PROTECTION AND CANADIAN PROSPERITY, by W. K. McNAUGH

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MARCH
1906

Vol. XXVI., No. 5

25 CENTS

PUBLISHED BY
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TORONTO, CANADA.

THE SEARCH FOR THE LOON—Illustrated . . By RONNYCASTLE D

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This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI. No. 5

CONTENTS, MARCH, 1906

$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, TORONTO.

Easter Features

AS is usual with this publication, the April number will be a special issue. While the attempt is made to have every number worthy and meritorious, the special number is intended to be a break in what might otherwise be monotony. ¶ There will be a special **Cover Design** in colours by A. H. Robson, a Canadian designer of considerable ability. ¶ There will be a series of full-page illustrations depicting striking scenes in the Life of **The Man of Nazareth,** as painted by the great artists. Among those who will be represented are Guido Reni, Cagliare, Rubens, Vandyck, Murillo, Roederstein, Munkaczy and Holman Hunt. ¶ As usual there will be a special article on Art. This month, the artist chosen is Frederick W. Challoner, a Canadian, who is now in the front rank as a painter of mural decorations and who has also done some excellent canvases. This will be specially illustrated. ¶ Another leading illustrated article will describe **The Orinoco,** that great river which flows through the centre of Venezuela and empties into the Atlantic just south of the Caribbean Sea. A Canadian traveller and writer, Mr. G. M. L. Brown, has recently visited this and other parts of South America. He has prepared several illustrated articles for readers of The Canadian Magazine, to appear during 1906. ¶ Of course, there will be **Short Stories.** One of these is an excellent tale from the pen of W. A. Fraser, the Canadian writer, who is said to have just closed a contract with a New York publisher for twelve short stories at $1,000 each. Another of Herman Whitaker's Western Canada stories will also appear. ¶ Among the heavier articles will be one on "The Farmers and the Tariff," by E. C. Drury, a farmer. This will be somewhat in the nature of a reply to Mr. McNaught's article in the present issue. ¶ Every item in the number will be by a Canadian writer, with the exception of Mrs. Praed's serial.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR POSTPAID

Buy better apparel this Spring—

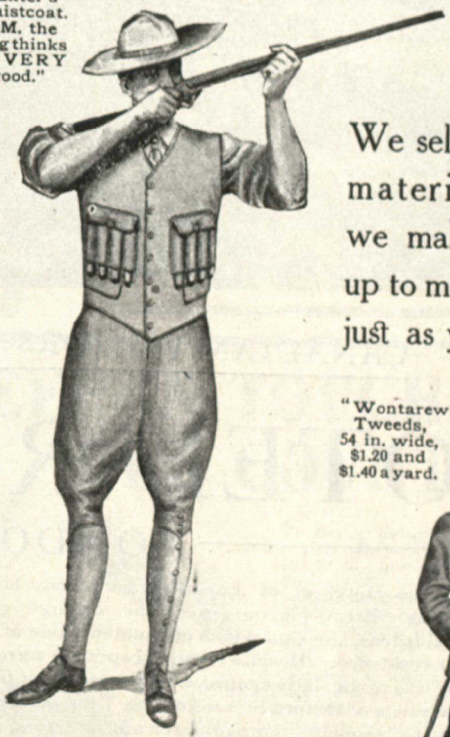
and yet pay no more than you meant to pay

"Old Country" Tweeds made to your measure.

From $8.40 complete. Skirts from $2.45. Ask for samples.

Anticipate your Spring needs in clothing, buy from this "Old Country" house and get *double* the *value* the money will buy in the Dominion. Even with the duty and carriage added, our values are *double value*—and our *guarantee* holds you safe.

Hunter's Waistcoat. H.M. the King thinks it "VERY good."



To measure, Waistcoat of BEST Khaki, $9.85. Breeches, ditto, from $4.10.

We sell you the materials—or we make them up to measure—just as you like.

"Wontarewilware" Tweeds, 54 in. wide, $1.20 and $1.40 a yard.

Boys' Full Suit to measure from $3.55 to $7.65. Men's Jacket Suit, ditto, $11.10.

Buy from us by mail any outer wear for man, woman or child—the three items pictured here are but typical of an immense variety. Send for our price list and samples—we gladly mail them postpaid. Describe your wants and let us show you the saving we can make for you. Buy either the materials in the piece, or made up—either way the advantage to you is literally *big*. Write *to-day* for price list and measuring forms—write *now*.

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Our great specialty—serges that WEAR LIKE IRON—this brand. Made in many weights and every modish and usual color. Ask for samples—you never saw such values.

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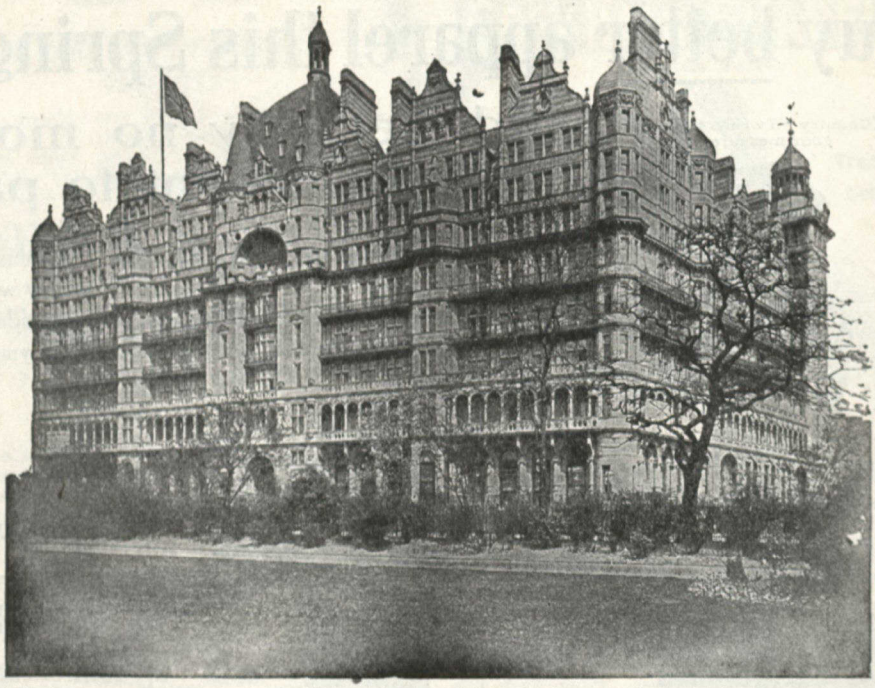


CANADIAN VISITORS TO ENGLAND

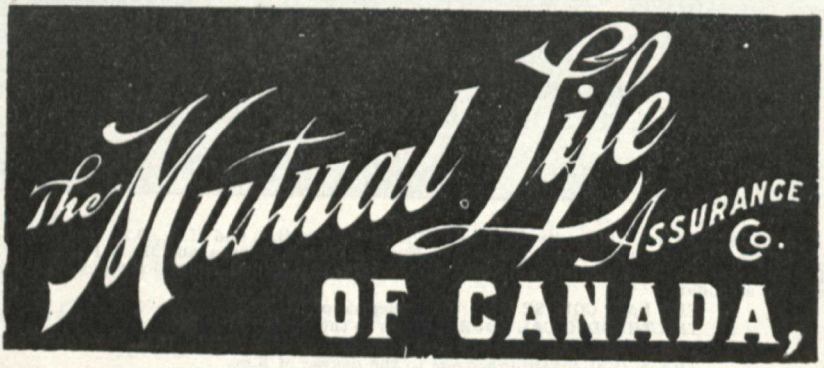
HOTEL RUSSELL

LONDON

One of the stateliest of London's sumptuous hotel palaces and favourite Canadian rendezvous. Erected upon gravel soil, on high ground overlooking historical Russell Square Gardens, the situation is undoubtedly one of the most healthy and airy in town for Summer residence. Despite these exceptional surroundings, the position of the Russell is none the less particularly central, being equidistant from the principal railway termini, within a few yards of Oxford Street and the Tube or Metropolitan Railways, convenient for all the principal shopping thoroughfares and theaters, and but a stone's throw of the British Museum and other points of interest. Internally, the Russell is notable for its magnificent marble effects, and the airiness which is characteristic of the exterior also pervades the inner side of the hotel. The Public Rooms, each with an individuality of its own, are furnished with a careful regard to tasteful elegance and comfort, all converging on to the spacious Winter Garden, the focusing point, as it were, of the social life of the place. This Winter Garden, or Palmarium, is the largest of any hotel in London, and here a celebrated orchestra performs daily. The modernity of the hotel vouches for the fact that it is replete with every convenience that human ingenuity has devised, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Hotel Russell spells the very last word in hotel construction, arrangement, situation and management. The Russell is one of the Frederick group, and was fitted, decorated and furnished by Maple & Co., of London and Paris.

A MAN MAY BE KNOWN

by the company he keeps, so, also, a Life Company may be known by the cardinal features of its business.



possesses in an eminent degree the following special cardinal features, or distinguishing characteristics, of a desirable Company in which to hold a policy:

MUTUAL on the Full Legal Reserve Plan;
CAREFUL in the Selection of Its Members;
PRUDENT in the Investment of Its Funds;
ECONOMICAL in Management Consistent with Efficiency;
PROGRESSIVE along Scientific and Popular Lines;
REASONABLE in Its Policy Terms and Conditions;
LIBERAL in Its Cash and Paid-up Values;
PROMPT in the Settlement of Its Claims; and
JUST, FAIR and HONORABLE in All Its Dealings.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

ROBERT MELVIN, PRESIDENT
A. HOSKIN, K.C., HON. JUSTICE BRITTON, } VICE-PRESIDENTS
GEO. WEGENAST, MANAGER
W. H. RIDDELL, SECRETARY

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Home Office, 112-118 King Street West, Toronto

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1905

December 30, 1904—		
To Net Ledger Assets		$5,945,362.62
December 30, 1905— RECEIPTS.		
To Cash for Premiums	$1,354,607.50	
" Cash on Investments, etc	294,941.46	
" Rent (less Taxes and all charges)	6,793.61	
" Profit on Securities	3,721.03	
" Special Deposit	3,790.53	
		1,663,854.13
		$7,609,216.75
December 30, 1905— DISBURSEMENTS.		
By Expenses	$ 144,622.32	
" Commissions, Expenses and Salaries to Agents	252,686.29	
" Payments for Death Claims	259,476.07	
" Matured Endowments	52,203.00	
" Surrendered Policies	37,769.31	
" Matured Investment Policies Surrendered	92,422.21	
" Dividends to Policy-holders	86,520.70	
" Annuitants	11,435.67	
" Interest on Guarantee Fund	6,000.00	
		943,135.57
		$6,666,081.18
December 30, 1905— ASSETS.		
By First Mortgages on Real Estate		$1,043,046.70
" Stocks, Bonds and Debentures (market value $4,387,699.71)		4,279,638.00
" Real Estate, including Company's Buildings (appraised value $213,417.76)		167,644.15
" Loans on Policies, etc		491,503.05
" Loans on Bonds and Stocks (nearly all on call)		595,277.00
" Cash in Banks and on hand		88,972.28
		$6,666,081.18
" Premiums outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection) (Reserve on same included in Liabilities.)		258,990.10
" Interest and Rents due and accrued		42,942.38
		$6,968,013.66
December 30, 1905— LIABILITIES.		
To Guarantee Fund		$ 60,000.00
" Assurance and Annuity Reserve Fund		6,247,767.69
" Death losses awaiting proofs		51,142.30
" Additional provision for expenses and other charges in connection with the business of 1905		10,000.00
" Half year's Interest Accrued on Guarantee Fund		3,000.00
" Dividends on Policies declared and unpaid		13,090.18
" Premiums paid in advance		1,593.30
" Interest on Policy Loans paid in advance		11,409.76
NET SURPLUS		**570,010.43**
		$6,968,013.66
New insurance issued during 1905 (gross)		$ 6,354,962
Insurance in force at end of 1905 (gross)		37,827,605

We have examined the Books, Documents and Vouchers representing the foregoing Statement and Balance Sheet, and also the securities in the latter, and certify to their correctness.

H. D. LOCKHART GORDON, F.C.A. (Can.)
JOHN H. YOUNG, F.C.A. (Can.) } Auditors

President—JOHN L. BLAIKIE.

Vice-Presidents—Hon. SIR W. R. MEREDITH, LL.D.; E. GURNEY, Esq.

Directors—Hon. SIR J. R. GOWAN, K.C.M.G., LL.D., K.C.; M. J. HANEY, Esq.; J. K. OSBORNE, Esq.; Lieut.-Col. D. McCRAE, Guelph; JOHN N. LAKE, Esq.; W. K. GEORGE, Esq.; J. D. THORBURN, M.D., Medical Director.

Secretary—W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B. Managing Director, L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A.

T. G. McCONKEY, Superintendent of Agencies.

The Annual Report, showing marked proofs of the continued progress and solid position of the Company, and containing a list of the securities held, and also those upon which the Company has made collateral loans, will be sent in due course to each policyholder.

$200.00

Given Free in Gold Prizes

GRAND EDUCATIONAL CONTEST

We offer $200.00 in gold to those sending in the largest list of correct words made from the twelve different letters used in spelling the four words

Armour's Extract of Beef

$100.00 in gold will be given as the first prize.
$25.00 in gold will be given as the second prize.
$10.00 in gold will be given as the third prize.
$5.00 in gold will be given to each of the next five.
$2.00 will be given to each of the next twenty.

CONDITIONS

Use only the following 12 letters:—A-R-M-O-U-S—E-X-T-C—F-B. No letter to appear in the same word twice.

Only such words may be used as are found in Webster's International Dictionary.

No proper names, foreign words or names of persons, towns or places are to be used.

Words spelled the same, but having different meanings, may be used but once.

All contestants must attach to their lists a metal cap taken from a jar of "Armour's Extract of Beef." Failure to do this puts the list out of competition.

The names of the winners of these prizes will be determined by judges whom we shall appoint.

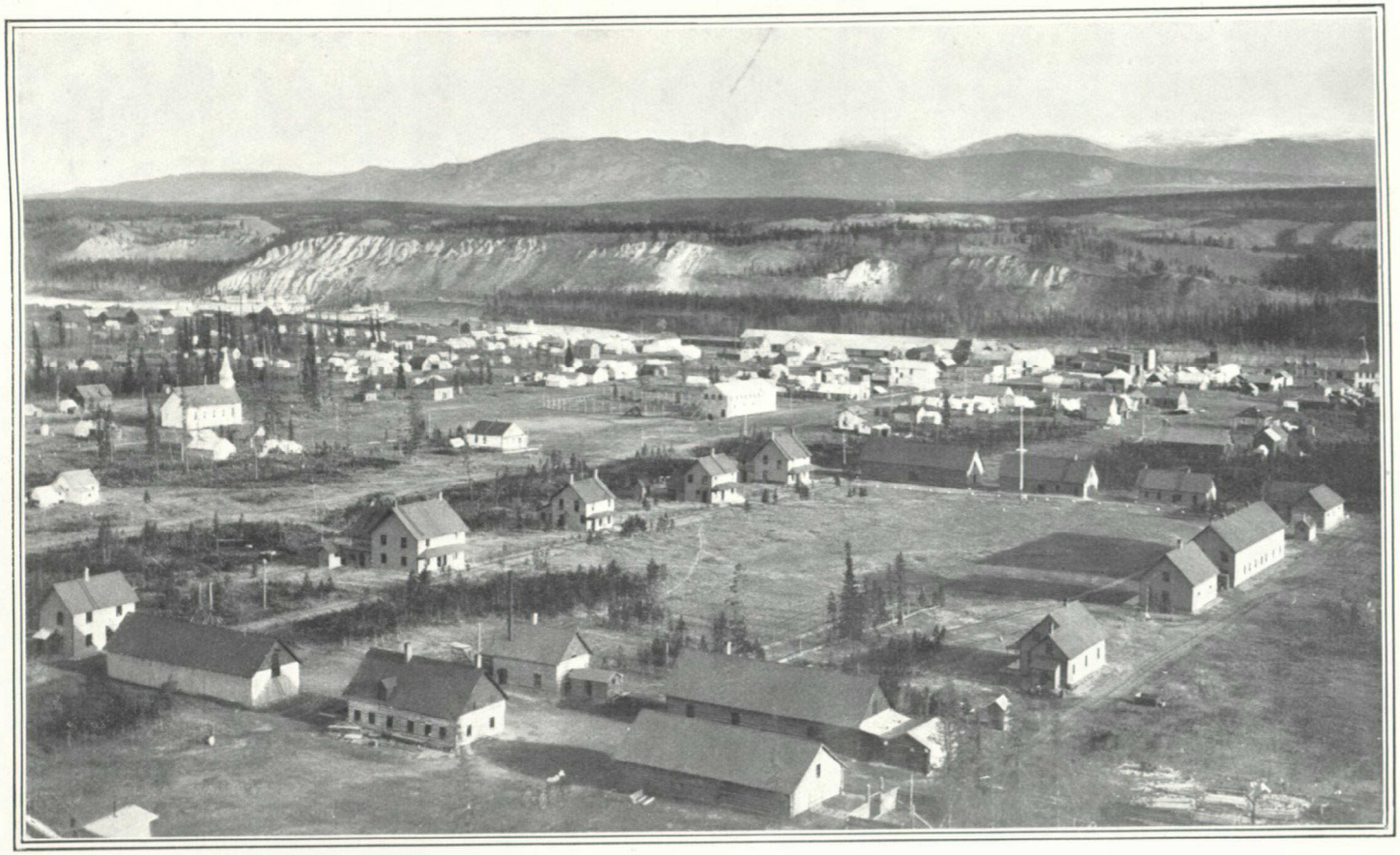
No list will be accepted that reaches our office later than 5 o'clock, April 30th, 1906.

Write only on one side of the paper. After making out your list, state the number of words it contains, with your full name and address at the top of each piece of paper and mark on the outside of the envelope "Educational Contest Department," and mail to our address as below.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF is sold by all druggists and grocers. If yours cannot or will not supply you, a small jar will be mailed you, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps.

ARMOUR LIMITED

JARVIS ST., TORONTO, CANADA



THE TOWN OF WHITEHORSE, YUKON TERRITORY

Showing the Mounted Police Barracks in the foreground

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
VOL. XXVI TORONTO, MARCH, 1906 No. 5

The Guardians of the North

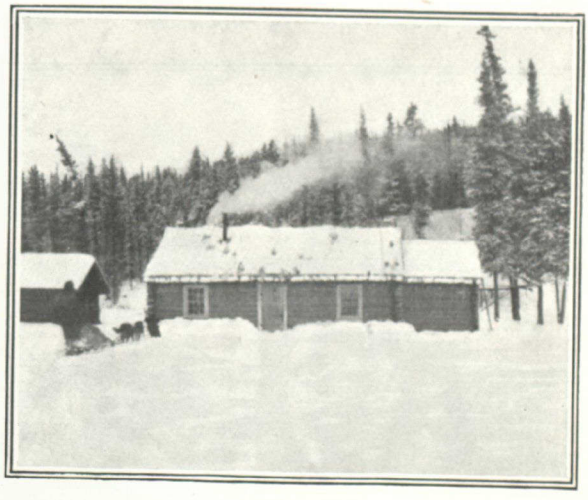
By H. A. CODY

THE Royal North-West Mounted Police! What magic lies in that title! What visions rise before the mind of lonely detachments, long bleak trails, deeds of heroism, perpetual watchfulness, unswerving devotion, and loyalty to the Sovereign of the Realm!

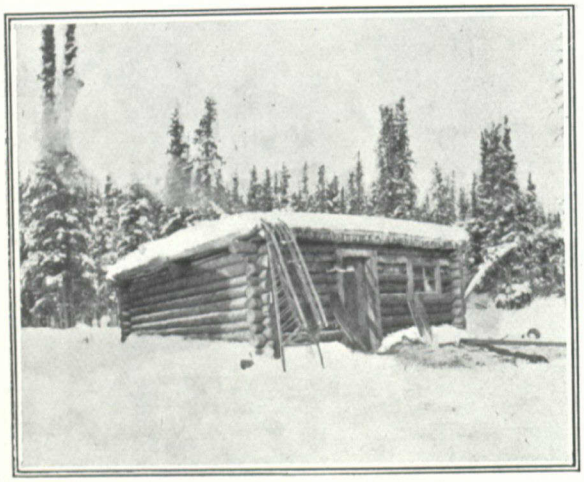
As the train climbs the famous White Pass summit, drawn by four snorting engines, one catches the first glimpse of the flags of two nations floating calmly side by side; the Stars and Stripes, and that of the clustered crosses. Once in Canadian territory there enters the car a uniformed person, who in a quiet and gentlemanly manner performs his official duty of examining the baggage, and one has the first glimpse of a guardian of the north.

That first meeting is but typical of what one must expect in the Yukon Territory, for go where you will it is impossible to escape this wonderful body of men. Go to Tagish on the Six Mile, one of the headwaters of the Yukon, and you will find a number of tumbled-down log buildings; go farther still down that mighty river and other deserted houses in most lonely places will be seen. These desolate ruins once throbbed with life and energy, the nerve centres of the Mounted Police in the early days of the settling of this country, when thousands of persons poured into the Yukon Territory, lured by the exciting tales of the gleaming gold. The Yukon River was the great highway of traffic, and as the living stream moved by summer and winter, ever watchful eyes from some detachment noted the procession, willing hands were ready to uplift some weary wayfarer and chafe his poor numbed body; active feet were always in readiness to track a miscreant and bring him to justice. Only on the final day of account will it be known how many lives were saved, how many bands of lawless men held in check, and how much good done by that little body of men.

That was several years ago, and since then changes have taken place. Now there are two great nerve centres, Dawson and Whitehorse, and more men, over two hundred in all. As the telegraph operator feels the beat of a city's pulse



THE POLICE QUARTERS AT LIVINGSTONE CREEK, SEVENTY MILES FROM WHITEHORSE



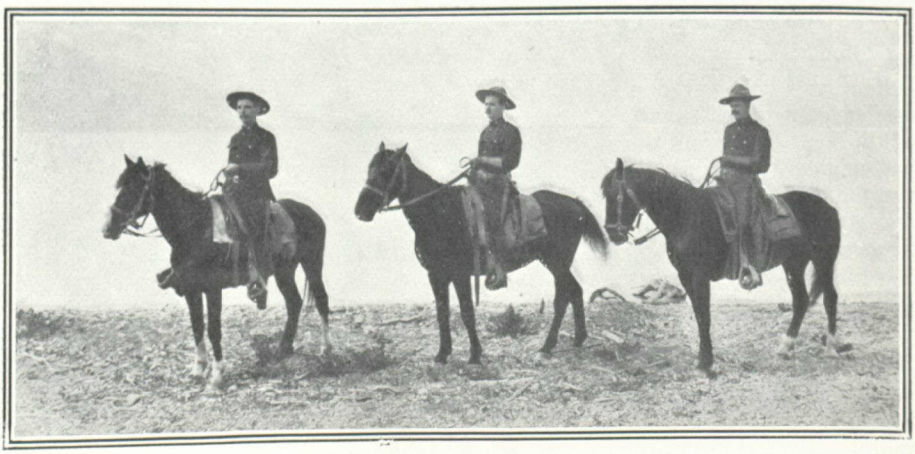
A LONELY PATROL HOUSE AT LOWER LE BERGE, YUKON

many miles away, so the commanding officer at headquarters knows the trend of events in the most remote portion of his huge district.

Not only does the Government telegraph line along the river render invaluable service, but the patrol system on the various creeks and trails is a mighty force in preserving order. On the great stage road between Dawson and Whitehorse, a distance of three hundred and twenty miles, the traveller feels as safe as driving along some quiet village road in Eastern Canada. A "hold-up" is an unknown event, for every twenty-two miles the Union Jack is seen floating from some log hut sheltering a police detachment.

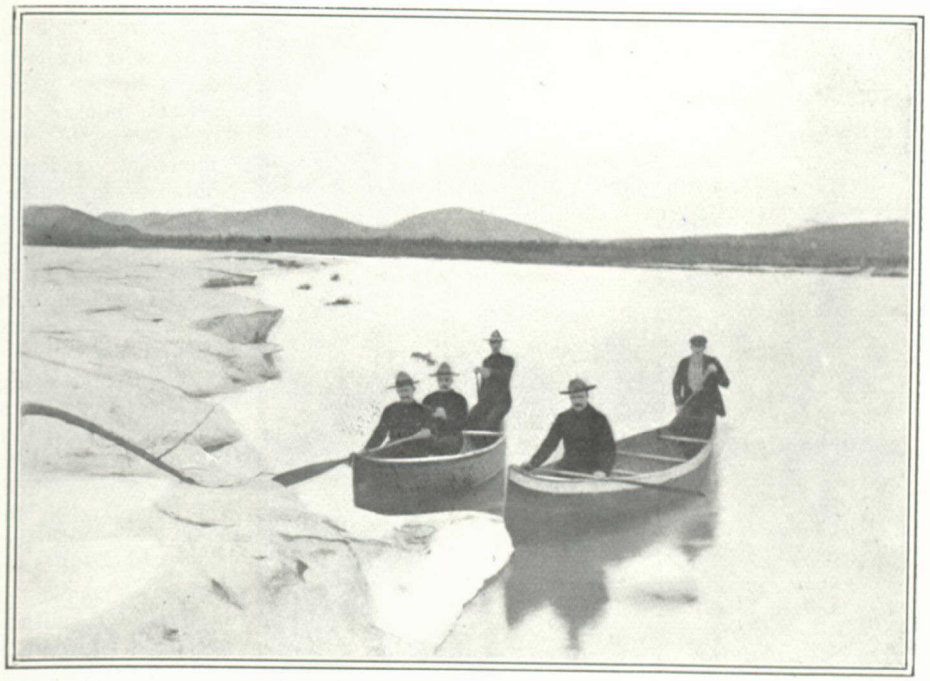
Murders have been committed, but no sleuth-hound ever followed the scent more thoroughly than do the Mounted Police run to earth a criminal. As evidence of this there was the famous O'Brien murder on the Yukon River a few years ago. With practically no clue, excepting the fact that the murdered men were missing, the Police wove a network of evidence around the guilty man with all the shrewdness and relentlessness of a "Sherlock Holmes."

Nothing is overlooked. If a man start down the river in a small boat, that craft must be numbered and registered, together with the name of the occupant. Let a miner's caché be stolen, diligent search will be made for it and vengeance falls upon the thief. But there are exceptions when punishment is not meted out, as the following example will show. Last winter the writer, travelling with a dog team and Indian guide, was forced to caché tent, clothing and some dog food up a large tree. The police at the nearest detachment were notified and asked to watch the goods. Towards spring, word arrived that the caché had



ON THE SHORES OF LAKE KLUANE

Patrolling the trails and mining creeks of the north



PATROLLING THE YUKON RIVER

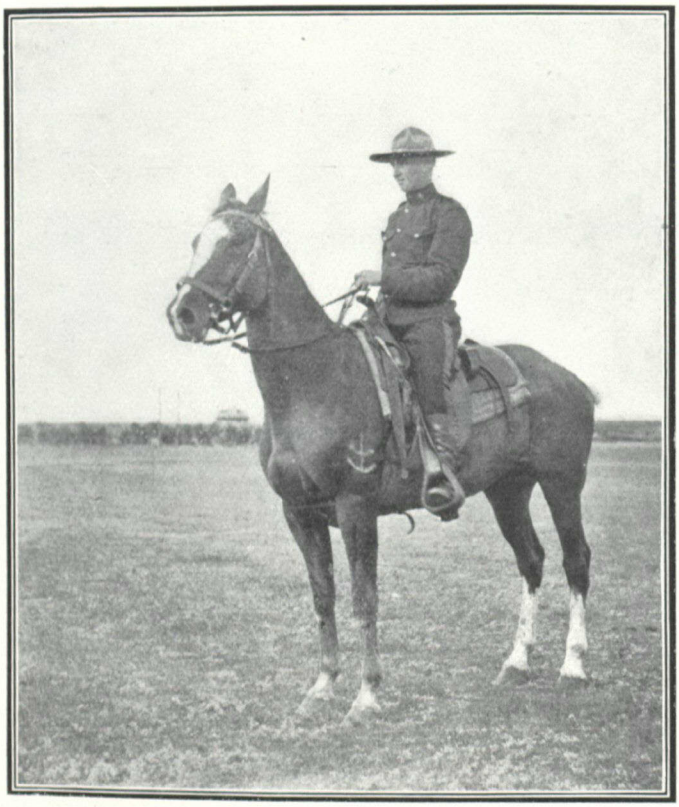
been stolen, and it was supposed that Indians had carried it away. After diligent search it was found some distance from the tree, all torn to pieces by bears in their efforts to obtain the dog food.

There are two penitentiaries, one at Dawson, the other at Whitehorse, and during the year 1904 ten convict and ninety-one common jail prisoners were sentenced to terms in the institutions at these places. All convicts who have over two years to serve are sent, shortly after sentence, to the British Columbia penitentiary at New Westminster. Considering the many criminals who naturally drift into a mining country, the number of crimes is comparatively small.

In a country such as this there is at times much suffering by men along the trail and in the various mining creeks, owing to exposures and accidents. But let a man meet with a mishap and no Red Cross Society is more self-sacrificing and urgent in carrying relief than are the Mounted Police. Many a thrilling tale could be told of the manner in which sick and wounded men, whites and Indians alike, have been brought into the hospitals over painful trails, through mountain passes, and down swift and dangerous rivers.

Recently a wood chopper, a Russian Jew, who lived in a lonely place, was accidentally killed. As soon as word reached Whitehorse, a Police Surgeon with a Constable dropped down the river in a small open boat, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles, and made a thorough investigation of the case, and buried the dead man. This was no small undertaking, for the trip was made at a season when the river was liable to freeze at any time and leave the men stranded in some lonely place.

Not only in reference to justice are the Police very active, but their duties elsewhere are multifarious. Much work is devoted to the Department of the Interior, especially in connection with the enforcement of the export tax of two and one-half per cent. on gold dust. To perform this work effectively, Constables are detailed, and women are employed at Dawson and Whitehorse to search every passenger leaving the Territory. As the train starts from Whitehorse for Skag-



THE POLICEMAN AS HE APPEARS AT HEADQUARTERS IN REGINA

way, the men are placed in one car and each is carefully searched by a Constable; whilst the females, in a car by themselves, are examined by a woman in the Police service. The same system is carried out on boats leaving Dawson for the Lower Yukon. At times gold is found and the whole confiscated. Wonderful it is to learn of the various ways some conceal the dust upon their persons in seeking to evade the law, and the intense indignation exhibited when detected. Many amusing incidents occur in connection with this examination, and the position of the officials who perform their duty is by no means enviable. It is estimated that the value of the gold dust upon which export tax was paid between January 1 and October 31, 1904, amounted at $16 per ounce to the sum of $9,932,474.48.

The carrying of mails to many of the mining creeks falls to the lot of the Police, and were it not for the service thus rendered by the patrol system, thousands of men scattered over the country at lonely outposts in mining and wood camps, would be shut off for months at a time from communication with the great outside world.

The work of the Inquiry Department in this country is by no means slight. Every year hundreds of letters reach the Police from all parts of the world from anxious people in reference to missing relatives and friends. So thoroughly are the people known who come over the White Pass summit that at times information is given at once. One Superintendent reports that out of two hundred and fifty-four inquiries made for missing people, information was supplied in one hundred and three cases.

The Indians are also carefully looked after, and to the sick and needy clothes and rations are given out. Great discretion is shown in connection with this work, for many Indians are indigent and will make little effort to support themselves even when work is offered. The Assistant Commissioner of the Yukon Territory last year had a census taken by the various detachments of the Indians in their immediate vicinity and the total number of men, women and children was seven hundred and ninety. In several localities Indians are enrolled as Constables and most efficient work they do. A short time ago one was employed on the Dalton Trail, and having met with an accidental death, was spoken of most highly by the Assistant Commissioner.

His grave was graced with a neat paling, which is to-day the admiration of the natives for miles around.

But it is not *all* work in the force, for there are times of well-merited leisure, and many are the amusements indulged in. To those fond of reading a splendid library is furnished by all the men contributing a portion of their monthly pay. Many of the leading magazines are taken. This reading matter is not confined to headquarters alone, but by the patrol, books and magazines are regularly circulated over all the districts, and the most lonely detachments are well stocked with books, magazines and papers. The latter may be weeks and sometimes several months old, yet they are appreciated.

Then for the men at headquarters during the winter season there are various sports, such as tobogganing, skating and curling. The civilians are greatly indebted to the Police for many of their amusements during the long northern winter evenings. At Whitehorse a splendid skating rink was made last winter, the men voluntarily contributing of their time and money. Then when everything was ready, invitations were issued and the rink thrown open to the people of the town three nights in the week.

And thus the steady life flows on, work and pleasure combined. The time may come when the Mounted Police will not be needed to patrol Canada's frontiers, but as long as history remains they will be spoken of as an exceptional body of men whom King Edward the Seventh delighted to honour, in adding the title of "Royal" to these guardians of our land, the North-West Mounted Police.

A Canadian View of European Affairs

By WILLIAM H. INGRAM

THE recent crisis in the French Cabinet caused by the dramatic resignation of Maurice Berteaux, Minister of War, is now an incident of the past, yet the underlying reason for it may safely be taken as the definite attitude of the France of to-day. Premier Rouvier had endeavoured to prolong his tenure of office by accepting the support temporarily extended to him by members of the centre or moderate republicans who have remained for many years in opposition, thereby losing the confidence of his own socialist and radical-socialist majority. Now, as the Chamber of Deputies is essentially radical, not to mention the country, it can readily be seen that the power of the Premier will be, as an obvious resultant, ephemeral, and that the very near future will witness his defeat.

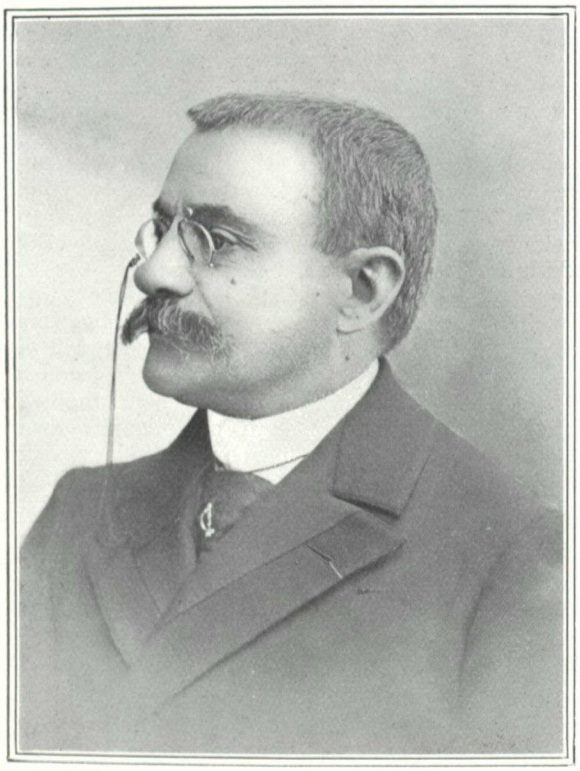
In all this the equation is purely personal. It is not a question of government or party, but of an individual. The French Cabinet of to-day is just as radical as will be the government of to-morrow. But the leader of the present is an opportunist of that school which Gambetta so happily inaugurated, yet which will not meet the unequivocal demands of the modern political party.

M. Rouvier, in fact, may be compared to the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour. Both are disciples of Gambetta, and both can be said to resemble the man on the street who hails a passing cabby and demands if he is free. "Mais oui, Monsieur," replies cabby, to which M.O.T.S. is sure to respond "Vive la Liberté."

The Prime Minister, accordingly, although nominally the leader of the radical majority, does not lead it. On the contrary he is led by it; so much so, that as soon as the Separation Bill is passed by the Senate* he will be left behind, having played well his small part, for which he will receive the grateful thanks of the French nation.

But what is the attitude of M. Rouvier's or the socialist group which consti-

*The Bill was passed by the Senate Dec. 6, by 181 votes to 102.



M. DELCASSÉ
Lately Minister of Foreign Affairs, France

tute the dominant power of France? Before examining it, however, it may be well to note that for the first time in the history of a European Parliament the socialists of France have become the government party. This has been brought about by a steady process of evolution inaugurated in June, 1899, when the late Waldeck-Rousseau gave the portfolio of commerce to M. Millerand, the socialist, in order to propitiate the latter's party and thereby form the famous "bloc" of republicans. From that critical juncture the socialists have gone forward without a militant break. They have judged affairs from the standpoint of the governing rather than the governed; they have considered themselves as one with the government instead of at twos or threes in an impotent opposition. Thus they have adopted even as they have formulated the policy which has made France the cynosure of all eyes in the continental politics of to-day.

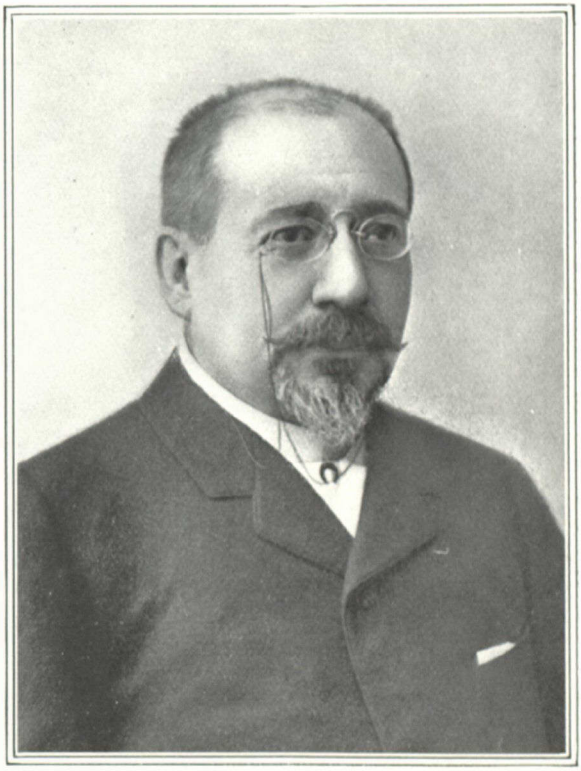
This unanimity has been brought about largely by the single idea which has inspired the socialists during the last seven years. That idea was embodied in the Association Act just as it is the controlling principle of the Separation Bill. Until that bill is passed the socialists, and for that matter all France, are one. France in fact is marching forward to the accomplishment of one grand thought, the separation of the Church and the State.

From the above it can be seen that the prevailing policy of France is domestic. Such is not the case, however, with Germany. In the former country the attention of the political world is focused upon the Chamber of Deputies, whereas in the latter, as well as beyond the frontier, all eyes are directed towards William II. The Emperor has been accused of many things, but in none has he lacked the courage of his convictions or—in some cases—of his bad taste. But, notwithstanding this defect or virtue, whichever it may be, he is one of the most successful factors in securing for Germany that commercial supremacy which, perhaps, only a European can fully appreciate.

To ensure that supremacy His Majesty inaugurated a foreign policy which had its inception in 1887, when he declared that henceforth the German marine must equal, if not surpass, all those of the minor powers; and ten years later he encouraged the formation of the German Navy League, which has been the model for other nations, and notably for the United States. With this as a preface, the present policy of Germany can now best be indicated by quoting her naval programme which stands as a warning of her intentions: twenty-two battleships by

1907, but thirty-eight by 1917, not to mention twenty first-class and thirty-eight second-class cruisers. It was with this marine budget before him that William II virtually asked France lately, through the Morocco incident, whether in case of an Anglo-German war, she would be England's ally or preserve a strict neutrality. To this no answer was necessary either from France or from England. Likewise the interference of England in a Franco-German conflict is now a diplomatic axiom.

But Germany was of the opinion at the time that the resignation of M. Delcassé, the former Foreign Minister, would bring about a rupture in the Anglo-French entente. She even went so far as to believe that France could be forced into a Franco-German understanding, but that required too strong a swing of the pendulum of French opinion, although for a time it was a mooted possibility. Germany, however, played too boldly, and as a penalty for her rashness lost what she was so ardently striving to achieve.



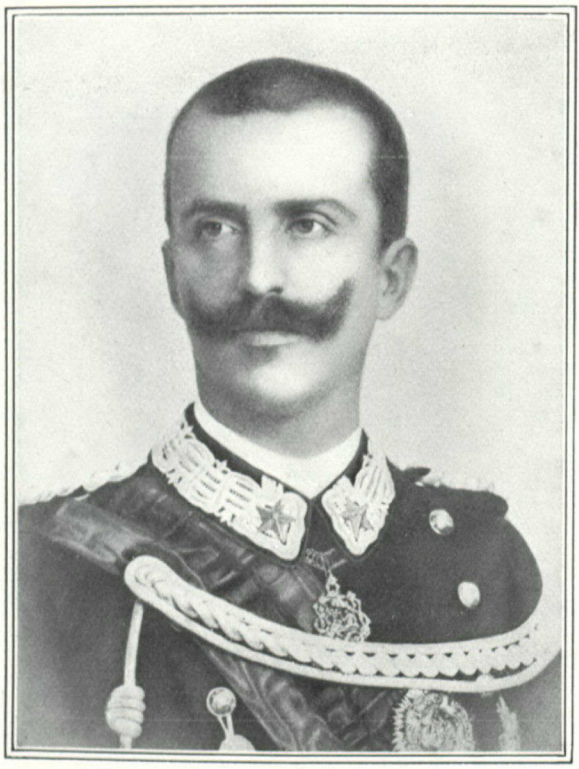
M. ROUVIER
Premier of France

An alliance with Russia, on the other hand, is equally impossible, viewed from the Russian standpoint, inasmuch as it would preclude any rapprochement between Russia and England. It would also effectually dispose of the last vestige of good faith remaining in the Franco-Russian alliance. In fact, it would mean a Russian-German alliance confronting a Triple alliance composed of England, France and Japan, or the most powerful naval alliance the world has ever known. Germany could not afford to nourish such a possibility. Russia cannot beyond a doubt.

The German part of Austria might present a field for German expansion and imperial ambitions it is sometimes thought, but such an assumption is purely an historical tradition. If this territory were included within the empire it would very seriously disturb the home policy of the fatherland, owing to the numerous Catholic population of that Austrian section. Neither is it possible for Germany to reach the Adriatic by way of Trieste, owing to the strenuous opposition of Italian Irredentism. The true aim of Germany then must, through necessary elimination, be Holland, and the reasons for this are quite evident.

If Germany would like to be a maritime power she must have ports, and what port is more tempting than Rotterdam? If she desires to be a great nation it is necessary to have colonies for the development of her commerce, and what colonies are left for her except those of Holland? Will Holland become another State of the German confederation? That is for the future to decide.

It may be remembered, in passing,



VICTOR EMMANUEL III
King of Italy

however, that Queen Wilhelmina has no children, and that the Prince Consort is a German prince. As the Lord Chamberlain announces, "the Emperor awaits." During the interval, then, the best guarantee of the independence of Holland is the present friendship between England and France.

As a conclusion of this brief resumé it is painfully evident that Germany is politically isolated, and that the Triple Alliance, of which she was once the outstanding figure, has now only a nominal value. The previous friendship of Italy for Germany was indeed almost entirely brought about by her fear of France's foreign policy, which sent the Pope troops in 1867, thereby causing the defeat of the Italians at Mentana. The Italians are now fully aware they have nothing to fear from France, and the recent Franco-Italian Agreement is the best evidence of it.

Germany is thus not without reason in doubting the stability of that much talked of, greatly misunderstood, and still more impossible Triple Alliance.

By the decay of this alliance, however, a new grouping of the Powers has occurred, which, although not of a statutory character, has in it, nevertheless, the elements of a general understanding. The first group is naturally composed of England, France and Italy, while the second includes Germany, Austria and Russia. Entirely aside from usual antagonism common to any grouping, the relations between Austria and Italy are probably the most unsatisfactory at the present time.

These two adjoining nations, although members of the Triple Alliance, are tied by so slight a bond that the uncalled-for domination of Austria in Northern Italy will in the very near future bring about its severance. The manifestations of this, it may be, are local, perhaps to some extent unimportant, but the continuous attempts to establish Italian Universities at Trieste and Innsbruck are but the incipient indications of a future conflict.

The most significant movement in this regard, however, took place only a short time ago when the Emperor Franz-Josef personally directed the manœuvres. Upon that occasion the great armies of the Dual Monarchy indulged in exercises with a view to making or preventing an attack across the very frontier before which they were drawn up in battle array. No more comment is necessary.

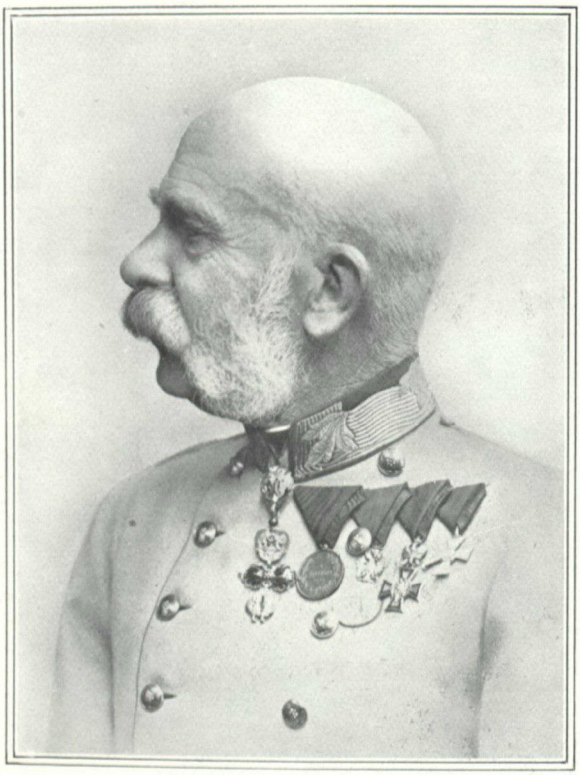
In the meantime both Austria and Italy have the same ambitions in respect both to the Balkans and to the Far East. But the mastership of the Adriatic looming above these as it does, must remain in abeyance until the aged monarch of the northern nation has passed to his fathers, when the younger King

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

Victor Emmanuel through the strife ensuing shall come into his own.

Unhappily, however, the same cannot be said of Russia. That misguided country is now in the throes of a revolution which is rather political than economical. Presided over by a ruler more in name than in reality, this great European empire has been the scene during the past year of strikes, riots, mutinies, massacres, and even revolution. These have been directly caused by the repression of a bureaucracy and the vacillation of an Emperor who at one moment promises all the reforms necessary to a free people, and at the next withdraws them only to influence the passions of the populace the more.

Fortunately for the Imperial family, these revolutionary movements have been almost confined to the cities of St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Moscow and Odessa, although Polish Lodz, Tiflis, Kishineff and Kronstadt have not been inactive. The fact that the revolution has been almost entirely confined to the cities in Russia is entirely due to the illiteracy of the Russian peasantry, which will effectually prevent the rise of any national movement for a democratic Russia. Bureaucracy can thus be depended upon to be eventually victorious in those centres of



FRANZ-JOSEPH
Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary

population where individual leaders may be watched and finally suppressed.

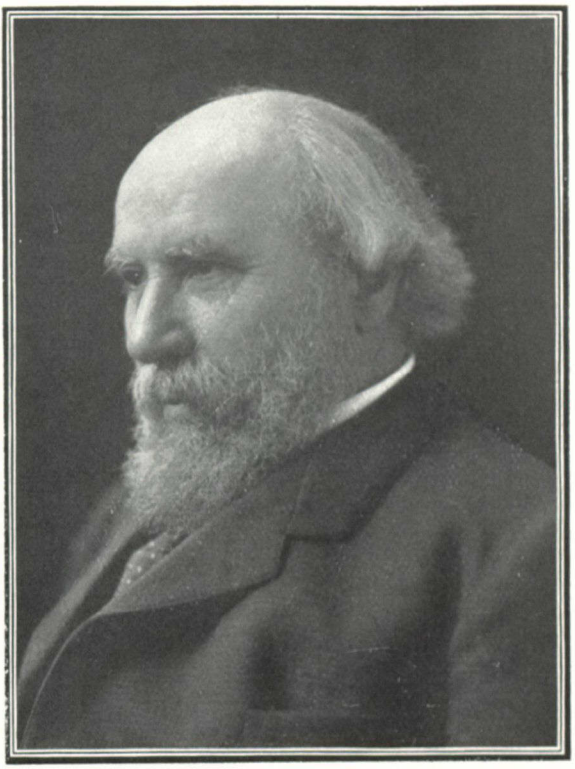
But some changes will undoubtedly occur as a result of this year's outbreak against repression and imperial vacillation. These, however, will take place in the bureaucracy or entourage of the Czar. The distant future will see the fall of Count Witte who is only retained by reason of his financial ability. M. Durnovo, the present Minister of the Interior and Court favourite, will no doubt succeed Count Witte. But the Czar himself will live on in the future as he has in the past. Russia is yet many years distant from any kind of constitutional government, a fact which is only the inevitable outcome of the lack of an educational system and the existence of a repressive bureaucracy of Grand Dukes.

The Douma will be elected and will meet, but it will not be a powerful parliament. If it does not cross the authorities by ultra-radical suggestions, it may pave a road for real constitutional reform of some nature. If it will introduce a general scheme for the education of the peasant, it will have justified the occasion of its summoning. The privilege of the ballot is of little use to people who cannot read a newspaper.

The Irrevocable

BY INGLIS MORSE

GONE art thou, O Youth,
As the evening or the night,
While far along the eternal road
We haste in flight.
New days on earth will dawn,
As still the heart doth yearn,
But the irrevocable hours
Will ne'er return.



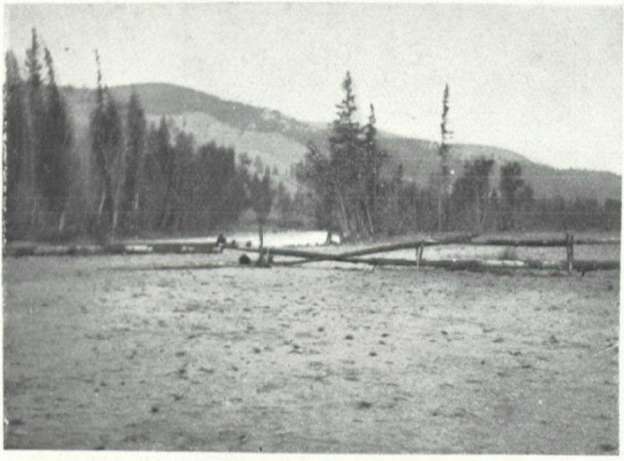
JAMES JEROME HILL
Photo by Pach Bros., New York

Canadian Celebrities

No. 68—JAMES JEROME HILL

BESIDES being a native of the Province of Ontario, James J. Hill has touched Canadian life at several points. When he left for the United States early in the year 1858, he probably expected that he had seen the last of his native land. Forty-eight years have passed away and the young man of twenty is now sixty-eight. To-day he is working out plans for the development of Canadian trade in the Northwest and southern British Columbia.

At another period he touched Canadian life in a far-reaching way. The details are a little indefinite. In the years 1877-1879, he was associated with George Stephen (Lord Mountstephen), Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona), and Norman W. Kittson, in purchasing the stocks and bonds of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company—a bankrupt concern with 420 miles of railway and a debt of thirty-three million dollars. This venture was a huge gamble, but it was successful and made these four men very wealthy. When Sir John Macdonald, in 1880, was looking about for a company to take hold of the partially built Canadian Pacific Railway, he came into contact with these gentlemen. They had been successful with a railway which ran close to the C.P.R., and they were willing to extend their operations. They agreed to build



FENCE MARKING THE INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY ON THE RIGHT OF WAY OF THE V.V. AND E. RAILWAY NEAR MIDWAY, B.C.

This road will be part of the Great Northern System, and will give Mr. Hill an entrance into southern British Columbia and into Vancouver

this Canadian continental highway for $25,000,000 cash, 25,000,000 acres of land, a free right of way, a present of all the completed road worth nearly thirty-five millions more, and other privileges. When Parliament ratified the agreement, a company was formed with Sir George Stephen as president. The Executive Committee consisted of Sir George Stephen, Duncan McIntyre, R. B. Angus and James J. Hill. In the following year Hon. Donald A. Smith replaced Mr. Hill. The latter held $1,950,900 worth of stock, for which he paid $487,725. During the first five years he drew out in dividends $585,270, so that he was not a loser by the transaction. The dividends more than paid for the stock, and the latter rose rapidly from $25 a share, the purchase price, to $90 a share.

Through Mr. Hill, no doubt, a gentleman by the name of W. C. Van Horne was let into the original company. His holdings were about one-fifth of those of Mr. Hill, but his profit for the first five years was over $20,000, with the stock still in hand. This Mr. Van Horne was early selected as General Manager, he having been general manager of the Chicago and Alton, and later of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. It is said that the appointment was made on the recommendation of Mr. Hill; thus did this great railway man excellently discharge any debt he owed his native land.

The Canadian Pacific was, however, but a secondary consideration with Mr. Hill. He had another scheme of his own—the building of a great railway from the Great Lakes to the Pacific coast through that part of the United States north of the region traversed by the Northern Pacific Railway. This ambitious undertaking resulted in what is known as the Great Northern Railway System, now comprising 6,000 miles of main track and about 1,200 miles of side and spur tracks. It also has steamers on the Great Lakes and on the Pacific Ocean.

It was a worthy ambition for a young man who but a few years before had been a shipping clerk with J. W. Bass & Co., St. Paul agents for a Mississippi steamboat company. His earliest wealth came from coal. He was the first to supply it to St. Paul. He was the first to give through transportation service between St. Paul and Fort Garry (now Winnipeg), and even earlier had organised a company to operate a line of steamboats on the Red River. In 1878, he sold out all his interests in the fuel and steamboat businesses, and went, as has been said, into a huge deal to purchase the bankrupt St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Co. From that beginning came the Great Northern.

With the exception of small land grants covering about 600 miles in the State of Minnesota, the creation of the rail and water lines of the Great Northern System has not been aided by Government in any form. The magnitude of Mr. Hill's efforts and responsibility in connection with their creation, appears from the fact, that for the whole period of fifteen years, from the beginning of 1879 to the end of

THE VALLEY OF THE KETTLE RIVER, WHERE THE V.V. AND E. WILL RUN. NEAR MIDWAY, B.C.

1893, on the average a mile of railroad was built and equipped each working day; all under his immediate direction. His efforts at economy in construction have been crowned with the extraordinary success, that the stocks and bonds on the system held by the public but little exceed $124,500,000 of the former, and $97,000,000 of the latter. All the great services which Mr. Hill has devoted to these properties have been given without salary or commission, or even repayment of personal expenses incurred in company business. His reward has been limited to his return as a holder of the corporate securities, on a parity with all other holders, and to the increase in value of his investment, resulting from the development of population and business. While the foresight, courage and efforts of Mr. Hill and his associates have resulted in large fortunes for some of them individually, the people inhabiting the region served by the Great Northern System have, in the aggregate, profited by them a thousand-fold more. The increase in real estate values alone, directly traceable to these causes, would be modestly estimated at $1,000,000,000. Reductions in transportation rates, voluntarily made, have saved its patrons over $60,000,000; yet, it has been possible to distribute in profits over $50,000,000.

Mr. Hill has been a pioneer in the devising and adoption of standards for railway location, construction, and operation, which have revolutionised the industry of rail transportation, and reduced its cost to a level much below that which any foreign country has been able to reach. He preached the gospel of low grades, heavy power, large capacity cars, and big trainloads, at a period when, to most railway men, these expressions were meaningless, or even visionary. His theory has always been that movement of large volumes of traffic at low rates is most profitable to railways, as well as to patrons. His chief ambition has been to haul upon his railways a bigger traffic, at lower rates, and yet with profit to his companies, than any of his competitors could on theirs.

It may not be amiss to add that Mr. Hill is not yet through with railway building. He is said to be projecting a line from the border up to Regina to tap the rich wheat fields of the Saskatchewan Valley and give competition to the C.P.R., the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific. The "Soo" line, owned by the C.P.R., runs from Regina south through Hill territory, and no doubt the Canadian-American wants a weapon of offence and defence. In 1905, Mr. Hill commenced active operations in British Columbia, constructing the Vancouver, Victoria and Eastern Railway, which will give the first named city direct communication with the Kootenay. The line will run along the International boundary line in parts north and in parts south thereof. It will tap the Similkameen country and also be connected with the Great Northern System.

Of Mr. Hill's great battles in the stock market, of the struggle for the control of the Burlington and other roads, it is not necessary to speak here. His great legal

SUPPLIES ENTERING CANADA AT MIDWAY FOR THE V.V. AND E. CONSTRUCTION

fight over the Northern Securities Company, a holding corporation, served his interests as it gave him time to find a way out of a "tight corner." He and his associates woke up one day to find that the majority control had departed from them. They set out to fight for their financial life, and $100 shares of Northern Pacific (the particular stock in which the opponents were particularly interested at the moment) rose to a tremendous price. Many "short" sellers of the stock were unable to make delivery, and this brought about a panic in New York on May 9, 1901. When it was all over, Mr. Hill and his friends were again found in possession of sufficient stock to prevent their being "squeezed."

Mr. Hill attributes his success to hard work and a measure of good luck. Most successful men do. He believes that the real struggle of life is at the bottom, where the ranks are crowded. After a good start is obtained, the progress is easier. His first ten years in St. Paul were his hard years; since then he has found life less difficult. His belief, one may gather, is that any man may be a millionaire if he so desires, that the day of millionaire-making has only just begun.

Mr. Hill's ideals are those of the ordinary business man. They are not high. He believes in getting all that you may from the public; doing it honestly if you can, outwitting the law and the other fellow if necessary. We have several men of the same type in Canada. They are not all in the railway business, and neither are they all millionaires.

Mr. Hill is a man of much reading on serious subjects, and none is better informed on those in any way concerned with trade or transportation. He is a lover and connoisseur of arts. His gallery of paintings of the modern French school in his St. Paul residence is one of the most important, in that class, on either continent.

NAVVIES ENTERING CANADA AT MIDWAY TO WORK ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE V.V. AND E

On Ile de Paradis

By MARJORIE PICKTHALL

"THE wilderness," says Antoine with a shrug, "is a sister to those who seek her in comradeship, a mother to those who seek her in sorrow, but a step-mother to those who seek her in ignorance."

That is the Reverend Antoine MacMurray's way of putting things. He had it from his mother, a Frenchwoman, together with his Christian name, his soft heart, and his skill in cookery. From his father he got an uncompromising conscience and an iron will. The result of these two conflicting strains in one nature is sometimes peculiar. He gives peppermint balls to the children to keep them quiet during the sermon, and is much distressed because all the Henris and Picauds and Pierres of his scattered flock call him Père Antoine. He is strong on the sins of the Laodiceans, and tells fairy tales to the little Jeannes and Douglases o' Sundays.

"The wilderness is a step-mother to the ignorant," says Père Antoine. "I learned that on Ile de Paradis many years ago."

Ile de Paradis is not unknown to fame in its own land. It is a big rock set among brawling rapids in Rivière de Paradis, producing balsams, berry-bushes and bears in season.

"It is also full of caves," says the Reverend Antoine MacMurray, "and there is a daft tale about a loup-garou that runs whining through interminable wet caverns. Ouh! it is a queer place, not quite canny. I was near believing in that loup-garou—once." It befell some ten or twelve years ago. Antoine was preaching one Sunday at New Edinborough, a score of little shanties, redolent of balsam, dropped down among the hills near Rivière de Paradis. To be precise, it was a mile from the river and some twelve miles above Ile de Paradis. On the other side of the river was Allansville, seven miles away, hidden in the lumber country. To Antoine, smoking at ease with Factor Macgillicuddy of the H.B.C. post at New Edinborough, came a wet and incoherent messenger from Allansville. Picaud Le Soldat had been crushed by a falling branch—no, no carelessness, all in the day's work—and now lay sick to death, craving for Père Antoine.

"Cosh me!" cried the Reverend Antoine fiercely, "has the man none of his own faith to send to? D'ye think I'll put my finger in everyone's pie? Careless, idle, reckless— Give me some more brandy in the flask, Factor. Eh! poor lad, poor lad! Only a year married, they tell me. Yes, I'm ready. How's the river?"

The messenger, a tall, wild lad, three-parts Indian, flung out his hands in an expressive gesture. It was April. What might be expected of the river? "The snow melts in the hills," said he, "and the river runs flood-full. It is thick with old trees and logs and mud from the hills."

"Well," quoth the Reverend Antoine, "if you can get across, so can I."

It was one of those riotous April evenings of which there are many up north. The sky was dark with the threat of rain, the wind sang across the woods as if driven by an excess of life. And the river, when the two men reached it, was a sullen flood, brown, foam-flecked, full of dead branches and all the rubbish of a winter, having strong sucking eddies where the banks were caving in.

But they embarked. O yes, they embarked in a little leaky birchbark canoe! Each took a paddle. And then the roaring river whirled them away.

They intended to strike a landing place somewhere within a mile or so, working over on a long slant. But instead, a careering log struck them amidships. The messenger from Allansville fell into the water, and after a little buffeting, the flood tossed him ashore with a broken arm. But the Reverend Antoine was

sucked down and drawn under and driven on. Strange pains and fires flashed through his head. "It's all up wi' me," he thought: "now I may as well say a Psalm for the good o' my soul." But he could think of none but the forty-second, "which," he explained, "in that situation, was irony." Then he thought of a pair of boots left out to heel in Prescott, the last place of his sojourning. Then he thought of a hole in his grey stockings which the Factor's niece had darned for him with pink wool. And then for a space he thought of nothing.

He came to himself, "struggling with impediments," as he puts it. The impediments were the wet branches of a tree, and to these he clung like a limpet. "Praise the Lord, O my soul," whispered the minister. And after a few long breaths, he managed to lift himself astride the floating tree, and so rode clear above the brown flood.

He felt very weak and dizzy, and he laid himself almost flat on the trunk, gripping it with arms and knees. The brown river roared around him, clots of cold foam were flung in his face, the tree danced and quivered like a match-stick. It was growing quite dark. Every now and then the flying rain-clouds parted to let a glint of stormy moonlight through. "I'll be needing a mackintosh before the morning," thought Antoine vaguely. Then his senses must have gone from him again.

He was shaken back to life by the jar of the tree trunk grounding on rocks. He was tipped off into brawling shoal water, all foam and cutting stones, and here he struggled and clawed for some moments, his mouth and his hands full of sand. Then he felt a firm rock under one foot, clutched desperately at low black branches above his head, and scrambled forward into blessed young grass and briars, where he lay gasping, his head in a musk-rat's doorway.

By-and-by, when breath and life had in some measure returned to him, he picked himself up and looked about. It was quite dark now. He could hear the tree upon which he had ridden grinding in the shoal water. The roaring of the wind and the roaring of the river seemed to make the very rocks quiver. "I wonder where I am?" said the Reverend Antoine.

Behind him, a black bulk of rock and pine stood against the driving gloom of the sky. The roar of rapids came from either side. Truth flashed upon Antoine. "Cosh me!" he exclaimed, "I'm on Ile de Paradis!"

He stood, wet and cold and shivering, considering his position. "Now, it's a matter of four years since I was here," he said, "but it seems as if there ought to be the mouth of a cave somewhere at hand. Now, if I can get a light—"

He felt in his pocket, and pulled out a small and sodden Bible, a copy of the Westminster Confession of Faith, three fish-hooks, a tiny surgical case, and finally, a water-tight box containing matches. He found a resinous pine branch, and succeeded in kindling a torch after infinite trouble. Then he went in search of the cave.

Twice the wet wind descended and blew out the valiant flame. Twice Antoine patiently rekindled it in a sheltered cranny of the rocks. At length he saw the mouth of the cave, a still black void in the tumult. Stepping within, it was like entering a warm haven of rest.

The cave was some seven feet high at the entrance, floored with dry sand, airy but warm. Antoine cast a cautious glance about for signs of bears, but found none. This was satisfactory. He stuck the steadily burning torch in a little cleft, and sat down upon the dry sand to gather his wits.

"I may have to stay here four, even five days," he said ruefully. "I wonder what happened to Picaud's messenger? I don't expect he was drowned, for a half-breed has as many lives as a cat. Poor Picaud! Well, I did my best. We're all in the hands o' the Lord. Five days on Ile de Paradis! 'Tis no picnic. How's the commissariat?"

He felt in another pocket, and pulled out a little parcel containing half-a-dozen sandwiches wrapped in oiled paper, which the Factor's niece had put there. "Good lass," he said, "they may be the saving of me." The flask of brandy had dropped to the bottom of the river. "However,

there's a-plenty of water," sighed the Reverend Antoine.

Upon a flat stone he laid out his property to dry—the sandwiches, the Bible, the Westminster Confession, the fish-hooks, and the surgical case. "They'll come to look for my body when the river goes down a bit," he thought contentedly, and leaned back against the side of the cave, up which the sand had drifted in a grateful incline. The tumult without sounded softened to his ears.

He declares he only closed his eyes for a moment. Anyhow, whatever space of time had passed, he opened them again very suddenly. The long torch was still burning, flaring with resin like a gas jet. And for the flash of a second, it shone upon a pair of eyes, watching the Reverend Antoine from where the cave narrowed down into the darkness of unexplored passages. Then the flare sank down smokily, and the eyes vanished.

"Cosh me!" exclaimed the Reverend Antoine, as well as he could for a sudden unreasonable tightening of the throat. He sat upright and stared at the dark shadows. The Scotch side of him thought wistfully of a rifle and bear-steaks. The French side, perhaps shaken uppermost by the stress of the night, recollected, with lavish detail, the story of the loup-garou. There was a conflict in his soul, and he departed suddenly in quest of more wood.

The brown river still roared down in spate from the hills, and the rapids sang with innumerable voices. The great wind had blown the sky clear, and the April moon shone brightly in the west. The Reverend Antoine succeeded in finding an armful of burnable wood, and with this he returned to the cave.

When a good fire was crackling between himself and the shadowed passage, the cave had a very prosaic appearance. Antoine's Scottish side began to assert itself. A bullet was the best thing to send between eyes which gleamed at people from unknown caverns. Supposing now—

He glanced at the darkness which still hung heavily beyond the little fire. And there were the eyes again, the eyes belonging to some vague shape whose outlines the fire did more to hide than show.

"Lord preserve 's from all evil!" cried the minister in the strongest voice he could command. He said afterwards that he was almost too frightened to breathe. There was something so weird in the silent appearance of those eyes, shining with a little greenish flicker in the firelight, and then disappearing. Nevertheless, he snatched a flaming pine root and hurled it at the shadow that crouched among the shadows at the end of the cave. The brand whirled and fell, hissing. The thing, whatever it was, whined and fled. There was a scrambling and clattering of loose pebbles in the darkness, and then silence, save for the many-voiced thunder of the rapids.

"It's a bear," murmured Antoine the Scot; "what could it be *but* a bear? If I had a gun and a bullet or so—"

"Maybe a silver bullet," thought Antoine the habitant, with a chilly sensation at the roots of the hair. The minister spent the hour or so before the dawn in sitting bolt upright behind the fire, imagining inexplicable eyes at every point of the compass. But with the dawn his shaken nerves steadied, and he ate a ham sandwich.

Day came in a translucent flood of infinitely tender green and gold and blue, outpoured behind the ramparts of the hills. Light flashed into the cave, light, blessed daughter of Life, victorious, recreating. And with the light, the Thing came again.

Antoine heard it in the passage, heard it shuffling upon the rocks, heard the tchink-tink of disturbed quartz-pebbles. Then it came into view, slinking furtively in the shadows, dumb, infinitely pitiful. Antoine raised his hands as if to ward it off, shaken for the moment from all semblance of courage.

For the Thing had been a man.....

"Unclothed, scarred, worn to an incredible leanness, there was nothing human about this Thing from the caves of the rocks, except that unappeasable loneliness of the eyes. Understand me, they were human eyes only in so far as they were more wretched, more vacant, than the eyes of any beast. This who had

been a man, had lost everything. He was not mad in any popular sense of the term, but he had lost everything..... I never learnt the whole story. But he had been ignorant. And that step-mother, the wilderness, had brought him to this pass." Thus the Reverend Antoine in after days.

"At the time, I remember I felt more afraid of him, poor creature, than if he had been the veriest loup-garou that ever scared a voyageur. It is so terrible to see the empty house of the spirit which the Lord breathed into man. It is worse than a wrecked church. But pity will conquer horror. And I held out my hand to—to that which had been a man, and spoke to him evenly and kindly, as one might speak to a stray pup. And he came to me—came to me, away from the loneliness that had encompassed him and destroyed. He came, and crouched at my feet, and clawed at my hands with some hideous travesty of shaking them. My wits had come home to roost by then, like a string o' frightened fowls. And I wrapped him in my coat, and gave him a ham sandwich."....

"For two days I was there on Ile de Paradis with that shadow of humanity. There was less to him, less character, less nature, than there is to a beast. He felt neither love nor hate, neither joy nor sorrow, nothing but terror if he lost sight of me, and hunger. When he was hungry, he grubbed for roots and 'guddled' for fish in the pools. I suppose he had done this before he—lost everything. He gave me all I liked to take of his roots and fish, and he preferred those I cooked for him to the raw. Beyond that, he felt nothing, was concerned with nothing. He would sit awake all night, staring into the darkness, and shuddering. By day he would sleep sometimes in the sunshine, jerking all over. He had no speech, no thoughts, nothing but two or three dim memories or inclinations, and this overmastering fear of being alone. The wilds had taken from him everything else.

"For two days I was there alone with him. Then I saw a canoe coming down stream, with Buck Terry and Lucien Le Soldat in it. They saw the signal smoke I had kept burning, and made for the island, shouting. The flood had gone down a little, but it was a risk.

"When they leapt ashore, and Terry caught my hands, and Lucien held me in his arms, I think I must have cried... My—my companion was not frightened as I feared he would be. He only looked at them, with a dim expression of pleasure that there were two more between him and the loneliness. Nor did Buck and Lucien feel much of the horror that I had felt. Buck swore, and Lucien crossed himself—for which I forgot to rebuke them. And then they laid him in the bottom of the big canoe, where presently he went to sleep, twitching like a dog. Then they helped me in, for I was weaker than I had thought, and we began our journey back.

"It was slow work. We only made seven miles up stream before night. So we camped on the bank. *He* sat at the foot of a tree, staring and shivering till morning. And I told Terry and Lucien everything I knew or could guess. But, first they told me that there was hope for Picaud, after all.

"'Without doubt,' said Lucien, when I had finished my story, 'without doubt, he was a tenderfoot. And the woods have not been kind to him, mon Dieu!' 'I mind something,' said Buck Terry, 'of a tenderfoot that started from Fort St. Henri in February, early February. And he was heard of no more. He would take no guide. P'raps this is him.' Perhaps it was, but there was nothing by which we might identify him. Nothing. It was all lost.

"But we suppose that he started off in some such fashion, and got lost, and then his brain went. Brains fail so easily, so easily, in the wilds. It is all perfectly simple, perfectly explicable, perfectly horrible. To Terry and Lucien, it was almost commonplace.

"'Some of 'em gets over it, and some of 'em don't,' said Terry to me; 'this 'un won't.'

"He did not. He never recovered feeling, speech, or thought. We went to Allansville, and there they cossetted me

up for a few days, and then I came round, and helped nurse Picaud back to life. But he to whom the woods had played step-mother, he sat and shivered at the darkness, or slept in the sun, or ate what was given him. I had the fancy that his soul must be somewhere wandering in the woods, looking for its lost house. Men came to see him, hoping or fearing to identify him with lost relations or friends of their own, but they never did. He remained, unclaimed flotsam of the wilderness, and at the end of the summer he died."

The Wild Sea-Bird

By B. M. WOOD

YAMA-SOI was the head of a large rice house in Nagasaki. His father had been head, his grandfather had been head; in fact, the exact date when the first of the name affixed his seal to the documents of the house was lost in the mists of antiquity, so when foreigners were first allowed a foothold on the sacred soil of Japan, none were so jealous of their advance, none so ardent in their wishes to see the white barbarians ousted, as the members of the firm of Yami-Soi and Co. But times changed. Up to the very last Yama-Soi held out against the introduction of foreign innovations in the manner of conducting the affairs of the firm; other concerns might employ foreign steamboat companies as carriers for their goods from one port to another, but Yama-Soi and Co. were patriotic Japanese merchants, and resolved never to leave the old groove of their ancestors.

But times still changed, and the great house of Yama-Soi and Co. found itself left in the lurch by younger and more enterprising firms. This would never do. So Yama-Soi talked with his partners, clients and friends, and after much discussion, it was decided to keep pace with the times as much as possible, without absolutely overturning the old status of the firm.

Now the firm of Yama-Soi and Co. once had a great share of the export rice and silk business, but their heavy, slow junks were no match for the foreign-built steamers employed by the younger firms. So Yama-Soi at last consented to the sale of all his heavy junks, and with the proceeds he purchased a big foreign steamer.

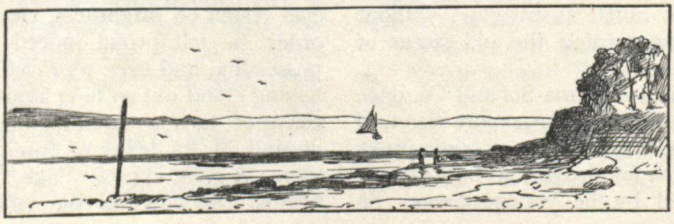
The steamer was a fine three-masted, double-funnelled boat, complete with every new appliance, newly engined, and manned by European seamen.

From the dock at Nagasaki where she was lying, a preliminary trip was made; and so smoothly did everything seem to act under the supervision of the European officers, that Yama-Soi considered his own mariners perfectly competent to handle the new vessel after an hour's experience on board. So the European officers were discharged at once, and Yama-Soi fixed a day when the magnificent ship should make her trial trip under Japanese management. It was a beautiful day in Autumn, the most glorious season of the year in Japan, when Yama-Soi and a distinguished company assembled on board the great vessel to send her forth finally as a Japanese steamer. The ship looked brave enough as she lay in the dock—ports newly painted, brass-work glistening, yards squared and half-buried in gay bunting; at the mizzen floated the empire flag of Japan—a red sun on a white ground. As Yama-Soi gazed fore and aft, and his eyes rested on brightness, cleanliness and order, he felt proud indeed of his new possession, and even reproved himself for having stood out so long against the purchase of such a treasure, merely on the ground of its being of foreign construction. A great cup of "Sake" was dashed against the bows of the vessel and the

newly-named *Sea-Bird* dashed forth into the sea.

Her head was made straight for Dezima Island. Neither to the left nor to the right turned this magnificent handiwork but straight on she went, everything taut and satisfactory. The engines worked magnificently; coals were poured into the furnaces by the hundredweight, so as to keep a uniform thick cloud of smoke issuing from the funnels—if the smoke lacked intensity for a minute, Yama-Soi bellowed forth the order for more fuel to be heaped on, so that in an half-hour's time the *Sea-Bird* consumed as much fuel as would have served a modern liner for half a day. Straight ahead was a bold bluff projecting far out into the sea. The *Sea-Bird* was bound for Dezima Island, but Dezima Island lay well behind this jagged rock, and at the pace she was going, it was very apparent that unless a sudden turn to starboard was made, not into Dezima Island but into Rocky Bend she would certainly run. The singing and feasting proceeded merrily on deck, but Yama-Soi was uneasy and undecided on the bridge. The helm was put hard a-port; the brave vessel obeyed, and leapt straight for the line of rocks at the foot of Rocky Bend, over which the waves were breaking in cascades of foam. But the gods would not see a vessel making her first run under Japanese auspices maltreated and destroyed by simple waves and rocks. The helm was put hard over, fresh fuel poured into the furnaces, and by barely a half ship's length the wild *Sea-Bird* shaved the precipice and stood straight for Dezima Island. Yami-Soi breathed freely for just a minute; he saw ahead the crowd of European ships and native junks through which he must thread his way, and he would have given a large sum of money to have had a couple of Europeans at the wheel. The unruly ship sped on. To avoid the chance of a collision Yama-Soi kept his steamer well outside of the big steamers and graceful sailing vessels on all sides of him. As it was they nearly ran down a fishing junk, and all but sunk the light-ship. Still, as yet they had not come to absolute grief. Round and round they went for over half an hour. Yama-Soi bellowed forth to stop the engine and anchor. The anchor was promptly dropped, but stopping the engines was quite another matter, for nobody on board knew how to do it. There was nothing to be done but to allow the vessel to pursue a circular course until the steam was exhausted and she could go no farther. So round and round went the *Sea-Bird* to the amazement of the crews of the ships in harbour and of a large crowd of onlookers stationed on the docks. Yami-Soi was furious. He cursed the day when he ventured to sea in a foreign vessel, when he was finally led to forsake the groove so honourably and profitably grubbed along by his forefathers, and as he strode with hasty steps up and down the deck, he refused to be comforted. After a bit, an English man-of-war sent a steam launch after the *Sea-Bird*, and the engines were stopped.

Yami-Soi did not hear the last of this for a long time; caricatures and verse were circulated bearing upon the fiasco, but it was a salutary lesson; and although he still kept the *Sea-Bird* in his possession, he engaged Europeans to man her until such time as his own countrymen proved themselves sufficiently skilled to manage her. She afterwards became one of the fastest craft on the coast.



Canada's Trade Policy*

A Free Trader's View

By JAMES A. HOBSON, author of "Problems of Poverty," etc.

THERE is no Free Trade party and no strong Free Trade sentiment anywhere in Canada. The Conservative opposition, to which most British colonial manufacturers, merchants, and other business men of the developed parts of Eastern Canada adhere, is definitely, avowedly, and enthusiastically Protectionist, and is far more firmly set upon a high-tariff scheme than at any time since Sir J. Macdonald first introduced his National Policy. As for the Liberal Government, which, under the attractive personality of Sir W. Laurier, holds a large majority of the electorate, and bids fair to possess a long term of power, its old Free Trade professions have evaporated; its chiefs have relegated Free Trade to the position of a distant ideal, and, by substituting low tariff with bounties and preference, have virtually sold themselves to Protection.

When Sir W. Laurier went to the country in 1896 his addresses were full of eloquent Free Trade passages, and his chief lieutenants, Sir R. Cartwright and Mr. Fielding, were pronounced enemies of all Protective legislation. But the visit to England during the Queen's Jubilee, the contact then with Mr. Chamberlain, and the rising tide of Imperialism, coincident with the growing power of the Canadian manufacturers and the demands of increased expenditure on militia and other services, drove Sir Wilfrid along the line of compromise represented by his tariff of 1897. The preference to Great Britain, while a fulfilment more apparent than real of his pledges for a substantial reduction of tariff, took the wind out of the sails of his Imperialist opponents, while administering a popular rebuff to the United States. A more astute stroke of party politics has never been devised; but it meant, as is now apparent, the betrayal of the Free Trade future of Canada. Any doubts were soon dispelled by the further concession of the Government to the demand for export bounties on iron and steel. Though it is still claimed that tariff for revenue is the goal of the Liberal party, conversation with several of its leaders affords me little hope of its attainment.

Moreover, even among Liberals, the contiguity of the United States, with her vexatious tariff, breeds a belief in retaliation which is most demoralising in its effects. Even Sir R. Cartwright, Minister of Commerce and Labour, often spoken of as "the last of the old Free Traders," I found possessed by a curious notion that the United States could be brought to her knees by a judiciously-planted blow of retaliation by Great Britain. His argument ran thus: The movement inside the Republican party of America towards reciprocity with Canada and a general reduction of tariff is futile so long as it is virtually confined to a demand for cheap materials by New England and other manufacturers. The only way of breaking the dominion of the Trusts and big corporations in the Republican party is by a revolt of the American farmer. In order to revolt he must be made to feel the pinch. Now, if Great Britain would, as a merely temporary expedient, put a 5c. duty on American wheat, letting in Canadian free, the howl of indignation from the American farmer would force the stronghold of high tariff and drive the United States to a more considerate treatment both of Great Britain and of Canada. The British consumer would not feel it unless it were kept on, and Sir R. Cartwright feels confident that, as its efficacy would be immediate, it could then be withdrawn. Liberals and Conservatives alike I find everywhere infected by deep distrust of the policy of the United States.

After their defeat upon this issue in

*By permission of the Editor of the London *Daily Chronicle*.

the election of 1891 the Canadian Liberals have no desire to commit themselves to any scheme of reciprocity with their neighbour. The new spirit of national confidence induces Canadians to think that they can stand alone as a self-sufficing industrial community, raising their own food and raw materials and manufacturing in their own country; they do not need to trade with the United States, and if the latter want closer commercial relations it is for them to make an offer. Few Canadians believe that America is prepared to make any offer favourable to Canada. Though they would consider, and doubtless favourably, a proposal from the States for reciprocal free imports of foodstuffs and raw materials, they profess no keenness in the matter, alleging that America needs their raw produce more than they do the produce of America; that the Northern States must buy, and are buying, the coal, wheat, lumber, etc., they need from Canada, in spite of the tariff.

As for any reciprocity treaty securing for America any reduction of duty on manufactures there is a strong feeling, not confined to Canadian manufacturers, that this would be disastrous. The position adopted was first clearly set forth by Mr. Edward Blake, after the 1891 election, in a letter which made a strong mark on national opinions. If Free Trade between Canada and the United States of America in manufactured articles was arranged, the former could only develop her factories and other productive industries upon the scale of maximum economy, provided she remained secure of access to the newly-enlarged American market; but a treaty which might be abrogated at any time under the pressure of American manufacturers would afford Canada no such security; there would be the initial difficulty of starting young manufactures to compete with the large, strongly-set factories of the States, and if this difficulty were overcome, the peril attending a withdrawal from the compact would remain. This rooted distrust of the fair intentions of the United States is generally prevalent in Canada, and is driven home by the conduct of the former in cancelling the reciprocity which existed between 1854 and 1866.

It is evident that, in her present mood, and with her present confidence in her own resources, Canada will make no move towards a new commercial treaty with the States. But she has no belief in the early probability of an offer worth her entertaining. Indeed, the new tariff which will be introduced next spring as the fruits of the Commission which is now taking evidence, seems likely to widen the breach with the United States. For I have it on good official information that Mr. Fielding will propose a triple tariff, consisting of a maximum scale, higher than the present, directed particularly at the United States and Germany, a minimum applicable to other low-tariff States, and a preferential scale for England and those British colonies and foreign States, if any, which extend preference to her. A tariff passed in such a form would probably be higher in its general incidence than the existing one, and would mark another step on the part of a Liberal Government away from the practical policy of Free Trade.

In talking with politicians, business men and officials I have been struck by an utter disregard of the interest of the consumer, and a general tendency to regard his grievances as irrelevant to trade policy.

A rise of expenditure within twelve years from $36,000,000 to $63,000,000 is straining the resources of Canada, even in her growing prosperity. There are two great classes whose immediate interests ought to range them round the Free Trade flag, the wage-earners and the farmers. But while there is much grumbling about high prices there is no effective political organisation. The Dominion Trade and Labour Congress meeting last summer at Toronto repudiated the statement of the Canadian manufacturers that Canada unanimously approved Mr. Chamberlain's project, and passed a resolution endorsing in general terms the platform of the British Trades Union Congress. But it would be quite unwarranted to assume that the majority of the Canadian workmen were Free Traders. Farmers grumble—when do

they not?—the Western farmer in particular will often represent the tariff as a dodge of Eastern manufacturers to plunder him. But except to some slight extent in Ontario, farmers are not organised for political action, and in Manitoba and the new provinces the tariff plays no real part as a present issue, being crowded out by more pressing interests in land, finance, and even education.

At present the business men are helping the Commission to build up a scientific tariff in the old familiar way. A wants "a readjustment of the Government Act for encouragement to shipbuilding"; B, a soap manufacturer, seeks "the free admission of certain oils essential in his branch of industry, in order to make the Australian trade a possible capture"; C petitions for a continuation of the bounty in pig-iron produced in British Columbia, "explaining that such continuance would result in immense blast-furnaces being built on Vancouver Island, to utilise native hematite and gagnetite, which otherwise would be established on the American side, though drawing their raw materials from British Columbia mines"; D wants "the augmentation of the duty on raw-leaf tobacco, with the object of inducing British Columbia to grow the plant"; E asks that "eastern oysters be placed upon the free list when imported for transplantation only, it being possible then to build up an important industry, now monopolised by California."

Here are a few samples of practical tariff-making drawn from a single day's report of the proceedings of the Commission. The "science" of a tariff so built up is simplicity itself.

Canada is going through a long era of Protection, moulded in the usual fashion by industrial greed and political cowardice. Whether the tillers of the soil and the workers in mills, mines, stores, and on railroads, who form the immense majority of the population, will have the intelligence and the power to rescue themselves from the coils of this Protective serpent is a great question for the future. It arouses little interest at present. When the workers of Canada wake up they will find that Protection is only one among the several economic fangs fastened in their "corpus vile" by the little group of railroad men, bankers, lumbermen, and manufacturing monopolists who own their country.

A Song of the North-Land

BY INGLIS MORSE

THE stars dream out their lives
Above the pines on Northern hills:
Each fluttering leaf falls to the earth
And some stray nook in nature's breast refills.

So likewise doth the chill of Fall
Benumb and lull the soul,
Yet still the dreaming stars shine on—
Emblem of Faith and Love and Life's true goal.

Protection and Canadian Prosperity

By W. K. McNAUGHT, Past President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association

"THERE be three things that make a nation great and prosperous," said Francis Bacon, "a fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place."

No country can be truly great which depends entirely upon agriculture for its prosperity. There must be a diversity of interests and employment. Some countries are so lacking in natural resources that they must forever be dependent upon other nations for all but the bare necessities of life. Canada, however, has been richly endowed by nature with everything necessary for the successful prosecution of a great variety of industries—fishing, farming, lumbering, mining and manufacturing. If these resources are not utilised to the utmost, Canadians will have themselves to blame. Of the agricultural capabilities of our Dominion I need only say that its potentialities are so vast as to be practically unlimited, and that it is easily capable of providing food for 50,000,000 Canadian citizens, in addition to supplying as much more for export. Lying as this country does alongside the wealthiest and commercially the most aggressive country in the world, Canadians must maintain a tariff which is really protective if they desire to encourage new industries, or even conserve those that they already possess. Do away with protection and the position of the Canadian people would be fairly well described by the judgment of the princes of Israel regarding the Hivites, "Let them live, but let them be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the congregation."

A country cannot be permanently prosperous as long as its people purchase most of their manufactures from abroad. Abraham Lincoln said to the American people: "If we buy manufactured goods from foreigners, we have the goods and they have the money; but if we buy them from our own people we have both the goods and the money." The great American's advice holds as good for Canada to-day as it did for the United States at that time.

HOME MANUFACTURES CREATE RAILWAY TRAFFIC

"Easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place" depends in a great measure upon the development of manufacturing industries, for if there were only an agricultural population in the country, the whole cost of maintaining railways would fall upon them and freight rates would be considerably higher. Goods imported from across the sea only give rise to railway freights from the steamer to the wholesale warehouse and on to the retail dealer who supplies the public. Canadian railways usually get even less when goods are imported from the United States, as the American railways get the long haul and make most of the profit in carrying the finished goods, besides having all the profit of carrying the raw materials. Domestic goods, however, create double traffic, first the carriage of the raw materials going to the factory, and then the transportation of the finished product to the retailer and consumer; and the Canadian railways do not have to divide this with their United States' rivals. In this way the home manufacturing industries help to pay the cost of maintaining the railways and lessen the burden of the farmer.

KEEP OUR MONEY AT HOME

If those farmers who recently appeared before the Tariff Commission to ask for lower duties could follow the money they spend on manufactured goods and see exactly what becomes of it, they would not be so antagonistic to Canadian manufacturers. They would find that every dollar spent in buying Canadian manufactured goods is divided among a large number of Canadians, while a very small proportion of the money they spend on foreign goods remains in Canada. The

manufacturer has to pay the interest on the cost of his buildings and machinery, insurance on plant and stock, and set aside a sinking fund for renewal of machinery.. He must buy his raw materials and pay the railway companies for transporting them to his factory. He pays the wages of his workmen and office staff, the salaries and expenses of commercial travellers, and he is often obliged to borrow money from the banks at high rates of interest to carry on the business while he is waiting for returns. All these expenses must be taken into consideration in fixing the price which the manufacturer charges the merchant, beyond which the merchant must have his profit before the article reaches the consumer.

Thus the money paid out by farmers for manufactured goods is distributed among a great variety of workers, including the men who get out the raw material, whether from forest, mine, or farm; the railway employees, carters, factory workmen, clerks, commercial travellers, hotelkeepers, merchants and bankers. Whether, therefore, the article is made in Canada or in a foreign country, the cost of its production is divided up amongst a great many people. The difference is that when the article is made in Canada, the distribution takes place almost entirely among Canadians, whereas when the article comes from a foreign country, foreigners get nearly all of the money.

As an example of how it pays to have an industry in Canada instead of in a foreign country I may mention the case of an American bicycle company which opened an office in Toronto some years ago. They rented a warehouse on Yonge Street at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars per annum and paid a staff of ten clerks who distributed American-made bicycles throughout Canada, their salaries aggregating $7,800 per annum. After one season's experience they decided, on account of the Canadian tariff, to manufacture their machines in Canada, and soon their factory was in operation at Toronto Junction, employing nearly four hundred hands and having a pay roll of over $200,000 a year, and this without lessening the staff at the original shipping house. As a result of thus replacing American by Canadian bicycles, not only were both the goods and the money kept in our own country, but the company were enabled to furnish them to the public at a much lower price than before. As at least one-half of the money earned by these four hundred artisans was expended for food stuffs the advantage to the farmers of Canada (especially those in the vicinity of Toronto) is obvious, and this example might easily be multiplied one hundredfold in other lines and other places in Canada.

HOW THE MONEY CIRCULATES

But it is not merely the men who are directly paid for their services in making and distributing manufactured goods that profit by the manufacturing being done in Canada, for after the money is thus distributed it continues to circulate. The workman, when he receives his wages, may put a small portion in the savings bank but the greater part of what he earns is immediately paid out to grocers, butchers, bakers, tailors, carpenters, plumbers, druggists, doctors, teachers, ministers and others, thus circulating through the whole community. In one of the small inland towns of New York State some years ago, a manufacturer asked his banker to assist him in tracing the money he paid out in wages to his workmen. The money was marked and the banker reported not long afterward that on the average each of the marked bank bills had been deposited in the bank by eleven different persons and that the money had probably also passed through the hands of a large number of other people who did not deposit it in the bank at all.

A POPULAR PROPOSITION

During the past year millions of letters posted in Canada have, in addition to the postage stamp, borne a horseshoe label on which are the words, "Keep your money in circulation at home by buying goods made in Canada." The reason for the great popularity of this stamp throughout Canada can be understood by anyone who carefully considers what it means to general business to have money circulating freely. The Liberals owed

their success in the last general election largely to the fact that many people feared that if the Conservatives were returned to power the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway would not be built. One of the strongest appeals made to voters in general by Liberal candidates was that the construction of this railway would put an immense amount of money into circulation and thus help business generally. It was estimated that the outside cost of this railway would be $150,000,000 and that it would take eight years to build it. That would mean an expenditure of less than nineteen million dollars a year, a considerable part of which would immediately be sent out of the country to pay for materials used in its construction. Now the trade and navigation returns show that during the fiscal year 1905, if unmanufactured gold and silver as well as coin and bullion be excluded from both exports and imports, and settlers' effects be not included in imports, we imported from the United States for consumption in Canada goods valued at $147,071,628, while we exported to that country products valued at $53,498,642, leaving a balance against us of $93,572,986 in one year. If the Canadian tariff had been as high as the American tariff there could not have been such an enormous balance against Canada. If one-fourth of the goods purchased in the United States during the fiscal year 1905 had been made in Canada it would have put into circulation considerably over thirty-six million dollars as compared with less than nineteen million dollars to be spent annually on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. In addition to the money put into circulation by the manufacture in Canada of goods for which we are now sending money abroad, there would be an immense expenditure in building new factories and extending old ones if the Canadian tariff were made to approximate to that of the United States. The development of mining and manufacturing which would follow such an increase in the tariff would create an enormous traffic for the Grand Trunk Pacific and every other railway in the country.

It has been noted that a considerable part of the money expended on Grand Trunk Pacific Railway construction will go out of the country in payment for materials and rolling stock. Just how much of the money will be spent in Canada and how much will go abroad will depend to a great extent upon how high the tariff is during the period of construction. The higher the tariff the greater will be the proportion of the money expended in Canada. There is no doubt that when the people of Canada voted approval of this great railway enterprise, making themselves responsible for the enormous expenditure of one hundred and fifty million dollars, they fully intended that so far as possible it should be expended in Canada. It is therefore the duty of the Government to see that the tariff is so arranged that the money shall not go out of the country to enrich foreign manufacturers and give employment to foreign workmen.

NUMBERS OF FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

According to the Dominion census of 1901 there were in Canada in that year 471,833 occupants of farms and 14,650 manufacturing establishments employing 344,035 hands. But in counting manufacturers the Government decided not to include any one who employed less than five hands. A large proportion of the manufacturing industries of Canada are owned by joint stock companies. A company may have hundreds of stockholders and employ several thousand men, but it counts only as one in comparison with a farmer who may occupy only five acres of land and give employment to no one but himself. The only fair way to compare the number of farmers and manufacturers is to include all the employees and to give the small industries as well as the large ones. Although the establishments employing less than five hands are not included in the census, Mr. Archibald Blue, the able Census Commissioner of Canada, has made a very fair statement of the case. Mr. Blue says: "The number of all industrial establishments enumerated in the census of 1891 was 75,964, and the value of their products $469,907,886. An analysis of the returns made for the purpose of comparison with the industrial

census of 1901, shows that the number employing five hands and over in 1891 was 14,065, and the value of their products $368,696,723. The number of establishments employing less than five hands in 1891 was therefore 61,899, and the value of their products $101,211,163, or 27.45 per cent. of the value of products of establishments employing five hands and over. Computed on the same ratio, the value of products of establishments employing less than five hands in the year 1901 census would be $132,050,000, and the value of the products of all industrial establishments in that year would be $613,103,375—being the enumerated value of $481,053,375 for establishments employing five hands and over and plus the estimated value of $132,050,000 for establishments employing less than five hands."

On the other hand, Mr. Blue states that the total value of agricultural products during the census year 1901 was $363,126,383, and that the value of the forest products, including maple sugar, was $52,863,171, a total of $415,989,555 for farm and forest as compared with $613,103,375 for industrial establishments.

It should be noted, however, that the value of both manufactured and agricultural products may in some instances have been counted more than once. The finished product of one manufacturer is often the raw material of another, but the census enumerator has to take the value in each stage of manufacture. To do otherwise would present almost insuperable difficulties. In the same way the census enumerator takes the value of a crop of hay or corn or turnips as well as the value of the animals to which it is fed. It is almost impossible, therefore, to make an absolutely fair comparison between the values of manufactured goods and farm products.

But in counting heads of manufacturers and farmers we must remember that we are numbering not hostile armies, but allies, each class being dependent upon the other for prosperity.

COMBINES NOT CAUSED BY PROTECTION

The strongest indictment yet brought against manufacturers is that they combine to extort exorbitant prices from the consumer. Unfortunately some manufacturers are guilty of such practices, and they do more harm to the cause of protection than all the attacks of free traders. Yet the protective system is not responsible for the existence of combines, which are as prevalent in England as in Canada or the United States. The lower the Canadian tariff is, the easier it will be for United States combines to get control of Canadian industries and fix prices to suit themselves. It is a rather curious fact that in 1904, when Mr. George E. Drummond, while President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, made a speech asking for a tariff approximating to that of the United States, but framed to suit Canadian conditions, almost the only objection raised to the proposal was that it would cause combines from which it was alleged that Canada was free under its moderate tariff. Now it is discovered that combines can be formed as readily in Canada with its low tariff as in the United States with its high tariff, and, strange to say, the very same people that two years ago objected to tariff revision on the ground that owing to the perfection of the tariff of 1897 we were free from combines, are now insisting that there shall be no increase of the tariff because we have combines. But while free trade or low tariff will not prevent combines to raise prices, it must be said that combines seem more reprehensible under a system of thorough protection than under a system of free trade, because although the results are the same, the protected manufacturers in return for the virtual possession of their home market should be in honour bound not to combine to charge unfair prices. There certainly should be some severe punishment for those who enter into such combines, but withdrawal of protection is not the proper punishment, because the effect will certainly be to place us at the mercy of foreign combines while retarding the development of Canadian industrial interests, and depressing every branch of trade. There is nothing wrong in combination for legitimate purposes, but when combines are arranged for the purpose of unfairly overcharging the consumer, there should be some effective way of putting an end

to them. President Roosevelt of the United States, in his last annual message, paid particular attention to the question of regulating combines, but he did not suggest that the evils attending them could be in any way minimised by reducing the tariff. President Roosevelt said:

"This is an age of combination, and any effort to prevent all combination will be not only useless, but in the end vicious, because of the contempt for law which the failure to enforce law inevitably produces. We should, moreover, recognise in cordial and ample fashion the immense good effected by corporate agencies in a country such as ours, and the wealth of intellect, energy and fidelity devoted to their service and, therefore, normally to the service of the public, by their officers and directors. The corporation has come to stay, just as the trades union has come to stay. Each can do, and has done, great good. Each should be favoured so long as it does good. But each should be sharply checked where it acts against law and justice."

WHO PAYS THE DUTY?

Who pays the duty? This is an old and even yet a much debated point. Free traders claim that the consumer pays it all. Some protectionists claim that the foreigner pays it all. The truth lies between the two. No two imports are exactly alike, but every article must be considered separately and in the light of the kind of competition it has to meet in the Canadian market. When, like tea or coffee, it has no domestic competition whatever, the consumer must invariably pay the whole of the duty. If on the other hand, as in the case of certain manufactures, they have to meet the competition of Canadian goods as low in price and as good in quality, the foreign manufacturer must perforce pay practically the entire duty, if he would sell in the Canadian market; and so the amount of duty paid will run up and down the entire gamut, depending entirely upon the amount and kind of competition the foreign article has to meet from the Canadian article.

The general ultimate effect of protection, however, is to reduce prices rather than to increase them, for it brings about home production and home competition, and makes the consumer less dependent upon distant foreign markets. In some cases, undoubtedly, the price is increased for a time by protection, but on the average the consumer pays less after industries are established than when he is obliged to import from abroad. I am satisfied that under our protective tariff that goods made in Canada are sold to the Canadian consumer, quality considered, at lower prices than if they were not made in the country but had to be imported from foreign manufacturies even at the low revenue tariff of twenty per cent. It can not be disputed that prices of almost all kinds of manufactured goods has steadily declined since the adoption of the protective tariff of 1879. An example of this was furnished to the Tariff Commission a few weeks ago by Mr. Dietrich, of Shurly & Dietrich, Galt. "All kinds of our saws are sold much cheaper in this country to-day than ever before," said Mr. Dietrich. "This has been the case since the adoption of the tariff of 1879. Up to that time the saw-making industry was struggling against the competition of the United States manufacturers, who almost controlled the market. The business done by Canadian saw-makers was too small to admit of their embarking in it on a large scale and with improved machinery; but when the tariff was raised from 17½ to 35 per cent. it gave an impetus to the home trade which has since been maintained. As a result, prices, instead of advancing, were reduced five per cent. the first year, and have been gradually dropping, until now we are selling many lines of saws at over fifty per cent. lower than before the tariff charge." What is true of saws is equally true of many other lines of goods and many other concrete examples could be given if space would allow.

THE PRICES OF FARM PRODUCTS

On the other hand the prices of most of the farm products have greatly increased. The price of wheat is doubtless largely determined by the British market and the amount of the world's crop, but there has certainly been a great improvement in the

local demand for butter, eggs, poultry, meats, vegetables and fruits, and better prices have consequently been obtained for them. In many districts where trade between farmers and merchants had been previously a matter of barter, exchanging farm products for goods, business has been placed on a cash basis, the farmers now being able to get money for their products and consequently to buy more independently and cheaply.

Wherever you have a factory town in Canada you find the cash paid out as wages circulating freely amongst the farmers who are induced to go into the raising of vegetables, poultry and garden truck for the artisans in the factories and their families. It was pointed out by a deputation of market gardeners who recently appeared before the Tariff Commission at Berlin advocating higher tariff, that many of the farm products are dearer in Berlin than in Toronto, owing to the fact that Toronto receives large supplies from districts where there are no factories, whereas Berlin depends upon the country immediately surrounding it. The same is substantially true of every district surrounding a large factory town. The prices of farm products are invariably higher in a manufacturing town than in any town or village not having factories.

Whatever may be said about the advantages of the United States market to Canadian farmers, it is useless to hope to get access to it. It would therefore seem to be a common sense policy for farmers to use all their influence to develop the markets that are accessible, the first in importance being the Canadian home market. A general increase in the Canadian tariff against foreign countries would have the double effect of increasing the food-consuming population of Canada by giving employment to many more workmen in our own country, as well as improving our trade relations with the Mother Country by diverting into British channels much of the trade now done with foreign countries and thus encouraging the British people to give our products a preference over foreign products.

THE BEST MARKET FOR CANADIANS.

The best market for every Canadian producer, be he manufacturer or farmer, is undoubtedly the home market. There can be no difference of opinion about this as regards Canadian manufacturers, for only a few of them have yet reached that stage where, having gained control of the Canadian market they are looking for other worlds to conquer by means of export trade. This will, however, come in time. We already have an export trade to be proud of in some lines of manufactures, and it is growing. Free trade farmers decry the value of the home market, but what are the facts? Which is the best customer for the Canadian farmer, the artisan across the sea who will buy only his wheat, meat, butter and cheese when he can get them at prices as low as he can obtain them from any foreign competitor, or the Canadian artisan almost at his door, who not only pays the highest market price for his wheat, meat, butter, cheese, etc., but is a certain and profitable customer for perishable fruits, vegetables and other garden truck which he could not possibly export, but which often pay him better than staple crops.

What proportion of Canadian farm products is exported compared with the quantity consumed at home? Mr. Watson Griffin, a well-known economic writer, has shown from Government statistics that during the years 1902 and 1903 Ontario, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories produced about two and a half times as much wheat, about twenty-five times as much oats, and about thirty-four times as much barley as the whole Dominion of Canada exported, and that in 1902 Ontario alone produced thirty-one times as many apples as were exported from the whole of Canada, while for the census year 1901 the home market consumed eight times as much butter, seven times as many eggs, and sixty-two times as many potatoes as the foreign market; and in the same year nearly twenty-four times as many cattle, about two and a half times as many hogs, six times as many sheep, twenty-four times as many poultry, and two hundred and seven times as many horses were fed in Canada as were exported. Complete farm returns are not available for later years than 1901, but it is a well-known fact that owing to the increased number of industries in the coun-

try the home demand for farm products has greatly increased since that date.

THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

Several years ago the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in annual session at Halifax, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, that in the opinion of this Association, the changed conditions, which now obtain in Canada, demand the immediate and thorough revision of the tariff upon lines which will more effectually transfer to the workshops of our Dominion the manufacture of many of the goods which we now import from other countries.

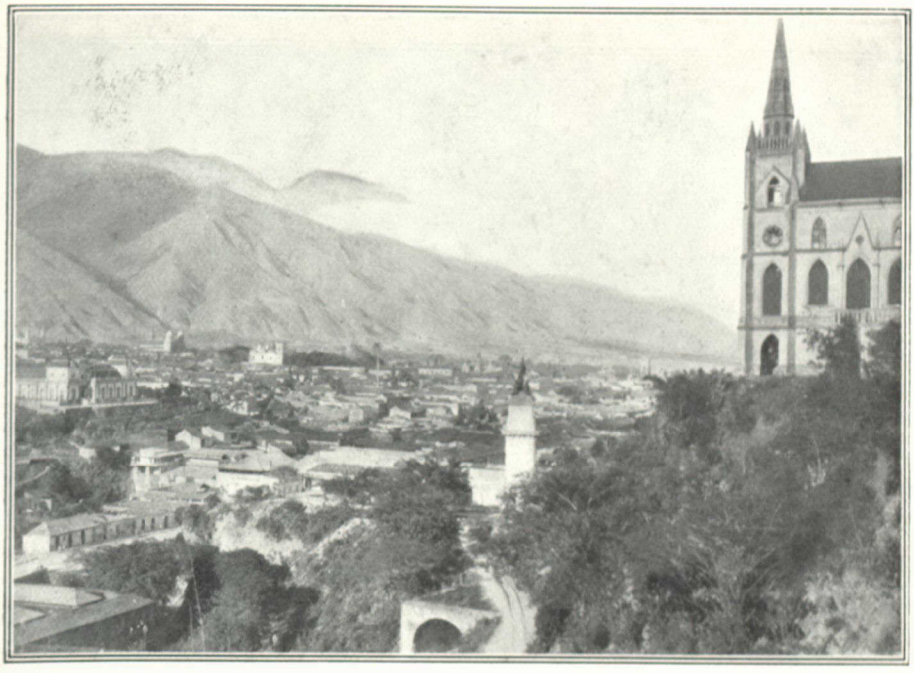
"That, in any such revision the interests of all sections of the community, whether of agriculture, mining, fishing or manufacturing, should be fully considered, with a view not only to the preservation, but to the further development of all these great natural industries.

"That, while such a tariff should primarily be framed for Canadian interests, it should nevertheless give a substantial preference to the Mother Country, and also to any other part of the British Empire with which reciprocal preferential trade can be arranged, recognising always that under any conditions the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers."

This resolution has since been repeatedly re-affirmed at the annual meetings of the Association, and cannot be fairly considered as a narrow or selfish class appeal. On the contrary, it is broad enough to be approved by farmers, miners, fishermen, and merchants, as well as by manufacturers. As a result of this resolution and the educational campaign which followed it, the Government decided to appoint a commission to investigate and report upon the Canadian industrial situation.

THE CANADIAN TARIFF COMMISSION

The Government Tariff Commission has practically been taking a national inventory of our manufacturing and farming industries and weighing them as it were in the scales of public opinion. Canada has had twenty-seven years of protection, which although not as thorough as it should have been, has still been sufficient to give an impetus to home manufacturing which has had a very stimulating and beneficial effect upon the country as a whole. Not only has it been conducive to Canada's material prosperity, but it has without doubt engendered a national sentiment previously unknown amongst our people. A pride in our own country and its products, both agricultural and manufactured, has taken the place of our former apathy, and Canadians of all classes are now strongly imbued with the belief that Canada has as great natural advantages for manufacturing cheaply as any other country in the world, and that Canadians being equal in ability and intelligence to any other people should, with proper Government encouragement, be able to produce goods equal in quality and at as low a price as they can be obtained from abroad. Yet it is well known that immense quantities of foreign goods are annually imported for consumption in Canada, and the general sentiment is that the time has come to give more thorough protection to Canadian industry than we have ever yet had. It is true that a number of free traders have given expression to their views before the Tariff Commission, but anyone who has travelled through the country for the last three years and come in touch with bankers, merchants, manufacturers and farmers, must admit that these free traders do not represent the general opinion of Canadians. This being the case the Canadian people will look with keen interest to the decision reached by the Tariff Commissioners, and it will generally be conceded that much of our prosperity during the next decade will depend upon their action. If we are to continue to progress as a nation we must have a national tariff framed exclusively from a Canadian standpoint, which will continue the good work already done in this direction.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CARACAS, VENEZUELA

An Envoy to Venezuela

By G. M. L. BROWN

With Photographs by the Author

PENTFIELD gazed disconsolately upon the heavy mist that slowly descended into the valley, obscuring the green foothills and settling upon the sugar and coffee plantations that fringed their base.

"It will be upon the city again in a few hours," he moaned, "and I shall probably have another week in bed. Dios mio, what a fool I've been!"

His soliloquy was interrupted by a scorpion, which dropped from a banana leaf upon the broad window sill, and moved threateningly toward him. Pentfield promptly tossed a slipper at the intruder, but with such excellent aim that it was barely able to drag its mangled form back to the patio.

"I wish I could fight the fever as well," said he, mechanically reaching for his medicine case. Again, however, his attention was arrested, this time by a sound at the door.

"I guess I was mistaken," he muttered; then, speculatively, "Adelante!"

"Does that mean 'Come in'?" said a well-known voice, as the door swung open.

"Colonel Williams!" exclaimed Pentfield, attempting to rise.

"Sit down, my boy; sit down. I'm awfully sorry to find you in this shape. Have you been very ill?"

"Not very," replied the invalid, with a grim smile. "I've just been getting acclimatised. But what on earth brings you to Caracas, Colonel?"

"Business," answered his visitor so

A CABALLERO—MULES AND ASSES ARE USED EVERYWHERE IN THIS MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY

promptly that Dick's rising suspicions were quickly allayed.

"By the way, I saw your father just before I left. He says you owe him a letter."

"That's strictly correct—I do. And it's just the message I might have expected from him."

"Come, come, Dick; your father didn't know that you were ill. Anyway I haven't given you all of it. He says to tell you that if you decide to go back he can promise you a better position with the firm, and five hundred dollars advance in salary."

"But I can't go back now, Colonel."

"Why?"

"There are several reasons. One is that I deliberately left against father's advice, yours too, for that matter, and everybody's; and here I've decided to stay till I've made a success of my venture. Of course it's awfully good of him to make out that they want me at an increased salary, but——"

"It's a downright fact, Dick. I happen to know that business has dropped off considerably since you left."

"Nevertheless, I simply can't think of going back this year. Father has nothing to worry about; he won't hear that I've made such a wretched beginning, and he need never know about my sickness—unless you should mention it."

"I think I have a little discretion," replied the Colonel, drily.

"Pardon me; I didn't mean what I said."

"But, granted that your father has no cause for actual worry; what about the sad-eyed girl I saw just before I sailed?"

"Colonel, please don't mention her."

"Why not? She mentioned you."

"She did?" The invalid nervously dropped his lighted cigarette.

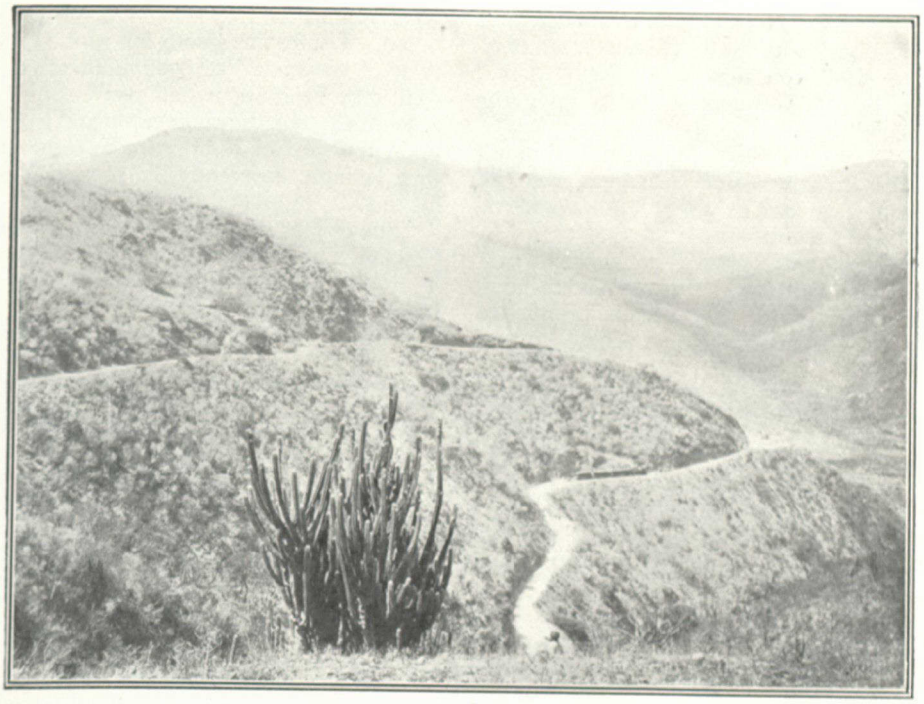
"She said to tell you that it was all her fault."

"Dear little girl! It's the nearest to a lie she ever uttered."

"Do you mean that the fault was yours?

"I certainly do."

"Dick, my boy!" exclaimed the Colonel delightedly, "when you are both in that mood, the quarrel may be considered



A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS RAILWAY—A TRAIN MAY BE SEEN WINDING ITS WAY ALONG THE LOWER LEDGE

dead and buried. You haven't the slightest excuse for staying here."

"Yes I have."

"What, then? Your first excuse isn't worth repeating."

"A Senorita."

"The devil!" blurted Colonel Williams, jumping to his feet.

"I—I almost echo your sentiments," said Pentfield.

"Engaged, are you?"

"Well, practically, though it hasn't been announced yet."

The Colonel tossed his cigar out of the window and began to pace the room.

"Did it for spite?"

"Oh, I don't know," sighed Pentfield; "temporary insanity, perhaps."

"What's her name?"

"Mendez."

"But that's the name of the people in this house, isn't it?"

"Yes, she's their only daughter."

"Then, by Gad, sir, I absolve you. That same Senorita is flirting from the balcony with a native officer this very minute."

"Are you sure?" demanded Pentfield clutching the table.

"I'm positive; and I advise you to go to the front door, sick as you are, and see for yourself."

Pentfield needed no second bidding. "It's perfectly fair, I suppose," he muttered. When he returned a few minutes later, Colonel Williams could hardly believe the step was his.

"I've had reason to suspect this for some time," said Dick, striding across the room, "but I was afraid it was just my feverish imagination. She might have had the kindness to tell me."

"And her people?" queried the Colonel.

"They'll be delighted. They never approved of me from the first. They think I'm a kind of ne'er-do-well, which I am just at present."

"Well," chuckled the Colonel, "you'll be able to say 'Adios' with a mighty clear

conscience. Now, what's to hinder your going back with me on the next steamer?"

Pentfield considered. "Nothing at all," he said, "if you don't object to my going second-class."

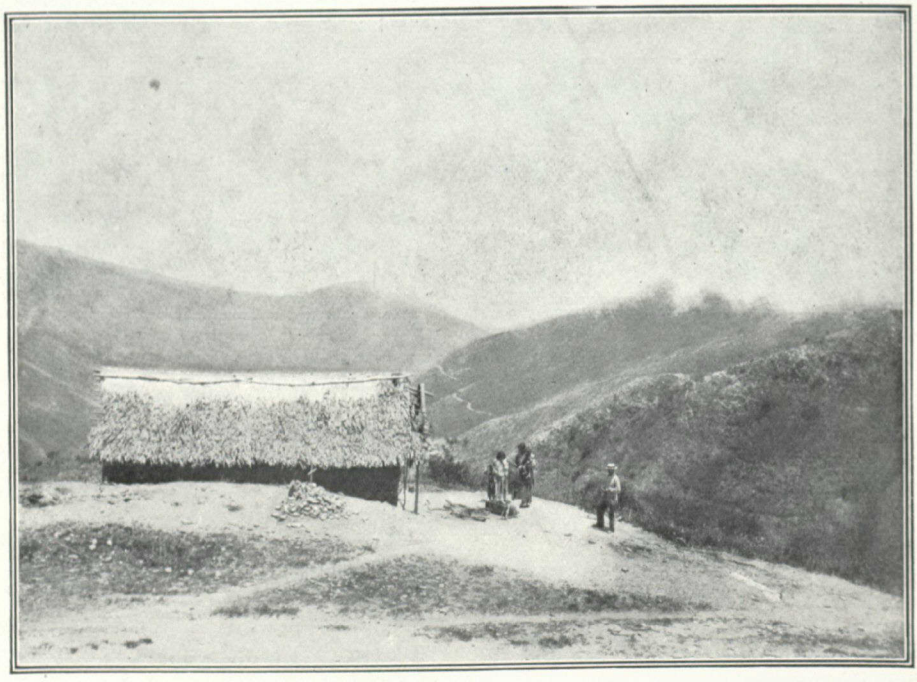
"Now, see here, Dick; I wouldn't object to your going steerage if you can stand it, *so long as you go;* but won't you let me lend you—"

"Not a cent, please, Colonel. You may think me obstinate, but remember my poor, wounded pride. My friends prophesied that I wouldn't make my business go, and you," replied the Colonel. "Oh, yes there is too. I stole this photo for you. First theft of the kind I've committed since—well, since I was about your age."

Pentfield took the photograph and gazed upon the face of his distant sweetheart; then lovingly, reverently, he pressed it to his lips.

"She caught me with it," continued the Colonel, "but instead of making me give it up, she wrote a little message on the back."

Pentfield turned the photograph over



A MOUNTAIN HUT ON THE TRAIL BETWEEN CARACAS AND LA GUAYRA

they were right; they prophesied that I would get into some love scrape, and so I did; they prophesied that I would catch the fever, and I have; they even prophesied that I would get stranded—for heaven's sake let me have the satisfaction of proving them wrong in one thing. I'm awfully grateful to you just the same."

"Nothing to be grateful for," growled the Colonel. "Are you sure you will have enough money to settle up here and pay your fare to La Guayra?"

"Quite sure! Thank you 'very much'."

"There's nothing to thank me for, I tell

and read the one word, "Come." When he looked up the Colonel was gone.

It was three days later. Colonel Williams was negotiating, by means of an interpreter, with a *burrero* who had been summoned to the hotel.

"Tell him I want a mounted guide, a donkey for myself, and a spare donkey for a friend who has gone on ahead."

"Where is the Senor going?"

"Across the mountain to La Guayra."

"He says it's a little late to start, Senor."

"Can't help it; tell him to hurry. I'll make it worth his while."

This inducement had its desired effect, and in an astonishingly short time, three stout, saddled *burros* were led to the hotel entrance.

Colonel Williams, without a moment's delay, mounted his animal and started down the street, leaving the guide to follow as best he might with the other two. In such a hurry was he that he took no notice of the magnificent view which the tortuous road afforded him from time to time, but pressed upward, looking back only occasionally to see that the guide was following or to know if he was on the right path.

"I can't think what the fellow means," he muttered; "hardly able to be out of his bed. The boy must be crazy!"

Presently he spied the object of his search seated upon a boulder at the side of the trail. Colonel Williams assumed a most indignant air, and rode forward.

"Dick," he said, "do you call this fair?"

Pentfield jumped to his feet, too astonished for the moment to reply.

"I can make an allowance for your pride, but d——d if I know whether I'll forgive you for deceiving me."

"I didn't deceive you, Colonel."

"Didn't we agree to go to La Guayra together by this afternoon's train?"

"Yes, but I had a reason for changing my programme, and I sent you word."

"Never got it!" exclaimed the Colonel, "and I began to think you had lost your senses when I heard what you had done. Upon my word, I believe you have—leaving a sick bed to climb above the clouds."

"Oh, I'm taking it slowly," replied Pentfield; "and I wouldn't have missed these views for anything. Look across the valley, Colonel—did you every see anything to equal that?"

"Now, Dick, stop talking rubbish; you told me you had enough money for everything, including train fare to La Guayra, and—"

"So I had."

"And then some little bill came in and you were short, and rather than bo row ten dollars from an old friend you would die on a mountain trail."

"I'm very sorry, Colonel; just as sorry as I can be; but I never dreamt that you would feel anxious about me. The fact is, I wanted to send a cablegram —an answer to the message on the photograph—and I found that what I would save by my tramp would just pay for it. Here it is."

And Colonel Williams read the name and address of the sad-eyed girl, and the one word, "Coming."

For a minute he faced the valley again, apparently absorbed in the view that he had so recently pretended to despise. Then, poking Pentfield in the ribs with his stirrup, he growled:

"Well, get aboard that donkey, and live up to your promise." But in a softened voice:

"She'll be the bright-eyed girl hereafter, Dick; I'm sure I'll need another introduction."

My Hostelry

BY EVELYN GUNNE

BLUE sky for the roof of my banquet hall,
(Shall I not boast?)
And daisies pied where my feet shall fall,
With the four great winds for my castle wall;
And God for my Host.

"Straight at me he came, until within eight feet of the camera"
A very rare photograph of a large male loon, showing his great white breast

The Search for the Loon

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

With Photographs by the Author

TO the man who hopes to start and find the Loon's solitary nest, and photograph this shy, elusive bird, my advice is, "It would be wise not to make the attempt."

For many miles, through swamp and drowned lands, up foaming rivers and to the head of long, winding log and tree choked creeks, through all the waters of the Otonabee River, with its marshy edges; far and wide in that best of all game waters, Rice Lake,* on its many islands, closely searching its deep bays, where the wild rice and the wild celery, those best of duck foods, grow luxuriantly, the search has led. It is my pleasant pursuit to picture the feathered game, game fishes and small fur bearers in all their natural haunts, migrating, mating, nesting, breeding, rearing, flocking and again migrating, but of all the wary ones that breed in these long stretches the Great Northern Diver (locally the Loon) carries off the prize.

The male bird, with an ingenuity that is almost uncanny, frequents all other places but the vicinity of the nest. To see him slowly swimming around a secluded bay is to decide that the nest is right there. After hours of careful hunting he is next seen haunting the shores of a neighbouring island, as if on strict guard. That island is then most thoroughly searched and he is sticking like its shadow to the next one. Then when he has led you far enough afield he dives and is seen no more.

The female all this time is miles away up the lake, making the nest, laying the two big olive green, red and brown spotted eggs and hatching them out, and usually in the dusk of the evening she is joined by her far travelled mate; he settles himself

*Rice Lake is one of a chain of small lakes, east of Lake Simcoe, in the Province of Ontario.

for slumber near the nest and to-morrow repeats his deceptive practices. Luckily my work has led me far and wide over the surface of the lake and time solved the riddle and found the nest.

There is a little island far up in the western end of the lake belonging to the Mississaugas, unused, seldom visited. Here in the deep tangle of last year's undergrowth, on Grape Island, while searching for a sandpiper's nest, I heard a great rustling of the dry grape vines, and then a big splash into the lake, fortunately on the lee side. Creeping carefully through the brush, I saw the pointed bill and grey head of the female loon show for a second, held flat as any snake's on the water, about a hundred yards out. So at last, by mere accident, the nest was discovered. It was placed near a big granite rock that had been pushed by the mighty force of the spring "ice-shove" far in among the trees, a sun-searched spot, but far from the wanderings of guide or trapper, and near enough to the water's edge for this unwieldy bird. A circle of dry, wild rice straw that had been pushed in here ahead of the incoming ice was barely formed into a nest, containing one big egg. It lay on a coating of feathers plucked from the mother's breast, and was a very consoling picture after a long hunt.

The female sat watching me about a quarter of a mile out, and at last, thoroughly alarmed, gave out that weird call that is so fearful on a dark night on a lonesome lake; almost at once he answered, the wooded shores re-echoing his wild cry. I hastily planted the camera, pointing along the pressed path to the nest, jumped into the canoe and paddled off. As soon as the point of the island hid the craft, I turned and landed on the farther shore and drew the basswood up into the bushes and crept back to my hide in the vines, knowing from previous experience that he would come ashore if he was sure the intruder had left.

Watching through the vines, I saw him coming closer every dive. Once within gunshot of the shore he swam along and carefully peeped—no other word will express his clever action—around the corner of the island. Apparently satisfied all was well, he swam back, and from where I crouched I could hear him coming through the dry vines and grasses; his wobbling was ludicrous, as daintily might a camel walk a picket fence. Erect on feet set too far back for walking he stumbled on. Straight at me he came until within eight feet of the camera. As a hunter makes a shot straight at his game, so I shot mine,

"Up the little path, with body held erect on unaccustomed clumsy feet, he waddled."

A rare photograph of a male loon, showing his black and white throat band and dark green head

THE NEST OF THE LOON, CONTAINING ONE EGG

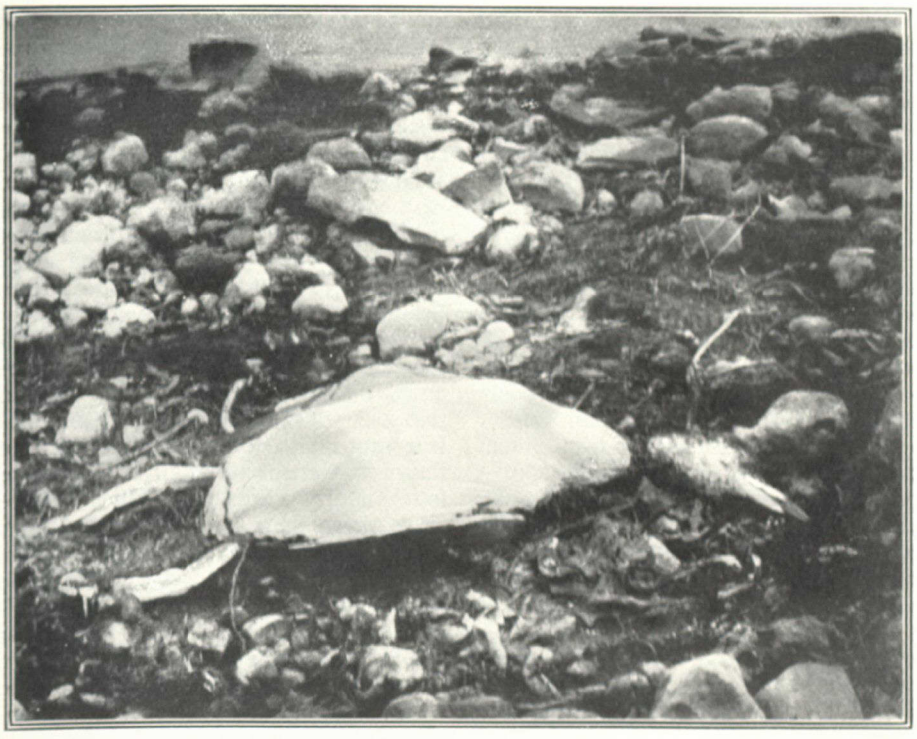
and, truly, gun never gave greater pleasure and keener feeling. At the "click" of the shutter the big bird turned and ambled down the path like a drunken sailor, looking from side to side in his frantic, useless haste. In he plunged, down he dived and swam out under water and came up beside his mate, where, with many a low call and loud eerie screech, he told her all.

Not wishing to picture the nest until the second egg was laid, with well-filled sail the canoe rapidly sped home to the "shanty" on the Beaver, pursued by the maniacal laughter of the two great birds as they rose and fell on the foam-crested waves of the lake.

Several days elapsed before the craft grated on the pebbles of the beach that bound Grape Island, The female at once left the nest and swam away from the shore, calling loudly for her mate; as before the cry was answered almost at once. No doubt he had followed the canoe for miles up the lake, and was even now close beside the mother bird, listening to her story of alarm. As the plans of the previous day had worked so well, they were all repeated, and like the rehearsal of a play he repeated his. Up the little path, with body held erect on unaccustomed clumsy feet, he waddled, every moment glancing suspiciously from side to side. At last he was just where I wanted him, and if he couldn't hear my heart beat he was stone deaf. At the metallic click of the shutter he threw up his head, looked intently a moment, then awkwardly stumbled back to the water to join his lady and again tell her of the unusual noise.

As there was only one egg, it looked as if she were an old bird and would only lay one, or perhaps like certain other bipeds they wanted only a small family; so taking advantage of a vagrant shaft of sunlight, the camera "clicked" once more, and my work for the present on the desolate little isle was done, for it seemed the female would never return to the nest until her mate assured her all was well.

One month later, before a brisk south wind, the canoe flew around the north point of Grape, and now there were three



A DEAD LOON (GREAT NORTHERN DIVER)

loons in the water, one, the size of a sandpiper, instantly dived with never a ripple behind; the beautifully marked male, with his black and white throat band, and dark green head, threw his bill up, and with a short screech dived beneath; the female, a big, handsome bird, her breast and neck white spotted as if with snowflakes, came straight for me, fluttering and diving. Once she came up within a paddle length—great display of imitating broken wings—her decoying was admirable—anything, even her own danger, to get me away from that precious wee one. I was making frantic efforts to get the sail down, drop the paddle, get the camera ready, all with the one hand; the other seemed useless—you know the feeling. By this time loons, canoe and all had drifted into rough water, the birds dived and were seen no more. The youngster was as graceful on the water as a teal, and its dives were literally clean "out of sight."

On all these northern lakes a pair or two of these handsome big birds bring forth their young, their shy, wild habits keeping them almost unseen. One of my red-skin friends discovered a nesting female on her nest on the edge of the bog. He had been casting for bass; silently he pushed the canoe alongside the rush and reed covered edge, drawing it inch by inch with his hands, grasping the weeds below water, no more sound than from a drifting fograck. Carefully, slowly, with the Indian's true cunning, he raised his fishing pole, a stiff cedar shoot, and quickly passed the looped fishing line over the head of the setting bird. Instantly there was something doing—up jumped the big bird, like a kite on a string, a few frantic pulls and beats with those strong wings of hers and the line snapped and away she went—without disturbing the feathers on the nest, let alone the eggs, so carefully had she waged her fight.

Once, when my chum and I were returning from a native concert at Hiawatha, the picturesque village of the Mississaugas, late at night, with a gathering storm black

and gloomy overhead, a puffy hot wind filling the sail, half-way across the dark lake the canoe sped full tilt into one of these great birds asleep on the tossing waters. With a mighty splash and a cry so full of throbbing terror, it disappeared in the darkness and only involuntary balance on my part saved the canoe from upsetting, as my chum, asleep in the bow, rose at the wild cry and stood erect in the bounding craft. My nerves were tingling, and a vivid flash of lightning disclosed our pallid faces to one another. He sank back into his place at my bellowed command, asking what it was, and although I knew I could not tell him, so badly had it upset me. The storm struck us with full force, and it took all I knew and a little more—which is luck—to guide the darting canoe safely over those wild miles to the sheltered bay at camp. Here, in the darkness, paddling up the lee under the great pines, he asked me where the cry came from, and as he had jumped to his feet in a blinding flash with that nerve-racking, diabolical screech echoing in his half-awakened mind, I did not wonder that he thought it was supernatural. The Hurons have a beautiful legend of how the strong swimmers that have perished in the deep waters are swept to the surface by the might of the storm and call aloud to the sleeping braves, sleeping so silently beneath the sod, for a place to rest on, a little place for the sole of the foot to rest. Then the braves in the wigwams hear the wild cry, hear it as we heard it that night in the storm, the cry of loon, and tell one another whose voice it is, and listen trembling while great bird answers great bird far out on the dark waters.

In the fall the strange habits of the loon are best displayed, as they decoy to our wooden flocks set off the points of the Beaver. Well hidden behind our "bough-house" we will see one of these great birds swimming and diving in mid lake. After a while it discovers our flock of decoys, and so great is its bump of curiosity, that it is not satisfied until it thoroughly investigates everything it cannot understand. By long dives it cautiously approaches the point; when about ten yards outside the flock it stops and, with bill flat on the water and neck stretched out like a snake's, it remains perfectly still, intently eyeing the decoys. Down with a dive so true that hardly a ripple is left behind it goes, and pokes its bill, long and sharp as a spear, right up among the flock. The unnatural stillness awes it for a moment, and then with body still submerged it slowly swims to the nearest decoy, with its bright eyes fixed on the counterfeit bird, and every feather erect on its head, it attacks it from behind, pecking it vigorously. The non-resistance seems to alarm it, for down it plunges once more, only to renew the attack on the next bird it rises near; but just stick your head up over the "hide" if you want the visitor to disappear and not return to the surface until it is three or four hundred yards out. One of these clever divers got foul of one of my decoy anchor lines while diving among the flock, got it tangled around his wing; down he went, and of course the decoy partly followed. The look of alarm when he saw that stupid-looking duck had followed him changed instantly to one of anger, and he went at it wings and bill and feet. It acted as a sort of life preserver, being made of light, well-dried cedar, and thoroughly exasperated the bird. Every time the loon came up it bobbed up serenely beside him in a truly maddening manner. I have always thought the loon took it for a fair up and down fight at this stage of the proceedings, for the way he let into that wooden shape was a caution. It taught us his power. To add to his alarm I stood up at this interesting moment, intent on rescuing the decoy before it was too far out in the lake. The canoe afloat, a few strokes put me right into the battle; the bird, encumbered as it was, could only dive a few yards. Standing up, the tell-tale bubbles showed me the way; but the line was passing around the wing until the bird and decoy were separated by the full length of the line. A last mighty struggle, and the lead anchor dropped off, the end of the line slipped through the wing and the bird escaped, although I had touched it once as it dived.

Many are the odd experiences with these birds told around the "shanty" fire when the November winds are blowing. They are hard to shoot and are seldom taken.

The Nemesis of War

By HENRI RESTELLE

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
. . . . . .
There the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

—*Tennyson.*

IS this vision of the poet naught else but a pleasing fancy, a dream cherished by visionaries, a will-of-the-wisp pursued only by Utopians? Is that happy age, of which poets have sung and seers foretold, that age when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning forks, a fond imagination, and nothing more? There are not wanting those who would have us believe so. We are told that man is by nature a fighting animal, that warfare is a normal state of society, and that however great an evil war may be, history and science alike demonstrate its inevitability.

We cannot, however, agree with those who maintain that war is a necessary outcome of the universal struggle for life, nor can we accept the pessimistic conviction of others who aver that militarism is an institution too deeply rooted in society ever to be eradicated. To the former we would say that while struggle is a necessary condition of life, it by no means need persist in the form of armed conflicts between nations. The struggle for existence among the individual members of a state is just as intense as among the individual nations of the world, yet club-law is not resorted to for the settlement of disputes. No, justice is obtained by a much more rational method, a method which is just as applicable to nations as to individuals. No weight need be attached to the argument that what for ages has been, shall for ages continue to be. Every page of history proves the fallacy of this ultra-conservatism. Such institutions as trial by combat and slavery once seemed as essential to the social organism as militarism now seems, yet they have passed away. No thanks, however, to the doubters. No thanks to those who cried "impossible." It is not these who have given us freedom and enlightenment, but the men of faith and action, the men who believed in right and made possible the impossible.

Though we have little reason to hope that the world will never again be convulsed by a really great war, we have much reason to believe that before the twentieth century runs its course war will have become a thing of the past. Never before in the world's history have the prospects of universal peace been so bright. Before the heads of the children of the present generation grow hoary war will probably be no more. This may seem like an unwarranted outburst of optimism, but it is fully justified by the signs of the time. A consideration of the forces at work in modern society making against war ought to convince anyone that the time is not far distant when the sword shall be sheathed in its scabbard, and the nations cease to learn war any more.

First and foremost among the forces making against war is the growth of humanitarian sentiment. It is not many decades since war occasioned no condemnation whatever, save from an individual here and there, and such sects as the Quakers, Divines, philosophers and men of letters sanctioned it. Public opinion sanctioned it, and little was said or done against the evil. Now philosophy, religion, literature, mammon and common sense are battling against this survival of barbarism. The conscience of society is becoming disturbed over it. The conviction is gaining ground that war is a most primitive and brutal method of settling international differences. Less confidence is being placed in the efficacy of force to establish right. The arbitrament of justice henceforth is not to be the sword, but reason. The spirit of the age

demands this. The humanitarianism of the nineteenth century which reformed the prisons, abolished slavery, and gave birth to an incalculable amount of philanthropic effort is destined in the twentieth century to lift the crushing incubus of war forever off the backs of mankind. There can be no doubt of the strong feelings being engendered against war. It is evidenced by the formation of numerous peace societies, by the utterances of public men, by the literature of these times, and by the willingness of governments to consider methods of humanising war, if not of abolishing it altogether. The conference at The Hague in 1899 was a disappointment to many, but its significance lies not in what it accomplished, but in its serving as a precedent for future conferences of a like nature. It was an epoch-making conference, if nothing else. But its partial codification of international law and the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration were certainly two long strides in the right direction.

When the pioneers of popular education dotted the world with little red schoolhouses, they probably never realised what a mass of brick and mortar they removed from the foundation of militarism. War can only subsist on prejudice and ignorance. As the human mind becomes enlightened, savage instincts are suppressed, passion is superseded by reason, prejudices take flight, and provincialism expands into catholicism. The mutual study of each other's history, customs, literature and laws is bringing the peoples of the world to a better understanding of each other. We are all coming to see what an excellent person the other fellow is, even if he be a Russian. Knowledge and commerce are gradually welding humanity into one homogeneous whole. The world of letters, science and art knows no boundaries, and floats no flag. Historians, scientists, sociologists, scholars and thinkers are united in one great and common purpose, that of instructing mankind and seeking after truth wheresoever it may be found. These men have risen out of the mire of national prejudices and may be found co-operating with each other in several great undertakings, notable among which at the present time is the work of charting the heavens. Thirteen different governments have cordially agreed to aid astronomers in this great enterprise.

The year 1850 is a sign-post in the social progress of the world. It marks the development of society towards cosmopolitism. In that year the first international exhibition was held in London. Others followed, until now world-fairs are becoming almost annual events. These fairs have, of course, only been made possible by the great facilities for travel of the present day. Railroads and steamships have wrought such a social revolution among the races of this planet as no Utopian of a century ago ever contemplated. Nations are no longer isolated from each other. People of every clime and colour mingle promiscuously together, speak each other's languages, form friendships, and talk over projects for an international currency, a common system of weights and measures, a universal postal system, and questions of international law. The old spirit of *Romanus Sum* is passing away, and a feeling of neighbourliness is taking its place.

Barbarism is rapidly receding before the aggressive forces of civilisation, and, in proportion as it does so, the causes of many minor wars become obsolete. And not only that. As civilisation develops, individuality develops, and as individuality develops patriotism and self-sacrifice diminish. This truth is exemplified in the development of the Roman Empire, and also by the United States of to-day. As wealth from the provinces began to enrich the citizens of Rome, as civilisation and culture were introduced from Greece and the east, the stern, honest, warlike Roman of the early republic disappeared, his self-sacrifice and devotion to the state became the lament of moralists under the Cæsars, and the defence of the Empire was entrusted to mercenaries. And so it is to-day. Self-interest, and the love of ease and pleasure, are deterring men from braving the hardships of a campaign.

Thus far we have been considering the social and ethical forces operating in favour of peace. But these alone are insufficient to guarantee permanent peace. In fact, the history of very recent times shows how fickle is public opinion after

all. Kinship and commercial ties have not prevented the two most democratic and progressive countries in the world from assuming a belligerent attitude towards each other at various times. On more than one occasion they have spilt each other's blood. Yet in spite of all these disagreeable circumstances, the advocate of peace may still beam with confidence in the future, for he knows that a combination of economic and political forces are operating strongly against militarism. He knows that many of the causes of war in past times have become obsolete. If he is not too much of an idealist he knows, too, that men are largely dominated by self-interest, and that it is this very element of self-interest which is destined to put an end to war. Mankind is rapidly waking up to the fact that its interests are in no way subserved by war, except it be war of civilisation against barbarism. Just to what extent the man in the street is realising the relation of Maxim guns to his pocket-book may be seen in the utterances of the labour press and the growth of socialism in such countries as Germany. It has been truly said that every workman has to carry a soldier on his back, and this the educated artisan of to-day is coming to realise. The economic burden of militarism is becoming an intolerable burden to the peoples of Europe. Already "two-thirds of the European budgets consist of charges for war and debts" and "the total expenditures, direct and indirect, absorb half the wealth produced by the working classes." Yet notwithstanding this excessive expenditure for military purposes, the war budgets of every power of any importance whatever are increasing at an enormous rate. Armaments are increasing in size and costliness, and public debts are running up into the billions. No effort is spared to increase the deadliness of modern weapons. Every mechanical device, every scientific discovery is brought under tribute for improving the instruments of destruction. Governments pay inventors liberally for any contrivance which will give them an advantage over the arms of their rivals. And every improvement adopted by one nation must, of course, be adopted by all the other nations. And if, as it sometimes happens, an invention revolutionises gunnery; say, for example, a new rifle is found to be much more effective and better in every respect than the ones in use, a large supply must thereupon be ordered, and the army furnished with the new rifle. Again when one nation increases its armaments, a corresponding increase is necessitated in the armaments of all the other powers. And thus it is that military expenditures increase by leaps and bounds, and have been doing so ever since the Crimean War. One wonders if this diversion of national wealth to such abominable ends is ever going to stop. Economists assure us that it must. The taxability of peoples has its limit, and beyond that limit governments dare not go. Far-sighted statesmen realise that that limit must not even be approached if the existing systems of governments are to be saved from revolution. Europe is seething with discontent, especially in those countries where the military organisation has reached almost perfection. It is an appreciation of these facts that is bringing the governments of the world together, and forcing them to consider what can be done to check the suicidal policy each and every one of them are pursuing.

Perhaps the greatest impediment to a general European war is the mutual interdependence of nations. Countries to-day are not isolated, self-supporting units like they were a century or two ago. States are just as dependent on each other for the necessaries of life as are farmers and artisans. The peoples of Europe dare not engage in a great war among themselves, not for fear of each other's bayonets but for fear of famine and the paralysis of industry. Especially is this true of England. A century ago England was not deterred from entering a great European war for fear of having her food supplies cut off and her factories closed down. She was then practically self-supporting, and her foreign commerce did not amount to much, and that of other nations to less. To-day England is almost entirely dependent on her colonies and foreign countries, many of them hostile to her, for the sustenance of her population and the maintenance of her industries. The soil of the United Kingdom does not at present

provision the British people for more than four months out of the year. And herein lies the greatest danger of the British people. In a fair fight they have nothing to fear from the fleets and armies of hostile powers, but they have much to fear from the gaunt figure of hunger stalking through their island. If England became involved in a great European war, if her mastery of the sea became seriously disputed and she were unable to protect her commerce and guarantee food supplies from the United States and her colonies, imagine the predicament she would be in. Even if she were able to maintain uninterrupted communication with her kinspeople across the seas, immense damage could be done her by hostile countries barring her manufactures from their ports and prohibiting the exportation of raw material to her shores. Taking the most optimistic view possible of Great Britain's fortunes in a European war, one must see that great distress and temporary ruin would ensue in England immediately after the outbreak of hostilities, owing to the interruption of commerce and the paralysis of many stable industries. And what is true of the United Kingdom is true of most of the countries of Europe. War would simply mean famine and suspension of industry. This the peoples of Europe cannot face. This the moneyed interests of Europe would not allow, and against this the cries of the multitude would go up in vigorous protest. Capital is the dominant factor in the world to-day, and as capital has nothing to gain from war, war must eventually cease. True, a few capitalists profit by purveying to the army and providing costly armaments for governments, and these, of course, are among the practical, hard-headed men who proclaim war a necessary evil, and armaments essential for the peace of the world. But capital taken as a whole derives no dividends from the destruction of property and the impoverishment of mankind. Peace is requisite for national prosperity, and national prosperity is requisite for the amassing of wealth. This fact alone will operate as a powerful deterrent to peoples who would otherwise unearth the hatchet for trivial reasons, but it will by no means prevent conflicts between nations whose economic interests are diametrically opposed so strongly as were those of Rome and Carthage in times past, and of Japan and Russia at the present day. The wars of the future—if any more there be—will have purely an economic basis, but as a *status quo* is finally evolved in Asia and Africa, and the commercial rights of every country recognised therein, wars for commerce will become, like the wars of religion, a matter of history.

Among the political forces making for peace must be numbered the consolidation of the world into large units. As a consequence of this harmony is secured in areas where formerly reigned discord. The history of modern Europe is replete with splendid examples of the benefit of federation. Since the political union of England, Ireland and Scotland, no petty wars have devastated the British Isles. Italy and Greece, once perpetually convulsed by internecine strife between neighbouring provinces and cities, have both become consolidated under central monarchies. Austria-Hungary now floats one flag. The petty principalities of the German Empire less than half a century ago were as quarrelsome as children. India owes a debt to a powerful and humane nation for putting a stop once and for all to the almost constant warfare which sapped the very life-blood out of her population, even if the motive of that nation was self-aggrandisement. And thus it is all over the world. Tribal friction is being removed by the centralisation of power. Small states have been brought under the control of big states, and those small states which still retain their independence must, perforce, keep the peace.

The age we live in is the most remarkable in the history of the world. It presents to the student of mankind the most interesting phenomena. Some writers have called it the age of steam, others the age of books, and still others the age of progress. We have termed it a cosmopolitan age. It is all of these and more. It is the age of democracy. The centuries of the past belonged to kings, lords, and men of wealth; the present century and the centuries to come belong to the man on the street. Whether wars

shall be or not be rests henceforth on the decision of the people. And there can be no doubt as to what that decision will be. An enlightened proletariat is even now making itself heard and its influence felt in the council chambers of the world. The middle class have always been for peace, and the ruling classes, whose fondness for war is almost proverbial, are beginning to quake in their shoes, and flounder about for means of oiling the turbulent waters of working-class society which threaten to wreck their craft and suck them down into itself. Wars have hitherto been a favourite means of diverting popular discontent, but no such means would accomplish that end at the present day. Recent events in Russia are sufficient proof of this. When constitutional government was firmly established, a great curb was put on the ambition of rulers and statesmen. Wars could no longer be concocted and carried on without parliamentary consent. The people had to be worked up to a bellicose spirit. And though up to the present this has not been hard to do, it is becoming harder every year. The personal influence of monarchs has greatly diminished, and the independence of subjects has proportionately increased. No longer will a servile populace rush headlong into battle to serve the dynastic interests of some irresponsible despot. Clever statesmen have been able to thrust war upon nations against their will, but it will take exceptionally clever statesmen to do likewise in the future. A designing politician or a corporation-owned government is exposed to criticism of so searching a character that any underhand work is quickly divulged. Every word and action of statesmen must stand the examination of discerning journalists and the denunciation of the opposition, which is ever ready to seize an opportunity for working up public sentiment against the party in power. Now, every move made in favour of increasing armaments and entering upon wars will encounter a greater and greater storm of popular disapproval. When it comes to be clearly understood by the people's representatives and by the people themselves that wars between civilised races are abominable, and as unprofitable as abominable, then no government will enter upon a war if there is any way of getting out of it. And the people *are* coming to understand that war is unprofitable. We have seen how public sentiment is growing against war, and how that sentiment is becoming organised. We would now point out what a powerful movement against militarism is being developed in every country of the civilised world.

We refer to the proletariat movement, the significance of which cannot be overestimated. It is the greatest revolutionary movement of all time. The steady growth of trades-unionism and socialism in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the phenomenal growth of the latter in recent years, is so pregnant with possibilities that one is almost tempted to digress from the present subject and discuss what the probable outcome of these movements will be. We can, however, only speculate in the present article on its outcome as it effects war. It must be evident to even the most casual observer that the attitude of labour to militarism is becoming more hostile every day. From bitter experience the working-class have learned that the soldiery is a most effective weapon in the hands of rulers for whipping them into submission. Several labour organisations in the United States have resolved that militarism and trades-unionism are not compatible, and have strongly recommended their members to have nothing whatever to do with the militia. Moreover, labour leaders now realise that the cause of labour is the same in every country and under every flag. The workpeople of Europe and America are drawing closer together. Solidarity, more solidarity, is the cry, and on, ever on, to solidarity labour is moving. Trades-unionism has outgrown nationalism, and now seek to weld the workpeople of all the world into one great brotherhood.

But trades-unionism is only one phase of the proletariat revolt, and the more conservative phase at that. A phase of much greater significance—because it is absorbing trades-unionism into itself—is that of socialism. No political speculator can afford to ignore the social-democratic movement. In Europe the socialist party has attained gigantic proportions, and in

THE OLD SCHOOL-MASTER

The original of this photograph was an Irish school-master, who in his later days was librarian of the Mechanics Institute in a western Ontario town. He was a noble type.

Photo by Henry, Clinton

the United States it has quadrupled itself within a few years. It matters not whether we like it or no, socialism is a growing force, and is destined to play a very important rôle on the stage of politics a few years hence. Now, the socialist movement is avowedly inimical to militarism, which it considers as an institution maintained by capitalism for purposes of exploitation abroad and suppression of any social upheaval at home. The triumph of socialism would certainly mean the overthrow of militarism, not only because it is an intolerable burden in itself, but because in the good time coming all disputes between nations would be submitted to a court of arbitration. For purposes of defence against the predatory hordes of Asia and northern Africa, socialists would substitute for standing armies a citizen militia on a system somewhat similar to that which now obtains in Switzerland. It is not our purpose here to discuss the merits or demerits of socialist ideas, but we would point out that whether trades-unionism and socialism gain the upper hand or no, they will directly or indirectly strike the death knell of militarism. In the first place they are instructing the masses on sociological and economic questions, they are teaching the workingman to think for himself, and they are stirring up such a sentiment against everything which deprives the toiler of the fruits of his labour that governments dare not disregard. Far-sighted statesmen see that something must be done, and that quickly, if they are to stave off the impending social revolution. Restrictions of the franchise will accomplish nothing; that would only accentuate matters and invite violence. If the military governments of the world are to save themselves, sweeping reforms must be carried out, and foremost among reforms must be the reduction of armaments, and the excessive taxes thereon. But a reduction of armaments can only follow the establishment of a tribunal of international justice, to which all the great powers agree to submit their differences, and to stand by the decision when given. Nor will this suffice. The court must be empowered to enforce its decisions, if need be, either with a standing army of its own, or with the assistance of the other nations in the League.

It is said that war will ultimately kill war. The perfection of modern instruments of warfare, the discovery of new agencies of destruction, will, some believe, soon make war impossible. M. Bloch, a Russian author of some note, compiled, some years ago, a gigantic work on every aspect of war, in which he endeavoured to show that war has already become an impossibility. He argued that battles of the future would be converted into mere mechanical slaughter, and that nations who plunged into a war would, of a certainty, be committing suicide. Theoretically, his arguments were conclusive, so conclusive, indeed, that Nicholas II is supposed to have been chiefly moved to propose the Hague conference of 1899 by M. Bloch's work. But historical investigation into the casualties of war proves a paradox, namely, that the perfection of instruments of destruction is not followed by an increase, but by a diminution, in the loss of life. Wars are not becoming more deadly, but less deadly. The belief that war will ultimately abolish itself has no foundation in fact. There is much more ground for belief that long before science will have so perfected the death-dealing apparatus of war as to make battle mean annihilation, it will have made war and preparation for war too costly to be longer indulged in by even the wealthiest nations of the world.

Reminiscences of a Loyalist

The Manuscript of Colonel Stephen Jarvis, or Jervis, a Soldier of England in the War for Independence. Afterward, in Canada, Adjutant-General of Militia, and later "Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod" in the House of Parliament. Born Danbury, Connecticut, 1756. Lived 84 years. Now published for the first time.

Edited by STINSON JARVIS

THE first object that presented itself to my view was the Indian who had left us in the morning, and soon after, Mr. Wadsworth appeared, in his shirt only. He had heard a noise and took us for smugglers from the American side. 'As he was on a smuggling voyage himself, I gave him a hearty curse, procured a bowl of milk, drank it, and laid myself alongside the Indian beside the fire, a I could not procure a bed, and went to sleep.

The next day we reached Kingston, where I met Captain Earle, of the Marine Department, whom I had met some years before in New Brunswick. He asked Major Thompson and myself to dine with him at the public inn, which I thought very singular, as he was a married man; but on recollection that his wife was a half Indian I was reconciled to the matter. I here fell in with Solicitor-General Boulton, of Upper Canada, who had been on the circuits and was on his return to York. Before dinner, Captain Earle introduced Major Thompson and myself to Commodore Steele, who was about to sail for York (now Toronto), and we engaged our passage, and the next day embarked.

But a violent thunder-storm prevented our sailing until the following day. Commodore Steele kept an excellent table, and although our passage was a long one, it was very pleasant. A Mr. Cartwright, son of the Honourable Mr. Cartwright, of Kingston, was on board. We sailed as far as the Ducks* (islands of that name), where the real entrance to Lake Ontario is considered to be. Here we were detained twenty-four hours by a head wind, or no wind at all, and our time was pleasantly spent in rowing about the islands, trolling for bass. For a sportsman, this would have been great fun, as we caught a great many fish, most of them black bass, and most excellent they were.

I forgot to mention that at Cornwall I met with Samuel Peters Jarvis, a son of my relation, Mr. Secretary Jarvis. He was then at school at Cornwall, and with some others had been engaged in a fray with some Indians. They had nearly killed one of them, and the magistrates of Cornwall were making an examination of the matter when I passed through the town.

We were two days on our passage to York along Lake Ontario. I had enquired at Kingston what was the amount paid for a passage. Being informed that it was two guineas, and on landing when I came to York I offered two guineas to Commodore Steele, who refused the money, although he said that in some cases that was the price, but "he did not take money from persons of our description." We then wished that we might be allowed to pay our portion of the mess account, which he also declined, and we were indebted to him for both our passage and living.

On landing I wrote from the public inn to my cousin, Mr. William Jarvis, telling of my arrival. He soon called and took me to his house and introduced me to his wife and family. Since we were in the American war, when we both belonged to the Queen's Rangers, he had been married, in 1785, at St. George's, Hanover Square, London, to Hannah Owen, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Pet-

*The steamer channel is now close to the fixed red light on the False Duck, which is 24 miles southwest of Kingston. The fishing is still very good in that locality.—Ed.

ers, D.D., who was also a great friend of my uncle, Bishop Abraham Jarvis, Connecticut. My cousin's family now consisted of wife, three daughters and a son at home, besides the son at school in Cornwall. He was Canada's first secretary, having been appointed in England in 1792.

The next day Mr. Jarvis gave my travelling companion, Major Thompson, an invitation to take up his quarters with him also. A bed was placed in my room, and he remained with us during my stay at York. As His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Gore was absent from York, we took the first opportunity, after I had called, to deliver my letters of recommendation to Colonel Shaw. He was one of the council, and an old British officer who had been with me in the war,* and whom my friends in New Brunswick expected could and would do everything for me, and who, by-the-by, never asked me to his house.

Major Thompson and myself took a ride as far as Lake Simcoe. Two sons† of the late Christopher Robinson, who had lived in New Brunswick, accompanied us, and we lodged at a Mr. Beman's, who had married their mother. She was very glad to see us, and treated us with the greatest hospitality. The next day the two Mr. Robinsons, Major Thompson and myself took a circuit of about twenty miles, and I never was more delighted with a day's ride. I have travelled over a great extent of country from North to South America, but I never travelled over so much good land in the same extent in my life. We again slept at Mr. Beman's, and the next morning set off; breakfasted with a son of Major Willmott, late of Fredericton, and arrived at York and dined with Mr. Jarvis.

During our stay at York we dined with the Attorney-General, Mr. Frith, Chief Justice Scott, Captain McGill, and Solicitor-General Boulton. Major Thompson and myself took the first opportunity, which was with Captain Earle, to visit Niagara and view the falls. Mr. Secretary Jarvis gave us letters of introduction to the Hon. Robert Hamilton, of Queenston, on the Niagara river, who received us very graciously,‡ and we took a glass or two of wine with him. He had company at dinner, but we had dined before we set out. We then proceeded on to Chippewa, having been furnished with a horse by Thomas Dickson, Esquire. It was dark when we got there, so we deferred our visit to the falls until the next day, and remained at Chippewa for the night. A Mr. Steward was with us. He was formerly an inhabitant of New Brunswick, a brother to Captain Steward of the King's American Dragoons. Mr. Steward was created a lawyer by Governor Simcoe for the Province of Upper Canada, and he had married a wife who was a daughter of Sir John Johnston by an Indian woman. Here I also met two very old acquaintances, Major Campbell and a Captain McGill, of the Canadian regiment, and we spent a social evening, not having seen each other for many years.

There was another person also, whom I had formerly known—a "Mr. Vincent," an Englishman. This was the Vincent for

*At the time referred to, Colonel Jarvis and Colonel Shaw were both Lieutenants, the latter in a Highland Company.

†One of these "two sons" was afterward the Honourable William B. Robinson, who lived to a ripe old age and even up to the day of his death could play an excellent game of whist, in which he had much practice at the house of this Editor's parents, where he was a lifelong friend. Early in the last century he married Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr. Secretary Jarvis, and probably lived, if memory serves, till some time in the seventies—handsome and courtly to the end and with that gentleness with which age adds perfection to the perfect. The other of the "two sons" was afterward the Lord Chief Justice.

‡The Hon. Robert Hamilton settled in Canada before the War of Independence, and thus before Canada received the Loyalists. He founded Queenston, was a Member of the Legislative Assembly and also a Lieutenant-Colonel. He, his eight sons, and all his descendants, have been noted for their fine stature, their great handsomeness and their captivating dispositions. His son George, the founder of the City of Hamilton, Canada, married Maria Lavinia, daughter of Mr. Secretary Jarvis, in 1811: and another son, Alexander, sheriff of Queenston, married Hannah Owen, second daughter of Mr. Secretary Jarvis, in 1816. The present City of St. Catharines (near to Queenston) was built on the lands owned by this lady.

whom I was taken when I first went to New Brunswick; and I was also taken for him when I was in New York. Mr. Vincent was very drunk and noisy. He had heard that a Mr. Jarvis from New Brunswick was in the house and he came to enquire if it was the one he knew. But I found him so much intoxicated and noisy that I denied being the person he was enquiring for, and so got rid of him for the night. In the morning I made myself known to him when he got a little more sober; but he appeared to be a lost man.

We returned during the day to Niagara (the fort settlement on Lake Ontario), where we remained a day or two and set off to view the country at Long Point, upon Lake Erie,* and here I fell in with some other acquaintances from New Brunswick, a Captain Ryerson and his brother. They were very anxious that we should make our pitch† and settle in that country. We stayed two nights in the neighbourhood, and then returned to Niagara. From thence we went to Queenston, agreeable to promise, and spent two days at the beautiful estate of the Honourable Mr. Hamilton, who showed us great civility, and took us about the country.

Here were disbanded soldiers with capital stone houses, and orchards in the highest perfection, with large barns, extensive droves of cattle, and so far beyond anything in New Brunswick that I was in raptures with the country.

We now returned to York where we found letters from my family, and one from my old friend Mr. Botsford, Speaker of the House of Assembly. The Legislature was then sitting at Fredericton, and Mr. Speaker was an inmate with Mrs. Jarvis. His letter was very humorous, and ridiculed my jaunt to Canada for the purpose of forming an establishment.

By this time His Excellency Governor Gore had returned, and Major Thompson and myself were introduced to him. He received us very graciously, and told us at once what he could do for us and our families, but he could not know or give us encouragement, as coming from New Brunswick. If we chose to apply and pledge ourselves to become settlers in the Province with our families, he would give us in the course of one year a grant of land of twelve hundred acres, we paying the patent fees; but as officers or loyalists he could give us no encouragement, as we could not draw lands as military claimants in Upper Canada. We therefore laid a petition before council and obtained an Order of Council for twelve hundred acres of land, and we located some of the lots in the Township of York, and a thousand acres each in the Township of Binbrook.

After making these arrangements, Major Thompson and myself set off on our way back. We again coursed the lake with our friend Commodore Steele—this time taking care, however, to provide something to eat and drink. At Kingston we found bateaux just setting off, and took passage, being three days on our way to Montreal, where we again found our old friend Earle, who had been looking for us for several days and saw us as we drove into town. Whilst we stayed at Montreal, which was only a short time, he hardly left us a moment, except when we were asleep, and when we went on board ship for Quebec he supplied us with porter, biscuit and cheese for the passage.

At Quebec, where we had to wait for the arrival of the post from New Brunswick, we fell in with a Mr. Grant, an old acquaintance of New Brunswick, who was going to sail for Halifax, and he urged and rather insisted on our taking passage on board his vessel as far as Kamouraska. This invitation we accepted and before night were off the harbour. It began to blow, and a fog coming on we were prevented from landing, and I began to think we should be under the necessity of going all the way round to Halifax in the ship. However, we effected a landing the next day, eigh-

*These longer land trips were all made on horseback. In this journal a trip involving two or three hundred miles gets only one line in mention. Fatigue is rarely mentioned, even when he was 36 hours in the saddle. The earlier trips from Canada to Danbury, Connecticut, were made in the same way, though, later, he staged to Albany and then took a steamboat to New York, down the Hudson. The first time he mentions fatigue was when he was 62, and had travelled 72 miles over a very bad road.

†An expression from the old campaigning tent life.—Ed.

teen miles below the Kamouraskas. We found the *Post* had just passed for Quebec, so that we were obliged to wait several days for his return, when we commenced our route through the portage. It was on the second day that we reached the Temiscouata Lake, just at sundown, when we found that some one had taken the postman's canoe, and left in its place a very small one, and so leaky that it would not carry one man.

Fortunately we found a large log canoe which the courier had hid. It was the one that Mr. Merrigold had to convey his family from New Brunswick, a few months before. He and his family had reached York the day before we left it on our return. (Therefore one of the previous passengers in this memorable dugout was Susan Merrigold, who afterward married the writer's eldest son, Frederick Starr Jarvis. By a still living and very competent witness she is described as in all ways the most admirable woman that he had known in a long and experienced life.—Ed.).

We embarked about dusk, and the next day at sundown reached the French settlement at Madawaskey, on the River St. John, where we remained that night. The next day we reached the Great Falls,where we remained that night, and the next day arrived at Presque Isle and took up our quarters at the Commissioner's, Mr. Turner's.

The next morning we set off and reached the Reverend Mr. Dibble's at Woodstock, with whom we stayed the night and set off the next morning and reached Captain Davidson's at Prince William. After calling at several of our friends' houses on the way, Capt. Davidson took me through a corn field of twelve acres, which was looking very fine, the corn being then in the milk on the 9th of September, and on the 22nd it was entirely destroyed by frost, so that he never gathered a kernel of ripe corn from the whole field.

On September 10th I reached my own house and found my family in good health and very glad to see me return. They hoped I had had enough of Canada, and were surprised to find that I had made up my mind to remove them to that part of the world. They seemed determined not to consent to a removal. I, however, began to settle my affairs and make every arrangement for the purpose, and about the beginning of January, 1809, I received a letter from Mr. Secretary Jarvis in which he mentioned the great expectations of seeing me in the spring, and that the Governor (Gore) had spoken to him on the subject several times, hoping that I would not disappoint them.

This letter seemed to have considerable effect with my family, so that they seemed to have less objection to a removal than on my first return from Canada. I continued to make my arrangements for departure, but my family yet appeared dissatisfied until I received a second letter from Mr. Secretary Jarvis, which removed all objections. It was couched in so friendly and pressing terms that I have thought proper to transcribe the most of it, as follows:

"Yesterday I had a long conversation with His Excellency the Governor respecting you; and amongst other things he asked what family you had. I told him you had six or seven children—I believed three sons; one of which was of age and intended accompanying you. 'God!' said the Governor, 'it is a great undertaking! Hatton, I fear those lots Mr. Jarvis has marked are not good ones. Have we not good ones in the Purchase? You must take care and save some for him when he arrives. We must do everything we can for him!'"

This letter silenced their objections, and they all as one voice agreed that it was best for us to go, and cheerfully began to make preparations; while I wrote to Mr. Jarvis, directing him to secure lodgings for my family on our arrival at York, in Upper Canada. On my leaving York, Mr. Secretary Jarvis had signified that possibly he might be able to give me a salary in his office until I could look about me, and in my reply I directed him to make a purchase of a house in York provided he could make the salary permanent; otherwise to rent me a house. About the beginning of June I received a letter from him saying he had purchased a small house advantageously for me, which would be ready on my arrival.

On this information I settled my

affairs to hasten my departure. The day on which I sold my household furniture I had the honour of a visit from General Hunter, who was at that time the President of the Province. He appeared to be anxious for my welfare, and said he wished I would not too suddenly leave Fredericton, as he thought he might make it worth my while to remain and not quit the Province.

I thanked His Honour for his good wishes, saying that I had so far pledged myself with the Government of Upper Canada, and that it would be dishonourable for me not to accept the offers there made; regretted that I could not have known of his coming into administration before I visited Canada, but as the matter then stood I could only thank him for his favourable sentiments toward me and my family; on which he took his leave.

The sale of movables took place, among which there was a beautiful bird's-eye maple dressing table which Major Maule of the 104th Regiment expressed a wish to purchase at private sale. He had previously bought a very handsome English filly off me, and he had his own views in making those purchases (of which at that time I was ignorant), and a few days afterwards he explained by making a declaration, and asked my permission to marry my daughter Frances. As he wished to receive some letters from England before I left New Brunswick, he wished me to defer my journey until the arrival of mail from England. I therefore put off my journey one fortnight longer, and in the meantime the mail arrived; but his letters were not so satisfactory as to justify his marrying immediately, and it was agreed that he should come to Canada after us the next season, and I prepared to set off on June 30th.

Before leaving Fredericton I called to pay my respects to General Hunter and to take leave of many friends, and then engaged an Indian to take me to Prince William, a place about thirty miles from Fredericton, where I had some business to be attended to. I arrived at the house of my friend Captain Davidson, and paid off my Indian about nine o'clock, and the next day my family arrived according to arrangement, and bringing a message that, if I would consent, Major Maule would follow as far as Prince William and marry my daughter before we left the Province. I agreed that we should go as far as Woodstock, where I was to wait until my son could return to Fredericton, make arrangements with Major Maule, then overtake me at Woodstock, and remain with his sister till she was married. He was then to follow after us the next trip with the post. Those matters being arranged, and as the next day was Sunday, I set off on horseback and my family in canoes.

On my route I stopped to take leave of my old friend McLaughlin. We had been a long time in the army together—in the same troop whilst I was in the Rangers. After stopping one night with my friend Captain Morehouse, one of his sons went with me to take back the horse I was riding, and myself and family reached the Rev. Mr. Dibble's (Woodstock) that evening. The next morning my family set off, leaving Frances with me until the arrival of her brother, who came from Fredericton next day, when I also took leave of my daughter, leaving her brother to see her married and then to follow after us.

I overtook my family at Presque Isle, where they had halted one day for me, and next morning we left. Night came on when we were about twelve miles below the Grand Falls, and we took our lodging on the shore with only the heavens to cover us.

At the peep of day I discovered a canoe in full speed close upon us, and found that it contained a Mr. Kelly, a Romish priest with whom I had some acquaintance, and I soon joined him. He took breakfast with us, and then pushed forward. He was in a light canoe, and could travel faster than we could We however reached the Grand Falls that day and found good quarters for the night.

The next day we reached the Madawaska settlement. This was Mr. Kelly's parish, and it was necessary that I should remain here a few days until I could send an express to the River St. Lawrence for horses and assistance to take across the portage such of our baggage and provisions as could

not be carried on the backs of my attendants. Mr. Kelly wrote letters to the priest at St. Andrews to facilitate the assistance wanted, so that on my arrival at the head of Lake Temiscouata I found the men and horses ready.

It was a beautiful morning when we took breakfast and commenced our route across the portage, but we had hardly got under weigh when it began to rain, and it never ceased till we reached the St. Lawrence. We were two nights on the portage, and reached the St. Lawrence in the morning before breakfast, which we ate at a miserable French house. It was so dirty that, although we had our own provisions, the ladies could hardly make a meal. Setting off after breakfast in two miserable calèches for the Kamouraskas, we reached that place by dinner-time, where we again dined at the public house on our own stores, with the addition of a few eggs.

I had that day met a letter from Mr. Heriot, the Postmaster-General, desiring me on my arrival at Quebec to go immediately to his house, as the public houses were much crowded. At Camarasca I found a small vessel going to Quebec, and the master offering the whole cabin for the accommodation of my family, we took shipping that e ening. We had no wind that night, or the next day, which was Sunday, and we only drifted with the tide when it was in our favour; but about nine o'clock at night the wind sprang up, and we arrived at Quebec on Monday morning by breakfast.

I went, as requested, to Mr. Heriot's house immediately, where we were very politely received. We remained at Quebec four days, when we embarked on board of a vessel commanded by a Capt. Brodrow, and we sailed with a fair wind which took us as far as Sorel, when it came ahead.

I landed a few miles below Sorel and walked up to the village and prepared quarters for my family for the night. Major Dittern, of the Canadian Fencibles, was at this place with a detachment. I dined with him and a Captain Ferguson of the regiment, but a light breeze springing up, I was summoned on board, and we sailed as far as Bertie, when we were obliged to come to anchor owing to the wind again coming ahead. As we were beyond the influence of the tide we were detained a week, and then were obliged to hire a bateau to convey my family and baggage to Montreal.

I had written to Mr. Woolrich to provide lodgings for us at Montreal, but on our arrival found he had engaged lodgings at a Mrs. Barbatus', who kept a genteel lodging house; and here I became acquainted with a Mr. Pinefield and his wife, from the States. Mr. Pinefield said he was the proprietor of a large tract of land in Upper Canada, which the Government opposed his getting possession of. He was afterwards ejected in a Court of Justice, as his title proved to be a forged one.

We visited during the week several respectable families, particularly those of Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Ray. Mr. Sutherland was postmaster at Montreal, and is now Postmaster-General at Quebec. I shall always have to acknowledge the civilities of Mr. Sutherland. After remaining a week in Montreal and providing ourselves with such articles as were necessary, we left for Upper Canada.

I had received many civilities from Mr. Vesey and Mr. Papineau, to whom I had letters of introduction from Mr. Kelly, the priest at Madawaska, and I also profited much on my route from his letters to the different priests, and my son even more so, as he travelled post to overtake us, after he had seen his sister's marriage solemnised.

We embarked at Lachine, and after fourteen days' passage arrived at Kingston. As we passed Cornwall we called on Mr. Strachan, and again fell in with him at Johnstown, and he took passage with us at Brockville for Kingston; also a lady by the name of Kirby, of Kingston.

We called upon Major Ford who lives opposite Brockville. He married a Miss Cook, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Cook, of the church at Fredericton for many years. (He, and his son afterwards came to an untimely death by the oversetting of a birchbark canoe).

After breakfast we again crossed the river to the British shore, and the first person we saw was my son, who had a few minutes before arrived. This meeting gave us much pleasure. He had

seen his sister happily married to a most deserving man and had left her very happy.

We then proceeded, with the addition of Mr. Strachan and Miss Kirby, and after being one night out, we reached Kingston. Here we remained a few days, being visited by several of the inhabitants. From a Mr. Markland's family we received great attention, and particularly my daughters, who remained with them during our stay in Kingston.

Here I met my old friend Commodore Steele, who introduced me to the Quartermaster-General, who ordered me and family a passage in a Government vessel. We here were joined by a son of Mr. Secretary Jarvis who was going home from school, and from whom I received much assistance on the passage, which was rather boisterous, and my family were very sick.

We were three days on our passage when we arrived at York, and then came to anchor off Government House. The captain went on shore to report, and in a short time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Secretary Jarvis alongside the vessel.

He had happened to be at the Governor's when the captain reported the passengers on board, and the Governor ordered his barge to be manned for the purpose of taking us on shore.

We landed immediately and took up our abode with Mr. Jarvis for a few days. I then went to view the house which he had secured for me. He was also Registrar of the Home District, and after some conversation as to the salary I was to receive in his office, I agreed to take the house. The deeds of conveyance were made out, and I paid the first part of the purchase money and took possession. Having not yet sold my property in New Brunswick, I had left there with only 300 pounds in cash, and had expended on the route 118 pounds; so that when I had made the first payment for the house, paid the fees for my land, and also the fees for four hundred acres for my eldest son (which amounted to upwards of 70 pounds), had discharged the several bills for repairs to the house, and purchased such articles as were necessary for our comfort, I had only about 25 pounds left.

I commenced work in Mr. Jarvis's office on the 4th September, 1809. At that time I thought that he, as Secretary of the Province, would have it much in his power to serve me, but in this I was soon convinced to the contrary. I, however, was much flattered from the attention I received from the Governor. (Gore.—Ed.) He told me that I could have as many lots as could be found vacant, and I located for myself and my son 400 acres in the Township of Toronto. My son commenced his improvements, and everything seemed to indicate in our favour.

Matters went on pretty well, my salary for the first quarter being paid regularly, and we got through the winter tolerably comfortably; but as the spring came on we began to feel the want of money. I therefore directed my agent in New Brunswick to dispose of property yet unsold and forward me the proceeds. I had obtained a grant of one hundred acres of land in the Township of York, and this I was obliged to dispose of to support my family. In the meantime it only fetched me fifty pounds.

I had been under expectation of getting some favourable locations for the rest of my land—there being nine hundred acres yet to locate, and I called one morning at the Governor's office to solicit a grant in Binbrook, for I had relinquished the block of one thousand acres in that township some time previous.

After expressing my wishes to Major Hatton, the Governor's private secretary, I left the office for my house, but was soon overtaken by a messenger who informed me that the Governor wanted to speak to me. I turned back much elated, thinking he was going to order me a favourable location.

On entering his office I bowed very respectfully, but received a cold, disdainful look, and he addressed me in a very angry tone and with much abusive language, in that he called me an incendiary and everything but a gentleman, and at last said he would strike me off the map of the Province, and neither

myself nor my family should receive a foot of land in the Province.*

I replied that I hoped His Excellency would give me an opportunity of first knowing my crime and my accuser before he pronounced so severe a sentence; that I had done nothing in word or deed which could in the smallest degree merit his displeasure, and that I could easily convince him of my innocence.

He then said he would not give me that satisfaction; that he could rely on his information, and that he wished I had never come to the Province.

I told His Excellency that he himself was the principal cause of my doing so; that it was in consequence of his directions to Mr. Secretary Jarvis and the letters I received from him in accordance with his orders that my family ever consented to leave New Brunswick; that I had been strongly urged by President Hunter not to leave that Province; that he would be glad to have me return, and that if I had had the money expended in coming to York I most certainly would do so.

He then upbraided me for being in Mr. Jarvis's office, and said I had disappointed him in not going on my land.

I replied that that was necessity not inclination, and that I was doing everything in my power to make such improvements on the land as were necessary for the accommodation of my family; that they had been too delicately brought up to go into the woods before I had a house to shelter them. I told him I hoped the time would come when he would be convinced of my innocence, and then left him.

On my way home I met Chief Justice Powell, to whom I communicated the row I had received from the Governor. He seemed to be surprised at what I had told him, and said: "The Governor is a passionate man, and although he will never tell you personally that he is sorry for what he has now said, yet he will do something for you that will convince you that he is so." He added: "Don't even mention this to your family. Don't make them feel unhappy on this occasion."

I replied that that was out of the question, because when I was in trouble I could never keep it a secret from my wife, and that in the present instance I should not attempt to hide anything from them.

I have to believe that Mr. Powell himself had met the displeasure of the Governor for attempting to obtain a location of land for me which was thought to be valuable.

From this time all intercourse between the Governor and myself ceased, and I wrote to my agent, Mr. Andrew Phair, not to dispose of the property in New Brunswick if he had not already done so, as my family were so dissatisfied with their situation that I had it in contemplation to return.

But before my letter reached him, he had, from my former instructions, sold the whole of my remaining property in that Province, and had made me some remittances. In this he had acted with Major Maule in selling for $1,000, property which would now sell for fifteen hundred pounds.

*This brutal and wholly uncalled-for attack on the part of Governor Gore was never explained and never understood, except perhaps as the momentary insanity of an unduly heated brain. These earlier Governors enjoyed the despotism of a Kaffir chief, though not always the same reasoning power. As military men their most real and important duty was to police the colony and see that it remained English—a duty which in later years devolved upon general officers who were sent out to take charge of and rule the militia.—(Ed.)

TO BE CONCLUDED IN APRIL

The Black Factor*

The First of a Series of Four Western Stories

By HERMAN WHITAKER

WHEN you have snatched your canoe from the grip of Assiniboine, laboured across the Prairie Portage, paddled a long week on Manitoba, and sweated over the divide to Winnipegoos, you shall, if your muscle be good for another week's paddling, come to the Big Portage of Cedar Lake.

Two days thereafter, sore, stiff, and with the appetite of a starved grizzly, you arrive—that is, if your inner works are copper lined and proof from alkali—at Devil's Drum, a little corner of the frozen North which has sent many a peltry to swell the store of the Great Company. Then, when your camp-fire flickers in the woods and the night-owl solemnly bells the frogs to vespers, a trapper will probably lounge over from the fort to sample your tobacco and hear the news.

If the tobacco be good, the spirit may move him to speak of the building of Devil's Drum and of the notable circumstances attendant thereon, but unless you have whiskey you will not hear the story of the Black Factor, nor will you be allowed a peep into the great book of the Company wherein it is written.

I had. Thus it was that I came to read the story which Père du Fré wrote in the log of Devil's Drum—the great book which lies on the top shelf of the old log store, and which none but a commissioner may open. And just as I read, it is here set down, save that I thought it better to omit some moralisings upon the duty of man with which the father interspersed his narrative.

"The spring that Fraser came in from the west," he begins, "we of Garry were in straits. Not content with infringing on our charter, the Nor'west Company had set itself to ruin our trade; to which devilish end they had burned a Company's post and killed its factor. Their half-breeds, too, under the command of one De Knyff, harried our packers upon the trails and carried off their furs. And while it is true we repaid these violations of the laws of God and man in kind, yet the season's pack was light and his Excellency the Governor both sour and sulky. His state of mind may be imagined when I say that for three months he went unconfessed.

"'Furs we must have, father,' he said, when I called one morning intent on reproving him for his lack of duty. 'Furs we must have, if I go unconfessed to the day of judgment!'

"'Son!' I protested. But he heard me not, and fell to biting his nails and pulling his beard ragged, while his brow drew in heavy lines.

"'Yes,' he continued, talking to himself, 'we must carry the war into their country—build a post north of the Big Lakes, and hold it, if we have to install the devil as factor and sink the Nor'-westers in the bottom hole of hell!'

"Hard words, but the man was sore beset. 'Oh, where shall I get a man?' he cried, dropping his head, and as though in answer a half-breed runner arrived with news that Fraser was in the fort.

"'The very man!' exclaimed the Governor. 'Send him here.'

"While waiting, his Excellency leaned head on hand, his eyes fixed upon his papers. I studied him. And once, looking quickly up, he caught my glance and read the thought therein, for he answered at once:

"'Yes, he will get himself killed, but what would you, father? It is the way of the Company. We must have furs.'

"'Men,' I answered, 'are of more importance in the sight of God than furs.'

"'In the sight of God, yes,' he rejoined, smiling; 'but in the eyes of the Company,

no, father.' And before I could rebuke him Fraser strode through the open door.

"At this time he must have been full two-and-thirty, though the man was a mystery and none knew aught of his parentage. He came into the Company's service from the west, bringing with him some score of silent Sioux, whose discreet tongues revealed nothing of his antecedents. All questions they answered with a wag of the head. But this much we guessed: his name betokened a Scots father, and none but a French mother could have lit the fire in his eyes. Of his appearance, it needs only to know that he stooped to enter the door, while his shoulders brushed on either jamb. Tall, strong, swart—swart as his own Sioux, and, if report spoke truly, twice as crafty —I see him now even as he stood that day before the Governor.

"'Fraser,' his Excellency began, 'we're in a mess. We've got to do something, d' ye hear?—something big—and you're the man to do it. I was thinking of tapping the country north of Winnipegoos. It's risky—' Here a raise of the Factor's black brows brought him to a pause. 'All right,' he continued, smiling. 'We'll leave the risk and come to business. If you build a fort on the Moose River, I'll—I'll make you Commissioner of Rupert's Land.'

"On the third day following this conversation—I mind it well, for that morning I celebrated the Easter mass—two ten-men canoes rounded the bend into the Assiniboine, after which, for weary months, we lacked news of Fraser. And just about the time I had given him up, there came, early one morning, a thundering rap upon my door. Without stood the Governor, in most excellent mood.

"'Good-day, father,' he greeted. 'This is an unseasonable call, but I bear good news. This day I take boat for a voyage of inspection to our new fort of Devil's Drum, and, if you care to come along, I doubt not Black Jack will give you welcome. It is long since he shrived him, and the tale must be both lengthy and bloody.'

"As it becomes a priest to be ever zealous for the cure of souls, I accepted the invitation, though not relishing it overmuch. Had I known—well, it has been wisely ordained that we see not the perils that beset our path. Yet we fared well enough on the journey, and came, after two weeks' toilsome travelling, in by night to Devil's Drum.

"'Hey!' chuckled the Governor, when at moonrise we thundered at the watergate. 'Black Jack seems well in train for the commissionership, eh, father? Was there ever a finer bit of building?'

"Like some lithe beast, the fort crouched in the crotch of Moose River and Cedar Lake. Across the landward side ran a log stockade, with ditch and counterscarp, while on the double water-front a palisade jutted into lake and river. These, drawing to a point, gave the couchant beast a tail, and provided a wateryard wherein a score of canoes could safely ride. For a quarter-mile beyond the barrier, too, the timber was cut and burned and within the enclosure Black Jack had built stores, fur-houses, and quarters for his men. With such confidence did the fort inspire me that I made a vow right then that the Governor should lack the company of a certain churchman on his backward trip.

"'Can't make out how you did it, Fraser!' the Governor exclaimed, when next morning he completed his inspection. 'Surely the devil must have helped you?'

"'Sir,' I interposed, 'God was with Mr. Fraser!'

"With a twinkling eye he asked pardon for his levity, and added, somewhat irreverently, that he had forgotten the alliance betwixt the Company and the Almighty, and then turned to question Fraser. He was ever a quiet man and gave us little information, yet this much we learned:

"Silent as death's shadow, he had stolen through the land, and of those who crossed his trail none lived to tell. They died quickly and without noise. And long before wind of him travelled to the Nor'westers in their fort of Devil's Point, his outer defences were strongly built. Nor were they finished one whit too soon. From Devil's Point a messenger sped north as far as fifty-five, and raised Cree, Obijay, and Swampy River Sioux to

drive him from the land. In the third week of his occupation, the smoke of many fires mingled with the reek of the burned clearing; at night the sky blushed red above their camp; the still night air pulsed to the throbbing war-drum.

"'Wherefore,' said Black Jack, 'we called this Devil's Drum.'

"'As you please, father,' said his Excellency, when I asked permission to remain and establish a mission. 'As you please. But 'ware that you heal not their souls until Fraser has broken their bodies. Seeing that you're not to be of us, we will, as we came in by night, go out by day.'

"Which he did. And while the Crees chased him down the lake, the Governor sat in the stern, potting them like so many rabbits. All morning we heard the crack of his rifle. From the tower by the gate I watched his canoe grow smaller and smaller, until it drew to a speck and vanished. carrying him with it from this story.

"For the bigger half of a month after the departure of the Governor death stalked in picturesque guise about our walls.

"I began to despair of my mission, and was beginning to regret not having journeyed with the Governor, when one of our scouts brought news of trouble in the Indian camp.

"When the man came in I was with the Factor in the big log store, as yet empty of goods; and after he had delivered him of his news Fraser said nothing but sat thinking. Just as I was about to put a question—for the Sioux had spoken in his own tongue—he struck his knee, roaring with sudden laughter, and cried out:

"'Send Neepawa here!'

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'That remains to be seen,' he answered, drumming on his knee; and this was all the satisfaction I could get. But I knew some desperate game must be afoot, else had he not called for the chief of his Sioux.

"He came—a tall man, brown, lean, lank, possessed of the strength of three, yet lithe as a lynx and twice as cruel. Taking him to one side, the Factor whispered in his ear, and while he talked the Sioux nodded to every word. What they said I could not hear, but, despite this lack of confidence, which reflected somewhat on my strength of wit—a wit which his Excellency the Governor has found useful on occasion—at the end of their conference I approached and said:

"'Son, I judge there is deadly work ahead. Let me exercise my office.'

"Whereat he laughed down from his great height and answered: 'At present, father, there is no need; but if that which I contemplate comes to a head, then shall I require your services.'

"That night I slept ill, and at break of day I turned out to cool my fever in the morning mist. And as I stepped from my quarters the watch hailed loudly. Through the gray of the clearing two spectral figures loomed, each bearing upon its shoulders a heavy burden.

"'What is it?' I inquired.

"But the sentry shook his head, cocked his musket, and hailed again. A swirl of mist swept in between, and from its centre the voice of the Factor answered.

"'Where have you been?' I demanded, as he strode through the gate.

"'Seeking a wife after the manner of the tribe of Benjamin!' he answered, with a laugh.

"Wherewith he set down his burden and unwound a blanket from the head of as fine a woman as ever filled the eye of man. Half-breed she was at the first glance, yet never have I seen girl more winning in a tender way. Though tall, her round, full shape moulded her dress in easy lines, her eyes were lit with the sweet langour which makes men's hearts as water, her loosened hair veiled her in night's black splendour. 'And this,' continued the Factor, pointing to Neepawa's burden, 'is Saas, daughter of Clear Sky, chief of the Swampy Sioux.'

"Then the plot came out. Saas had made trouble in the Indian camp. On the north side of her father's tepee, Estahagan, headman of the Obijay, had raised a pile of goods against her hand, while on the south Iz-le-roy, chief of the Crees, had stacked his store of wealth. Day by day the piles had grown—for Saas was a famous curer of skins—and just when the

pile of Iz-le-roy was the greater by full three packs of beaver, our scout brought in the news.

"This it was that sent the Factor forth by night. In the willow thicket behind Clear Sky's tepee, he and the Sioux crouched, waiting until Saas should go and draw water from the woodland spring. And presently—just as the scout said—she came out with her skin buckets and paused, unconscious of their eager eyes. Within the camp a hundred fires glowed with a strong red light, leaping and dancing like fire blossoms in a wind, but it was yet dark by the spring, and Saas was afraid. She made to go back, and dashed the watchers' hope, then paused and filled them with joy. She talked with some one within the tepee, then out into the firelight came the half-breed girl.

"'So,' concluded the Factor, softly caressing the girl's hair, 'these two came together to the spring.' She shrank from his touch, but even this seemed rather to please him, for he added: 'Modest? Well so be it! It is a grace that will become the wife of the Commissioner of Rupert's Land—eh, father?' And with that he placed her under my care and in the cabin next to mine until such time as he should finish the business of the Indians.

"Things fell out pretty much as the Factor thought they would. Within the hour Clear Sky himself strode into the clearing and stood, making the peace sign. He was an old man, gnarled and rugged, but when they brought him to Fraser he straightened with the swing of a young pine.

"'Yes,' said the Factor, when the old man had made oration; 'we've got your daughter.' And a wave of his hand brought her from a near-by hut.

"The old man's eyes glistened—doubtless the piles before his tepee seemed a little nearer for her presence. But, as it chanced, all that morning the lean, brown chief of our Sioux had been making the best of his opportunity with Saas, and now she incontinently gave her father her back.

"'But the warm blankets, O Saas!' he gasped. 'The warm blankets, the knives, and the great packs of winter beaver that stand before my tepee! What of these?'

"But as these were matters of another's house-keeping, Saas remained unmoved. And here the Factor stepped in. He explained that we of the Company were peaceable men and friends of the Swampy Sioux. All that we asked was leave to barter peacefully for furs, for which we would pay the highest price. And whereas the Nor'westers of Devil's Point gave but one fathom of tobacco for seven white winter beaver, we would give two. Of powder, the Sioux should receive two pounds for five beaver—good powder, measured with thumb without the brim. And that Clear Sky might lose nothing by the maiden, out of the Company's store he should receive tea, tobacco, and blankets that would double in value those of Estahagan. This ended the talk. Clear Sky returned to his people with instructions to make cause with the Crees against the Obijay, and then to join with us of Devil's Drum in driving out the Crees.

"And by the time the sun marked high noon we knew that he was carrying out the plan. From the watch-tower by the gate Fraser watched the ebb and flow of fight, and I, standing beneath, heard him growl:

"'Go it, dogs! Eat one another, but save a meal for me.'

"That meal he got—a full one. Towards sundown, just before the Obijays fled across the river, he took up his position. And when the Crees returned they were caught betwixt him and the Swampy Sioux. Like cornered rats they fought. But so hard were they stricken that out of a hundred fighting men but twenty straggled back to Amisk, north of fifty-four.

"'We must give them no rest, father!' said the Factor, when he returned at moonrise. So, leaving six men with me to keep the fort, he took two days' meat, and, while Clear Sky drove hard on the trail of the broken Obijay, he chased the Crees to the heart of the Pasquia Hills.

"After he was gone, I remembered the girl—that she had not yet eaten—and, taking a lantern and food, I entered her cabin. She rose on my entrance, and stood with heaving bosom, her eyes saucerfuls of fear—a fair, frightened picture framed in yellow light. She was pale, too, and tear-stained. And as I

looked, I wondered—wondered that so fair a flower should spring and blossom in the dirt of an Indian camp.

"'Tears, my child?' I began, intending to cheer her. 'What folly! Surely you are better here, among people of your blood. Besides,' I added, with a touch of archness, 'the Factor is in love, and what better could a girl wish than to marry with a good, strong man?'

"While I was speaking her eyes grew dark as midnight pools. 'No, no!' she whispered, stretching a long, white arm towards me. 'No! Already I am a wife!'

"As the word left her lips, the fear in her eyes passed to mine, and I trembled—for her. As yet Fraser had proved singularly indifferent to the charms of womankind, but for this very reason I knew that, with his love once cast, he would burst every tie that held him from his desire. Could it be? Was the woman really bound? For a moment the doubt shook me; then, remembering whence she came, I chided myself and answered:

"'Nonsense, daughter! Some passing fancy, mayhap. Some tie of the kind the Church knows naught of.'

"'Ah, no,' she protested, with a quick intake of the breath. 'I am wife to Rafe de Knyff.'

"'Rafe de Knyff!' I echoed. 'Then you are—'

"'Virginie La France!'

"It hardly required her assertion to assure me of her truth, for Father Umfreville—a good man, though strangely blinded to the rights of our Company—had married them at Fort William. And now I remembered that when, according to our custom, he had forwarded a copy of the register, I had fancied he expatiated somewhat warmly on the beauty of the bride.

"'And where is Rafe de Knyff?' I queried.

"'Gone to Devil's Point, to report to Le Brun, the Factor,' she answered. Then, folding her hands, she broke out in uncontrollable sorrow: 'To-morrow he will be back and find me gone! Oh, what *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?'

"For what followed I have been taken to task by many, some good men, some bad, but all agreed that it is right and proper to harry a Nor'wester, to drive him from the land, to reive him of his cattle, or to carry off his wife. Yet, looking backward, the wisdom of later years approves the course I took. Gently touching the child's hair, I said:

"'Courage, daughter! No harm shall come to you or him. I myself will meet him.'

"And this I did, finding him a tall fellow, nearly the height of Fraser, but lacking his bulk. His countenance was frank, yet grave. He carried the air of one used to command. A good man, too, I judged by his conversation, though holding most heterodox opinions anent our rights. Still, he came with me most amicably, and in the pitch of night I got him into the fort unseen.

"Next day we held a consultation. 'Will I join with your people?' he answered to my suggestion that herein lay the settlement of the difficulty. 'No! Nor will I ever acknowledge their authority to trade upon these lands!'

"Not one whit would he swerve from this, so but one thing remained—to let them escape. To this end, therefore, I secretly provisioned the smaller of our two canoes, and at dusk loosed the watergate. Night fell thick as ink, and after the evening meal I stepped outside and found all quiet. A single ray shone from the men's quarters, stabbing the blackness like a sword of light. Over in the forest the night wind mourned; a breeze rippled the lake along the shore; I could hear the river hungrily licking its bank. Opening the door of my cabin, I called De Knyff and whispered:

"'Go you to the water! I will bring your wife.'

"Silent as a shadow he stole away, the while I held my breath, listening. Once I thought a stone rolled, but it was not from his foot, and the watchman by the gate gave no sound. After he was safely gone, I crept back to his wife. She was ready.

"'Come, child,' I said; 'your husband waits.'

"But her face paled with sudden horror, she gasped and staggered back, all trembling, her eyes staring past me.

Whirling about, I came face to face with Fraser in the door.

"'Ye-es?' he said, smiling in my eyes. 'It was well that I pushed on.' He spoke like one explaining matters to himself. 'I thought to play a trick on the guard, but this—this goes beyond expectation. And now, M'sieu le Père,' he growled, flushing blackly under his skin, 'where, oh, where is the happy husband?'

"He was angry, but his eyes wandered keenly, searchingly, from me to Virginie, and from her to me. Outwardly he was calm, cool, rigid, but it was the rigidity of the lava crust, beneath which surges the molten rock. And as I stood speechless, thinking what I should say, I came to know how quick is the wit of a loving woman. Like a flash she answered:

"'A day's sail down the lake, where even the Black Factor dare not seek him!'

"'So?' he queried, quietly enough, but in a tone that reddened her face and neck with the scarlet flush of shame. 'So?' For what seemed a long time his eyes drank of her glowing beauty, then he turned on me with an eloquent shrug.

"'It seems, father,' he said, 'that your services are not for us, and, let me remind you, this is the hour which good priests spend in prayer.'

"'My son!' I entreated. 'My son!'

"But he laughed once more in my face, an ugly laugh, and advanced towards me. Now, it has pleased the Almighty to make me a man small of body and meek of spirit, yet it comforts me to know that in this hour of trial I found courage to perform my office. Stepping forward, I placed hands on his giant chest and thrust him back. He staggered—not from my force, but from its suddenness. His eyes reflected the hues of hell. His knotty fist rose and hovered; then, quickly changing his intent, he lifted me like a fractious child and dropped me outside the door.

"As it banged to I could have wept, wept tears of fire, and in my fierce anger I forgot the husband—forgot him till the sound of a pleading voice brought me to. Then I ran and plumped into his arms, for he was coming to find what kept us.

"'Go!' I gasped, choking.

"There was no need for more. He stiffened, every muscle tense, and shot away. The door creaked, a panel of yellow light winked at the blackness—he was inside. I tiptoed, listening, and from the thick air my straining ears picked a dull vibration, a heavy, stifled thudding. It endured, perhaps, for the space of a score of breaths, for the little time it took for me to gain the door, and as I laid hand to the bobbin there came a heavy fall, and then—silence.

"I pulled and entered. The Nor'wester was on his knees. A heavy bruise crossed his forehead, one hand pressed his side, his breath came in painful gasps. And beside him stood Virginie La France, a hatchet in her hand. At her feet, vacant eyed, but still heavily frowning, lay the Factor. Under his head a black patch widened, widened and crept out—out to join the drop that fell from her blade. Over all the sickly lantern cast its yellow flare.

"'Father!' she whispered. 'Father!'

"Stooping, I laid my hand to Fraser's breast. I felt no beat; and as I realised that this man of mighty parts was stricken in his sin, anger faded, and from its ashes welled a gush of pity. But there was much to do. Rising, I stepped out and peered around the corner. All was still. In the men's quarters the light still shone, the sentry held his lonely watch. It seemed that the thick spruce logs had kept their secret, but, to make sure, I sauntered across the yard and saluted him as carelessly as I might.

"'Bezhou!' he answered.

"'You hear anything?' I asked.

"'Cowene,' he grunted.

"On my return, the Nor'wester would have it that I should go with them, holding that if the Sioux but dreamed I'd a hand in the killing of the Factor, no torture would suffice them. But I refused, telling him that I would hold the post against the coming of his Excellency the Governor, and, though Virginie joined her prayers to his, I would not be persuaded. Yet as there was reason in the argument, I got their help to make disposal of the body. It would be an easy matter. Outside the river called, called with gentle but insistent voice; it would clasp him lovingly to its bosom and bear him out to the deep waters where a man may rest in

peace. So between us we carried him to the brink, and as the icy flood licked him off our hands, De Knyff whispered:

"'There goes a man both strong an' brave!'

"'May God rest him!' I answered. While the murmuring river, the mournful wind, and the sighing forest softly breathed his requiem, the Black Factor passed onward to the lake.

"But time was passing and moonrise drawing on. Far down the lake a milky glow already touched the sullen waters. The dead was gone to his place, and there was need for hurry lest others follow. So, getting back to the cabin, we cleansed the floor of blood, and set things in such order that it would appear Virginie had escaped by the window. For an hour we thus laboured, then, after a last glance round, I closed and barred the door. In the east the dark-blue sky was laced with silver, the moon just peeked above the forest.

"'Hurry!' whispered De Knyff, and with the word some one stumbled.

"'Softly!' I breathed.

"A loud laugh answered, and I paused, consumed with wonder at his folly. Again the laugh rang out, sharp, clear, like that of a mocking devil. The Nor'wester was close by my side; it was not he. We drew together, astonished, waiting in horrible expectancy. And of a sudden a blaze of powder flashed and set fire to the beacon of dried grass and reed which lay by the landing ready for occasion. Under its fiery glance the dark shore-waters blushed blood-red, a myriad yellow tongues danced in the ripple, and the palisade, canoes, and open water-gate stood as in the light of day. And there in the beacon's glare, surrounded by his Sioux, stood the Factor.

"From his hair and clothes water dripped. He was smiling, but the smile lacked mirth, and when he spoke it was in bitter irony. 'A well-considered plot,' he said, 'but lacking one thing—the villain yet survives.'

"Afterwards I found that when the woman struck, the axe glanced, inflicting a flesh wound, and then fell flat on the great nerve ganglion at the base of the brain. Thus, completely paralysed, with respiration suspended and heart action enfeebled to the point of stopping, Fraser had lain until the icy flood shocked him back to life.

"'So,' he continued, 'it was to be a merry trip across the lake while the Black Factor slept soundly to the music of the paddles?'

"We made no answer. The Nor'wester stood sullen and defiant, his arm about his wife; she leaned forward like one fascinated, silent, breathless, her red lips slightly parted. As for myself, I was sorely puzzled, for I saw something strange in Fraser's face—a dawning resolve.

"'You *would* journey down the lake?' he persisted. 'Then—you shall!'

"At a wave of his hand, the Sioux guard swept the Nor'wester from his feet and lifted him on high. Virginie screamed. She thought they were about to cast him in the lake, and so, for the moment, did I. But before I could open my mouth, Fraser pointed to the canoe and ordered sharply:

"'Set him in!' Then, turning to the wife, the Factor added, in tones that were strangely compounded of tenderness and anger: 'You also! And now,' he finished, when she was safely in, 'go!'

"Though astonished beyond measure, De Knyff spent no time in staring. At the word his paddle cut the water, and down the trail of fire, with ever-quickening speed, the canoe sped to the water-gate. When it had covered half the distance, a change flashed in the Factor's face. His hand gripped the prow of the second canoe, and he stood, hesitant, as though minded to follow. I saw the knuckles of his great hand gleam white through the skin, a shiver shook his frame, and then —he raised a sudden foot and stove in the birch-bark bottom.

"The Nor'wester's back was on us, but Virginie saw the play. As the canoe floated through the water-gate, just before the darkness quenched the star-fire of her eyes, they rested—as I live, they rested on Fraser with an expression of regret. And he read their message.

"'By the mass!' he said, laying a kind hand upon my shoulder. 'It is well, father, we have not a third canoe.'"

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V

WOLFE AS A DOCTOR

AT first Susan had only the dimmest recollection of her arrival at the head station. Later, she learned that Mrs. Galbraith, very much frightened by Sinbad's return without a rider and Pintpot's non-appearance, had sent Tommy George along one track to the Bore, while she herself mounted and took another. A little beyond the Bunyip water-hole she had come upon Wolfe on the ration-carrier with Susan in a dead faint in his arms. Between them, they had got the girl home, and Mrs. Galbraith put her to bed.

When Susan came to herself, she was in her own little white chamber, with her step-mother leaning over her, and Wolfe setting her leg, which was broken just at the ankle. It seemed strange to see Wolfe here beside her bed, but she was too dazed and in too great pain to think much about anything. Then, under Wolfe's directions, Mrs. Galbraith got her a dose of bromide out of the medicine chest, and she had some hours of uneasy sleep.

Wolfe was given supper in the dining-room, and his hostess ministered assiduously to his comfort. Mrs. Galbraith was too grateful for what he had done to consider social distinctions. What might not have happened had he not insisted on escorting Susan back? Had she been with Pintpot alone the horse would have thrown her just the same, and she might now be lying dead beneath a gum-tree. In fact, it was providential that Pintpot had absconded to the blacks' camp. Besides, Wolfe's manner and bearing influenced Mrs. Galbraith, and she quite realised that it would have been impossible for her husband to send him to the huts.

Mrs. Galbraith, like many elementary persons, had a certain power of intuitive judgment, and she now felt vaguely troubled that her first impression of Wolfe, attractive as she found him, was not altogether favourable. But this impression passed as he talked, and soon she succumbed to the fascination he exercised over most of the people with whom he was brought in contact.

Wolfe accepted her attentions without protest. He seemed to have forgotten that he had arrived at Narrawan as a tramp, and he slipped naturally into a position of equality. During the meal they talked about the accident, and he explained how he had learned to set broken limbs and dress wounds in a rough and ready fashion, relating his experiences for a time in Valparaiso as a doctor's assistant. His talk was picturesque and little Polly, who in the general turmoil had refused to stay in bed, listened with mouth agape and wide open black eyes, interrupting every now and then with some question in her queer blacks' lingo. The child was oddly drawn to Wolfe, and he won Mrs. Galbraith's heart by his ready response to Polly's friendly overtures.

Patsy put him into the Boss's chair in the verandah, and gave him one of the Boss's cigars. As he sat smoking the light in Susan's room flickered through the French windows, and he caught glimpses of the white mosquito curtains while Mrs. Galbraith went softly in and out watching the girl's restless slumber. Wolfe could picture her as she lay under the netting, her red-brown hair tossed on the pillow, and the delicate oval of her face like that of some virgin saint outlined against it. He seemed to feel still the clinging hands round his neck and the weight of the slender form on his breast

as she had lain unconscious in his arms, and he wondered that the memory did not now set his blood running more hotly. He was curiously calm, considering the wild words which had fallen from his lips when he had kissed her hair. At this moment he felt within himself some surprise at that ebullition. In truth, it was not the woman herself so much as what she represented of the grace and poetry of life that had appealed to him so compellingly.

He knew instinctively that he could make Susan love him. The strange thing was that he doubted whether she were capable of rousing him to an overwhelming passion. Then, too, the question rose in his mind whether he were morally justified in pursuing a game that he had started in the desperate impulse of self-retrieval.

When he had smoked his cigar, he asked permission to retire. Mrs. Galbraith herself showed him a small skillion room behind the dining-room, which was used as a bachelor guest-chamber. The little room was exquisitely clean and fresh; the sheets and mosquito-netting spotless, and a woman's care was visible in all the simple arrangements.

It had a window with a bough-shade, from which hung a flowering creeper that filled the place with exotic fragrance; and, outside, a poinciana-tree spread its sprays of blossom in the moonlight. How long it was since Wolfe had rested in so dainty a chamber!

Mrs. Galbraith brought night things from her husband's dressing-room, and with homely frankness begged him to ask for any clothing he might require out of the Boss's wardrobe. He was touched by her kindness, and thanked her with genuine feeling.

"You make a homeless outcast very much at home, Mrs. Galbraith," he said. "I don't know how to express my gratitude."

"Sure, there's no need for that, Mr. Wolfe. It's I that am grateful to you, and Su's father will be also. I'm afraid I should have made a mess of setting that leg, and Mr. Galbraith's at the Boundary Camp, and not intending to be back for a week. I hope you'll stop while he's away and see that the splints and bandages are all right. Can they manage at the Bore without you?"

"I'll ride over the first thing to-morrow and see how I can best arrange things," he answered, "and I'll come back and look to Miss Galbraith. The only danger is that I may have put on the bandage too tight, but it's a simple break, and if the leg is kept lying straight there shouldn't be anything go wrong. I wouldn't advise her to stay in bed this weather. She'd be far better carried to a sofa on the verandah, and as for the bandaging—there'll be no need for more of that for a week or ten days anyhow, provided that it was done properly at first."

But he was almost sorry for having made light of possible surgical duties when he tasted the luxury of a comfortable bed and linen sheets. How easy it would be to turn gentleman once again! Ah, if he had only been able to stop and try his luck further at Yellaroi Diggings!

Now he suddenly remembered the letter Susan had given him, and which he had not opened. He got up, searched his pockets, re-lit his candle, and read with some difficulty two badly-written pages of dirty foolscap paper, the last of which bore the signature, "Richard Cross," otherwise Flinders Dick, the mate he had left in charge of their joint claim at Yellaroi. The first part of the letter was discouraging as regarded the reef, which was pronounced "mullocky," but it appeared that Flinders Dick was prospecting along the range with the promise of more hopeful results. Wolfe skipped a variety of ill-spelt technicalities concerning "blows" of quartz, "cross-courses," "feelers," "dips," and so forth, for he wanted to get at some information he had asked from his mate. But Flinders Dick, like many uneducated people, plied through a good deal of personal detail before arriving at the gist of the matter.

"This is an exciting life," he wrote, "and suits me to a *T*. I wish I'd studdered for it as a youngster instead of going after blooming cattle. It's a better paid line of business and fairly easy to learn. I can make a verry good attempt

now at assaying a stone, but the percentage of mettle rather licks me."

Then "There was a good 'go-as-you-like' fight here. I and another fellow went in to sharpen some tools at the township, and a fellow called Vowles insulted the fellow that was with me, and Lean Peter—the fellow that was with me—hit him for it. Barney, Vowles' mate, made for Peter and had hold of him when Vowles picked up a tommyhawk and hit him on the head with the edge and rubbed it in with the flat. Of course I interfered and went for the tommyhawk, which I collared after a scuffel and got a scratch inside the arm with a knife that the Doc. put seven stitches into—and lucky it never cut the mussels. It began awful like your fight with Harry the Blower. *You know.* What you want to know about Harry the Blower *I* don't know, for I can tell you I cleared pretty sharp that sun-up after I dropped you and planted myself in the bush, so I heard verry litel about the bisiness. I know there was a chap they said was tommyhawked in a row in the gulley, same as Harry the Blower, and was berried before the P. M. could be got at. But I don't know for certain that it was Harry the Blower, for Harry's mate, Flash Sam, made off with a nuget he stole from old Dave's camp. *So Dave says.* And if you want to find out if it was Harry the Blower that was berried at the bottom of Mick's shaft, you'll have to make tracks up to Thursday Island, for Flash Sam is there waiting to join the Perling Fleat that goes out the end of March. So there's lots of time for you to make sure if it's safe to come back here where I shall stick for the present, for I believe I'm on the lay of gold, and so no more now, from your mate, Richard Cross."

Wolfe pondered some time over the last part of Flinder Dick's letter. The candle guttered and dripped in the hot night air, and round it lay a circle of half-burned insects. Strange winged things came in through the window, and outside the dingoes howled, while within the mosquitoes made a noise like the whirring of distant machinery. Wolfe sat on, absorbed in his thoughts, his black brows contracted over fierce eyes that stared unseeing into the moonlight garden.

He started at dawn on his seven miles' ride to the Bore, saddling Sinbad who had been left all night in the yard, and taking a savage pleasure in punishing the beast for his misdemeanour of yesterday. In other circumstances he would never have dared to mount Miss Galbraith's own hack. Now he felt a sense of mastery over Sinbad and over Susan herself—even over all the conditions of his life. Sinbad pig-jumped again—was made to pig-jump—and chastised for it, so that he reached the Bore a quivering, chastened beast. Pintpot was skulking behind the hut, and returned, chastened likewise, to the blacks' camp.

Wolfe put things into working order at the Bore, and by lunch time was back at the head station. Mrs. Galbraith met him with ill news of Susan. She was crying with pain; there could be no doubt the bandage had been put on too tightly. Again Wolfe was led into the white maiden chamber and the bandage was taken off and replaced, which eased the sufferer. He made the most of initial difficulties and did not say again that there would be no need to remove the bandage for ten days. Susan's room was very hot—it had the morning sun, and the doctor, as Wolfe dubbed himself, recommended that she should be taken out to the verandah. He volunteered to carry her, and bye-and-bye did so, Mrs. Galbraith supporting the broken ankle on a pillow. They put her on a long cane chair at the shadiest and least frequented end of the verandah, where an Isabella grape vine made a shield against the glare. She looked tired and fragile in her long muslin wrapper, with her hair loosely knotted and her face almost as white as the pillows at her back. But a streak of vivid pink came into it when, recurring to the accident, she thanked him for his care of her.

"I can't remember very much about it all," she said. "You were repeating charms to me that made me feel the pain less. And then. . . "—and it was now that she blushed—"Oh, I think I must have been falling off the horse, and that you held me on."

"Don't try to remember," he answered,

his black eyes full upon her; "for if you did," he added in a low voice, "you might find it difficult to forgive me. No, I don't want *you* to whisk off the flies—" as she made an embarrassed effort to protect herself against the assaults of a small battalion. "*I* am going to do that, and you are not to talk, please. You are just to lie still, and if you can, to go to sleep."

It was nearly dinner-time before Susan did awake, refreshed and out of pain. Hearing the movement she made, he went to her and she smiled at him sweetly.

"Oh, have you been there all this time? How kind of you!"

"How kind of you—or rather your stepmother—to give me the chance of such a rest! I've been enjoying it, to an extent that would seem ridiculous to most people," he replied.

"Well," she said, "Sinbad has done some good at any rate, if it is only giving you an afternoon's holiday. Mr. Wolfe, how long am I going to be a cripple?"

"That depends upon yourself. If you are quiet and obedient, between three weeks and a month."

"Oh," she sighed, not discontentedly, "I don't think I mind very much. How cross Oora would have been!"

"Your sister. Is she like you?"

"Not in the least. Her photograph is in the drawing-room—on the top of the piano, if you like to look at it."

He did so later and saw the likeness of a small dark girl with an irregular face that seemed scarcely comely in the photograph, which was not a good one. But the face was redeemed from plainness by its expression, and by a pair of wonderful eyes. Oora's picture did not make any great impression upon him. She was too unlike Susan whom he admired more than any girl he had ever seen.

He brought out Susan's dinner, assuming, as he laughingly put it, professional jurisdiction over her and freely quoting his instructor in medical matters, the Valparaiso physician. There was no longer any trace of awkwardness or embarrassment in his manner. Indeed, socially speaking, he was an undoubted acquisition. After dinner he carried Susan to her room, and when he had smoked his last pipe, revelled once more in his clean sheets and dainty bedchamber. At dawn he was again on his way to Ironbark Flat. This was what he had arranged with Mrs. Galbraith in a consultation they had had about the work of the Bore. She wished that he should spend his days there, returning to the head station in the evening after he had seen the weaners watered and yarded. He did not tell her that there was really no necessity for his presence at the house as far as Susan was concerned. In truth he was only too eager to avail himself of the excuse for remaining. Thus, he always came back in time for dinner, and there were the long, delightful evenings in the verandah, the quiet talks with Susan, and games with the children, the cattle discussions with Mrs. Galbraith which rejoiced her practical mind, and then the carrying back of the cripple to her room at bed-time. In the mornings when Wolfe was absent, Mrs. Galbraith and Ah Hong dragged her out in the long chair which was put by the side of her bed so that she could be easily lifted into it. The last two days before Mr. Galbraith's return, not being particularly wanted at the Bore, Wolfe remained at the head-station, and under Mrs. Galbraith's directions cleaned out the store and did a variety of odd jobs which had been waiting for someone to take them in hand. His cleverness and resourcefulness appealed to her. She had by this time quite forgotten her first vague feelings of distrust, and she naturally liked Wolfe because Polly adored him.

The following week Mr. Galbraith came home, and though greatly distressed at his daughter's mishap, he was pleased at Wolfe's friendly installation. Wolfe proudly offered to go back to the huts and the men's society, but Mr. Galbraith treated the thing as a joke and declared that he felt himself relieved from an embarrassment.

"Why the devil didn't you send in your name at the start, man, and you might have come ben before now?" he said. "I've been in a tight place myself when I was a youngster and have had to chop wood for my tucker more than once in my life."

On other counts, Galbraith congratulated himself in having secured the ser-

vices of so fine a bushman. The work at the Bore was entirely satisfactory. There could be nothing but commendation for Wolfe's handling of horses and cattle. One or two suggestions he threw out as to the working of the run, struck the Boss as admirable. In short, Wolfe seemed the providential solution of a difficulty which had for some time beset the owner of Narrawan—the choice between a working partner and an overseer for the out-stations. It struck him that Wolfe might be taken on as overseer to reside permanently at the Bore, and if he should turn out as well as Mr. Galbraith expected and could by any means scrape together a little capital, why shouldn't he have a small interest in the station? Mr. Galbraith clung to the belief that Wolfe must belong to monied people, with whom no doubt he had quarrelled, but with whom there was equally no doubt he would be reconciled. Wolfe himself gave no colour to the supposition and was decidedly reticent in regard to his family connections. His reticence, however, appealed to his new master, who was wont to observe: "Whenever I hear a chap blowing about his pedigree, I'm ready to take my oath that he's an outsider."

CHAPTER VI

SUSAN LOSES A BATTLE

PATSY was asked her opinion on the question of Wolfe's remaining on at Narrawan as overseer, and gave the scheme her cautious approval. She in her turn talked it over with Susan who discerned the hand of Fate in the suggestion. Susan spoke of it to Wolfe one evening when the two were sitting in the verandah, Patsy and Mr. Galbraith being occupied in the office over the station ledgers.

"I wonder," she said impulsively, "if you would care to become cattle manager at Narrawan?"

He did not answer for a few moments. The truth was that at that instant this very idea had been in his own mind, for he had guessed Mr. Galbraith's half-formed intention though as yet it had not been broached to him.

"Of course, I should like it," he said slowly. "To get a billet like that seems a stroke of luck that I should have thought impossible when I came here that day humping my swag and offering to do any small jobs for my tucker. It's too good to be true."

"I don't think so," she returned. "Dad thinks very highly of you, and he has been saying for a long time that the cattle work here is too much for him with the sheep also, and that he must have an overseer for the Ironbark country before next shearing time."

"It's quite true that the run wants dividing. Half of it won't take sheep, and the cattle are increasing," remarked Wolfe in an impersonal tone.

Susan rejoined, "Patsy says that you know a lot about cattle, and she's a good judge, for she was brought up on a cattle station."

There was a silence. She glanced at him, for her eyes had been downcast. By the light that fell on his face through the open French window of the parlour, she caught the gleam of his eyes, which were fixed upon her in that fierce, melancholy gaze that always affected her so strangely. Now, she fancied that she read in it doubt and longing mingled.

"I wish—I wish," she began falteringly.

"What do you wish? Tell me," he asked in a very gentle voice.

"I wish that I understood you better."

He laughed, and said in his reckless way, "There's not much subtlety in my character. You must have seen by now that I'm a foolhardy, devil-may-care good-for-nothing—and infernally weak into the bargain."

"I don't think you're weak. It's because you're strong that—"

His steady look confused her.

"That what?" he asked deliberately.

"Oh, I don't know—you're so reserved—that isn't being weak. And if you were good for nothing, Dad wouldn't think of making you his overseer for the out-stations. Why, he said yesterday that he always knows a good man when he sees him."

"A good *hand*. That's the word he used," corrected Wolfe. "A good hand means quite a different thing from a good

man—from the squatter's point of view. I suppose I am a good hand on a run. I've picked up most of the things a chap has got to learn in order to get on in the bush. If I hadn't been so confoundedly wild, and hadn't always chucked away everything I made in some desperate gambling venture, I might by now have had a decent livelihood."

"Wild!" she repeated, her look shewing that she put the common Australian interpretation on the word. "But you don't—I'm sure that you don't drink."

"How can you be sure of that? I shouldn't be allowed to buy rum out of the store. How do you know that it wasn't in shouting drinks I knocked down my last cheque—from your father's friend, Mr. Murrell?" He tantalised her with his eyes and his smile, and then the dark, dour look came suddenly over his face. "It's quite true," he exclaimed, "drink has been my curse, though I don't drink habitually. I'm a sort of emergency drunkard."

"Why do you tell me such things?" she cried in a pained tone. "I don't believe them."

"But I want you to believe them. You said you wished to understand me better. I'm shewing you what I'm like. When I get excited I feel a desire for drink. Then I go into a bar, and a glass or two of what they call 'snake juice'—the poison they sell in bush shanties—knocks me clean over—drives me mad—makes me see red. . . That's how I pitched away my chances—such chances as that one you were speaking about."

"Oh, Mr. Wolfe, you won't pitch away this one?"

"I'm not offered it yet. If I am. . . . Well, to refuse it might be the only honourable course open to me. It would be a temptation I ought to resist."

"A temptation—how could it be that?"

"I should have thought you would understand—partly—wherein the temptation would lie," he said in a pointed manner.

Again there was a silence. He broke it abruptly.

"Tell me this—if your father should offer me the billet, what would be your wish? What would you advise me to do?"

"I should advise you to take it," she said in a low voice.

At that moment Mr. Galbraith's form blocked the doorway.

"You there, Wolfe? I've been thinking over your idea that there's a wild mob in that scrubby country outside the Ironbark. If there's a wild mob, there must be water, and it might be worth while riding over to make sure."

Wolfe turned, promptly dropping sentimentality.

"The blacks at the Bore declare there's a spring out in the poison-bush country beyond the Ironbark Camp, and as most of the calves from there seem to have a touch of brindle, I should say it's pretty certain there's a wild mob," he replied.

"I believe you're right," said Mr. Galbraith. "Only I've always had too much to do with the sheep to tackle the question of wild cattle. Fact is, that Ironbark country is more than enough for one man to manage. Well, it strikes me, Wolfe, as you seem pretty smart with stock, that now we've done mustering the fats, and have licked the new black boys into shape, we might take next week up in that part of the run. Anyhow, the brumbies want shooting."

Susan was not at all interested in brumbies—which she knew were wild horses—or in the chance of there being a wild mob in the scrub ranges. But she was greatly interested in the fact, which she divined from her father's manner, that he and Patsy had decided to test, on the scene of operations, Wolfe's capacity for working this difficult part of the run, before committing themselves to the offer of the cattle overseership.

It appeared that Wolfe passed the test more than creditably, for the evening of his return about ten days later, Mr. Galbraith announced that he had made the offer though he did not seem complimented by the manner of its reception.

"Thought the fellow would have jumped at such a chance," he grumbled, "when you remember how he turned up humping bluey only a few weeks ago. A salary of a hundred a year to begin with, and I told him I'd clean up the

humpey at the Bore and line it, and put in a few sticks of furniture! That ought to satisfy him. Well, would you believe it? He hummed and hawed, and said he couldn't engage for certain till he'd been up north about some business he wants settled."

Susan fancied she might have enlightened her father as to the cause of Wolfe's hesitation, and a thrill went through her at the thought of how surprised the Boss and Patsy would be to learn the true and honourable reason of Wolfe's scruples. Such an idea as that the man might be in love with her, or she with him, did not seem, however, to have occurred to the elders. Susan had been waiting in a state of restless expectancy for Wolfe's return to the head station. But he had remained behind at the Bore. The week had seemed endless, and she now fretted herself into a fever that increased the irritation of the skin which generally accompanies the healing of a broken limb.

Patsy set down her restlessness and wayward humour to that cause. The bandage needed to be changed, but on the plea that since Wolfe had set her leg and put on the bandage only he should remove it. Susan crossly refused to let her father touch her ankle. Accordingly, Tommy George was despatched to the Bore with a request that Wolfe would come in that evening. It happened to be mail-day, and shortly after the black boy had started, Mr. Galbraith came along the verandah with the bag, which he undid beside the long chair on which Susan reclined. She was very pale, with marks of sleeplessness under her eyes, and the pucker of mental inquietude between her brows. Her father paused in his sorting of the letters to look at her, and remarked kindly:

"You seem a bit like a dog with a sore head, Girlie—only in your case it's a sore leg. Beastly scratchy, isn't it? But you'll be all right when you've got on a fresh bandage. I could have done that quite as well as Wolfe, but you women are kittle cattle when there's a doctor in the question—and I suppose one may call Wolfe a doctor for the occasion, though he hasn't taken out his diploma. Oh, *I* know—you must always have the one you fancy, and nobody else will do. Well, here's your mail to cheer you up. Catch."

He threw three letters to her one by one. The last arrested his attention.

"Why, who is writing from *H.M.S. Clytie*—Thursday Island postmark?"

Susan turned over the envelope and examined the superscription. She flushed slightly.

"I can't tell until I've read the letter, and I shall read Oora's first. I expect it is from one of the officers whom I used to dance with in Sydney. I don't know why he should be writing to me."

"It's not to ask you to marry him, I hope. I don't want a sailor for a son-in-law. I'd rather have a bushman. Ah, here's a letter for Wolfe! Pity the mail didn't come in before Tommy George started."

Susan glanced at Wolfe's letter. It was directed in the same uneducated handwriting as the previous one. Mr. Galbraith laid it beside a bundle he had sorted for the men's huts. He now tackled his own correspondence which appeared to be mostly about station business. Susan heard him muttering disjointedly:

"O'Connell from Charters' Towers wants a hundred fats . . . Don't know where they can come from . . . Must talk to Wolfe about that . . ." Then, "Lord! I never heard such terms for droving! . . . The man must be short of a shingle. Fifteen pence a head per hundred miles for droving fourteen hundred head. Not if I know it!"—and so on during a quarter of an hour of rapid tearing open of envelopes and scanning their contents. Presently he looked up.

"What news of Oora?"

"They're sailing next week. The *Quetta* will be at Thursday Island about the first of March."

"My word! I'd like to catch the boat at Cooktown and say good-bye to Oora," exclaimed Mr. Galbraith. "It's no use thinking of it though, I've got too much to do on the run. However, it's only for a year," he went on; "she'll be back not so long after next shearing. Or who knows—if the drought breaks, as looks likely, and Wolfe shapes all right and wool goes up a farthing instead of going down a halfpenny, you and I and Patsy might pick up

the Leitches at Colombo and do India and have a year at home with Oora to shew us the way about. You're not taking that in, Su," as she bent her head over the last letter. "Well, I sincerely hope your naval friend is enjoying himself among the scoundrels at Thursday Island. By the way, what's his name?"

"Brian Cordeaux," answered Susan.

"Cordeaux sounds as if he were somebody."

"He's a relation of the Earl of Ellan," she replied.

"One of the penniless squad of 'Honourables' I suppose that they send out to Australia?"

"I don't think he's an 'Honourable.' I remember that he told me once that he was a younger son of the youngest son and that there were three lives between him and the title."

"You seem pretty well up in his family history, Su. Any serious intentions?"

"I wouldn't marry him if he asked me," she rejoined.

"Does he want to marry you?"

"I don't know. He hasn't asked me."

"What does he write to you about?"

"To tell me that he's sorry his ship was ordered off suddenly so that he wasn't able to see me before he left Sydney. And that the *Clytie* is going to cruise about Torres' Straits, and that he's expecting to get a month's leave a little later on, and has been asked to stay with Mr. Murrell at Goondi. He says he'd like to come on to Narrawan if you will forgive his cheek in proposing himself, as he's very anxious to see something of real bush life. Only he begs that we will remember he is a sailor and not put him on a buck-jumper."

She spoke as if she were repeating a lesson by rote. Mr. Galbraith laughed.

"Oh, so that's all, but I daresay there's more behind. If he gives us any English airs we'll shew him what for, Su. Write and tell him that I shall be delighted to welcome him to Narrawan, and that he needn't be frightened of being put on a buck-jumper because he'll be in your charge, and you're such a duffer yourself that you've got your leg broken by a mild pig-jump. For a bush girl, Su, I'm ashamed of you."

Susan too, was feeling ashamed of herself, but not on account of the broken leg or the pig-jump. She feared that she had demeaned herself before Wolfe in sending for him so urgently and passed the day in a wretched state of uncertainty and self-humiliation.

Late in the afternoon she heard Wolfe arrive. He went into the office almost directly after unsaddling his horse, and from this she concluded that he had something special to talk over with her father. She wondered whether he would tell the Boss that he had reconsidered his determination, and that he was prepared to take up immediately the position of overseer. Or, perhaps, as would be the impulse of a gentleman, he meant to inform Mr. Galbraith of his feelings towards herself, and of the certainty that with propinquity their nascent attachment would become genuine love. Ah! had it not turned to that already—on her side at any rate? Susan grew hot all over, and covered her face with her hands as her delicate body quivered with emotion. Or, perhaps, something in the letter that had come for Wolfe that day would affect his plans, and it might be that he was asking permission to depart without delay. There were a hundred possibilities, and while she waited she tortured herself with conjectures. He came out to the verandah at last, her step-mother chattering irrelevantly behind him. Patsy turned back, called by her husband, and Wolfe and Susan met alone. Her too evident agitation, the joy in her eyes, the wave of colour that overspread her face at sight of him gave Wolfe pause. He pulled himself together, feeling that he must not betray too much feeling lest he should be carried farther than was righteous or wise. It was the faintest shock of revulsion and was significant. Had Susan retained her calm, Madonna attitude, her power over Wolfe would have been greater.

She was so embarrassed that he felt sorry for her, and after the first few sentences they interchanged, there came into his manner a note of tenderness that was very sweet to her ears.

"I thought you had deserted me," she said. "And my foot has been so uncomfortable. I feel as if I were being stung by a million mosquitoes; it makes

me naughty and cross. Do you think the bone is joining all right?"

"Of course it is. You should have had the bandage changed," he answered prosaically. "I thought I had explained. Your father or step-mother could have done it quite easily, and you needn't have suffered if you had let them put on a new one."

The tears came into Susan's eyes.

"Oh, I know, I'm silly and fractious . . . I didn't care for anybody to attend to my foot but you. You see you began the mending of me, and I wanted you to finish it. Even Dad said that one ought not to change one's doctor."

Patsy appeared with the things needed and a business-like face.

"It's all ready we are, Mr. Wolfe. Will you give a hand, please?"

Between them they pushed the girl in her chair along the verandah within the French window of her room. Then Susan, seized with a sudden shyness, said her step-mother should take off the bandage and splint and bathe her foot and ankle. So Wolfe waited in the verandah till she was ready. He examined the break and pronounced the bones to have joined satisfactorily, then replaced the splint and put on a fresh bandage. She was grateful to him for the professional manner in which he conducted himself, for she felt ashamed at having made so much fuss about so simple a matter.

"Thank you, that's very cool and comfortable, and Dad wouldn't have done it half so nicely."

"I'm not sure about that; anyhow, Mrs. Galbraith's hands are better than mine. However, you will be able to move about in another week or so," he added—"that is, if you use a stick and go cautiously."

Mrs. Galbraith left them in the verandah while she tubbed the children in the bathroom under the house. Susan had recovered her composure. She waited for Wolfe to tell her what he was going to do, but he had become reserved and seemed sad. Her pleading look went to his heart. He stooped impulsively and, taking the thin white hand which rested on the arm of the lounge, stroked it softly.

"I oughtn't to touch it," he said. "It's like a flower and my hands are so rough."

"All bushmen have rough hands," she answered gently, and in a timid, grateful movement drew her forefinger from the wrist to the tip of his middle finger with a swift touch, light as that of thistledown. "How long your hand is, and it is very well shaped!" she said.

The contact of her satiny skin, fleeting as it was, thrilled his nerves. He lifted her hand suddenly to his lips and kept it there for a second or two. Then he put it back again on the cane rest, and said apologetically:

"That was because I am going away, and so you must forgive me. Did your father tell you?"

"Yes, he said he had offered you the overseership, and that you were obliged to settle some business before you could take it. But you are coming back again soon?—Are you not soon coming back again?" she questioned him eagerly.

"I hope so. I can't tell yet. I have to go to North. . . .I have got to see someone."

A jealous pang shot through Susan as for the first time she suspected the possibility of a prior claim upon his affections.

"Is it a woman that you are going north to see?" she asked in a strange tone.

"A woman? No; there is no woman in my life. How could there be another woman? What made you think that?"

"I don't know. It would be natural enough, wouldn't it?"

"Not for me. Thank God I've kept myself free from that sort of entanglement, though I don't profess to be a saint. Do you remember what I said to you once—that you'd given me back my ideal?"

"Oh, then there was a woman—once?"

"I did care for the woman—really care—long, long ago, when I wasn't much more than a boy. She was very beautiful and very unhappy, and I'd have laid down my life for her. She had a bad husband. It was through him, and on her account that I got into the mess which was the reason of my expatriation."

"Oh!" she gasped, but he took no notice of the faint ejaculation.

"I wasn't as much to blame as I appeared to be, but my uncle wouldn't believe that. All my people were against

me—and everybody else. I should have had to buy my own character at the cost of her reputation, and there was nothing for it but to clear out. I was requested to send in my papers. I hadn't been long in the army then. Of course, too, I was in debt. There was an abominable row, and I just wiped myself out, as far as my own family was concerned. There's the whole story. It was the best I could do for her as well as for myself."

"And you sacrificed everything—for the sake of a woman's honour?"

"That is a melodramatic way of putting it," he answered with a laugh. "There was really nothing to sacrifice. It wasn't as if I had been heir to a property, or had made myself a name, or as if there were anybody of my own who cared twopence about me. What small substance I'd had, was squandered. I was dependent upon an uncle whom I disliked extremely and who hated me for having, as he considered, disgraced the name. Well, now I've dropped the name—wiped myself out as I said, the whole thing is dead and done with, and I never want it spoken of again. Let us forget that I've ever alluded to the subject."

"Very well, I promise that I will not speak of it," she said. "Only—may I ask this? Did she—that woman—ever know what became of you?"

"I took care she should not. She was miserable enough as it was. But it didn't last long for her. I saw her death in a home paper about five years ago."

"Oh!" Susan drew in her breath again, as if she had received a hurt. She longed to ask more, but dared not. At last she said:

"Thank you for telling me. I shall keep your confidence sacred."

"It's all over. I'm not affected now by things of the past. They don't touch my present life. I told you because—well, I think you must understand why—without words."

"I think you expect me to understand without words many things," she answered with a wistful smile.

"The things can't be put into words—not yet. Don't you see that?"

"No," she replied.

"You don't. Look here," he said, bending to her and speaking in a quick, jerky manner. "It wouldn't be good for you—or for me—if I were to begin explaining. There's a lot I couldn't explain—that I don't understand myself—for one thing about my feeling for you. It isn't what one might fancy in the ordinary way. But I know that I'd rather put a bullet through my head than do you any harm. I've come to say good-bye, Miss Galbraith. It's possible that you may not see me any more. You won't unless I can make sure that my hands are free from blood-stain. . . No," as she uttered a faint cry, "I ought not to have said that; it came out unawares; it was cruel of me; but as I've said it, I'd better tell you what I can—if you care to hear."

"Tell me," she murmured.

"It's only what happens over and over again on these out-back diggings, but it's pretty bad. I was in a fight at Yellaroi just before I came here. A man insulted me—accused me of cheating at euchre. Of course, that was a lie, but my blood was up and I let out at him—I told you I had an infernal temper, and that a glass or two of the stuff they sell at the shanties sends me mad. I'd got a tomahawk in my hand, and the axe-head flew off and struck him on the temple and felled him. As near as I could make out, I'd killed him. There were a rowdy lot of diggers in the hut, and they'd all got drink in them and were set on lynching me. I wanted to do what I could for the poor chap, but they wouldn't let me. My mate dragged me out, got me on a horse, and made for the bush. It isn't my way to skulk, but there had been several men killed in free fights up at those Diggings, and everybody knew that the next case of manslaughter would be brought in murder. It didn't seem worth while going back to run the chance of being hanged, so I took my mate's advice, dropped on to the coast, and managed to get the steamer south. My mate promised to let me know what happened, and if it would be safe for me to go back to the Diggings. You see, things change at those places quicker than you'd suppose. There are always new people coming along and old ones going, and fresh rushes all round. I wired to Dick, my

mate, as soon as I was engaged here. You brought me his answer—that day at the Bore, do you remember?"

She bowed her head without speaking.

"Dick couldn't—or wouldn't—tell me the truth. Anyhow, he didn't, and I've got to find it out for myself. So I'm off to-night."

"To-night!" she repeated in dismay.

"Yes. I had planned to leave on Sunday, but I found when I got here another letter from Dick begging me to lose no time in starting. He says I can get the information I am seeking if I go after it at once. And besides that, he's been on a new lay of country—our claim turned out no good, and now he thinks he's struck a rich reef back in the Yellaroi ranges and he can't manage by himself. You understand, we've got to apply to the warden for a protection area, and there's the reward claim, and it's absolutely necessary to have men to work the claim or it would be jumped—men you can trust. The thing may mean a fortune to me—and more—if the rest turns out right. Now, do you see?"

Susan seemed only to be able to say again in a dazed way, "To-night!"

"I've worked out that by riding hard. I can catch Friday night's train at Hughenden and be just in time for the boat north. Your father is a brick. He's going to let me have The Outlaw as far as the terminus.

Susan was staring at him with wide eyes out of a blanched face.

"Promise that you will write to me," she begged.

"No, it's best not to make any promise. If I don't turn up in two months' time, you'll know that I've pitched away my last chance and that I'm not worth your thinking about."

She gave a little moan and clasped his hands with nervous fingers that—in spite of their fragility—seemed to grip like a vice.

"I can't bear it....You make everything so hard for me....I mustn't say anything, and you won't—you won't tell me," she stopped, her voice breaking in a sob.

His own voice shook as he answered hoarsely.

"Don't. You mustn't make things too hard. You're the sort of woman who should be above all that. You're the sort for a blackguard to worship, not make love to—"

"Tell me," she murmured.

"What shall I tell you? Shall I tell you that you've been like the vision of an angel to me—like one bright star shining in a dark night? Shall I tell you that you're the sweetest, the truest, most beautiful woman whose path I've crossed since I became an exile from my own country and was disowned by my own class? Shall I tell you that your gracious kindness the first time we met—your sympathy, your belief that I was better than I seemed, have made another man of me, and have shown me possibilities of life that I thought I was altogether shut out from? If I'd ever had a sister like you—well, I can tell you all that, for it's true—and what more can I tell you than that?"

He had risen from his seat and was standing over her. She looked up and got the momentary impression of grey eyes almost black from the distension of their pupils, and of a hard face with trouble stamped upon it, and lines round the mouth of struggling tenderness and compunction. She dropped her eyes at once, and her face crimsoned as she said almost inaudibly:

"There's one thing you haven't told me—one thing which would make all the rest easier to bear."

He drew himself abruptly back and in so doing released her hand which fell limply on her lap.

"No," he said, "that's a thing which I can't—which I will not say."

She knew by the change in his tone that he understood what she meant, and shame overwhelmed her so that she could not speak. Afterwards she took poor comfort from the thought that he must have seen her step-mother advancing from the garden entrance to the bathroom with Polly and Jack clinging to her skirts and the baby in her arms.

"Why, Mr. Wolfe," Patsy cried, "what's this the Boss tells me—that you're going straight off, and that Barcoo Bill is to take your place at the Ironbark to-morrow? I hope you've taught him something

about the Bore plant, for he didn't know anything before you came."

"Oh, he'll get on all right, Mrs. Galbraith," answered Wolfe with extraordinary self-command. "I've just been saying good-bye to Miss Galbraith and explaining that a letter I found here is hurrying me off."

He went towards the verandah steps, at the foot of which she stood.

"I can't thank you and the Boss enough for all your goodness and for the splendid offer you've made me," he said. "I can only ask you to believe that I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."

"But you are coming back again?" she cried. "Duncan's counting on you. We are going to do up the humpey at the Bore for you to live in."

"No, don't begin that till I wire for certain that I shall occupy it. You are too good to me. The place is everything I could possibly wish for. I hope I may get back. It won't be my fault but the fault of Fate if I don't," he answered earnestly.

"Sure, if that's all, it is certain we are to have you for our overseer," she rejoined cheerily. "But don't you play the shilly-shally game with the Boss, Mr. Wolfe, for he won't stand it, and you may find the place filled up."

"Mr. Galbraith is keeping the offer open for a month and I fully appreciate his consideration," returned Wolfe, with his "gentleman's" manner, which awed Patsy. He stepped down the verandah towards her as she was turning to the nursery wing and held out his hand. "I've kept my horse saddled in the yard, and I must be starting. Good-bye, and thank you."

"You'll stop for dinner, surely?"

"No, thanks. I must put things straight at the Bore, and I shall be in the saddle at daybreak to-morrow and take the short cut down by the scrub."

He said his farewells to the children, and returned to Susan. They had a half minute together before her father's voice called Wolfe away. She clutched his hand as he was leaving her.

"Promise me," she panted. "I won't let you go without promising. Promise that you will come back and tell me yourself what you won't write. It will kill me if I don't know the whole truth—whatever you have done—whatever happens or has happened. It is my right. You said that you owe me something. Pay it that way. Promise me that if it is in your power you will come back and tell me the truth."

He hesitated, then he said:

"I promise—if it is in my power. God bless and reward you for caring about an unlucky devil who is altogether unworthy of you."

And with that he was gone.

TO BE CONTINUED

Love Unkind

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

OUT upon the bleak hillside, the bleak hillside he lay—
Her lips were crimson as the stream that slipped his life away,
Ah, crimson, crimson were her lips, but his were cold and gray.

The troubled sky seemed bending low, bending low to hide
The foam-white face so wild upturned from off the bleak hillside—
White as the beaten foam her face, and she was wond'rous eyed.

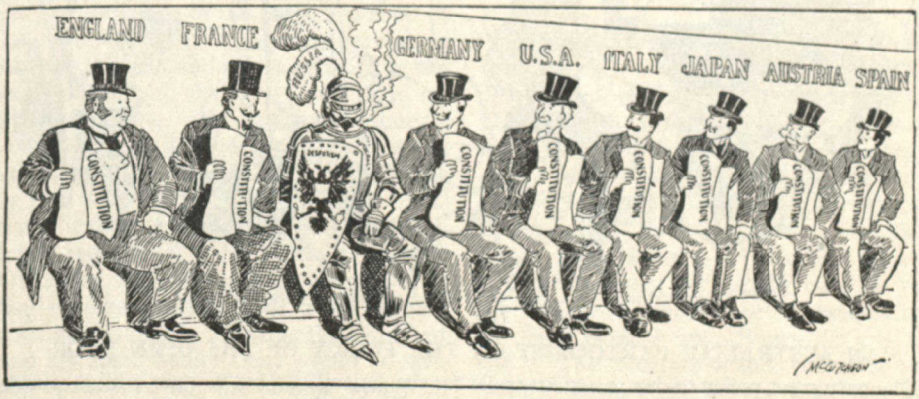
The soft south wind came creeping up, creeping stealthily
To breathe upon his clay-cold face—but all too cold was he,
Too cold for thee to warm, south wind, since cold at heart was she!

Sweet morning peeped above the hill, above the hill to find
The shattered, useless, godlike thing the night had left behind—
Wept the sweet morn her crystal tears, that love should prove unkind!

Current Events Abroad.

ATTENTION has been concentrated during the month on Algeciras, the old Moro-Spanish city where the International Conference on the affairs of Morocco is being held. Before agreeing to join in the Conference France firmly insisted that the scope of its work should be defined, and after some negotiating secured the consent of Germany to confine the negotiations to the four following subjects: (1) Organisation by international accord of the police, except on the Algerian frontier; (2) Surveillance and repression of contraband arms except along the Algerian frontier; (3) Financial reforms, including the creation of a state bank with the privilege of issuing currency; (4) Study of the customs and new means of raising revenues. In spite of clause one, the stumbling block of the Conference is likely to be the control of the police. The German representative has made a proposition that each of the great powers should be responsible for the policing of the country or of a defined portion of it. This, of course, would be equivalent to dividing Morocco among the powers. In brief, Germany would like to be in as good a position as France, and this is scarcely possible seeing that the latter possesses contiguous territory, and has a natural interest in maintaining order on her borderland. Germany rightly feels that this preferred position, if allowed now, will lead to France's continually strengthening her position until she is virtually or actually master of Morocco. That this will be the ultimate fate of the country there is too much reason to anticipate. It is now the prey of a lot of unruly chiefs whom the Sultan is quite incapable of controlling or punishing. He has shown his helplessness within recent times by submitting to the insolence of the Raisuli. Now, the Raisuli himself is menaced. The Angera tribe is attacking him for some real or fancied injury suffered at his hands. The country is likely, therefore, to be the scene of civil war while the powers are pondering what is to be done with it.

The change of Government in Great Britain occurred at a somewhat unfortunate time so far as this question is concerned. The German Emperor was apt to persuade himself that the policy of the former Foreign Secretary would not be backed up with enthusiasm by his successor. Such a belief would be positively dangerous and with this strongly before its eyes *The Speaker*, the weekly spokesman of the

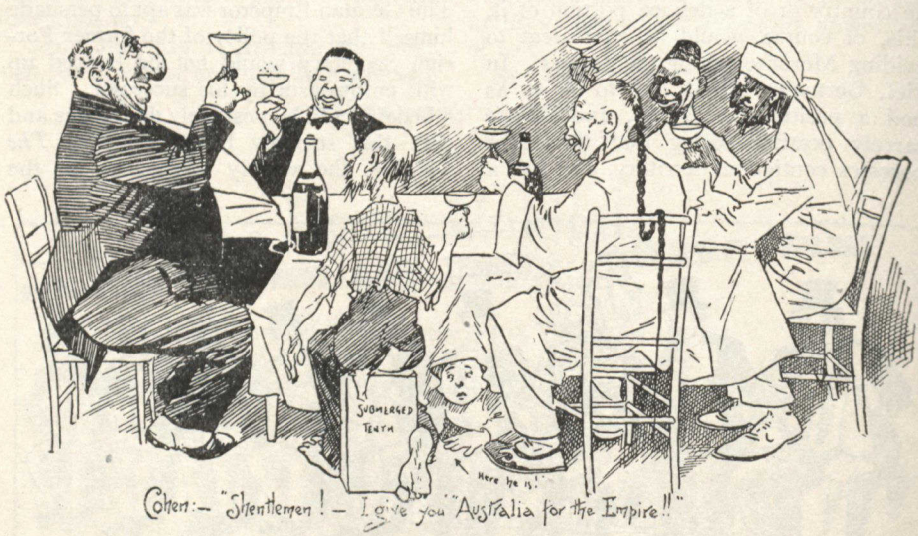


"Don't you find those old-fashioned clothes kind o' warm, Nicholas?"—Chicago *Tribune*.

new rulers of the Empire, hastens to declare that Britain is in honour bound to carry out its engagements with France. It speaks more plainly even than the Conservative newspapers did on the same subject. "We hope," it says, "that British diplomacy throughout will continue the clear line which it has taken hitherto. If Germany is assured that Great Britain and France will act loyally together, there is little likelihood of her forcing a war on them for Morocco's sake. If Great Britain appears to waver, the result may be otherwise; and then there could hardly be a worse result for us than a Franco-German war with Great Britain standing on one side. Germany would justly blame our past diplomacy as having fostered the rupture; France would see in our desertion a supreme instance of our traditional "perfidy." We would have alienated beyond hope the two great Western nations, and laid up for ourselves a heritage of deserved international discredit which we might never live down."

The seriousness of all this is that it is true. If France is reasonable and pacific the British people cannot without disgrace abandon her. It evidently depends on Germany, therefore, if one of the most shocking conflicts of modern times is to be avoided.

The United States has sent a representative to the Conference with instructions that he is to confer but not to vote. The representative is Mr. Henry White, American ambassador at Rome. The reports from the Conference are that Mr. White takes the German view, namely, that the policing of Morocco should be under international control. The London *Outlook* very pertinently compares this doctrine with the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, by virtue of which the United States takes a special position towards the whole Western hemisphere outside of Canada. Our neighbours, however, are not at one on the subject. The policy of being represented at the Conference at all was challenged in the Senate the other day. It was declared to be contrary to the traditions of the United States. Keeping clear of European complications was one of the maxims of the fathers. Where a defence has been attempted it is pointed out that the United States has concluded more than



AN AUSTRALIAN CARTOONIST ON THE POLICY OF THE OPEN DOOR

"The only great policy to-day is not Australia for the Australians, but to open our gates wide and welcome anybody."—ARGUS.

—Sydney *Bulletin*

one treaty with Morocco. But the fact is that we need not go farther to look for a reason than the Anglo-Saxon bent for lending a hand in the management of anything that seems to require it.

PEACE REIGNS AT MOSCOW

THE CZAR—"Now, I think, the way is clear for universal suffrage."—*Punch.*

The French Chambers have in joint session elected M. Fallieres President of the Republic. M. Doumer was his opponent, and he was beaten by 78. The result is eminently satisfactory to all those who desire to see France progress along the lines which have been followed by M. Loubet and his ministries. The new President's father was a Gascon blacksmith, and therefore M. Fallieres, like his predecessor in office, is eminently a son of the people. He has had thirty years' experience as a legislator, and has been a member of several cabinets. His reputation is without a blot. He is a good Catholic, but has supported with moderation the measures for the separation of Church and State.

President Castro is again occupying the centre of the stage in South America by preparing to fight France. French cruisers are gathering in the neighbourhood of La Guaira, presumably preparing to capture the port and take possession of the custom house if the egregious Castro remains obstinate. He, in the meantime, is summoning his fighting men to the number of 16,000. They respond most unwillingly, and it is reported that the whole country is waiting for some resolute leader to bring the Castro dispensation to an end. Of course, if the French are compelled to land an expeditionary force, it will become a serious business. Not that the President and his opera bouffe army would be serious opponents, but the climate would be perilous to a European force, if it had to hunt for the Venezuelan army. France may employ some of her Algerian troops, who would need less acclimatising. Whether they could be trusted to behave themselves so as not to provoke protests from Washington is another question.

France's business with Venezuela is not wholly a debt-collecting expedition. The ill-treatment of the French representative, M. Taigny, furnishes sufficient warrant for her present action. But the majority of the embroilments between the rowdy republics of South America and the West Indies are of that character. San Domingo, for example, is a delinquent debtor and the creditors are stirring up their respective governments to bring pressure on the San Domingans. Where is this to end? The securities of such countries are bought by speculators who only pay an insignificant percentage of their face value.

It does not matter what right or title the black ruffian who issues them has to pledge the taxpayers, the purchasers nevertheless expect the collecting to be done by the fleet at full face value. I merely state the situation. There is something to be said on both sides. If it were not for the possibilities of forcible collection it would scarcely be possible to effect any loans whatever. This might be a blessing in disguise. Mr. Roosevelt, the world-policeman, feels like taking a hand in the game.

So great has been our interest in the British elections that to discuss them in these columns would be belated. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's government has been sustained so triumphantly that he can afford to ignore any possible combination of non-Liberal forces. Since taking office the Premier has visibly grown. He has the faculty of prompt action which is not too common among public men. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are no more likely to come together out of office than they were during the last year or two in office. It is quite evident that Mr. Balfour cannot persuade himself that the British electorate will ever return to avowed protectionism, whereas Mr. Chamberlain professes to have no doubts of the ultimate acceptance of his views. The difference is unbridgable, and it therefore looks as if Mr. Chamberlain will figure in the new House as the chief of a small protectionist wing.

Russia seems to be quietened and less chaotic. The prophecies of the revolutionists are that more terrible scenes than have yet been enacted will be witnessed in the spring. That the peasantry have set their minds upon owning the land they cultivate seems reasonably sure, and it is believed the coming of spring and the arrival of the time of planting will set them in motion. What will the autocracy do in face of this situation? Will the attempt be made to crush out their aspirations with grape-shot? Or, will the wiser method of arriving at a compromise be tried? The Duma will meet before spring and some way out may be devised by the assembled wise men. One thing is certain—it is impossible to retrace the steps that have already been taken. Russia has set her feet on the pathway of political progress and she cannot be turned back.

John A. Ewan.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION

"You've killed my party!"
(MR. BALFOUR)

"And you've wrecked my scheme!"
(MR. CHAMBERLAIN)

—London *Chronicle*

THE west wind lifts the plumes of the fir;
The west wind swings on the pine;
In the sun and shadow the cushats stir;
For the breath of Spring is a wine
That fills the wood,
That thrills the blood,
When the glad March sun doth shine
Once more,
When the glad March sun doth shine.

—*William Sharp*

FIONA MACLEOD

THE verse quoted above is part of a poem received by the editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* just a few hours before the announcement in the papers of Mr. Sharp's death, and his identity with "Fiona Macleod." For years the literary public of Great Britain had wondered who Miss Macleod was and where she lived. One enterprising journalist made the statement that she was a widow living on the north coast of Ireland. "Who's Who" went so far as to give the lady's favourite recreations. Many a quiet smile William Sharp must have indulged in as he read what the gossips of the literary circle had to say about his other self, "Fiona Macleod." As annotator and compiler, even as critic, Mr. Sharp did some very creditable work; but as writer of those weird Celtic romances and that poetry of sea and cairn and hill that was an echo from the land where Kilmeny wandered, he appealed to a wider world than his biographies and anthologies ever reached. It must have been a gratification to him that the work of the lady of his fancy was appreciated and admired, and there is something refreshing in the fact that one successful novelist preferred to be unknown in these days of paid puffs in the alleged review columns, when every writer of anachronistic historical romance desires to have his picture in the paper.

Indeed, the work of Fiona Macleod is so much more striking than that of William Sharp that in years to come there may arise such confusion that the biographical index to writers of the last half of the Nineteenth Century may contain a reference to an Irish writer, Miss Fiona Macleod, whose pen name was William Sharp.

MISS NIGHTINGALE'S PETS

A WRITER in an English magazine gives some interesting items with regard to Florence Nightingale's fondness for animals.

"All her life Miss Nightingale has been noted in her intimate circle for having curious pets. One of these was a tame owl which she picked up when travelling in Greece, before the outbreak of the Crimean War. It had fallen out of its nest at the Parthenon, and its saviour christened it 'Athena' and brought it home with her to Lea Hurst, her Derbyshire home. 'Athena' was scarcely ever separated from its mistress. Even when visiting friends Miss Nightingale took it with her.

"When she returned from the Crimea, Miss Nightingale brought back a big Russian hound which was her faithful companion for some time, and the astonishment of the country folks at Lea Hurst. She carries her love of animals into the profession which she founded and entirely dissents from the opinion that pet animals should be banished from a sick-room. Having herself led more or less of an invalid's life for fifty years, she speaks with

QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY

personal feeling when she says: 'A small pet animal is often an excellent companion for the sick, especially for long, chronic cases.' She is fond of instancing the story of an invalid who, having been tended by a nurse and a dog, said he preferred the dog 'because it did not talk.' It was the fussing of an untrained nurse which led Lord Melbourne to make the ungallant remark: 'I would rather have men about me when I am ill. I think it requires very strong health to put up with women'—another story repeated by Miss Nightingale."

THE BRIDES OF MARCH

A RECENT despatch from London, England, states that the Salvation Army officials have decided to include fifty marriageable girls in a large party of immigrants leaving March 1st. "These are a first instalment," says the English authority, "towards supplying ten thousand men in Canada who, the officials here say, need wives. The Army will chaperon the ladies after arrival by arranging garden-parties and other matrimonial devices and if the experiment is successful more will follow, the Army receiving many applications from would-be brides." There is a delicious naiveté about "arranging garden-parties and other matrimonial devices." Shades of our primeval parents who enjoyed the first garden-party for so brief a space! An ocean voyage has always been supposed to be Cupid's favourite resort, danger lurks in picnics and church bazaars, but it seems that the garden-party is really the deadliest foe to man's single life. It may be rather unwise to publish so frankly its preëminence as a matrimonial device, inasmuch as some wary men may take warning thereby and refuse tickets for the garden-party. Then the fifty young women are not arriving in the garden-party season. In spite of the mild January we have experienced, it would be entirely dangerous to advertise March as the month for the lawn fête. It has its balmy interludes, but it is not the time for Chinese lanterns, strawberries and ice cream, angel cake and the other devices that make the garden-party easily first among the lures to matrimony. The information conveyed is also rather startling. Ten thousand young men without wives form a pathetic band, and one really wonders where they are, and how they manage to get along without someone to pour tea.

No doubt there are a few young men in the West who need wives, but whether they will appreciate the forethought of the British "officials" is a question.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

WHERE is the Miss Alcott for this generation? There are dozens of books labelled "for girls" coming out every year, but not one of them approaches "Little Women" or "Rose in Bloom." The sad truth is that the books written professedly for girls are such deadly, dull

stuff that no girl with spirit enough to skip or play jacks would think of wasting her time on them. Even that excellent English publication, *The Girl's Own Paper*, contains stories that are warranted to send any healthy child to sleep. Ethel Turner (Miss or Mrs.?) writes the best stories for girls found in the magazines to-day, while E. Nesbit is a good second. But there are no books with the fresh, natural touch which Louisa Alcott gave to the simple chronicles of the March family. We read about the doings of modern maidens, but we really *knew* Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, and the best of them all was boyish Jo. But can you ever forgive Miss Alcott for not marrying Jo to Laurie? I have not met the grown-up woman who has forgotten her grievance against the unwise novelist for bestowing upon Jo such an utterly estimable and uninteresting husband as the German professor with bad manners, a worse accent, and a bald head. Jo should have become the wife of Laurie, even if they had a pitched battle every day. Amy should have died and Beth should have remained a spinster and become a famous musician. The four girls are a quartette to be remembered and we wish that someone else would arise to-day and tell us tales of the same brightness.

But when one considers the "little girl" books, there is one as far ahead of all the others that it is hard to know what to put next to it. And it was written by no woman, but by a mathematical man—a professor and a clergyman. Of course, it is "Alice in Wonderland," and that blessed child will probably wander in her Wonderland so long as books are read.

An English writer, speaking on the subject, says: "Exactly what makes the perfect book for girls it would be difficult to say. It has been our experience that school girls—and other girls—prefer the books of romance and adventure provided for their brothers, before the namby-pamby preachy books provided by feminine writers for the edification of budding womanhood. It was the head mistress of a large girls' school, if we remember rightly, who remarked a short time since that of four copies of Dumas's 'Three Musketeers' in her library, she had never known one to be on the shelves for more than two days at a time."

KING HAAKON VII OF NORWAY

THE CANADIAN VOICE

SOME years ago when Mr. Kipling was a young and buoyant journalist, travelling and writing for the Allahabad *Pioneer*, he had occasion when in Japan to call down wrath upon the United States, and pronounced his famous "curse." The youthful author did not mean it, except in a Pickwickian sense, but years afterwards the papers he had written from Japan and 'Frisco to India were unearthed by industrious publishers and issued under the title, "From Sea to Sea." There are humorous features in the diatribe which sets out, "Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it, very copiously." Among the pleasantries that contained more truth than rhetoric

was the prophecy: "Your women shall scream like peacocks when they talk, and your men neigh like horses when they laugh. You shall call 'round' 'raound,' and 'very' 'varry,' and 'news' 'noos,' till the end of time.... You shall prostitute and pervert the English language till an Englishman has neither power nor desire to understand you any more."

Do the women of this continent "scream like peacocks when they talk?" Let any one who stands aside and listens to the clamour of an afternoon tea decide as to this charge. So far as the Canadian woman is concerned, her voice is softer, her intonation less nasal than that of the woman from Chicago or Oregon, but it is much less pleasing than that of the Bostonian or the Virginian.

In the February issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, there was a quotation in "Canada for Canadians" from a letter written by the English economist, Mr. John A. Hobson for the London (England) *Chronicle*. Mr. Hobson has been visiting Canada and in discussing our excessive "Americanism," says: "The very tone of voice is not English but American." The fact is that we are exceedingly British with the mouth and exceedingly "American" with the voice. There is nothing more attractive about the Englishwoman than her rich, soft voice, yet the accents of Oxford are as frequently ridiculed in Toronto as they are in New York. An Englishman, recently arrived in Ontario, was somewhat bewildered to find that "to talk like an Englishman" was considered amusing if not absurd. We glory in imitating the twang of Vermont or Connecticut, and smile in superior fashion at the quaint touch that tells of Yorkshire or Devon. It is quite true that the native born Canadian is not heard using anything quite so barbarous as the speech of the Cockney or Birmingham lower classes. But, on the other hand, one seldom hears a voice of melody and richness, even from those Canadians whom we are pleased to call orators.

What is the matter? It may be the air that is conducive to peacock discordance. There is a germ somewhere in the land that gets into our throats and sends the voice into the top of the head. It is dangerous to make comparisons or to admit a preference, but candour forces the statement that the women of the maritime provinces have the most pleasing voices heard in our broad Dominion. The voice of the Ontario women is usually "heady" and squeaky, and the voice of Manitoba is—well, it had better not be described. Extremes meet once more and in British Columbia one hears softer accents again. The woman of Halifax is the vocal sister of the woman of Vancouver.

A Toronto school-teacher said not long ago: "There is no use in trying to teach children the pronunciation of such words as palm, calm, bath, etc., where the Italian A is used. Their parents tell them it is affected to pronounce those words correctly, and say they are imitating the English." Suppose that we are imitating the English! What language are we alleged to speak? We frequently boast about our common tongue" and verily it is "common." There are certain exaggerations it is well to avoid. It is not advisable to say "cawm" but we need not make the word "camm." In one respect we are not sinners. We seldom say "noos," "avenoo" or "dooty." There is no affectation in being accurate. Some Canadians of respectable origin have heard "I seen" and "I have went" in their childhood, but have learned that such expressions are not considered good English usage, and have wisely discarded them for more conventional verbal forms. Is it not just as sensible to correct an inaccurate pronunciation?

However, it is in melody, above all qualities, that the Canadian voice is lacking and it is to be hoped that the future will bring cadences that as yet are unheard. The women of the country have more power in this respect over the youthful generation, for education in Canada, like that of the United States, is "feminised." It was well that Sir Wilfrid Laurier represented us at the Jubilee of 1897, for, of all our public men, he may be called the possessor of "la voix d'or." In the meantime we may truthfully say that the voice of the average Canadian is "as the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal."

Jean Graham

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

CABINETS AND POLITICIANS

ALL cabinets are divided into three parts—a Prime Minister, Administrators and Politicians. The Dominion Cabinet is so divided. When it was first formed, in 1896, it was composed mainly of administrators. The additions since have been mostly politicians, until to-day that class preponderates. The future additions to it will probably increase rather than decrease that preponderance. It is a way which cabinets of long standing seem to have.

The Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, who has been promoted from the portfolio of Inland Revenue to that of Marine and Fisheries, is an administrator rather than a politician. He is a lawyer by education and training, but has been always somewhat of a theoriser rather than an aggressive barrister. His mental attitude has been philosophic. It was this which led to his being chosen deputy-speaker and then speaker of the House. After nearly three years in that judicial chair, he was called to the cabinet as Minister of Inland Revenue, where he has served two years. In that period he has shown himself to be high-minded in his administration and lofty in the conception of his duty.

In this he is in considerable contrast with his predecessor, who was a politician first and last. Not that the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine was lacking in constructive ability or in imagination; he was energetic, active and desirous of doing things. Yet everything he did, was done with at least one eye on the political effect, on the possibility of vote-getting. His career as Mayor of the City of Montreal endeared him to the hearts of the common people much as Tammany is loved and respected by the same classes in New York. He was generous, large-hearted, kind and indulgent to his friends and supporters, yet he was by no means a model citizen. He stood for those practices which make our governments extravagant, expensive and unequal. He took little for himself, much for his friends, and most for his party. He was as honest as the man may be who plays a leading role in party politics as we have them in this country.

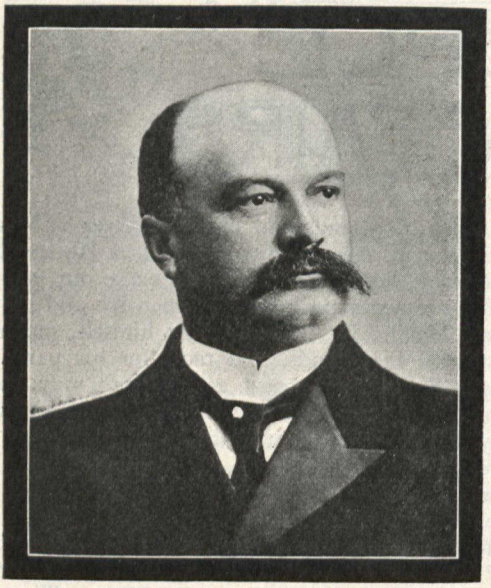
HONESTY AND TAXES

CANADIANS are growing wealthy at a very rapid rate. In the larger cities, there are many budding millionaires. Their names are emblazoned everywhere except in one place—they are not to be found on the list of those who pay large income taxes. The income tax is a splendid thing, but a study of the results obtained under it indicate what dull consciences most rich men have.

It is exceedingly strange that a man can afford to give away $100,000 every other year on an annual net income running from $10,000 to $20,000. Yet there are men in Montreal and Toronto who do this.

In the United States there is no income tax—the constitution does not provide for it. The personality tax takes its place—and is evaded with equal mendacity and ingenuity. It is said of the late Marshall Field, of Chicago, who died recently worth a hundred millions, that he paid his taxes with the same integrity that he showed in other business transactions. If this be true, and there is no reason to disbelieve it, he should be included in the Hall of Fame. He is the only rich United States citizen who has been publicly accused of such magnanimous and high-minded conduct.

No doubt there are rich Canadians who pay a fair amount of taxes, but the majority pay as little as possible. Robbing the State is not robbery according to the



THE LATE HON. RAYMOND PRÉFONTAINE

Crœsus code. Evading taxation is on a par in that code with charter-mongering, bond-exploiting, stock-watering, and the other schemes by which the rich men fleece the poor men and despoil the commonwealth.

GAME PRESERVATION

THE preservation of the fish and game of North America is a work which is engrossing the attention of many unselfish sportsmen. It is a grand work, too. This will be a poor continent when there are no birds in the bush and no fish in the lakes and rivers. One of the finest pleasures in which man may indulge will have vanished and numerous economic damages will result.

One of the newest leaders in this movement to preserve the fur, fin and feather fauna of the continent is the Hon. Jean Prevost, Minister of Colonisation, Mines and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec. He called a conference of sportsmen in Montreal last December, with a view of deciding what was necessary in the way of legislative requirements and governmental regulation. Since then he has been chosen as the head of the American Association which met recently in Boston.

The selfish settler and the equally selfish hunter are to be found everywhere, and it is necessary to put some restraint upon these classes. The necessity is not pleasant in the contemplation of one who would like to have faith in his fellows, nevertheless it exists and must be faced. Lovers of nature and haters of waste will wish Mr. Prevost all success in his good work.

THE SALARIED MAN

THE prolonged period of prosperity in this country is bringing up the question of the salaried man and his rewards. During the past eight years, the man who has been working for himself has gained great profit. Businesses of all kinds have shown large gains and considerable expansion. Nearly every manufacturer has become moderately wealthy. The corporations have doubled their earnings. The capitalist has found his investments bring him returns which seem almost the result of a Midas touch. The man who works on commission or part commission has shared in the general prosperity. Even the wage-earner, through his union, has increased his wages appreciably; the mechanics of Canada are well paid, well dressed and well housed. Only the salaried man has suffered.

This unfortunate individual finds that the cost of living has gone up thirty-five per cent., and that salaries have not kept pace. The school teacher, the college professor, the bank clerk, the bookkeeper and the journalist finds it hard to get ahead. Salaries have increased, but not in proportion to the prosperity of the country, nor to the cost of living. Bank tellers handling large sums in city banks are getting from $450 to $750 a year. Public school teachers are getting from $300 to $500; in the Province of Quebec from $100 to $300. A newspaper reporter gets from $400 to $800. These salaries are certainly too low.

There are reasons why salary increases should be conservative, but they should

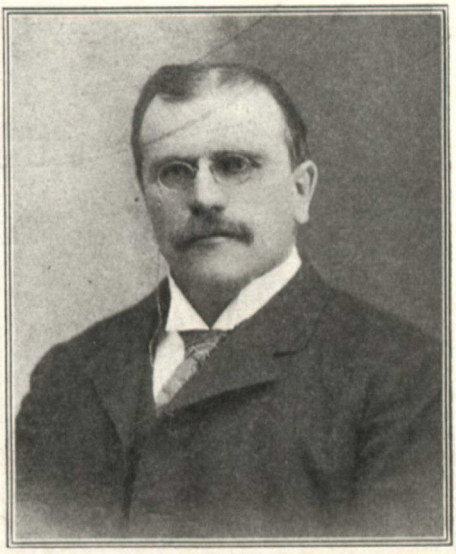
certainly be equivalent to any increase in the cost of living. This is necessary to preserve efficiency, buoyancy, loyalty and honesty. In a case of thieving in a Toronto warehouse which was recently in the police court, it was shown that clerks received as low as one to three dollars a week. This does not justify dishonesty, but it explains it. Men who are well paid will usually be found to be loyal and efficient. A full purse is a safeguard against breaches of trust.

THE CHURCH AND TAXES

IN the Province of Quebec a fight is being waged in favour of the taxation of certain church and educational property by municipalities. Three Rivers, Valleyfield, Farnham, Fraserville, St. Jerome and Roberval have already obtained power to tax certain classes of this property, and the town of Rimouski is now asking the Legislature for the right to have the seminary and other private educational and charitable institutions pay municipal taxes. The answer of those opposed to this request is that the church has no voice in municipal expenditure and hence should not be called upon to contribute towards it; that the high moral standard of the people is due to the teaching of the priests and ministers, and that "the higher our church steeples go the higher will be the moral standard of our people."

One peculiar feature of the situation came out in the discussion. It was shown that all the educational institutions in Rimouski were Roman Catholic, and that all the members of the council which had unanimously asked for this reform were Roman Catholics.

In Toronto, where the bulk of the church property is Protestant, the city council is taking up the question of taxing all church property. Hence it would seem that the movement to tax church property is gaining ground among all classes. In the case of the Protestants there is practically nothing to tax except churches, because Protestants rely on the public schools for education. In the case of Roman Catholics, they have



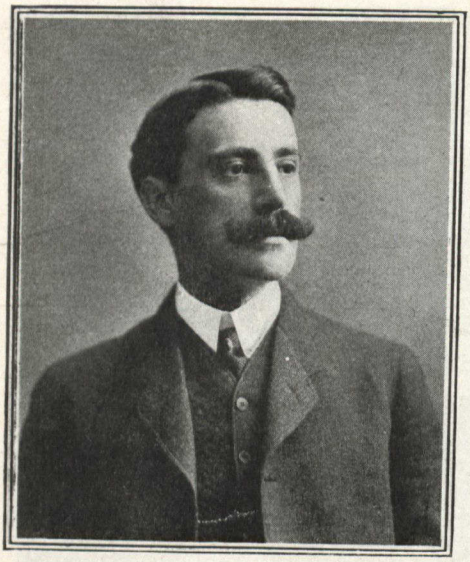
HON. L. P. BRODEUR

The new Minister of Marine and Fisheries in the Dominion Government

a considerable number of private schools, seminaries, nunneries, and other private institutions which hold a very considerable quantity of property which at present is almost wholly exempt from taxation of any kind. The institutions are doing work in opposition to other private institutions which pay taxes, and there seems an element of unfairness in the situation which might reasonably receive serious consideration.

A TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN

THE temperance people of Ontario have been vigorously prosecuting a campaign on behalf of local option. In the Province of Quebec, Archbishop Bruchesi has inaugurated a movement in favour of temperance which promises to assume considerable strength. Father O'Sullivan is leading in the work, and urges that men cannot be made sober and kept sober by the force of the law alone. Temperance is a moral virtue and drunkenness will only disappear with the advance of moral reform. Prohibition, he believed, from what he had seen in Vermont, only led to bribery,



HON. JEAN PREVOST

Minister of Colonisation, Mines and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec

perjury, and illicit selling. Prohibition merely added worse crimes to that of drunkenness which, after all, was not necessarily vicious.

In this matter, the Roman Catholic Church seems to be taking a broader and more reasonable position than the Protestant churches, and its efforts will appeal to all classes including those who believe in moderate drinking. Reform through education has always been the most successful and the most permanent.

Nevertheless, there should be a general reform of our licensing laws. This applies to all the provinces. The temptation to over-indulgence in strong drink should be lessened, and the fatal treating habit should be minimised by regulations restricting the freedom of the public bar.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

WHEN a government exercises the power and privilege of appointing faithful members of parliament and journalists to the "fattest" civil service positions in a country, that government exists to a certain extent by bribery. No government that ever existed in the Dominion of Canada has failed to use this doubtful lever to make partisans of party men.

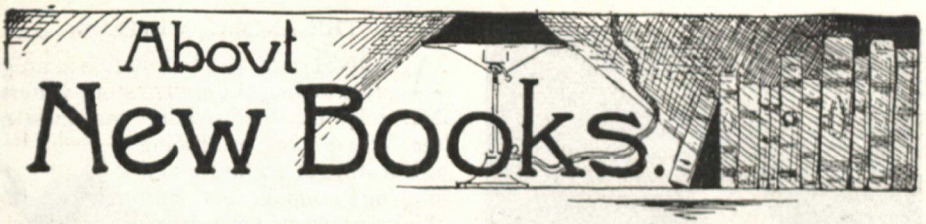
The members and the journalists know that if they serve the party faithfully and well for a series of years, they will be rewarded some day with a comfortable berth in a civil service position. In many cases, the promise of the position is made and the member or journalist required to put in two, three or five years of unblushing service before he is actually installed. A glaring example of this recently occurred in the case of a lawyer member appointed to a leading judicial position in Ontario by the Ottawa Government.

Neither party in Canada can throw stones at the other. Sir John Macdonald was as willing to follow the custom as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been. That they have followed this practice is due in a considerable measure to the apathy of public opinion. The people have no right to blame the politicians, because the latter are just what the people make them.

The Toronto *Globe* has come out for a non-party handling of the appointments to the Intercolonial Railway Service as a first step in the introduction of a non-party civil service. This is creditable to a party journal and it is to be hoped that all the other daily papers of Canada will support the movement. Some of them have already advocated such a reform. Untrained and unnecessary individuals have been placed in that railway service because of party exigencies to such an extent that the political life of the Maritime Provinces has been sadly warped. The millions of dollars lost by such management is nothing compared with the debasement of the people.

The time is opportune for civil service reform in the Dominion and the Provincial Governments. Party government will be strengthened, not injured, by a removal of patronage from the hands of cabinet ministers and members. Patronage should be done away, must be abolished. All appointments to the civil service should be made by an independent commission after qualifying and competitive examination as in Great Britain.

John A. Cooper



THE IRISH QUESTION

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has spoken wisely on many questions, though occasionally he has failed in estimating the possibilities of Canadian self-development. On no question have his conclusions had greater influence or been more fully justified by subsequent events than those which appeared in 1861 under the title "Irish History and Irish Character." This was his first important publication. Since then he has issued two other volumes on the same subject: "The Irish Question," 1868, and "The Conduct of England to Ireland," 1882. He has recently issued a fourth essay, "Irish History and the Irish Question," which will probably be his last word on a subject to which he has given much attention during fifty years. In the light of this information, the essay is worthy of special consideration.

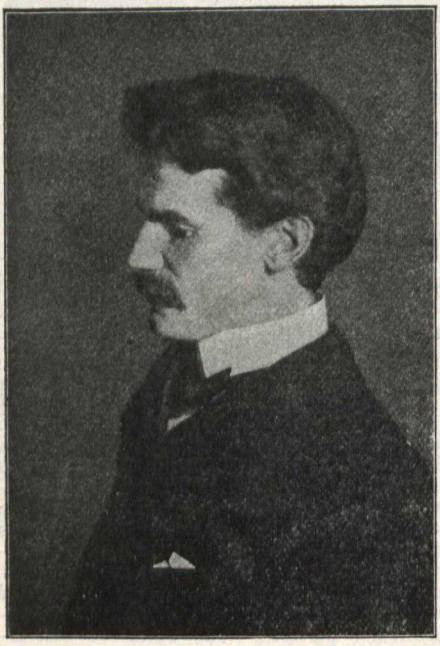
For the present situation in Ireland, the Professor throws the blame partly on nature and partly on the Papacy. Because Ireland and England have been peopled by "different and uncongenial races," the juxtaposition of the two countries has not led to the usual sympathetic co-operation. Reason appealed in vain when race hatred held such omnipotent sway. Moreover, Ireland being without coal and minerals, could not develop industries sufficient to support a large population. Hence followed famine and painful emigration. So much for nature.

The Professor is equally severe on the Papacy. "It used the sword of the Norman adventurer in Ireland as in England, to crush religious independence and force all churches to bow to its own dominion." It gained control and proved itself unworthy. At a later day, it incited rebellion on the part of the Irish and brought upon the country a deluge of woes. Even when the boon of national and undenominational education was extended to Ireland, a generation before it was obtained in England itself, the Papacy thwarted it and maimed the undenominational colleges. Speaking of the Irish priest, the author says:

> "In regard to education and intelligence, he has been in Ireland what he has been in Spain and other countries subject to his sway. In the sphere of industry and commerce the influence has generally been the same. The religious ideal of life with its church festivals and Saints' Days has prevailed. In Ireland as in Canada the priest inculcates early marriages, the effects of which may be morally good, but are economically perilous. The excessive conversion of the fruits of industry to the unproductive purposes of the Church has already begun to call forth protests."

With Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule Bills, the Professor has had little sympathy. He upholds Bright for breaking with Gladstone and the "rebel" party on this question. He applauds the *Times* for preventing a stampede with Gladstone when the latter coalesced with Parnell. "To the steadfastness and power of this great journal the defeat of Gladstone's policy and the salvation of the union were largely due." While admitting Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with those struggling for independence and allowing for his high instincts, he discredits his sincerity and his knowledge of what was best for Ireland. The author apparently believes Gladstone was justly and properly defeated. This, too, from a lifelong Liberal.

The Professor thinks that the union has been beneficial to Ireland. The two races and religions have lived generally at peace if not in concord. If it had not been for the influence of the American Irish, for Fenianism and other reckless organisations, the progress of reform would have been much greater. "In Ireland itself, moreover, the hell-broth of agitation is



WILLIAM J. LONG
Author of "Northern Trails," etc.

kept constantly seething to the inevitable detriment of recuperative effort, which cannot do its full work without security for the future."

The author closes with a significant and suggestive paragraph:

"However, it can hardly be doubted that in the course of this struggle a sentiment has been cultivated among the people of Ireland for which it is wise as well as kind in some way to provide satisfaction. The Irishman being of lively sensibility and impressible through sight, has never seen the power which really governs him. A session or two of the Imperial Parliament held at Dublin for the settlement of Irish questions would probably have had a very good effect, but it was thought to entail too much inconvenience. Would there be any objection to empowering the Irish members of both Houses to sit annually at Dublin as a preparatory House of Irish legislation framing bills to be commended to Parliament? There would then be something in College Green. The experiment would involve none of the difficulties or perils of a statutory division of the powers of Parliament. It would be at first on the footing of an experiment, nor would it preclude further concessions if further concessions should be found needful."

THE ANIMAL WRITERS

A CONSIDERABLE dispute is in progress among the animal story-writers. Mr. John Burroughs claims that most of the others are overdoing this feature of literature and making animals act and think as only a human being acts and thinks. He claims that these people do not know what they are writing about.

Thompson Seton certainly is not open to this charge. Every Canadian knows that he has been a student of animal life all his days—in Ontario, in Manitoba and in the west of both countries. Charles G. D. Roberts was brought up in New Brunswick and was never far from the woods. All that he says in his books may not be true, but he certainly has not lacked opportunities for first-hand study. W. A. Fraser has spent some time in the western fields and has a considerable knowledge of the moose, the buffalo, the bear and the whiskey-jack. Perhaps he has put a little fiction into his stories, but it is a fiction based on knowledge. William J. Long, the New England writer, has studied wood life in Maine, New Brunswick and Newfoundland. He and Mr. Seton are perhaps the best fitted of all these writers to withstand Mr. Burroughs' attacks.

Richard Burton, a well-known editor and lecturer on English literature, writes of these animal writers in the Boston *Transcript*, as follows:

"A great impulse toward this study in literary interpretation indubitably came from Kipling by his famous Jungle books and later studies of animal life. He set the seal of his genius upon this endeavour, carrying on the older idea of the beast epic with this striking shift in viewpoint: the beast speaks for his own side and treats man critically, just as man has so long been treating the beasts. There is thus added an immense ethical meaning in the Jungle tales. If allegories, they are allegorical in a new, deeper and finer sense than ever was Æsop. Various writers have,

each according to his particular interest, taking the cue from Kipling, made their contributions to this most stimulating theme. Thompson Seton has delighted thousands by his combination of picture and text. Birdlore has been brought into our homes by Burroughs and a vigorous band of followers. And later, poet naturalists like Charles G.D. Roberts have added their quota to the wholesome whole. In verse, Bliss Carman's lyric appeal is largely that of nature conceived as responsive and close akin to man, and this lends a certain attractive atmosphere of glamour and mysticism to his song. A writer of spiritual import, like Dr. Van Dyke, has now and again in essay or short story shown a beautiful sympathy for this aspect of the breathing world of nature.

"The time was ripe for a public reception of this sort of literature, and its recognition was correspondingly quick and hearty. Looking with a careful eye upon American literature of the present moment, it can be said with little fear of cavil that no tendency is more indicative of the time spirit; none offers a more hopeful sign of both present and future than this of the spreading of nature study, animate and inanimate. It is a noble part of that slow widening of the interests and sympathies of man which Tennyson dreamed of in one of his most splendid poems.

"The share of William J. Long in all this deserves most cordial recognition. In the first place, he is a true naturalist, a scientist in quest of knowledge. Year after year he fares to the northern streams and forests to study animals in their haunts and habitats, and in such books as "Fowls of the Air," "Beasts of the Field," and the just issued "School of the Woods," a trilogy of volumes in which his distinctive work has been gathered, he has given to the world the result of his long and loving observation."

Since the above was written, Mr. Long has continued his investigations and published "Following the Deer," "A Little Brother to the Bear," and "Northern Trails."

SIENKIEWICZ

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, who has recently been awarded the noted literary prize of $40,000, has many admirers in Canada. His "Quo Vadis" had considerable success here, as had his later work "Knights of the Cross." Since 1900, we have had no new book from the pen of this distinguished Pole, but there has just been issued his latest work entitled "On the Field of Glory."* The scenes are laid in Poland, and the period is the reign of the famous King John Sobieski, just before the Turkish invasion in 1682 to 1683 Sienkiewicz has woven a wonderful romance of great brilliancy and strong character drawing, and in no book by the author of "Quo Vadis" — a story whose sale has not been equalled by any modern work of fiction—has he displayed his great genius more strikingly.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ
Author of "On the Field of Glory"
Little, Brown & Co.
Publishers

In "On the Field of Glory" he tells a charming, tender, and passionate love story of remarkable intensity, and gives the reader acquaintance with characters not inferior in vigour and interest to those of the great trilogy. The complete work is presented for the first time in this translation by Mr. Curtin, whose intimate acquaintance with all the Slav languages is famous, and whose mastery of Polish and remarkable power in interpreting Sienkiewicz have received world-wide recognition.

NOTES

The Macmillan Co. are shortly to issue a popular "Life of John Wesley," by C. T. Winchester, Professor of English Literature at Wesleyan University.

A new edition of J. W. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada" is to be issued with two new chapters. One of these will deal with the possibilities of a new trade

* "On the Field of Glory," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of "Quo Vadis," etc. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

outlet via Hudson Bay and the other with musk-ox hunting.

Acadiensis for January begins its sixth year, making a record in Acadian literature, as no magazine hitherto published in the Maritime Provinces has reached that limit of existence. The magazine, under the management of Mr. D. R. Jack, bids fair to see many years more of usefulness with a more generous support than in the past. The contents of the latest number embrace several valuable articles, among which is Heraldry in Brief, a very readable and interesting account of that art.

Dr. Hannay's history of New Brunswick will be published some time during this year. It will deal with events and persons from the earliest times down to the present. One of the contributors is Supt. Dr. Inch who will write on educational topics. Dr. Hannay has been engaged on the work for some years, and its early appearance will be looked for with much interest.

Poet Lore, a magazine published at 194 Boylston St., Boston, offers $100 for the best poem containing not less than four and not more than sixty-four lines received by March 31st. The only flaw in the offer is that each competitor must send $3.00 for a year's subscription. It sounds like a Yankee subscription game instead of a genuine literary competition.

Julia Augusta Schwartz has conceived a new idea in how to write an animal book, and yet get a field that is not already occupied. She has chosen to write about "Wilderness Babies," the young squirrel, the young buffalo, the beaver, the fox, the manatee, and so on through the list. The illustrations are as attractive as the stories. (Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, $1.50).

Canadian periodicals are increasing in number. An illustrated weekly, *The Canadian Graphic*, published in Toronto, is showing up well, and may pull through the probationary period. *Canadian Life and Resources*, Montreal, is a more healthy looking publication, though burdened with a complex title. It is a monthly and well edited. *Canada*, a new illustrated weekly published in London, England, and designed for circulation throughout the Empire. The first two numbers have been received and are certainly excellent. Its field will be small, but every patriotic citizen will wish it sufficient patronage to make it permanent. The *Busy Man's Magazine*, published in Toronto, is made up of well-chosen clippings and an occasional original article. Its title explains its mission.

The author of "Herz und Natur—Neue Gedichte," Heinrich Rembe, (New York: E. Kaufmann) is already known by his volume, "Aus der Einsamkeit einer canadischen Landpfarre." Pastor Rembe, who is a native of Germany, has spent a large part of his life as a Lutheran clergyman in Waterloo County. A keen poet's love of nature, broad religious devoutness, a happy optimism, understanding of the heart—these are his characteristics. His poems are quite modern in form and variety, though not marred by the too common modern erotic extravagances. Many show distinctly Canadian touches. We can never have a German-Canadian literature as we have a French-Canadian; but such products as these should be especially welcome to Canadians as evidence of the intellectual life of an important element in our nationality.

A splendid example of how not to print a book is to be found in "A Canadian Girl in South Africa," by E. Maud Graham. The printing of the text is badly done, the pages running in various shades from full black to dull grey. The illustrations are too small and indistinct to be of much value. The individual portraits and some of the full-page illustrations are good, but on the whole the half-tone work is execrable. One can only wonder why any reputable publisher would put his name to such a volume. This particular house can do good work when it desires. Presumably, the author must have been footing the bill, and she got only what she paid for—no more. This is usually the case. Perhaps authors who pay for the publishing of their books should be severely punished so as to prevent their trying it the second time. Miss Graham has our sympathy, nevertheless.

Idle Moments.

FROUDE AS A HUMOURIST

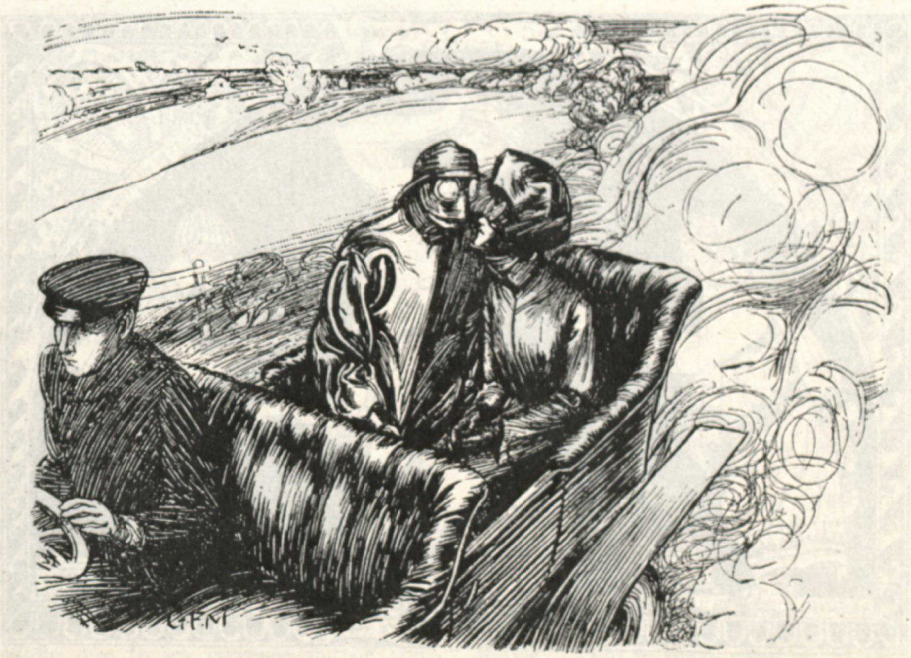
SMITH D. FRY recalls, in the "Ladies' Home Journal," an anecdote of James Anthony Froude's visit to Yale thirty years ago. The Reverend Dr. Leonard Bacon was the host of the evening, and there were present about a score of the most distinguished gentlemen of that day. The name of Charles Kingsley was mentioned, and Doctor Bacon, with the dogmatic earnestness which made him great, and which also made enemies for him, violently vociferated:

"There has been no man more brilliant than Charles Kingsley, but on the two occasions that I visited him he drove from me all respect for his greatness by his insufferable conceit. He talked of nothing but himself and of his work. He told me in tiresome detail all about the incentives to his composition of 'Hypatia,' his 'Westward Ho!' and why he wrote his panegyric to tobacco. His self-conceit was insufferable, not to say disgusting, and—"

"I beg your pardon," said Froude, arising from his place beside Doctor Bacon, at the head of the table. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, and for breaking in upon the harmony of this gathering. But, sir, when you speak of Charles Kingsley in that manner, sir, I deem it to be my duty—and you will see clearly that it is my duty—to interrupt you, sir, and remind you that Charles Kingsley is a near relative of mine, by marriage, and—"

"Permit me humbly to beg your pardon, sir—" interrupted Doctor Bacon.

"No, sir," severely replied Mr. Froude. "I deem it to be my duty, while thank-



AN IDYLL

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."—*Punch.*

ing you for giving credit to Charles Kingsley for his brilliant attainments, to tell you that he is my relative by marriage, my near relative; and when you thus speak of him as a self-conceited coxcomb I could let you go no farther until I had taken opportunity to remind you of my relationship, and to state that I have known him from boyhood, and since you violently descant upon his self-conceit I want to tell you, sir, that *you are right.*"

As Mr. Beecher used to say: "A pan of milk always slops over on the other side"; and the relief from the strain of a few minutes made the remainder of the evening the most hilarious that ever was enjoyed by a gathering of mature scholarly spirits.

♦♦♦

LIMITED

JOHN MORLEY, the new Secretary of State for India, has been twenty years in public life, and only three in office. He does not complain, though he realises that the fight for his principles has been long and tedious. At the close of his recent tour through Canada and the United States, he was banqueted in New York, where one of the speakers laid emphasis on the "admiration" in which he was held on his own side of the Atlantic. "Admiration with limitations," said Mr. Morley, with a pleasant smile at his own expense.

♦♦♦

ONE ON THE QUEEN

HER exalted rank did not give Queen Victoria immunity from the trials of a grandmother. One of her grandsons, whose recklessness in spending money provoked her strong disapproval, wrote to the Queen reminding her of his approaching birthday and delicately suggesting that money would be the most acceptable gift. In her own hand she answered, sternly reproving the youth for the sin of extravagance and urging upon him the practice of economy. His reply staggered her:

"Dear Grandmamma," it ran, "thank you for your kind letter of advice. I have sold the same for five pounds."

THE FIRST CONSULTATION

A suggestion for a mural decoration in a medical college.—*Life.*

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.
A Department For Business Men.

NOVA SCOTIA'S PROGRESS

NOVA SCOTIA is making tremendous progress. The Halifax *Chronicle* publishes the following table, showing the production during 1905:

ESTIMATED PRODUCTS OF NOVA SCOTIA FOR 1905.

Coal	$11,250,000
Coke	650,000
Gold	320,000
Iron Ore	80,000
Other Minerals	620,000
Pig Iron	3,500,000
Steel	3,800,000
Steel Rails	1,500,000
Fisheries	9,000,000
Ships and Freights	350,000
Manufactures	42,000,000
Field Crops	9,000,000
Fruits, Vegetables	2,900,000
Live Stock Sold	1,100,000
Dairy Products	3,100,000
Meats, etc	1,600,000
Wool and Eggs	700,000
Products of the Forest	3,200,000
Total	$94,670,000

Halifax as a shipping point is more than holding its own. There were 821 vessels arrived in port from foreign countries and 3,445 from coastwise ports. Eight thousand more tons of freight were handled at the deep water terminus than in 1904.

NEW BRUNSWICK'S PROGRESS

NEW BRUNSWICK seems to be waking up commercially and industrially. The exports from the port of St. John by sea to the United States during 1905 were valued at $2,290,941.69, compared with $1,829,660.58 in 1904. This shows a gain of $461,281.11, which is chiefly due to an increase in the shipments of lumber, hides, fish, raw furs, pulp and junk. Shipments made by rail are not shown in this list, as they are entered at the outport of McAdam. Of course the chief item of export is lumber, part the product of New Brunswick logs and part of Maine logs brought down the St. John river and sawn here.

Commercially there is similar development. The reorganised cotton mills at St. John are being profitably run; the two nail factories are enlarging; the Portland Rolling Mills are to add a mill for making steel billets; other factories are enlarging and new ones are being built. The city council has employed an expert to look into the possibility of harnessing the power of the reversing falls for industrial purposes.

Other parts of the Province are showing enterprise and expansion.

BRITISH IMMIGRANTS

NOTHING more clearly shows the increased popularity of Canada with the people of Great Britain and Ireland than the great increase in British settlers coming to this country. There was a time when this tide flowed mainly to the United States and Australia, and Canada was neglected. Now we have changed all that. The C.P.R.'s good work during the past twenty years, the energy and enterprise of the Immigration Department under Mr. Sifton, the advertising given to their native land by the soldiers who went to South Africa, the Coronation contingent, and all the citizens who have visited the old land—all these have combined to produce a distinct impression. For the twelve months ending September 30th, 1905, 81,995 immigrants from the little islands landed on our shores. This is more than six times as many as came in during the same period in 1896. The growth has been remark-

able during the past three years, as may be seen from the following figures:

1896	14,955
1897	16,142
1898	17,367
1899	16,897
1900	18,047
1901	16,042
1902	24,174
1903	59,016
1904	69,013
1905	81,995

During the same ten years, the number of foreign immigrants (exclusive of the United States) has increased from 7,276 in 1896 to 25,362 in 1905. That the British immigration has increased faster than the foreign, is a matter for congratulation.

CRITICISING OF THE WEST

AT last a man with sufficient boldness to criticise Western Canada has been found. His name is the Rev. Dr. Fitchett, editor of Australian "Life," traveller, author and capitalist. He recently journeyed across the continent through Canadian territory and saw much that pleased him. He admired the energy and enterprise, and was impressed with the evidences of prosperity. But like Sir Gilbert Parker and Madame Bernhardt, he saw crudeness in several places. In the West, it was particularly manifest in the lack of architecture and paint. He says:

"As the train runs on, it passes through towns in a more advanced stage of development, and Winnipeg comes at last, the raw, crude, but giant capital of a wheat kingdom. But the whole landscape, human and agricultural, is singularly destitute of any line of grace. The houses are unpainted shanties, usually of two rooms each, sprinkled at irregular intervals over the measureless and treeless plains. The towns are huddles of such shanties, with a few big stores towering above their low roofs. As the older settled lands are reached the shanties grow into two stories, but the "shanty" effect remains. Paint, either as a decorative or as a preservative, is almost unknown in Western Canada. The traveller is assured that there is a wonderful amount of prosperity hidden beneath the rough and unlovely surface of things; but never was prosperity so effectually disguised! It puts on all the airs of poverty. It is as unadorned as beggary itself. Speaking generally, no settler thinks of planting a tree near his house, or of growing a cabbage, still less a rose. The roads are streaks of mud, which in winter would be absolutely impassable but for a temperature 20 degrees below zero, which freezes them as hard as stone."

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

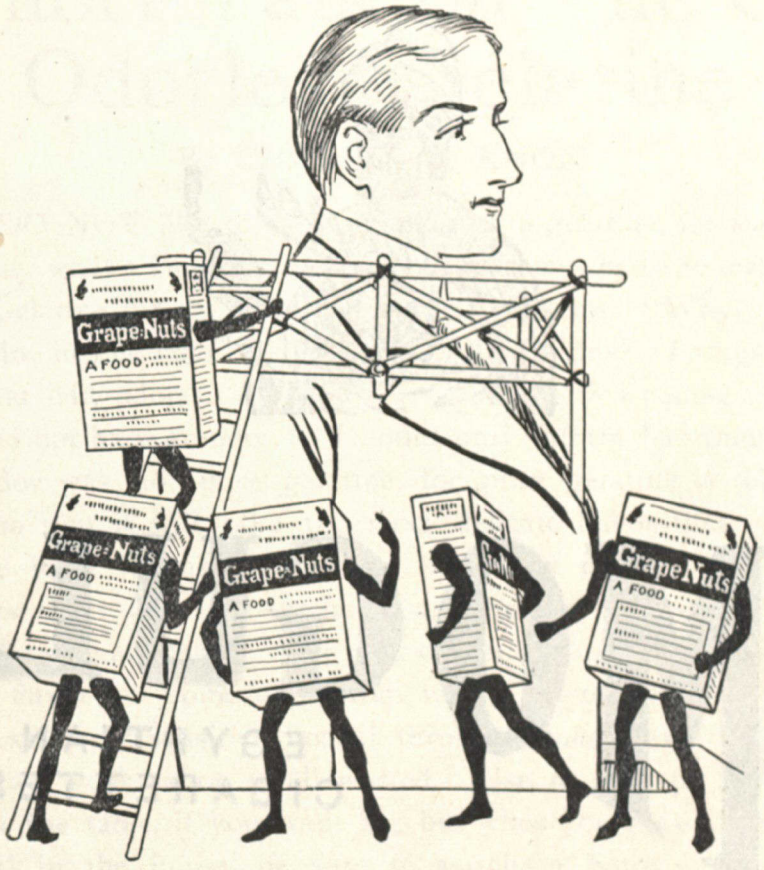
Are you willing to become a member of a Civil Service Reform League?

This League would have as its object, the pressing upon members of Parliament and of provincial Legislatures, the necessity of a reform in the civil service which would take patronage out of the hands of the politicians.

It would aim to bring about such legislation as would banish "patronage committees" from our political life.

It would aim to introduce "promotion examinations" into the civil service, the candidate taking the highest standing to have the first promotion.

If you will become a member address a postcard to "Civil Service, care of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto." No fee is required.



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That is the Mission of

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Note the users of **Grape-Nuts.** They are brainy, nervy, clever people. Keen brains make money, fame and success.

Brains **must** be fed.

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A Short Talk on The Only Odorless Gelatine

By CHARLES B. KNOX

I DO NOT like to talk about odor in gelatine, for fear you may say what a lady in Brooklyn said to me when she tested Knox's Gelatine for the first time, which was this: "Why, Mr. Knox, your Gelatine has no odor or smell to it. Why is this? I supposed it had to have that bad odor to be gelatine. Until I tried yours, I never used any that did not have an odor." I could only inform her that a gelatine with an odor was not pure gelatine, for pure gelatine is odorless and tasteless, so that it will take the most delicate flavor that you care to incorporate in it in making up any kind of a dessert.

Desserts made from pure gelatine are the very choicest foods for convalescents. Ask your doctor. But when you try to flavor out some odor, from which the patient, with the extremely sensitive nostril through illness, has to turn away, your labor is all wasted. Use the cheap gelatine for the table, if you want to; but when you have any one ill in the house, be sure to purchase Knox's Gelatine for them, and I know that no cheap gelatine will ever be used in your kitchen again.

Gelatine with an odor is made from impure stock.

"Your money back if for any reason you are dissatisfied with Knox's Gelatine."

FREE For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. IF YOU WOULD LIKE A COPY OF THE HANDSOME PAINTING, "THE FIRST LESSON," DROP ME A POSTAL CARD FOR FULL INFORMATION HOW TO GET IT.

CHARLES B. KNOX

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.), and SPIM Ointment-Cream (50c.)

Send for my Free "Watch the Baby" booklet. It gives full information regarding the SPIM goods and also explains my $500 Prize Baby Contest.

ANNOUNCEMENT

¶ For the greater convenience of our patrons in Ontario and Manitoba we have opened a Sales Office at 12 Lawlor Building, corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, Mr. W. G. Chater, representative.

¶ Correspondents in Ontario and Manitoba are requested to address themselves there and are cordially invited to call when in Toronto.

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.

Limited

Executive Office:

50 LANSDOWNE STREET
SHERBROOKE, - QUE.

Plants:

SHERBROOKE, - QUE.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

TORONTO HALIFAX ROSSLAND VANCOUVER

Windsor SALT

is all salt. Every grain is a pure, dry, clean crystal. That is why it never cakes—dissolves instantly—and goes farther than any other.

Insist on having —WINDSOR SALT.

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"

INDIGESTION

CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English ..... Skin Fluid

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

This applies to nothing more aptly than to shaving soap. Nearly 75 years of skill and experience guarantees the perfection of Williams' Shaving Soaps.

That's a pretty valuable guarantee in an article which plays so important a part in your daily comfort and face health. The man who accepts a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap finds sooner or later that it is at the expense of his face.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Tar Soap, etc., etc., sold everywhere

Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) enough for 50 shaves

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

J.E. Gibbs.

An "Overcoat" For Your Stomach

Disease and Death lie in wait for the man who chills his stomach with indigestible food. You wear an overcoat to keep in the natural warmth of your body. Overcoats will not warm a poorly nourished stomach. The best "overcoat" for your stomach is a heat-making food. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

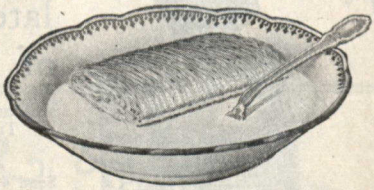
It contains all the heat-making, strength-giving elements of the whole wheat, steam-cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds.

Try it for breakfast this way:

Heat the Biscuit in an oven to restore crispness—don't burn—pour hot milk over it, dipping the milk over it until the shreds are swollen; then pour a little cream over the top of the Biscuit.

Shredded Wheat keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Whole Wheat Cracker, better than bread as a toast, with butter, cheese or preserves. The "Vital Question" Cook Book sent free.



"It's All in the Shreds"

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Limited

Niagara Falls Centre, Ont. Toronto, Ont.

GANONG'S G.B.

The latest and daintiest arrangement for Chocolates.

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

35 Years' Experience

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

J. PALMER & SON

1745 NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL

Carry the Most Complete Assortment of

TRANSFORMATIONS, WIGS SWITCHES

The new Coronet Coil, our Natural Wavy Switches, are unequalled for price and quality. All mail orders receive prompt attention. Send for Catalogue.

SEE that the box has THIS LABEL
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT

Do not accept something "Just as good (?)"

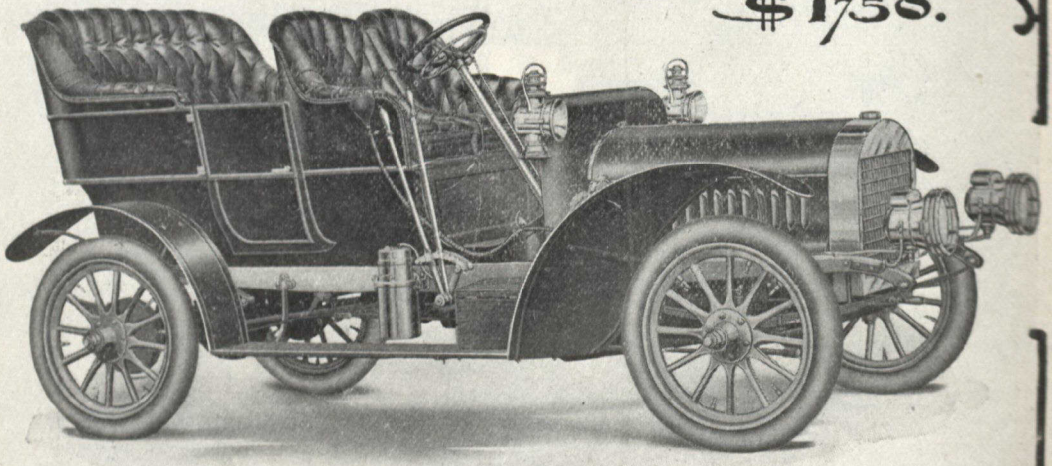
WHOLESALE ONLY

THE INTERNATIONAL GAS APPLIANCE CO., Limited

25-27 Richmond Street West, Toronto

Model 14 Rambler

$1750.



The Faultless Car.

THERE is a system of careful and consistent development, followed by rigid tests under most severe conditions, that is peculiar to the Rambler factory. The result is that nothing is presented to the public in an untried or experimental state.

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wis., U. S. A.

Branches:

Automobile & Supply Company, Toronto, Ontario.
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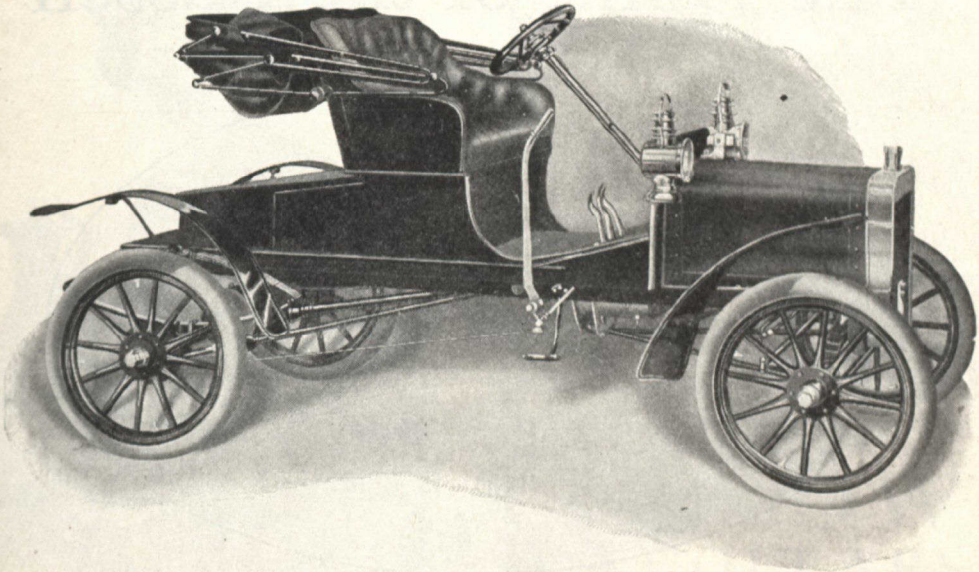
Ketchum & Company, Ottawa, Ontario.

Thos. B. Jeffery & Company

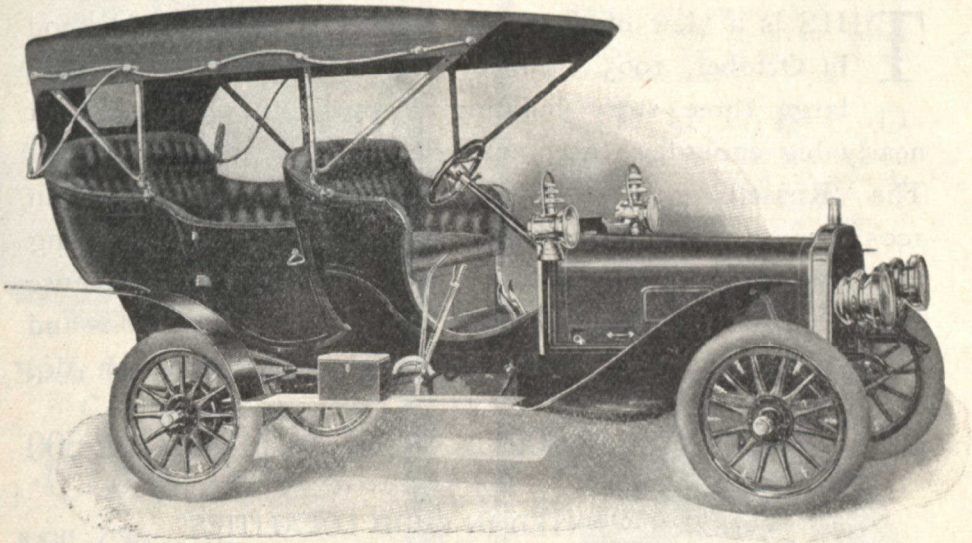
4 Cylinder Runabout

THE FORD

6 Cylinder Touring Car



Model N. 4 cylinder vertical 15 H.P. 84 inch wheel base. Speed, 40 miles. Weight, 800. Direct bevel gear drive. Price, $650.00



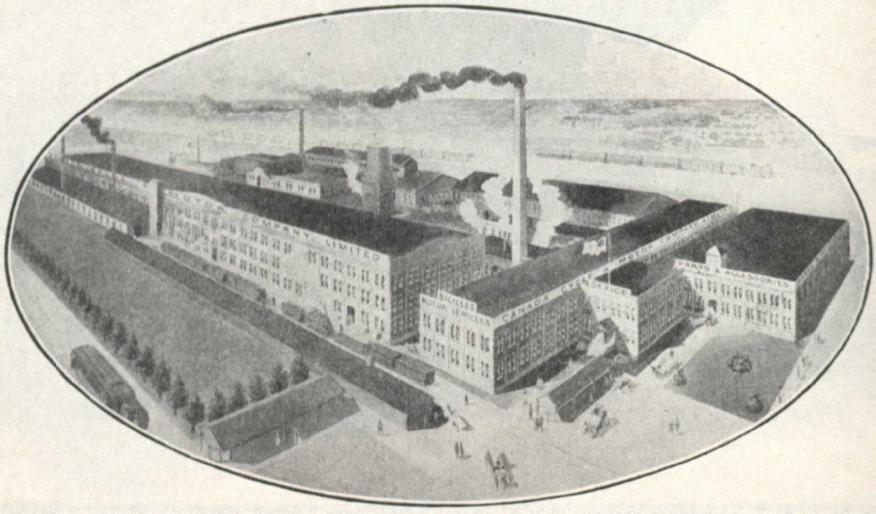
Model K. 6 cylinders vertical 4½ x 4¼. 40 H.P. Speed, 50 miles per hour to 4 miles on a high gear. Improved planetary transmission. 114 inch Wheel Base. Perfected magneto ignition. Mechanical oiler. Weight, 2,400 pounds. Price, $3,200.00

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS ABOUT THESE TWO FAMOUS CARS

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

The Home of the Russell



THIS is a view of the home of the "Russell" as it stood in October, 1905. Since that time we have added two large three story buildings because the home wasn't nearly big enough to accommodate us.

The "Russell" is the Canadian car that "made good" in 1905 because it was made right. The 1906 "Russell" is going to be the Automobile surprise of 1906. We know that, because we have tried the new "Russell" under severe conditions and we know what every other car made in America can do.

2 Cylinder Model B $1,500 4 Cylinder Model C $2,500

AGENTS WANTED IN GOOD LOCALITIES

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited

General Office and Works—TORONTO JUNCTION


COWAN'S
COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA
Such dainty and delicate
Confections are
COWAN'S
Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars
ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03


NEITHER TUB NOR RUB
HAVE TERRORS FOR
ARROW
COLLARS
Fabrics used are fine in appearance and sturdy in construction. Every inch of cloth is shrunk *before cutting*. That is why sizes are correct and remain so. The
CLUPECO
process takes the curl and twist out of the goods *before it goes into the collar*. Arrow popularity with dealer, laundryman and wearer is not surprising.
There are over 100 styles in
QUARTER SIZES
20 cents each—3 for 50 cents
SEND FOR BOOKLET AND DEALER'S NAME
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
Largest makers of collars and shirts in the world
471 RIVER STREET, TROY, N.Y.
ONE OF THE HUNDRED STYLES
ABCORT

Art Dept. Canadian Magazine

It's the CORSET She Wears

That determines a woman's figure. No matter how perfect nature has made her, if the corset is wrong the effect is bad. ¶ To make the most of what nature has done for you, wear a D. & A. straight front model high bust with the long hip. Its perfect lines will make your figure perfect, while it will give you the longest service and best wear. ¶ First-class dealers sell them, or you can write us direct.

Dominion Corset M'f'g Company

QUEBEC TORONTO MONTREAL

Grand Opera Records *for the* EDISON PHONOGRAPH

WE ARE pleased to announce the issuance of a series of Grand Opera Records made by principal stars of the Metropolitan Opera House and by other prominent grand opera artists now appearing in this country and abroad. Hitherto, Mr. Edison has refused to permit Edison Records to be made by Grand Opera singers, preferring to wait until he could so improve his methods of recording, that the voices of great artists could be reproduced with all their characteristic sweetness, power and purity of tone. These improvements having been effected; the artists co-operated with enthusiasm, with the result that the first ten Edison Grand Opera Records, made by our Gold Mould Process, are a distinct advance over anything of the kind heretofore attempted.

Edison Grand Opera Records—On Sale at All Dealers

By **HEINRICH KNOTE**, Tenor
B. 1—HOCHSTES VERTRAUEN,
"Lohengrin" . . . . . *Wagner*
Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment

By **ANDREAS DIPPEL**, Tenor
B. 2—"ACH, SO FROMM," "Martha" . *Flotow*
Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment

By **GUSTAVE BERL RESKY**, Baritone
B. 3—"DI PROVENZA IL MAR,"
"La Traviata" . . . . . *Verdi*
Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment

By **FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO**, Tenor
B. 4—"LA DONNA E MOBILE," "Rigoletto" *Verdi*
Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment

By **ANTONIO SCOTTI**, Baritone
B. 5—"VI RAVVISO, O LUOGHI AMENI,"
"La Sonnambula" . . . . . *Bellini*
Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment

By **SCARPHY RESKY**, Soprano
B. 6—ARIA, "SUICIDIO,"
"La Gioconda" . . . . . *Ponchielli*
Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment

By **ROMEO BERTI**, Tenor
B. 7—ARIOSO, "Pagliacci" . . . *Leoncavalla*
Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment

By **SIGNOR and SIGNORA RESKY**
B. 8—DUET, "La Favorita" . . . . *Donizetti*
Sung in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment

By **ANTON VAN ROOY**, Baritone
B. 9—"O KEHR ZURUCK,"
"Tannhauser" . . . . . *Wagner*
Sung in German. Orchestra accompaniment

By **ANTON VAN ROOY**, Baritone
B. 10—"CHANSON DU TOREADOR,"
"Carmen" . . . . . *Bizet*
Sung in French. Orchestra accompaniment

Signor Scotti says: "I have great pleasure in informing you that the cylinders which I sang for you are excellent from every point of view, and I *consider them as an absolutely natural production of my voice.* I must, however, tell you that the cylinder on which I sang the air from the 'Sonnambula' pleases me most, and I *certainly think it is the best of all I have ever heard.*"

In accordance with Mr. Edison's desire to make his Phonograph the musical instrument of the people, the price of these Grand Opera Records has been fixed at only 85c. each. Hear them at nearest dealer's. Write our Orange, N. J., office for handsome Grand Opera supplement.

National Phonograph Company, 6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

New York Chicago London Paris Berlin Brussels Sydney Mexico City

CHOCOLATES AND COCOAS

For Sale at all First-class Grocery Stores in Canada

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

HALIFAX, CANADA

Works—Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Have you ever noticed the paper bag that forms a lining in every package of **Orange Meat?** The manufacturers of this famous whole wheat food demand extreme cleanliness in the whole process of manufacture, and in order to preserve the nutty flavor so peculiar to **Orange Meat** they have secured a specially prepared mercerized bag for this purpose. The peculiar paper in this bag is manufactured by only one paper mill in America by a secret process, and is guaranteed to preserve its contents from moisture, taint or odor, from contact with any other goods.

The **Orange Meat** Company have spared no expense in order to retain the delicate flavor and delicious taste of **Orange Meat.**

Fry's Cocoa

Raised on the sure foundation of robust health. It is a perfect food for young and old.

D. MASSON & CO.

326 ST. PAUL STREET
MONTREAL

AGENTS

8 COLBORNE STREET
TORONTO

Look Pleasant By All Means

There is No Dyspepsia Behind This Face

A cheerful appearance is a good thing. People will go out of their way to give the fellow a lift who always wears a pleasant expression, but the man with a cranky disposition and long face always meets with an indifferent if not a chilly reception.

But you can't look pleasant if you have dyspepsia. It is out of the question, it has been tried too often.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

guarantee a smiling face. They cure dyspepsia at all times and under all conditions. They relieve the stomach of its work, properly digest the food themselves, compel perfect assimilation of the food nutriment and bring about, in a natural manner, a sound and healthy condition. The stomach being relieved of all work gets well and strong, and the face responds and reflects the genuine pleasure that follows. Thousands of bad stomachs have been put right, and thousands of long faces filled with gladness and joy by the great and unfailing work of **Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.**

All Druggists, 50 Cents a Box

The charm of a dainty bedroom is greatly enhanced by the installation of a "Standard" Porcelain Enameled One-Piece Lavatory. Its gracefulness of design, its snowy lustrous whiteness, and its absolute freedom from crevices where dust and dirt can lodge, make it infinitely more sanitary and attractive than the old time washstand. With a bedroom so equipped the occupant is to a great degree independent of the bathroom. The cost is moderate—the comfort value enormous.

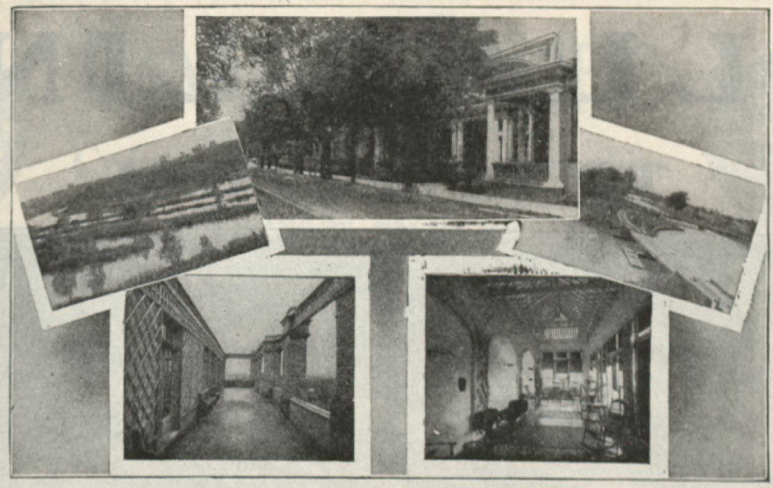
Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," shows many beautiful Lavatory designs suitable for bedrooms with prices in detail. It also tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage, and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE *"Anona"* Lavatory, *Plate P-520* can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $54.50—not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end.

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 41 Pittsburgh, U. S. A.**

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35–37 West 31st Street.
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.



ENTRANCE TO "THE WELLAND"

THE OLD CANAL

THE ROOF PROMENADE

ALONG THE CANAL

A SUN PARLOR

Mineral salt water bathing at any desired temperature.
Electricity.
Massage.
Physician.
Nurses.
Sun room.
Roof promenade.
Long distance telephone in each room.
Music room.
Library.
Mildest point in Canada.
International regatta course
Welland Canal, costing $20,000,000.
Lake Ontario three miles by trolley.
Trolley to Niagara Falls.
Beach Bathing.
Fishing.
Beautiful walks and drives.
Healthiest city in Canada.
Population, 10,000.
Free Public Library.
Fifteen Churches.
Two Colleges.
On main line Grand Trunk Railway.
"Garden City" of Canada.

CANADA'S Health Resort

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND

For an antidote to the ills of modern life visit the

"St. Catharine's Well"

The victim of the strenuous life, the sufferer from rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, the overworked business man or tired society woman will here find a cure without undergoing the restraints of a Sanatorium.

TRY THE NIAGARA PENINSULA FOR AN ENVIRONMENT

For Circular apply to

G. T. BELL
General Passenger and Ticket Agent
Grand Trunk Railway System
MONTREAL

ANALYSIS

Specific Gravity	1.0888
10,000 grains of water contains	
Carbonate of Iron	0.5210
Carbonate of Lime	0.0820
Sulphate of Lime	19.7934
Chloride Calcium	174.4876
" Magnesium	40.6644
" Sodium	378.4196
" Potassium	2.8119
Bromide of Sodium	(a trace)
Iodide of Sodium	0.0140
	616.7938

DISTANCES
To St. Catharines

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PORTLAND	701
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BUFFALO	46
TORONTO	70
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DETROIT	223
BAY CITY	309
MUSKEGON	385
GRAND HAVEN	378
CHICAGO	508

Royal Mail Trains

VIA

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

The Maritime Express

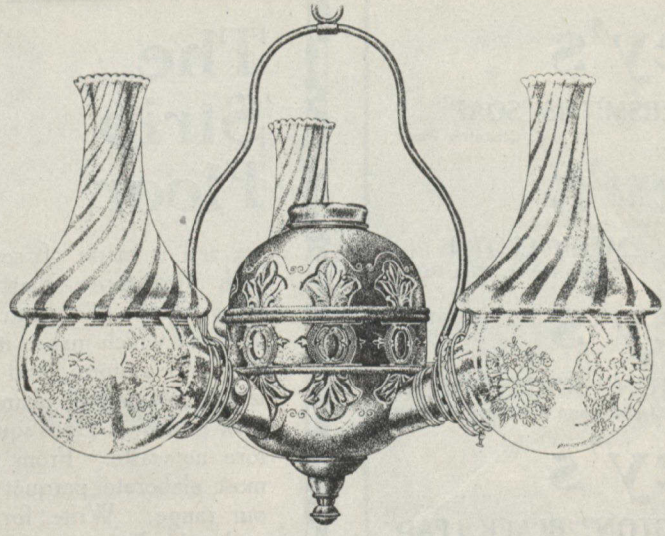
Leaving Montreal at 12 (noon) Sundays, carries the European Mail and conveys Passengers, Baggage, Mails, etc., to the Steamship's wharf at Halifax on the following Monday.

A Special Mail Train

Leaves Halifax on the arrival of inward Mail Steamers with Passengers for St. John, N.B., Quebec, Montreal, making connections for Ottawa, Toronto, and all points west, when regular trains do not make close connections at Halifax.

Write for Time Tables, Descriptive Pamphlets, Fares, etc., to

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N.B.



An Interesting Fact About Lighting

Did you ever stop to consider the reason that from one to a dozen oil lamps are used in practically every home in Canada—not only in the country districts outside the reach of gas and electricity, but in the city as well?

In your own case for instance. You may consider the ordinary lamp a smoky, smelly nuisance; you may be using gas or electricity because of their convenience (or wish you could), yet we venture to state that the first thing you do when you sit down for a pleasant evening at home is to light up that good old kerosene lamp.

With all its faults you stick to the oil lamp light because you simply can't replace it. For neither gas, electricity, nor any other illuminant has yet been invented which can begin to compete with common kerosene in soft, rich, restful brilliancy of light or in small cost to burn—two of the three most important features of any lighting method. That's a fact, isn't it?

Now we want to tell you about a lamp that supplies also the third feature—CONVENIENCE. We want to send you our catalog "2" which tells why

THE ANGLE LAMP

combines kerosene light and kerosene economy with the convenience of gas and electricity; which explains how, by employing an entirely new principle of burning oil, all the smoke, odor and bother of ordinary lamps has been so completely done away with that such people as ex-Pres. Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Cookes, etc.—people who would not think of using ordinary lamps—have chosen THIS oil-burning lamp for lighting their homes and estates in preference to gas, electricity, gasoline, acetylene, or any other system.

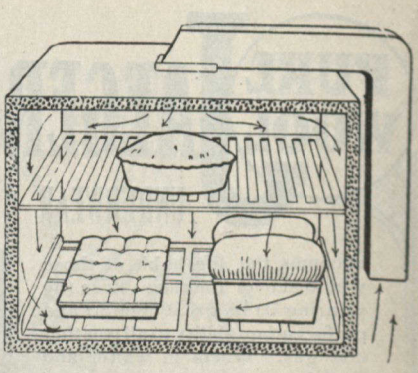
If you are interested in satisfactory illumination—and by "satisfactory illumination" we mean not merely one that gives a brilliant light, but one that combines brilliancy with soft, rich, restful quality that is as convenient as gas, safe as a candle, and yet more economical than even the troublesome old-style lamp. If you are interested in that kind of satisfactory illumination write for catalog "2" at once.

The Angle Mfg. Co., 78-80 Murray St., New York

OR

McKINNON & McNEVIN, Charlottetown, P.E.I. HILTON, GIBSON & CO., Winnipeg, Man.
W. H. THORNE & CO., St. John, N.B. C. W. ROBSON, 165 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B.C.
THE BACH SPECIALTY CO., 355½ Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

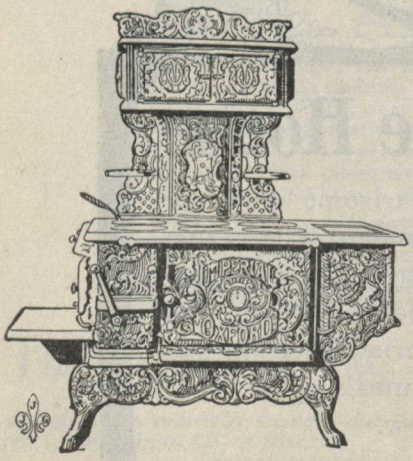
THERE has only been one real improvement in cooking ranges in many years. That improvement is the "Imperial Oxford Diffusive Oven Flue."



While other makers were adding dampers, racks, door openers and shakers in a vain attempt to make improvements, we studied the heart of the range. We knew that the only improvement you wanted was a better oven, an oven that would help you bake better bread, pies and cakes, roast beef to a turn, retaining its juice and flavor. Our investigations and experiments produced the oven-heating system of the

Imperial Oxford Range

The important features of this system is the diffusive flue which draws in fresh air, superheats it and distributes it evenly throughout the oven. The article on the bottom shelf farthest from the fire is getting as much heat on all sides as the article on the top shelf next the fire.



We would like to explain this more fully. If your dealer doesn't handle the Imperial Oxford Range, write us for particulars. We will send catalogue and tell you where you can see the range.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.

LIMITED

TORONTO WINNIPEG
MONTREAL CALGARY
VANCOUVER

14

Every reader of this Magazine should read the interesting article by Chas. B. Knox, on advertising page 27 of this issue.

WAITING FOR THE BOYS

Mother, put the kettle on, the boys are on the way,
Comin' home from all about to spend Thanksgivin' day.
One a judge, and one a doc., and one a millionaire,
But hungry for the old home kiss, and plain old homely fare.
Baste the turkey once again, and crisp his golden brown,
Bet they can't get grub like that a-livin' down to town.
Cramb'ry sass and veg'tables—ain't they fine to see?
Our boys are bringing appetites home to you and me.
Our boys are bringin' other things, but dearest in our sight
Is love for us who keep the home, and faith and appetite!
Mother, put the kettle on, and have the water hot,
CHASE & SANBORN'S coffee is the stuff that hits the spot,
Gracious, ain't it splendid when you open up that tin?
Beats the scents of Araby! Lemme sniff ag'in.
Boys will smell it from the hill, and how they'll hurry up,
Shake from dad—a kiss from Ma, and then a brimming cup.

Libby's

Veal Loaf

is an excellent meat for luncheons, as it is ready to serve as taken from the tin. Makes delicious sandwiches. Slice thin, garnish and serve cold.

Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

comprise an endless variety of dainty meats for breakfast, dinner, supper, including

Veal Loaf — Ham Loaf
Boneless Chicken — Ox Tongues
Corned Beef Hash — Vienna Sausage
and Concentrated Soups

Ask for Libby's, and insist upon your Grocer giving you Libby's.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free to any address on request. Send five 2 cent stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
Chicago.