to Daniel Boone and Kit Carson achieved fame amidst scenes of bloodshed, although the fame of the former really lies in a finer and nobler field. Prof. Goldwin Smith has pointed out in his illuminating sketch of the political history of the United States that there have been five distinct soldier Presidents, and adds: "Nobody stands much chance against a successful soldier in a country where military glory is rare." In England, on the other hand, but one man can be said to have been made Prime Minister by glory in war, and the Duke of Wellington was not merely a soldier. President Jackson, for example, was nothing else. By no stretch of meaning could he be deemed a statesman. Most of his life had been spent on the frontier Indian fighting. The reign of the common people is right and proper, but so far it has not any more than aristocracy spelt peace.

In both Russia and Spain there have

been growlings of civil disorder. In the former country the students are again the principal actors, but the unusual circumstance is recorded that many workmen joined the riotous youths from the universities. The presence of so many students of the gentler sex among the disturbers is an indication of the great place that that the Slav race will yet hold in the world. A race mothered by such women will not long be held in darkness or political slavery. The disturbances in Spain have their origin in many sources, but what appears the immediate cause of discontent is the marriage of the Princess of Asturias, the King's sister, to a Bourbon prince, Charles of Caserta. The Queen-Mother put forth great efforts to make the match a popular one, but without success. The young lady was for over six months Queen of Spain, namely, from the death of her father Alphonso XII., on Nov. 25, 1885, to the birth of her brother Alphonso XIII., on May 17, 1886. In case of the death of the fifteen-year-old King, the Princess would again become Queen of Spain and her husband, a Bourbon, king-consort.



# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

ONE of the greatest questions of the month is, "Shall we or shall we not accept gifts from millionaires?"

GIFTS FROM  
MILLIONAIRES.

Notice the phrasing. If the question were put, "Shall I or shall I not," it would be easy of solution. Each man would be able to answer it promptly and courteously. What an individual citizen accepts is of much less public concern than what citizens in their corporate capacity accept. As a rule, however, millionaires do not give to individuals. They prefer to make their donations to corporations. And on the surface there seems little objection to such gifts. They show a generous spirit on the part of the millionaires and a generous spirit should not be discouraged. Again, there are certain undertakings for the general good which are outside the province of governments and must depend for their initiation and support upon private benefactions. Public libraries, art museums, higher education, philanthropy, and historical and economic research are perhaps the most prominent of these undertakings. The gifts of millionaires applied to these works in a proper spirit would seem to be for the public good.

But let us approach the question in another way. When the church goes out to collect funds it is not often found rejecting the dollars of the brewer, the saloon-keeper or the liquor-dealer. The missionary funds are annually swelled by contributions from those engaged in a traffic which the church is said to abhor. The great universities accept funds without inquiring into their origin or the method of their accumulation. With such examples before us, why should the

mayors of Vancouver, Winnipeg, Ottawa and Sydney be condemned as they have been by some critics because they have fallen on their knees before the golden calf and asked the millionaire for funds for public libraries?

There are churches in the city of Toronto and elsewhere supported and controlled by men who have wrung the last cent from the handkerchief of the mortgage-burdened farmer who has fallen into their hands. These men work under the names of loan companies, but of course never ask more than their legal due. Again, there are churches supported by men who crowd employees into stinking basements where the society lady trips gaily for her "bargains," who sell goods made in sweat-shops, in the corners of which lurk crime and disease. There are churches supported by men and women who pass the small corner-grocery, the butcher-shop, the cobbler's humble establishment to save a penny here and a penny there. We tolerate all these things and why should we not tolerate the millionaires' gifts?

Let us be consistent. This is the eye-shutting age. Let us keep our eyes closed when we are shown the methods of money-making by which millionaires are made, and let us open them only when the profits are distributed. Thus we shall retain that supreme virtue—consistency.

Then again the millionaire should not be discouraged. It is mean to attempt to discourage a man who is trying to do right. Public libraries will not injure the cities now begging for them, and the accepting of them helps the millionaire out of his difficulties. Think how cruel it would be if every person were to refuse to accept

the money of a millionaire! What a lonely disappointed life he would lead!



I was once speaking somewhat disrespectfully of a man who had built up a large business, and a friend of his pulled me up with the remark, "Well, MILLIONAIRES DIFFER. he has made money and you haven't." It

was a fair retort and had its legitimate effect. We who have made only hundreds cannot, so long as money is the test of virtue and excellence, criticize those who have made millions, and there is no doubt that millionaires differ in quality. There are some millionaires who have made their money in honest business. They have given employment to many men, treated them decently, and made money slowly and fairly. They have floated no huge joint stock companies and sold no watered stock. They have met all competitors with open rivalry. They have not unnecessarily cut prices or resorted to underhand means to defeat those who were trying to build up a similar business. Their millions have been acquired in such a way that they are willing to open their books to the strictest upholder of square dealing. This kind of millionaire should be encouraged.

The millionaire who has gathered his wealth from subsidies, watered stock, class legislation, purchasable politics or underpaid labour is not in the same position to bid for our encouragement. The man who has employed detectives and rifles to cow his horny-handed employee is a millionaire to be discouraged. If he were to send me a million, I should want to put it on a dumping-scow, tow it out into the centre of Lake Ontario and there see it vanish. Not that I wouldn't appreciate the million, but I could teach the world a great lesson at small expense to myself.

The best advice that can be given at this time is, "Beware the blood-money, but all millionaire money is not blood-money."



When a man with a salary of \$2,000 a year lives on \$1,500 and invests \$500 in new household furniture, he considers that he has held his own for one year. When a Government, having a revenue of \$51,000,000 a year, lives on \$43,000,000, and invests \$8,000,000 in new furniture, it boasts about its surplus of eight million. It is only another way of looking at the same transaction, and one never can expect uniformity in speculative philosophy.

Canada is to be congratulated, however, on the fact that it is able to raise a revenue of fifty-one millions a year. It is a lot of money for six million people to raise. But we have all worked hard to do it. On this point I can speak feelingly. Because we have worked hard and saved this money out of our earnings, we are entitled to the sweet morsel of self-felicitation. Next year, Finance Minister Fielding predicts, we are to have a surplus of six million and a capital expenditure of nearly eleven million. This will mean another increase in the national debt—a proceeding to which no objection can be taken if the money is profitably spent.

Nor is the Dominion Government the only one with a surplus. The Hon. Mr. Duffy, treasurer of the Province of Quebec, announced a surplus of \$23,000—small, certainly, but somewhat unusual in the ancient province. During the past three years the provincial debt has been reduced by a quarter of one million, which is a noteworthy achievement. Those of us who have debts which we would like to reduce, can easily feel unbounded admiration for the Hon. Mr. Duffy and the Province of Quebec.

Premier Murray, of Nova Scotia, has also brought down his budget. That Province beats Quebec by \$50,000, its surplus being \$76,000, in a little over a million of revenue.

Premier Ross of Ontario has made his declaration. Last year the expenditure was \$3,729 over four millions, yet there was a surplus of nearly two

hundred thousand dollars. Ontario has no provincial debt and claims an excess of assets over liabilities of over two million dollars. In this respect, Ontario is in strong contrast with the other provinces, most of which have a public debt of decent proportions.

These surpluses are quite proper. However, a surplus is of little benefit if it be not properly used. It may be entirely off-set by unwise capital expenditure. Most Finance Ministers usually neglect to explain this point. No doubt they presume that the common people do not understand this phase of the question and that they will be fully satisfied with a surplus. Therefore these remarks are here recorded in order that the present Finance Ministers, federal and provincial, do not fall into that error. Personally I shall be much pleased if made the humble impediment to prevent a great man falling into a muddy ditch.

The British Columbia mining companies that have been floated in Eastern Canada are mostly in a bad way.

Over-capitalization would seem to be the chief error. In a recent issue, the *Toronto Evening Telegram* makes an estimate of the value shrinkage in the stocks of four leading companies. The highest point at which the stock sold and the lowest point reached are compared and the difference is multiplied by the number of shares, with the following result :

	Shrinkage in selling price.
Golden Star .....	\$ 921,000
Virtue .....	1,920,000
War Eagle .....	6,300,000
Republic .....	3,640,000
Total shrinkage...	\$12,781,000

The loss of nearly thirteen million dollars has fallen mainly on the small investor. The large capitalist usually takes his profit and sells out. A story

is told of a rich Toronto gentleman being discovered sitting in the next room with his ear to the keyhole of a door leading to the War Eagle board room, where a meeting was being held. The capitalist living at the larger centre and devoting all his time to the business of buying and selling stock has means of getting information which the wage-earner and the salary-earner have not.

The present generation would seem to have learned its lesson. There will be no similar boom in mining stocks until a new generation is produced. There are some things which each generation must learn for itself.



The British news served up to Canadian readers might easily be improved. The cable service is mostly

made for New York, and is CABLE not suitable for Canada.

NEWS. The Canadian papers seem to be so jealous of each other that they are unwilling to combine for a general Canadian service. Perhaps when the country gets a little larger it may be possible. Nationalization of the telegraphs will assist in this by lightening Canadian tolls.

There is a point in which the service might be improved in the meantime. This is admirably stated by the *Toronto Globe* in the following editorial note :

It is rather remarkable that cable despatches written for democratic communities on this side of the Atlantic should so rarely recognize that there are people in England, Ireland and Scotland who are below the Peerage. It is generally recognized that the great rivalry of the nations to-day is industrial, yet one might read the cables for a month without being aware of the existence of Manchester or Sheffield or Glasgow, or indeed of any place except about a square mile of London. There are surely some people in Great Britain who handle hammers and spades, and sell goods over the counter, and it would be refreshing to hear about them occasionally, in some other capacity than that of a background.

John A. Cooper.



# BOOK REVIEWS

## SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

IT was not generally known that Sir William Dawson had left material for a volume of autobiography, and its appearance is matter for surprise and gratification.\* His death in November, 1899, removed one of our foremost men, and it is exceedingly fortunate for the youth of this country, to whom his career may well be an example and an inspiration, that he should have gathered together the salient facts of his life and left them to tell their own story and point their own moral. His marvellous success in building up McGill University, and perfecting the system of Protestant education in Quebec is tolerably well known throughout the Dominion. His scientific labours are also in a general way appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. His literary work—as is quite common with the achievements of Canadian writers—has a greater vogue abroad than here. As the present volume embodies his experiences in science and education it covers many events which are more or less familiar to the average well-educated Canadian. But it also includes a record of his parentage, early life and investigations as a student of natural history which are to us as new and interesting as they must prove to every reader charming and suggestive. His grandfather was a Catholic Jacobite who, according to family tradition, was “out in the Forty Five” and survived the fight at Cullo-

\* “Fifty Years of Work in Canada;” autobiographical notes by Sir William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. London and Edinburgh: Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.

den Moor. He settled down subsequently in Banffshire, married a Presbyterian lady and adopted her faith. His younger son James, the father of Sir William Dawson, emigrated to Nova Scotia and embarked in mercantile pursuits as a trader and shipowner at Pictou. He married a Scotch woman of refinement and education who had come out to Nova Scotia early in the last century, and from his parents young William Dawson received the careful pious training, the love of learning and the energetic independence of character which distinguished him ever afterwards. He records, evidently with pleasure, his early attempts as a youthful amateur dabbling in science, his collection of plants, rocks and fossils, and the necessarily imperfect training he received. He was practically an only son (for his brother died young), and his parents resolved to make what sacrifices were necessary in order that he might complete his education in Edinburgh University. This, and his life-long friendship with Sir Charles Lyall, added to his own natural endowments, equipped him for work in scientific investigation. What use he made of his opportunities a life of incessant activity, of growing fame, of hard won but brilliant success tells us. To many eminent men of science abroad the name of Canada was little known except as the home of Dawson. Believing that science knew no political boundaries he was at the same time a staunch Canadian, and declined a tempting offer to go to the United States. “The inducements were strong, both in my own interests and in those

of my family, but I disliked the idea of leaving my own country and allegiance, and of abandoning a work that seemed so necessary in Canada, and especially in the Province of Quebec." Fortunately for this country there are many who take a similar view of their duty toward Canada. It may be said quite frankly that Sir William Dawson probably owes some of the apathy felt toward his scientific fame on account of his adherence to orthodox views on religion, as it is in many quarters an accepted, almost an indispensable rule of conduct to cast aside all belief in the Divine origin and government of the world before seeking a reputation as a scientific investigator. But he never swerved from his allegiance either to his God or his country, and these are no doubt old-fashioned virtues in the present age. We commend the book warmly to the Canadian reader for its wholesome simplicity, modesty and intrinsic interest.

#### MISS McILWRAITH'S NEW NOVEL.

It is perhaps just as well that a novel of such decided merit as the new story by Miss McIlwraith\* should first seek publication and readers in a foreign country. There are just enough exceptions to prove the rule that Canadian writers must acquire fame abroad before seeking it at home. "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell" is at once entertaining and vivacious. It adds another name to the roll of Canadian writers of fiction of whom so much may justly be expected and who have already done so well. The adventures and character of Roderick are described with humour and with skill. He is a worthy Scot, a sort of soldier of fortune, who fights both for and against Prince Charlie in 1745, who comes to this continent in the closing years of the French War, adopts Indian garb and in a dialect of Iroquois, French, Gaelic and "broad

Scotch" delights the reader, mystifies the Indians and plays the bagpipes to whoever will listen. The other persons who figure in the tale are interesting, but Roderick outdoes them all, and his cynical philosophy upon war, love-making, fur-trading, and pioneer adventures is quite in accord with his policy of having at all times a keen eye to the main chance. The story never lags, and Miss McIlwraith has the faculty of passing quickly from one thrilling episode to another with a lightness of touch which opens up a new prospect in historical romance. The story does not lend itself easily to a hasty outline. The passages describing the campaign of the Pretender are only connected with the later portions by the fact that Roderick, his young nephew and other characters all find their way, from one cause or another, to this continent, and the scenes are laid in the district between the Hudson river and the Indian village of Caughnawauga. There is variety, vividness, and, as has been said humour throughout, and an exceedingly agreeable tale is the result.

#### BRIEF NOTICES.

Books on the Queens of England are much rarer than books on the Queen. Mary Howitt's excellent lives of "The Queens of England" has been revised by Geneva Armstrong, and published in one volume by B. S. Wasson & Co. The paper on which the text is printed is a bad colour, but the 28 full-page portraits make the volume most desirable.

The Canadian edition of Rosebery's "Napoleon" (Morang) is said to have been most successful. Napoleon attracts almost universal attention even after a century, and Lord Rosebery wrote for a considerable audience.

This craze for love-letters is unexplainable. Most modern fads are. If people must read sentimental productions of this nature, "The Love-Letters of Dorothy Osborne or Sir William Temple" are sufficiently ancient to be graceful and quaint.

\* "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell." By Jean N. McIlwraith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Besides they are authentic and historically important. A new Canadian edition has just been issued by the Publishers' Syndicate.

There are two classes of novel writers, the man with inspiration and the man with determination. The success of each kind of writer is determined by the abundance or absence of the other non-predominating quality. James Ball Naylor, author of "Ralph Marlowe" (Saalfield Pub. Co., Akron, Ohio), had little inspiration. His determination, however, was great. His multitude of details, his painstaking descriptions are splendidly done. His story would be excellent if it were not so methodical and so monotonous.

Thos. Nelson & Sons, of Edinburgh, are now printing Dickens, Thackeray and Scott in their new century series on India paper. Each volume is less than half an inch thick, weighs only seven ounces, and contains a complete novel unabridged. The whole set of Scott's novels will occupy a space of only fifteen inches in a bookcase. The prices are 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. net per volume, according to binding. It is not surprising that the publishers are finding a very large constituency for these cheap, handsome and durable editions of the works of the masters in the field of fiction.

Dr. S. E. Dawson, King's Printer, Ottawa, has issued a valuable monograph entitled "The Prose Writers of Canada." It is more judicial and critical, and hence more valuable than most Canadian sketches of similar character. Dr. Dawson also admirably explains the composite character of our literary work and the conditions which have both hindered and produced

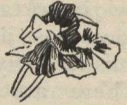
literary activity in this part of the Anglo-Saxon world. (Montreal: E. M. Renouf.)

W. A. Fraser has a new animal-story ready. It is entitled "The Outcasts"—an old buffalo and a wolf-dog. Those who have read it declare that it is a wonderful piece of work. It will be published in the *Saturday Evening Post* serially and by Scribners in book form. Arthur Heming, the Canadian artist, is illustrating it. The story is shorter than *Mooswa*, containing only 21,000 words. The Canadian publisher has not yet been chosen. Another New York house will shortly bring out a volume of Mr. Fraser's short stories, for summer reading. *Mooswa* will be published in England in the autumn. Mr. Fraser is working hard at his home in Georgetown. In the summer he may go to the New England States, to live over again some of the days of his boyhood, and to get local colour for his next novel which will deal with the people of that district.

Mr. Sydney H. Preston, who for many years has been on the staff of the Toronto Model School, as musical master, has had two short stories published in *Scribner's Magazine*. They are humorous and descriptive. Mr. Preston has a book ready and it will be published about May 1st by Scribners. The title is "The Abandoned Farmer." Mr. Preston spends most of his time on a small fruit farm at Clarkson, a small village just outside of Toronto, and hence his knowledge of rural life is obtained at first-hand. His book will be eagerly awaited by the large number of persons who are always deeply interested in the advent of new Canadian writers.



# IDLE MOMENTS



ON HEARING PADEREWSKI.

**T**IME—Half-past two in the afternoon : thirty minutes before bank-closing ; business and busy men everywhere ; an atmosphere of rush and hurry and pre-occupation ; thronged streets ; dust ; garish sunlight.

**SCENE**—The Grand Opera House ; rows of chattering people ; restlessness ; much searching for seats ; much shuffling in seats ; capes and coats being doffed ; hat-pins abstracted ; rushing to and fro of ushers and bawling of vendors of programmes ; a smell of warm clothes growing warmer ; electric lights vainly trying to shut out the practical outside unromantic, inartistic day ; a bare stage ; on it a piano ; and on the piano, like a big "Sapolio" advertisement, the big word "Steinway."

Enters noiselessly a quiet man dressed in black. He seats himself at the piano ; runs his hands over the keys ; presently plunges into the first piece. Then !—Ah, the miraculous effect of Art !

To describe Paderewski's playing is impossible. It was ineffable. Such depth, such delicacy, such intense feeling under such perfect restraint, such classic calm under such profound emotion ; it was Sophoclean in its earnestness combined with its composure. It was the perfection of art. It revealed what true art was : that subtle thing which portrays the inmost depths of the human soul with an imperturbability divine.

Time and space were forgotten ; the conditions of mortal life were left behind. The player carried you into the thin empyrean where you could scarcely breathe ; but he carried you on pinions upon which you felt safe. He plunged into subterranean caverns

where you could scarcely see ; but with a divine insight which you trusted wholly. He sailed on shoreless seas, floated out into the limitless inane ; but always with firm, steady, unwavering motion. He scaled the heights of infinity, braved the billows of chaos ; but always with unhesitating step. He opened up the abysses of fate, soared to the confines of existence ; yet never let go of earth. He showed you the tears of despairing demons, made audible the sighs of spirits immortal and immaterial. He touched the deeps of silent woe, the heights of evanescent bliss ; and both the one and the other seemed for the moment intolerable by mortal man. So consummate was the art that you felt, as it were, at the finality of things, at the extreme verge of existence, at the last, the ultimate goal. The innermost recesses of thought and feeling were probed, the secret of life laid bare.

Art—art is above Nature, for art is nature revealed by mind. Art is the unification of object and subject ; at once the exposition and the explanation of existence.

*Arnold Haultain.*



## AD FAMILIARES.

**C**OME little bed,  
Out from the corner of the wall !  
Comfort this head  
So much perturbed in the world's thrall !

This is our post  
At night, beside the window ledge,  
To watch the host  
Of stars crossing the gable's edge.

Ah, not too soon  
Established here ! Just by the roof  
Hangeth the moon  
So heavenly, yet not aloof.

\* The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

Art wearied, orb?  
 Art wan with circling round the earth?  
 What did absorb  
 Thy life, and leave thee in such dearth?

Hast thou desire  
 To break away, and, shivering space,  
 Seek the mid-fire,  
 The eternally illumined Face?

Do I not know  
 That passion urging on to flight?  
 Panting to go,  
 To stem through all things to the light?

Yet we remain,  
 Our little offices to fill,  
 Somehow restrain  
 Our greatness, dreaming away will.

Smoky suspicion,  
 O moon, doth scorch our hope, and weave  
 Clouds o'er ambition,  
 Till we are fools that we deceive.

They make us fear,  
 As close about our souls they wreath,  
 The atmosphere  
 Of death alone is ours to breathe;

And that we fade,  
 Not being starved, but far too slight,  
 Too frailly made,  
 To long be warm, to long be bright.

If thou art great  
 Leap like a meteor on ———. I vow  
 To share thy fate,  
 And through the stars beside thee plough.

Is it thou, Sleep,  
 That spreadest me with lethargy?  
 Oh, let me keep  
 Mine eyes on that escape of sky!

The gable's edge ———  
 Nay, it is dark—the moon hath started!  
 Ho, for my pledge!  
 Up! I must follow, heaven-hearted.

*Evelyn Durand.*

#### THE SILENCE OF SADNESS.

JOY filled the hearts of Jamie and Jeanie McLeod—their son was coming home from the war.

The old man stood in the doorway of his little shop and looked up and down the street. Then his eyes rested upon the words above his head: "Welcome Home, Sandy."

The old woman spread a white cloth upon the table in the room at the back. She put out an extra plate and took

down the silver tea-pot. Then she went out to the front.

"Hae ye a soun' o' them comin', Jamie?"

They had been told that the soldiers would march past in the street.

"They're no' in soun' ner in sicht."

"They're ower lang in comin', I'm thinkin'."

"Och! they'll be stoppin' at the tavern t' hae a bracer. Ye've no' a drap in the hoose?"

"Tuts, mon! ye may weel say it."

"There's an awfu' crood in the street. Hae ye spread the white cloth, Jeanie?"

"T' be sure, I hae."

"Ye're sure ye pit an extra plate?"

"Mon, did ye think I'd let sic as thot slip me? What's thot bulgin' oot yer smock?"

"Och, weel, Jeanie, Saundy doesna come hame every day. I thocht I'd get a wee bit sip, jist t'——"

"Han' it o'er to me!"

"Oh, a'richt, Jeanie, a'richt. If ye wul hae 't, ye wul. Bit surely ye'll gie us a draw at the neck o' 't when Saundy stairts tellin' about hoo he keelt o'er they Boer deils? Hae ye let the silver tea-pot slip yet?"

"I've brocht it foorth."

"Is everythin' ready?"

"Losh, mon! ye surely wouldna hae me pit a knife int' the goose afore he gangs ben?"

"Haivens, wummin! wiz thot the roar o' a drum?"

"I didna hear onythin'."

The old man ran out to the middle of the street.

"They're comin', Jeanie," he shouted. "I'm dangt if I canna see Saundy t' the fore."

"Is it oor Saundy, Jamie?"

"Whisht, wummin; dinna mak' the neebors think we're gangin' daft."

"Bit ye said he wiz t' the fore."

"I'm no' sweerin' it wiz oor Saundy."

"Mon, d' ye no' ken yer ain son?"

"Rin awa' in an' pit the goose on the platter. I'll ken him weel enif 'gin he gets here."

The band began to play, and the



old Scotchman's excitement grew apace. He ran in and out from the kitchen to the street like one possessed.

"Dinna be behind wi' the sipper, Jeanie."

"Hae no fear, Jamie."

"Whar did ye pit the whusky?"

"It's on the dresser-head."

"Gie us a draw at it afore he comes."

The band sounded loud, and the tramp of soldiers could be distinctly heard. Jamie ran to the door in time to see the first home regiment pass. Then he hurried again into the kitchen.

"Set the goose on the fender an' come awa' oot to gie him welcome."

A moment later the old couple stood on chairs in the doorway and peered eagerly over the heads of the crowd in front.

"He's ower lang in comin'," Jamie muttered to himself.

"He'll be fair played oot," said Jeanie.

Just then a young man in kharki broke rank and pushed his way through the crowd to where the old Scotch couple stood.

"Hae ye ony word o' Saundy?"

"Yes; he gave his last message to me."

"Has he no' cam' hame?"

"Have you not heard?"

"We expect him hame the day."

"Oh, I remember now; the wrong name was reported by mistake when we landed."

"I dinna ken yer meanin'."

"Well, you see—we—Sandy took ill on the way home. We—we buried him at sea."

The old couple looked at each other and drew nearer together.

"He told me to tell you that he'd liked to have got home to say good-bye, but he hoped that you'd forgive him for running away. There's the end of the parade passing, so I must go. I'll drop in to-morrow and tell you all about it."

Jamie and Jeanie walked silently back to the kitchen. The old man took down his pipe, but it wouldn't

draw. The old woman stirred the fire, but it had gone out. The goose lay cold upon the platter on the hearth. The extra plate was untouched. The silver tea-pot was empty.

Hours afterward, when the tramping and shouting in the street had ceased, the old Scotch couple sat side by side in the silence of sadness.

*Newton McTavish.*



#### CONCEIT AND PHILOSOPHY.

Will the rain rain,  
Will the sun shine,  
Will the wind blow,  
Will the pine pine,  
Will the waves roll,  
Will the moon gleam,  
Will the stars twinkle  
And seem, as they seem?

Nature her course of Laws did not suspend

When you began Life, why when you end?

Moreover, since Nature began before you,

Why not continue e'en after you do?

*Laura B. Thompson.*



#### MOTHER MUST NOT KNOW.

Tell her that you found me poor,  
(A change from long ago),  
But clothed in sin—Ah! spare her that,  
For mother must not know.

Tell her, if you will, that I  
Dire poverty have known,  
And that fierce hunger, gaunt and grim,  
Has daily bolder grown.

But that in scarlet dress arrayed,  
And torn with grief and woe,  
I pray you, friend, to spare her this,  
For mother must not know.

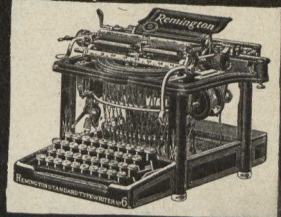
Her aged head is bent and grey,  
Her form is worn and thin,  
Perchance with watching long for me,  
Her eyes are growing dim.

So tell her that I every day,  
To honest labours go,  
You never must the truth reveal,  
For mother must not know.

*B. Kelly.*

# You take no chances

WHEN YOU BUY A **REMINGTON** TYPEWRITER

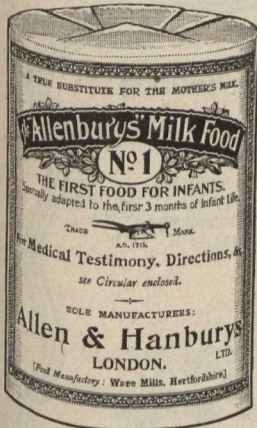


REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER CO.,  
TORONTO, Confederation Life Bldg., Richmond St. E.  
OTTAWA, 5 O'Connor St.

SPACKMAN & CO., General Dealers for Quebec,  
MONTREAL, 119 St. Francois Xavier Street.

ANDREW JACK, 85½ Prince William St., St. John, N.B.  
DAVID PHILIP, 362½ Main St., Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
MACKENZIE URQUHART, 627 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.  
M. W. WAITT & CO., Victoria, B.C.

## A Distinct Advance in Infant Feeding



## The "Allenburys" Foods

Provide nourishment suited to the growing digestive powers of the infant, and are altogether a distinct advance on the mischievous endeavour to make the child's stomach accommodate itself to food essentially unsuited to its digestive powers. Farinaceous foods of all kinds are totally unfit for infants under five or six months of age, such foods being a potent cause of digestive troubles, rickets and many disorders arising from malnutrition.

Mothers who value their infants' health and well-being and their own comfort, would be well advised to send for a free Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management. (Please mention this paper).

**Milk Food No. 1.**

From birth to three months of age.

**Milk Food No. 2.**

From three to six months.

**Milk Food No. 3.**

From six months and upwards.

Canadian Agency:—W. LLOYD WOOD, TORONTO.

# Pearline

Takes out dirt  
without  
wear or  
tear.



Avoid  
Imitations



Delicate laces, silks, linens and woollens demand Pearline—it prolongs the life of all fabrics and restores their original beauty. Coarse fabrics and heavy work demand Pearline—it spares the women.

ELECTRO LIGHT ENG. CO. N.Y.

Weddings

—The ancient admonition not to look a gift horse in the mouth, is as much needed as ever it was.—

See your friends looking over the wedding gifts and searching for the sterling mark on your silverware.—

Both giver and recipient can take pleasure in any gift that bears our trade mark, as all know that it assures the very best in workmanship as well as  $\frac{925}{1000}$  pure silver.



SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

WALLINGFORD, CONN., AND TORONTO, CAN.

For Ladies

Who Cherish

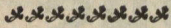
Quality

AND...

Wear..

Priestley's  
Crepoline  
Cord

...IS...



THE IDEAL

Dress Goods

For Street or  
Evening Wear,

And are sure to  
Please them.



Look for the "VARNISHED  
BOARD" on which the  
Goods are Wrapped.

None Others Genuine.

Well

Dressed

Ladies

Are  
Wearing



You  
Should  
Also

Wear  
Them

Every Pair  
GUARANTEED

Holders of Twenty-two Warrants of Appointment and  
Honoured by the Most Distinguished Patronage



# Egerton Burnett's Royal Serges

**LASTING WEAR,** for **LADIES, GENTLEMEN,** and **CHILDREN.** In Navy Blue, Black, Cream and other colours. *Prices from 27c. to \$3.29 per yard.*

**E. B.'S Tweeds, Homespun, Trouserings, Dress Fabrics, Etc.**

Comprise a vast variety of shades and prices. **ANY LENGTH SOLD.**

**Ladies' Costumes from \$6.33.**

**Gentlemen's Suits from \$8.52, to Measure.**

**SPECIAL TERMS FOR THE COLONIES, ETC.**

**PATTERNS, PRICE LISTS, AND SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS POST FREE FROM**

**EGERTON BURNETT, Ltd.,**

**R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.**

# Fry's Cocoa

is absolutely pure cocoa in its most concentrated form. It is very rich, healthful, nourishing. It is economical to use because of its great strength. It dissolves easily. It has taken medals everywhere for its superior excellence. A quarter pound tin of it costs but 25 cents, and makes fifty cups.

*Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere*

## CLARK'S CANNED MEATS

are for sale at all  
First-Class Grocers  
in Canada.

# COMING!

THE DAYS ARE AT HAND WHEN EVEN MORE THAN IN WINTER THE HOUSEKEEPER WILL APPRECIATE THE LUXURY OF A SUPPLY OF **CLARK'S CANNED MEATS.**

# Clark's CANNED MEATS

**ALWAYS  
READY**

**ALWAYS  
DELICIOUS**

Have you tried **CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS?**

**WM. CLARK, Manufacturer MONTREAL**

# Libby's Food Products

Are no more to be compared with ordinary "canned" goods than is a fresh, ripe peach to suffer by classing it with its "dried relative of the grocery.

**Every Libby Product is a Specially Prepared Food.**

They are cooked, ready for use, put up in convenient size, key opening, perfectly sealed tins. There are many varieties—all good.

#### A FEW SPECIALTIES

Ox Tongue (whole)	Compressed Cornbeef
Lunch Tongue	Peerless Sliced Smoked Beef
Lamb's Tongue	Boneless Chicken
Veal Loaf, Ham Loaf, Beef Loaf	
Potted and Deviled Ham	
Pork and Beans, Etc., Etc.	

**LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY**  
**Chicago, U.S.A.**  
The World's Caterers

# Chester

## Suspenders

### Good Judges Know

**They are all that suspenders should be—stretch only when you do and do not lose their stretch as others do.**

The "Chester" at 50c. A cheaper model at 25c. Sample pairs, postpaid, on receipt of price. Nickeled drawers supporters free to purchasers for dealer's name if he is out of them. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., 4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass. Branch factory, Brockville, Ontario.

## Good Value in Tea

is measured by

### Strength and Quality.

Where is the economy in buying a 25 cent tea and then using three times the quantity that would be required of Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea. You can't get a good quality of liquor out of a cheap tea no matter how much of it you use. You may get a strong bit—not the delicate and fragrant comes only under leaves. Pure Indian under European supervision. The tea is manufactured on the gardens in India and comes in sealed packets with all the strength and freshness retained.



Ram Lal's Tea is a Pure Indian Blend and does not "go off" in quality.



The above picture, taken from life, shows the

## Berry Brothers' Toy Wagon

IN USE.

Ask your dealer in Paints and Varnishes about it, or drop us a line and we will mail you copy of above picture and particulars.

**BERRY BROTHERS, Limited, Detroit, Mich., Varnish Manufacturers**

Also originators and sole manufacturers of genuine **Hard Oil Finish and Liquid Granite.**

The following dealers, among others, carry our goods in stock:

**SANDERSON PEARCY & CO., Toronto**

**AMIOT, LECOURE & LARIVIERE, Montreal**



The improved Shingle Stain and preservative. Imparts an artistic finish to shingles and prolongs their life by penetrating the pores of the wood and retarding decay.

Shingletint is made in all desirable shades, is easily applied, the colors are permanent, and money is saved by its use.

Full information and finished samples of wood mailed free for the asking.



## "THE FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGE."

**Brick Ovens** of olden times were noted for their excellent **Bread-Baking.**

The same qualities are combined in the **FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGE**, viz.:—

- The fire-clayed stove bottom.
- Also **Thermometer**, which shows exact heat of oven.
- Ventilated Oven**, which keeps food pure.
- Extra heavy** cast-iron fire-box linings and duplex coal grates.

MANUFACTURED BY  
**THE McCLARY MFG. CO.**  
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver



# From Field to Table

Man's natural food comes from the fields. In the process of growth the wheat acquires from the earth and air all the elements of nutrition necessary to nourish and sustain the human system. But if the properties that go to make teeth, bone, muscle, brain and nerve are removed, as is the case with fine white flour—if man deorganizes the structural elements, then you have an unnatural food which will produce unnatural conditions.

## The Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

embodies all the nutriments in the same proportion that nature stored them in the grain for man's use. It is, therefore, a natural food—nothing added, nothing taken away. The biscuit is a

## Whole Wheat Product Made Light and Short

without the use of yeast, baking powder, soda, alum, lard, butter, cotton-seed oil, or any foreign substance whatever. It is the only ready-to-eat cereal, and is just what the people have long been seeking, a Whole Wheat Food that is an actual substitute for ordinary starch-made articles.

The Shredded Wheat Biscuit are extensively used and recommended in all sections of the country; they are found daily on the tables of the leading hotels and restaurants, hospitals and medical institutions, and are recommended by the leading physicians.

Our handsomely bound cook book, "**The Vital Question**," illustrated in natural colors, and containing much valuable information for the housewife, a table of food values, and over 260 proper food recipes, will be mailed free by sending name and address and mentioning The Canadian Magazine.

## The Natural Food Co.

61 FRONT ST. EAST, TORONTO

# A MUSICAL JOY

It is safe to say that music wields a wonderful power over every individual—it soothes, inspires and delights mankind—therefore how essential it is that the Piano in your home, at your entertainment, should be of the highest type, one that will produce the sweetest harmonies without the introduction of the least discord to break the spell of music's charm. In seeking this instrument look up

# THE WILLIAMS PIANO

Do not purchase until you have inspected and tested THE WILLIAMS PIANO. Thousands of them in use to-day are bearing testimony to their merits as high-class mediums of pleasing the musical critic, giving cheer to the home life and delighting audiences.

If you have not a WILLIAMS PIANO Representative in your district write or call upon us, and we will show you an instrument built for the people and used by the people.

**The R. S. Williams & Sons Company, Limited**

143 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MANUFACTURERS OF PIANOS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE



# CARLSBAD NATURAL Mineral Waters

From the Celebrated Alkaline and Saline Springs,  
**SPRUDEL, SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, MUHLBRUNNEN,**  
 At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,  
 are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the  
 CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

**CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,  
 HYPERCEMIA OF THE LIVER,  
 GALL STONES, DIABETES,  
 CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,  
 RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,**

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

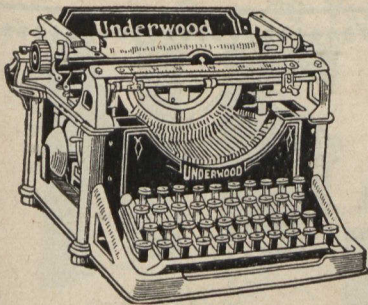
## The Natural Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

To avoid imitations, please see that the WRAPPER round each bottle of SALT bears the Signature of the Sole Agents,

TO BE OBTAINED AT  
 ALL  
 DRUG STORES.

**INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,**  
 LONDON,  
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THE UNDERWOOD

# Rebuilt Typewriters

We have in stock at present and offer for sale rebuilt machines as follows:—

	Cash.	Time.		Cash.	Time.
No. 2 and 3 Caligraphs.....	\$30 00	\$35 00	No. 6 Remington .....	\$75 00	\$80 00
No. 5 Blickensderfer.....	25 00	30 00	No. 1 Yost.....	35 00	40 00
No. 1 Williams .....	40 00	45 00	No. 1 New Yost.....	45 00	50 00
No. 1 Smith-Premier.....	50 00	55 00	New Franklin.....	30 00	35 00
No. 2 Smith-Premier.....	75 00	80 00	Bar-lock.....	40 00	45 00
No. 1 Jewett.....	50 00	55 00	Latest Olivers.....	40 00	45 00
No. 2 and 3 Jewett.....	75 00	80 00	Hammond Ideal.....	25 00	30 00
No. 2 Remington.....	50 00	55 00	Hammond Universal.....	40 00	45 00

A good many of these machines are practically as good as new. We have ten expert mechanics in our Repair Room, several of these men have been in the employ of prominent typewriter factories in the United States for many years, and are thoroughly familiar with all makes of machines. We mention this fact, since we are the only concern in Canada thoroughly equipped for this work.

ALL MACHINES CARRY A YEAR'S GUARANTEE.

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**SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITERS**  
 because they possess those sterling  
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SOME **SMITH PREMIER** ATTRIBUTES  
**DURABILITY-  
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"Illustrated  
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WINNIPEG, MAN.  
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 ARNOTT  
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# Baby's Skin

smells like a rose in bloom after his bath with **Baby's Own Soap.**

Its known purity, and the fact that it is made from only fine vegetable oils, has made it a favorite with doctors, and the Montreal branch of the National Council of Women, in their booklet "Hints to Mothers," advise its use.



Sold all over by Grocers  
 and Druggists

**ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.**  
 Mfrs. Montreal

N. B.—Many imitations are on the market—beware of them.



This handsome catalogue will tell you all about the

# New Century Typewriter

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Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

# NEAVE'S FOOD

**BEST AND CHEAPEST**

**FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED.**

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in

**The RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.**

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and, being rich in Phosphates and Potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—LANCET.

**Wholesale Agents in Canada—THE TORONTO PHARMACAL CO., Toronto.**  
**Manufacturers—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge, England.**

In 1-lb.  
Patent  
Air-Tight  
Tins.

No. 836

# Hall's Wine

rapidly restores the vital forces after illness and overwork.

It restores both body and mind in a marvellous manner. It cures Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, and General Debility. Nurse Nicholas, Crumpsall, says:—

"I appreciate Hall's Wine very much for its rapid stimulating power both on muscles and nerves. I have also given it to my present patient, who says he has found it a splendid restorative. I shall recommend the wine whenever I can."

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want a whisky better than that which is usually sold—are looking for the best. If they can buy "SANDERSON'S" Old Private Stock—(20 years' old) from their dealer, we know they will be more than pleased—If he cannot supply you, remit us the price, \$18.00 for 1 dozen, and we will send it, all charges prepaid, to any station in Ontario, Quebec, or Lower Provinces—(No marks on case if requested).

This whisky is the very oldest and finest procurable.

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### On 4 of the 6 Successful Mines

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Booklets of New Mines and Dividend Payers, Special Combination Plan, Latest Reports from the Properties and Full Particulars Mailed Free to any one interested, on application.

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BANKERS AND BROKERS,

Members New York Consolidated Stock Exchange,  
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#### BRANCHES:

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KANSAS CITY, "The Heist" Building.  
ST. JOHN, N. B., "The McLaughlin" Buildings.  
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"Silver Plate that Wears."  
The enjoyment of the

## SOUP and OYSTERS

is increased if served with dainty silver. Ladles, spoons, forks, etc., stamped with the trade-mark

# "1847"

## Rogers Bros."

are beyond criticism — handsome in design, correct in shape, perfect in finish — and are sold by leading dealers at one-fourth the price of solid silver.

The "Berkshire" here shown, and many other patterns in "1847" ware, is shown in our catalogue No. 61 Send for it

International Silver Co.,  
Successor to  
Meriden Britannia Co.,  
Meriden, Conn.

A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



# THE CLUB COCKTAILS

Manhattan, Martini,  
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Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

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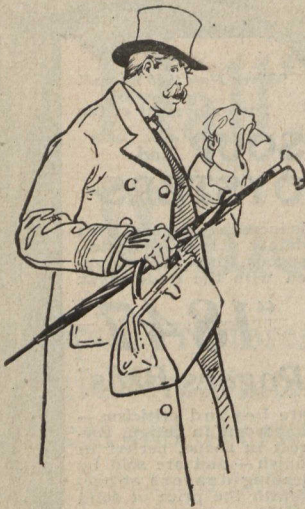
Sole Proprietors,

39 Broadway, New York.

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WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS, Distributing Agents for Canada  
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IS THE BEST  
PREVENTIVE OR CURE  
FOR

# INFLUENZA

**BOVRIL** is made entirely from the finest lean beef procurable.

**BOVRIL** contains all the nourishing constituents of that beef.

**BOVRIL** contains those nourishing constituents in a form capable of easy digestion and instant assimilation into the system.

THE BEST AND ONLY DESTROYING HAIR  
MEANS FOR  
upon the Face, Hands, Arms and Neck is by using

## ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY

Or HAIR DESTROYER, absolutely without injury to the Skin. Price, One Dollar.

Having been 50 years tested by the public must speak well as to its merits. Can be had of all Chemists and Stores. *Use no other.* Proprietor, ALEX. ROSS, 62 Theobalds Road, Holburn, London, W.C.

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LARGEST ASSORTMENT IN CANADA.  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
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## THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.** FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.  
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.  
K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

## DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS



**WARNING.**—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

## DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS.

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road,  
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## Crompton Erect Form Models



Conceded by experts to be the most healthful and most correct Erect Form Corsets yet produced—built on straight front and hygienic principles, they scientifically follow the lines of nature and form a perfect support for the back and stomach—no strain upon the digestive organs—hold the shoulders well back—give that long line from shoulder to bust and graceful incurve at the back, holding the figure erect, with the correct military poise. Ask to see Crompton Erect Form

Styles A, B, C and D. Choose the style suited to your form, get it properly fitted and properly laced with three strings, and a graceful tapering under the arms to the waist and out again over

the hips will be the pleasurable result of the most comfortable and most stylish corset you have ever worn.

Sold in all the Dry Goods Stores.



Hundreds of thousands, all over the world, use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you? Cresolene cures Whooping Cough every time; stops Croup almost immediately. Colds, Asthma and Catarrh cannot resist its healing virtues. I. N. Love, M. D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." Anthony Comstock says: "Malignant Diphtheria in my house; Cresolene used: case recovered in two weeks; no others were affected." Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

LEEMING, MILES & CO., Agts., MONTREAL, CANADA

# YOUR LIVER

If your liver is not in a healthy condition, then look out for a break-up in your whole system.

An unhealthy liver soon fills the whole body with poisonous matter.

Germs of all kinds will then soon get in their deadly work, attacking first one part of your anatomy, then another. To prevent this and insure good health, you must rid the system first of all germs.

Dr. Arnold's Toxin Pills are the only medicine known that enters the circulation, searches out the deadly poisons, and does not allow one single germ to exist.

Dr. Arnold's Toxin Pills are prescribed by physicians and used in their private practice. What better evidence of their efficacy is needed?

They are sold by all druggists at 75 cents a box, or you can get a small trial box for 25 cents, or they will be sent on receipt of price by the

**ARNOLD CHEMICAL COMPANY**

Canada Life Building

TORONTO, ONTARIO



# BELL PIANOS

BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME



**The Bell Organ and Piano Co.**  
Limited

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**SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

**A NEAT FIGURE,  
REAL COMFORT,**  
and Delightful Freedom by  
wearing McCallum's registered

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instead of Petticoats and Under-  
skirts. Once tried always worn.  
Price list of all qualities free, or  
Sample Pair, in Navy or Fawn,  
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size of lady's waist and height.  
Best workmanship and guaran-  
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**BRIM FULL OF BRIGHT  
IDEAS FOR BUSINESS MEN**  
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each month explains fully, with elaborate  
illustrations, methods actually in use by  
SUCCESSFUL business and professional  
men. Teaches and encourages system.  
Trial four months' subscription, 16 cents.  
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Write for FREE book on Business Methods.



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**How to reduce it**

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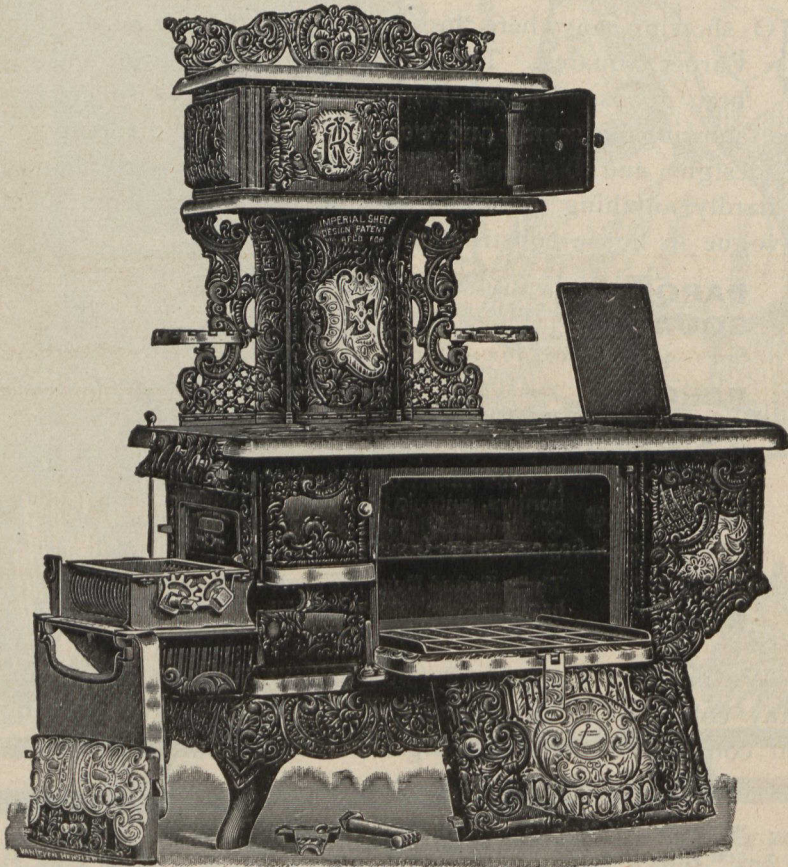
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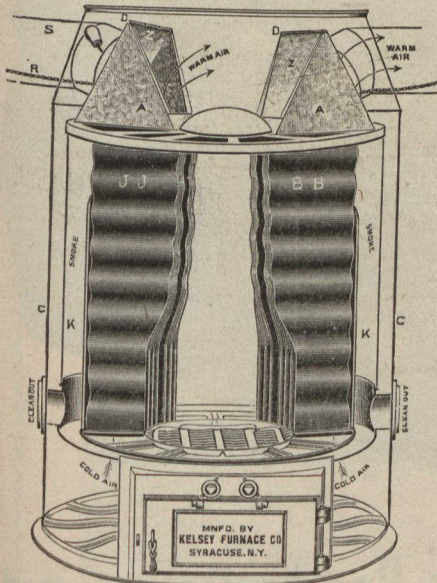
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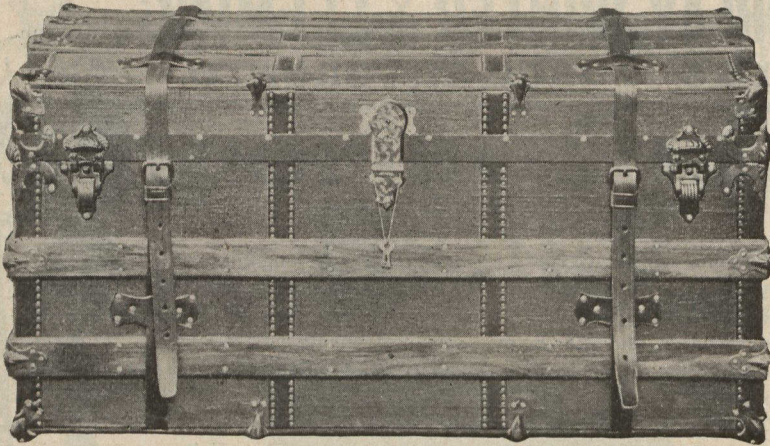
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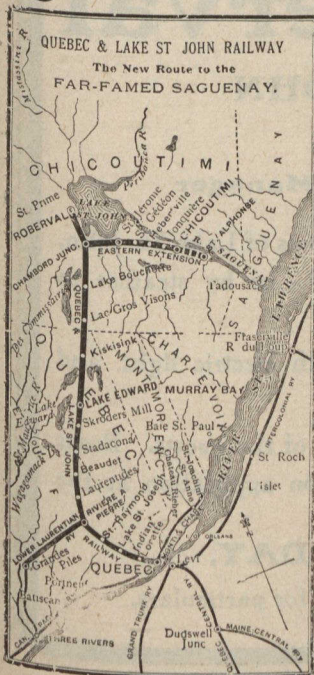
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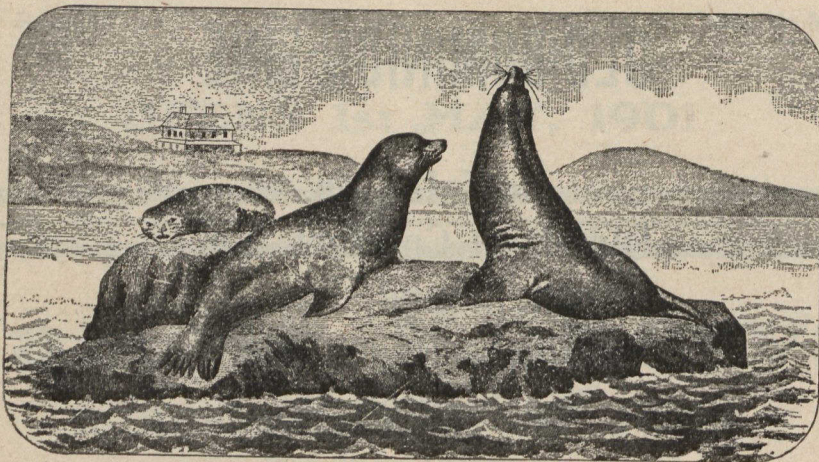


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**HOLD FAST TO THE GOOD ?**

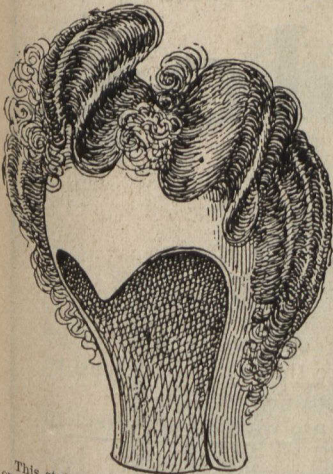
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This style is the latest PARIS CACHE-TETE or Head-Covering, made entirely of Natural Wavy Hair, and fastens with a Spring around the entire head; it is not a wig, and the lady's own hair can be dressed with it. We have them in different styles.



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Patented July 19th, 1901.

This NOVEL and MERITORIOUS SELF-FASTENING SWITCH is the most natural way to attach a switch to a lady's own hair. We sold hundreds of them, and every lady is delighted. Beware of imitations put up by unscrupulous and boastful dealers who substitute our PATENT SPRING Fastener with a string or elastic, which wears out in a few times. Be sure and get Armand's Patent Self-Fastening Switch. Every switch bears that name in gold letters.

Send for Catalogue and Price List, and mention this Magazine.



This pretty and becoming Coiffure has been designed for the New York Fashion Paper for Hair Dressing, THE AMERICAN HAIR DRESSER, by J. Trancle-Armand, and has been adopted universally by the principal Coiffure Artists in America. For Styles, up-to-date Coiffures and Hair Goods, go to Armand's.

**HAVE YOU GRAY HAIR?** Then use ARMAND'S INSTANTANEOUS GRAY HAIR RESTORER. It never fails to give the desired effect. It makes the most natural and lasting color; the hair can be washed, curled or dressed as before. It is not oily, sticky, nor otherwise offensive. It is odorless, and is to-day the Best Gray Hair Restorative in the market. Price \$3.00, or 2 boxes for \$5.00. Sent by express to any part of America. When ordering, bring or send sample of your hair and we will send you the right shade. Superfluous Hair easily, quickly, and safely removed and the roots destroyed, by persevering treatment with "CAPILLARINE." It is harmless, and will not injure the most delicate skin. Price, \$2.00; sent to any part of Canada or the world over. All goods sent concealed from observation.

**J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge Street, and 1 Carlton, TORONTO, ONT., CANADA**

# THE ALE & PORTER OF JOHN LABATT, LONDON ONT.



**USED AS A TONIC AND STIMULANT.**

**PORTER.** Undoubtedly the Best brewed on the Continent. Proved to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

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*“More Driving by More People”*

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**Tires**

You will increase the enjoyment of carriage riding—an increased pleasure that will surely lead to more driving by more people.

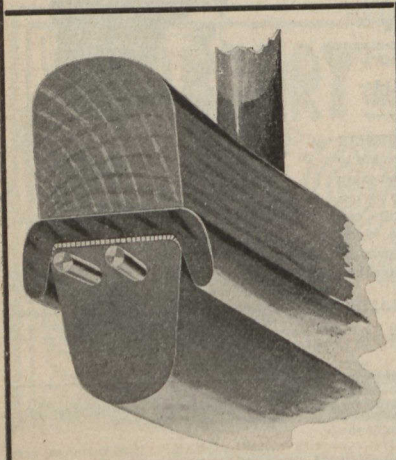
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A REMEDY FOR ALL  
AILMENTS. Superseding Bitter  
Apple, Pil Cochia, Pennyroyal, etc.  
Order of all Chemists, or post free  
for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS,  
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MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

## APIOL & STEEL PILLS

## AFTER EFFECTS OF GRIP

Are Often More Serious Than the  
Grip Itself.

Physicians and grip sufferers alike are agreed that the after effects of the disease are more to be feared than the acute attack; you can never be sure that the disease has left the system completely.

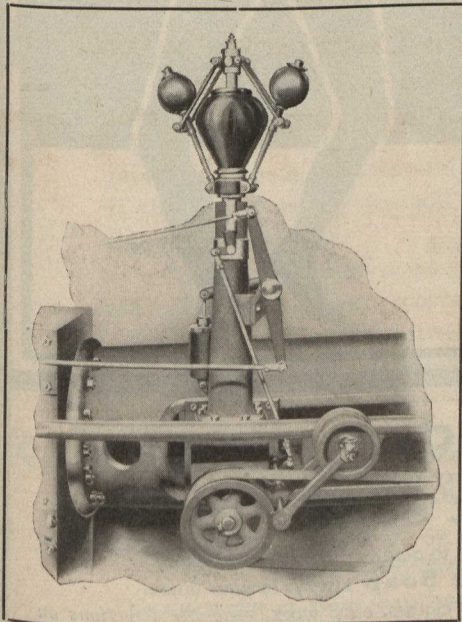
LaGrippe naturally attacks the weakest organ and leaves it still weaker.

Not only pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis and throat trouble follow the grip, but kidney, liver and stomach are troubles just as liable to result, provided any of these organs should happen to be in a weak condition at the time of attack.

To get rid of the grip germ, to get it entirely out of the system and blood, few remedies are so good and none safer than Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; they are not a compound of powerful and dangerous drugs, but a pleasant, palatable, convenient remedy in tablet form, composed of the wholesome antiseptic principles of Eucalyptus bark, blood root and similar germicide remedies which are perfectly wholesome and harmless to the system, but death to the germs of grip, catarrh, consumption and diseases of the throat and air passages.

Mrs. Chas. Gormley, of Memphis, says:—"Last winter an attack of the grip left me with weak back, a persistent cough and loss of flesh and appetite, and after using various remedies for several months with little or no improvement I finally bought a 50 cent package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at my drug store, and as they were pleasant and convenient to take I used them at all times of day or night, and I was astonished to secure such fine results from so pleasant and convenient a medicine. In two weeks my cough disappeared, my appetite returned. I improved in flesh and color, and no one would now think that I had ever had such a thing as the grip.

"My druggist told me he sold more of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, for the cure of grip, colds and catarrh, than any other similar medicines.



The engraving shows our Improved  
Governor, with Safety Device, as applied  
to all sizes of our

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It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality; always satisfactory.

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For best results on wash day, snowy white clothes, easy work, *read the directions on the wrapper.*

**SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap**

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 AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.



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**Delightful After Bathing  
 A Luxury After Shaving**

A POSITIVE RELIEF FOR  
**PRICKLY HEAT,  
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 and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration.

Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Refuse all other powders, which are liable to do harm.

Sold every where, or mailed for 25 cents (Sample free.)  
 GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

**MOTHERS** Your children cured of Bed-wetting.  
**SAMPLE FREE.**  
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Means saving at the point of greatest expense. If your piano cover or table cover have lost their delicate color effect, let us help you to rejuvenate them. If careful cleaning will restore them we will do it. If they need dyeing we will consult about the color, and then we'll create a new effect.

It wouldn't surprise us if you liked the new color better than the old. This sort of work costs but little, may be a \$1.00, may be \$2.00.

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# A GOOD DEAL OF NONSENSE

About "Blood Purifiers" and "Tonics."

---

Every drop of blood, every bone, nerve and tissue in the body can be renewed in but one way, and that is from wholesome food properly digested. There is no other way, and the idea that a medicine in itself can purify the blood or supply new tissues and strong nerves is ridiculous, and on a par with the fol-de-rol that dyspepsia or indigestion is a germ disease, or that other fallacy, that a weak stomach which refuses to digest food can be made to do so by irritating and inflaming the bowels by pills and cathartics.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive principles which weak stomachs lack, and unless the deficiency of pepsin and diastase is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure stomach trouble by the use of "tonics," "pills" and "cathartics," which have absolutely no digestive power, and their only effect is to give a temporary stimulation.

One grain of the active principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs and similar foods, and experiments have shown that they will do this in a glass bottle at proper temperature, but of course are much more effective in the stomach.

There is probably no remedy so universally used as Stuart's Tablets, because it is not only the sick and ailing, but well people who use them at every meal to insure perfect digestion and assimilation of the food.

People who enjoy fair health take Stuart's Tablets as regularly as they take their meals, because they want to keep well; prevention is always better than cure, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do both; they prevent indigestion, and they remove it where it exists. The regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit and efficiency better than any other argument.

**EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK**  
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**ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"**

*A Household Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means.*



All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet—eating or drinking, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Vomiting, Constipation, Influenza, and Fevers of all kinds.

Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of Life is immensely increased.

**THE WAR.**—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal:—

"I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—Feb. 13th, 1900."

**CAUTION.**—See that Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, ENGLAND, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal and Toronto.

You cannot over magnify the merits of the

**HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.**

NOTICE: AUTOGRAPH OF STEWART HARTSHORN ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE ROLLER.

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HYGIENIC COCOA

THIS IS THE SEASON WHEN LADIES ARE LOOKING FOR NICE THINGS.

COWAN'S

Queen's Dessert Chocolate  
 Chocolate Cream Bars  
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 Chocolate Wafers, Etc.,

ARE DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS, AND ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Drawn for Canadian Magazine

## A SAFEGUARD AGAINST FRAUD

THIS SIGNATURE IN WHITE ACROSS THE RED LABEL

*Lea Perrins*

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Employ skilled artists and men of long experience selected from the best houses of England and Germany, also Canadians of ability who have learned their business with us.

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Our prices in all departments will be found as low as is consistent with good workmanship and material.

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We are the largest manufacturers and importers of this class of goods in Canada. We carry in stock an immense assortment of new and original designs in calendars, fans, cards, cut-out shapes, papier-mache novelties, etc.

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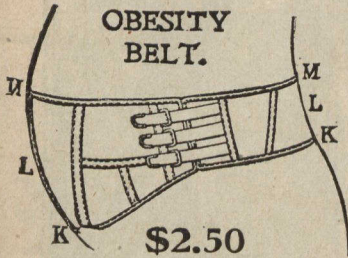
# Fine Carvers

must not only look well when new, but the steel must be of the very best quality so as to take and keep a keen edge—The Genuine Rodgers' Trademark is a guarantee of the very best—Whether for a gift or for your own use they are the best to buy.

**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited, (Cutlers to His Majesty), Sheffield, England.**

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We never use Drugs, Obesity Tablets or Pills of any kind to reduce fat, as they weaken the system and often cause death.



**\$2.50**

**FOR MEN OR WOMEN**

We reduce the flesh without any discomfort to the wearer. Obesity Belts used to advantage by corpulent people, both ladies and gentlemen, to reduce corpulency and give shape to a pendulous or relaxed abdomen. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate; also gives absolute safety from Navel Rupture; relieves the dragging sensation peculiar to a pendulous abdomen and improves the shape. We will send the belt to any part of the United States or Canada. Special price, \$2.50. Send measure around the largest part of abdomen when ordering belt.

**Comfortable belts made to order to be used after any operation.**

Those interested in the subject call or write and get an illustrated book free. We manufacture trusses for all cases of Rupture.

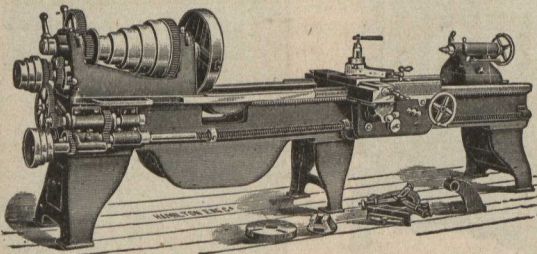
**Improved Elastic Truss Company, 768 Broadway, New York**  
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Ladies in Attendance for Ladies.

Examination Free.

Closed Sundays.

Established 19 Years in New York.



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**EQUIPMENTS FOR**

**Ship Yards, Boiler Shops,  
Locomotive Shops, Car Shops  
Machine Shops, etc.,**

Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.

# “Pocket Kodak Portraiture”

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THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

# Hunyadi János

PREVENTS HEMORRHOIDS  
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GET THE GENUINE.

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6 Everblooming Roses, 25c.

The very finest varieties each different and named, splendid 1 year old plants. We mail them direct to your address for 25c. Safe arrival guaranteed. Send now.

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Canadian  
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## A Rose Garden For 25c.

We have more than doubled our immense stock of rose plants and make the below unparalleled offer to every Canadian rose lover. We grow over 200 distinct kinds of roses, in many sizes and almost endless quantity. Send to Headquarters.

Large collections and complete stocks of hardy Perennial Plants and hardy Ornamental Shrubs. Our descriptive catalogue will be mailed to every purchaser. We ship to any part of Canada with perfect safety. Take advantage of this wonderful offer now.

**WEBSTER BROS.,**  
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## A PERFECT BUST



Can be gained in a few weeks' time with the famous "Nadine" System of Development. Makes all scrawny and hollow places even and plump. Harmless; failure impossible. Fully guaranteed. *You will have the personal attention by mail of a Form and Face Specialist until development is completed.*

Highly endorsed by physicians. Instructions, photos, references, etc., sealed, free. Inclose stamp for postage. **Mrs. HASTINGS, 239 Omaha Bldg., Chicago.**

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AS USED IN TURKEY.

GUARANTEED TO BE  
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY  
ORIENTAL COFFEES  
THAT THE WORLD  
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THIS COFFEE  
IS SOLD ONLY  
IN THE BERRY  
AND THE BERRY IS  
STRONGLY RECOMMENDED  
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IMPORTED & PREPARED BY  
**JAMES TURNER & Co**  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO. ☆

The enthusiasm of Pianola owners would indicate that those who have not yet purchased this instrument are depriving themselves of more genuine enjoyment than they realize.

# The Pianola in England

A consensus of opinion which cannot be explained except by the fact that the Pianola affords pleasure to those of culture and refinement. Scarcely a week passes without two or three names of those prominent in English Society being added to the lists of Pianola purchasers ❀ ❀ ❀

We publish here a list of some of its patrons in England with the additions which have been made during the past month.

Her Late Majesty Queen Victoria  
 Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife  
 Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Wales  
 Her Serene Highness Princess Frederick Earl Hohenlohe  
 His Royal Highness Prince Bonaparte  
 His Grace the Duke of Westminster  
 Her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham  
 His Grace the Duke of Manchester  
 His Grace the Duke of Sutherland  
 Marquis of Camden  
 Marquis d'Hautpool  
 Marquis of Headfort  
 Earl of Harewood  
 Earl Egerton  
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 Sir Peter Walker, Bart.  
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 Hon. C. Irby  
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 Sir W. F. Miller, Bart.  
 Lady Colebrook  
 Lord Cowley  
 Marquis of Anglesey  
 Viscountess Knutsford  
 Earl of Dysart  
 The Earl of Hopetoun (Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth)  
 Earl of Howe

Countess of Oxford  
 Countess of Leitrim  
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 Lady Ela Russell  
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 Lord Athlumney  
 Hon. A. C. de Rothschild  
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 Lady Charles Forbes  
 Sir Kenneth Matheson, Bart.  
 Lady H. M. Stanley  
 Lady Bowyer  
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The universal Perfume  
for the Handkerchief  
Toilet and Bath.



Be sure  
you get the  
genuine.

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA WATER.**  
Refuse all substitutes.

Like a magic touch  
Lustre the greatest  
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**ELECTRO  
SILVER POLISH  
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Never scratching  
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Never equalled

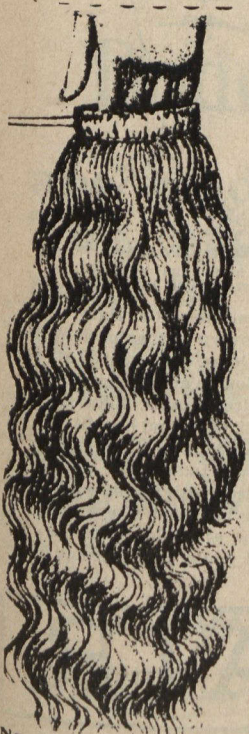
Trial quantity for the asking. Box, post-paid, 15 cts. in stamps. **It's Sold Everywhere.**

Our Plate Cleaning Cabinet, an oak case 7x4 in., containing 1 Box Electro-Silicon, 1 cake E. S. Silver Soap, Plate Brush and Chamois, compartment for each, is a modern convenience for tidy housewives.

Delivered **free** to any address in the U. S. on receipt of **75 cts.** stamps or money order. Send for descriptive circular.

The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

**Davis & Lawrence Co. Limited, Montreal**  
Sole Agents for Canada



No. 3—Unparalleled Combined Coil and Hair Fastener \$5.00 and up.

# PEMBER'S HAIR GOODS

## Turkish and Russian Baths

127-129 and 778  
Yonge Street



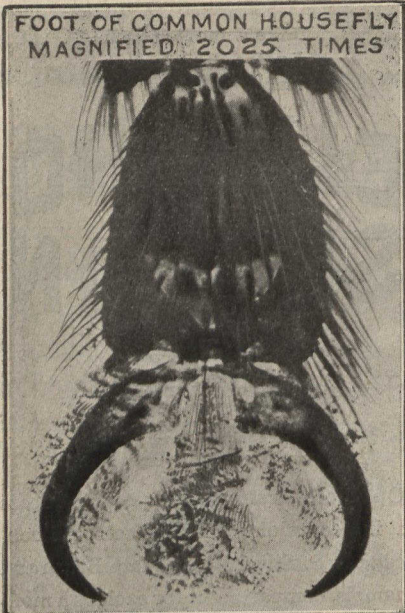
No. 4—Pember's Transformation, dressed on the head, showing the lady's own hair.

A year's designing, inventing, study and research of European art, added to another year's experience, is all crowded into our 1901 stock.

We are highly pleased with the results attained, and feel satisfied a pleasant surprise awaits those who favor us with an inspection of our line. I would particularly call your attention to the style of our goods. We have constructed on the latest and most approved principles, specially invented and designed by us, and are more true to nature, lighter, more durable and artistic than any other goods manufactured on this continent.

We can suit you as well by mail.





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MAGNIFIED 2025 TIMES



TYPHOID



PNEUMONIA



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CONSUMPTION

The above disease germs are magnified 1,000,000 times. The foot of the fly only 2025 times. One can imagine that very many germs will adhere to a fly's foot. You can catch the fly and prevent infection by the germ it carries by using

### Tanglefoot Sticky Fly Paper.....

It Catches the GERM as well as the FLY.

# Cures Goitre

Remarkable Discovery that Cures this Dangerous and Disfiguring Disease Without Pain, Operation or Inconvenience.

## TRIAL PACKAGE SENT FREE.

Dr. John P. Haig, a well-known Cincinnati physician, has had marvelous success with a remedy that cures Goitre or Thick Neck. And owing to the fact that most



MRS. ELLEN A. GLAYNOR, Covington, Ky.,

was cured after suffering for 28 years; if you wish you are at liberty to write her.

sufferers believe Goitre is incurable, Dr. Haig sends a free trial package of his discovery so that patients may try and know positively that Goitre can be cured at home without pain, danger, operation or any inconvenience.

Send your name and address to Dr. John P. Haig, 1480 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will forward the treatment, postage prepaid. Do not fail to get this wonderful remedy. In Bombay, India, 60,000 patients in that infected district were cured with the same remedy, and wherever used its success has been marvelous.

Write at once, send name and address to-day, and Dr. Haig will be glad to send you a trial package of the remedy free. Do not delay.

## TORONTO INSTITUTE OF OSTEOPATHY

567 Sherbourne Street, TORONTO

Successfully Treating all Diseases Without Drugs.

Call or Write for Further Particulars.  
Consultation Free.

## STAMPS The Finest Stock at Lowest Prices

Largest Importers British Colonials in U.S.

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We buy collections and solicit correspondence. Correspondents wanted in every country in the world; write for special foreign booklet.

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Dealers, Importers and Exporters of Postage Stamps exclusively

# LUBY'S FOR THE HAIR

# IN THE SPRING

many people imagine that to be well they must dose themselves with purgatives and nasty things. This is the old theory. Science has proved it to be entirely wrong.

## The Stomach Needs Help

But purgatives never cure stomach troubles. They act on the bowels, not on the stomach. They weaken, but cannot cure. What the system really needs is a medicine that will tone up the organs of digestion.

## Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets

are made specifically for this purpose. The large white Tablets help the stomach, by digesting the food and giving it rest. The small brown Tablets stimulate the Liver and Bowels. Together these form a perfect treatment for all Digestive derangements.

All in one box, 50c.

Wherever Medicine is Sold.

If your Kidneys are not right,  
use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

# OXYDONOR

**Pneumonia Quinsy  
La Grippe Catarrh  
Bronchitis Rheumatism  
Etc., Etc.**

It will pay you to own one and be on the safe side. One **Oxydonor** in a family will banish all the terrors of disease from the household if only used as soon as needed and in a reasonable way.

This is the **actual experience** in many thousands of families who have adopted this advanced method of treating disease.

Send at once for books giving further information about **Oxydonor** and many reports from all parts of the country.



(Trade-mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)

### COLDS, GENERAL DEBILITY.

**Rev. J. Frederick Renaud**, Secretary and Chaplain of the St. Andrew's Home, 46 Belmont Park, Montreal, writes:—"I have personally used OXYDONOR No. 2, invented by Dr. H. Sanche, and also members of my family, and can bear testimony to the relief it gave in cases of colds, general debility and lassitude."

### PNEUMONIA, COLDS.

**Mr. J. H. Barnes**, Greenwood, B.C., writes:—"OXYDONOR broke severe colds several times for me, also broke pneumonia twice. It helped me very greatly in a chronic case where many doctors failed."

### LA GRIPPE.

**Mr. Thomas LeClaire**, Thessalon, Ont., writes:—"I had la grippe badly for two days, when I commenced using OXYDONOR, and it completely cured me. I found also that it cured me of constipation with which I had been troubled for six years."

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### BRONCHITIS, CATARRH.

**Mr. F. Free**, Winnipeg, Man., writes:—"I have used OXYDONOR for two weeks for Bronchitis and Catarrh, and I feel like a new man."

### RHEUMATISM.

**Mr. Jas. Ralph**, Postmaster, Goldenburg, Ont.:—"I had been a sufferer for over ten years with both muscular and inflammatory rheumatism when I began using OXYDONOR, and in about three weeks' time I was as free from pain as when I was twenty years old."

### QUINSY, COLDS.

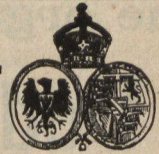
**Mr. J. J. McCauley**, with W. D. Allen & Co., 151 Lake St., Chicago, Ill., writes:—"I have used OXYDONOR on myself for quinsy, and on other members of my family for various troubles, such as severe colds and croup, and have had the most satisfactory results in every case."



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