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JULY

1908



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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXI.

No. 3

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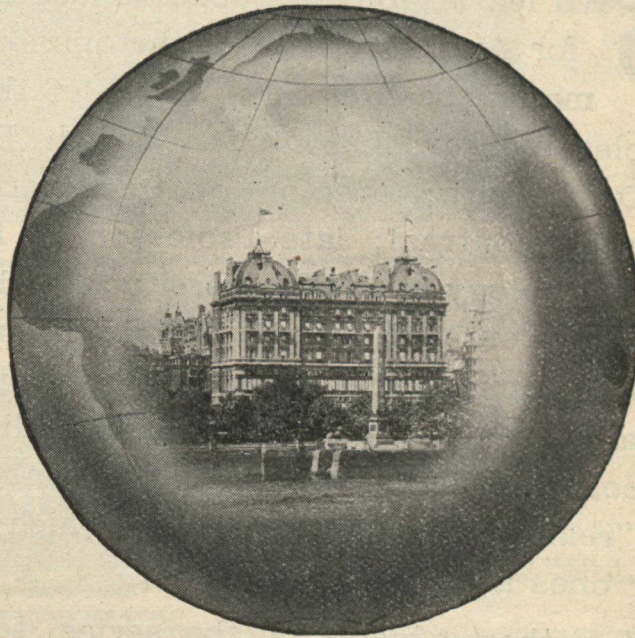
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The other subjects of the series, to be dealt with individually later, are "Heaven" and "Hell."

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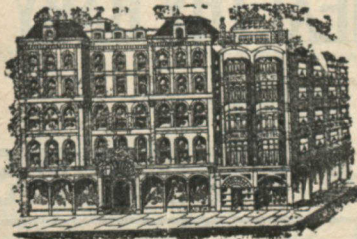


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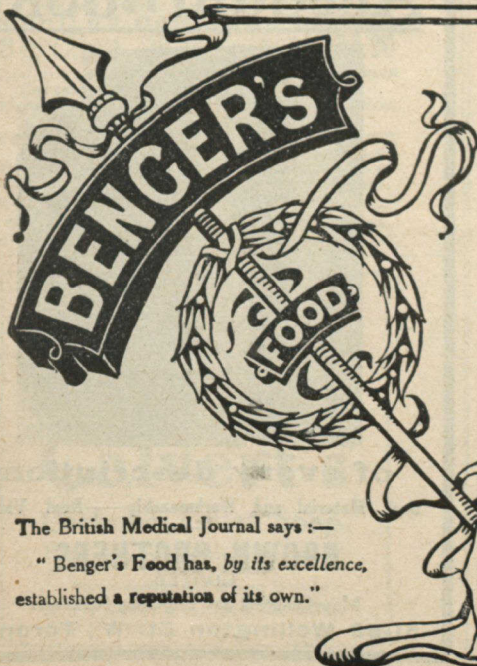
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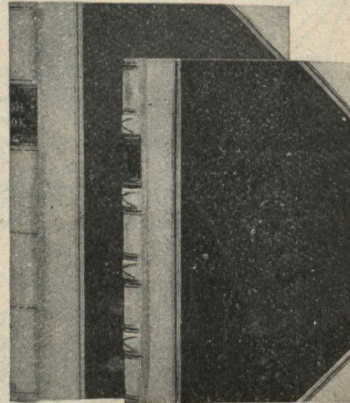


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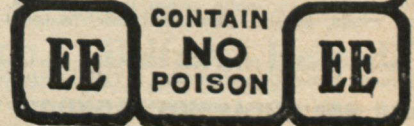
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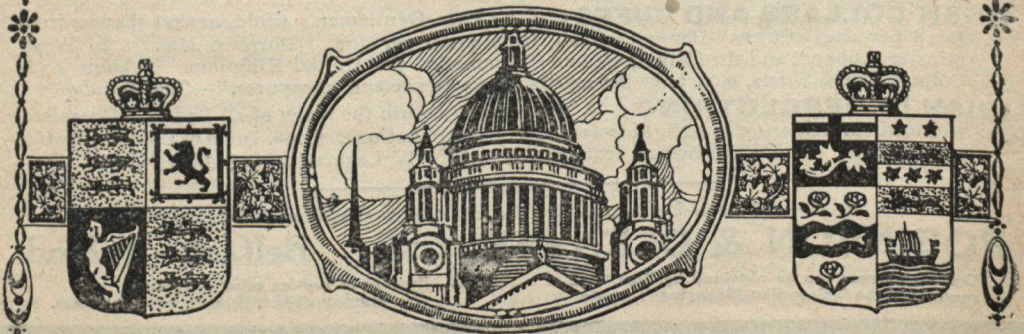
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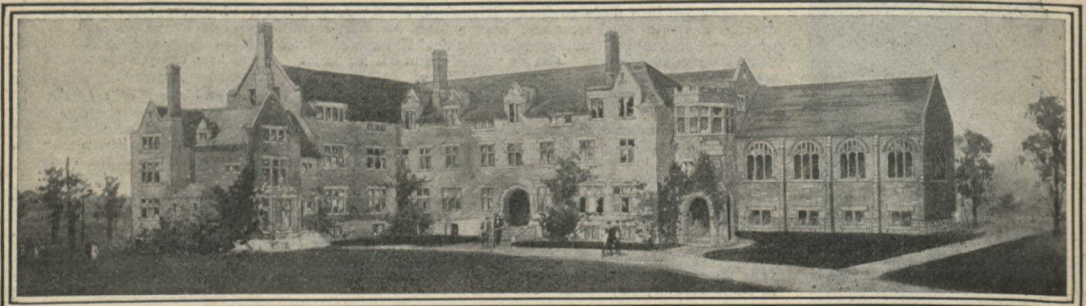
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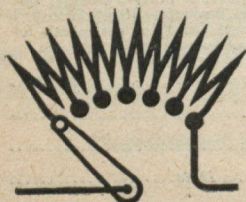
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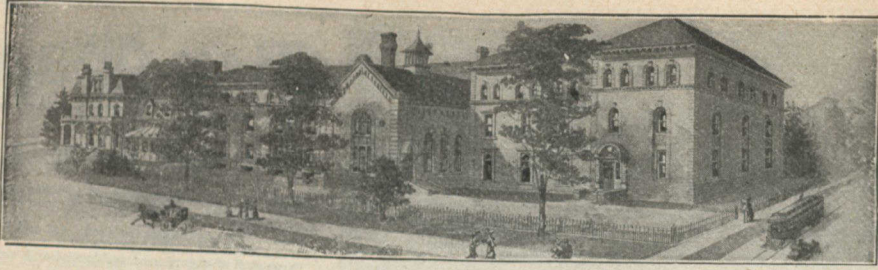
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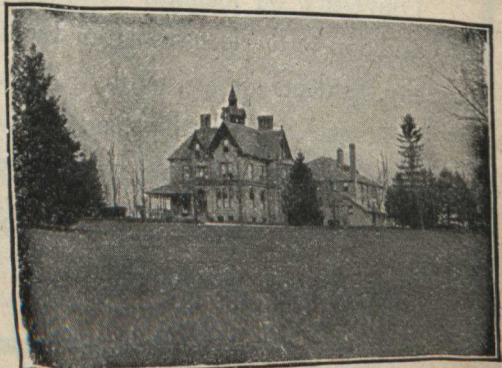
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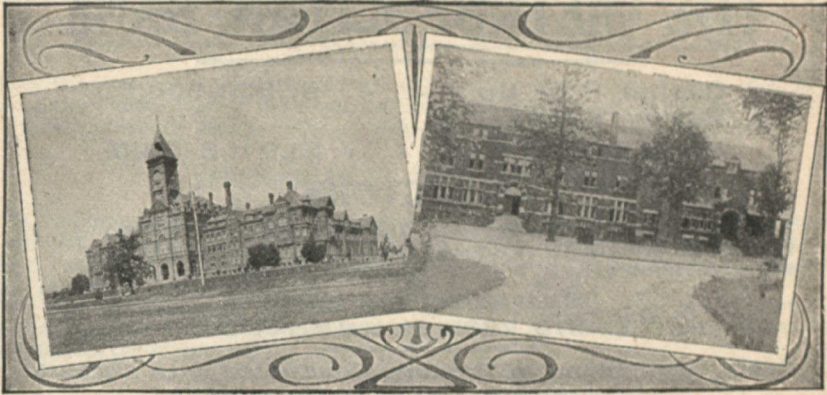
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

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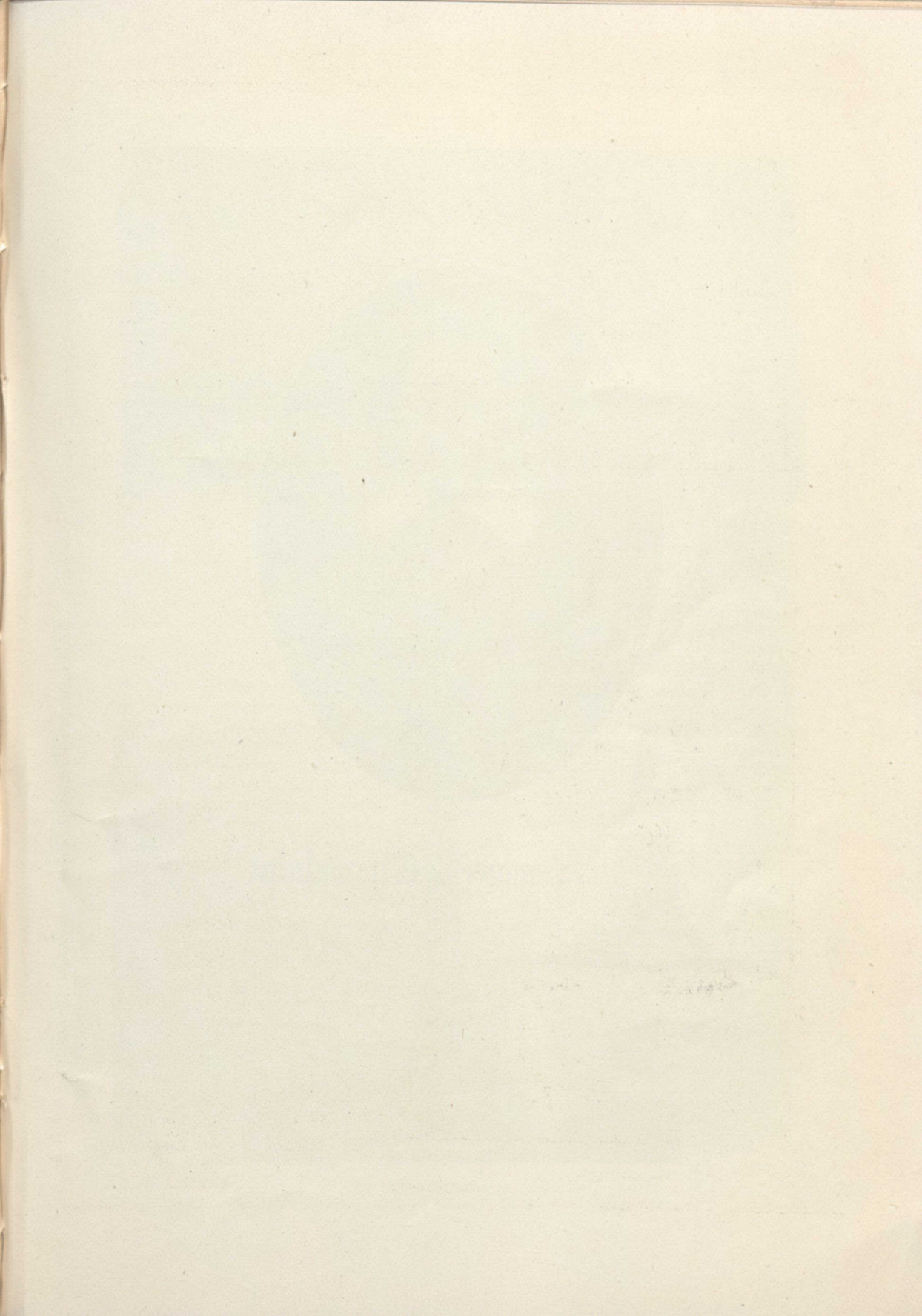
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Samuel de Champlain

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI

TORONTO, JULY, 1908

No. 3

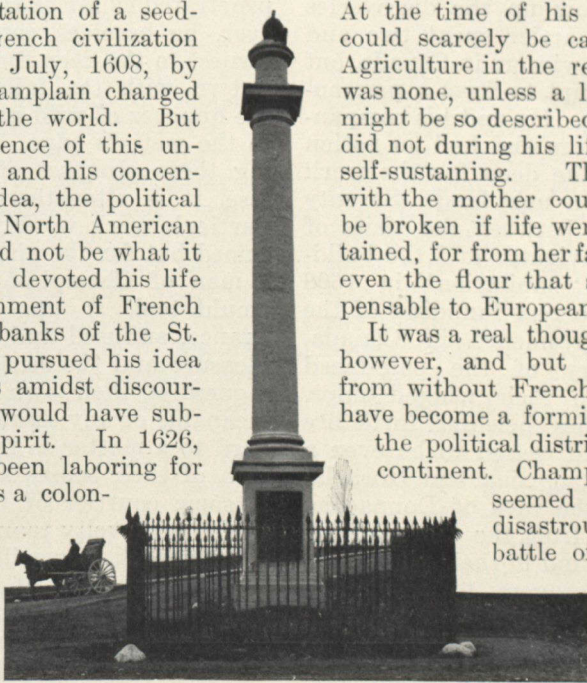


QUEBEC, FROM THE LEVIS SHORE

THE QUEBEC TERCENTENARY

BY JOHN A. EWAN

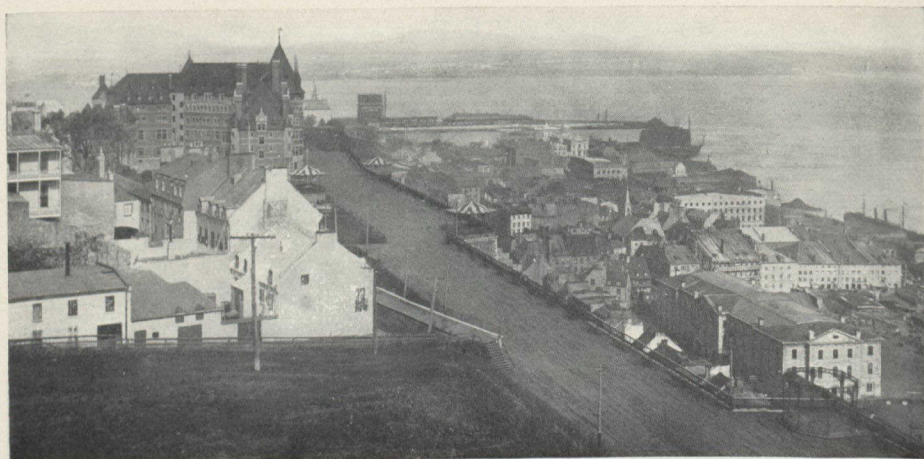
THE implantation of a seed-grain of French civilization at Quebec in July, 1608, by Samuel de Champlain changed the history of the world. But for the persistence of this uncommon man, and his concentration on an idea, the political aspect of the North American continent would not be what it is to-day. He devoted his life to the establishment of French power on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and pursued his idea for thirty years amidst discouragements that would have subdued a lesser spirit. In 1626, after he had been laboring for twenty years as a colonizer, there were but fifty-five white people at Quebec and virtually none anywhere else in all Canada.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT AT QUEBEC

At the time of his death Quebec could scarcely be called a village. Agriculture in the real sense there was none, unless a little gardening might be so described. The colony did not during his life-time become self-sustaining. The connection with the mother country could not be broken if life were to be maintained, for from her fair hands came even the flour that seems so indispensable to Europeans.

It was a real though feeble birth, however, and but for aggression from without French power would have become a formidable factor in the political distribution of this continent. Champlain's dreams seemed to come to a disastrous end in the battle of the Plains of Abraham. There are at least two readings of the meaning of that event,



THE DUFFERIN TERRACE, ONE OF THE FINEST PROMENADES IN THE WORLD

but there can scarcely be more than one of the consequences which flowed from the life-work to which Samuel de Champlain devoted himself.

He was the one Frenchman of his time who seemed consumed with the desire to follow up the discoveries of Cartier. Cartier spent two and perhaps three winters in Canada, but made no attempt to form a permanent settlement. He and his companions were sailors and had no notion of deserting the deep for the work of colonizing a new land. Seventy years elapsed between the visits of the Breton navigator and the building of that "habitation" in 1608 which was the real founding of the white man's residence in Canada.

The memory of the pale-faced strangers with their winged ships, and metal tubes belching forth fire and death, had ceased to be even a memory in Stadacona and Hochelaga. Indeed the race of Donnacona had vanished from the shores of the St. Lawrence and in their place were Algonquin strangers to whom the traditions of Cartier and his men were unknown. Champlain had to begin afresh. All that Cartier had left for his successors was the knowledge of a mighty river flowing

through a new land. The testimony with respect to it was various. Of the coast of Labrador Cartier records his conviction that it was the land to which Cain was banished after the first murder. When he had penetrated as far as Hochelaga, however, he becomes enthusiastic with respect to the deep forests, the paths strewn with the fallen acorns and the bunches of wild grapes that bent to the water's edge. Notwithstanding these glimpses of a demi-paradise, it is altogether unlikely that Cartier's work would have been resumed but for the circumstance that a man of Champlain's temper and mould took it up. The kings of France, suffused and surfeited with pleasure and the sense of the amazement of their own majesty, were incapable of any steady policy in regard to a matter so far from the region of their senses as Canada was. If some courtier of the moment in search of novelty took it up as a fad the monarch was willing to bestow the over-lordship of the vague regions in a solemn document to which he appended his august name. But favorites came and went, and if the founding of a French colony had depended solely on them the project



THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM, SHOWING THE JAIL IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE

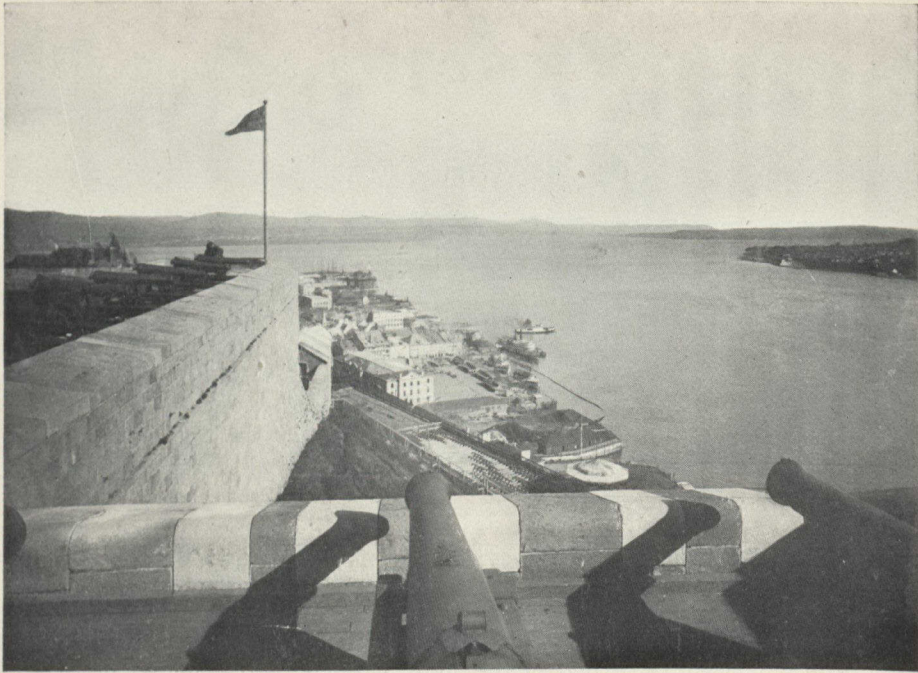
would have died in its very infancy. But behind these butterflies was the inflexible will of an heroic Frenchman, who when one court instrument failed him immediately turned to another in order that his work for the establishment of a new France in the Western world might not be delayed. He crossed the ocean more than a dozen times in the course of his labors. He threaded for thousands of miles the rivers and lakes of Canada in bark canoes. He braved all the dangers of the wilderness, including starvation, wounds and disease. He spent whole winters alone in the wigwams of savage and fickle red men. For the thirty years of his active life he was banished from the comforts and luxuries of his home. He saw his labors apparently ruined when Kirke, the British admiral, captured Quebec, but as he had gained it by sacrifice and foresight he regained it by diplomacy. And at last, broken with toil, he laid his bones down in the city of his founding.

But it all came to naught, the reader will say. French possessions in North America are comprised today in two pinhead islands off the coast of Newfoundland. Let it be repeated, nevertheless, that the la-

bors of Samuel de Champlain vastly influenced the course of history.

To see this it is only necessary to speculate on the course of events if no French settlements had been formed on the St. Lawrence. Canada would in that case have been colonized from the English settlements to the south. The fur trade would have irresistibly attracted them to the great lakes, and when, later on, the inevitable revolution arrived, the whole of North America would have seceded from the British crown.

As it was, Canada at the time of the Revolution was mainly peopled by a race who inherited a decided hostility to the British colonists to the south—the *Bostonnais*—who, in league with the Iroquois, had been the scourge of French settlement. They had but little disposition to revolt against their new masters, who had treated them with mildness and generosity, in order to place themselves under a newer master of whose disposition they were not so sure. Thus it comes that there is a Canada to-day—that there are two political systems, or three if Mexico is included, on this North American continent. This was not Champlain's aim, but his policy led to it in the



ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AND LOWER TOWN, FROM THE CITADEL

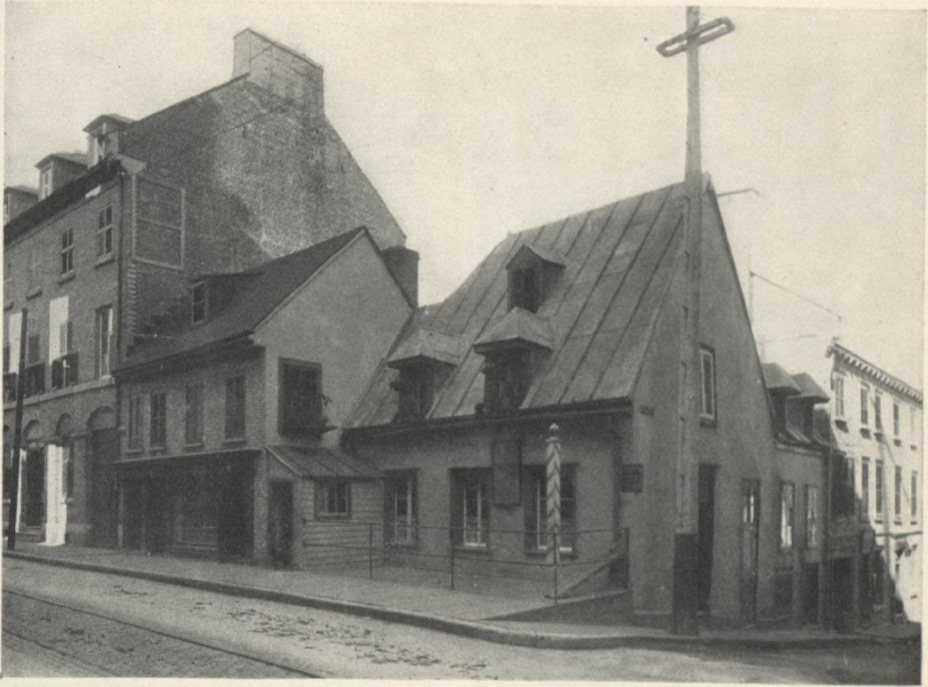
great circle of human events. But for Champlain's thirty years in the wilderness there would have been no land distinctive from the thirteen colonies, and the United Empire Loyalists would have had no place of refuge on this continent from the persecutions of their foes.

Champlain was born at Brouage, in the Province of Saintonge, in 1570. After becoming familiar with navigation, he commanded a vessel on a voyage to the East Indies. This seems to have fixed the love of travel in his blood, and when he returned to France we find him taking service with de Chatte for the purpose of prosecuting Cartier's explorations in Canada.

Even before Cartier's day the Basque and Breton fishermen were accustomed to resort to the shores of Newfoundland to prosecute their hazardous calling. Every reader of Cartier's narrative must have exper-

enced a disillusion when he finds that the famous discoverer of Canada was able to hail vessels of his own countrymen when entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Before Champlain's arrival in Canada these fishermen had formed a settlement at a harbor on the Labrador shore which they had christened Brest. A French governor resided there, together with an almoner, etc., and it is recorded that even in the winter it contained a thousand souls. Champlain's voyage, therefore, had little in it of the breathless wonder and miraculousness which attended that of Columbus. He doubtless had a fair idea of where he was going. He was accompanied by Tadousac by Pontgravé, who had been there before. The difference, however, between him and these fishermen and traders was abysmal. He differed from them in soul and mind. Their objects were wholly sordid; his were



CORNER HOUSE IN WHICH MONTGOMERY MADE HIS HEADQUARTERS AT QUEBEC

national and religious, with a large dash of the discoverer's insatiable curiosity acting as an incitement and reward for constant endeavor. They were content to cast their nets in the waters or trade with the natives along the shore. To him a voice was crying from the interior wilderness which lured ever and ever further on. Thus he was led to lands that, although the most enticing of the districts of Canada, were not settled for almost two hundred years thereafter.

It touches the romantic element in our nature to picture Champlain exploring the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Lake Ontario, the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe three hundred years ago. A less prophetic eye than his could foresee on the shores of these great waters a mightier France. What were the Rhine, the Loire or the Seine compared with these mighty floods? When he saw the

countless miles of stately forests unfolded to his gaze—the white pine areas of the Ottawa and the hardwood forests of Ontario—he must have thought of the sparse woods of France or the dreary and treeless Landes of the southwest. He and almost he alone knew how well worth an effort was the inclusion of this gem in the diadem of French sovereignty. He has been called the Father of New France. He indeed bore every relationship to it that we associate with fostering and nursing and warming into life.

It was not an easy task. The Breton and Basque fishermen and merchants had views entirely foreign from his. For them the only possible object was gain. They did not believe in colonization. Colonists were apt to step between them and their barter with the Indians for furs. The fur trade was the god of these men. Champlain believed in



LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET, QUEBEC, SHOWING
BREAK-NECK STAIRS AT THE END

the fur trade and every other sort of trade, but believed that colonization should proceed step by step with them. The two ideals fought for years, and the slow progress of Canada was an evidence how powerful the commercial interests were. The good temper and steadiness with which he maintained his view is the best proof of his possession of the

qualities that ensured eventual success. It did not come in his time, however. Worn out with travelling and Indian wars and privations, he laid him down to die in the stronghold he had founded.

The tercentenary will be associated in the minds of many with other incidents and other figures. The moment the eyes of the world were, in connection with the celebration of its founding, fixed on the rock-built city there was a sudden realization that another world-event, the complement, indeed, in one view, of Champlain's life-mission, had had Quebec for its scene. It came to be realized that the spot where the Canada of to-day had its birth was worthy of being freed from degrading uses and perpetuated in dignity and beauty in the eternal memories of men. The thought had long arrested the attention of a few who were conversant with the facts. It was specially fortunate that it gained the sympathy and the enthusiastic advocacy of Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada. With the energy and contagious enthusiasm for which he is distinguished, he thrust the subject on public notice. The field where Britain added the greater half of the North American continent to her over-seas lands, the spot where James Wolfe perished in the moment of accomplishing his apparently impossible task, the scenes of Montcalm's heroic defence, of de Levis' victorious exploits, should not be allowed to sink into commonness or be forgotten.

It is gratifying to know that the first steps have been taken to atone for neglects that would not be creditable to Canadians. Not only will Champlain's foundation of the city be duly celebrated, but a beginning will be made for dedicating the fields of Abraham and of the Ste. Foye road as national holy places forever.

PITT THE EMPIRE-BUILDER

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

THE mind naturally connects the name of the first Pitt with the Quebec celebration. The scientific historians, always accurate and usually dull, may correctly trace the origin of the British Empire to a period and to men more remote than he. Popular opinion, however, assigns to Pitt more than to any other statesman the great position attained by England in the middle of the eighteenth century. From that high point her fortunes were soon to recede owing to the blunders of his successors. But never so far as to obliterate the bold outlines of the structure raised by his far-seeing and commanding genius. The results of the capture of Canada alone were to prove a monument to his foresight. Its importance has been increased by the subsequent loss of the United States, and this result was hidden from him. The fusion of French and English under one rule has produced a situation milder and better, perhaps, than any he conceived. But in recalling Quebec's historic past it is impossible to avoid associating Pitt with Wolfe, just as the French rightly honor both the illustrious Champlain, the founder of the city, and Montcalm, its gallant defender.

The career of Pitt awaits full and adequate treatment. Lives of him there are, but none quite equal to the man and his work. It is not the fashion now to glorify a great War Minister. To soothe the modern ear you must talk of peace. The nations

stagger under vast armaments, but these, we are assured, exist for defence, not for defiance. To-day a Pitt and his grand designs would be voted down by philanthropists, economists, and philosophers. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* The French, almost alone of the nations, frankly avow their admiration of a conqueror like Napoleon. Should another such arise, to him likewise they would pay tribute. When the French admirals visited London not long ago they saluted the statue of Nelson as they passed through Trafalgar Square. The candor and courage of such homage is refreshing. The British are a trifle apologetic of their empire-builders, and are apt to regard Clive and Hastings and Chatham with mournful admiration. They were great, but they were ruthless. Happily the British Empire is a concrete fact which the mild sentimentalist must accept, and we can no more celebrate Quebec without thinking of Pitt than we can preserve freedom without force or expect prowess without physical vigor.

Abstract theories, when in conflict with public duty, had no attractions for Pitt. There was work to be done, and he was the man to do it. "My Lord, I know I can save England, and no other man can." The emergency could not be met by disquisitions on the horrors or the futility of war, by reflections that Englishmen had already proved their endurance and that the nation might safely repose on the glories of the past.

The existence of the country was at stake and its liberties and prosperity trembled in the balance. Constant vigilance is the price of empire.

The policy of Walpole — peace abroad and corruption at home—had produced its natural effects. The condition of affairs was seen to be serious. Lord Chesterfield expressed in terse fashion the feeling of the time: "Whoever is in, or whoever is out, I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad; we are no longer a nation. I never saw so dreadful a prospect." The struggle of place-men and sycophants had for many years formed the staple of Parliamentary activity. The honor of the country was little regarded. There is probably no period in British history wherein the selfishness of petty politicians and the intrigues of parties stand out so plainly. The general reader is familiar enough with the depressing story. Even Macaulay, who forgave much to the Whigs because they had been the chief prop of the throne of William, is moved to contempt by their base devotion to the favors of the Court and their cynical abandonment of ancient principles. The Tories, long excluded from office and compromised by their attachment to the fallen Stuarts, were scarcely a factor in the governing of the state. Besides, if the Whigs had declined in public spirit they still produced the ablest men. The promotion of incompetent favorites had impaired the efficiency of the army and navy. The growing colonies and commerce of Britain had excited foreign hostility, and it seemed a fitting opportunity to crush them forever. The war with France had been so feebly conducted that a period of disaster appeared to be the immediate prospect.

At this juncture Pitt came to the front. His qualities appealed to a nation disgusted with faction, distrustful of professing patriots, and genuinely alarmed by the threaten-

ing outlook. His personal integrity was above question. His ambition was for his country and not for himself. His was the kind of eloquence which caught the popular taste. Democracy is fond of rhetoric. Above all, strength of character and a vigorous definite policy were required, and Pitt supplied that need. In this way there came into existence the celebrated Administration in which the Great Commoner was the ruling figure. It lasted but four years. Its achievements were marvellous and enduring. Pitt divided with the Duke of Newcastle the supreme authority. To his colleague he left the management of domestic affairs, including the distribution of patronage, and secured a free hand in controlling foreign policy and the conduct of the war. During a critical period, therefore, the cause of England in her struggle against the European coalition was championed by a man of the highest talent and the most exalted patriotism, exercising the sway of a wise despotism. He maintained a good understanding with George II. throughout. Opposition in Parliament virtually ceased. More important than these advantages, substantial as they were, he possessed the unshaken confidence of the nation.

It was a formidable task, despite the resolution and insight of the great Minister, because, to employ his own words, there was ranged against England "the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind." On the one side by the beginning of 1757 were England and Prussia; on the other, France, Austria, Russia, Hungary, Sweden, and Bavaria (with other German states). Spain, for the moment, held aloof, and Denmark and Holland stood neutral. At first the successes of the new policy were not remarkable. The expeditions against France bore no brilliant fruit. But Pitt had a thor-

ough grasp of the situation and he knew how to deal with it. He intended to fight the mighty combinations at sea and in India and in America. To this end he now devoted all his energies, imparting to admirals and to generals some of his own zeal. He who had so persistently preached the greatness of England began to see the effects of his inspiring eloquence. He selected for the fighting line men whose valor and quality could be relied upon, and not men whose claims were based on their seniority in the service or their aristocratic connections. The incompetents were passed over to Newcastle, who appropriately rewarded them with titles and honors. Macaulay has described in one of his graphic paragraphs what soon happened:

“A succession of victories, undoubtedly brilliant, and, it was thought, not barren, raised to the highest point the fame of the Minister to whom the conduct of the war had been entrusted. In July, 1758, Louisburg fell. The whole Island of Cape Breton was reduced; the fleet to which the Court of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed. The captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington to the city. They were suspended in St. Paul’s Church amidst the roar of guns and kettle-drums and the shouts of an immense multitude. Addresses of congratulation came in from all the great towns of England. Parliament met only to decree thanks and monuments and to bestow, without one murmur, supplies more than double of those which had been given during the war of the Grand Alliance.”

Victory followed victory: on the ocean, in India and in America. The Pitt policy had not merely justified itself, but had been brilliantly successful. The taking of Quebec in 1759 was one of the most picturesque of these victories. Wolfe, as the gen-

eral of the land forces, was his choice. The campaign was mapped out with the supreme disregard of physical obstacles characteristic of Pitt’s conceptions. It was rendered possible by the British control of the sea. In fact, the completeness of the triumphs of this wondrous period demonstrated at every point the sagacity of the Minister who might make errors in detail but whose general plan was born of a mastery of the whole problem.

The closing years of Pitt’s life are not easily made intelligible to twentieth century ideas. We who see the recovery of the Empire from the point of depression reached after the peace of 1783, cannot quite realize the anguish and dismay with which the great statesman saw the results of his labors crumbling away. His health was broken, political intrigues were once more in the ascendant, and a monarch had come to the throne in 1760 with a higher opinion of his own powers than the facts warranted. There seemed to be no place for a master mind. He has been censured for espousing the cause of rebels in the quarrel with America. He would have conceded before concession was too late, and in so doing would have changed the history of this continent. Pitt’s invectives hurled at incapable Ministers, as disaster after disaster overtook the British cause, may seem to some stagey, rather than impressive. His rhetoric bears no resemblance to the measured criticism of modern Parliamentarians. The final scenes in the House of Lords in which he is stricken down are almost too dramatic for comparison with the commonplace events of our time.

The man and his achievements are on too grand a scale to be understood in an age of nicely balanced patriotism. There is a comfortable feeling of security to-day in the permanence of British rule which prevents us from fully comprehending

the immensity of Pitt's task and the genius which inspired his course. What has been accomplished since his time has been chiefly accomplished because he made it possible by inspiring in the race a belief in itself, a belief often latent, but never extinguished. The spirit he evoked still exists. If the taking of Quebec was the deed of Wolfe it was the brain of Pitt who conceived the en-

terprise, and it was his masterful temperament that nerved a brave people on to their most notable achievements. In honoring him we at least respond to a sentiment which should be respected even in the utilitarian ages of the world, since we honor a man who, to quote Hume, was raised to the height of power and popularity by dint of merit, integrity and disinterestedness.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM

By JOHN BOYD

Wolfe and Montcalm! Montcalm and Wolfe!
 Two heroes of a kindred soul
 To whom a People tribute pays;
 In life divided but by death united:
 To-day in glory one.
 This year we dedicate
 The far-famed field of honor,
 Where heroes fought and fell,
 And of their mighty deeds remembrance set.
 Not ours to triumph but to honor heroes,
 Where all fought nobly, all were victors;
 And none the vanquished:
 Wolfe and Montcalm an equal glory share.
 With honor crowned to distant ages borne,
 Their names shall echo with a just renown,
 Teaching Canadians of a common soil
 That though distinctive they may yet be one
 In loyalty to high ideals, of duty nobly done,
 Of life unselfish and of death heroic.

Where fell the mighty dead,
 Heirs of their valor and their glory gather
 Their memory to honor.
 Hushed all contention; healed all division;
 Peace reigns where discord dwelt of yore.
 Upon this sacred ground join hands as brethren;
 High sound the pæans in their honor;
 With fitting pageant celebrate,
 While all the world their fame acclaims;
 Erect the tablets to their worth;
 Their deeds in sculptured story trace;
 While high over all, with folded wings,
 The Angel of Peace shall stand
 In benediction on our native land.

THE FOREST'S SECRET

BY GUSTAF GEIJERSTAM

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY A. E. B. FRIES

IT was a long distance to Reed-marsh. First one had to go through the deep forest on a narrow path, which wound its way between the tall spruce trees and here and there across bare rocks. Where the mountain descended, White Moss began. Little dwarfed pines arose on the knolls and when the bog myrtle bloomed, the air was full of spicy fragrance attracting the insects thither. It was a long way across the bog and when the mountains rose again you could see from their top the woods thinning out and the lake lay calmly mirrored between the fir-clad shores, and still you were not there. For it was on the other side of the lake that the house stood. If you wished to get there on foot a long walk remained. But if you stopped on the bank, from which you could see the little house with its tiny, tiled inclosure and the pine woods like a wreath around the sloping barn and low dwelling, if you then called loud enough and if you allowed yourself time to wait, you would soon see on the other shore a little, bent old man, with red stocking cap and woollen jacket, come out, walking carefully down the stony slope and push off a rickety boat to row you across.

While rowing over the lake, you could not but wonder why it was called Reedmarsh. For no marsh was to be seen, only a little lake which looked very bright and pleasant after the long walk through the

twilight of the forest under the dense pines from which hung long, gray, tangled lichens. Neither could you at first discover any reeds. The shores were high and rocky and the pine trees, that grew in the crevices, mirrored themselves beneath in the calm water. Only at the end of the cove, where the lake made a small curve beyond the mountains, there grew in the summer a thick bed of reeds in which, every spring, a pair of wild ducks made their nest and, when their young were hatched, swam, undisturbed, on the smooth inlet.

Jakob, who sits doubled up by the oars, rowing the newcomer across, had never cared much for shooting with a gun. At least, that is what he himself says, but, of course, that is no reason why that, as so many other things, need be the truth. "When I was young," he says, "I used to try. But I never got that far. You know I had a kind of failing, I never could learn to blink with one eye, and so my duck shooting didn't amount to much. Now, I can blink with one eye and both, but I am too old to learn to shoot now and so I'll have to get along without it." The wild ducks know quite well that no one will disturb them. Unconcernedly the mother duck, with her full-fledged young, swims past the rowing boat to the landing. There they hunt for remnants of fish and potato peelings, quack, dive and

jabber with each other and behave like domestic animals. Jakob has to shoo away the boldest when he wants to land.

In this way Jakob has taken many a wanderer over the lake and, if the number at last has grown considerable, it is not to be wondered at, for he has lived in the little shanty at Reedmarsh so long that no one remembers when he moved thither, hardly even he himself. Though it is not often they have visitors. It is too far away and he who lives at Reedmarsh has not much to offer. Or rather, when he lived, he had not. For now Jakob is long since dead and gone and his wife with him. The house is falling into ruins and the field, overgrown with weeds, will soon become wilderness again. So far away and alone in the backwoods as Reedmarsh is situated, no one wants to move nowadays if he can help it. In old times it was different. Then there were plenty of solitude-loving people who feared not the wilderness.

Jakob and his wife were two such strange recluses, as you sometimes may find even yet, deep in the forests, far away from human dwelling places, and if they had cared to tell all about their lives, they would indeed have had strange things to tell. For Martina belonged to those who had seen both "the Lady of the Woods" and "the Neptune," and what the sudden lights that shone over White Moss signified she could also tell, when she wanted to; and for all things which whispered and murmured and sighed and moaned, when the winter night hung starry clear and cold over the frozen lake, she had both eyes and ears. Martina understood all such things well and could give a clearer and better account of witchcraft than of anything else that had happened to her during her monotonous life. But, best of all, she understood those tiny beings who peddled and meddled all about

in bushes and thickets; led her on the right path in the woods and left her first when she took down the key from its old place in the crack under the window. Then they all pattered away on light feet, happy to have accompanied her so far. And if the wolf then howled far away under the snow-laden pine trees, then Martina knew whom she had to thank for getting home sound and alive. Jakob always listened quietly when his wife related these experiences, and sometimes it happened that he nodded in confirmation as if to give her words the support they deserved and mayhap needed. But oftentimes he seemed to pay no attention, only sat staring straight ahead as if seeing what no one else could see and at such times it happened that his face took a stern, almost bitter, expression as if he would have said, "Why do you tell such things to people who never have seen anything themselves? What can they know about the forest?"

In his youth Jakob had been a charcoal burner and had always made enough to support himself without being a burden to anyone. Martina used to pick berries, sell chip baskets, help in the houses in the distant village at Christmas and Easter, and she was well known the country over. For she always gave good measure, her berries were sound and fresh picked. Never did you need to fear with her to turn the basket upside down and find greenings in the bottom. Her baskets were well made and durable; and in curing and baking, Martina was not ignorant, however far from habitation she lived. Never did she consider the distance too long, and, if she knew not much of what is in books, she knew all the more of other things which she gladly related to anyone who cared to listen.

Neither was Jakob a man whom anyone would find where he had left him. Wild animals of the forest Ja-

kob had trapped and even shot, in spite of what he said to the contrary. There were those who said that while he was young there was not one who took surer aim and was swifter in hand than Jakob as a hunter. His old muzzle loader he hid behind the bed, and his story, about not being able to keep his one eye shut in his youth was very likely made up because Jakob preferred to choose his own time for shooting and had no patience with the restrictions which the mean game laws imposed on the parishoners.

In a word, Jakob had gotten along nicely in his day, and three sons had gone out of the little home at Reed-marsh and become laborers in other countries where it seemed easier to make a living and where the whisperings of the woods were not heard.

Of these, their children, Jakob and Martina often spoke at first, during the long winter evenings when it grew so quiet around them and no one came on a visit. But the years went their way, White Moss and the lake under the window froze again and again, and many summers came and moved the wild ducks. But around the old couple it was as quiet as if no children had ever played on the slope towards the lake, and the longer this silence lasted, the closer did Jakob and Martina grow to each other, forgetting that a world existed, away from them, and finding it quite natural that no one remembered them, who had long since forgotten all others.

The forest sang its song for these two old people, and what little they needed of life, they got, until Jakob, one day, had to remain in bed. What illness he suffered from neither of them knew, but it began in this wise: When he walked a long way or stood still for any length of time, a queer sort of ache started in his legs and one morning when he awoke he found they would not support him

and he was obliged to remain in his bed.

"You will have to see to everything now, Martina," said Jakob. "When I get up again you can take a rest."

There were many things they had to go without now while Jakob lay sick. No game came from the forest and no fish were taken from the lake. Neither did any wood come home of itself and no man was there to help make a hole in the ice. But worst of all was it with fodder for the cow. Martina worked with the sickle, cut and dragged home all she could. But it grew too hard for her, all this. Many a time she sat out in the woods and cried because she did not want to cry at home. Jakob lay where he lay and one good thing about it was that he was always patient and good. Else Martina never could have stood it.

At last their greatest misfortune happened; their cow died one winter from want and now there was no other way out of it, but Martina had to go around the country and beg. Very hard this was for her, she, who had never asked a favor of anyone before. Small and shrunken she seemed and walked very fast, and wherever she stopped, she lingered only so long as she must for courtesy's sake. For Martina never gave herself any peace while away. At home lay Jakob, who could not so much as get across the floor to make up the fire for himself if it should grow cold towards evening. And he had nothing to eat but what she had put beside him before leaving. Worried and distraught, Martina looked as she strode along, the milk pail in her hand and on her back the beggar's wallet, and the dogs came rushing through the gates along the roadside and barked when she passed.

For two years Martina went on thus and during all this time, Jakob grew no better. Neither did he grow any worse. At last there was no dif-

ference between day or night, summer or winter, sunshine or rain. It was just one long day of misery which never seemed to have an end.

"If I only could die," Jakob used to say. "Then it would be better for you."

Martina grew so weak at that, that she could not keep her tears back, try all she would.

"What would become of me, if you died?" she answered.

Within herself she knew that so bad as it was now, it could never be. But to say that to him who lay there and couldn't help himself, she hadn't the heart.

One summer day, Martina was on her way home from the village. She did not have much with her. People soon tire of giving to those who often must ask for help. And begging is a heavy profession for one who has no joy in life. The bag she had on her back was therefore easy to carry and the milk pail that the little old woman had in her hand was not heavy either. The sun scorched hot when Martina came to cross White Moss. The cloud-berries were ripening on the hillocks and far away in the fir trees a woodpecker whistled. As she went on her way Martina must bend down and examine the whortleberries, not yet grown red. All around her old places she went; bending down over the hillocks and just looked and looked. Oh how many green ones there were! and such plenty of ripe blueberries! It was only she, who could not go and pick and sell them as of old; she, who had to wander around the village and beg, for she could not take care of her sick man and at the same time work for them both. How quiet it was here, and how lonely. Martina let the bag fall; put the pail on the ground and sat down. She was very tired; tired of her very life. If the Lady of the Woods would come now and offer her something! Or he, of whom she could not think by name,

he, who always came when anyone was in great need! Why did he not come now? Why did she see nothing? She who used to see so many things. Why did she not even hear the imp's pitter in the brushwood; she, who had heard so much before? Why was the forest silent? And why was there not a person to come home with her and see how she had it; help in her great need and lighten some of the burden that a poor old woman is no longer able to bear alone?

But the forest stood silent all around Martina. She heard the grouse making a noise in the woods, flapping their wings against the branches to come up. She heard the doves cooing with their sharp creaking sounds and that strange bird, whose name she did not know, screaming like a human in pain. But otherwise all was quiet around her. The forest stood silent. She saw nothing but trees, pines and firs, sunshine, flies, moss and gray lichen. The air trembled with heat and everything stood so still around her that suddenly she grew afraid.

Martina, who had lived in the woods all her life long, who had heard the fox howl at night and seen the wolf steal to the locked barn like a gray spirit in the tingling cold, clear and starry winter evenings, for the first time in her life, she was afraid of being alone in the forest. It was as if the trees had come too close to her; as if it had become too quiet for her, too desolate, too silent, too calm. Trembling, she got up to go. Trembling, she hung the bag on her shoulder and took the milk pail in her hand. Trembling, she stood quiet and listened to this deep silence which seemed like one long unbroken sigh. With uncertain steps she went on and did not stop before she reached the shore where the old boat lay. Hurriedly she entered it and pushed out from land. But Martina thought that it was as if hands were reaching out after her every time she turned

around. The old stumps in the wood, the tree roots, the stones, the tumble down trees, the moss-grown rocks, and the junipers that grew wide and bushy on the very edges of the cliffs, all, all were alive and all kept quiet, so quiet, that they filled the air with their silence and were changed into horrible images that in stony silence grinned at her misery. Swiftly Martina rowed across the long narrow lake. She heard how the wild ducks called their quack, quack, after her; the wild ducks that Jakob never had found it in his heart to shoot. But she never turned to look at them, only pulled the boat ashore and ran, rather than walked, passed the old trees on the bank and up towards the house. It was as if the silence of the forest had shouted after her and driven her along.

"Is that you, Martina," suddenly Jakob's voice came from the corner back of the window. "You have been gone a long time."

"I was tired and sat down to rest in the forest," answered the wife. "How have you been to-day?"

"As all the other days," came the answer.

Jakob's voice sounded so clear and gentle that Martina must go closer and look at him.

"I believe I've slept awhile, just now," the old man said. "It must have been because I've been lying here so long by myself, thinking."

"What have you been thinking about?" asked Martina. Strange! it was as if the forest had come with her even into the house and brought its fear along.

Jakob moved his head so as to see better. Now the light fell on his face. Thin and gray it looked as of one who had not seen the face of the sun for a long time. But the old eyes shone.

"I would so much like to see the sun once more before I die," he said. "I've always loved the sun and the quiet lake with the forest

out there. Do you think you are able to carry me so far, if I help myself all I can?"

Martina came closer to him and sat down on the edge of the bed. "What do you want out there?" she asked.

Jakob looked at her with eyes that suddenly grew wonderfully clear. "I want to die," he answered. "And you must help me. You must not be afraid because I ask you this. It can't be hard to die, and I don't feel able to live any longer. And when I am gone, you won't have to run around the country to beg for me to keep me alive."

Martina understood what the sick man wanted, long before it was all said. Martina thought she had never heard Jakob beg as now; and, through the window she saw how the sun shone and how calm Reedmarsh lay.

"You shall help me down into the boat," the old man went on, "and push it out in the lake. Then you must return to the house and not look again."

Jakob's eyes searched Martina's eagerly, as a child's, when it wants its dearest wish fulfilled. And as Martina sat there, it came over her that it couldn't be any different. This was what the forest had frightened her with; this was what she had been sitting and thinking about where White Moss ended, and the mountains rose with the pine trees.

"When do you wish this?" she asked, and the tears dropped from her old eyes.

"Now the sun shines," said Jakob. And his voice sounded impatient like a child's who does not like to wait. "Two years I've lain here and only thought of this."

Martina went and sat down by the window and thought, as well as her mind enabled her to. She had never read much in books and she did not know a great deal. A long time she sat thus and Jakob lay quiet so as

not to disturb her thoughts. At last Martina rose and saw that the sun still shone. Then without any more words she took her old husband, with whom she had lived for more than one generation, and helped him up in bed. She then carried him out of the house and sat him down on the steps. Very thin and shrivelled he had become and was not heavy to carry. And Jakob sat there looking at the sun, the woods and the lake, and everything which once had been all his own.

"Now help me farther, if you're able," he said at last. And Martina carried the crippled man down to the shore and put him in the boat. But when she had done this, she sank in a heap, took Jakob's hand and could not speak.

"Push out the boat," Jakob spoke gently, "and when it is done go back to the house and don't stay here. Take down the book and read in it. God understands all this, He who knows what you and I have passed through."

Then Martina took Jakob's hand and pressed it in farewell. And she pushed the boat well out into the lake, waiting on the bank until it reached deep water. Then she walked alone up the slope and when she came into the house, she took an old book and tried to read in it. It was not the Bible she read. It was Thomas and Kempis. But to Martina these books were just the same, and she had never owned any others. The old woman read aloud the obscure words of the book. Slowly and laboriously she read on, but though the words were familiar, she could not get any meaning in them. In her time they were not taught much at school, and most of what Martina had learned she had long since forgotten. Far from the book her thoughts strayed, and yet Martina found a kind of comfort in these mysterious words, probably for the very reason that she understood so

little of it all. When she had finished, she carefully put the book back on the shelf. Then she went down the slope again, and saw, that the boat drifted empty on the water. Martina sat down on the bank and what she now saw and thought was more than she could ever make clear. But Martina believed that she thought of Jakob's soul, of herself and all that they two had lived through together. With simple faith she recited "Our Father" over the calm water in which the forest was mirrored. And when this was done, she returned to the house, hung clean sheets before the windows and strew spruce brush on the path between the steps and the lake.

Whereupon, she went to bed and for the first time slept alone in the house at Reedmarsh.

When Martina afterwards came to the village to get help in finding Jakob's body and having the funeral, she artlessly told all about how it really had happened. But everybody thought she was telling a fairy tale. Only when those who accompanied her home, found the sheets before the windows and saw the path to the lake strewn with spruce twigs, could they believe that the weird story was the real fact. And when Jakob's dead body at last lay shrouded in the bed, where Jakob himself had lain sick so many years, many people gathered around him—more than had ever before been under that low roof.

And all understood that this, which had taken place here, was not to be spoken of. This that had happened was a secret of the woods, and none of those who knew it were to disclose what they had seen and heard or tell it in the villages. For what Martina had done had been done from a simple heart in distress.

And this was meet only here, where the forest extends miles upon miles and the calm lake mirrors the woods.

ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

BY WALTER ARCHER FROST

WHEN Hasting reached home it was half-past six. The open fire was blazing cheerily in the big living-room, and his wife's face lighted up with the pleasure which she saw reflected in his own.

He walked to the closet, and hung up his coat.

"On the last hook to the left, please, Fred," she called, and, turning on the electric light, he found that he had made use of a hook labelled "Mrs. Hasting's rain-coat." The last hook to the left was marked with "Mr. Hasting's over-coat."

"Isn't this something new, Edith?" he asked, regarding the labels a little dubiously. "Where did you get the idea?"

"From Mrs. Hume," she answered, as they went in to dinner; "I called there this afternoon, and she took me over the house. You never saw such system."

"I have *heard* about it—from her husband. He is just a shade less enthusiastic about it than you are."

"But don't you think labeling the hooks is an excellent plan?"

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed," said Hasting, with suspicious haste.

They had been married only three years, and, as the lawyer looked across the pretty, round table, and noted, as always, his wife's girlish figure and fresh, warm coloring, and the little irrepressible curls at her temples, he thanked again the fortune which had given him her, and

left her free from anything more than temporary devotion to such hobbies as feminine method and system.

"This little reform will blow over in a week or two," he thought to himself; and he told, with light-hearted humor, of the happenings of the day.

When they went up to the "den" he looked about him in surprise—his pipes were lying in neat rows, stems pointing toward the fireplace and bowls toward the window; their appearance was very trim and orderly, but, somehow, he missed the look of haphazard untidiness which the pipe-tray had had before.

He went to the jar in which he kept his matches, and so tightly had they been "packed" into place that, after one or two attempts to loosen them, he gave it up and found one in his pocket. For a few moments he smoked in silence, and then he spoke. "Has *Mary* been up here? I told her that she must never——"

"No, Fred," interrupted Mrs. Hasting. "I have done all this *myself*. Just see how orderly everything is."

Hasting looked into the fire. "You must be very careful not to over-tire yourself, Edith."

"Oh, but I *love* to do all these things for you," she exclaimed.

Hasting made no reply, but walked to the book-case — "Where is 'Pickwick Papers'?" he asked at

length; "I was sure I put it back, right here," indicating the place with his hand.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed his wife, rising quickly, "I arranged your books, according to size, and, when I found that that was one of the set which Aunt Ellen gave us, I took it down to the library and put it with the others. I'll get it for you right away."

After reading, Hasting laid the book on his knee, and later was returning Mr. Pickwick to his accustomed place, when Mrs. Hasting said, "Let me take it down-stairs again, Fred. I will bring it up whenever you want it," and down-stairs went the President of The Pickwick Club, Hasting feeling his reproaches at being thus unhomed.

The next morning, when Hasting came down to breakfast, his wife asked, "What kept you, Fred?"

"I was a bit slow this morning, I think."

"I'm afraid that the eggs will be too hard."

"Never mind. I can manage any sort of an egg."

"But," she persevered, "if you could have come down a little sooner —"

"Now, Edith, dear, never mind about the eggs."

"All right, Fred. But——"

Hasting laid down the napkin which he had just lifted. "Edith, what is it?"

"Nothing. Only they are so much better, when they are not too hard."

He made no reply, and then changed the subject.

Just as he was leaving the house, she said: "Will you get me a fairly large ledger, when you go past Mun's?"

"Yes, of course; but why do you want a ledger?"

"I have decided," she began, and then laughed half-unwillingly, "to keep a diary of all that I do, each day, and see where I can save time, and be more systematic."

For a moment, he stood irresolute, looking straight in front of him. "I'll bring you one, to-night." Then, as he walked slowly down the path: "I'll have it sent up; that will be quicker."

"What a delightful woman Mrs. Hume is," he said as he swung himself upon the rear platform of the car.

Returning from the office that night, he found his wife bending over a large book, the calf binding and red leather tips of which seemed strangely "business-like" and out of place in her hands.

"What on earth are you doing," he asked, his big voice filling the room, and his laugh, a little forced, following it; "it looks so unnatural to see you with that sort of thing, and I don't like it, Edith."

He was not laughing now.

Bending over her shoulder, he read:

"Wed. a.m., October 15th, 1907— Arranged books in library, putting them in alphabetical order according to authors."

He read no more, but she did not wait for him to speak. "I know that I have made a mistake in the date; to-day is the 12th. I always forget what day of the month it is, but the *scheme* is so satisfactory! Mrs. Hume —"

"Edith," he interrupted her, "do not pay any attention to what she says, and do not do anything she does."

"But you ought to see how lovely and neat her house is, Fred, and how methodical——"

"Oh, I know all about that, Edith; but, don't you see that——"

"But, Fred, isn't it best to have things in their places?"

"In one sense it is, but——"

"Well," (and Mrs. Hasting spoke with determination), "I think that it is best in *every* sense; Mrs. Hume said that it was very difficult for a woman to make her husband like the

'system' (she *warned* us of that); but she said that, as soon as he became 'broken,' I mean *accustomed* to it, he would have the house run in no other way."

"She told us that her husband felt very much injured because she would not let him smoke in the living-room ("Let him?" said Hasting, under his breath), and asked him to do his smoking in the 'den'; but *now*, he doesn't *think* of smoking in the living-room—"

"Or in the 'den' either," added Hasting, and then, "I *know* Hume; any one can tell by looking at him what sort of a woman his wife is. That man has been driven out of his home by 'system,' driven to his club by 'methods,' and driven to drink by 'business-like' ways of running the house he calls his home. Home? Why, the Colonial Club is *his* home, the only home he has!

"John Barnes told me the other day that when Hume first began coming to the club, the poor devil would never lean back in his chair or put his feet up on anything; and he'd unconsciously arrange the magazines in nice little piles, on the table in the reading-room, and, instead of *throwing* a match into the fire-place, he'd actually lay it there, as if he were putting a net down over a butterfly. *Gad!*

"Mrs. Hume has a card-catalogue of all the books they have in the house, and, when you take a book out of the book-case, you 'sign a slip,' and put the 'slip' where the book was, and, when you put the book back, you 'check' the 'slip,' and then, I suppose, you 'file' the 'checked' 'slip.' Did you ever *hear* of such nonsense!"

Though Mrs. Hasting laughed, she was not to be dissuaded. "But you have a card-catalogue of the books in your *office*, haven't you, Fred?"

"Of course I have."

"Well, a house must be run upon systematic lines, just as much as an

office; it is as necessary in the one as in the other; without system and method, neither can be so conducted as to achieve the best results." (She spoke as if reciting a lesson).

"I have heard all that before; but don't you see the difference between an office and a home?"

"Not as regards their respective needs of being run systematically."

"Really quite a concise statement of her case," Hasting admitted, as she rose to her feet, and went to the piano.

As he would have examined the "possibilities" in an action on a contract, he studied the various aspects of the situation. Then he laughed.

Presently Mrs. Hasting was called to the telephone, and, when she returned, she found her husband standing before the largest of the book-cases in the library.

"I have been thinking it over, Edith," he said, without looking up, "and it seems to me that it might not be so bad, after all, to have a card-catalogue of these books. It might be very convenient, there are such a lot of them. In fact, I believe that I shall get the cards in the morning."

In an instant she was at his side. "Do you really favor it?" she asked. "I am *so* glad. When the cards come up, I shall arrange them just like Mrs. Hume's." Hasting's eyes were upon the books. "As you have arranged them, they certainly look very well, but, you know, Dickens comes before Doyle, as the sets are arranged according to the alphabetical order of their authors." Mrs. Hasting blushed. "It was very stupid of me," she declared with emphasis.

Her husband turned from the book-case. "You will have to be just a little careful about these things, Edith; we must be *absolutely* exact."

The bell announced an arrival. "It is Agnes and her husband," said Mrs. Hasting.

"Yes," laughed Hasting, "it is Laurie and his wife."

The two men were standing before the fire.

"You put *your* labels *below* the books, Edith. I put mine above; but yours are straighter than mine."

The voice was that of little Mrs. Hill.

Hasting and Hill looked at each other.

"Do you know Mrs. Hume, Laurie?"

"I am beginning to, I think; but, see here, Fred, we have got to put a stop to this, you know. You ought to see our house."

"Come up and have a look at my 'den'; you remember what a snug place it *used* to be."

"We are going to smoke, Edith," he called to his wife, as they went up the stairs.

"Yes," said Hill, glancing around the room; "how jolly and 'systematic' it is, isn't it? It is very nice to have all your pipes arranged like that; mine are the same way. And look at that desk!"

"Oh, it is certainly *great!*" cried Hasting, as he lifted one corner of the tray and let the pipes slide down on top of each other.

An hour later Hill glanced at his watch, and then dashed down the stairs.

"By jove, Agnes," he exclaimed, "it is ten o'clock: time to run home!"

"But, Laurie, I have not gotten half through what I want to tell Edith."

Her husband advanced quickly toward her. "Our bed-time is twenty, dear," he said; "and we must be absolutely regular."

The door closed upon them, as his wife called good-night to Mrs. Hasting.

"I think it was mean of him to take her away like that; don't you, Fred?"

Hasting was extinguishing the

lights in the living-room, and his back was turned as he answered: "No. I quite agree with Laurie, that, unless people are unfailingly exact, they never accomplish anything. It is simply not *business*, you know."

When Mrs. Hasting came down to breakfast next morning her husband was already at the table; his watch was in his hand. "What time are you?" he asked briskly, holding out his hand. "Just as I thought; nearly three-quarters of a minute slow. I'll have Dillon look at it," he said, as he put her watch in his pocket.

At his office, he called up Laurence Hill. "She was three minutes and a half late," he laughed.

"Good! Agnes was four!"

"Congratulations!"

"Congratulations!"

At ten-thirty, an agent of the card-catalogue company showed Mrs. Hasting "samples," saying that Mr. Hasting had said to "rush" the order.

"We are in no *immediate* hurry for them," said Mrs. Hasting, in some surprise, "but it will be as well to have them promptly."

"One of our 'demonstrators' will bring the cards this afternoon and instruct you in our method."

"But I did not know that it was so complicated."

"It is very simple, as soon as you have thoroughly mastered our system, Madam," and the bowing agent was gone.

As they sat at lunch, the maid came to Mrs. Hasting's side. "A man has come with a desk and a typewriter," she announced.

Her mistress spoke without hesitation. "It is a mistake, of course; this is number——"

Hasting interrupted her. "Oh, no. I meant to tell you. (He went to the door). "Right in here," he called, and then: "It is going in the living-room. There, right next the window. The light will be all right there, will it not, Edith? I can move it, any

way, if it is not as you want it." Mrs. Hasting was looking fixedly at the typewriter. "But am I to use it?" "Yes, indeed. It is the very latest. The agent says that, after three months' study of their 'key,' you will be able to write *three hundred words a minute*. Seems extraordinary, doesn't it?"

"About the short-hand," he resumed, as they seated themselves again at the table, "I have been looking over various books on it, and I feel that *Pitman* is the one for you; it may be a bit more complex than *Gove*, but, in my opinion, it is the more effective, when you have mastered it."

Mrs. Hasting looked at her husband in blank incredulity. "I do not understand," she said.

"Why, it is just this way—we are going to have this house run upon strictly business principles, and the only way to do it is for you to become a trained 'business woman.' I know that it will take a little time for you to become broken, I mean accustomed, to it, but once you have learned it you will have no other way of working."

That evening his wife's face was, he thought, a little pale. "The Pitmore man was here this afternoon," she said, weakly.

"*Pitman*," her husband corrected, gently. "The letter-press will be up in the morning."

Mrs. Hasting put her hand to her forehead. "Fred," she said, "let us not talk any more to-night about typewriters, 'Pitmans' and 'letter-presses.' You may be quite right about it all — but not to-night, please. I think that I am a little nervous."

Hasting winced. How it hurt him to do this! But he tried not to show it.

"Very well, Edith," he said, lightly.

A week later, Mrs. Hasting went in at Mrs. Hill's, finding her at an

office table, which stood in the middle of the floor of the living-room. The table was quite new.

"Why, Agnes," she cried, "how funny you look! What are you doing?"

Mrs. Hill replied with dignity, "I am studying mechanics."

"Are you, really? I did not know that you cared at all for that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes indeed! It is very interesting. Did you know, Edith (taking up a graduated compass), did you know that a force of five pounds weight, I mean pressure, of course, applied to the——let me see, if applied at the—— the—— well, right here, you see, on this diagram, right here where my little finger is, would equal——well, over *here*, of course, at this *other* point, it would be equal, would be——equivalent to only five pounds, whereas *here* (with great emphasis), it would be equal, not to *five* pounds, but to——let me see again, I do not know how I *could* have forgotten that; but, anyway, you see, don't you, Edith *dear*, that it could not be the same *here* that it is *there*. Isn't it just *wonderful*?"

"I am afraid that I do not just understand it, Agnes; it must be that I have not the *mind* for it (so much depends upon the *mind*, of course), but it does look *so* interesting."

"How long have you been studying this——mechanics, I think you said it was?"

"About a week," said little Mrs. Hill, looking down. And then, with great spirit and fluency—"Laurie is *so* clever at it; he says that he knows of nothing that is 'better exercise for the mind.' You know, he has had a turning-lathe set up in the billiard-room."

"Really? What good times you must have!"

"Oh, we *do*. What is that on *your* finger?"

"It is typewriter ink. I am studying stenography and type-writing."

Mrs. Hasting's cheeks were very pink. She turned over the pages of the book before her, as she continued: "It is so absorbing. What are those funny little knobs for, Agnes?"

Mrs. Hill, with renewed animation: "Those are electric buttons. Laurie rings once when he wants me in the 'den,' and twice when he wants me in the billiard-room. I get confused, once in a while, but he says that I will soon learn. Tell me, though, Edith, when you became interested in stenography and typewriting."

Mrs. Hasting evaded the question. "I have, here, my book on shorthand; it is written by a Mr. Pitman. Do you care to see it?"

"Thank you. I should be so very glad to."

"I am now on this page," continued Mrs. Hasting, "learning the alphabet. Do you see those little lines? Well, each line means a letter. No, it means a word, or is it, let me think, is it a sentence? Never mind (courageously), but it is so stimulating. I study it for hours, hours, Agnes, writing 'Napoleon was a great man.'"

"I should think it would be perfectly fascinating. Let me see the next page; 'George Washington was the father of his country.' Edith Hasting, in just the shortest time you will be able to take down anything, just like that" (dashing a pencil across a sheet of paper).

Mrs. Hasting, hesitatingly: "Fred says so."

"Don't you love it?"

Mrs. Hasting turned quickly. "Agnes Hill, you have known me for years and years, and can you look at this horrid book, and these awful, ugly marks, and ask me if I do not love it? Do you love your mechanics? Then, you know how I feel! But I cannot do anything with Fred. He is having a 'demonstrator' teach me the 'card-catalogue' system—it's all mixed up—and now, when he takes a book from the book-case,

he puts a slip in the vacant place, and, when he puts it back (the book, I mean, of course), he makes a funny little mark on the slip, and then—just to think of it, Agnes—he files the slip. I cannot bear to see him do it. It almost makes me ill."

Little Mrs. Hill threw her arms around her friend's neck, and cried upon her shoulder, "Edith, Oh Edith, you are always such a dear, and you do make me so happy. And (relevantly) Laurie is acting so strangely; he is so neat that it makes me creep! He is crazy about the lathe, and wants me to learn to make things on it! Did you ever see a lathe, Edith? It is horrible!"

Mrs. Hasting spoke with tearful decision: "Agnes, I am going home, and I am going to take off those horrid labels; and then I am going up to Fred's 'den,' and make it look just as it used to before I became so disagreeable and 'systematic.'" She held her handkerchief to her eyes.

"And that awful mechanics," quavered little Mrs. Hill.

That evening when Hasting reached home he saw that his wife's eyes were tired with tears.

"What is it, Edith," he asked, as he took her in his arms.

She did not reply, at once, but led him to the coat closet and pointed to the hooks.

"The labels are gone, Fred," she said shyly, and then hid her face on his shoulder.

He held her to him, quieting her in the way she knew and loved so well.

"I thank God for it, Edith," he said. "Mrs. Hume's ways are not our ways."

Pitman, lying open upon the typewriter desk, caught his eye; in a second he had seized it, and as it crashed against the wall the telephone bell rang, and a small voice, tremulous and uncertain, came over the wire to Mrs. Hasting:

"Laurie wants you to ask your husband if he wants to buy a lathe."

THE HOME OF THE SEA-GULL

BY A. WYLIE MAHON



PICTURESQUE Grand Manan, with its towering cliffs, dangerous shoals and ledges, and group of lovely but lonely islets, lying at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, has been called the home of the sea-gull. There Audubon studied the gull before publishing his great work on the birds of America. It was a great surprise to this celebrated ornithologist to find that some of the gulls of Grand Manan build their nests in trees, like crows, a thing altogether unknown elsewhere. As the population of the island increased the gulls' nests on the ground and among the rocks were often robbed of their eggs. The gulls bore this patiently for a while. They would lay a second time, and if robbed again would lay a third time, two eggs each time, never more than three. If the nests were robbed a third time the gulls became discouraged, and would lay no more. "Try, try again" is good philosophy, but gulls, like some creatures that are thought to be wiser than gulls, get tired practising it. This custom of robbing the nests finally drove the gulls to build in trees.

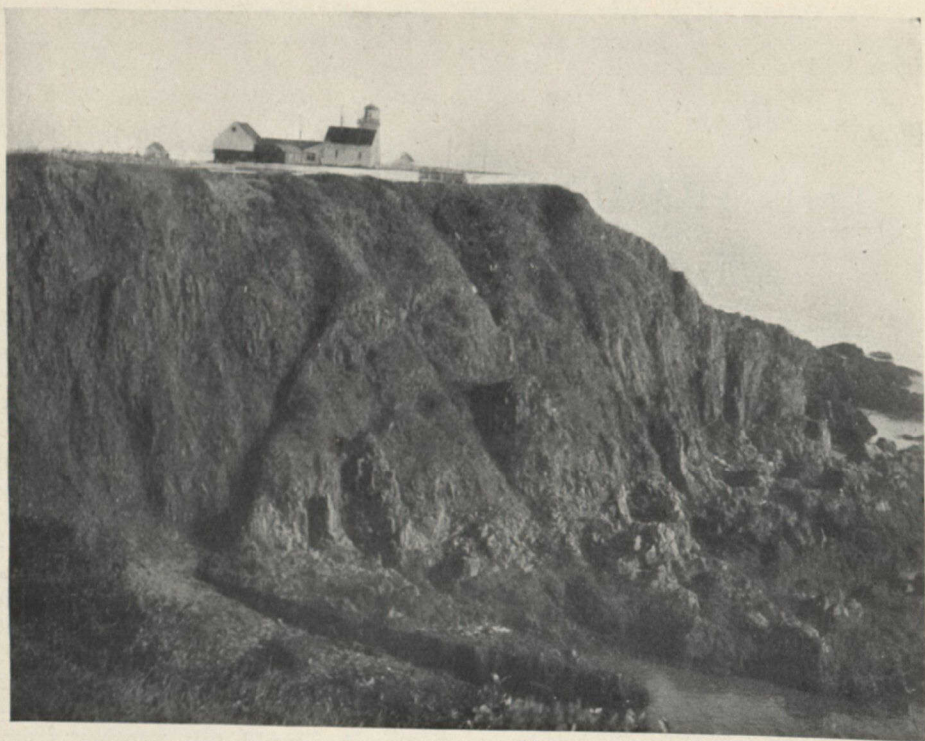
It is a beautiful sight to see the countless pinnacles of dark, jagged rocks up and down that bold precipice, Southern Head, each with a white gull standing on it, saying proudly, and almost boastfully for a

Canadian, in language which Charles G. D. Roberts and William J. Long, with no fear of President Roosevelt before their eyes, could easily interpret as "This is my own, my native land."

Some Canadian tourists say they have heard the gulls sing "The Maple Leaf Forever." They sing forever, although some doubt may be entertained as to whether it is the National Anthem they sing. Mr. Moody used to say that he could sing two tunes, but he never met anybody who could tell "tother from which." Of the songs the gulls sing it is difficult for any one but a writer of bird stories to tell "tother from which."

Three hundred years ago the ancestors of these gulls saw Champlain, the Ancient Mariner, cast anchor off the dangerous headland. What a wild, shrill protest these first inhabitants of Grand Manan must have uttered as they saw the French invaders approach. For some cause Champlain beat a hasty retreat, so hasty, indeed, that he lost an anchor, the remains of which were discovered about fifty years ago.

It is delightfully interesting and amusing to lie on the cliffs of Southern Head and watch the gulls at play. As we study their graceful evolutions, it does not require a very large exercise of the imagination to discern that there is method in their movements. See them as they come wheeling round the jutting headland



SOUTHERN HEAD, GRAND MANAN, THE HOME OF THE SEA-GULL.

and alight in some obscure cave. Soon a single gull appears, flying swiftly hither and thither, till he finds his friends, and then they all go off in giddy glee to play over again their game of hide-and-seek, or some other game which we humans have not yet learned.

Their favorite game is politics. They seem to get much fun out of it, and they certainly put a lot of themselves into it. The outsiders—that is, those who have not been fortunate enough to get possession of the projecting pinnacles—try to oust the insiders; but the insiders hold on for dear life. It requires a tremendous swoop of wings to clear the rocks. Sometimes one unfortunate member of the cabinet goes by the board, or rather by the rock, while the others hold on with a death-like grip, seemingly regardless of the fate of their companion, selfish as it may seem.

This game of politics may be some evidence of the truth of the theory of evolution. "These are our ancestors, and their history is our history. Remember that as surely as we one day swung down out of the trees and walked upright, just as surely on a far earlier day," did we fly about the rocks as gulls and play the game of politics some like so much to play to-day.

Some days the rocks of Southern Head are almost deserted. Scarcely a gull is to be seen, except a few aged ones — the grandfathers and grandmothers, who are staying by the stuff. They have all gone off on a pic-nic to see the famous Gannet Rock, seven miles away from land, to say how-do-you-do to the keeper of the light, who, like the conies, makes his house in the rocks, where never a blade of grass was known to grow, where even a dog cannot live,



WHERE AUDUBON STUDIED THE GULLS

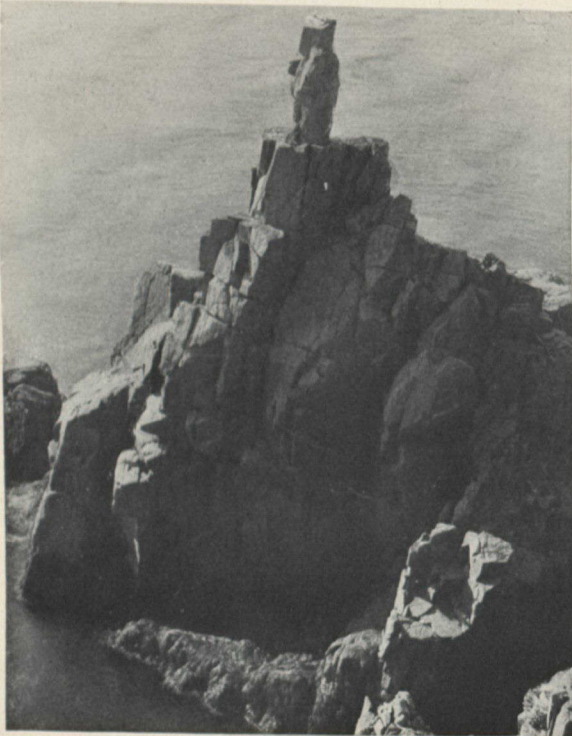
who must gladly welcome even a gull to his lonely habitation, for otherwise he would hear no sound save the breaking of the wild sea over the treacherous Murr ledges, the graveyard of the Bay of Fundy.

Out of the base of the beetling cliffs of Southern Head stands the Southern Cross, a huge rock rising up and stretching out two short arms which give it the name.

There was a time when this rock was called the Old Maid; but when Grand Manan became popular as a summer resort, and many charming spinsters came from Boston town, who could fly about the dizzy brow of the rocky headland almost as gracefully as gulls, with an exulting air about their every movement which proclaimed their freedom from man's control, the native guides felt a feeling of embarrassment in their presence when asked the name of

that rigid, gloomy figure rising out of the rocks, which, like the well-known spinster in Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," seemed to be in mourning for her lost hopes. So to save this confusion of face they converted the Old Maid into the Southern Cross. The gulls loved the Old Maid and lavished upon her their warmest affection. She had lovers many, but her heart was cold and petrified.

When Mrs. Roosevelt, as a girl, visited Southern Head she persisted in the hazardous feat of descending the high cliffs to the Southern Cross. It was enough to make the gulls break forth into "The Star Spangled Banner." Under such circumstances even the critical President himself would have forgiven the birds for being so human, or would have forgiven Mr. Long for being so much of a bird as to interpret so happily



SOUTHERN CROSS, GRAND MANAN

their good supply of musical speech.

The gulls of this grandly picturesque island have had many notable visitors in their day. Captain Kidd, who made for himself a reputation as world-wide as that of Champlain, used to spend his summer vacations on Grand Manan, and many a thrilling tale is told of his deeds of daring. He could go where a gull could go, and he could do many things which no gull would care to do. His favorite resorts were Dark Harbor and Money Cove, where, we are told, he buried many a pot of his ill-gotten gold. In a little history of the island, published a quarter of a century ago, the following legend is given: "At the mouth of a deep-dug hole the pirate made an unhappy victim swear to keep that money safe from all comers for all time; and then to make the spirit-sentinel keep

good faith he shot the man and buried him with the pirated silver and gold."

Many blood-curdling stories, of ghosts and goblins are told to-day by the dulse-pickers, who live on this wild, almost inaccessible shore, where rocky walls frown seaward, bald to their dizzy height, and deep-fluted by the storm-sculptor. Standing on the cliffs and looking into the awful abyss of Dark Harbor, one can believe almost anything one hears about phantom forms—bodiless heads and headless bodies—which go travelling about in the night to frighten away those who are seeking buried treasure. The groans which come out of the grim, gloomy gorges of Dark Harbor, when the storm rages without, and the wild waves break in fury over the harbor bar, are said to be terrible.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;

I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

To get at the truth of the whole matter, we must ask the gulls. They know all about it. One thing is sure the birds have almost forsaken this bit of haunted beach. Now and again you will see them approach the dread harbor and suddenly wheel in their course and make seaward, as if pursued by some relentless enemy. Since a great man tells us that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, the stories of the dulse pickers may be true.

The Legislature of New Brunswick, a few years ago, on the petition of Grand Manan, passed an act imposing a fine of five dollars on the person convicted of killing a gull. The bill was not popular with the ladies, but since there were no ladies in parliament, it got through. Some of the members of the house, as they

glanced into the ladies' gallery and saw the beautiful gull-plumes shaking threateningly at them, had their moment of weakness, but the bill passed.

The promoters of this legislation held that gulls were too good scavengers to be ruthlessly destroyed, as the Indians were doing by making a practice of going at night to the rookeries with torches, which caused the birds to become so completely dazed that they were easily taken. Gulls also serve as guides to the best fishing grounds; and their shrill, raucous cry at night as they roost on some dangerous ledge serves as a warning to mariners.

The home of the gulls is as well made as it is beautiful. It took only six days to make the rest of the world, but seven days' work was bestowed upon Grand Manan. In approaching the island by steamer from Eastport, a good view can be obtained of what is called the Seven Days' Work, a high, perpendicular wall which reveals seven distinct layers of rock, which give the name to the precipice.

It was near this spot that the ship

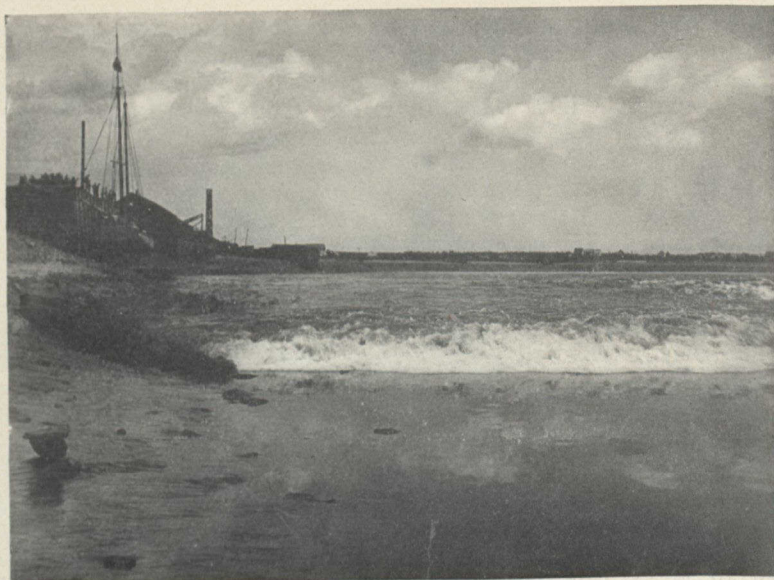
Lord Ashburton was wrecked just fifty years ago, when twenty-one officers and men, including Captain Creary, of Pictou, lost their lives. In the cemetery at North Head they were buried in one large strangers' grave, over which a board still stands to mark the place, with this inscription:

"Here lie the remains of twenty-one seamen of the ship *Lord Ashburton*, who were drowned 19th of January, 1857."

In a shoemaker's shop in the village may be found the only one of the eight persons rescued from the wreck who made his home on Grand Manan. To look into his kindly face and hear him tell with undying emotion the story of that awful night, and of the subsequent five years which he was compelled to spend in the Marine Hospital, at St. John, recovering from the effects of that night's exposure, is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

Many a thrilling experience could the gulls relate of unknown ships that have gone down upon the treacherous ledges, leaving no record of their own to tell of their terrible fate.





Photograph by C. E. Northrop

THE BORE

THE scene was from a wharf on the Petitcodiac River, at the head of the Bay of Fundy. It was during the autumn equinox, about six in the evening. The sky was a peculiar deep gray, almost electric, with splashes of vivid violet. The wind was blowing in gusts, with short pauses between, as if listening. The mud banks gleamed, and the water in the channel looked like terra cotta oil and eddied sluggishly. There was an intangible feeling of suspense in the air, and a weird expectancy, as before some great event. Suddenly far down the river one was conscious of a roaring sound, as if some huge leviathan of the deep had emerged from his lair in the depths of the river bed in search of prey. One gazed down the river and there was the monster, the *Bore* himself, rushing along and curving in close to the shore. He was showing his teeth, and his mane was erect and bristling. As he surged on he seemed to lash himself into a fury, and his snout and tusks were flecked with foam. As this swift force came closer it began

to lose distinct outline and seemed to expand like a huge nightmare, and one saw it was a wave of water with a foaming crest of froth, but still with an impelling, initial power of its own. Two gulls flew just behind the crest of the wave, making sharp, frightened cries as if fascinated. A beating, lashing note began to mingle with the roar of the water. The head of the wave shot forward and cut its way, and the rest streamed after, spreading across to the opposite bank of red mud, and the whole river behind was filled with a surging mass of water. The wave came swiftly onward, and when close to the wharf seemed as if about to descend like an avalanche and sweep everything away in its rapid course. It struck the wharf with a shock, licked and lapped against the piers, and rushed on dragging the whole flood, a rippling, eddying water in its wake. The "*Bore* was in," and there was a feeling as of a great escape. The drama was over. The curtain of night began to fall, and the stage was darkened.

K. E. Hewson.

A GREAT LIBRARIAN

THE LATE JAMES BAIN, D.C.L.

BY THOS. E. CHAMPION

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

AMONG the many men who have held prominent public positions in Canada there have been but few who so completely made the lesson taught in the lines of Longfellow just quoted their inspiration and their guide as did James Bain, the late Librarian of the Public Library in Toronto, whose death took place on May 23rd last, he having at the time of its occurrence fulfilled the duties of the post for rather more than a quarter of a century.

The late librarian was always "up and doing" in his work, striving day by day, week by week, to make the Library a greater power for good to the people, yet not dismayed when at times his plans for advancement seemed for the moment to be retarded. He was always thankful when some definite forward step was taken and continued the even tenor of his way always, though "still pursuing," as he had learned what was to be accomplished by earnest work and was content "to labor and to wait."

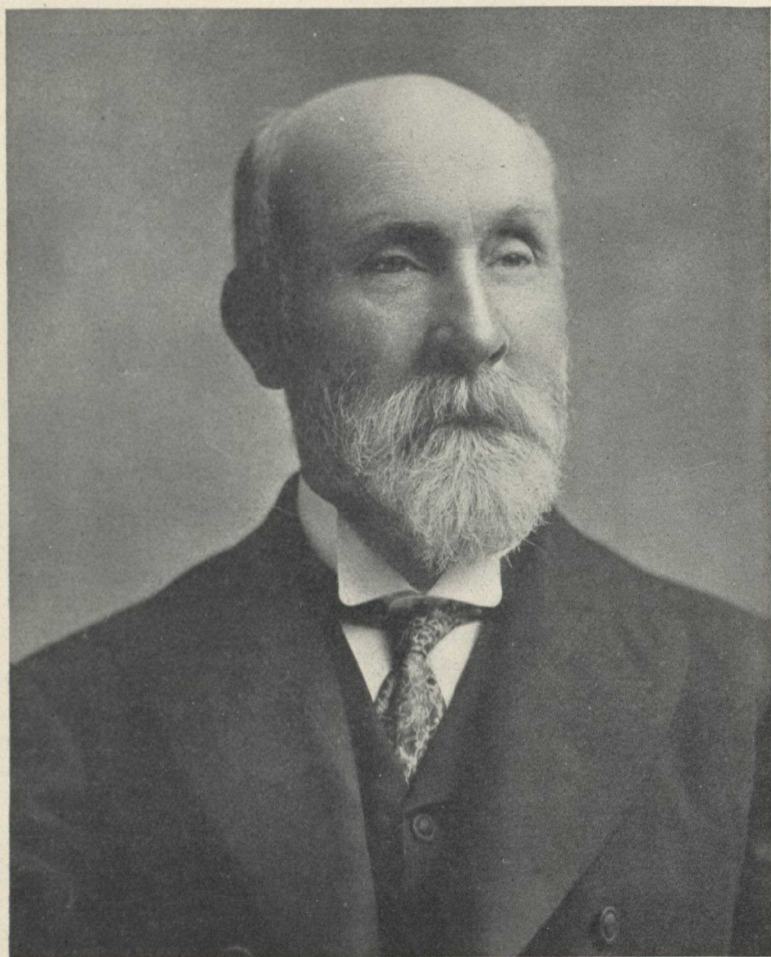
Before referring to the work of Mr. Bain as a librarian, it will not be out of place to give a brief sketch of his early career. He was born of Scottish parents in London, England, in August, 1842. At that time there was a wave of almost enthusi-

asm passing over the population of the British Isles and Ireland in favor of emigration to Canada. Great numbers of both English, Scotch and Irish people were affected with this all but prevailing sentiment and came out to Canada, among them the parents of the late James Bain, who was at the time a lad of little more than nine years of age.

James Bain, sr., settled in Toronto early in 1852, being from the first engaged in business as a bookseller and stationer. In this business he was subsequently joined by his son, James Bain, jr., after the latter had completed his education, which he received at the old Toronto Academy. James Bain, sr., lived to an advanced age, dying on May 18th, 1908, just five days previously to his son, of whom we are now speaking.

The late Mr. Bain, or rather Dr. Bain, continued in business with his father until 1870, when he entered the service of the publishing firm of James Campbell & Son as buyer. In the year 1874 he went to London, England, to open a branch establishment of the firm, which he managed until 1878, when he entered into partnership with the London publishers, John Nimmo & Son, the firm being known as Nimmo & Bain. This partnership was dissolved in 1882, Mr. Bain returning to Toronto.

In the following year he was appointed librarian of the newly organized Toronto Public Library,



THE LATE DR. JAMES BAIN

which position he held until his death.

Twenty-five years ago the Public Library, as we know it to-day, was a new thing, to a great extent in the nature of an experiment, and its success depended in a very great measure upon the capabilities of the man who was appointed to the post of Chief Librarian.

There can be no better evidence of the manner in which Dr. Bain discharged his duties towards the Library and the public than the condition in which that Library, with its five branches, is found to-day.

The formal opening of the Library took place March 6th, 1884, those who delivered speeches at the inauguration proceedings being the then Lieutenant-Governor, the Hon. Beverley Robinson; Sir Daniel Wilson, President of University College; Hon. G. W. Ross, the then Minister of Education; Professor Goldwin Smith, and Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.

The first issue of books to the public was on April 17th, 1884, and from that date until December 31st in the same year, the total number of books issued from the Central, Northern

and Western branches, including books of reference, was 179,506 volumes. Of that number 167,506 were in the circulating department, the remainder were books of reference consulted by readers.

On December 31st, 1884, when the Library had been open for but little more than eight months, the total number of books it contained in all the departments was 31,148 volumes. On the last day of December, 1907, this comparatively small total had increased to 149,801 volumes, valued at no less than \$217,258.71. Included in the figures just quoted are the books in the Reference Libraries, 46,585 in the Central and 396 in the various branches.

Statistics are rarely very interesting, but it has been necessary to give the foregoing figures to show the enormous development of the Library during the period of Dr. Bain's tenure of office as Chief Librarian.

Dr. Bain was most fitly described by the Rev. Canon Cody, in an address the latter delivered on the occasion of his funeral, as "a great librarian," while he may also be as fitly spoken of as "a great educationist," for very few among the many educationists in Toronto exercised in a quiet, unostentatious way such great influence in directing the intellectual development of the people as did the late James Bain.

He had, as Canon Cody also remarked, an almost encyclopædic knowledge of books. He was in fact as another great friend of his, the Rev. Dr. Milligan, described him, a "professor of books."

A circulating library must of necessity always contain a very large number of works of fiction the contents of which are but of passing interest and of no enduring literary merit. There are hundreds of such books in the Toronto Library. It is inevitable that it should be so, as there are a large class of readers who demand that kind of literature,

and their wants must be provided for. Allowing for all this though, in the many long years in which the direction of the purchase of books for the Public Library was in Dr. Bain's hands, no questionable novels, no books such as might not be safely read by anyone, were ever allowed to gain admittance to its shelves.

It was, however, in the Reference Library, which contains books such as all students require, that Dr. Bain's ripe acquaintance with literature was so fully displayed.

There is no finer collection of "Canadiana" portrayed in books, outside the Parliamentary Library in Ottawa, than that collected by Dr. Bain and stored in the Toronto Reference Library, opened in May, 1893, apart from the circulating department.

When the Historical Exhibition was held in Victoria College, Toronto, in 1896, it was a revelation to students of Canadian history when they saw what a wealth of books, documents and pamphlets relating to that subject were there, contributed by the Public Library, arranged chronologically, as far as possible, and catalogued, by Dr. Bain. In that all but unique collection, books were to be found which threw light upon the whole history of Canada, from the time of Jacques Cartier to Confederation.

All students using the Reference Library of Toronto invariably found in Dr. Bain a man not only willing but most desirous of helping them in their work. The politician who was writing on any particular subject in the past history of the country could at once learn from Dr. Bain what books there were within his reach best calculated to assist him. With every other class of student Dr. Bain was a veritable book of reference in himself, for he could direct the writer on history, biography, theology, or the fine arts to the very books which he needed.

Dr. Bain, famous as he was as a Librarian, was not simply that and nothing more, but was a capable, useful man of affairs outside his own particular profession. He found time to undertake the duties of Secretary of the Canadian Institute, filling that position from 1882 to 1886. He was for a time Secretary to the St. Andrew's Society and later still its President. Besides this work he had been President of the Caledonian and Gaelic Societies, while the great success of the visit of the British Association to Toronto ten years ago was mainly due to Dr. Bain's untiring work as local secretary to the Toronto branch of the Association.

In 1905 Trinity University bestowed upon James Bain the honorary degree of D.C.L., everyone feeling that the distinction was merited and that in honoring the late Librarian the University honored itself.

One cannot do better in concluding

this article than to quote the leading article in the *Toronto Globe* of May 27th in reference to Dr. Bain:

"In Dr. Bain the man was still greater than the librarian, because he succeeded in resisting the almost inevitable tendency of a librarian to become a mere bookworm. Dr. Bain was always much more than this, in fact he was not in the ordinary sense of the term a 'bookworm' at all. He was as earnest and as efficient in many other ways as he was in his chosen and special calling. . .

"He was constantly devising ways in which he might make his library increasingly useful to the public and he naturally looked forward to the completion of the new edifice. To make it as perfect in all its details as experience and forethought could do was his constant aspiration, and it adds infinitely to the pathos of his taking off that he did not live to see his noble conception of a Library building fully realized."

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

By A. L. FRASER

The cynosure of Briton and of Celt,
 These plains again give back the tramp of feet;
 Across dead Hate the same two peoples greet;
 They come to-day as men who oft have knelt
 In holy fanes and worthy feelings felt,
 Yea who had visions of a high emprise,—
 That, East and West, beneath Canadian skies,
 To feuds of blood and creed death may be dealt!

They dig the gathered moss from his great name,
 Who blazed the trail three centuries ago;
 They deed to Peace this sacred field of Fame,—
 These dizzy heights that make our annals glow:
 From purposes of mere utility
 This place where heroes fell shall now be free!

THE SOCIALIST MANIFESTO

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

THE Socialist election manifesto is a remarkable document. It flatly renounces loyalty to the community, pledging its authors and the party, when in office, "to conduct all public affairs placed in its hands in such a manner as to promote the interests of the working class alone"; the working class apparently including manual labor alone. There is a distinct avowal of an intention to use the ballot for the purpose of getting hold of the forces of the State, which would be sure to be used by the writers of this manifesto as other terrorists have used them.

The Russian anarchists are spoken of as "our comrades in Russia." Our comrades in Russia open the age of gold by throwing bombs into a railway waiting-room and a dwelling-house full of people. When a benevolent Emperor inaugurates great reforms, such as would take the wind out of anarchy's sails, they put an end to his encroachment on their trade as regenerators of society by blowing up him and his attendants.

It is notable that among the names of candidates three are foreign. That element is coming into play and our Chief Justice is trying to make a treaty against carrying knives with immigrants from the land of the Mafia.

What, after all, is Socialism? What is its plan? Where can we find its oracle? Karl Marx seems to be falling rather into the background. We have had from Plato downwards a number of reveries of

social equality and bliss, more or less serious, more or less attractive; the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas Moore, through which the character of the author shines, being the most beautiful and attractive of all. "Man pines for what is not," as well in good sooth he may. But what is the practical plan for the reconstruction of society on the basis of equality and mutual affection now before us? The "State," it seems, is to be everything. But who is the "State," what are to be its powers, how is the right action of its sovereign authority to be secured? Is it to regulate our private as well as our public life? Then how is the transition to it to be effected? The manifesto hints, by the methods of "our brave comrades in Russia."

However, the animating spirit of this manifesto and other productions styled "Socialist" is sheer class-hatred of wealth, a feeling for a certain amount of which the human breast, being what it is, we must be prepared, trying to allay it by beneficence. The inequalities of the human lot, especially if we take in all ages, countries and classes, are a most mysterious part of the great mystery and one which presses especially upon us now when belief in future compensation is growing faint. They can be mitigated and are being not a trifle, though slowly, mitigated as civilization advances. Gradual progress by effort seems to be the paramount law of our being, but so far as we can see can-

not at once be levelled. Never was a greater fallacy uttered than Jefferson's "all men are created equal," the author of which himself kept slaves. Men are created with infinite diversity of qualities, characters, and endowments, bodily and mental, as well as of circumstances and opportunities. Out of these the diversities of their conditions have arisen, and would again arise if we could level everything to-morrow. Mitigate the irregularities we can and are bound to do, but to work any great or sudden change or one excluding the influence of natural endowments is clearly beyond our power. This manifesto promises to the working classes and their wives, when power is in Socialist hands, "culture, refinement, travel, in short all good things possible." Does the writer seriously believe this? Can he imagine that when the manual laborer was touring in Switzerland the manual work could go on? Where is the use of feeding fancies which can only beget disappointment and discontent?

The movement, however, which blows its trumpets in this Socialist manifesto is not one of social reconstruction, of which little and only in the vaguest terms is said. The manifesto is a blast of incentive to revolt against wealth, and especially against the capitalist employers of labor. If the capitalist class refuses to yield when general ownership is taken out of their hands, "it will be so much the worse for them. They will get 'law and order,' working class law and order." Its practical effect, if it has any, will be to increase the number and bitterness of the strikes which have already cost us so much, and, if Oriental manufactures should come into competition, as there is reason to apprehend they may, will probably cost us more. It is a pity that to allay this bitterness something like a tie or partnership between the capitalist

and the wage earner can not be devised. If it could, there might be a fair division of the earnings of the firm without the intervention of strikes. Unfortunately it is impossible to determine by any criterion what would be a fair partition of the earnings of the firm. The capitalist cannot tell in advance what his profits will be; while the workingman cannot wait for his wages. Arbitration has done something, perhaps much; but unfortunately it comes after a strike, and it is now reported that in Australia difficulty is found in getting compliance with the awards. It will probably take the wage earners long to discover that if by a strike labor is exacting from the employer more than the employer can afford the loss will fall ultimately on the trade.

That there are bad millionaires too many and undue accumulations of wealth, nobody doubts. Sometimes the wealth has been accumulated by protective tariffs, by monopolies, or in other ways injurious to the community. But there are also millionaires not a few whose accumulations are used in large measure for the good of the community. This, the number of benefactions proves. The worst things the millionaire does is leaving his hoard to an idle and worthless heir, who has not only been debauched himself but sows the seeds of corruption around him and ends perhaps by desecrating marriages. It is a pity that such a wrong done to society cannot in any way be restrained.

The land owner under the feudal tenure had serious duties. Even in our time he has some. A really good land owner in England, who resides on his estate and looks after his tenantry and people, earns a not inconsiderable part of his rent. But wealth has become roving. The millionaire especially feels no paramount or strong tie to it. He is apt to drift away to the society of the imperial

country or to the pleasure resorts of Europe.

Gains may be too great, at all events if they come into unbeneficent hands. But would great ventures ever be made without the hope of great gains? Without great ventures where would be the great works? We are always talking of that mystical being "the State," which some people seem to regard as a being apart endowed not only with boundless power and wisdom but with boundless wealth. Could "the State" have undertaken to do with the public funds what has been done by daring speculation? Where would have been our early Canadian railways? Many of the accumulators of millions have risen from the humbler ranks of industry. Just now a great concourse, including men of high distinction, and public benefactors, is meeting at Ithaca to celebrate the foundation of Cornell University by one who laid telegraph poles by his own hands.

In my native country general improvement and improvement of the lot of the poorer class especially was held back till some way into the last century by the ruinous and distracting wars brought on by the delirium of the French Revolutionists, precursors of "our brave comrades in Russia." But surely since that time there has been improvement, improvement surely enough to disarm frantic and indiscriminate hatred of the class that has had wealth and power in its hands. Extension of the franchise, improvement of factory laws and laws regulating industry generally, with liberty to form unions, provisions for public health, especially beneficial to the dwellings of the poor, public education, and free libraries, great amendment of the poor law, foundation of hospitals and other charitable institutions,

opening of parks and other places of health and recreation, and charitable effort of various kinds, surely call for notice in balancing the social account. The vast improvement in the means of production and locomotion must also have been very beneficial, though the improvement of machinery may incidentally have had the unfortunate effect of throwing some manual labor for the time out of employment.

There lies before me proof, apparently on the best authority, that the wages of the masses of the people in England and their savings have been greatly increased within the last half century, and that the increase more than balances that of the capitalists' wealth.

It is needless here, and would be an unwelcome task, to inquire whether the working classes have done all that was reasonably in their power by thrift and temperance for the improvement of their own lot, or whether they have always used their political franchise wisely, as for example, in throwing up their caps for war as a spree.

It is happily a "Socialist," not a "Labor," manifesto on which I have been commenting. "Labor" is still true to the commonwealth, still recognizes that as the best form of government, which "doth actuate and inspire every part and member of a state to the common good."

We must demur to the constant use of the terms "rich" and "poor," as though society were divided on the line of property into two distinct and antagonistic classes, of which one is always assumed to be the oppressive, the other the oppressed. The gradations of property and condition are infinite, and the struggling professional man or tradesman is often in reality poorer than the laborer earning fair wages.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA

BY CAPTAIN C. FREDERICK HAMILTON,
Corps of Guides

FIRST of all — why have we a militia?

Because there is a possibility that some day our country may be obliged to fight.

Few Canadians seem willing to consider the militia in a business-like way. They like to say, "This continent will never see another war," and to add in the next breath, "But of course we must keep up a decent militia." Two utterances could not conflict more nakedly. If Canada will never become involved in a war—if we are sure of that—we should not keep up a decent militia, nor any militia. We should abolish it instantly. The two millions we spend on it every year would be an utter waste; and to spend two dollars on it would be as wrong as to spend two millions. As for preserving order, an annual outlay of a few hundred thousands on a Federal constabulary would procure a force which would handle riots more efficiently, and at the cost of far less class jealousy than the employment of militia arouses. On the other hand, if we admit that we may become involved in a war, we must be able to put an army in the field; and our militia exists to produce that army. Our militia is a war-force: that, and nothing else, when we look at it rightly.

If you ask the ordinarily well-informed Canadian what the strength of the militia is, he probably will answer that it varies from 40,000 to 45,000. He is thinking of the men in red

coats whom he sees drilling in peace time. If you ask him what the typical young Canadians of his town would do if war were to break out, he will tell you that they would enlist as soon as they could reach the nearest drillshed. Ask him the number of these war-time volunteers, and he is likely, if he has a good knowledge of Canadian statistics, to put it at about 60,000. Yet the ordinary Canadian, who knows these two facts perfectly, scarcely ever combines them. He continues to think of the militia—and if he is a public man to provide for it—as if it was 40,000 strong; whereas 40,000 *plus* 60,000 equals 100,000. To be just, the ordinary Canadian is beginning to understand that the plan underlying the new militia organization of the present government is to produce a "first line" of 100,000; even then he will not combine this fact with certain other elementary facts, of which he is perfectly aware, and bear in mind that 100,000 men will need 100,000 rifles—or that each man should have at least 1,000 cartridges handy — or that 1,000 cartridges apiece for 100,000 men means 100,000,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition which should be in stock—or that 100,000 soldiers should have at least five hundred big guns to support them—or that they would need clothing, blankets and other stores.

When we enlist men we organize them — put them into battalions, squadrons, and batteries, and provide them with leaders. It takes a long

time to get these corps—what British army officers style *cadres* and Americans call *organizations*—in good running order, and it is part of a business-like preparation to see that we have a sufficient number of them ready to receive and train the war-time recruits who will come trooping in.

We have organizations which will produce when filled up to war strength just about the hundred thousand men we have been talking about. In peace-time we train only forty-five officers and men in an infantry company; in war-time we recruit it up to one hundred and twenty. Our existing organizations are approximately as follows: Infantry, 720 companies; peace establishments, 37,000; probable war strength, 86,000. Cavalry and Mounted Rifles, 104 squadrons; peace establishments, 8,700; probable war strength, 15,500. Horse, Field and Heavy Artillery, 38 batteries; peace establishments, 4,700; probable war strength, 6,000. Engineers, 4 field companies and a telegraph section; peace establishments, 800; probable war strength, 1,000. Total Field Army: Peace establishments, say 51,000; probable war strength, say 100,000 combatants; number of guns, about 200.

To this we must add staffs, Garrison Artillery (three regiments), Ammunition Columns, Corps of Guides, Signalling Corps, Army Service Corps (twelve companies), Army Medical Services (eighteen field ambulances), Ordnance Store Corps (twelve sections), etc. The peace establishments of these auxiliary services is about 4,600; in war they would receive heavy increases. How heavy these would be can be seen by taking the case of the Ammunition Columns. On mobilization no fewer than twenty-six of these would be needed in Eastern Canada, with nearly 3,700 officers and men, 4,100 horses and not far short of 1,000 vehicles. The introduction of the

eighteen-pounder gun will cause considerable additions to this total.

It may be noted that this organization is a vast improvement upon that of half a dozen years ago. In 1901 the distribution of arms was as follows: Infantry, 86 battalions; peace establishments, 30,000; probable war strength, 86,000. Mounted Rifles, 47 squadrons; peace establishments, 3,400; probable war strength, 7,500. Field Artillery, 18 batteries; peace establishments, 1,800; probable war strength, 3,000. Engineers, 4 field companies; peace establishments, 500; probable war strength, 1,000. Total Field Army — peace establishments, 35,700; probable war strength, 100,000, with 108 field guns.

To this would have been added Garrison Artillery (thirty-one companies), Army Service Corps (four companies), and Army Medical Services (eight bearer corps and eight field hospitals). The organization of auxiliary services, an especially meritorious action of the present Government, then had just commenced.

Thus we see that we have the organizations to provide a field army of just about 100,000 riflemen, mounted or on foot, with from 160 to 200 guns of the several sorts necessary. We further have a number of auxiliary corps for commissariat, transport, medical attendance, etc.

If I buy during the winter a boat with which I intend to navigate a lake during summer, I am far more concerned with the soundness and buoyancy which it will show during the boating season than I am with the paint it wears in the season of ice and snow. And so the most interesting thing about the militia is the army of 100,000 riflemen, or 125,000 men all told, which it will put in the field in time of need. We should keep asking ourselves whenever we do anything to the militia in peace, whether it will help to make the war-army efficient.

During peace-time you see your town or county battalion drilling away. Its eight companies probably number from 350 to 400 men. The men wear red coats and white helmets, which are unsuitable for war; the drill-shed contains only 300 rifles; little or no ammunition is kept in store, little or no extra clothing, no boots, and few if any extra articles of equipment. With that outfit the battalion year by year gets through its training.

Suppose war threatens, and comes. Five or six hundred of the lads you know on the streets or the concession lines rush to join; and you wish to see your battalion in a very few days start off to the threatened points. You wish to see it from 1,000 to 1,100 strong; you wish to see the men clothed in suitable campaign uniform; you wish to see a rifle on every shoulder; you wish to see every man supplied with plenty of cartridges; you wish to see a Maxim trundling behind the rear company; you wish the men all to have overcoats, blankets, haversacks, canteens, water-bottles, and similar necessaries; you wish the companies to have cooking utensils, water-carts, transport wagons. Further, you wish to see the battalion commanded by a colonel who has some military skill, and each company provided with well-trained captains, lieutenants and non-coms.

Again—an object consisting of a trunk, two legs, two arms and a head, but devoid of brain and blood, is not a man; neither is a collection of battalions, squadrons and batteries an army if it has no staff to manage it, no commissariat to collect nor transport service to move its supplies, no doctors, ambulances or hospitals for its sick and wounded, no ordnance service to manage its ammunition supplies—in a word, if it is without administrative services.

Bearing in mind these two needs, let us see how our army would fare in the event of war, as things are now.

First of all, the six or seven hundred recruits who would rush to your local armory to enlist could be given neither rifles nor uniforms; the armory would contain just rifles enough for the men already on the rolls. There probably would not be cartridges enough to teach the men how to shoot. There would be no field service uniforms for anybody, and very few of the red uniforms extra. Overcoats, haversacks, belts, bandoliers, mess-tins and similar necessaries would be lacking. About all the colonel could do would be to drill the recruits in their shirt-sleeves and worry his District Officer Commanding, his Higher Command general, and the Ottawa authorities for rifles, ammunition, clothes, boots, equipment, necessaries, harness, water-carts, ammunition-carts, transport-wagons, and a few scores of other things. About two hundred commanding officers would be sending, let us say an average of one hundred such telegrams apiece; the lot of the Headquarters Staff which would receive these twenty thousand telegrams would hardly be enviable.

What would make the lot of the Headquarters Staff still less agreeable is the fact that even if its officers were to read all these telegrams, they could not comply with their requests. We should have 100,000 men—we could at present arm only about 70,000; of these, 38,000 would have Lee-Enfield, the rest would have Ross rifles; on this showing there would be 30,000 or 40,000 men who could not be armed. The ammunition stores are terribly low. Campaign clothing equipment—boots—of all those stores we have not nearly enough to outfit our hundred thousand men.

If war broke out this year, we could not put rifles in the hands of more than three-quarters of the men who would present themselves. It would take weeks, perhaps months, to clothe them. If we could buy arms, munitions and stores in Britain, we

might be able to mobilize—that is, enlist, outfit, train and assemble our men—in about three months. But what would our enemy be doing in those three months? Especially if he had a better system of preparation?

A few years ago our militia on assembling and being outfitted would have been obliged to improvise commissariat and transport services before it could have marched or fought. In this there has been improvement. An Army Service Corps—a properly organized body which undertakes to procure, transport, and deliver the food of the army—now exists, and could be rapidly expanded in cases of need. There also is a good medical service, and other auxiliaries are being provided.

Again, battalions and squadrons must be grouped into brigades, and brigades into divisions, and these formations must have competent generals and staff officers. A few years ago the militia was a welter of unorganized units. Improvement has been effected, and now the higher formations are provided; an effort is being made to train leaders and staffs. Also, a sound organization into higher commands has been effected.

Suppose we arm, equip and organize our men and march them to the danger spot; then will come the fighting. It would be extremely disagreeable if our army were beaten. Armies win because their soldiers are the better fighters, or because they are better led; and neither skill in fighting nor competence in leadership are gifts of nature; they must be acquired by laborious training.

Here we are faced with a difficulty; it is very hard to train soldiers and to procure skilful leaders under militia conditions. General Hutton improved our training somewhat, and the Central Training Camp marks an-

other onward step. But more must be done.

Let us summarize our needs:

1. Everything we do in organizing the militia must be for the express purpose of making it the better able to produce that army of 100,000 riflemen.

2. We should have at least 100,000 modern military rifles in the country. Indeed, we should have more, for a reserve is necessary to replace weapons which are broken, get worn out, etc.

3. We should have an artillery force of at least five hundred guns. Partially trained troops need powerful artillery backing; 100,000 regular British infantry would be allotted about five hundred guns. At present we have about ninety obsolescent horse artillery guns in the country, and some modern field guns have been ordered. We also have a few heavy guns.

4. We should keep on hand the ammunition, stores, equipment, etc., necessary for our army of 100,000 men.

5. We should decentralize those stores; that is, at every battalion armory we should have 1,000 rifles, 1,000 suits of campaign uniform, 1,000 equipments, a good supply of ammunition, and the other things needful. The battalion should be able to parade ready for service without sending one telegram to worry higher officers.

6. We should have a proper organization into brigades and divisions.

7. We should have a sufficient number of administrative services for commissariat, transport, etc.

8. We should train our men as well as possible, and in addition should take special pains to train a large number of competent leaders—non-coms, company officers, battalion officers, staff officers, and generals.



IN RUPERT'S LAND

BY ROLAND HORN

SNOW had been falling all day over the wide reaches of the Abittibi river, but as the day died the wind swept back the clouds and showed a crimson sun. But if the upper skies were clear, the river and woods were still lost in a whirl of frozen flakes, for the wind caught up the new fallen drifts and tore and tortured them, driving them before it in icy eddies. Through the white bewilderment a man came stumbling, groping with out-stretched hands. Once he tripped across a root and fell headlong, but gained his feet and staggered on more feebly. The wind shrieked above him in a derisive menace, and from the impenetrable woods near by came the long howl of a wolf, repeated from the distance in lessening echoes.

At last the wanderer stood erect and tried to draw breath. He looked about him dimly on frozen river and pathless wood, then cast himself face downward on the snow like one that would choose his own time for dying, since death it must be in the end. But as he fell he cried aloud into a lull of the wind, a cry of rage and protest, not of appeal; and the words of his outcry were English, a strange thing for the woods and snows to hear in the uncharted land in the year of grace 1670.

It was not only the woods and the winds which heard, for the whirling snowflakes had scarce had time to settle on the silver fox skins worn by the fallen man, before a figure came out of the tangle of juniper on

the river shore and drew stealthily nearer. For a moment the newcomer knelt beside the prostrate body, then turned it over and looked hard into the face upturned to him, which yet knew nothing of his presence. Then he drew the great glove from his left hand and felt under the furs for the beating of the heart. Finding what he sought, he nodded satisfaction and, rising, half lifted, half dragged the inert form towards a giant fir tree which reared itself above a mass of lesser evergreen, its black branches cutting the crimson of the western sky. Arrived at this landmark, he let slip his burden into the snow and busied himself in feeding a newly-lighted fire which burned yellow and wan-blue among its curls of smoke. When the fire was licking eagerly at its spruce twigs he turned once more to his work of rescue, rubbing the lips and temples of the unconscious man with fiery spirit and forcing a few drops down his throat. The face of the helper, strangely lit by quickening fire and fading sun, showed intent and grave, with the look of one repairing a broken weapon rather than of one ministering to a comrade in need.

Yet his first words were of comradeship, when the closed eyes opened and life came back with a sigh.

"He, my friend," he said in French, "hast forgot thine old companion on trail and in camp? By the Lilies, it was well I chanced on thee before the wolves!"

"Was it well?" answered the other,

morosely, as he raised himself on one elbow and glanced vaguely around. At first he could see nothing, then the snow blur cleared from his eyes and he met the gaze of his rescuer with recognition.

"Is it you, Gaspard Breton?" he asked with indifference. "Why, I owe you a life, but if my thanks profit you as little as the life profits me, which of us is the gainer?"

"The old mood," smiled Breton, and though he spoke lightly a momentary gleam brightened the alert black eyes. "Yet if you care not for life, friend Olivier, may be you will care for food."

"Food!" the word came with a wolfish cry. "My God, have you food? The cold has dulled me past desire, but now — for God's sake, quick!"

"Take it warily, then," and Gaspard dropped a strip of dried meat into the clutch of his guest. "Nay, I have eaten, while you feast I will smoke."

Thereafter was no talk for a time. The red sun slipped below the horizon and the long twilight of the north drew down, shade by lingering shade, across the snowy earth. The fire leaped up and crackled, hollowing a little space out of the gaunt wilderness and the grey, encroaching night, filling it with cheer and a semblance of homely content. The starving man finished his scanty meal and leaned back against a tree stump, while Gaspard Breton watched him with considering eyes from behind his wreaths of smoke. Both men were clad Indian fashion, and at a careless glance Gaspard, with his slender sinewy figure and swarthy skin might have passed for a son of the great unknown land; only his dark eyes, avid in their keenness, had never learned the impassive stare of the Indian. The man whom he was watching with that concentrated look had the air of neither Frenchman or Indian. He

was largely framed, and his skin had been fair before wind and sun had darkened it. His bearing, now that the faintness of famine had passed, was that of a man still in the fulness of life, but his hair and beard were nearly white. Grey eyes looked with a homeless weariness from a face meant for comeliness, but marred by hunger of body and soul. Feeling the gaze upon him, his own shifted to meet it and warmed to a friendlier mood.

"I owe you a life, Gaspard," he repeated his words with an altered accent. "Fire and food are good, when all is said, and I shall see the sudden spring again, maybe, and hear the wild geese cry across the forest."

"So I am pardoned for not leaving you to the wolves," laughed Gaspard. "Let us smoke the pipe of peace, then, for all that there is war or like to be war between our countries."

"I have no country," answered Oliver, as he reached for the pipe.

Breton rose to pile wood on the fire and then returned to his seat on a root of the great fir. The wind had quieted with the going down of the sun, and the two men, wrapped in their fox and lynx skins, sat warm enough in the heart of a frozen world. The Frenchman waited till his companion had smoked a while, then he spoke in a low voice which seemed scarce to break on the other's musings.

"You are bitter to-night, Olivier, why is it?"

"Why does an old wound ache at the shifting of the wind?" returned Oliver. "So long I have sojourned in the north and heard its speech and its great silences. Sometimes I have thought myself content; sometimes I have feigned that the huts of the savages, the forests where a man sets himself singly against death and conquers, the great swords and banners of strange light in these skies, were

more dear to me than the home of my fathers and the narrow kindly fields and gentle waters of England. I lied, doubtless, but a man's soul is at peace whilst that he can believe his own lies. But to-night memory stirs; I know not why."

Gaspard nodded reflectively. He had met Oliver—Olivier, as he called him—more than once during their wanderings on the shores of the great lakes, where the foot of white man had scarcely trodden. He himself had come from the French settlements and returned to his own people in the pauses of his explorations. But Oliver, he knew, had thrown in his lot with the Indians, denying, as far as might be, his race and nation. A silent man he had always found this English exile and had guessed at his bitterness towards England more by a glance, a silence, than by spoken words. Now it seemed, in this hour of companionship after death had so nearly estranged him from all companionship, Oliver had at last foregone his reserves. Gaspard Breton was well content; all was shaping itself for his purpose.

"It may be," he said, after one of those pauses which men learn from the stillness of the north, "it may be that I could tell you of the wind which has set your old wound aching. Your countrymen, or, since you will have no country, Englishmen have been near this spot of late. Tell me now, for all your hate, do you not desire to clasp hands with them?" There was a faint sneer in his voice which may have fretted the other's anger. At least Oliver answered fiercely:

"Sooner shall the frost gnaw the flesh from the bone. But—" his voice changed—"Englishmen here! You dream, Breton."

"I would I did," laughed Breton. "Where have you been, comrade, that you know naught of these strange doings? Already the Kilistineaux, your people, have heard the

words of the white strangers from across the big water."

As he talked, Breton's French took on something of the Indian fashion of speech, but to Oliver the phrases seemed natural enough; he was used to the savage dialects which he had spoken so long.

"I have not been near my people for many moons," he answered, "I go to their tents now. But what is the talk of the English?"

Breton pointed northward.

"You know the Indians' tales of the great sea yonder thrust into the heart of the land. Always I have planned to find it. Well, the English have been before me. A year—two years ago—one of their ships pushed into those waters and landed, claiming the shores for their King. This year they came once more with bribes to buy the Indians; they landed and piled timbers for a fort. I have seen it, for word came to our settlements and I was sent many days' march to look on their doings. Had you wandered into these parts before the ice was locked across the sea you had seen their ship setting forth."

"What is all this to me?" broke in Oliver so harshly that Gaspard knew him moved.

Breton shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot tell, for I know not what the English are to you, nor why you left them to house in the wigwam of the Algonquins."

Oliver turned in his place and stared into the intolerable shifting play of the Northern lights. When he spoke his voice came low and even as though he were reading the story of his own life there in the alien heavens.

"My father died for the King in the old wars. I was but a lad, but when they brought him dead to our doors I took the sword from his stiff hand and went out to do his work. And when the Roundheads had slain the King and driven his son into

exile I followed him, and fought and plotted and starved till the day came which brought Charles II. in triumph to his own."

"And doubtless he rewarded you," Breton threw in smoothly.

Oliver lifted his head. "Did I serve for reward? I sought but my own again, sought but the lands which had passed into rebel hands because of our loyal service. No, less than that had sufficed—I asked the right to live and serve him further. Our leader, the prince we had followed, was still in exile; I betook me to the King."

"And won?" asked Breton, when for a moment there had been no sound save the groan of a snow-laden branch overhead and the soft thud when it had eased itself of the burden.

"And won," repeated Oliver blankly. "I won a jest on my rebel name. Yet I had served Charles for all I bear the name of his greatest foe. A jest was my payment." He laughed suddenly, a bitter echo, in those homeless spaces, of a bygone mirth.

"How long since was all this?" questioned Breton, still with that air of purpose.

Oliver pushed the furs and bared his left arm. Somewhat above the wrist was a row of scars, the highest scarcely healed, some of those near the wrist showing mere lines of white on the bronzed skin. He ran a finger across them, counting.

"It is ten years," he said heavily. "I had forgotten, save for these marks, for meseems to have spent a life-time in these lands. But each year when the snow came I gashed my arm, and a man forgets not while his wounds remember."

"And yours remember." Gaspard flung a sudden passion into his voice. "What if now the time be come to strike back at last: you from the wilderness and edge of the world at your forgetful King in his power?"

For a moment the wavering light overhead found an answering gleam in Oliver's eyes. Then he shook his head.

"All that was in another life. It is gone too far that I should seek for vengeance."

For a time Breton sat silent, feeding the fire. Here was an unlooked for mood in his companion. Had the great horizons of the unmapped land indeed taught the wanderer something of its own large and desert peace? But he recalled Oliver's laugh and knew its bitterness. He set to work to feed that old hate as he fed the fire before him.

"And yet," said he musingly, "if once a King fails in faith, shall he learn it in days to come? Will you, friend Oliver, promise to your Indians, justice and generous dealing, on the word of a King? They trust you, 'tis said, those savages of the Kilistineaux who have made you free of their huts. Maybe 'tis your thought to win court favor even now by moving you poor barbarians to an alliance with the English and winning their spoil of furs to deck the fair ladies whom your Charles chooses to favor."

"You talk many words," Oliver cut in with a hint of disdain. "Remember though I be now a chief of the Kilistineaux, I was once an English gentleman. Tell me plainly what you would have."

Breton caught up a handful of snow and shaped and re-shaped it between his hands; then he flung it into the fire, which hissed for an instant and then leaped up the brighter. Frenchman and Englishman eyed each other for a heart-beat, then Breton spoke, straight and swift.

"I would have your help. See, you owe me a life; you have said it. Give me your aid instead. These Englishmen, these strangers, have they not enough of the new countries? Yet hither come they with their prate of the first discoverers,

though our King claims of right all the land called Unknown towards the French Sea (Commission given by the King of France to De la Roche in 1598.) They have built a fort of squared logs yonder and already the Indians come to trade their beaver skins against knives and beads."

"What can I therefore?" asked Oliver impatiently.

The Frenchman's answer was ready and eager.

"Move your own tribe to be loyal to the Lilies, to make no peace with the invaders. See, I have come up from Sault Ste. Marie to watch the doings of these English. 'Tis more than trade, 'tis dominion they seek. Will you help them, that have felt their scorn?"

"It is so much to you whether they succeed or fail," muttered Oliver.

"It is much," affirmed Breton. "Did I not follow the Sieur de Valiere, nine years since, when he sought to reach these waters? The land is ours, the trade, the people; let your Stuart Kings keep to their own." His tone softened suddenly. "Comrade, I do not seek to force you, I have not over-much of food or powder, but the half is yours. Go to your people?"

"And win them to you; I understand," answered Oliver. He rose up and tramped back and forth in the snow. "Whither go you?" he asked at length.

Gaspard pointed to the river. "I follow that to the sea; then by its bank towards the rising sun. Two rivers I cross; by the third I pitch my camp. It is nigh to the fort of these English whom I have orders from our settlement to watch."

Oliver shrugged his shoulders as he retorted:

"Your nearest settlement is far enough hence, and you can scarce hold this land by a form of words when others are first to tread it. If the English claim these shores, who shall dispute them?"

"You and I," cried Gaspard Breton. "Come to me with the pledges of your tribe and King Charles shall not play ingrate here."

Oliver stood silent for a breath, then flung back his head and laughed.

"I bear a rebel's name," he cried; "why, let me be loyal for the last time and make the King's jest come true. I will do your will, Gaspard Breton, or I will give you back the life you saved."

Seven days later, in the frost-bound brightness when the sun had reached the highest point of its low autumn arch, Oliver Knightley, known as Cloud Face because of his grey English eyes, came back to his savage brothers. The war house and wigwams of the tribe, a branch of the Algonquins, stood on a cleared space among woods not far from the Abittibi Lake. On the noontide when Oliver returned, most of the men were gone for a great hunt; the women were pounding maize in the lodges, and old Eagle Feather, the chief, sat gloomily by his fire, unable to set out with the rest because of a wound in the thigh. At the appearance of his adopted son on the edge of the clearing he limped a few steps forward in welcome and called to the women to bring food. Oliver glanced about him, at the skins drying in sun and fire-light, at the rude buildings, masked in snow, and at the chief's face, with its markings of strange color. For close on a decade this life had been familiar to him; now, on a sudden, it looked alien, hostile.

"And it was in my heart to wish for thee, O my son," the old chief's voice continued its monotonous harangue, "for the wisdom of far peoples is with thee and yet thy heart is true to the fires of us thy tribe. But I deemed thee gone from us to dwell among the mighty men who hunt forever and whose arrows we see shining in the sky."

"I am here to hunt with you again, my father," answered Oliver, "but what is this need of which thou speakest?"

For answer the chief told how men had come over the great water offering gifts and speaking words of friendship and had desired trade with his tribe. They were of another race than those who came from Sault Ste. Marie and far-off Quebec, and their's was another totem. Speaking, Eagle Feather reached out his bow and drew two rough figures on the snow beyond the lodge door; one was the French Lily; the other a simple Cross, the Cross of St. George. Oliver caught breath as he looked on them and the words died on his lips. The Indian went on in the sustained fashion of his people, with many repetitions, to speak of the strangers and their great chief far beyond the frozen sea. Pausing at length he looked into Oliver's face and in a deep guttural voice pronounced a single name:

"Rupert."

At the sound, Oliver cried out aloud, broken words of English from a far-off past. Eagle Feather nodded grave understanding; clearly the name he had spoken was a spell of weight. He went on to tell that this was the great white warrior chief who had sent forth the strangers and who desired peace and friendship with the men of the Algonquins.

His voice reached Oliver dimly through a daze of dreams. He stood staring at the snow, at the St. George's Cross traced there, but he saw nothing of that on which he looked. Instead, he saw the rush of Horse across a slope of English green, saw the Royal Standard flinging its blazonries to the wind beside Prince Rupert's banner with its sanguine cross. Round him rose war cry and the gallant music of steel, and life was crowded into that stinging instant of the charge. Ahead flashed a figure in a scarlet cloak;

he could see the dark imperious young face and hear the ringing shout that meant victory. Then another scene; a ship motionless in the grasp of a tropic calm, her sides scarred with shot, her sails rent, her planks cracking in the relentless sun; one ship, the last hope of the King, pitted against a rebellious navy. And still the same leader's face, changed, shadowed with defeat, sunken with the hunger he suffered equally with his men, but the same face, dauntless and loyal still, Rupert.

Oliver looked about him at the savage life he had shared, into the eyes of the man he had meant to lead to the French alliance. The blood mounted to his forehead, and with a sweep of his moccasined foot he brushed the Lily of France from the snow.

The cold of winter's self had closed down on the shores of Hudson's Bay, gripping the heart and numbing the pulses. But Gaspard Breton in his shelter of woven branches and Buffalo hides lay snug enough. He shot no game, even when the caribou plunged near his hiding-place, lest that should make his presence known to the handful of Englishmen holding their fort against winter and the wilderness. Daily he waited the word which should send him back content to his superiors, awake at length to the dangers threatening France in the New World. He awaited Oliver and his pledges of alliance.

When Oliver came at last it was through the wonderful crimson twilight of the North, in which the snow glowed fire-like and the steel of the frozen river gleamed a sinister red. The newcomer advanced swiftly and silently on his snow-shoes, his glance alert for any sign of human presence. At sight of Breton's fire, a mere spark in the all encompassing ruddy light, he swerved and came towards it, head erect.

"He is awake and a man," mused Gaspard. "Hate can do much."

"You are here, friend," he called softly, "but what of your people? My faith! Time it is we rally, for the English think this land their own. They have given a name to this river by which we stand."

"What name?" asked Oliver, smiling.

"Rupert River," returned the other with impatience. "But what matter, now——"

He did not end the sentence.

"Rupert River," repeated Oliver. "Then it was true. Breton, I have not done your work; three young braves are on their way to the English fort. But here is the life that is forfeit."

Ready speaker though he was, Gaspard Breton found no words. In-

stead, he caught at his gun; he had no further need for secrecy. The shot rang out on the flawless winter stillness, and Oliver dropped face downward, a red stain creeping out from his body across the paling snow.

In due time, the names of the Kilistineaux Indians were entered on the list of allies of the Company of Merchant Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, and read by Prince Rupert, the Governor, as he weighed the forces of England against France for the coming struggle in the New World. But the beginning of that alliance was never recorded in the annals of the Company, and it was by chance that seven years after Oliver Knightley's unregarded death, Rupert House arose where the blood of Rupert's soldier had reddened the snow.

MY STIMULUS

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

I shall be brave.

I know, dear heart, you lean upon my arm,
Believing it a solid shield from harm;

So long as my support you crave,
I will be brave.

I shall be wise.

For if I err and run in folly's way,
Your feet, too, from the beaten path will stray,
Since parallel your pathway lies.

I will be wise.

I shall be pure.

Your holy eyes are mirrors which detect
The scars seared on the soul by sin's defect
Your simple faith shall rest secure:

I will be pure.

THE COUNTRY OF THE MAD MULLAH

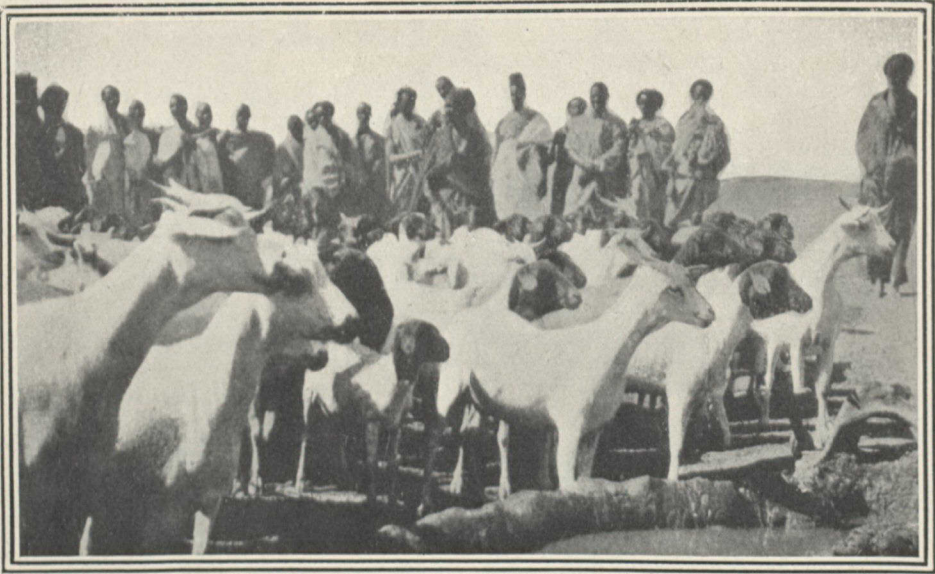
BY H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

SOMALILAND is situated in the most easterly part of the Continent of Africa and forms the great horn which terminates at Cape Guardafui. The coast line is washed by the waves of the Indian Seas and the waters of the Gulf of Aden. The interior is a vast arid inhospitable desert, and for the most part waterless. Its land is inhabited by a race of people differing in religion from their neighbors, the Abyssinians, who are Christians—and in customs and speech from the Arabs who live across the water. The Somalis are

descended from a people who were driven out of Mecca about 1300 years ago and who settled on the Maritime plain where Berbera now stands. They gradually *trekked*, to use a Boer expression, into the interior, and for twenty-two generations the Somalis have wandered about the country leading a sort of patriarchal existence with their flocks according to the seasons. In this way they formed themselves into tribes under Chiefs or Mullahs, and settled more or less in large districts. All these tribes to-day speak the same lan-



THE DREARY MARCH



SOMALIS AND THEIR GOATS

guage, of which there is no known writing. The Somalis are the proudest people on the earth, wrapped up in their own importance and the importance of those who have gone before. They and their camels are at the head of creation. They talk, think, sing and dream of camels, and their aim and object is to possess, breed and buy them, and they work to buy more. They live on camel meat and swill camel's milk and love it. As one marches through the country their customs and habits unfold themselves day by day, and one finds that a Somali talks for all he is worth and a good deal more. A Somali will talk until he is out of breath, and he prides himself on his ability to be able to do it. If you tell him to stop he goes away and talks to himself in a long-drawn-out drone like a bumble bee in a bottle.

Of the women one sees little, as they are strict Mahommedans. However, one can distinguish a married woman from a girl, for the maiden wears a cord round her waist, which is removed on marriage. Her hair,

which hangs loosely, is tied up in a net. Both men and women wear long white sheets folded gracefully over the shoulders. These are called tobés and are often five or six yards long.

Besides his white sheet, a good Mahommedan wears round his neck a *tisba*—a string of beads with a verse of Koran wrapped up in a leather locket. He always carries a spear, called a *waran*, and generally a round shield—a *Gashan*—made of ox-hide and when on the march a little bill-hook to cut down the thorn fences with; for wherever an encampment is made the resting place is surrounded by a thorn fence called a *zareba*. Although Somaliland lies in latitude from four to six degrees north of the equator, and the sun beats down in full force upon the heads of the inhabitants, they wear no covering save a sort of plaster of clay, which makes the black hair glossy when the stuff is removed. Those who have been to Mecca wear a green turban.

Women are of not much account in the East, except for child-bearing

and menial work. A Mahomedan is allowed four wives and as many more as he can afford to buy and to keep and find work for. When a male child is born there is always great delight in the camp and the lady receives a red tobe as a birth day present, but should a female baby arrive all is silent.

Until recently hardly any Europeans had penetrated far into the interior, and no white man until General Manning's Field Force had actually crossed from north to south by the Haud, which as the crow flies—if any crow would be foolish enough to flap his wings across the sandy plain—is about 600 miles.

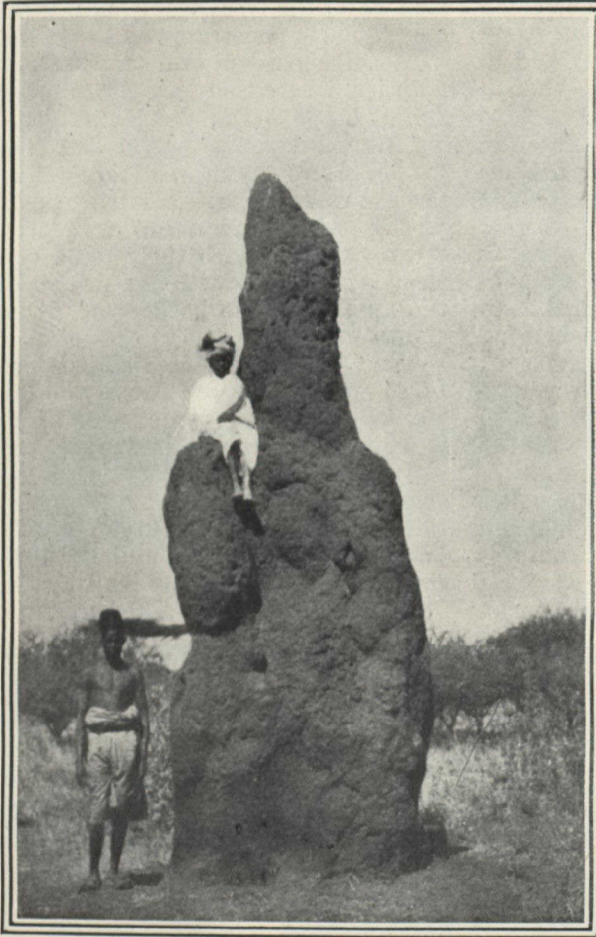
British Somaliland, however, has for years been a happy hunting ground for sportsmen, as it contains perhaps the finest lion shooting ground in the world, and such sports-

men as Lords Wolverton and Willoughby have penetrated as far as the Webe Shebele on the far western frontier, where there are great lakes full of hippopotami and hundreds of gazelles and zebras graze on the banks. Here the descendants of the ancient Gallas live—a tribe of dervishes whose ancestors wandered down the Nile with their flat-tailed sheep and mixed with the people of the upland on the borders of Abyssinia.

The Somalis may be divided into three distinct classes: Those who are more or less—mostly less—civilized and live at the coast in the ancient Egyptian town of Berbera and the small fishing hamlets by the sea; those who are settled in their own districts as shepherds, and the out-cast Somalis who live by hunting the deer and the ostriches. The horns and



SOMALIS LOADING A CAMEL



AN ANT HILL, IN SOMALILAND

feathers thus obtained are exchanged for rice and dates, which come in dhows from Aden and Zanzibar. The Somali never drinks intoxicating liquor or eats birds. He eats only the meat of animals that have been *hallaed*, with the throat cut by a Mahomedan. He has wonderful powers of endurance and can march for forty miles on an empty stomach across a waterless sandy plain under the hot African sun. Being intensely superstitious he never eats alone, for there is a saying in the land that "he who dines alone dines with the devil." Formerly a Queen ruled

the Dolbhanta district in the centre of the land, and conceiving a hatred towards all male children she ordered all to be killed. A woman escaped with her boy, who when he grew to be a man returned and sought out the old witch and slew her. Then, cutting her body to pieces, he tied them to a camel, who scampered in mad career over the district, and wherever a piece fell a stone was thrown to keep the devil down. The characteristics of people are often best judged when you watch how they eat, how they fight and how they pray. Somalis cannot be said to be brave soldiers, although many of them have been enlisted and trained by British officers, and when armed stood by their commanders in action against their kinsmen who fought for the Mad Mullah. They are brave hunters, and have been known to tackle wounded lions with their spears, and kill leopards. A Somali is a most devoted servant. He is intelligent and deeply interested in the master he serves, especially if that man happens to be an Englishman. They are keen observers. I took an eight-day clock with me to the country and taught Mahomed Charma, by request, how to tell the time of day. He could not understand why the others wound up their watches every night. On one occasion, when I was marching through the desert and had reached an oasis where there was an encampment, I saw that all the natives had come out to see the white man who could go eight times farther than the others without being wound up (for the

story had been spread throughout the land and all wanted to see me.

The late campaigns in Somaliland have stirred up ill-feeling against the British amongst the tribes in the interior, for Mahomed Abdulla had preached a *jihad* or a holy war throughout the land, and although he has successfully got away the battles at Erigo and Gumburru showed the Mullah what British bullets were made of, and at Jidballi we maintained our prestige in the British Protectorate, where there is

a garrison of Indian troops from Aden, and where the goats and sheep graze, supplying the troops on the rock with meat.

It is sad to think that no memorial marks the scenes of action where the British officers and men fell, but they, like many other brave men fighting against fearful odds, have died for their country in Africa and have a monument more lasting than stone in the hearts of their comrades who served with them in that God-forsaken land of Allah.



SOMALI WARRIORS

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE AS A HUMORIST

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

IN his home life and surrounded by his friends Sir William Van Horne is a humorist. He enters into the spirit of a jest or a practical joke with as much zest as a school-boy follows up the adventures of the trail. Being fertile in resource and imagination, he sees many opportunities to exercise his natural love of fun upon any unsuspecting visitors who are not familiar with this phase of his character. He told me that on an occasion, when a number of distinguished persons had gathered at his house, he handed a lady a poem, presumably by an unknown poet, which he himself had written a short time before, expecting to be discovered and called to account on the spot as an imposter, when, instead, the lady read it through with evident interest, and, looking up, remarked serenely, "It might be Browning."

I was present on an evening when the late Wyatt Eaton the painter was the target for Sir William's wit. We were assembled in a small reception room, looking over some etchings and Japanese paintings, a recent gift from an Eastern official.

"By the way," said Sir William, looking at Mr. Eaton, "I did not know that Emerson wore a beard."

"As I remember him," replied the artist, "his face was bare."

Sir William affected surprise at this, and calling Jenner, the butler, he said:

"Bring me the portfolio with the head of Emerson by Mr. Eaton."

Jenner obeyed, returning in a few minutes with the portfolio desired.

"There!" exclaimed Sir William, after rummaging a while among the contents and producing a proof of Timothy Cole's engraving of Mr. Eaton's crayon portrait of Emerson, "You must be mistaken."

Mr. Eaton looked at the proof, and, sure enough, there was his portrait, the face adorned with chop-whiskers. He became greatly excited. "I never did it," he said, "and yet it certainly is my mark."

He examined the proof more closely, taking it to the window for scrutiny.

"Is it possible," he asked, "that any one has tampered with my drawing and that that has gone out over the country as my work?" He turned pale and his hands actually shook with nervous excitement.

"It is a libel," he muttered.

But, the artist's feelings going beyond the limits of a joke, Sir William quickly relieved his tension. "All right, Mr. Eaton," said he: "I did it." It was a put-up job, arranged with Jenner beforehand for the amusement of the guests.

Of course it ended in a laugh, with a compliment to Sir William from the artist, that he had handled his crayon so skilfully that it was not detectable from the grain of the engraving.

"I was completely deceived," said the painter, who was something of an expert in these things.

Sir William makes an annual trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway and should there happen to be a greenhorn in the Company; that is, one who is making his first trip over the prairies, he too comes in for his share in the fun-making.

On different parts of the prairies there are alkali beds that glisten in the sun and seem to ripple like water. Before approaching these beds, Sir William incidentally introduces the subject of Christ walking on the water, and asks whether any one present believes that it can be done.

Of course there is protest, and as if to clinch the matter, Sir William raises his hand to the conductor, and orders the train to be stopped. He then alights, runs across the prairie, and walks over the apparent pond, glistening in the sunshine, and, returning, quietly remarks, "And my feet are not even wet."

The conductor, who is in the secret, keeps a serene face; the train starts up; the greenhorn, not having the chance to investigate for himself, is mystified; and like a good many other simple things, Sir William's "walking on the water" remains unexplained.

A *bon mot* is never lost on him, and it is just as highly savored.

At the time when Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada, I sat at Sir William's left-hand at a dinner given to Lady Aberdeen. With the coffee were served some preserved lotos flowers on sea-weed of a vivid green color.

Lady Aberdeen examined this unusual looking dish, hesitating before helping herself.



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

"Don't," said I, "if you love Old Erin."

"Why?" she asked, amused, holding one of the salmon-colored petals mid-way to her lips.

It is the lotos flower that brings forgetfulness, and so I quoted a few lines from Tennyson's poem, "The Lotos Eaters."

She swallowed the petal. "I am very happy here," said she, beaming.

"O Diplomacy, thy name is success," I thought, and they who possess it find it means power and revenue.

"I would like to have thought of that myself," said Sir William to me afterward, in speaking of the aptness of my quotation.

Next to Professor Morse's, Sir William's collection of Chinese and Japanese pottery is the finest in the country. It is an experience to spend a Sunday afternoon with him among these treasures, and note his memory of dates and dynasties. He is making a copy of each piece—a careful study in color and design, upon



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE'S RESIDENCE AT MONTREAL, SHOWING THE CONSERVATORY ON THE RIGHT AND THE GREENHOUSES AT THE BACK

a heavy hand-made paper — a work that in time to come will be of great value for its originality and skill.

He always handles his pieces of pottery with great care, using a piece of soft silk to polish them off, this to show the beauty and sheen of the glaze. Here, too, is a field for his fun-loving nature, and every little while a new victim is fooled with a grease cup. This little vessel of the scullery, crackled with heat and polished to an ivory tone by tallow, is his mock *pièce de résistance*, and has been passed off repeatedly on the innocent as a piece of Satsuma. This little cup is kept in a cabinet among gems of the Ming and Sung periods, and brought out with great pomp and circumstance whenever the hour is ripe for experiment. Even Professor Morse himself came up against "the grease cup," and, laughs Sir William, "he is the only one that was not deceived."

It is a delight to talk with Sir William when he is in a reminiscent mood, when he recalls incidents of his boyhood and early life. He told me once that he broke into the lib-

rary of his native town in Illinois on a Sunday and copied a book he wanted from cover to cover, illustrations and all. "I was not able to buy books in those days," he explained. "I was employed as a messenger at six dollars a month, which I took home intact to my mother. My only pocket money was the dimes and occasional quarters given me by the patrons of the company for carrying long distance messages."

How picturesque is that incident in the life of one who later became unrivaled in the planning of railway systems and the handling of millions.

"I never cost my parents a cent, after my thirteenth year, for my education," he told me, and yet his education is of the best, being absorbed from experts along different lines, by personal association with men. At his table are to be found brilliant exponents in every department of art, science and invention.

In his handsome grey stone house on Sherbrooke street, in Montreal, there is a room designated as the "Studio." Here Sir William dashes off landscapes in the "wee sma'"

hours, chiefly memories of the Northwest or scenes in the primeval forests of Cuba. It is a treat to enter there, where more than in the rest of the house his versatility finds expression. Oils, crayon drawings, brief sketches in colored inks are everywhere to be seen from his hand. One of my comments that delighted Sir William was that "a good painter had been suppressed to make a bad railroad president."

The studio contains portable lights, which Sir William carries about with him and turns full upon the sketch or painting under observation, thus greatly enhancing its artistic effect. In this room treasures are hidden away, and are brought out only on special occasions—drawings by Dutch, French and English masters and a representative group of the great Japanese painters, Hokusai and Togoshigi included.

These studio events are memorable to those who have taken part in them, and herein lies the secret of Sir William's success as a host; he selects his guests with a view to contrasting one with another, so that monotony or *ennui* is never felt. At his table modest representatives of the arts are received "cheek by jowl" with millionaires and men of rank.

I remember a Sunday when the first lady of the land invited herself to the two o'clock dinner. This day the arts were represented by a young Dutch artist. After dinner Sir William suggested that the young man show his skill in making a quick portrait sketch of an old English general who was present. The artist set to work against a quickly fading daylight, Lady Aberdeen leaned over the back of his chair as he worked, so deeply was she interested in the process. When the sketch was completed, she not only complimented the young painter, but invited him to dine with her the following day. This was a double

triumph for the stranger, who presented her with the sketch, and the day passed off happily for all.

Those who know him well are often puzzled as to when he gets his sleep, for he is awake at all hours of the night, engaged at his manifold occupations, or in the billiard-room, but he has discovered the secret of the great Doctor Pepper, of dozing off for a moment at any time and in any place, thus fortifying himself against fatigue, so that his waking hours rival those of William of Germany himself.

Once at table I asked him a question, and, getting no answer, I thought him pre-occupied and passed the matter over in silence. Presently he turned to me and asked whether I had spoken. I replied that the matter was of no importance, thinking that my question might have bored him.

"I must have been asleep," he apologized; "how shocking of me."

"Asleep," I exclaimed. "How could that be possible?"

"Yes," said he, "I drop off some times between the courses, and these little winks rest me wonderfully, even if I only lose consciousness for a few seconds."

This led up to a discussion of absent-mindedness, and he told a little story on his own account.

"I was in a great hurry to get to my office one morning," said he, "and, seeing something on wheels at a little distance, I hailed it and was driven off. Stepping out on the curb, I put my hand in my pocket for a quarter — which is the Montreal tariff — and looking up I was face to face with my own coachman. Well, I was raised to go afoot, you know," he concluded.

With the years and their achievements he seems to exhaust none of his pristine energy. I said to him at the time he resigned from the presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "I suppose now you will settle

down to a quiet life, occupying yourself chiefly with your collections of art objects."

"No," said he, with a vague look in his eyes, "I could not make up an existence with any one thing. If I gave up my activities things would become flat, stale."

"But where do you find time for so many interests?" I asked, for the man seems no less than a magician who creates in some way, the secret of which is known only to himself, and he replied: "Going from one thing to another rests me." That was a favorable mood for the beginning of his enterprises in Cuba, where he is laying out a city to outshine Havana in beauty and commercial prominence.

Writing to a friend from Camaguey, Puerto Principe, he said: "The important matters which have kept me here for most of the past seven months are still pending, and, although very busy, I am greatly enjoying the beautiful climate and surroundings here."

It will be seen, then, that he is not only charmed by the future industrial possibilities of the island, but by the natural beauty, and surely this new city is an idea of stupendous import, revealing great foresight on the part of Sir William.

It is equally enjoyable to hear him speak of his pioneer days in the Northwest, and some of the tales he tells would stir the blood even of the least imaginative. On the plains the atmosphere is so clear and the earth so flat that one loses all sense of perspective, the air becoming something like a lens that magnifies distant objects. Accordingly, Sir William describes his astonishment on first seeing a prairie chicken on the horizon: "A creature of gigantic proportions strutting slowly and fantastically along, it was a disappointment to find it was only a prairie chicken and not some truly antediluvian bird, and the silence is terrifying,

something so new and oppressing that it can almost be heard."

Nor were the hardships and bodily exhaustion attending any pioneering cause wanting, but these are never touched on, excepting to his most intimate friends. It is thrilling when he describes his nights on the plains in a pouring rain, sleeping on a wet mattress on the ground, "with the water oozing from the blankets over us, the steam rising like a fog from our bodies, and in that way we got many a good steam bath and came off none the worse for the experience."

In those days he fared no better than the Italian laborers along the line, living chiefly on pork and black coffee. He gave orders that the coffee should be served without stint, hot and strong, and the result was that the work was carried through in less than half the time stipulated by the Government. The same heroism that met and overcame the conditions, single-handed, one might say, necessary in the building up of the greatest railway in the world, was shown in his private life. At the time that he was night telegraph operator on the Milwaukee his wife fell sick of the small-pox. Putting an end to all discussion of the matter, he began by turning everybody out of the room. Then, tying up the patient's hands, to prevent scratching, he took up his post by the bedside, and fought the disease and the doctors alone, and to-day Lady Van Horne has not a scar on her face or hands, and is a witness of the entire efficiency of her nurse.

Somewhere in the Bible it is said that the "way of the child gives prophecy of the nature of the man," and so the quality that makes a man one of the creative spirits of his time is revealed in his obscurity to those of us who are more than mere superficial observers.

Poultney Bigelow once said to me that "a man's greatness is explain-

ed by his vitality, rather than by opportunity or the advantages of birth and education."

With Sir William Van Horne the habit of work has become so fixed that it is a necessity like sunshine and air, and he works for no reward other than the doing of that which his hands find to do, and doing it with all his might. This habit of work, coupled with a superabundance of vitality, enables him to carry

through the work of a dozen men and do it as easily as play.

As he has spanned the vastness of the Canadian Northwest and belted the Island of Cuba with a progressive railway system, he is to-day laying the foundations of a future prosperity that is almost undreamed of. Might it not be said of this man, with truth, that he has made himself a veritable citizen of the world? And through it all he is still a humorist.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SIEUR LE SUEUR

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

My happy France, I dare not reck
 How sweet thy moonlit gardens call,
 Here 'neath grim bastions of Quebec,
 Or brown log walls of Montreal;
 Mine, mine the wild, the wanderer's lure,
 For I was made—by Mary's will—
 The daughter of the Sieur Le Sueur,
 The bride of Iberville.

The wind wails cold along the shore;
 O God, to-night upon the sea,
 My Love sails in the northern war;
 Pray bring him safely back to me!
 My proud gray father braves the wild
 To far Louisiana's rim;
 Now, Holy Mary, by Thy Child,
 Hear Thou my loving prayers for him.

Again! The music in my ear!—
 Dear France, my beautiful and blest,
 Weary with yearning, spent with fear,
 My heart cries out for you, for rest!
 But hark! what clatter at the gate?
 Doth now the red foe strike at last?
 Nay, now!—Pierre!—Oh, heart elate!
 My love, my warrior, hold me fast!

Farewell, fond dream of courtiered halls,
 Of merry song, of stately dance;
 I would not change my loop-holed walls
 Tonight for all the pride of France!
 And sweet is sorrow to endure
 For one who holds—by Mary's will—
 The glory of the Sieur Le Sueur,
 The love of Iberville!

THE RENEGADE

BY BEN HUGHES

And they'd better far forget—
Those who say they love us yet—
Forget, blot out with bitterness our
name.

—Songs of a Sourdough.

"SAM," said I, "will I do?"
"Guess you'll have to; there's
nothing but women folk and drunks
in Blatchford now; rest are up the
river. An' you are some good on a
portage. You don't know how to
sit a canoe or keep her nose off rocks
and snags, but you sure can pack
her."

Faint praise, and it hurt. For here
was I in my khaki overalls and
cruisers, coarse black shirt and three
months' baptism of flies and ban-
nocks.

But Sam had known nothing else
all his life.

"It's three dollars a day for both
of us and a good enough bonus for
me if we find our man. And we'll
have a passenger. Now hustle an'
get two sacks filled with chuck
enough for a couple of weeks. Put
in some canned tomatoes an' pears
for the greenie an' fly oil."

Sam went down to the wharf and
picked out a trim eighteen foot
Chestnut, roomy enough to carry
three and about 400 pounds, fairly
fast, and light on the portage.

Next morning our man came down
with a good-sized grip with English
locks. Over his well cut English rid-
ing breeches he had strapped a belt
with a six-shooter on one side bal-
ancing a sheath knife on the other.

He was an oldish man, citified, with
cold grey eyes, tight lips and a
squared chin.

"Spot the pants," said I to Sam,
as we trimmed the canoe with the
packs so that I should paddle in the
bow, passenger should sit in the mid-
dle and Sam should steer.

"Yah, but I'll fix that."

Next thing I knew he was telling
Mr. Dixon that the nights were chilly
and he had better put on some close
fitting underwear.

"An' if you think it will be too
warm with those knicker pants why
change 'em for those overalls youse
bought yesterday; they look all right
for the woods."

When he came back in the over-
alls he looked more like a Christian
to be sure. And if Sam did fool him
about the damp because he wanted
to get rid of those leg o'mutton
things, he would sure have been
eaten up by black flies if he had gone
into the bush without pants and vest.
Why one Johnnie Raw who went up
to Larder with nothing but overalls
was so swollen up when he got back
to Cobalt they put him in the black
isolation shack for smallpox away
down in the muskeg, and there he
had to batch for three weeks.

When we had cleared the little
bay at Blatchford, and Sam had pull-
ed our bow round to head up the
broad waters of the Montreal, the
northwest wind came skipping over
the sparkling surge, breathing the
wild sweet fragrance of the north

in benign mood. The blood made riot in my veins. But Sam was too true a bushman to take open pleasure in these harmonies. He belonged to it, reasoned not at all, but only knew it was good. He used the short snappy Indian stroke, I, the longer pull through of the white man, and Passenger Dixon hung on to the sides of the canoe so that the Chestnut did not move very sweetly.

Same shouted to me: "Do you think you're in a skiff? Shorter and more of 'em." To the passenger: "This is a canoe, not an alligator, get out your paddle." Dixon gasped as one not used to be checked, but smiled and put in a very strenuous hour with Sam's comments rasping from behind. Before the river narrowed to Snake Rapids and the first portage, the paddles flickered and plunged in time.

It was early June and the portage was the worst fly-trap on the river. The vanguard met us as we paddled up the canoe-wide passage in the drowned bush of the rocky landing; they swirled in venomous clouds as we swung the packages out of the canoe. An odd one here and there settled on Sam as he tied the paddles across the thwarts and bobbed off with the canoe like a monstrous snail. They kept my hands busy batting them off my neck and face while I showed Dixon how to get the straps of the pack sack over his shoulders and the tump line on his forehead, but they plastered on the Passenger's ruddy English face and neck like currants on a suet roll. It was a mile portage, half boulders, half swamp and a ravenous curtain of flies all the way.

The Passenger started out with the amused smile of a man doing something unusual and rather picturesque. He finished bent under the pack and swearing vindictively. The flies followed him half a mile on the river and he averaged two strokes of the paddle to one neck rub.

When we made our first camping ground, at the foot of the Boiling Pot falls, he was calm again. But a swarm rose out of the bit of muskeg across the narrow channel and shook out of him all that goes for language with an Englishman in about half an hour. Bushmen reserve their most vitriolic language for the fly season, and he picked that up in a few days. Naturally, he wasn't much help at pitching camp. Sam picked a clean bit of rocky shore where all the wind could reach us and the flies, and with some dry tamaracks handy; I strung the tent on a straight bit of spruce and anchored her to a couple of jack pines, endways, that is; the sides we weighted down with twenty-pound rocks. Inside, I laid a bed of balsam twigs cut small, feathery foliage always overlapping the rough ends, to keep the Passenger's hips off the rocks. You can make a bed as springy as feathers that way, but it's a long job. Sam had built a fire on the shore, and the Passenger was standing up in the smoke, with a happy little smile on his face at losing his parasites. Then Sam came back with three good-sized speckled trout he had caught in a pool below the falls, (he had cleaned them and their flesh looked like butter with just a little coloring in), and we had to yank the Passenger out of the smoke and get down to business, with the tea water to boil in an old lard can, and the frying pan for the fish. It didn't take me long to bake the trout, with the backbone taken out of them, as it ought to be, while Sam was mixing some flour with lake water, making it good and stiff for the bannock we should want in the morning. For that night, I tossed half a dozen flapjacks in the frying pan after I was through with the trout. We let the Passenger into the smoke to eat his chuck, and built ourselves a smudge off to one side.

By the time we were through eat-

ing, the shadows had crept out of the bush back of us, and the big sprawling white man's fire of green birch shone ruddily. The pert little chickadee dropped to sleep, and the brown Canada birds no longer piped "Poor Canada." But the frogs in the muskeg over the narrows boomed and croaked in half a dozen cadences. For an hour and a half the flickering amber light drove back the dark a space, and it was home. Before the fire had died down to embers, red as the light of Mars over head, and Nature stole back, dark and inscrutable, we had banked round the tent with moss, and flapped out the wailing mosquitoes, homeseeking under the canvas. But we hadn't been down in the blankets more'n ten minutes, before the falsetto chorus rose again, though not so robust as before. It sung over my head and I heard the Passenger curse and bat his neck. There really weren't many around but by this time they had got on his nerves, so that, if one of 'em came whining, he would sit up, slapping his hands and cursing. Sam told him to get his head under the blankets, same as we had ours. He ducked under, but came up in about two minutes, saying that he would as soon be eaten alive as suffocated. Hanged if he didn't unsew the tent and lay out on the rocks in his blankets. We let him go at that, for the mosquitoes piled in on us through the loosed flap like politicians after a job, and we quit peeping and tucked in our heads for keeps. In the morning when we ran out to dress, and left them the tent, there were a score of long legged sports hanging on to the canvas, and they couldn't fly, they were so full, but the rest of the brethren were too eager for breakfast. The Passenger was haggard and worn. He had been in the lake, but the flies had chewed him so voraciously while he was getting his clothes on and off, that he decided to cut swimming out.

We paddled and camped, ate and smoked for a week round the waters of Tombagami Lake, and the flies never let up for a second. Sand flies, black flies and mosquitoes in the day, and mosquitoes at night. Sam had put me wise by this time, that we were looking for a young Englishman, a Mr. Oliphant, who would have a bunch of money from home, when he came out of the woods and claimed it. So we butted in at all the white tents of prospectors and fire-rangers in their little clearings at the lake edge, and asked slow questions of amateur miners, who more'n half believed that we had our eyes on their quarter of an inch vein of calcite back in the bush and meant to jump their claim. Many a time, since I came back to Toronto, I've seen those veins in the rock figuring as "good leads from which assays have been taken, giving values of two thousand ounces in silver and bound to improve with depth." But if a man is fool enough to put his money in the ground, without looking where the hole is, that is his affair.

We couldn't hear of our man; hadn't much to go by, anyway. It was fifteen years since the Passenger had seen his chum, and he might have turned squaw man in that time.

He came like the sudden burst of wind before the storm; the wind that puts so many good canoemen at the bottom of the lake. It was the last day of June, and we were camped on a bit of land in Pike Bay, which an Orangeman, with violent ideas as to nuns and the Pope, had named Boyne Island. Sam was washing his shirt in the lake, and tomorrow's bannock was rising in the reflector in front of the fire, when I saw a canoe 'way off to the south, but coming up fast. In ten minutes I saw there were three people in her, in five more, that one of them wore skirts. Then I shouted to the boys, for it was a strange thing for a

woman to be there. Sam wrung his shirt out and hung it on a bush out of sight, the Passenger put a clean handkerchief round his neck and laced up his cruisers. By the time we were through, the canoe was beached, and two men and a woman were sauntering up to look us over. The man in the bow was tall and lean in the flank. His head was covered with a red handkerchief, knotted so as to screen all but the face. He was so covered with hair and flies, that he might have been taken for an Indian, at fifty feet. But when he said "thanks," and I noticed how the flies had eaten him, I knew he was an Englishman. I guess that old nursery rhyme was made for an Englishman and mosquitoes:

Fe, fi, fo, fum,

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Naturally, we were all looking out of the corners of our eyes at the woman. An Eskimo squaw in her grease paint would look good to a woodsman after a month's trip, but I know now that she was a little brown, homely woman, with nothing to charm but the fine freedom and rhythm of movement, which is the peculiar heritage of Canadian women. And her eyes! You forgot everything else when you looked into her eyes. They were big and soft. To gaze into them was like looking into the waters of Temagami. Away down twenty feet is the bottom, but just when you get your eyes fixed so that you can peer through the shimmer of the water to the wavering outlines of deep water life, you lose your balance and plunge in headlong.

It was queer that, while the two men were raw with fly bites, the lady fanned one off now and then like you might a city house fly in summer. If it was some cosmetic she used, she might have made a fortune selling it among the prospectors. She carried a sheath knife in her belt over her khaki hunting suit but, if

she had a gun, it was not on view. She got down to business right away, fishing all she wanted for the meal out of the packsacks, and using our fire to cook the bacon over. We couldn't coax a smile out of her, but she followed the Englishman with her eyes everywhere. He looked hard at the Passenger when he came up, puzzled. But when he spoke he went right up to him and put out his hand, saying "Dick."

It was Oliphant. Sam was tickled to death at landing the bounty, and he talked of nothing all night but going and getting an option where he knew an assay of a thousand dollars had come from, somewhere on Temagami. Sam was a good woodsman, but he wasn't worth a Continental as a miner.

When I got tired of his blowing that night, I came down from the tent on the top of the hump which was the island, to the fire still burning at the lake edge. Oliphant and the Passenger were there and I sat back a piece in the dark.

The Passenger was talking:

"The last run we had with the North Devon was great. We found at Reynold's pasture, and he led us full cry over that brook of Meadows—Carruthers came a mucker there—over that stiff post and rails to Marslow Heath, ten minutes hard galloping, and rolled him over just outside Springhill Covert. The pace was killing and there weren't half a dozen up at the finish."

"Shut up," said Oliphant, softly, but as if he wanted to hear more. His voice had changed. Now it was the soft, slurry Oxford English, with only an occasional Americanism like a burr on a silk coat. "Man, you know it's all over long ago for me, 'long ago and far away,' just as old Kipling says in 'Mandalay.'"

"But it isn't, Phil. I've been waiting to tell you this; I've been searching this God-forsaken country for a month to find and tell you. Your

uncle, Richard Holyoake's dead, and left you his money and place."

"Talk sense man; after what he called me when we parted."

Dixon leant forward till his clean cut face was ruddy in the fire-light. When he spoke again after a pause, his voice had lost its sing-song quality and was eager, intense.

"Honest to God, it's true. And, Phil, we want you at home. The house at Iverscombe goes with your property; snug little place in the North Devon country, and Frank Beattie, your old Christchurch chum, is M. F. H. Lord, won't he be glad to see you in the field again. And there's plenty of stable room for a couple of hunters and polo ponies at Iverscombe. The daughter of Estherwold, your old mare, is a wonder at timber; she's waiting for you. And the county's doing well at cricket; only we want a left hand fast bowler, and I'll never forget how you took those Essex wickets."

Oliphant's pipe was out. He lit it with a piece of birch bark and looked steadily across the fire to the Passenger.

"There's something more in it yet, Dick."

"There is. If you don't come and settle down on the estate, the whole business goes to your cousin, that little wap of a treasury clerk with his maiden ways. Just fancy him at Iverscombe!"

"That all?"

"No. Are you married to this girl?" and he flung his arm uphill to where her tent was.

When I looked round to follow the motion of his arm, as I couldn't help doing, I saw the little woman close behind me. I got up to take her away, for there was no use her hearing what was bound to come. But when I touched her on the shoulder, she drew a gun from somewhere like a flash. "I've heard as much as you," she said, "leave me alone."

The wind was blowing the smoke

of the fire towards us, so that the two didn't hear and couldn't see us, while every word came clear to us, and they were outlined as sharply as a horse on a ridge with the sinking sun behind him.

The next words we heard were: "I must drop the little girl then?"

"Why you must, man, you aren't married to her yet, you say, and think of all you are giving up!"

"Well, I guess I'll have to, Dick. She's fond of me, don't cher know, but, after all, her people are not my people and her gods are not my gods. I'll hate to tell her about it."

"I'll look after that. Now I am going to try and get a snooze under the blankets if the mosquitoes will let me. We've a long day's paddling if we're to reach Blatchford to-morrow. Good night, old man."

Oliphant still sat by the fire and his face wasn't that of a man who had been left a fortune. Presently into the ring of light stepped the little woman and touched Oliphant timidly on the shoulder. "Go back to bed," I heard him telling her, sullenly. "We're going to Blatchford to-morrow."

I expected her to flash the gun at him like she had at me, but she took him by the lapel of the coat and looked at him with those great eyes of hers. He wouldn't look at her for a time, brooding like a sulky child over the fire, but when he did—

I don't blame him; I'd have weakened before he did if she had looked at me like that. And her voice was so soft and mournful as she pleaded.

His arm went round her waist and her head fell on his shoulder, and that's how I left them.

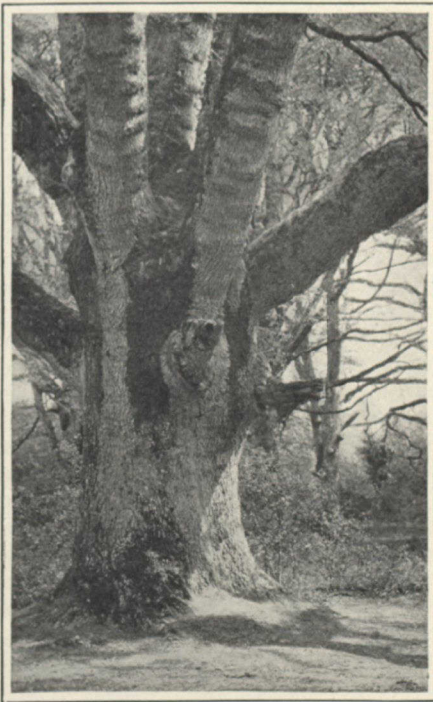
So, when we went to make breakfast in the morning, I wasn't so much surprised as were Sam and the Passenger to see only our canoe on the shore.

I believe they are running a store at Larder Lake now. And they are married.

THE NEW FOREST

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

*A delightful spot in Hampshire, full of romance and history,
intermingled with the everyday life of a quaint community*



Photographs by J. G. Short, Lyndhurst

KNIGHTWOOD OAK, IN NEW FOREST

AT first sight the words "New Forest," written across a hundred square miles of the English county of Hampshire, seem to be a strange misnomer. What is there new in the whole wide stretch of wood and wold save a few somewhat aggressive brick buildings? A bewitching flavor of antiquity lingers in the quiet of its green glades, hovers over its thatched

cottages and crumbling ruins, and pervades its many quaint old customs and time-honoured traditions. The truth is that the name is no misnomer, but a survival, like that of New College at Oxford.

Something more than eight hundred years ago the Forest was new, at least in part, and thereby hangs the story of a crime and a tragedy. When William the Norman had succeeded in planting his foot firmly on the neck of Saxon England, he, who "loved the high deer as if he were their father," proposed to make for himself a royal and spacious hunting-ground. In those days England was full of uncultivated heaths and forests. None were great enough for the mighty Conqueror. In Hampshire there lay ready to his hand many a thick wood and furzy moor. Amongst these were scattered flourishing homesteads, well-tilled fields, smiling villages, but William, bent on stretching wide the limits of his New Forest, laid waste for many a rood the land that owned him as king. No less than fourteen villages were levelled with the dust, and between two and three thousand people were driven from their homes, to make way for the harts and hares doomed to suffer, in their turn, for the monarch's sport. Nor was this all. So that none might venture to anticipate his hunting, William proclaimed his savage Forest Laws, ordaining that any man slaying the deer should lose his eyes. "His rich men moaned at it, and the poor men bewailed it," says the old Saxon Chronicle, "but he



BEAULIEU, NEW FOREST

was so stiff that he recked not of their hatred."

The truth of this tale of ruthless devastation has been called in question, but no less an authority than Edward Freeman, the learned historian of "The Norman Conquest," declares that the accusations against William are well founded, and recent researches in "Domesday Book" have brought to light convincing proofs of the crime.

In the Conqueror's own day, men looked to see the judgment of God fall on him, and they had not long to wait. Revolt and bereavement, plague and famine, fire and war vexed his later years. Nor did the curse touch him alone. Two of his sons and a grandson met death in the Forest, and it is told in Domesday Book that William, hoping to secure the repose of his son Richard's soul, gave back to a certain Englishman the lands of which he had been wrongfully dispossessed.

For the eternal welfare of the tyrant's other son, William Rufus, there was none to care. When he fell dead in the Forest (on the site, it is said, of one of the churches sacrilegiously destroyed to make the waste) his father had been dead for thirteen years. The deed was done, say historians, by an unknown hand, and, when his followers saw the arrow in his heart, they fled, leaving his corpse to the mercy of any chance passer-by. At last a charcoal-burner carried the king's remains to Winchester, and there, without sound of bell or murmur of prayer, they were committed to the earth. Seven

years later, before time had softened the memory of the hated King's misdeeds, the great central tower of the Cathedral crashed through the roof upon his tomb, and men saw in the disaster another token of God's wrath against the Conqueror and his descendants.

A black marble tomb, said to be that of Rufus, may still be seen at Winchester, but a more interesting monument to the Red King's unsavory memory stands

in one of the Forest glens. This is a stone, set up in 1745, to mark the spot where had stood an oak tree, which, according to one old tradition, had been the indirect cause of William's death. This stone is now cased with metal to protect it from the depredations of memento-hunters; but on this outer covering may be read a copy of the original inscription, setting forth how an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrell glanced from the tree and fatally wounded the King.

Curiously enough the name of the only English sovereign who rivals Rufus in the hearty hatred of the English people is also associated with the Forest. To find King John's monument the traveller must take his way to the lovely village of Beaulieu, which lies in a valley at the head of a long, narrow inlet of the sea. On approaching Beaulieu from Lyndhurst, "the capital of the Forest," its picturesque low roofs, stained yellow here and there with lichen, are first seen, if the tide chances to be high, across a broad sheet of water. But the village does not lose its charm on a nearer view. People obliged to live in a hurry do not choose it for a dwelling-place, and even at mid-day a gentle hush broods over its quaint little street.

The name of the hamlet has been interpreted to mean "Fair Place," though, according to the guide-book, this Norman-French designation was confused with a Saxon word, "Beo-lea," or "Bee-meadow," and thus it has come to pass that in spite of its foreign-looking

spelling, Beaulieu is pronounced "Bewley."

But to return to King John. On the outskirts of the village stand an old manor-house, a little church, and a few crumbling walls and arches, all of which are relics of the once magnificent Abbey of Beaulieu, where, by-the-way, Conan Doyle lays the scene of the opening chapters of his novel, "The White Company."

This abbey was founded by King John in expiation, according to the legend, for a projected but unaccomplished crime. Having been offended by the Cistercian Order of Monks, he sent for their abbots and ordered his soldiers to trample them to death beneath the hoofs of their horses. The soldiers feared to obey, and the fathers escaped; but at night the King had an appalling vision of the Judgment Day, and beheld himself trembling beneath the scourges of the insulted churchmen. To propitiate the Cistercians and avert the wrath of God, John began to build the beautiful monastery by the sea. It was finished by his son and for three centuries it stood, a peaceful refuge for the white-robed brethren, and for the many guests who in those unquiet times "took sanctuary" with them. Then the shadow of another king fell across the scene.

This was Henry VIII, that truculent and not wholly disinterested reformer of the Church of England. At his stern fiat, Beaulieu shared the fate of many another religious house. The monks were driven from their pleasant home, and the abbot's palace was bestowed upon a secular lord, one of whose successors, fearing attack from French privateers, surrounded it with a moat and a turreted wall. The great church was torn down, and now a fine old doorway is all that remains to give a hint of its ancient glories. The chapter house, with the exception of three graceful arches, has shared the same fate; and of the cloisters, where the brethren used to walk and

meditate, the arcade has gone and only the bare wall still stands. Few even of the stones remain, for the ruins were used as a quarry to supply material for the building of Hurst Castle, many miles away.

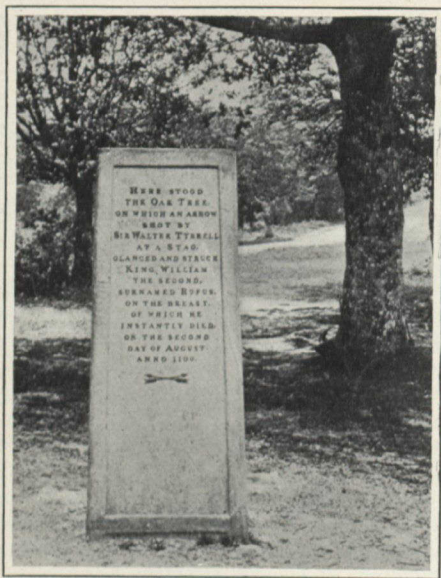
The cellars, kitchen and refectory escaped demolition, and the latter, which has a curious groined roof, is now used as the parish church. The stone pulpit, which hangs on the wall like a swallow's nest, and is reached by steps cut in the thickness of the masonry, was built for the convenience of the monk whose duty it was to read aloud from some edifying book, at meal times, to prevent his brethren seasoning their food with any spice of gossip.

Generations have gone by since the picturesque figures of the monks passed out of the life of the Forest, but the six or seven thousand people who, to-day, make up its population, represent all ranks in society. Of the poorer classes, many gain their living by work connected with the Forest, such as wood-cutting and charcoal-burning, and a number of gypsies lead a congenial life within its limits.

The dwellings in the Forest present as great a variety as their inhabitants. They range indeed from stately mansions, in the midst of well-kept grounds, to the huts of squatters, who cannot claim a foot of land outside their four walls. There used to be an unwritten rule that, if a man could put up a house and light a fire in it undisturbed the site became his



COTTAGES AT SWAN GREEN, NEW FOREST



RUFUS'S STONE, IN NEW FOREST

property, and many a hut, it is said, was thus run up in a single night. Now, however, neither poor man nor rich can acquire additional private property in the Forest.

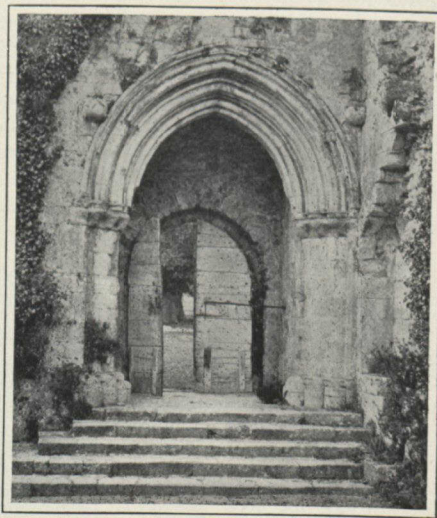
In connection with the right of property there seems to be some mysterious virtue in a chimney. Two or three miles from Lyndhurst there stands in the open field a little brick fireplace, above which rises a chimney four or five feet high. Its use is difficult to imagine, but we were assured that for some occult reason the title to the field depended on that preposterous chimney!

The greater part of the Forest is unenclosed, but for several centuries the planting of trees has been carried on more or less systematically, and the young plantations are protected by fences. These plantations are naturally uninteresting, but the longer one lingers beneath the wonderful trees of the older woods, the greater seems their power of fascination. And there is an endless variety in their charm. In the heart of the Forest is Boldwood, the private property of King Edward, where grow a number of magnificent pines and spruce-firs. In the same enclosure stand the King and Queen of the Oaks, two dead giants, said to be the

largest trees in the Forest. They are supposed to be nine hundred years old, and even in their decay are ruggedly picturesque—the King especially so. Not far distant is Mark Ash, a mighty wood of wide-spreading beeches, but the largest living tree is the Knightwood Oak, which bids fair to flourish for many a long day. Several of its limbs are as thick as good-sized trees, and its trunk has so great a girth that five grown-up people, joining hands, can scarcely encircle it.

In places the great trees grow very close together, but little fallen timber encumbers the ground, and there is not much underbrush, unless the wealth of holly-bushes growing beneath and around the larger trees might be thus described. Both they and rhododendrons grow freely in the Forest, and their dark, glossy foliage adds much to its beauty.

The wildness of this English forest is of a milder type than that of our western bushes, but it is none the less a paradise for many happy living creatures, wholly untamed or half so. Herds of small cattle, droves of hogs, troops of rough-coated ponies, donkeys young and old, roam at will through the woods and along the roads. Nearly all the year round the



DOORWAY OF CHURCH, BEAULIEU ABBEY, NEW FOREST

"smale fowles," loved of the poet Chaucer, make melody in the woods, for, when the summer songsters depart, there are still the robins and the thrushes. But it is in springtime, of course, that the Forest throbs with its fullest life. Then little nest-builders flit in and out of every prickly holly-bush, squirrels gambol in the tops of the aged trees, and each small hollow is the centre of strange activities on the part of many a busy insect and tiny quadruped.

Now as of old the Forest is a mighty hunting-ground. Who can say indeed what tragedies go on amongst its furred and feathered inhabitants themselves, whilst man, for business or for pleasure, still plays his old part of destroyer? Entomologists, professional and amateur, hunt for specimens of moths and insects; and for years one man at least, "Brusher

Mills" by name, made a livelihood by hunting for snakes, which were sent up to London to "The Zoo," to serve as food for certain cannibalistic specimens of their kind. He used a forceps to catch his wriggling prey, seizing the creatures near the head. Thus, during a period of fourteen years he captured over three thousand adders, but for the most part his game consisted of non-poisonous snakes.

Of course this utilitarian hunting is not of the kind that strikes the eye and ear, but the wealthy still pursue for sport the foxes and the few remaining descendants of William's "high deer"; and at certain seasons it is a common thing to see the scarlet-coated huntsmen, careering madly down the Forest glades, with hound and horn, as the Conqueror and his courtiers rode of yore.



RUINED CLOISTERS, BEAULIEU ABBEY

JULY NIGHT

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

The western skies were all aglow,
 With molten gold by angels cast;
 It faded and came floating slow,
 A Moon-Ship down the Sky-Sea vast.

High-prowed she sought the harbor old
 And saw the far-off lights of home;
 A million gems slipped from her hold,—
 A wake of stars across the foam.

GENERAL BROCK'S PORTRAIT

BY LADY EDGAR

"In all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage enquired after; a good portrait, if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent, if sincere one. In short, any representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure, which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me and much better than none at all."—Carlyle.

IT was this feeling that prompted the late John Beverley Robinson, while Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, to inaugurate that splendid collection of portraits of the Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada which now hangs in the dining-room of Government House, Toronto. He spared no pains to obtain genuine original family pictures from which copies could be made, and the result has been that we have faithful representations of our early rulers, who would otherwise have been but vague historical personages.

Among this collection none excites more interest than the portrait of Sir Isaac Brock; therefore it is well to place upon record its exact history, how it was obtained, and what ground there is for believing it to be a good likeness.

It was in 1881 that Lieutenant-Governor Robinson commissioned his brother, Colonel Robinson (now Major-General Robinson, C.B.) to find out from the relatives in Guernsey what sketches or portraits of the distinguished general were in existence. The correspondence that follows shows that at that time there were

two likenesses of Sir Isaac in pastel and water-color, one of which had belonged to Savery Brock, the other to Irving Brock, his younger brothers.

The former had been left by Savery to his daughter Rosa, who married General Huyshe. The other had been left by Irving, who had no children, to Henry Tupper, the eldest surviving son of his sister Elizabeth, who had married John Elisha Tupper.

It was, at the time of the correspondence of 1881, in the possession of Henry Tupper's widow.

Mrs. Huyshe writes to Col. Robinson on the 2nd November, 1881, as follows:

Dear Sir,

I have done what I can to further your wishes with regard to the likeness of my uncle, by communicating with Mrs. Tupper, who came to me this afternoon to see mine, but her's is evidently the better of the two, so she will send it shortly to Mrs. Lewis, with another she has, uncolored, which I believe the family considered most like him. She begs me to say she wishes it to be returned as soon as copied, as the family value them much. It is a great pity we have not a good likeness of so distinguished an officer.

Yours truly,

ROSA HUYSHE (née) BROCK.

The uncolored likeness referred to was a bronze medallion portrait in a case.

Colonel Robinson writes to his brother, December 3, 1881, as follows:

The Brock family were very reluctant to send the portrait of Sir Isaac out of reach. The one I eventually got of him belongs to a niece, a Mrs. Henry Tupper, who was anxious about it, and very naturally, as it is

a mixture of chalk and water-color, which rubs easily. In the end I settled with Mrs. Tupper and Mrs. Lewis for it to come to London to Mrs. L., and the latter has had it copied in oils for me by a Miss Kerr-Nelson, who has, to my mind, made a most excellent portrait from it.

The size is 23 by 17. The arrangement I agreed to was that when Augusta (Mrs. Strachan) goes out she should take the picture to you; that if the Canadian Government would like it, or anyone else in Canada, they should be allowed to purchase it for ten guineas, but if the size did not suit your purpose you should return it, carriage paid.

I think myself that when you see the picture, it will be bought in Canada, both as a picture and on account of Sir Isaac Brock's connection with the country* At all events, Berthon would be able from it to make a portrait of any size.

I have also had the original, from which this copy is made, photographed, cabinet size, by Hills and Saunders, and will send you a copy. I like the oil copy though, better than the original or the photo, as the original was always, I fancy, a wishy-washy production, and I daresay has faded with age, making the face appear flat and whitish, except in one or two places where the color is bright.

The description of Sir Isaac makes him have a florid complexion rather. He must have been a handsome man.

Again Colonel Robinson writes to his brother:

With regard to your queries, I wrote to Mrs. H. Tupper, the owner of the original picture we copied (which, by the way, though it may not be a very good likeness, is, I think, a very satisfying one to have), to ask her for information as to the way in which the picture came to them and so forth. Her daughter replied for her and I enclose her reply.

Les Côtis, Jan. 18, 1882.

Dear Colonel Robinson:

My mother, Mrs. Henry Tupper, is, I regret to say, very far from well; therefore on her behalf I reply to your letter of January 14th. We are glad to hear that a good painting has been made from the likeness of Sir Isaac Brock, and that Canada and Chelsea will now possess portraits of him. I have enquired from Mrs. de Lisle (a niece of Sir Isaac's, and the only survivor of the family who was alive at the time of his death) if she has any knowledge of the circumstances under which the likeness my mother and Mrs.

Huyshe possess, were painted, but she is unable to give me any information; she always remembers seeing the two portraits in the houses of her uncles, the two brothers of Sir Isaac, from one of whom my father inherited his copy, whilst the other descended to Mrs. Huyshe from her father. If you refer to the note, p. 341, in Tupper's life of Brock, you will find that it says that the agent of the officers of the 49th applied to his family for a copy, but unfortunately they possessed no good likeness of the general.

The Mrs. de Lisle quoted in this letter must have been Caroline, the daughter of General Brock's elder sister Elizabeth, and wife of Beauvoir de Lisle.

With reference to the request of the 49th Regiment, Miss Henrietta Tupper, daughter of Ferdinand Brock Tupper, writes to Colonel Robinson:

Candic Road, Jan. 25th, 1882.

Dear Sir:

My cousin, Mrs. LeCoig, brought me your letter of January 14th to read in order that I might help her to answer your questions. My cousin will have been able to explain that the reason why the 49th failed to procure a portrait of Sir Isaac was, not that there was no existing likeness, but that there was no good one. Miss Henrietta Tupper continues: She will also have told you that we never heard of a medal for Queenston. That for Detroit has been for many years in our possession, my father being the then eldest son of the general's elder sister, not one of Sir Isaac's nine brothers having left a son.

We have also the coat in which he was killed, the handkerchief with his blood, and I believe every scrap of paper relating to him, for my father was an intense hero-worshipper, and his gallant uncle was his chief hero. From my cradle I was taught every interesting particular concerning my great uncle, and Detroit and Queenston have always been household words in our home.

Miss Tupper, in another letter, enclosing the Brock pedigree, writes:

It will show you how completely the Brock family has died out and that the only male descendant of Sir Isaac's eldest sister, my grandmother, is the grandson of my uncle Henry Bingham Tupper, a very intelligent but exceedingly delicate boy.

She repeats what had been already related by Mrs. Huyshe:

The two pictures belonged respectively to my great uncles Savery and Irving.

*This picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Robinson.



PORTRAIT OF ISAAC BROCK, AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO

That belonging to Savery is just now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Huyshe. That belonging to Irving, who left no children, was bequeathed by him to my uncle Henry Tupper, and you had it lent you by his widow. You will see that Sir Isaac was a K.B., an older title than K.C.B., is it not? but that to which the latter is the present equivalent. I agree with every word you write with regard to the portrait and feel very sorry the 49th have never had one.

Miss Kerr-Nelson, the artist who copied the picture, writes to Colonel Robinson March 3rd, 1882:

In the event of Mr. Berthon not being able to execute the portrait of Sir Isaac, I think I could undertake to do it from the two photographs. I should remember the

coloring without having my own returned. History omits to mention, I believe, which of his eyes had a slight cast, but perhaps it might be allowable to make him look straight in the picture. I am glad you liked the little sepia at Chelsea.

Miss H. Tupper sent Colonel Robinson a photo of Mrs. Huyshe's portrait. She writes April 15, 1882:

You see it is my aunt Mrs. H. Tupper's portrait, in profile, not full-faced. If you wish the original, I can get it for you from Mrs. Huyshe's, should she as she says, have left it in the dining-room. But I rather doubt your caring to see it, for it is, I believe, the fac-simile of Mrs. Tupper's, which came from Mr. Irving Brock and was executed probably in London,

while Mrs. Huyshe's, which belonged to her father, Savery Brock, was most likely copied from it. The third likeness, uncolored, of which we all possess a copy, is also a profile in bronze, but when I took it to the photographer with Mrs. Huyshe's to see which would be best to copy from, he chose the latter. If I find I can get it taken out of the case, I will send it to you to look at. I quite agree with you as to the desirability of having the best possible portrait, and indeed, I look on it as a sacred duty to act as my father would have wished in sparing neither trouble nor expense in the matter.

A letter from Colonel Robinson to his brother the Lieutenant-Governor gives a *résumé* of all that had taken place with regard to the portrait. He writes, 18th April, 1882:

I told you in one of my last letters that I had written to Mrs. Huyshe to enquire if there was any full-faced portrait of Sir Isaac, and if there was, if she would have it photographed, and that I heard she had gone to Malta. Her answer, which I send, enclosing the card of Sir Isaac forwarded in this, came to-day. From it it is pretty clear that we have already got the best likeness possible and that no full-faced one undoubtedly is to be obtained. In my own mind I was pretty well satisfied that the one we had received from Mrs. Tupper and had copied was the best, as the family said so, but there was no harm in getting fuller information. There are only two pictures in existence, Mrs. Tupper's, which you have had copied, and Mrs. Huyshe's, of which I send the card and which is evidently only a copy of the others.

There is also the uncolored likeness (bronze). This is also in profile. Possibly it might help to get a true expression, but beyond that I am afraid it could not be of assistance.

Although the family in Guernsey seem to have been in ignorance as to when, where, and by whom the profile sketches were made, there is a possibility, from information recently acquired, that one of them at least was made in Canada some time between the years 1806 and 1812 by Ensign Kittermaster of the 49th Regiment, an amateur artist of some merit.

Mrs. Auden, wife of Principal Auden of Upper Canada College, and

grand-daughter of Ensign, later Dr. Kittermaster, of Meriden, Warwickshire, has in her possession a portfolio of her grandfather's sketches in black and white and water-color, of various scenes in Canada, dated from 1806.

Among them are profile portraits of Ensign D. Brown, Ensign D. Ellis, Ensign Garrett, Lieutenant Wightwick, all of the 49th Regiment, then stationed in Canada.

What more probable than that the youth should have taken a sketch from life of his colonel, which sketch found its way, with the other belongings of Sir Isaac, to his Guernsey home?

Mr. J. W. L. Forster, portrait painter, says his recollections of the original sketch, then in the possession of Major Savery Carey, are that it was about ten inches by eight in size; that it was evidently taken from life, although probably not by a professional artist; that the coloring, though faded, was that of a man with brown hair, a florid complexion and grey blue eyes.

Mr. Forster was allowed by the family to use, for the purpose of the portrait, the very coat worn by Brock in his last battle. It was with the utmost difficulty he found a man large enough to fill the garment, thus showing the giant proportions of our national hero. At the best it was loose for the biggest man in Guernsey.

The portrait by Berthon, in Government House, Toronto, will remain for all time the accredited one of the famous general. The facts contained in the correspondence, now printed for the first time, and in Mr. Forster's report, may well lead to the belief that the strong profile before us was indeed a veritable likeness of that true soldier and very perfect knight, General Sir Isaac Brock.

THE BEAUTY OF OLDNESS

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

IF you have ever sat—as of course you have—before an exhibition of moving pictures, and have watched one new scene after another dance awhile, slide away, and then reappear at the left as the original motion with amendments, you are in some measure acquainted with the feeling that comes over one after a lengthened stay in the West. Quick moves, changing scenes, and restless nerve-play are essential features of Western life; yet the same picture in different settings is repeated a thousand times. Newness is written across the face of all the West and thrills in every move of the industrial dance. Towns grow in a day. A railway conductor, so the story goes, posted a brakeman on the rear platform to name the new towns that sprang up as they went by. Twenty-four hours produce a dwelling and three weeks an office building; fifteen minutes would burn them up, but, oddly enough, they don't burn. By and by the shack gives place to more abiding architecture, and the town puts on its growin'-up clothes. New buildings, new streets, new railroads, new ambitions, new census estimates. It is all new, and everlastingly on the move.

The newness palls at times. And then one longs for the older and slower things. The beauty of oldness comes upon one, in relief from the garish newness, and yielding to this fascination of antiquity one buys a ticket and goes back East.

Let us suppose that, in the East, such an one should go by the river route from Montreal to Ottawa. All the way across the continent he has been fleeing from newness, with a half-crazy desire to get into the sight and company of mossback things; but all the way the pestering presence of new things has been with him. The railway car was new, the towns along the way were new, Winnipeg was new, Toronto was growing new, Montreal was assuming modernity. The man sated with newness turns with relief to the prospect of a sail up the Ottawa, into the Land of Oldness, by the good old way, through scenes that have the beauty of oldness and the charm of unnervous leisure.

Yes, this is old, almost as old as the hills, and as good as medicine. He needs not to be a visionary to see it, feel it, breathe it, taste it, and it is just according to how badly sick of newness is the man from the West how many turns he takes around the deck of the steamboat and sniffs historic consolation. Someone said the other day that the West was the gainer by having no history; but there are times when one is glad to lean back upon history and bolster up one's spirits by the consciousness that the world did not begin with him and that he is therefore not responsible for all its goings-on. Now the Ottawa river is the kind of place that helps one. It has history. One may moralize, philosophize, or versi-

fy about it, as the mood and the ability take one, but the splendid soul-satisfying fact remains that there is *something there* to get back on to, and the thoughts that come to the man who thinks, as the boat winds up the River of Oldness, are deep and comfortable thoughts. It is not merely that it is a scenic river, or that it has the charm which a clear sky and a fine day give to any water: it is the beauty of oldness that has laid hold upon one and deliciously stirred.

With what real interest does such a passenger look upon the tying-up at the wayside wharves, and what real satisfaction does he find in the contemplation of the people gathered there, the patient watchers for the boat. They seem familiar with the ways of content. Never mind if their lot is narrow and their life humdrum: they are the people of quiet waters and green pastures. The atmosphere of oldness is about them—the oldness of habit, thought, and spirit—and from outside it refreshes by its very differentness. A people unaccustomed to hurry, unreachd by the fever of new things, and undriven by that madness which will not wait, these dwellers by the river taste the real antiquity of life. Things have an opportunity to get old with them and to gather that beauty of oldness which a people who live in the hurry-go-round can never cultivate.

Just to see from the steamer deck the quiet life along the River of Oldness does one good and comforts one, if one be tired of newness. And where evidences of hurry and new things obtrude—for not all the River folk are quiet-tempered—one looks the other way, refusing to see discordance.

The life of the village beyond the wharf is the life of the wharf on a large scale. The same spirit is in it and of it. Its streets, lanes, shops, dooryards, and homes show an order-

liness to which the spirit of the hurry-world is utterly foreign. There is but little that suggests merely yesterday: it is all of to-day and a long time ago, and in this embodied oldness one finds, or thinks one finds, that restful permanency which in the new places is impossible. Back of the old river village is lore that monumentalizes whatever was said or done by the village folk; what they say and do to-day is not so greatly different from what they have always said and done; and the few who have been impelled to go out into larger and busier fields are now alien to its life and genius. The grace of oldness is upon it and can not be altogether shaken off, for even though they work fast and think hard they who live here can not escape the air that hangs over them. One knows that it is not Eden, nor Utopia, nor Arcadia, and one fears lest some rude modernity will suddenly spoil the charm; but this is very near the real thing. It is good to look at the villages as one goes up the River of Oldness and draw pictures of the life that passes in them. The exercise is good for the soul.

But away from the wharves and the villages, into the open river spaces, one enters sight of where the beauty of oldness really dwells. The farms upon the hill and the cottages by the river road: these are old and beautiful. A well-sweep and its mossy bucket; an ivied wall; a low and roomy gable, with its window to the river; a grove of elms that are century-old; an orchard that has blossomed and fruited upon many generations: of such are the things that make one shudder as one thinks of the prairie shack-town.

We have not learned yet the value of the old farm-house and the attic of a thousand wonders. Heaven be praised for the rough-floored garrets where in our adolescence some of us fumbled over the collected relics of many years and revelled in the land

of attic delights. They say it is a mistake to hoard things, to keep heirlooms, and to maintain a cast-off museum on the top floor. It may, indeed, be not good housekeeping, but it is wonderfully good education for the youngsters, and we who have passed through the attic school look back with the fondest and liveliest recollections to the delights that were there knit into the groundwork of our lives. Such delights are not to be had in the places where homes and all else are new; they belong only to the places where things are old, where the beauty of oldness has come down.

Old homes, old farms, old roads

and trees and meadows, old country churches and storied schools, old villages and forgotten industries: surely there is beauty in them all and a compelling sense of inner delight that makes one think, and makes one happier just to see it again after all the other. Then the beauty of oldness becomes reality.

And after he has seen it all, has lived it through once more, and has for a day or for several days renewed these peculiar joys, the man who was tired of newness yearns again for the West, the new and stirring, nervous, picture-moving West, and as soon as he may he hurries back to it.

SECLUSION

BY

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

A forest pool may lie
Close hidden in a thicket,
So still the leaves that die,
Leaf upon leaf, may lie
Unstirred by e'en a cricket.

Here may the blushing day,
In hidden sanctuary,
Hide her sweet heart away,
And sing, all sad, all gay,
The mystic songs of faëry.

Here, close and dear, may lie
The starry sisters seven—
Fresh-shining from the Sky—
Unheard to voice the sigh
They dared not breathe in Heaven!

Like to your heart, most Fair,
Is this seclusion saintly
No voice may clamor there,
Where e'en the perfumed air
Of love can stir but faintly!

WOMAN'S SPHERE



IF ONE MIGHT LIVE.

If one might live ten years among
the leaves,
Ten—only ten—of all a life's long
day,

Who would not choose a childhood
'neath the eaves
Low-sloping to some slender foot-
path way?

With the young grass about his
childish feet,

And the young lambs within his
ungrown arms,
And every streamlet side a pleasure
seat

Within the wide day's treasure-
house of charms.

To learn to speak while young birds
learned to sing,

To learn to run e'en as they learn-
ed to fly;

With unworn heart against the
breast of spring,

To watch the moments smile as
they went by.

Enroofed with apple buds afar to
roam,

Or clover-cradled on the murmur-
ous sod,

To drowse within the blessed fields
of home,

So near to earth—so very near to
God.

—Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE BUSINESS GIRL.

IF one may judge from the columns
of Canadian newspapers, the busi-
ness girl is becoming a highly im-
portant feature of the day's work.
During the last score of years, the
business in the lawyer's office, in in-
surance, loan companies and manu-
facturing firms has undergone no
more striking change than the in-
troduction of feminine clerks and
stenographers. In the few large cities
of Canada there are now hundreds
of girls who are in such employ-
ment.

The effect of this influx of girl
clerks has been, so it is said, to lower
the prices paid to men for clerical
work. However, in estimating its
disastrous influence, several writers
have forgotten that the opportuni-
ties afforded the modern woman have
frequently lightened the home bur-
den of father or brother. In the
olden days, when work outside the
household was considered a disgrace
or a reproach to woman, the support
of several sisters frequently fell to
the lot of a self-sacrificing brother.
In England, at the present day, there
are many dreary households consist-
ing of a goodly group of spinsters
who would consider it a degradation
to seek lucrative employment of any
kind and who find in village chari-
ties or interminable needlework an
outlet for their energy. No woman

of self-respect cares to feel that she is being "provided for" by a relative who considers all such provision a burden. If the modern extensive employment of women in business life has made it harder for the man to obtain positions which seem to "pay," according to masculine standards, it has also relieved the domestic stress which comes when the women of the household are left "dependent" upon brothers or other men relatives.

It is cheerfully admitted that the ideal life is that of home and that most women would prefer such a sphere. But we are not living in Utopia. This article is not intended to discuss what may, might or should be, but what is. The fact remains that hundreds of girls in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal are earning a livelihood as stenographers or book-keepers and that their needs have become a matter for serious consideration. The columns of the *Toronto Globe* have lately contained an interesting correspondence, "What our Business Girls Say," in the new department for women which, by the way, is edited by a writer who credits women with brains and does not conduct a "muffins and measles" page.

A letter appearing in that paper on May 30th tells of the trials and progress of "Zack," a girl who does not live in Toronto, but is thriving in another Canadian city on six dollars a week. The young correspondent insists on saying "per week," although why any Canadian girl, desirous of using good English, should write "per week" or "per year" is not easily understood. However, "Zack" writes a bright and entertaining letter and her employers are doubtless fortunate in their enterprising book-keeper. "Zack" admits that she does not save anything, and indeed it would be surprising if she managed to do more than pay for board, laundry, clothes and

stamps out of six dollars a week. She is a plucky young person who deserves to attain unto ten dollars a week. She solemnly advises those who have domestic employment at twelve dollars a month to remain where they are, and expresses envy of those with such employment. But what is to prevent "Zack" or others in stuffy offices from dropping such nerve-racking work and entering kitchens? One does not need to look far for the reason.

Another correspondent, who lives in Toronto, has the old familiar tale about the city boarding-house at three dollars and a half a week. It is not conducive to refinement, says the "One Who Boards," and I entirely agree with her. There is something dreary and sordid about the average city boarding-house, to which the newspaper funny column has not yet done justice. The movement to establish either lunch rooms or boarding-houses for business women in our large cities is meeting with general support. It is not to be a charity, in the common acceptation of that much-abused term. Heaven knows that Toronto and other Canadian cities have too much unorganized and overlapping institutional work known as charities. The proposed establishment must be quite different in atmosphere and equipment from the ordinary "institution," if it is to attract the class of girls needing such an abode—girls who have slender pocket-books and refined taste, who are homesick for cleanly and dainty surroundings.

The question of payment is frequently discussed in the feminine business world. It is usually stated that a woman is not paid the sum which a man would receive for doing similar work. Many experienced women are to blame for placing too low a price on their toil, while too many incapable beginners have an exaggerated idea of the value of their services. A woman who has

any respect for her brains will not spend her strength for a mere pittance. Not long ago a prominent business man who is manager of a prosperous company was speaking in terms of highest praise of his secretary, a woman who has been in his employment for thirteen years and whose equal, for tact, despatch and thoroughness, it would be difficult to find.

"I pay her eight hundred dollars a year," said the manager with some pride, "and her work is really worth fifteen hundred."

"Then why don't you give her fifteen hundred?" I inquired ingeniously.

Several weeks afterwards, he looked positively injured, as he informed me that Miss M—— had asked for twenty dollars a week and that he was actually giving her such a magnificent salary. I was delighted to hear it, for Miss M—— would have been a goose to underestimate her own rare qualities. It is curious how certain men of mediæval tendencies seem to regard women's services, whether in the office or the home. The really efficient business girl of to-day, who knows how to spell, punctuate and compose a respectable sentence, is in a position to demand a good salary and she is unworthy of her gifts and attainments if she does not. The first step is to show one's worth, the next is to demand its practical recognition.

The business girl walks no rose-strewn path, but she, above most women, has an opportunity to test *Hamlet's* words: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

The woman who adopts an apologetic attitude towards her work and indulges in moods of self-pity is almost certain to become a dismal drudge; but she who makes her business an ambition, who tries to put some touch of brightness into the day's work, if it be a choral society,

a fern in the window or a book club, usually wins a position which is worth the struggle. Dignity is in the individual, as Carlyle taught us long ago.

The young girl who comes to a large city to earn her own living is likely to find herself oppressed by loneliness and, even if her boarding-house associates are undesirable, she may come to the conclusion that their companionship is better than none. A business girl who, after five years' experience, is tasting the pleasure of promotion and more profitable employment, recently told of her first year's experience.

"No one could have been more lonely than I was that first year," she confessed. "But I was determined not to go home, for, after Dad's death, there was not more than enough for Mother and my two small sisters. At the first boarding-house in which I lived there were three or four girls who were good enough in their way, but who were slangy and vulgar—just the reverse of what my mother would have liked. Their one idea of enjoyment was to go with a 'fellow' to a 'show,' and I'm afraid they thought me a poor, dull creature because I preferred my own society. One of them offered, in all goodness of heart, to 'bring a boy around to take me to a show,' but I declined the honor, for I had seen the kind of youth who accompanied them. For months I knew hardly anyone, but I read every evening and found out for the first time what friends books can be. They were not all novels—one of them was Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' and it opened the gates to a new world. Then, one day, I met a nice girl from a town just sixteen miles away from home, and I knew that my 'chum' had arrived. She also was suffering in a cheap and common boarding-house and we made up our minds to change. At last, we found the dearest little woman, a widow with

one small girl who looks just like my younger sister. She dreaded 'taking boarders,' but we persuaded her to let us have the two attic rooms in her exquisitely clean house. I wish you could see how cosy we are. I have found the real friend and the congenial home, and they were both worth waiting for. There may be something better and brighter in the future, but the present is not to be despised. Do you think I was a snob not to be familiar with those other girls? Money had nothing to do with it, for they really had as little as I. But their ideas about everything were cheap and repugnant."

"You were not the least bit a snob," I answered heartily. "I think the greatest mistake one can make is to form friendly relationships with people who are utterly uncongenial. It does not matter whether their clothes are silk or cotton, but it *does* matter whether the people are of the right fibre. I believe in what Burroughs said about 'what is mine will come to me.'"

"I have that poem tucked away in my work-box," said the successful young person, "and I *know* it's true."

* * *

CAMPING OUT.

Many years ago, when I first read "Three Men in a Boat," I remember thinking a long while over the author's impatient exclamation, "What a lot of lumber we take in our journey through life!" He was urging, even then, upon an over-burdened world the sweet reasonableness of the simple life which Pastor Wagner and more spiritual teachers than Mr. Jerome K. Jerome have since preached to a feverish people.

Woman is frequently accused of causing the complexity of modern life and perhaps she is more to blame than the man for the fuss and frills which cost so much and

mean so little. Certainly the average man seems to prefer a slouch suit and a gun or rod to the most fanciful pink tea which woman can devise. Yet it is man who regards the dinner-bell as sweeter music than the swan song in "Lohengrin." The papers are filled with advertisements of tonics and nerve pills, the magazines learnedly discuss "Worry: the Disease of the Age," and the doctors who are canny enough to establish rest cures are millionaires in no time, while the lady who exploits a "don't worry" religion is a benefactor to the race.

One thing is certain, we need to be out-doors for longer periods. There is nothing worse for nerves and temper than indoors, and if we had not so many frills, outdoors would be easier of access. Earl Grey has noticed that too many Canadian households keep the windows down in the winter months and are then surprised that tuberculosis has developed in the close, dark rooms. Fresh air funds are collected in order to give the poor slum children a breath of the country and the benefit of lake breezes, but too often the women in the comparatively well-to-do families reap little benefit from the glorious summer months, and are so busy "putting down" fruit that they turn into tiresome Marthas.

One can tell in September the women who have remained in town or city all summer by their pallid faces and weary bearing. A summer at a fashionable hotel may be worse than two months in the city, but I doubt it, for even the hotel where there is bridge and dancing has also verandahs, where the pine-scented air sweeps across from the lakes. The deadly monotony of the daily round is never such a strain as it is in the months when flowers, trees and dancing water are calling to us to come out and play.

Jean Graham.



Current Events



By

F. A. ACLAND

THE Belgian train horror is the latest of a series of railway accidents in Europe of unprecedented magnitude, even England, where travelling had seemed comparatively safe, having added her full quota to the roll of casualties. In this latest disaster the number of dead and wounded exceeded the losses of many a pitched battle, the former being over sixty, the latter over a hundred. The train that was at fault was running at a speed of over fifty miles an hour and appears to have got on a misplaced switch. Speed appears to be the tyrant of the age. A lower rate of speed or a slowing down as the train passed through the station at which the accident occurred would have either averted it altogether or greatly lessened the extent of the casualties. Probably not a passenger on the train speeding at 60 miles an hour cared seriously whether he went at that or a lower rate, or if desiring the high rate had any other than a thoughtless or selfish whim to gratify. The lives were sacrificed to the unthinking passion for speed which dominates us all today and which so captivated the late Mr. W. E. Henley that he was moved to celebrate its virtues in song after a ride in a swift motor car. There may be a reaction presently. The automobile has been forbidden within the limits of the Bermudas, first, and of Prince Edward Island, in our own country, later. Trains, automobiles, street cars, all need taming by

the legislator. Because we have these devices for speed it does not follow that we must travel always at a killing pace.

* * *

Before these pages are printed the elections in Ontario and Quebec will be over. It is always unwise to venture on election prophecies, but it is only repeating common rumor to state that most people expect the result will leave the situation practically unchanged. If, however, the unexpected should happen once more, a contingency always conceivable, Mr. Whitney will be returned with an increased majority. Political parties divide more evenly in Ontario than in Quebec, and Sir Oliver Mowat, during his long ascendancy, never approached the majority given to Premier Whitney. As to the return of Mr. Whitney to power, we know that governments are not made and unmade quickly in Canada. Once a party is established in power it is usually left there long enough to make a reputation—and to lose it; the three and a half years of Mr. Whitney's *régime* is hardly sufficient for this.

* * *

There is in Ontario no very vital question at issue, though the Government appears to have strayed here and there from the path of strict rectitude, as governments will, not to speak of Oppositions. One of the penalties of the system of federal government is the exaggeration of

minor issues, and the prominence frequently attained in politics by men of second-rate and third-rate ability. With so many governments and parliaments we can not expect all our politicians to be statesmen, but it is to be feared that many of the leaders on either side in our local legislatures lack the administrative ability and political knowledge essential to sound government. There are, it is needless to say, obvious advantages in the federal system to compensate for the evils it brings; and in a country of huge undeveloped areas frequently shut off from each other by great natural boundaries, not to speak of the race and language complication offered in the case of Quebec, no other system affords an equal degree of elasticity or encourages the development to the same extent of local ambition, energy and resources.

* * *

We are likely to hear much of the pros and cons of local government during the next few months if the Scottish home rule bill, lately intro-



HON. J. P. WHITNEY, PREMIER OF ONTARIO

duced into the British House of Commons, is pressed. The bill seems to be the outcome of a pledge given by Mr. Winston Churchill to his Scottish constituents. Mr. Churchill could not, of course, consistently support home rule for Ireland without promising the same for Scotland, if the latter kingdom wanted it. Indeed, it is probable that if the Scottish member and the Scottish people showed any decided desire for home rule they would receive it. The Scottish people, individually and nationally, are so identified with and engulfed in, as it were, the larger British and Imperial life with which time has invested the people of Great Britain, that the objections urged against Irish home rule almost disappear in the case of Scotland. England and Scotland have long been one in this larger national life and there would be little sense of danger in establishing a Scottish legislature, were there no further problems involved. The rule works both ways, however, and if a Scottish legislature be established, then why not an Irish? Yet there is a sense of danger in establishing such a body in Ireland which is felt in Scotland not less than in England, and which will materially affect the disposition of the Scottish people to press their claims. Of course if Scotland and Ireland secured legislatures, then Wales also must have its parliament, and the jangle and strife of jealous rival nationalities would be revived all over the United Kingdom.

* * *

There is this vital difference, too, between federal government as it would work out in the United Kingdom, and as it works in Canada, Australia, the United States, and would work in South Africa if there established, that in all these latter countries there is not only vast area, accompanied by immense undeveloped resources, rendering some system of local administration a practical ne-

cessity, but in each case also the constituents of the federation are not as a rule unequal in importance or at least do not include any single member which predominates hugely over all the rest, whereas a federation in the United Kingdom would leave England the immensely preponderant member, and prevent any federation in the real meaning of the word, while it would greatly, and in the opinion of many, uselessly, multiply governments and politicians. Most of us believe Canada to be over-governed, but we have to make the best of it. We must in some way pay tribute for the vastness of our territories and for our contingent conditions, and this is the form the tribute has taken. To establish a similar system in the United Kingdom, which is free of these necessities, would be a setting back of the hands of the dial which only the gravest causes would justify. On the whole, the opinion may be safely ventured that the character of the existing system of government will not be allowed to undergo any serious modification.

* * *

The later elections caused by the reconstruction of the British Government have not been so unfavorable to the Liberal cause as were the earlier ones. The explanation lies, possibly, in the fact that the later elections have taken place in Scotland, and the northern kingdom maintains its reputation as the most radical part of the United Kingdom. Constituencies represented formerly by Mr. Morley and the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were well fought by the Unionists and were well held by the Liberals. Down in Shropshire, an English midland county, the Liberals had even entertained hopes of winning a seat, but instead saw the Unionist majority increased from one hundred and fifty to nearly a thousand. No more seats have been lost, however, and the new Govern-

ment is getting well settled down to work. Mr. Asquith, the new Premier, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer for two years and over in the old Government, relieved his successor, Mr. Lloyd-George, of the duty of presenting a budget for which he could not be responsible, and made himself the annual statement of Great Britain's financial position. The statement was not, however, one of which Mr. Lloyd-George need have been in any way ashamed. There was a surplus of some \$23,000,000, not a bad showing for a country maintaining the vastest of navies, and, as the Liberal papers do not forget to point out, pursuing a fiscal system which is alleged to be worn out. Perhaps the most marked—one had almost said marvellous—achievement recorded by Mr. Asquith in the realm of finance, is the reduction of the national debt by



HON. A. G. MACKAY, LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN ONTARIO



HON. LOMER GOUIN, PREMIER OF QUEBEC

nearly \$250,000,000 (fifty million pounds) in the three years ending in March, 1909; a fact the more agreeable for those of us within the Empire to remember when it is placed alongside the second fact that Germany during the same time has actually added, or will add, an equal amount to her debt.

* * *

Whether or not Mr. Lloyd-George will be able to make an equally good showing next year remains to be seen. It is somewhat of a handicap to him to be saddled with the old age pension scheme, which is now definitely adopted, but the new Chancellor is as strongly in favor of this project as his predecessor, so will not be inclined to blame the latter. The buoyancy of British finance is placed in a more gratifying light yet when

compared with the United States, where a deficit of \$55,000,000 has been recorded. It may be too much to expect it to bear the additional strain of old age pensions which for the first year will amount to thirty million dollars. Unionists insist the old age pension tax will grow and grow until it reaches five or six times this sum and will lead to all sorts of evils. As to this time will tell. It is an experiment in social legislation of amazing interest, and though it may bring evils in its train, we must remember that it aims at least at removing somewhat of the present giant evils of Poverty and Pauperism—the two are closely associated but do not mean precisely the same thing in England. Its effect on the elections is of course an unknown quantity, but it will be strange if it does not bring new sources of strength to the Government.

* * *

There has been a good deal of thoughtless and pointless comment on Judge Longley's remarks concerning Canada's future, made to a gathering of Canadians in New York recently, but I have not seen anywhere an attempt to reproduce exactly what the judge said, save in his own letter of protest against misrepresentation, as printed in the *Montreal Star*. Repeating there the sentences so much condemned, Judge Longley says he spoke as follows:

"What in my view is likely — almost certain — to happen is that by a process of development Canada will gradually assume the responsibilities of an independent nation. But the only difference that will follow, so far as Great Britain is concerned, is that instead of a condition of dependence, the relation will be an alliance. No one need be ashamed of England's history. She has always stood for what is best and highest in human civilization. She has been on the side of the oppressed, and never,

or rarely, on the side of the oppressor, she has contributed more than any other nation—perhaps all other nations—to destroy the infamous traffic in human flesh. She has been the patron of literature and the mother of political freedom. In the main her policy in the world stands for justice and righteousness, and, therefore, when the time comes that Canada feels it fitting and proper that she should assume national autonomy, she will not hesitate to throw the weight of her influence in support of British principles and British policy, and put behind the Empire whatever moral and physical power she can command.”

* * *

Certainly there is nothing in these remarks which savors in any way of disloyalty. We should indeed be “cribbed, cabined and confined” if we were forbidden to allow our conjectures on the future to go outside of a particular groove of thought. Elaborating his argument, Judge Longley remarks: “You may think that Canada will go on forever as a colony, but surely I have an equal right to think and say that as Canada develops in strength and power the relation of ‘colony’ is not fitting nor worthy. I think Canada can be of greater strength and service to the Empire as an ally than as a dependency.” There is very little room for criticism of such sentences, surely. Even the most pronounced Imperialists are objecting to the use of the word “colony” as applied to Canada, and Canada cannot long remain in the state of tutelage at present existing. A full autonomy, a complete national life, within the Empire, rather than without, is the ideal condition, and is that which both Canadians and British will strive to bring about, and it is only when all possibility of the attainment of this ideal disappears that the alternative suggested by Judge Longley may

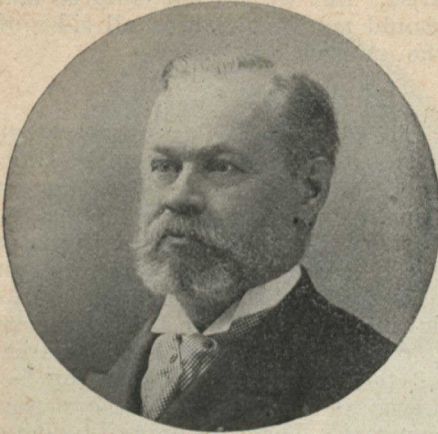
arise. But we are not children and should not fear to hear all sides of the question discussed.

* * *

The institution of two-cent postage between Great Britain and the United States is a natural development from the same conditions between the various English-speaking parts of the Empire, which were brought about, let it be remembered, by the initiative of Canada. The change is none the less a pleasant indication of the good relations existing between the republic and the parent country. The vicious tail-twisting that formed half the stock-in-trade of the average American politician ten years ago seems to have almost wholly disappeared. The present move will at least tend in the direction of promoting intercourse and may be welcomed as an omen of growing good will between Great Britain and the United States, while



MR. P. E. LEBLANC, LEADER OF THE
CONSERVATIVE PARTY IN QUEBEC



THE LATE DR. LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

increasing intercourse and good will between these nations are powerful factors in the maintenance of a peace which is almost universal.

* * *

At a moment when, as we have seen, the finances of the United States are in anything but a buoyant condition, the Republic has undertaken to review its natural resources. The idea originated with President Roosevelt that there should be a sort of national stock-taking, the object being the curtailing of the wanton waste which is too often a feature of American commercial methods. The President called a meeting of all the State Governors and invited many distinguished representative men to attend and take part in the proceedings. The effect of the enquiry was

to show that in the matter of the three greatest elements in the material life of the nation the people of the United States are pursuing a ruinous policy, and one which may leave the nation bankrupt of resources at a date not remotely distant.

* * *

The death of Dr. Louis Fréchet removes one who was for many years the most conspicuous literary figure in Canada, and who leaves even now no rival in French Canadian poetry. Dr. Fréchet's writings were extended over more than a generation of our time and it is more than forty years since he was designated by his compatriots as "Le Laureat Canadien." In prose Dr. Fréchet wrote with almost equal facility in both English and French, and he was a frequent contributor to English magazines; but naturally his life work was done in his mother tongue. It was in French that his sympathies found their truest expression and his imagination its choicest figures. Dr. Fréchet had been the recipient of many honors from his own country, from English institutions of learning not less than from French, and in addition had the distinction of having two volumes of his poems "Les Fleurs Borealis" and "Les Oiseaux de Neige," crowned by the French academy in 1880. Every Canadian will be proud to claim Dr. Fréchet as a countryman.



July

JULY

By S. A. WHITE

*Bacchante faces in the flaming sky
Revel all day until the sun has set,
Pledging the scarlet of life's hot July,
To nightward turn with eyes of red regret.*

*So youth's fierce blood which burned with
eager fire
And youth's swift foot which dared the
unknown way
Now pass the crimson portals of desire,
With far-born longing for the wasted day.*

*In ashes kneels the wraith of rosy dawn,
In sackcloth which the world was glad to
weave,
With low lament and tearful orison
Before the hallowed altar of the eve.*

*The maenad pulse has lost its fiery lures ? —
And Pluto's gift is shorn of all delight :
For Youth is wise and Wisdom's sight endures,
To read the blazing of life's path aright.*





The WAY of LETTERS

ROBERT BARR has once more displayed his consummate mastery of dialogue, and he has also in his latest novel, "The Young Lord Stranleigh," produced a story that is extremely captivating and a character that is well worth making acquaintance with. Whatever may be lacking about this author's work as a whole, no other Canadian writer has yet proved to be so clever a plotter as he, and his plots are always the kind that keep the reader awake at night. This time he has taken the machinations of gold mine operators as a basis. He starts out with a meeting between a young mining engineer named Mackeller, son of a stock broker, and Lord Stranleigh. The latter is described as a typical prude, or rather one suspects that he is a prude, for he dresses in a characteristically dudish manner, and he is so provokingly nonchalant, and his moustache so fair and light of texture, that few persons can be brought to take him seriously. The young engineer imposes himself upon his Lordship, whom he finally interests to the extent of backing up his father's holdings in the stock market, where a group of operators have undertaken to "hammer the father to the wall" and force him to drop his holdings in the mine they purpose to work. Lord Stranleigh admits that he knows nothing about

business, or the ways of "The City," but at the same time he develops a remarkable talent for affairs—and actually beats the financial buccaniers at their own game. Of course, he is backed up with immense resources, but it is not that so much as his own natural sagacity, a thing belied by his urbanity, that causes him to so often hold the trump cards. His coolness, apparent indifference in the face of great crises, and his unflinching cocksureness, make of him an unusual, fascinating and even amusing personality. Seemingly he always starts out to do the wrong thing, but somehow in the end it invariably turns out to be the right thing. When he seems to be accomplishing nothing, he is really doing a great deal and the very things that should be done. It must be confessed that his cleverness begins in time to lean towards a surfeit, but he is consistent and a genuinely good fellow to the end. He manages to cripple the ones who had attempted to cripple the broker whose case appealed to him, and finally the gold that he has managed to have carried from the mine in Africa to a copper mine of his own in England is available at the proper moment to save the Bank of England from an embarrassing shortage of the precious metal. Curiously enough, the story contains no heroine, and men are the

only important characters in it. There is no love story, and indeed the only women or girls mentioned are the wife and daughters of a captain of one of his Lordship's vessels, and they are merely on an occasion the object of charity. For that reason it has been suggested that Mr. Barr might to good advantage write a sequel showing this interesting character, Lord Stranleigh, in the rôle of lover. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

ANOTHER POLITICAL NOVEL.

Winston Churchill, the American novelist, whose story, "Richard Carvel," came very near to real greatness, has, like many another writer, attempted with only fair success to satisfactorily mix love and politics in the making of a popular book. He calls his latest novel "Mr. Crewe's Career," taking the title from the name of one of the leading characters in the book, a character that is in many ways typical of the rather shallow but nevertheless swaggeringly important "little man" who goes about imagining he is going to do something big, for he thinks that he is the really big thing in the party, anyway. He is ambitious to become Governor of the State and seeks the nomination by standing out against corporation rule. But he is not the strong character of the story, although he is the most artistic. The hero is Austen Vane, a young lawyer who goes against the will of his father, a railway lawyer, by doing his utmost to conserve the rights of the people against the encroachments of corporate interests. In doing this he wins the love of a girl named Victoria, who is by no means an uncommon type. The love story is not strong; it is a very ordinary affair, while the introduction of politics, affording an outline of how campaigns are conducted just now, does not strike any particular-

ly high note or reveal anything extraordinary. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

A MODERN TYPE.

The modern craze for obtaining money quickly is admirably illustrated in a new novel by George Randolph Chester, entitled "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." This story has met with much popularity, and deservedly so, because it is highly amusing, and at the same time it deals with a phase of our modern life that has reached a very serious stage. Thousands of people are so eager to make money or to at least obtain money that they resort to everything within their means in order to achieve their purpose. They care nothing for honesty, so long as they can escape the law. Wallingford is one of this class, but he possesses a spontaneous humor, a unique personality in its way, and he has the happy optimism that makes his misdeeds seem to be not so very bad, after all. He has come to the conclusion that there is a great deal of money lying about on all hands, and that it could be gathered in if only one had the nerve to go boldly up and "pry some of it off." And so he goes boldly about, "prying off" here and there wherever he sees something worth while, but in the end his case proves that honesty is, after all, the best policy. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

A STUDY IN FEMININE RECTITUDE.

An old country writer, Mrs. Frankau, who uses the nom de plume "Frank Danby," has attempted in a novel entitled "The Heart of a Child," to show that a young girl, inexperienced and unprotected, could go upon the stage, achieve a popular triumph and yet retain her purity. The story was suggested by an

argument as to whether or not a girl could do that. Of course a novelist could make a person of the book do anything. And so Mrs. Frankau successfully carries a young girl through all the glowing vicissitudes of the road to fortune and fame, and finally sets her down pure and untarnished. But that is no answer to the question or settlement of the controversy. As a thesis, it is important, and it opens up a channel for much speculation. Mrs. Frankau makes her choice of girl among types found in the slums of London, and from that miserable and vicious environment she gradually brings her upwards and outwards, without nevertheless subjecting her to all the temptations and degrading influences that one so placed as she was would be in all likelihood subjected. Her honor is preserved sometimes as if by a mere whim of Fate, as if it depended only on the tossing of a coin. But she comes through all right; that is the point. Perhaps the author could just as easily have caused her to fall. The thesis is interesting, but not conclusive. The story is told with the deep insight into human nature that was revealed earlier in "Pigs in Clover." (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

"THE PRIMA DONNA."

To write a trilogy of novels, with the principal character the same in each, and maintain their interest and effectiveness is an extremely difficult thing to do, and yet Marion Crawford seems to be doing it. The second of the series dealing with the life of Margaret Donne or "The Cordova," has appeared under the title of "The Prima Donna." It has proved to be an extremely fascinating novel, one that makes the reader yearn for the third and last in order that he might know what was the fate of this most interesting person. Besides the prima donna herself,

there are three other outstanding characters—Van Torp, a member of the American nickel trust; Logotheti, a Greek financier; and Lady Maud, an aristocratic English lady. Both the Greek and the American are enamored of the great singer, and in this second novel of the three the Greek seems to be outrivalling the other. All of these characters are so well drawn that they possess many of the semblances of real flesh and blood, and therefore the interest is all the more aroused over what will become of them in the next volume. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

TO GO WITH A HAMMOCK.

Something better than "The Spanish Jade" should be expected from Maurice Hewlett, and yet this story, slight as it is, contains excellent craftsmanship, and is just the kind of novel that is selected for an afternoon in a hammock. It is not long, and there is nothing wearisome about it. A young English squire, travelling through Spain about fifty years ago, chivalrously preserves a handsome girl from a band of ruffians, and is rewarded therefor by the girl's company during part of a day, the two travelling on one horse. The Englishman is quite innocent of the fact that the girl is being followed by a youth who purposes to murder her or that his own life is, as a result, in danger. But the girl protects him by stabbing her pursuer, and thereafter follows a series of incidents, all tending to show the capriciousness of the Spanish affections, the corruptness of the criminal courts of that time and the peculiar notions entertained by the grandees respecting family honor. (Toronto and London: Cassell & Company. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

A NARRATIVE OF BLOODSHED.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has written a perfect catalogue of novels, and if

they have fallen off in quality the reader cannot be surprised at the decline. That Scottish writer's latest production, "Deep Moat Grange," is hardly equal to "The Raiders" or "The Lilac Sunbonnet," but it is a fairly enthralling yarn, none the less, for such as revel in mysteries and murders. It is the bloodthirstiest romance that has appeared this season and ought to satisfy those who crave for a novel where things happen. There is an arch-criminal who is perfectly sane, and there are two insane assistants who are superlatively horrible. Then, by way of relief, there is a trio of lunatics who refrain from murder and amuse themselves in less strenuous fashion. Of course, the sane and honest people ultimately triumph, but when the hero marries the grand-daughter of the chief murderer the reader feels somewhat nervous and apprehensive. "Deep Moat Grange" is a story to be read in the afternoon sunshine—not after sundown. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

STILL ANOTHER.

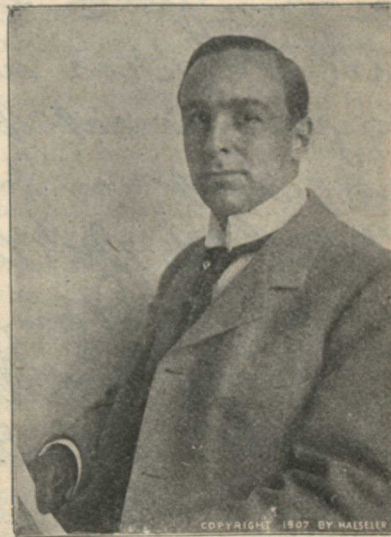
This seems to be the day of the American political novel. One of the latest of this class is entitled "Matthew Porter," by Galmaliel Bradford, jun. Two men, aspirants for a governorship, fall in love with the same woman. One is a social star; the other, something of a Socialist, unused to the ways of society. Matthew Porter is the latter, but he is a man of sterling qualities, a gentleman at heart. His rival introduces him into the home of the heroine in the hope that she will induce him to give up politics. His personality is so strong that he wins, first the girl's admiration and assistance to the extent of turning the tide of popular opinion his way, and finally her love. Like in most novels with a political setting, the love story is dominated by political affairs, so

that altogether the result is rather unsatisfactory. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

A GIRL DETECTIVE.

Readers of "A Millionaire Girl," by Arthur W. Marchmont, are not likely to wonder whether its unusual occurrences do or do not represent uncolored and unexaggerated truth. It seems evident that the author's imagination has been of great value to the production of a kind of detective story that increases in interest as the pages are turned, even if the final issue seems apparent before the concluding chapters are reached. Interest for the most part centres round an estimable young woman, who deems it absolutely essential to prove the legitimacy of her birth and claim to an inheritance worth a million dollars, before she can honorably accept an offer of marriage. To dispel the uncertainty regarding her birth, she bravely faces seemingly unsurmountable barriers. Being backed by an unyielding determina-



WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHOSE LATEST NOVEL, "MR. CREWE'S CAREER," IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER

tion, she resorts to her own ingenuity to act the part of a detective and carry carefully laid schemes to a successful outcome. In order to obtain necessary information, she uses the disguise of a German girl to connect herself to a band of desperate characters, and then becomes employed as under-housemaid in an important home. At another time she assumes the name of Molly O'Brien, and, while engaged as an ordinary maid-servant, is capable of using a disguise and Irish brogue sufficiently well to deceive even her most intimate friends. The dangers through which she passed have furnished material for what in its way is rather a good story. (Toronto: Cassell & Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

AN ERRATIC HERO.

The novels by E. Phillips Oppenheim are usually of the harmless ro-

mance order, imitations of Weyman at a respectful distance. In "The Missioner" this writer of swash-buckling tales is not so fortunate as in some of his earlier productions. The hero is a would-be evangelist, who sets out to convert a village of fairly decent folk. He is wooed in tempestuous and hoyden fashion by the Lady of the Manor and finally flees to London to escape his tormentor. He is pursued to that city and betakes himself to Paris, where he leads a dissipated career of which he finally tires and then returns to respectability. The Lady of the Manor has her own domestic troubles, but there is the conventional wedding at the close of the last chapter. The story is not exactly savory and the manner is flat. May the next Oppenheim romance be as good as "Conspirators!" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

*on his face every shrunken li
 all Mowro's anger vanished a
 to go meet him. He thought
 accident in the road.
 "My God, Mr Mitchell," he cried
 "Nothing nothing," snarled Mitchell
 irritation thrilling them. "Have you
 "Yes sir, its outside here with two*

Part of a page from the original draught of "The Victors," by Robert Barr, whose novel "The Young Lord Stranleigh" is reviewed in this number

THE REAL FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

FEAR of old age rests not so much in the burden of years as in the increasing infirmities of the flesh, and for that very reason prolongation or perpetuation of youthfulness has always been an outstanding human desire. No man wishes to feel old; few men wish to appear old. And yet, notwithstanding the long-transmitted struggle against the ravages of time, not many of us fully appreciate the provision that has been made for the continuous enjoyment of those bursts of juvenile rapture that are no more than a memory to those who have become staid and *blasé* and jaded. We are wont to placidly admit the opinion that the "Fountain of Youth" is a myth, that from age and its attendant deperititude there is no refuge—a likely enough condition in a busy, eager, antagonistic environment. Who is wise enough and natural enough and humane enough to seek in childish shouts of glee in the streets solace from the effects of our protracted struggle for place? Not one, we are at first ready to confess; but that would not be true if we include those whose lot has been cast by good fortune away from the congested centres of population. For in the quiet, nerveless, unaffected pace that is usually set in village and farm life we find the most natural conditions and therefore the most capacity for enjoying natural blessings. In the city all things go awry. Some men work by day and others by night; some with their hands and others

with their heads. There is no harmony, no common rhythm. The tide rises and falls with the accompaniment of discord and strife. The ancient warning, that the night cometh, when no man can work, is now an anachronism. In the country, on the other hand, the chief purpose of life largely affects all. The habits and customs of the people differ but slightly, and any one man's occupation is not often a jarring note in the community. The result is a common rhythm, a harmony that is at once full of solace, refreshment and vigor.

All of this bears in a very direct way on the possibility of prolonging youthfulness, not so much that the quiet of country life tends to increase longevity as that the artificialities and unnatural conditions of city life tend to deprive us of the capacity for imbibing from the young that spirit of youthfulness that is a potent charm to stay the encroachments of age. How good a thing it is to see, at the setting in of evening, a group of villagers enjoying to the utmost the simple, homely pleasures that seem to be in very truth a part of their birthright. And who of the group are the most in evidence? Surely the old and the young. It is the young who scamper and shout and contest, and it is the old who look on with enkindled eye, with hearts full of sympathy and spirits attuned to the eager rivalries of the hour. While the young enter with zest into the pleasures of a sim-

ple game, the old are carried back to a similar scene, many years ago, and they experience again the exuberance of childhood and again the activities of youth. And they are no longer old, because in the reflected transports of the moment they have forgotten the enfeeblements of age.

But there are times and seasons when this provision of nature is most happy in its application, when we are enabled to experience its subtle reflection at its height. The visit to the circus is one of these times; Christmas is another, and so likewise is the fishing season. The fishing season still being on, an experience that took place at its beginning is now fresh in memory. It had long seemed that if enjoyment had been found a generation ago in angling for chubb and minnows along the soddy banks of a meadowland stream, the same spell could be cast over the fancy of one young enough to respond to the occasion to-day. And so to the meadow they went. The lad rose to the dignity of the moment by carrying the worms in an old salmon can with as much concern as if he were carrying nuggets of gold. But that was not a new sensation. Those of us who have dug worms behind the hog pen and fished with a bent pin for a hook can, even yet, testify to the genuineness of the sensation and, even yet, rise to the importance of the salmon can. In some parts of the meadow, particularly back towards the wood and wherever there was a clump of willows, the utilitarian demands of time had not greatly marred the scenic beauty of the spot or removed those natural obstacles to the current that make choice fishing-places. The sun shone so brightly that a veteran angler would have regarded it with disfavor, but on this special occasion, when the subtleties of angling were being demonstrated, it was received with all gratitude. The meadow

grass stood long and cool, the night damp still clinging close to the ground. On the slope towards the water the wild strawberry was in full bloom, and the water itself was flecked with fluffy droppings from overhanging boughs. The bob-o-link (one would almost declare it was the same that you and I had seen in similar air so long ago) piped his merry lay, and fluttered joyously as if eager to remain suspended 'twixt earth and sky. A meadow-lark, startled from the grass at their very feet, rose on quickened wing and soared gracefully across growing hay, the glint of yellow in his plumage shining like the mullein flower in the sun. Blackbirds whistled in the willows, and crows, nesting in yonder elm, cawed in softer tones than when on carrion bent. With unbridled current, the water spread out here and there, losing its course amongst the reeds and the willows, and gathering itself together again as it pressed on towards the alluring wood.

To the spirit of all these things the lad responded with eager zest, and in him it was the awakening of a new consciousness. His entrancement found echo in the breast of the father, for whom it caused the re-quickening of capacities that otherwise would have lain dormant, making him feel again as he had felt when a child, making him see again as otherwise only a child can see. How the long-forgotten impatience with which the baiting of the hook was endured returned to him when the first place for casting came into view! And with what gusto the lad at his side beheld the operation! Then there was a moment of suspense, for the culmination of the experience was about to be effected. It was not a difficult cast, and yet some dexterity was required to put the bait past the intervening willow branch and place it far enough up stream to prevent its catching on the log. The lad stood motionless, like

one who is conscious of being about to witness a serious performance. And indeed it was serious, for did not the fulfilment of the promise of the occasion depend on the ability to present something more than attendant attractions?

Presently the line became taut, and the man waited an anxious moment. A few short jerks on the line prompted withdrawal, and the next moment a wriggling minnow swung out upon the grass. An exclamation of intermingled wonder and glee greeted the catch, and was followed by a shout of unaffected gladness as the lad, for the first time, saw a fish swim about in the pail that had been brought for the purpose.

As soon as the hook was rebaited and dangled overhead, ready to be recast, the lad urged with an intensely earnest countenance:

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

How well that request embodied the spirit of former occasions! How even well it voiced the desire of the man who had been gradually gaining in youthfulness! And how well also it gave expression to an outstanding human characteristic! As he danced in rapture at sight of the captive in the pail, instinctively the lad knew that there were larger fish as a possible catch, and so he yearned for the greater achievement.

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

Fame is sometimes won; glory crowns an effort, but still there is always the yearning for the greater, for the better. So it was with the child; so it is with us.

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

Again the line swished through the air, for the moment allowing no ear to the song of the bob-o-link, no hark to the nesting crows, no response even to the gurgle of the stream, but

commanding attention on its placing in the very spot whence a few minutes before it had drawn out the wriggling minnow. The lad now regarded it with a concern that before had not been manifest, and with gratifying appreciation his spirits rose and sank as the line gave signs of attack or neglect. Suddenly the pole shuddered and dipped towards the water. Then it rose again, and high in air, with unskilful force, was hurled a chubb of pleasing dimensions.

The lad shouted, and the man gasped, for the chubb, splendidly outlined as it fell away from the hook, struck the water with a heavy thud. The silence that followed was broken by a repetition of the lad's wish:

"Daddy, catch a great big one."

Once more the line sang through the air, but the bait fell short of the mark. Then the pole swung back at arm's length, the line cut a long monotone in the air, and the hook dropped, well placed in the eddy of froth. But the water had scarcely been touched before the line sank rigidly and then swished up stream. There was a moment of exquisite tension, followed by a rather injudicious and perhaps sportsmanlike jerk, but two seconds later an excellent trout lay gleaming on the grass.

Daddy had caught a great big one.

The lad's ecstasy was unbounded, and the man himself experienced the full measure of it. With what real pride the little, chubby hands grasped the pail-handles, and started off, well satisfied with the prize.

And what of the man himself? He had come out to give the lad a taste of "sport," and had unconsciously taken a deep draught from the real "Fountain of Youth."

The Editor

THE MERRY MUSE

AFTERNOON TEA

By JEAN GRAHAM

Just a little cup of tea,
Just a fleck of cream!
Just a whiff of violets,
Fleeting as a dream.

Just a little silver spoon,
Carved and flagreed;
Just a tiny macaroon,
Such as fairies knead.

Just a rosy sugared "kiss,"
Served from Edith's dish!
As I ate its crumbling bliss,
Edith read my wish.

Just a curtained fragrant spot
Where the roses be;
Where a blue forget-me-not
Smiles in sympathy.

Just her girlish finger-tips
Clasped in mine once more;
Just a touch of rosy lips
And the "tea" was o'er.
* * *

A SERMON

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON

An ancient garden wall of softened
red,

A little cot embow'ed in colum-
bine,

Midsummer snow-drifts sailing over-
head,

A peaceful meadow where the sun
doth shine,

The mellow music of the distant
Hunt,

This is the Stage; entrancing,—from
the front.

Unightly walls, a little ev'rywhere,
And flimsy canvas on its flimsy
frames,

A leading actor querulous with care
Calling the gasman most improper
names,

Great daubs of paint, and glaring
lights unkind,
This is the Stage; unpleasant,—from
"behind."

How many of us make a noble show?
The world applauds in rapture and
delight,
And on through life we confidently
go,

Saying: "What diff'rence if we
look all right?"

Here is the question we should keep
in mind,

"Pray, what is your appearance
from 'behind'?"

* * *

THE ADVERTISEMENT

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

Ould maid Nannie Firm wuz as rich
as could be,

She says t' me, "Wincey me bye,
Will youse be afther puttin' an ad
in fer me,

Wid me' photograph, here in th'
paper," says she;

And I says, "Shure I will that,"
says I.

Then be afther sayin': "A maiden
av means,

Wants a partner t' love and t' hould;
An innocent darlint jist outin her
teens—

And still in th' shadder of youth's
ever-greens;—"

(Begobbs she was sixty years ould.)

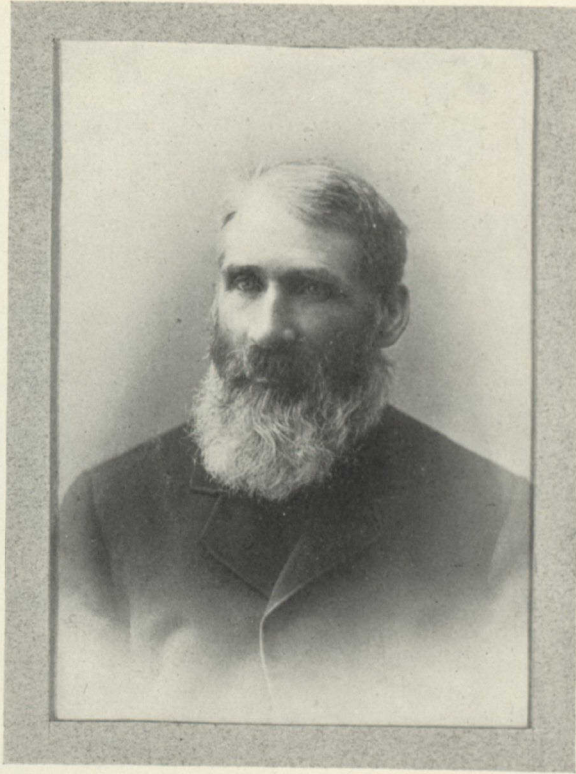
Well her pictur' was published, be-
neath it this ad:

"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES
THE WORM."

"Here's the chance of a life-time for
some daring lad,

A partner is wanted (and wanted
right bad),

By above old, responsible Firm."



ALEXANDER ROBB,
FOUNDER OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED

UNDER TWO FLAGS

BY RANDOLPH CARLYLE

IT is natural that the people of the United States and the people of Canada, who are largely of the same blood, have the same language and similar habits of thought, should become more or less closely related in business.

So far the United States has taken the place of the elder brother, being more advanced in population and wealth, the younger Canadian brother finding it to his advantage to follow the lead and example of the older brother in industrial and other pursuits. It cannot be denied that

for many years ambitious young men all over Canada, including professional men, artisans and farmers, looked across the line for the opportunity that they had failed to discover at home. As a result, the young men of this country went out and at the same time the manufactures of another country came in. That is no longer a one-sided transaction, for now we find many young men in the United States looking to Canada for their greatest opportunity and at the same time we find Canadian enterprises reaching across

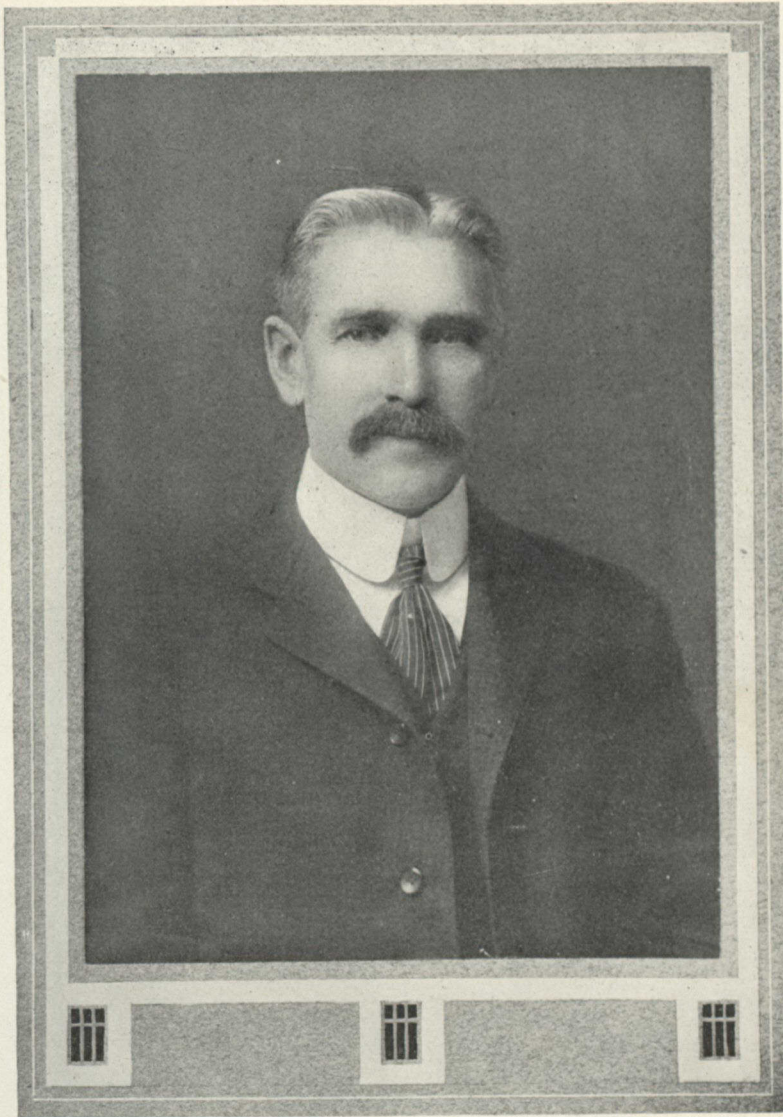


ORIGINAL FOUNDRY AT AMHERST, N.S.

the international boundary and establishing themselves on the other side. An outstanding instance of this "Canadian invasion" is afforded by the Robb Engineering Company, Limited, of Amherst, Nova Scotia, a concern that has not only greatly increased its capacity in the home town, but has found it advisable to establish a similar plant in the United States. So we find at South Framingham, Mass., an institution conducted under the name of the Robb-Mumford Boiler Company. It is therefore interesting to trace the history of the Robb Engineering Company, and to discover, if possible, a reason for so unusual an expansion of business.

Sixty years ago (and this year is indeed the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the Robb Engineering Company), fireplaces were generally used in Canadian homes for

cooking and heating, and stoves were rarely seen. But that condition of affairs could not last long, a circumstance that was fully appreciated by Mr. Alexander Robb, a gentleman who had sufficient foresight to see the opportunity that the stove business offered. As a result, he was one of the very first persons to import cast iron stoves from the United States into Canada. At the time of the American Civil War the purchasing value of Canadian currency (which could be exchanged for gold at par) was enhanced considerably in the United States, but that condition did not last long after the war, and accordingly the profits to be made on importations were not so large as they had been. Coping with the situation, Mr. Robb built a foundry at Amherst, and began to manufacture stoves of his own. He also did a small amount of machine work



D. W. ROBB, PRESIDENT OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY
AND THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER COMPANY

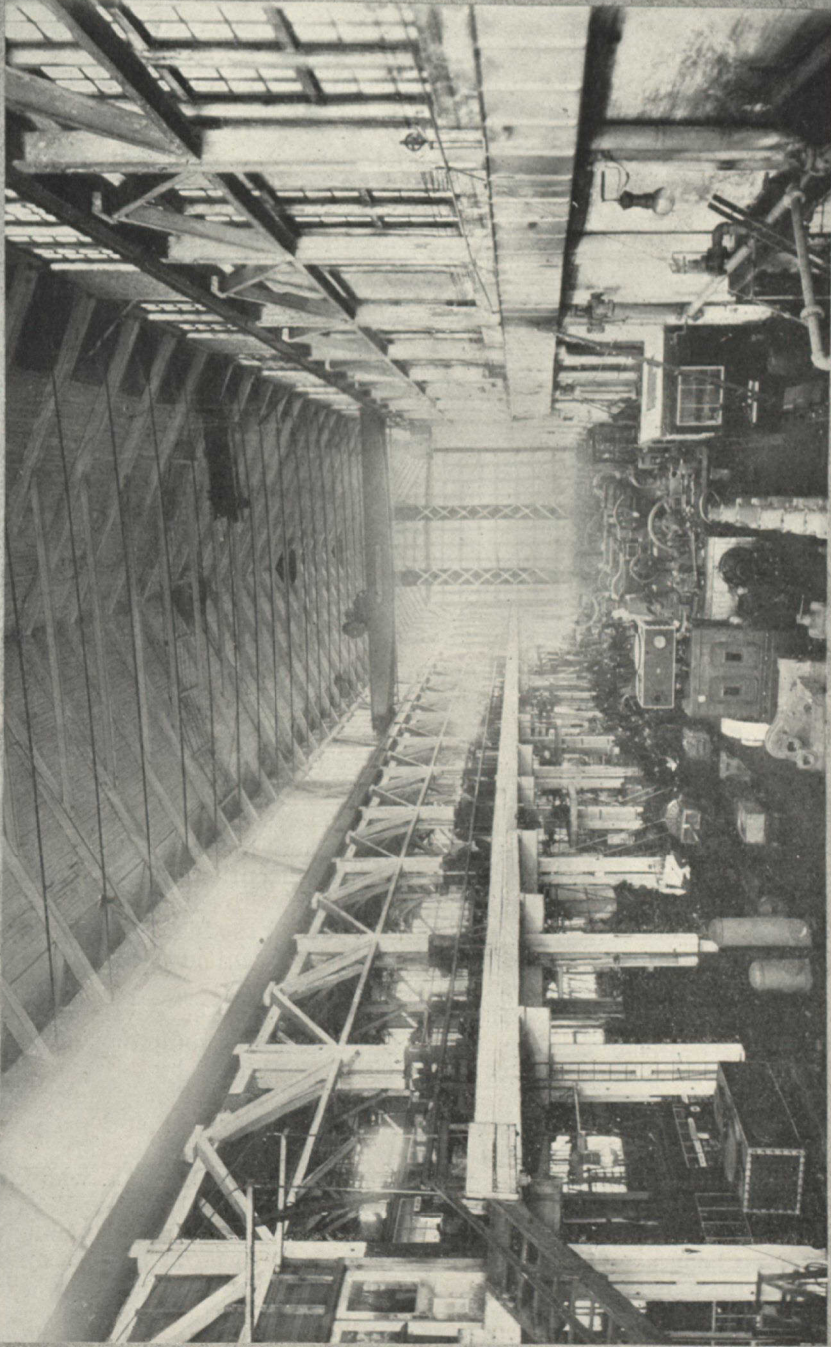
for the mines and lumber mills. But the field was limited. There was no available railway in those days (now the railway tracks run right into the works), and shipments therefore had to be made by water. As a consequence, trading was confined to ports on the Bay of Fundy, the north shore of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick,

and also to Prince Edward Island. But the spirit of enterprise that has apparently always dominated the Robb Engineering Company was beginning to manifest itself, and by degrees the business was extended so as to embrace the manufacture of mill machinery, boilers and engines.

Two fires, having many of the



NOON HOUR AT THE MACHINE SHOP OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY AT AMHERST, N. S.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY'S MACHINE SHOP AT AMHERST, N.S.



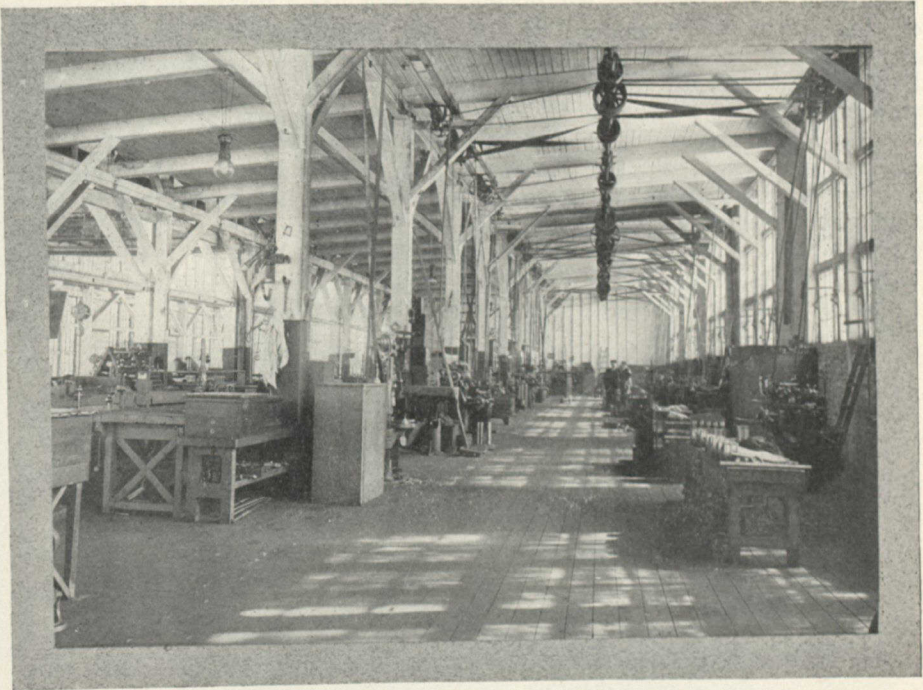
ANOTHER INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MACHINE SHOP

semblances of a catastrophe, occurred in 1890-1, and the plant was almost entirely destroyed. But, instead of daunting or crippling the company, we find that this temporary set-back caused the business to be raised to one of national significance, for the making of engines and boilers was undertaken with greater force than ever before, owing to the increasing demand all over the Dominion, and the manufacture of stoves, which had but little more than local possibilities, was entirely dropped. Still, there is doubtless another important reason why steam became king, and stoves were abandoned. The present head of the company, Mr. D. W. Robb, President, who had long been a witness of the evolution of the business, had a natural inclination for mechanics and applied science, which in his youthful days was stimulated by visits to the small establishment of an old

Yankee clock-maker, named Barrett, who had contrived several machines that demonstrated the uses of steam and electricity and it was only natural, when the opportunity came, that the attention of the company should be centred on those things that afforded the highest attainments and development in mechanical skill and perfection.

Assistance in the development of the design and production of steam engines was given by a young New Yorker, Mr. E. J. Armstrong, M.E., and in the invention and design of new types of boilers by Mr. J. A. Mumford, a Nova Scotian, who later on was transplanted to New York, so that the Robb Engineering Company may be said to be in a sense an international growth. But how did the later international development come about?

The reputation of the products of the company became so widespread



ENGINE DEPARTMENT, UPPER FLOOR OF MACHINE SHOP, WHERE THE SMALL PARTS ARE MADE

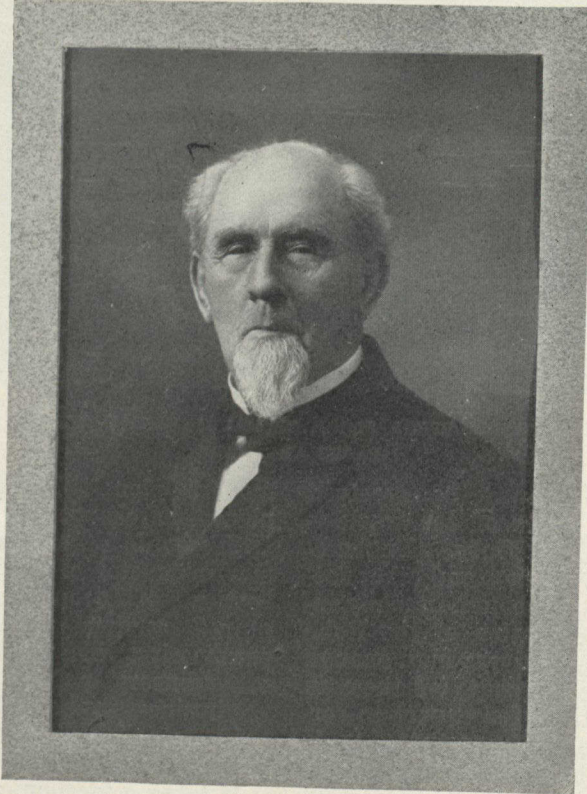
that orders began to be received from various parts of the world—from Australia, Cuba, England, Spain, South America, and other far-distant lands. Although in many instances the reputation of the Robb engines and boilers was high enough to induce the purchase of them in the United States for export to foreign countries, the opportunity to do business in the neighboring Republic, owing to the high protection tariff, was greatly hampered. In order to overcome this difficulty a purchase was made of the largest boiler shops in New England, shops that had been founded in 1860 at Cambridge, Mass., by Edward Kendall. New property at South Framingham, embracing all of ten acres, was bought, extensive buildings constructed wholly of steel and concrete and designed especially for the economical production of boilers, were built and equipped with a complete

modern plant. These works were placed in charge of Mr. Frederick H. Keyes, M.E., a graduate and former instructor of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who had acquired practical experience in the engineering line with leading firms of engineers in New England, and the business in the United States was thus established under propitious circumstances.

It takes a mechanic to understand the mechanism of a steam engine, but anyone would be very unimpressible indeed who could go through the works at Amherst or at South Framingham and fail to appreciate the evidences on all hands of economy and thoroughness. Apart altogether from mechanical devices for saving time and labor, every one of the employees has the privilege of a special incentive to do his best in the least possible space of time. The card system in the works is used

with admirable results. By means of this system, a record is kept of every piece of work undertaken. Every piece is numbered, and every workman is likewise numbered. Both of these numbers are inserted on the card. An indicator registers the time when the workman begins and also when he stops. In that way the work is carried forward without de-

works. If a workman has come under the maximum time allowed and the work passes the inspection he receives one-half of the difference as a premium apart from the regular wage. On first thoughts, the uninitiated are inclined to think that the work would be hurried through at the cost of good workmanship, but that seems scarcely to be at all probable,

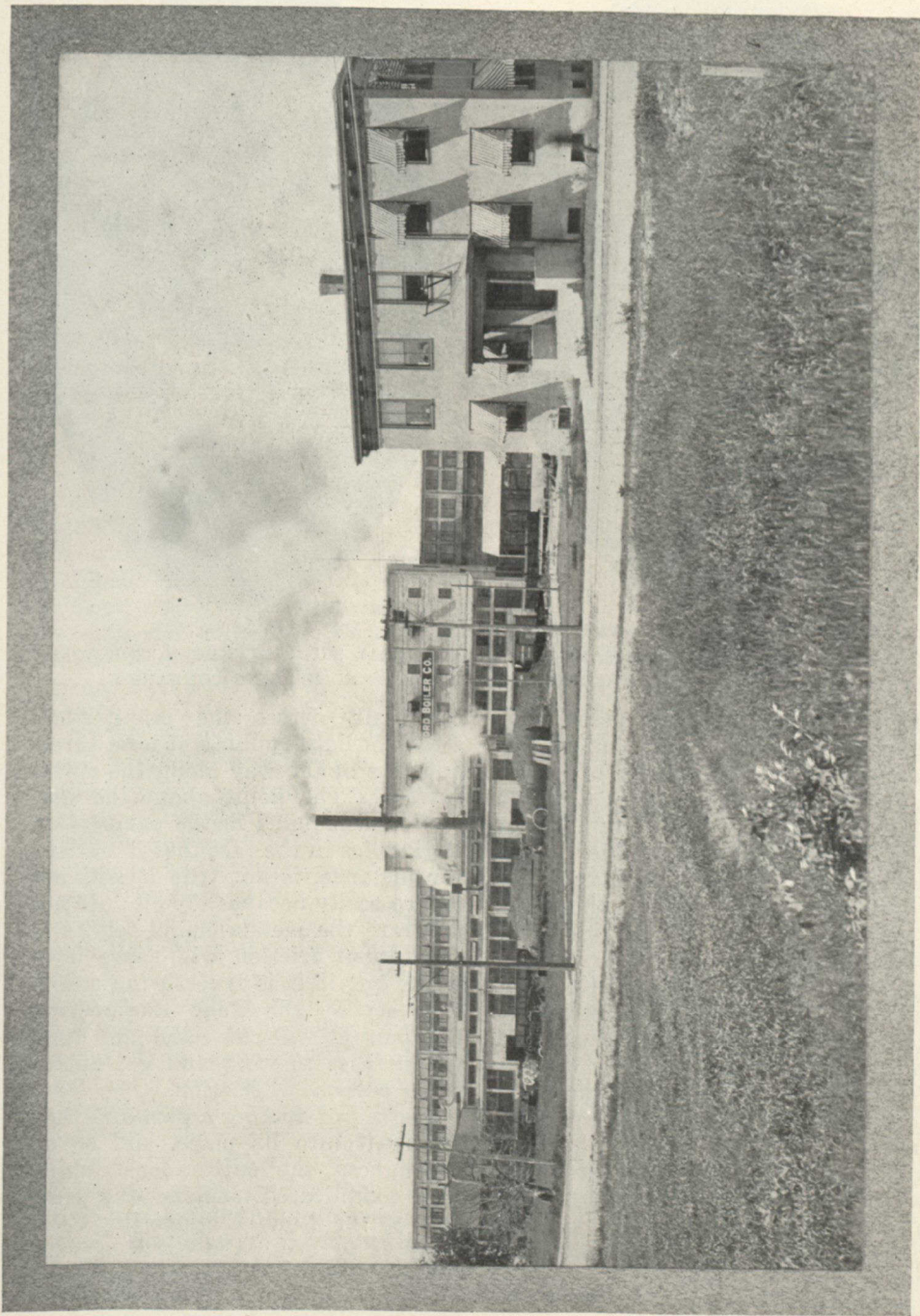


MR. EDWARD KENDALL,
FOUNDER OF THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER WORKS

lay, the workman is induced to do his very best, and at the office card indexes show the cost and exactly what is taking place or has taken place with respect to every piece of work that goes into the various departments. In the machine shops at Amherst a premium system has been inaugurated which may, later on, be extended to all departments of both

because every article turned out has to undergo a rigid inspection before it is stamped and handed out for shipment or passed into stock. If it does not pass the inspection, the workman loses the premium which he is entitled to for perfect work.

The inspection of parts of high grade machinery is a wonderfully precise and admirable performance,



THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER COMPANY'S WORKS AT SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.



MR. G. W. COLE, SECRETARY-TREASURER,
THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY AND
THE ROBB-MUMFORD BOILER COMPANY



MR. A. E. ROBB, M.E.,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, THE ROBB
ENGINEERING COMPANY

the inspectors being provided with instruments that easily and with scarcely any likelihood of error measure differences in size down to the thousandth part of an inch or less. That seems incredible, but it is absolutely necessary to have things right and true before they are regarded as fit to go into the make-up of a Robb-Armstrong engine. Besides having diameter, length, breadth, thickness, etc., of a certain size given, it is necessary in certain cases that the parts be perfectly flat or straight and, in order to ensure certainty in that respect, instruments called "surface plates" and "straight edges" are provided, which are in themselves so true that a single hair from a man's head, if placed between two of the straight edges will separate them to an extent which is quite appreciable when they are placed in front of a light. If the hair is at either end, the eye

can easily detect the infinitesimal streak of light running at least three-quarters of the way along the entire surface. The point about the perfection demanded in the parts of an engine lies in the fact that if a shaft, for instance, is not true it will not run so easily because the oil does not separate the metals completely, and consequent friction will cause it to wear, but if it is true to the standards set by the Robb Engineering Company it will run easily and have no surfaces to wear and get out of order because of friction.

Instead of making a part and then fitting it into its place, and so on throughout the entire construction of a complicated machine, the practice of the Robb Engineering Company is to make the parts of each grade of engine in large quantities, all the same, and thus the time that ordinarily would be required to fit the pieces individually is saved. In

other words, if one set of parts is true, and the others are made exactly the same, all must be true, and therefore it is not difficult to fit them. Of course, that method of economizing can be followed only in establishments where large quantities are being produced all the time.

The testing of an engine is in itself a very delicate operation, one that requires a highly developed mechanical knowledge. The engine is set up just as it might happen to be in the place it is intended to go permanently, and then it is subjected to all kinds of operations within its compass. There is an equipment of pony brakes for measuring the power; diagrams are made by indicators showing the action of the steam in the cylinder; changes of speed are indicated by means of tachometers and the steam used by the engine is weighed. In this way it is possible to know exactly what any engine can do and will do before it leaves the works, and a record of its performance is filed away and kept for reference.

In the works at South Framingham it is the intention to produce boilers which are equally perfect in detail and the system of work is essentially the same as that described in connection with the work at Amherst. In fact as the lives of large numbers of men and women depend upon the safety of the steam generators in use in factories, hotels and numberless other places in which they are used to develop heat or power, it is even more important that only the best materials should be used and that every joint, seam and rivet should be perfectly constructed to withstand the strain. These works are equipped with electric, hydraulic and pneumatic machines designed to produce boilers rapidly and with the highest degree of perfection.

It is a matter of considerable pride that Mr. Keyes, general manager of



MR. F. H. KEYES, GENERAL-MANAGER
FOR THE UNITED STATES

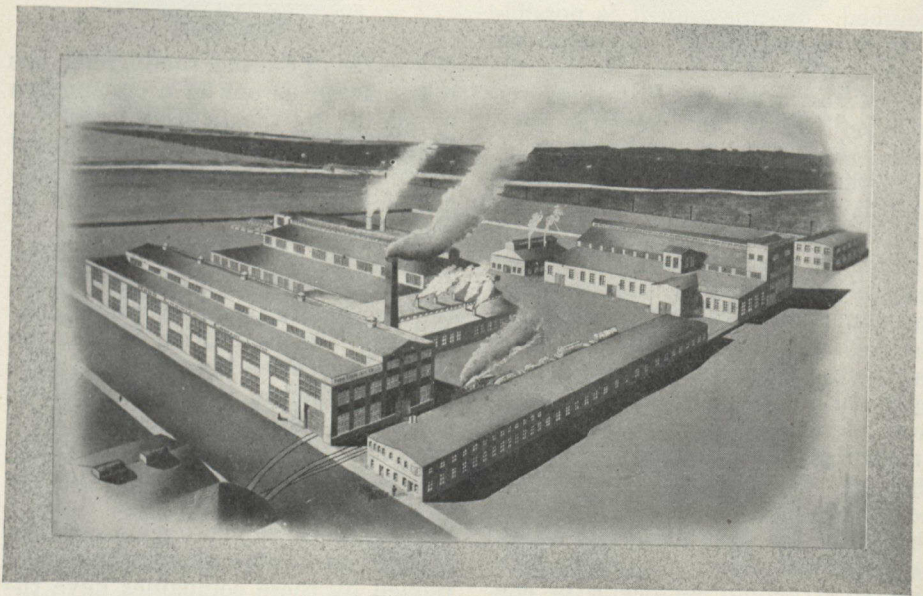
the works at South Framingham, has been chosen as one of a commission appointed by the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts to revise and formulate rules for the construction and inspection of steam boilers on scientific lines.

The ranks of employees of the Robb Companies are recruited mostly from the surrounding country, young men from the farms coming in, serving their apprenticeship and in some cases continuing in the same shops thereafter for the greater part of a life-time. The apprenticeship system practised is sufficiently rigid to exclude most of the applicants who are not likely to make good mechanics, and as a result the workmen employed by these companies have the appearance as a whole of being more than ordinarily intelligent and expert. Their conditions of work are excellent, light and air being first-class. Never in the history of the company has there been a strike, and that enviable record is no doubt due to the fact that the management

have regard for the biblical reminder that "the servant is worthy of his hire," interpreting it with enough elasticity to give the workman a share in the profits that result from diligence intelligently directed.

No attempt has been made to give a consecutive description of the works or of the various processes of manufacture, the intention being to give some idea of the system that resulted in the large business that is now enjoyed by the company and that resulted a few years ago in the invasion of the great field of the United States. Much more of interest might be written were space available to devote to the foundry,

the boiler works, the power houses, the store-rooms, the blacksmith shops and the pattern shops, which form interesting features of the works both at Amherst and South Framingham. But, doubtless, enough has been said or indicated to impress the reader with the fact that the success of the Robb Engineering Company is due in large measure to the increasing reverence that is shown towards economy and truth—economy in time and labor, and in truth with respect to the high standard set by this company for the various parts and processes required in the manufacture of high-grade machinery.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ROBB ENGINEERING COMPANY'S PLANT AT AMHERST, N.S.

Summer Diet

Summer diet needs a little care. Appetite is often capricious in hot weather. Tasty dishes are a necessity—but do not sacrifice nutrition in making fancy dishes. A little BOVRIL in gravies for roasts, or a few spoonfuls added to soups, canned meats, pork and beans or any made dish will both increase palatability and the nutritive value of the food.

A BOVRIL sandwich is easily made and is both dainty and feeding.

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

Vacation Time

is incomplete without a supply of

Snyder's most Delicious

Bonbons, Chocolates
and other unequalled
Candies

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The same care is exercised in the manufacture of all our Goods as in the purchase of **ONLY THE BEST MATERIALS** that enter into the same.

If camping do not forget a supply of our **COCOA** and **CAKE CHOCOLATES** if you want Purity and Quality

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Our Caramels Stand Unexcelled

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—especially adapted
to washing

Ducks
Linen
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Organdies
and all other
Wash Fabrics.



SUMMER EXERCISE
requires frequent washing of
many gowns — Don't wear
them out by destructive rub-
bing with soap and wash-
board.

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does more than soap can do
—WITHOUT RUBBING.
That's why the most delicate
wash fabrics last twice as long
when

Pearline Does the Washing

Smart Men Dressers

Our expert cleaning of waist-coats and suits is satisfactory to the most critical dressers. Spots are taken out, not covered up to re-appear. Pressing is skillfully done. Men's garments dyed. Let us show you what really expert work is.

R. PARKER & CO. CANADA'S GREATEST
DYERS and CLEANERS

TORONTO, CANADA

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA

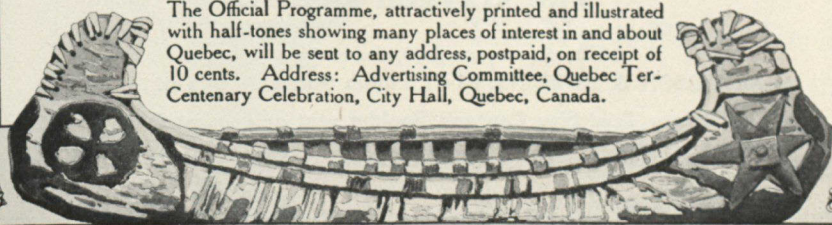


Quebec Ter-Centenary Celebration

JULY 20TH TO AUGUST 1ST, 1908.

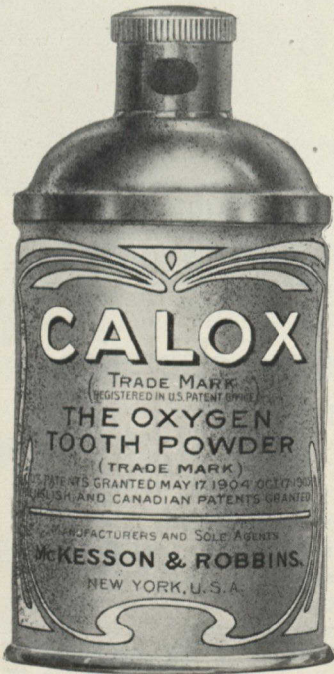
HISTORIC QUEBEC, the birthplace of Canada, will celebrate her 300th Anniversary this summer. It was in July, 1608, that Samuel de Champlain with his little company of thirty men first landed upon the narrow strip of land which lies beneath the natural fortress of Cape Diamond and took possession for, and in the name of, King Henry of Navarre. This and many other important events in the nation's history will be portrayed in a series of historical pageants. Heralds and Watchmen, costumed as in the period of Champlain, will patrol the streets proclaiming the opening of festivities. A grand review of the English, French and American fleets will take place in the harbor, and twenty thousand troops of all arms will be concentrated in the city. Athletic sports, regattas, balls and entertainments will also be features of the Celebration, and many distinguished visitors, foremost among whom may be mentioned H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, have consented to be present.

The Official Programme, attractively printed and illustrated with half-tones showing many places of interest in and about Quebec, will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address: Advertising Committee, Quebec Ter-Centenary Celebration, City Hall, Quebec, Canada.



CALOX

The Oxygen Tooth Powder



The eye and ear of a squirrel at thirty yards is mark enough for a good shot and a

Marlin

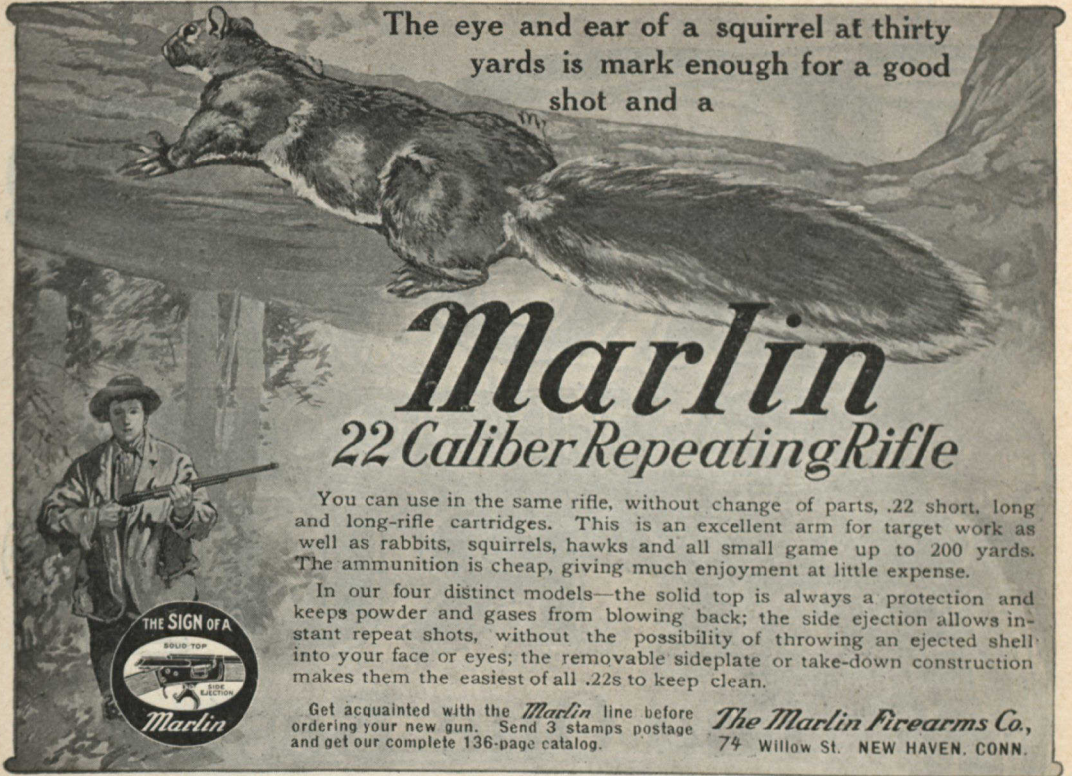
22 Caliber Repeating Rifle

You can use in the same rifle, without change of parts, .22 short, long and long-rifle cartridges. This is an excellent arm for target work as well as rabbits, squirrels, hawks and all small game up to 200 yards. The ammunition is cheap, giving much enjoyment at little expense.

In our four distinct models—the solid top is always a protection and keeps powder and gases from blowing back; the side ejection allows instant repeat shots, without the possibility of throwing an ejected shell into your face or eyes; the removable sideplate or take-down construction makes them the easiest of all .22s to keep clean.

Get acquainted with the *Marlin* line before ordering your new gun. Send 3 stamps postage and get our complete 136-page catalog.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
74 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



YOU only begin to realize the full power of music to charm and delight when listening to a skilled pianist on a

Karn Piano

Its wonderful art-tone and incomparable singing qualities make it a favorite with music lovers.

The **Karn Piano** has received the endorsement of musical critics throughout the Dominion.

THE KARN PIANO & ORGAN CO.

Woodstock Canada





EDWARDSBURG

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The One Best In Table Syrup

If you are responsible for the family food supply, you cannot be too careful of what you introduce into the house. For purity and quality "**Crown Brand Syrup**" is not surpassed and cannot be improved upon. It is rich in those elements that build tissue and produce strength; that is why it is so good for growing children. It is easily digestible, possesses a delicious flavor and improves everything with which it is eaten. In cooking its uses are manifold. For your convenience your dealer has it in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air tight tins with lift-off lids. Ask him to send you some.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd.

Established 1858

Works : CARDINAL, ONT.

Offices : MONTREAL and TORONTO

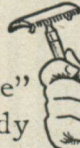
The "Gillette" is the only new idea in razors for over 400 years. It is absolutely safe in its work—uses a thin wafer blade with double edges, which may be adjusted for either a light or a close shave.

The "Gillette" is always ready—and you can shave yourself with it in from 3 to 5 minutes, at a cost of a fraction of a cent a day.

It is the ideal razor for young men and old men—for tender faces and wiry beards.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

OFFICE AND FACTORY - - MONTREAL. 17

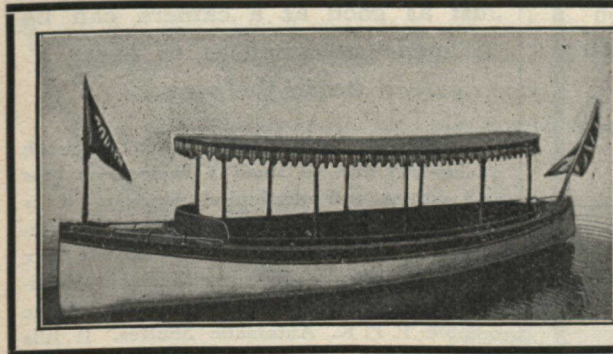


The Gillette Safety Razor consists of a triple silver plated Holder and 12 double edged flexible Blades, in velvet lined leather case. Price \$5—at all leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores.

Write or ask your dealer for free booklets. If he cannot supply you, write us.



Gillette Safety Razor
 NO STROPPING NO HONING



GIDLEY'S

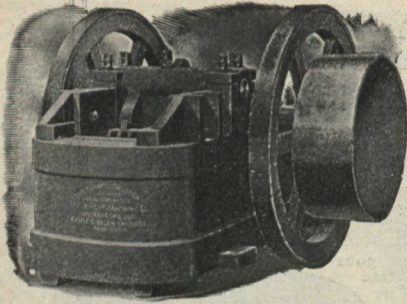
Gasoline Launches, Row Boats and Canoes take the lead. Intending purchasers of any of these goods should certainly correspond with us. Shipments made to all parts of Canada.

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"GURD'S" Ginger Ale "GURD'S" Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are "THE BEST"

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¶ The Farrel Bacon Style "B" Rock and Ore Crusher is recognized by authorities as the standard Jaw Crusher of the world.

We build it exclusively in Canada under Letters Patent.

¶ The construction is simple, the working parts being few in number and easy of access for renewal or repairs.

¶ It is built in 18 sizes, having capacities from the 7 x 10 size at 5 tons an hour up to the 48 x 36 size with a capacity of 200 tons an hour.

¶ This Crusher has enjoyed a wide sale all over the Dominion and is used extensively in Mining, General Contracting, Road Making and Railroad Construction.

¶ We invite correspondence and will cheerfully answer all enquiries.

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO. LIMITED

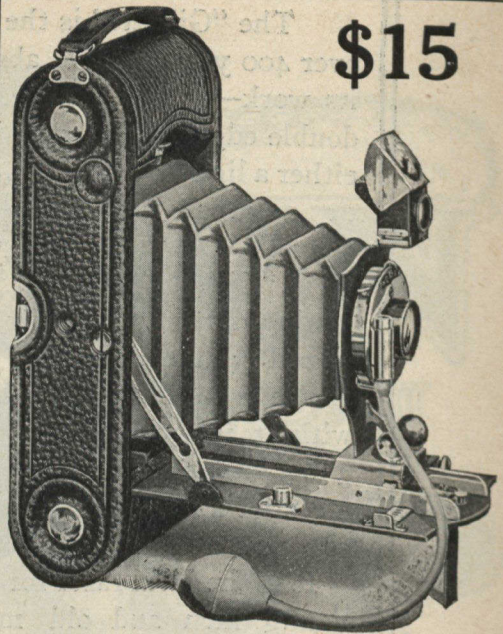
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Sherbrooke St. Catharines Rossland Vancouver
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Kindly Address Nearest Sales Office



\$15

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Just as good as a camera can be made—so small as to never be in the way.

There has never before been so much quality put into so small a camera—in lens and shutter and mechanical precision it is right. Makes the popular $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, the camera itself measuring but $2 \times 3\frac{3}{4} \times 8$ inches. Fitted with Rapid Rectilinear lenses having a speed of $f8$ and the reliable F. P. K. Automatic Shutter. It fills every requirement of those who demand a perfect combination of convenience and efficiency. Price \$15.00.

CANADIAN KODAK Co., Limited,

Catalog of Kodaks free
at the dealers or by mail.

Toronto, Can.

Williams' Shaving Stick

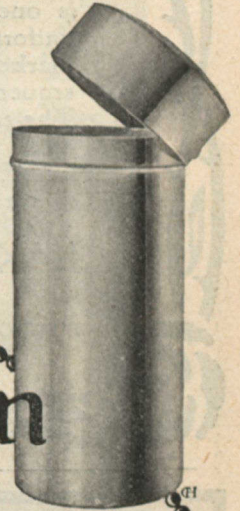
"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

A man's face is too conspicuous and too easily marred to risk the consequences of any shaving soap that is not as pure and soothing as a test of nearly seventy-five years has proven Williams' soap to be.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

A COMBINATION

that will add immensely to your summer's pleasure—Williams' Shaving Stick in the nickelled hinged-cover box and



Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

The pure, creamy, refreshing qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous are duplicated in Jersey Cream Soap for Toilet use. Price 15c.


A VACATION OFFER

As a means of quickly popularizing Jersey Cream Soap and as an inducement to try it thoroughly, we shall (for a limited time) pack with each four cakes of Jersey Cream Soap without extra charge, a handsome, nickelled, hinged-cover soap box. The soap is perfection. The box is a beauty and invaluable in traveling, camping, yachting or at home. Ask your druggist;

If he fails to supply you, send 60c. in stamps, and we will send the 4 cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address The J. B. Williams Company, Department A,
Glastonbury, Conn.





The care with which "Five
Roses" Flour is made

is one of the main factors responsible for its never varying uniformity and purity. We pride ourselves that no flour on the market is made with greater care than "Five Roses," and, in consequence, this brand is as near perfection as a flour can be made. The ease with which it can be used, the quality and tastiness of the bread made from it, is convincing proof of the important part CARE plays in the making of "Five Roses" Flour. Ask your grocer for a bag to-day.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., Ltd.

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Ganong's
Chocolates

"EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages.

G.B. VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE

GANONG BROS. LTD. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts
covered with a smooth rich chocolate

LOOK FOR THE "G.B." STAMP ON THE BOTTOM. IT IS ON EVERY "G.B." CHOCOLATE
GANONG BROS, LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

is the only sound-reproducing instrument with Edison's latest improvements. It has the clearest, strongest Records, the most durable reproducing point and the correctly shaped horn.

THE Edison Phonograph also offers a form of amusement which cannot be obtained in any other similar instrument, and that is the fun of making your own records. For a small additional expense you can obtain from your dealer a recorder and blank records, by which you can make your own records, and listen to the sound of your own voice and that of your friends. Many an evening's novel entertainment may be had in this way.



Thomas A. Edison

Ten Edison Records made by Mr. William Jennings Bryan

We have pleasure in announcing ten Edison Records made by Mr. Bryan at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, consisting of the best passages from his favorite speeches. Ready at all Edison stores this month. Ask your dealer. Besides the twenty-four Records in the regular list, the July Records contain five new Grand Opera selections by famous operatic stars. Hear them at the nearest Edison store on June 25th.

Ask your dealer or write to us for the new catalogue of Edison Phonographs, THE PHONOGRAM, describing each July Record in detail; and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, New Jersey

Men's "Victor" Boot

Style V.P. \$4.00



IF you ordered a pair of boots like the Victor V.P. from the New York Bootmaker who originated the style, he would charge you from \$5.00 to \$6.00 and then not give you footwear better in material detail than this VICTOR V. P. MODEL. The toe has a half-narrow shape, and widens gracefully on the outside. The sole is medium weight, with a custom extension. A Flexible and Brilliant Patent Colt, selected for its wearing qualities, is used in the vamp, dull matt calf Blucher top with rounded corners. Finest quality of duck linings, inside top-stays, back-stays and facings. Solid oak-bark-tanned sole leather, and heel. C. D. and E. widths, all sizes from 5 to 11 **4.00**

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

TORONTO

The Sideboard and the Silver

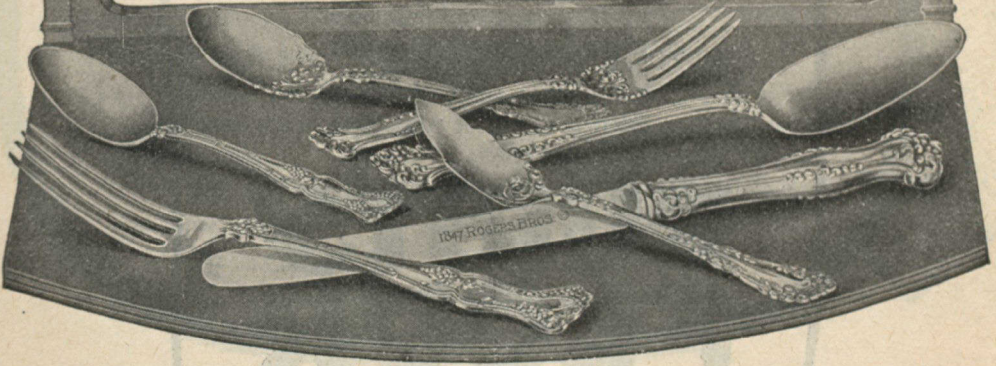
The sideboard should be stocked with the kind of silver that gives pleasure in its use and in its exhibition.

This grade of silver plate bears the trade mark

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

It is the kind which stays in the family through generations and is appreciated equally for its wearing quality and for its beauty. If there is occasion to purchase silver for a new home or at the time of replenishing, and you would secure "Silver Plate that Wears," insist upon "1847 ROGERS BROS." Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for our catalogue "35" showing all patterns.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Hamilton, Canada



ALWAYS
EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
ASK FOR
EDDY'S MATCHES

EDDY'S MATCHES have Hailed from Hull since 1851 — and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in EDDY'S MATCHES reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others. They are the Most Perfect Matches you ever Struck. Sold and Used Everywhere in Canada.

A NAME THAT MEANS SOMETHING

A flour of the finest quality which the choicest Manitoba Hard Wheat and the most expert milling can make; a flour that never fails to give satisfaction; a flour that enjoys the confidence of those who have tried it—that's

PURITY FLOUR

No one wants to eat anything but the best bread. Purity Flour wins its way by what it does—the best flour makes the best bread.

Try it to-day. Ask your grocer for Purity.

THIS IS
THE
LABEL



See that it
is on every
bag or barrel
you buy

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO.
LIMITED 749
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON

FREE A set of handsome picture post cards in relief, suitable for mailing, will be sent to any housewife absolutely free of charge, on request. Send a postal card with your address at once.

Address: Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited
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Tooke

COLLARS

These collars reach you a spotless white.
They're laundered in pure filtered water in the best
equipped laundry in Canada.

Positively no chemicals used to bleach or whiten the
materials.

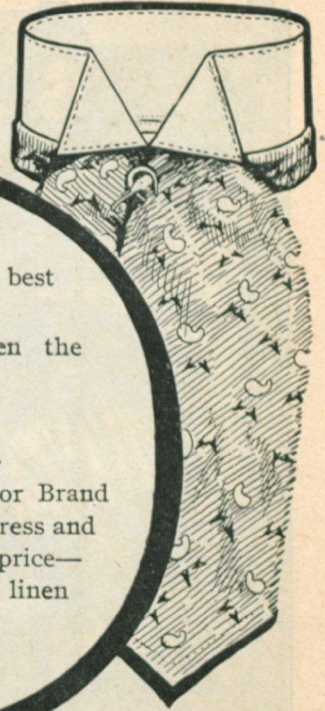
As a result Tooke Collars never become yellow.

They keep their snow-white appearance until worn out.

The "Maxim," illustrated here, is one of our Anchor Brand
wing collars—very popular. It is suitable for semi-dress and
business wear. Is the finest collar made for the price—
2 for 25c. Made in 4-ply with outside facing of linen
in sizes 14 to 18 and heights 2, 2¼ and 2½.

TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED

MONTREAL



CARLINGS

CELEBRATED
ALE, PORTER
and LAGER

NOTED FOR PURITY, BRILLIANCY AND
UNIFORMITY

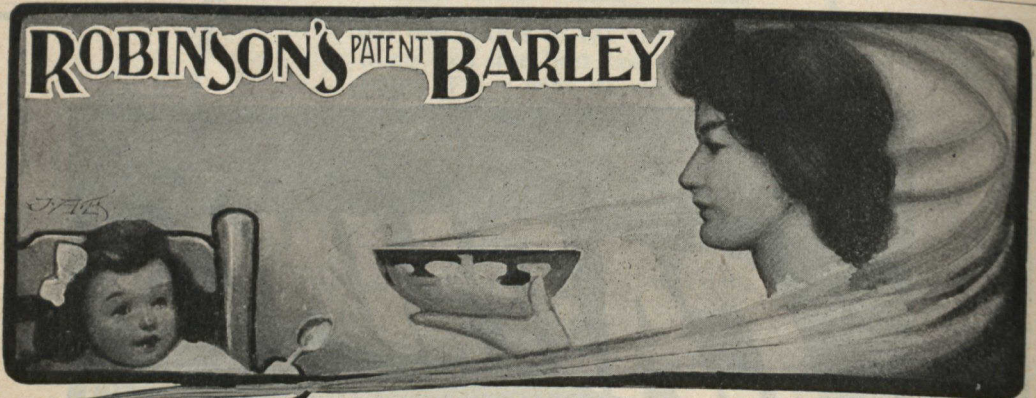


VICHY CÉLESTINS.

THERE is only one
Genuine "VICHY"
Water. It comes from
the *Celestins Spring*, which
is so highly prized for its
curative-properties in Kidney and
Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
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prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS

ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY



← FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS →



Robinson's Patent Barley

☞ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable prepara-
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milk easily digestible. ☞ But insist on having ROBINSON'S

FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

Singer Talks

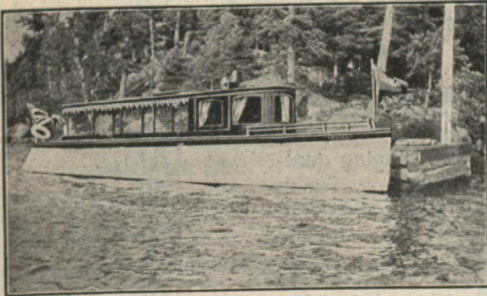
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- ☐ Did you ever consider what the thousandth of an inch might mean in the adjustment of the needle stroke on a sewing machine?
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- ☐ The makers of the Singer Sewing Machine enjoy a reputation vouched for by millions of Singer users all over the world.
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- ☐ The Singer Sewing Machine is built like a watch and runs like one.

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DISTINCTIVE because of its Tonal Beauty

THE wonderful resonant, singing quality of tone of the Mason & Risch Piano has won the approval of the great artists.

It is the piano for the home, because honest materials and careful workmanship ensure its long life.

It is the piano of the artist, because of its exclusive and distinctive combination of tonal and mechanical perfection.

We would like to send you our booklet, "Inside Information." It is worth writing for.



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What a Treat for a Business Man

after the work and worry of the day,
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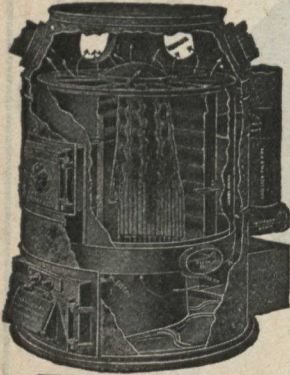


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TONGUE

None so carefully selected.
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These are the four features that make CLARK'S Ox Tongue famous and give it its delicious and appetizing flavor and palatability. : :

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Music

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Canadian cities are now coming to realize that they are entitled to an improved telephone service. Why should people continue for a generation to use out-of-date telephones and pay for out-of-date telephone service?

See page 59, Advertising Department, May number of the Canadian Magazine. **The world moves, why be annoyed longer by the "listening board"?**

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited

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Are Sure Signs of well Pleased Customers.

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Milton, Ont.

Dear Sirs,

I am mailing you, under separate cover, a photo of the "Buff Brick Mantel" I purchased from you through Messrs. Clark Bros. last summer.

As to appearance, I think the photo speaks for itself.

Should either the picture or my name be of any value to you in your advertising you are at liberty to use both, should you think fit.

Wishing you every success, I am, Dear Sirs,
Yours very truly,

W. M. Romans.

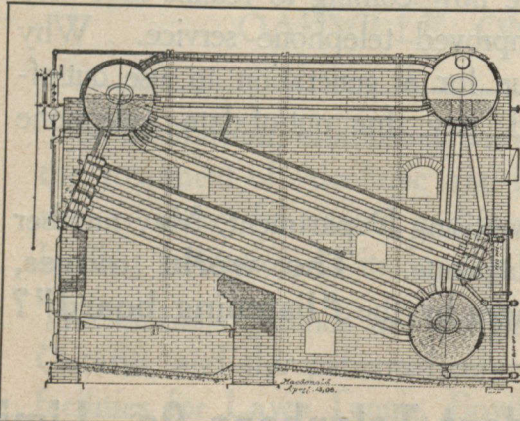
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 Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white.
 Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence.
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WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG
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Hartshorn Shade Rollers

Wood Rollers Bear the script name of
Tin Rollers Stewart Hartshorn on label.
 Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Stewart Hartshorn




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The box and wrapper are purposely made as cheaply as possible.

This enables us to use absolutely the highest quality materials and pure flower perfumes (from Grasse, France) and yet sell "Baby's Own" at a popular price.

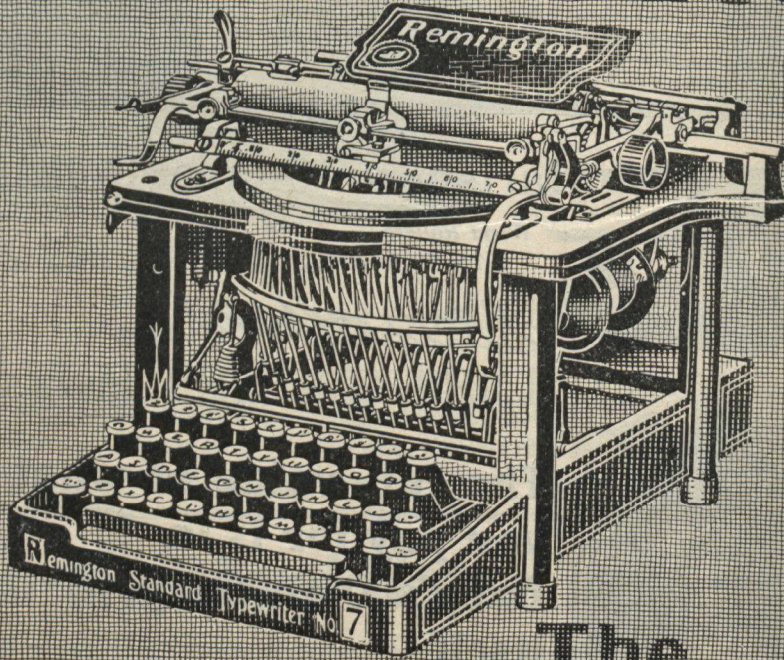
In "Baby's Own" you get a soap that can not be excelled—no matter what price you pay. Refuse substitutes, because "Baby's Own" is best for baby and best for you.

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Inseparable from it

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Purifies
 as well as
 Beautifies
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REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them,

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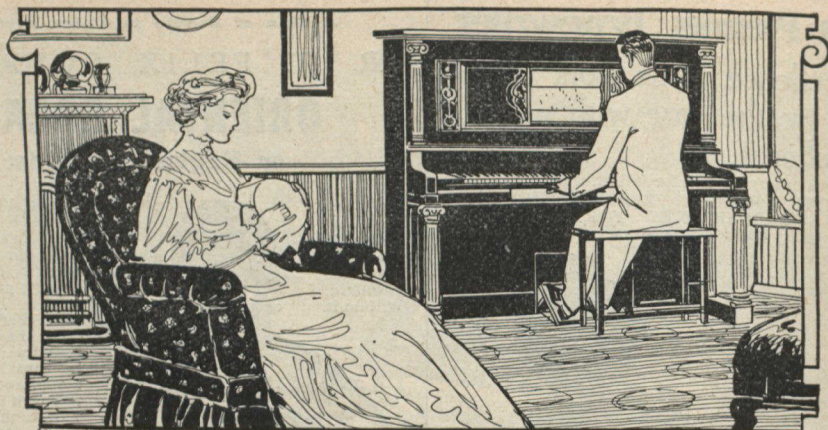
The salesbook entries are made on a long sheet, and are condensed, eliminating all waste space. Both sides of the sheet are utilized; disintegration columns may be added to the right of the total column upon the sales sheet, in which sales can be classified according to departments or ledgers.

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AND IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES



The Gourlay-Angelus Piano

Makes a Musician of its Possessor

The possession of a Gourlay-Angelus Piano brings to the person who does not play a piano in the ordinary way, the ability to play any music—the best of music—whenever desired.

The exclusive patented expression devices of the Gourlay-Angelus further enable anyone to play with a degree of artistic feeling and freedom from mechanical effect, only otherwise obtainable by hand-playing after years of patient study.

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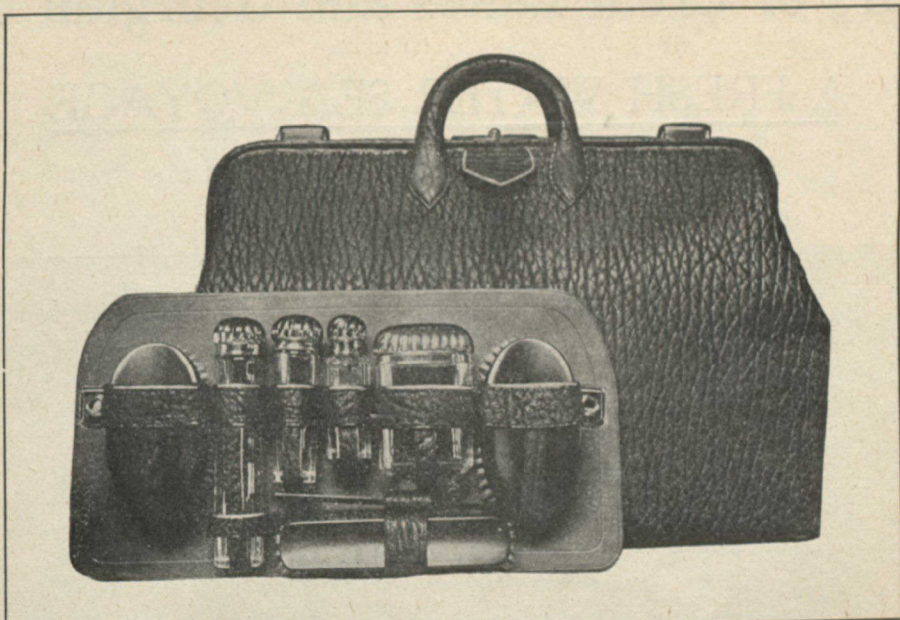
If you have listened to other player pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the playing of the Gourlay-Angelus.

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Made in Natural Grain Leather, All Sizes

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In Dull Black Real Sea Lion

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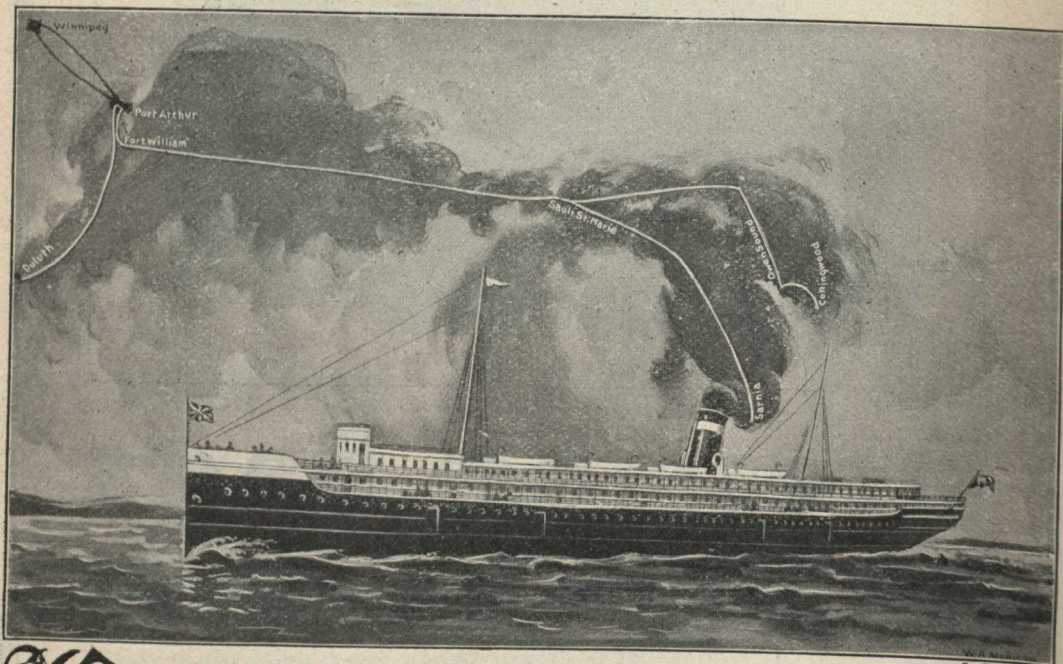
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**GRAND
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SYSTEM**

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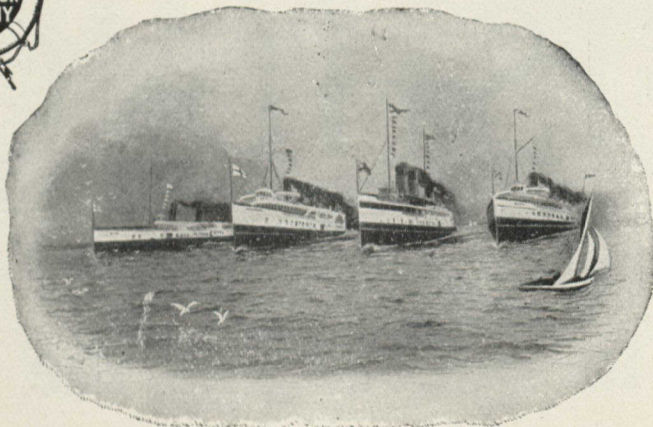
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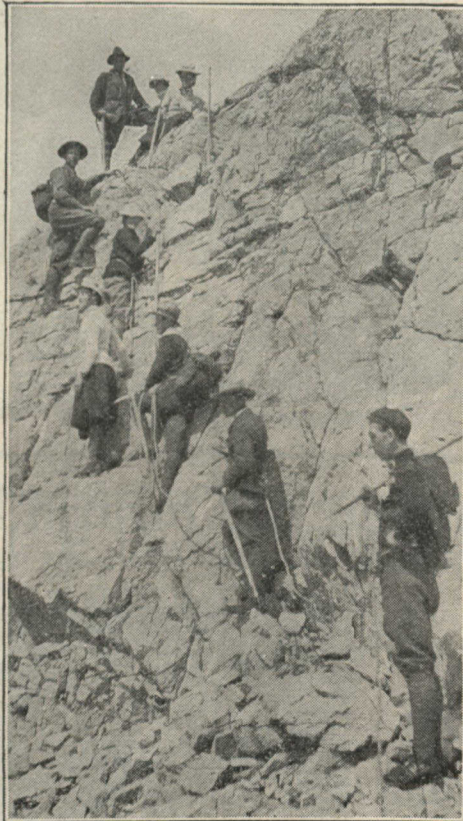
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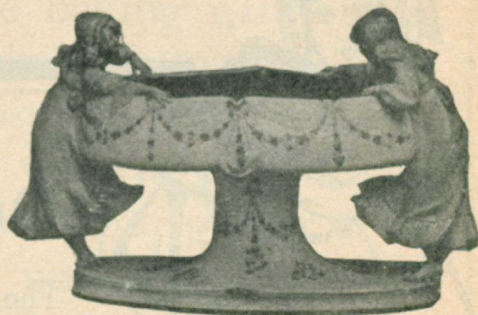
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FRAGRANT, REFRESHING
AND OF
PERENNIAL SWEETNESS.

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FLORIDA WATER

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF,
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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

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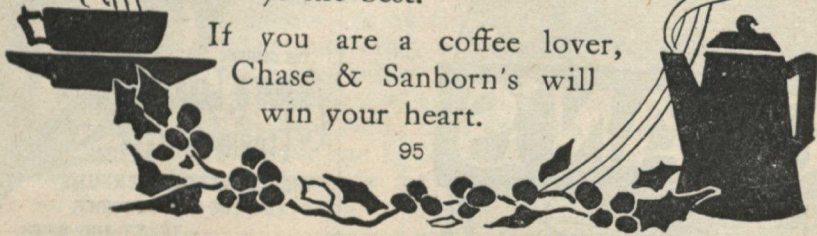
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HIGH GRADE COFFEE

Chase & Sanborn's delicious
Coffee is always the same and
always the best.

If you are a coffee lover,
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PURE Orange Marmalade

The Tonic qualities of
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The best Manitoba wheat,
the cleanest and most modern
mills, the most skilled millers
combine to give

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wives everywhere.
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Salt is as necessary as fresh air.

57% of the blood consists of it—
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Ask your Grocer



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At all druggists, 25c.

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To know that the Liquor Habit can be cured secretly at your home. Write us immediately for **RECIPE**
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Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and ge. free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (4)

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Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

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This will interest you



You know the trouble you have with the old style of Infant's Bands. Look at our *Infant's M Bands* illustrated and you will be convinced that these are the only satisfactory bands on the market. These bands are knitted. The narrow tapes running over the shoulder are sewed on, the wide woven tab to which the diaper is pinned is attached to these tapes front and back. *Knitted tabs stretch and tear*, these tapes and tabs will not, they hold the diaper in place and carry the weight to where it belongs, to the shoulder. These bands are made in fine cotton, fine wool and silk and wool.

Price 25c. and 50c.

At all first-class dry-goods stores

Manufactured only by
The
C. TURNBULL CO.
Limited
GALT - CANADA



SEALS—as well as moistens

any size envelope quickly, neatly and perfectly. Can also be used for stamps, labels, etc.



THE CONSTRUCTION

The Barrel is made of hard rubber and unscrews at the joint to be filled with water.

The Metal Dampener is made of solid brass so it can not rust; the roller of hard rubber. The moistener is filled with felt, which absorbs the water and keeps it just wet enough for immediate use.

One filling of the barrel will last several weeks.

You pass the felt over flap of the envelope, turn flap down and roll lightly over it, which seals to stay.

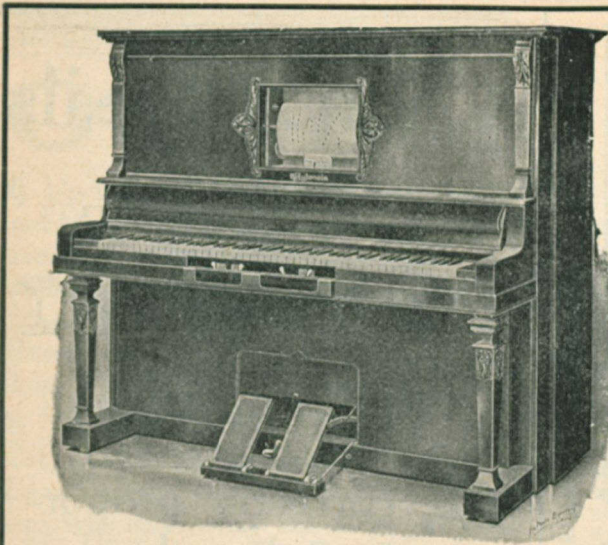
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The rubber Roller enables the user to seal the envelope perfectly, without the fingers (which are sometimes dirty) coming in contact with the envelope. It does the work neatly. It saves you that unpleasant taste.

You need one. Why not order it To-day? Money back if not entirely satisfied. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

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The Autonola is the modern instrument, the piano of the present and of the future, because it is of equal service to the accomplished artiste or to those who cannot play.

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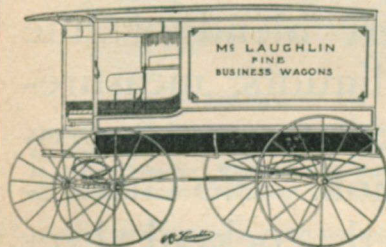
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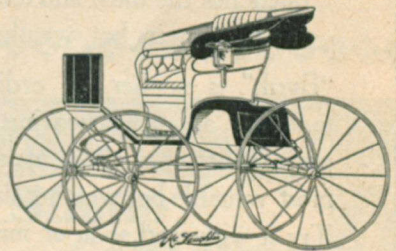
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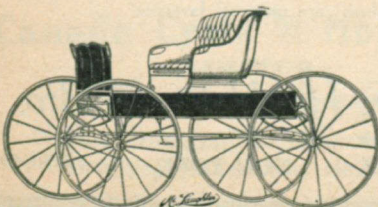


We make over
137
different types
and
sizes of Vehicles

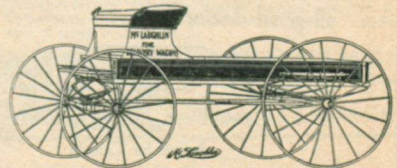


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"Byrrh" is neither an ordinary tonic nor an ordinary wine. Its permanent tonic effect makes it most valuable hot weather drink. Try it with iced soda or mineral water. It possesses qualities that no other wine has. As an appetizer it is unsurpassed.

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A Bottled Delight

A correctly proportioned cocktail is a drink as rare as it is delightful. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails—an expert blend of fine old liquors, measured to exact proportion. No chance-mixed cocktail ever made can duplicate their even, exquisite flavor.

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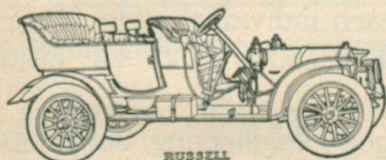
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On Tour

Up hill and down dale, 'long highways and by-ways, past green fields and country hamlets, through sand and mud, over corduroy and asphalt, in all kinds and conditions of climate and weather, behold the Russell Motor Car ever and always practising what we preach for it, "Reliability."

The Russell is the Pioneer Canadian Car not merely assembled, but built in Canada by a sound reputable Canadian firm, who make every individual part used in its construction. The Russell guarantee therefore covers not only the completed car but every minute and individual part used in its make-up. Low cost of maintenance is the bonus given with every Russell model.



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4—MODELS—4

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- Powerful and smooth running motor.
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- Powerful brakes; two sets on rear wheels.

Our Argument is Clinched by a Demonstration

Canada Cycle & Motor Co.
LIMITED

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THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP"



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THE ROYAL STAMP ALBUM

The latest and finest album published in the world. This beautiful album contains spaces for all postage stamps, including all stamps of King Edward issues. **Price \$2 00, \$3.00 and upwards.** Send for booklet and sample page.

Tercentenary Stamps Wanted

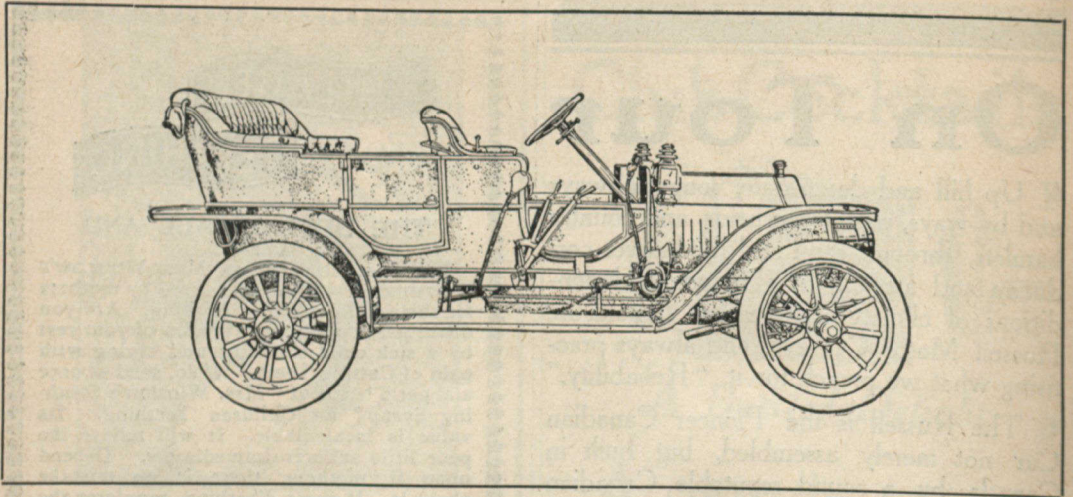
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The Oldsmobile line, including each individual style of car, represents all that is desirable in its class and is handsome inside and out.

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And the price, too; compare the Oldsmobile with cars costing half as much again and then buy the better car. If you follow this suggestion we can count on your order now.

1908 MODELS

Model "Z"	\$4,750.00	Touring Car
"M"	3,000.00	Touring Car
"MR"	3,000.00	Runabout
"A"	2,750.00	Touring Car
"T"	625.00	Runabout

Oldsmobile Company of Canada, Limited

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager.

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China Painters

Send 25c. for our handsome catalogue showing nearly 1000 designs of white china priced. Then send your orders in and get advantage of 20 per cent. discount sale now going on.

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**IF
I WERE
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call
"LADY CHARLOTTE"

Twenty Years of Floor Laying

have qualified us to advise as experts in this branch of house furnishing. Write for our catalogue of floor designs

ELLIOTT & SON
Manufacturers LIMITED
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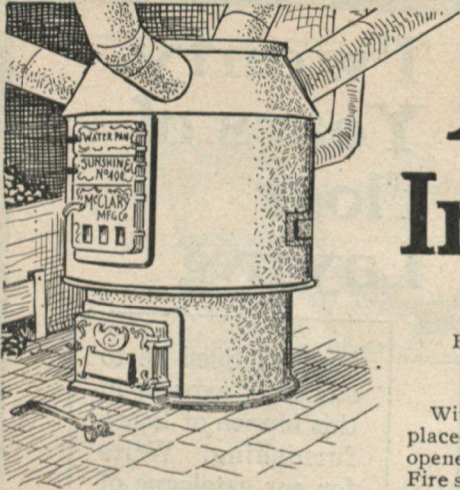
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CANADIAN PUBLISHERS, ——— TORONTO

A Story In Chapters



I.
Furnace properly and carefully installed.

II.

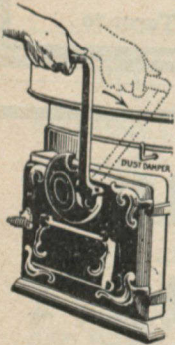
With great ease water is placed in water-pan, drafts opened and coal fire started. Fire soon burns up brightly, drafts are closed and check-

draft opened. Immediately heat-power begins to penetrate dome and radiator surrounding dome. The incoming cold air immediately receives the energy of this heat-power, and by natural law ascends up the hot-air pipes, thence to rooms. No gas escapes into cellar or rooms because there is an automatic gas damper providing for its escape up the chimney.



III.

In the morning a gentle rocking of the lever removes all ashes from grates. No dust in operator's face, for he first opened damper into dust-pipe leading from ash-pit, then direct draft at smoke-pipe entrance, and all dust passed up dust-pipe to dome, then out chimney.



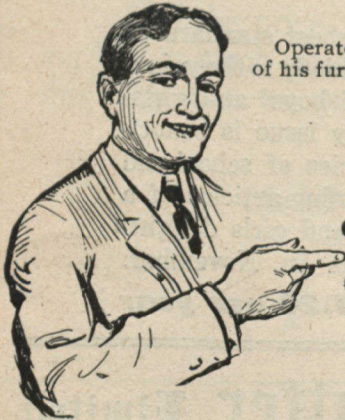
IV.

No need to shovel any ashes away. All nicely settled in ash pan ready to be quickly and easily removed from pit. On coming upstairs operator finds that he requires no whisking off, and his wife don't scold him for "making everything white."



IV.

Operator is delighted. When asked the name of his furnace, he proudly said,



Sunshine

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McCLARY'S

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B. Hamilton, Calgary

The Full Enjoyment of Fresh Fruit



The full enjoyment of fresh fruit comes to the person who knows enough to combine it with a food that is properly acted upon by the fruit acids, thereby promoting digestion and preventing stomach discomfort and bowel disorders. The ideal food for this purpose is

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

The shape of the biscuit and the porous nature of the shreds make it peculiarly adapted to combinations with all kinds of acid fruits, in season and out of season.

You do not know "The Joys of June" until you have eaten Shredded Wheat with strawberries and cream. Nothing so wholesome, healthful or nutritious in summer. Try it for dessert in place of soggy white flour short-cake and other pastries. Deliciously palatable and easily digested by the most delicate stomach.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest white wheat that grows, is cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest and cleanest food factory in the world.

"Its All in the Shreds"

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited

Toronto Office: 32 Church St.

Niagara Falls, N.Y.



Our new Cook Book
is sent free.



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Heavy Steel Plate Range

THE AVERAGE MAN—when buying a new Range is influenced a great deal by the appearance. In this respect the “Royal Souvenir” fills the eye, as it is symmetrical in outline and very handsomely nickelled.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN—after the new Range has been installed in the kitchen, takes over the duty of making a test of the baking qualities. This is where the “Royal Souvenir” shows to best advantage, as she will find it is easy to operate, and responds instantly to dampers and checks.

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The Best Dealers Sell “Souvenirs”

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The GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited, Hamilton, Canada

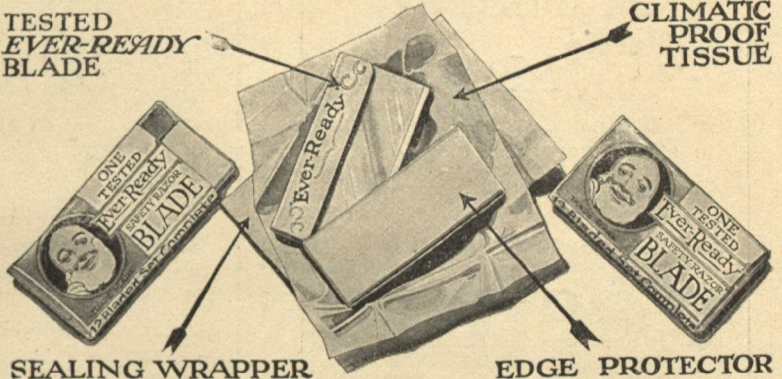
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NOTE the packing of each Ever-Ready blade. After the final test each blade is placed into a cardboard pocket that protects the edge from any exposure or dulling contact until opened ready for use. Each blade is then wrapped in rust-proof wax paper and sealed with an Ever-Ready wrapper. All this each blade must receive in order to guarantee factory perfection when it reaches you. Beware of blades exposed—that are continually handled by others and against which there can be no guarantee of keenness or cleanliness.

Ever-Ready blades are clean, sanitary and finest possible. 12 blades in dollar set or extra blades 12 for 75c. any time. Genuine bear trade mark face.

TESTED
EVER-READY
BLADE

CLIMATIC
PROOF
TISSUE



SEALING WRAPPER

EDGE PROTECTOR

Trade-Mark
— Face



There are twelve of these intensely sharp "Ever-Ready" blades in each dollar set together with handsomely nickeled safety frame handle and blade stropper, all in a fine case—one dollar.

We Repeat Our Guarantee

The new "Ever-Ready" 12-bladed Safety Razor will shave you best of all razors. This means \$5.00 ones that goes with lesser priced sorts without saying. This statement is made under pledge that your dollar will be refunded if you don't find the "Ever-Ready" what we claim.

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or else you can stop back the keen edge.

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'Ever-Ready' 12 Bladed \$ Safety Razor Complete

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to steady nerves, a clear brain
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TORONTO CANADA

Chocolates

Are of a uniformly superior quality
and flavour. The pure fruit is used
for flavouring the fruit centres
and the finest chocolate for cover-
ing them. Cleanliness
and skill in manufacture,
combined with the finest
ingredients, make Stewart's
the best.

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REQUIRES
NO HEATING OR
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Indelible and Harmless

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