

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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begins  
Volume Thirty.  
It looks back  
on  
Fifteen Years  
of  
Literary distinction  
in  
Canada.*

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Toronto

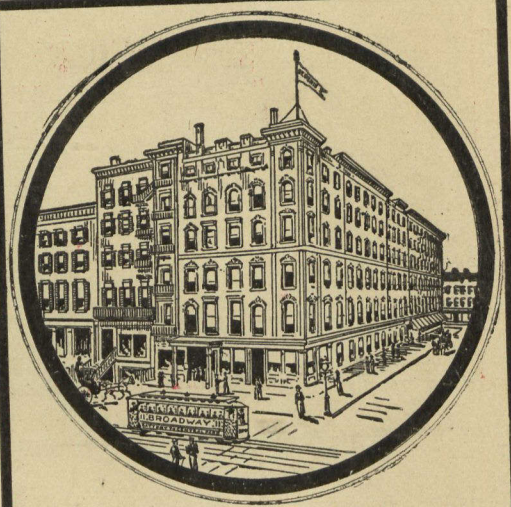
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX.

No. 1

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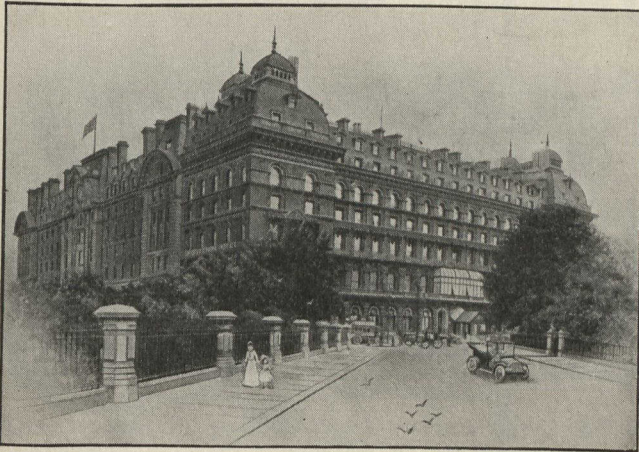
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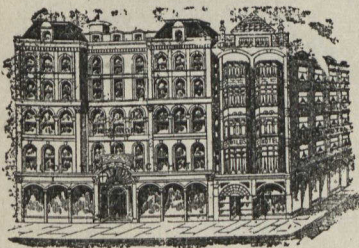
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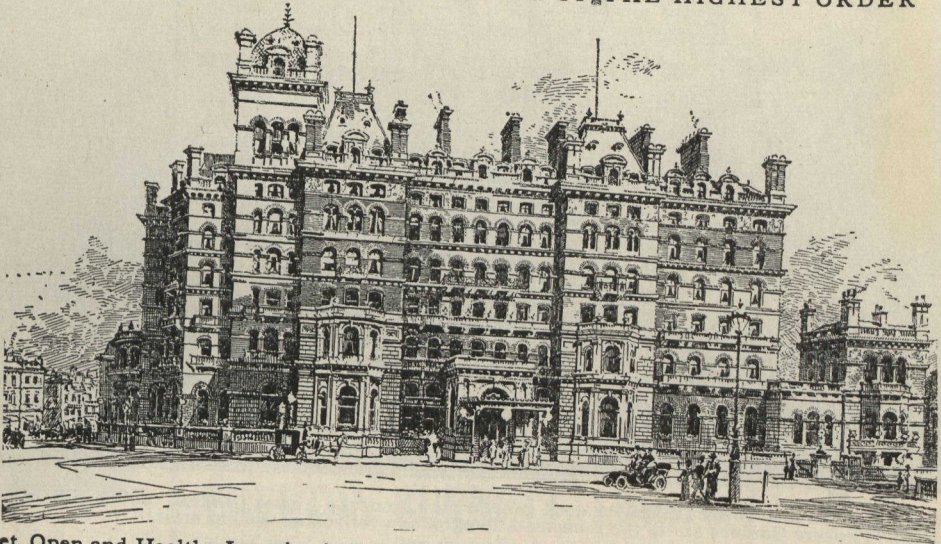
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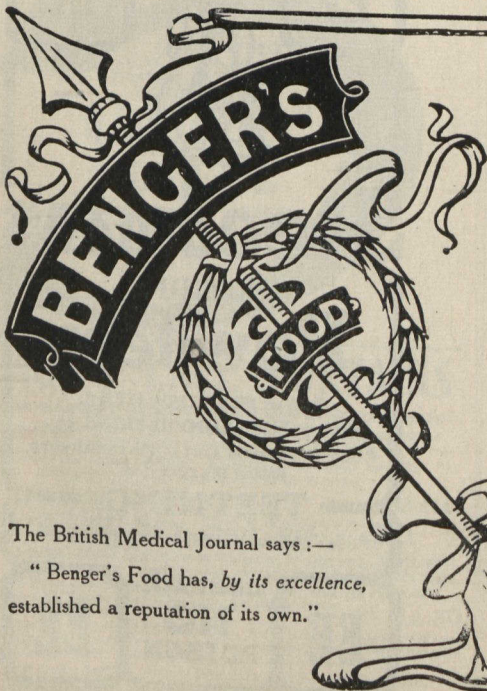
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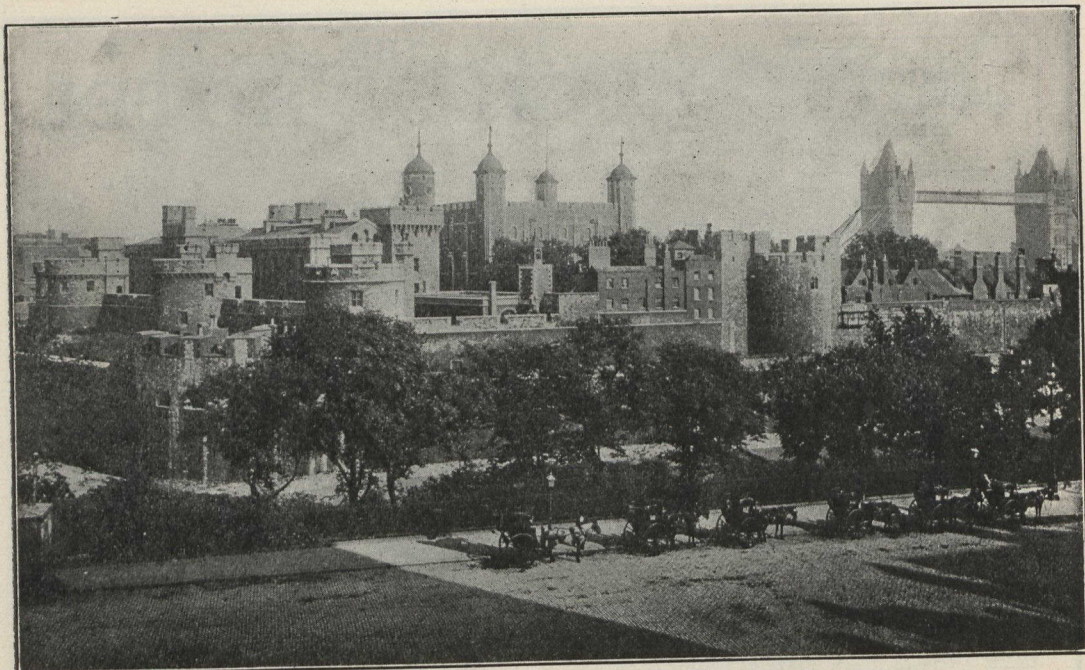
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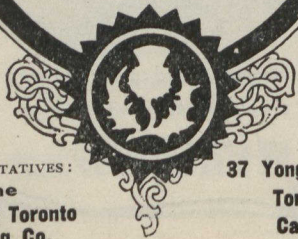
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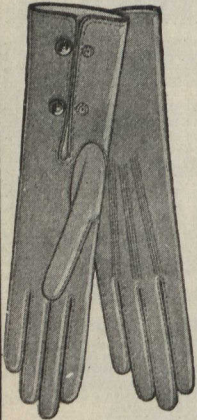


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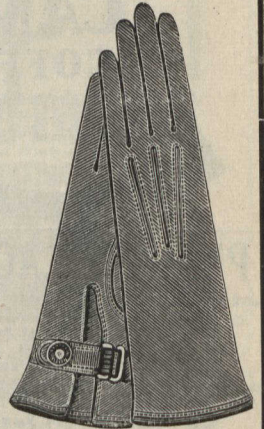
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# FALL ANNOUNCEMENT

## More About the Roosevelt Bears

Teddy B and Teddy G. By SEYMOUR EATON. Retail price, \$1.50.

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By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

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## Gaff Linkum

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE  
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The book is replete with varying incident from cover to cover. That the author has a wonderful insight into boy life and character is shown by parts of the book pertaining to the hero, "Gaff Linkum," and his chum, Buz Filds. This new Canadian book will be read with interest.

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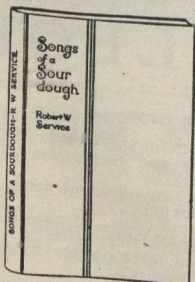
By FERGUS HUME  
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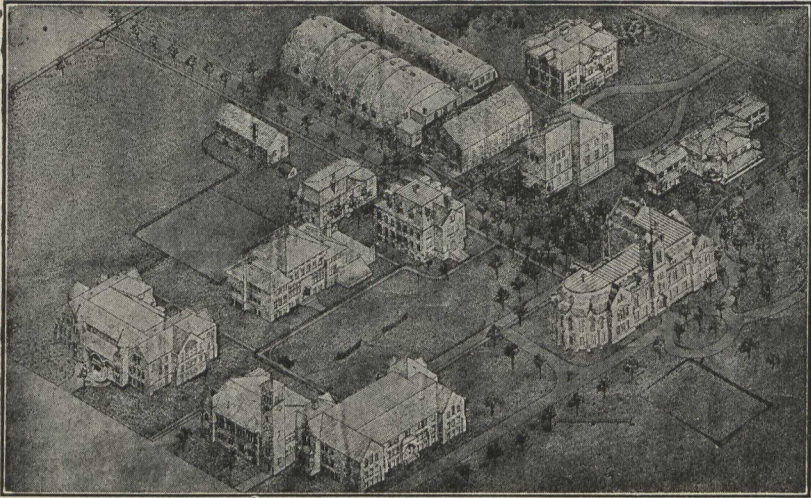


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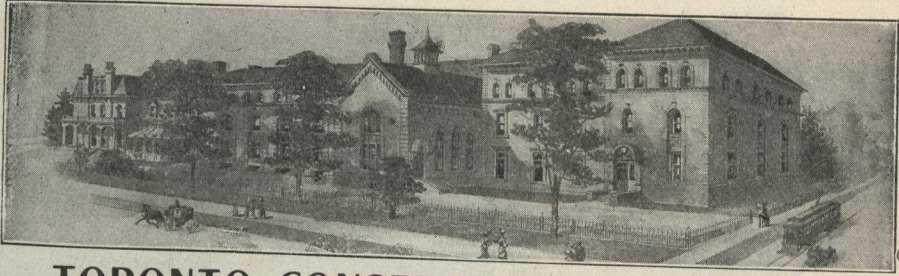
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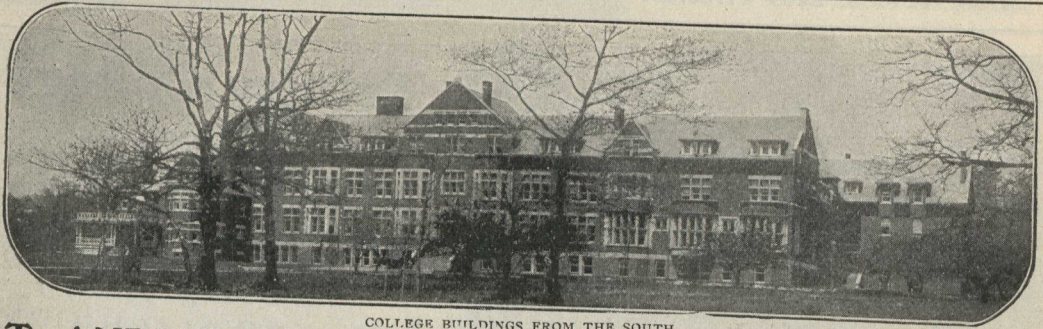


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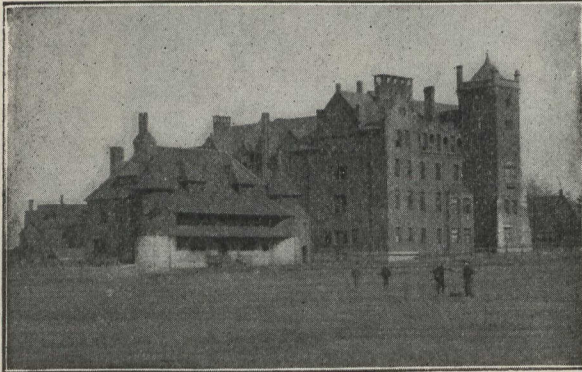
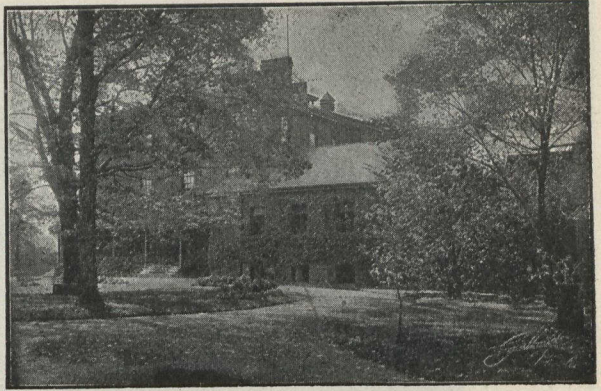
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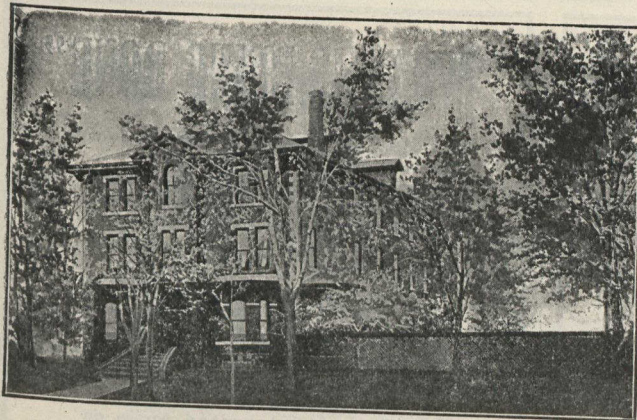
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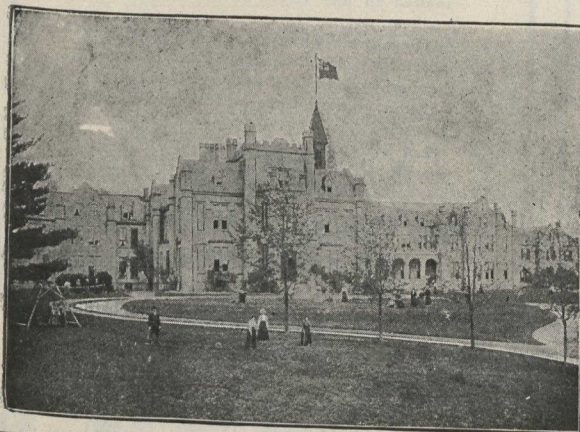
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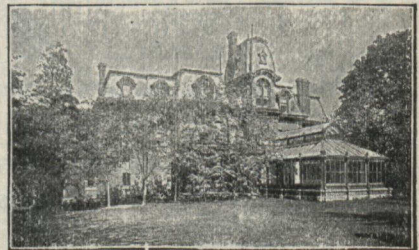
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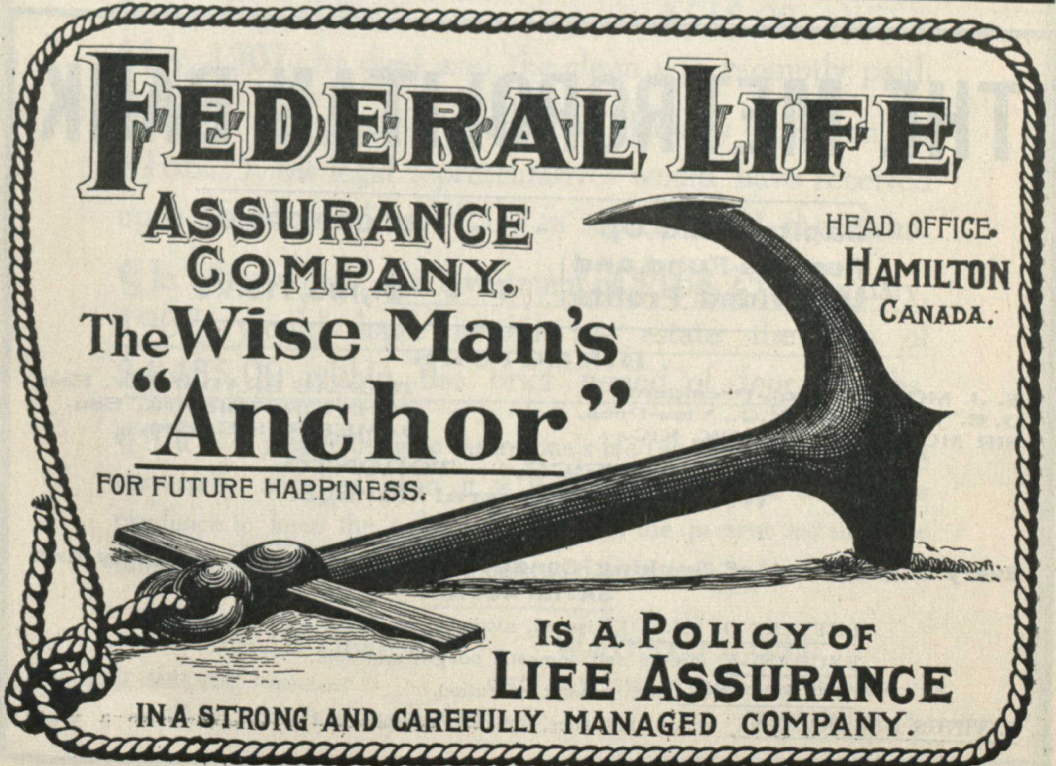
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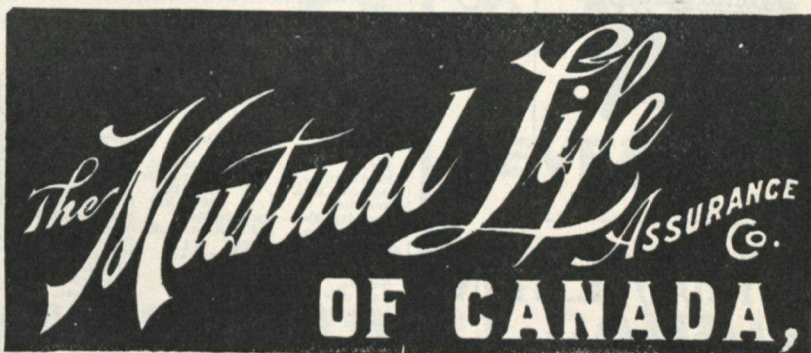
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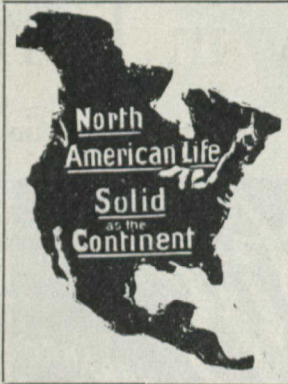
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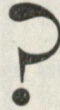
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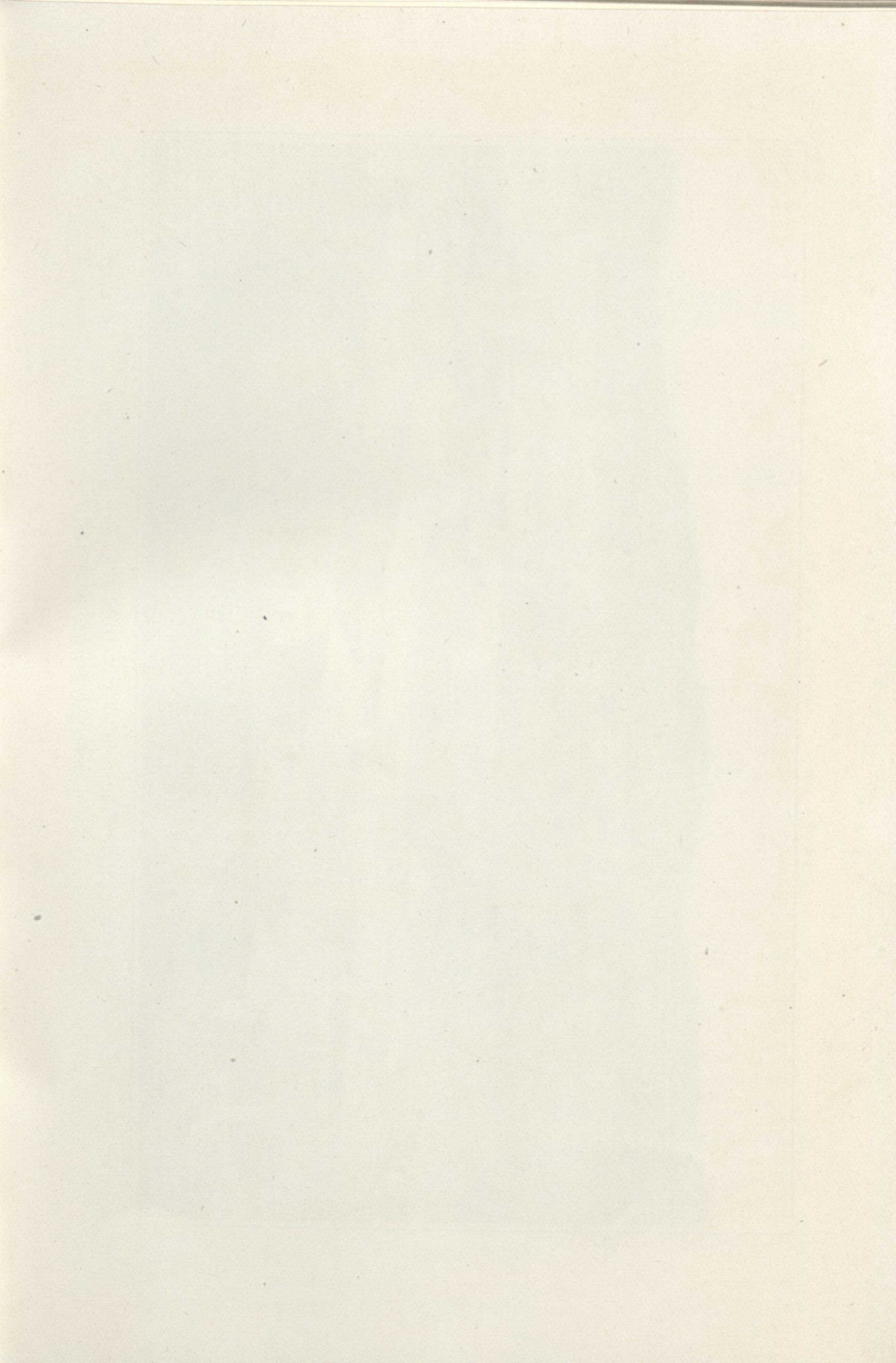
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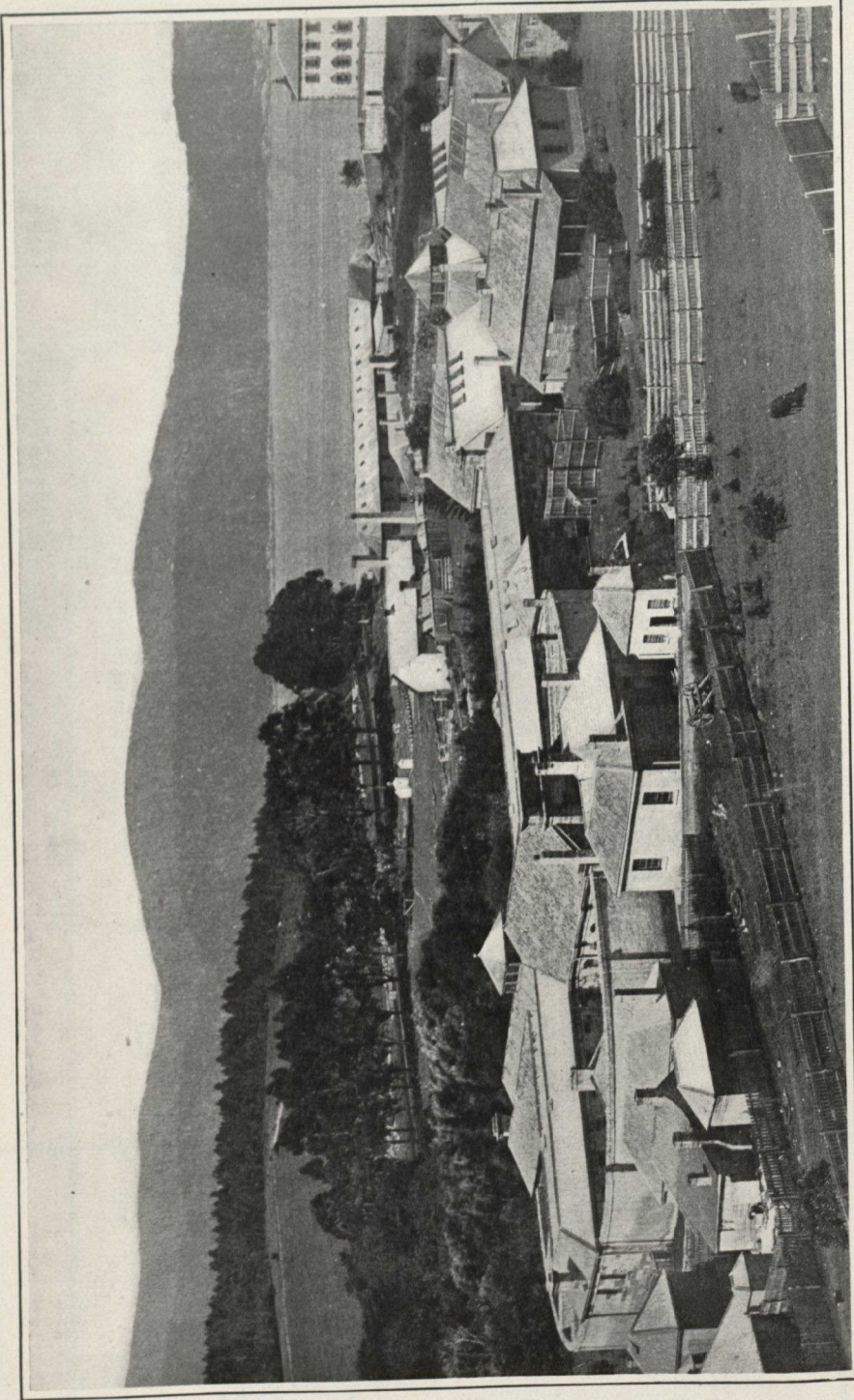
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*From a Photograph*

**THE CONVICT PRISONS OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND (TASMANIA)**

Entirely destroyed by fire about ten years ago

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 1

## Convict Prisons of Van Dieman's Land

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

*A description of the land of "The Gates of Hell," which is now regarded as a veritable Garden of Eden.*

TWO hundred and fifty miles across the Bass Straits the Island of Tasmania, the smallest of the Australasian States, sleeps peacefully amidst the eucalyptus and tree ferns, whilst the waves of the Pacific wash her rugged and broken shores. Fair and fertile, with a perfect climate, the island possesses natural beauty, for the hot winds born in the interior of Australia are cooled by the sea ere they reach the land discovered by Tasman in 1642.

For more than two centuries the island was known as "Van Dieman's Land," after Anthony Van Dieman, Governor of Batavia, who commissioned Tasman to undertake a voyage with a view of making discoveries in the South Pacific. The people who settled later in this fair land objected to the name, owing to the country becoming associated with the idea of bondage and guilt, and it has been known as Tasmania for years. This article deals more with the old associations than the present state of affairs, for it is my object to describe the convict settlements as they were, and not the country as one finds it to-day. In 1830, prison ships,

which gave each convict some sixteen inches of space per man in berths five feet long, made their way across the ocean to this desolate spot. The prisoners, many of whom were women and children sent out to penal servitude merely for stealing loaves of bread, were landed in batches at Hobart town and sent to the settlements up country.

In those dark days a British regiment was quartered on the island, and the deserted barracks mark the spot where the soldiers lived. There was a governor and a commandant, and a staff of officials, and Hobart town was just a small settlement of wooden houses nestling round the more substantial stone buildings—The entrance to the "Gates of Hell."

One has only to visit the remains of the prisons at Port Arthur and Macquarie Harbour to realise what the sufferings of the convicts must have been, and to hear the tales of the oldest residents who came to the island in the days of convict life there, is to understand what it meant to be transported to Van Dieman's land for life.

The coast navigation is as dangerous as



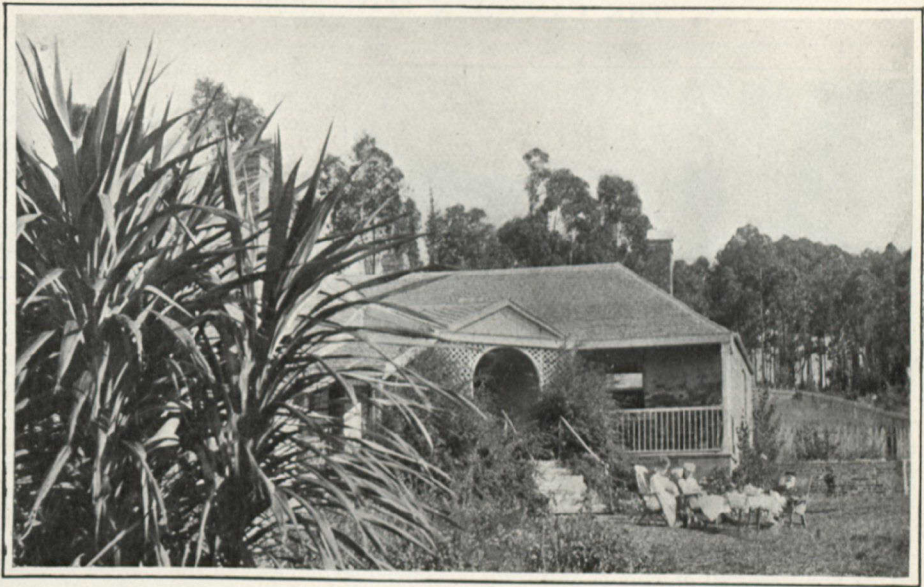
HOBART, TASMANIA, SHOWING ITS ADMIRABLE LOCATION

that of the Mediterranean, and the west coast is marked with wrecks. The sunken rocks are named after the vessels they have destroyed. Here the soil is prolific in undergrowth. All around breathes desolation, and many a shipwrecked sailor or ironed convict, escaped from prison, has died in the swamps.

In 1840 the Government built barracks and prisons on the east and west coasts, and there the convicts lived, guarded by gaolers during the day and at night by bloodhounds, ready to track any who ventured to escape. Port Arthur lies at the head of Tasman's peninsula, on the east coast. It was the chief settlement in the island, and was approached through a narrow inlet. A stone jetty was erected and remains to-day, and there the convicts were landed. On the heights above the esplanade rose the grim front of the stone barracks, and beneath was the long range of prison buildings, the workshops and the commandant's house, while the church, now a ruin covered with ivy, stood facing the "Island of the Dead," so named because those who were taken there never returned. "Dead Island" was the resting place for those who died under the lashes of the "Cat" (the desperate characters, who were chained in dungeons), and of the children, who, to escape flogging, bound themselves together and threw themselves off the rocks.

The climate of Port Arthur, the cloudless skies, the exquisite blue of the sea and the soothing ripple of the waters, remind one of the surroundings near Monte Carlo. It was here that the convicts ended their days in misery. Here were men who are known to have murdered their companions—English labourers, thieves, robbers, highwaymen, victims of perjury, who were indiscriminately hurled amongst West-Indian blacks, Malays, soldiers for desertion, and pick-pockets. In its filth and despair, it was described as a veritable hell on earth. Not far from Port Arthur is the celebrated Eagle Hawk Neck, a strip of land which separates Tasman's Peninsula from the mainland. Here the bloodhounds watched for those who tried to escape. Some did evade the warders, but many were drowned attempting to swim to the mainland and a few only got free, to become desperate bushrangers. A story is told of nine men who escaped from Port Arthur. It is a horrible tale, but true. These men, with axes and knives, and a small bag of provisions, swam one night across the bay and followed the coast line, and striking inland, met the cruel, thick scrub and fruitless bush. One after the other died of hunger, and are supposed to have been eaten. At last two survivors faced each other. One must die. Both were murderers. They travelled on, each





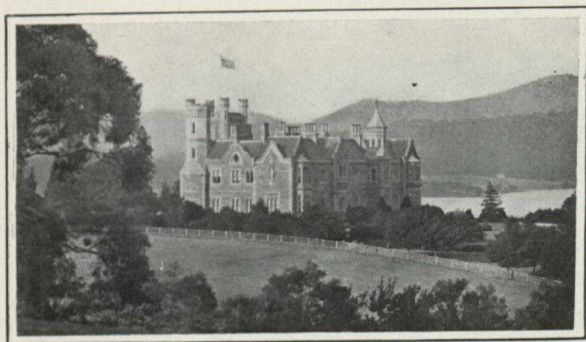
THE COMMANDANT'S HOUSE, WHICH STANDS IN THE GROVE NEAR THE SITE OF THE PRISONS

seeking the opportunity to kill the other. At last one, ravenous with famine and madly desperate, rushed at the other. A few days later a skipper, being in want of fresh water, landed with a boat's crew and found on the banks of the creek a blood-stained man clad in tattered yellow, branded with the Broad Arrow, with an axe and a bundle by his side. The madman opened his bag and, with a ghastly look, showed the contents. A few days later, at Hobart Town, he was recognised as the only survivor of the nine desperadoes.

It is little wonder that the name of Van Dieman's Land has disappeared from the Atlas. To-day Hobart is a town of 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. There are two houses of parliament and a cathedral, a magnificent government house, and a statue of Sir John Franklin, the first governor, in a well-kept square facing the town hall. There is a railway from one end of the island to the other, and several branches to the tin mines. In the spring all the large steamers from Sydney and Melbourne call at the docks for the famous Tasmania apples. Visitors flock to the island about Christmas time, when the hotels, such as they are, are full and the Australian squadron lies at anchor in the Derwent. Electric cars run from the

centre of the town to the edge of Mount Wellington, which stands up like a sentinel guarding the beautiful place beneath. The gray crumbling ruins at Port Arthur and Macquarie Harbour are all that remain of the past, and the descendants of those liberated men never mention the word convict; it is forbidden in the island, which possesses such beauty, such health-giving properties, and produces such beautiful women (for Tasmania girls are noted for their beauty). The celebrated naturalist, Charles Darwin, visited the colony in the *Beagle*, on his voyage round the world. He said that Van Dieman's Land enjoys the great advantage of being free from a native population. There were only some two hundred aborigines then, in 1836, and the last died some twenty-five years ago.

The country, notwithstanding some vicissitudes, is in the main prosperous and suffers less from the "unemployed" difficulty than do its neighbours. As a rule, a provident, sober man can always obtain work at a remunerative rate, and the wealth of the country is on the whole evenly distributed. There is a splendid steamship service between Hobart and Melbourne and Sydney, and also Dundee, and all the liners stop at Hobart, bound round the Cape to New Zealand.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HOBART, TASMANIA

The numerous lakes and abundant rivers in Tasmania, with the wild and romantic scenery, attract the sportsman, for the pools are full of salmon and trout. Hundreds of fish, weighing from one to

thirty pounds, have been captured during the last few seasons. A friend of mine recently caught fifty fish weighing an aggregate of 500 pounds.

The main roads in the island were all constructed by convicts, and are perfect for motors or cycles, and when the regular line of steamers between Canada and Australia, so much discussed at the recent Colonial Conference, is a *jait accompli*, visitors from the Dominion, whence convicts for Van Dieman's Land used to be shipped, will be able to see this beautiful land and the remains of the old convict settlements in the *Garden of Eden* that lies under the Southern Cross.

## The Dream of Other Days

BY OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

HOW oft, how oft, we know not why,  
 There comes unbid, with heart-born sigh—  
 With mystic yearning, fraught with tears—  
 From out the mist-enchanted years,  
 The vision of a vanished life  
 That for a moment meets the gaze  
 Beyond the realm of mortal strife—  
 A dream, a dream of other days.

A breath, a note, a whispered song,  
 Amid the world's discordant throng;  
 And lo! the soul in fond rejoice  
 Calls back to earth a once-loved voice;  
 A voice once heard—but where, ah, where,  
 Amid life's dark, forgotten ways?  
 Alas, it dies upon the air—  
 A dream, a dream of other days.

And now, as in a vision near,  
 There comes a form, an image clear;  
 A face, a dear remembered face;  
 A loving hand in love's embrace;  
 'Tis but the murmur of a stream,  
 A shadow in the twilight haze  
 That wakes within the heart a dream,  
 A dream, a dream of other days.

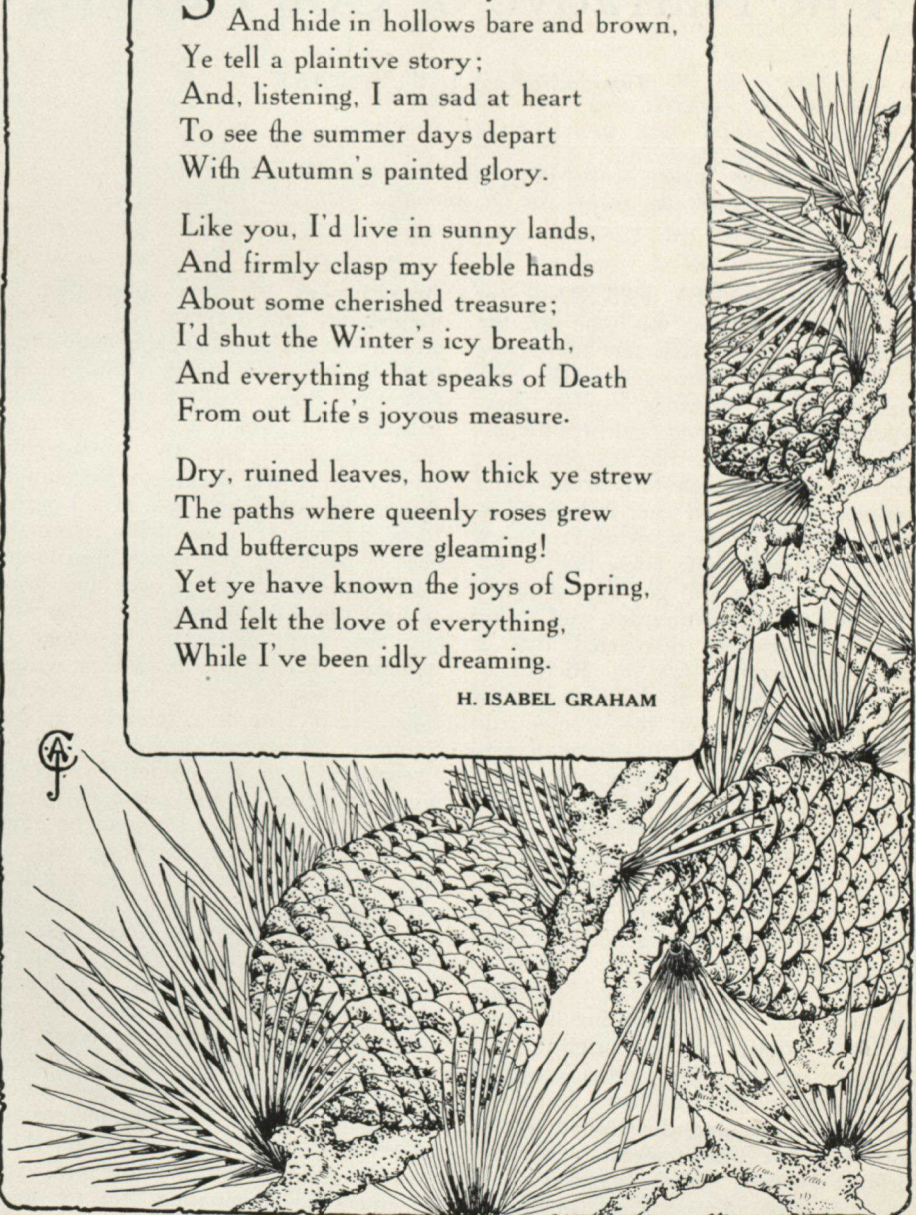
## FALLING LEAVES

SERE leaves that softly flutter down  
And hide in hollows bare and brown,  
Ye tell a plaintive story;  
And, listening, I am sad at heart  
To see the summer days depart  
With Autumn's painted glory.

Like you, I'd live in sunny lands,  
And firmly clasp my feeble hands  
About some cherished treasure;  
I'd shut the Winter's icy breath,  
And everything that speaks of Death  
From out Life's joyous measure.

Dry, ruined leaves, how thick ye strew  
The paths where queenly roses grew  
And buttercups were gleaming!  
Yet ye have known the joys of Spring,  
And felt the love of everything,  
While I've been idly dreaming.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM



# The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Introduction by A. W. SAVARY

*Judge Savary contributes a sketch of Col. Fanning, and prepares the reader for the narrative that is to follow.*

COLONEL DAVID FANNING, of North Carolina, was one of the most remarkable characters developed by the American Revolution. His own narrative of his sufferings, exploits, marvellous adventures and hairbreadth escapes during the war has for years past been an object of quest by writers and students of American and Colonial history, especially in the Maritime Provinces. It was not until quite lately that I succeeded in tracing and getting temporary possession of the manuscript, and to my surprise afterwards discovered that it had been printed—first at Richmond, Virginia, in 1861, “in the first year of the Independence of the Confederate States of America,” in an edition of fifty copies “for private distribution only,” with a preface signed “T.H.W.” and an introduction by John H. Wheeler, author of a History of North Carolina, and that it was reprinted in New York in 1864 in an edition of 200. The fact of these publications is not generally known to American, and still less known to Canadian, readers of to-day. Neither the first copy nor the reprint is entire or quite faithful to the original, and both are out of print, and a complete and true copy will, I am sure, be valued both in Canada and the United States. Not only are the incidents related of thrilling interest, but the narrative is a self-vindication of one whom American writers of every grade have agreed in

execrating as the very incarnation of wickedness and ferocity. It was not until about the middle of the last century that the American public awoke to the fact that there could have been any patriotism or public or private virtue in the breast of any one who espoused the loyal side in the American Revolution. It was the melancholy fate of a Loyalist to be written down a villain before the eyes of posterity; and it has been laborious and difficult to uncover and bring to light the real characters of many worthy men from under the vast load of obloquy with which American writers had overwhelmed them. As an American *littérateur* of note once remarked to me, Sabine’s “American Loyalists” was a “revelation” to the American people, who had never before known that there could possibly be two sides to the question. “Here then rests a Tory, and you say, judge, that he was a good man,” exclaimed Sabine himself in surprise, when the grave of the Rev. Roger Viets was pointed out to him in Digby. Sabine, no doubt, was as impartial as he dared be in view of the public to which he was catering, and he ventured to record and condemn many of the violent excesses of the Whigs, but often fails to connect cause and effect in relating the reprisals on the part of outraged Loyalists which those excesses naturally provoked, and he enters no extenuating plea for Fanning, while as to Moody, whose similar

narrative in full the reader will find in the "History of Annapolis," and who was pursued in his own State by the same vindictive hatred that followed Fanning in his, he diffidently concludes that "evidence is wanting to show that he violated to a serious extent the rules of civilised warfare." Both these men desired to remain at peace, but like many and many another similarly inclined were driven into the war by the homicidal or predatory violence of their rebel neighbours. As the numerous town histories of New England show, it was the function of the "Committee of Correspondence and Safety," organised as a sort of Inquisition in every township, to visit every man in the township and compel him to sign or refuse to sign a pledge to support the Continental cause with his life and property. Any who declined from conscientious religious scruples, as a Quaker, might be excused, and such was the number who sought immunity under this plea that the Reverend Jacob Bailey\* wrote that he expected that at the close of the war, if the result should be favourable to the British cause, the Society of Friends would be found to have very largely increased. Those, however, who refused on any other ground were subjected to treatment in contrast to which the modern boycott were mercy itself. The cases of Moody, Budd,† Fanning and Thomas Brown, are only examples of an immense number whose story never has been and now never can be told. Tarring and feathering a neutral, or a "Tory," and carrying him astride a fence-rail, was a favourite pastime of "patriots" all over the country. Besides, pending the achievement of their independence, the various State governments assumed the prerogatives of recognised nations in respect to the *crimen læsæ majestatis*, and tried and executed as rebels against the State those who refused to be rebels against their king. Men who were unwilling to join

in subverting by force the government *de jure*, were thus held guilty and made pay the fatal penalty of treason against the usurped government *de facto*. Two instances unrecorded in history come readily to my mind as I write: A brother of the father of the Honourable James W. Johnstone, the eminent Nova Scotian statesman and jurist, a mere boy, was so put to death in Georgia,\* and one Hutchinson, son of the second wife of the Rev. John Wiswall, loyalist Rector of Aylesford and Wilmot, N.S., was hanged by the rebels when attempting to visit his parents.† These two cases are not mentioned by Sabine, and his book abounds in such. "Proscribed and banished" is the sentence he continually records, and the banishment was usually on pain of death.‡ Impartial historians cannot but put down these deeds as "cold-blooded murder," to use the exact term applied to Fanning's acts in the preface before me.

Nor does Sabine deal much more justly with the memory of Col. Edward Fanning and Richard Lippincott, known in this country after the Revolution as most worthy and estimable as well as able men, and as late as 1879, on the occasion of the bi-centennial celebration of Rochester, Mass., one of the orators of the day branded with shame the memory of General Timothy Ruggles, a native of the town, whose talents and virtues would probably have made him President, perhaps the first President of the United States, as he had been of the first Congress of the disaffected colonies, if his conscience and judgment could have permitted him to espouse what proved to be the winning side. He fell, politically, in a lost, although an honourable and chivalrous, cause. But more recent American writers have been fairer than Sabine, and more courageous, and many of them are now treat-

\*Recollections of a Georgia Loyalist, edited by Rev. A. W. H. Eaton, New York, 1901.

†MS. Letters of Rev. Jacob Bailey.

‡Three ladies of social distinction were attainted of high treason by the Legislature of New York, and banished on pain of death, the only instance where women were so treated in the history of the English people.

\*Manuscript letters of Rev. Jacob Bailey, Loyalist Rector of Annapolis. See "A Frontier Missionary." Boston: Ide & Dutton, 1853.

†History of Annapolis, p. 430.

ing the events of the American Revolution, and the characters and motives of its actors, in a judicial spirit. Doctor Hosmer, in his life of Governor Hutchinson, does full justice to his worthy and distinguished subject, but we are surprised that he justifies the expulsion of the Loyalists, not apprehending that the same spirit of chivalrous and religious fidelity that marked their dutiful allegiance to the old government would have been transferred to the new, once the terrible struggle in which they had fought and lost was over; and that the ability and patriotism of their leaders would have been of immense value in helping to overcome, instead of, as he suggests, promoting or accentuating the initial difficulties and troubles that unavoidably beset the new republic. Sydney George Fisher, with obvious propriety, entitles his most valuable book, which has been very recently published, "A true History of the American Revolution." He faithfully exposes and accounts for the suppression and distortions of the truth by the earlier writers, but entirely misunderstands the modern colonial policy of England, and traduces her conduct of the Boer war. A perusal of his book is absolutely necessary to a fair understanding of the facts of the revolutionary period.

In Fanning's original manuscript the chirography is excellent, but there is little or no punctuation, and the orthography and too free use of initial capitals is perhaps a little more irregular than was common in those days, and these errors are aggravated and a distorted punctuation introduced in the printed edition. In fact, there is reason to suspect that the Richmond editor tried to make Fanning appear a more illiterate man than he really was.\* It is better, I think, that all these eccentricities should be rectified in the present reprint, as manuscripts of that period are usually so dealt with in these days. It is satisfactory to note that Mr. Wheeler

declares that the narrative "from its minuteness of detail and accuracy of dates (which have been compared with reliable authorities) may be depended on as a truthful record," and quotes the testimony of the historian Bancroft to its "authenticity, fidelity and value." But the author of the preface starts with an error as to Fanning's birth-place, which he says was in Johnston County, North Carolina, whereas Fanning declares in his will that he was the son of David Fanning, and was born at Beech Swamp, in Amelia County, Virginia, where his father left a considerable estate of which he was "the rightful heir," and which he still hoped at that date (1825) that his family might recover, although he had evidently given up, as irretrievably lost, his former possessions in North Carolina. The hope of recovering his Virginia property, it is clear, led him to refuse\* to allow his narrative to be published, lest it should weaken his claim in that regard. Other statements of the writer of the preface respecting Fanning's boyhood and physical idiosyncrasies, given as "principally traditional," such as his being afflicted with "scald head," and unfit to sit at table with his fellows or to sleep in a bed, and designed to stigmatise him as a degraded character, belonging to the dregs of society, are evidently unreliable, and of doubtful good faith. He speaks of the "self-satisfaction" with which, after relating his "cold-blooded murder of his neighbours and fellow-citizens," he applies to himself at the close of his "Address to the Reader," the words of the Psalmist: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." But this text is not in Fanning's handwriting, and was no doubt written there after his death by his widow or son. As to the alleged "cold-blooded murder" it will be seen that in every case Fanning specifically mentions the offence which the victim was condemned to expiate, always the cold-blooded murder by the victim himself, singly or with others,

\*For instance: The word *pursue* and all its derivatives are always spelled correctly in the manuscript, and always *pursue* in the printed copy, but I have changed *was* to *were* in many places.

\*A letter from him, dated in 1822, printed in Mr. Wheeler's introduction, points to this conclusion.

of one of Fanning's men or some other Loyalist. For instance, we find in his index: "Col. Lindley murdered and two men hanged for it." I will italicise this and several other instances in the narrative. I refer also to Fanning's account of the barbarous treatment by the insurgents of his companion, Thomas Brown, whose terrible reprisals on his persecutors are fully related by Sabine. Mr. Wheeler has not a word of condemnation for these atrocities; they do not shock him in the least; while the deeds of their avenger excite in him the most intense horror. He says in his copious and doubtless locally valuable biographical notes that Col. Balfour was "cruelly murdered" by Fanning, although he had read in the narrative that in a previous negotiation as to the terms of a proposed peace between the contending factions, Balfour had laid it down that there was "no resting place for a Tory's foot on the earth," showing that a cessation of hostilities could only be secured by Fanning's surrender and execution. The conflict, therefore, was renewed with more desperate and fatal fury, and seeing that certain death awaited him at Balfour's hands in the event of his capture, it is hardly to be wondered at that at their next encounter Fanning should try to get in the first shot, or should seek the first opportunity of slaying his intended slayer.

I conclude that Fanning has been grievously maligned by American writers, who have been unable to view his career with other than the jaundiced eyes of the partisan. If he had done just what he did in the American instead of the loyal cause, he would have been acclaimed as one of the bravest and best of their heroes. Mr. Wheeler says: "Had the daring, desperate temper of Fanning been elevated by education, chastened by religious influences, and directed in proper and patriotic channels, his name might have been associated with that of the Marions and Waynes of the eventful epoch in which he was notorious." To this I would say that if he had fought on the revolutionary instead of on the loyal side, Mr. Wheeler and every other American writer would

have described him as a man whose "daring, desperate temper" was eminently "elevated by education," and "chastened by religious influences," as well as "directed in proper and patriotic channels," and truly illustrious among the Waynes and Marions of that eventful epoch. His enemies' reports of his character and conduct probably influenced the British government, by whom he was not treated with the same generosity as others who had done and suffered less. Mob violence and outrages on person and property began\* with the insurgents; wrong begets wrong, and Fanning, resolute, daring and resourceful, fought his enemies with their own methods, the only methods available to him in a war that set family against family, and neighbour against neighbour, and was waged by small, irresponsible bands all through the Province, over which a reign of terror, appalling to contemplate, made wreck of the humane sentiments that cast a glamour over the operations of regular warfare between Christian nations. As each petty leader, fired with party rage or thirsting for revenge, gained a temporary advantage over his opponents,

Hope withering fled and mercy sighed farewell.

He was animated by a chivalrous loyalty to his lawful sovereign, and the idea of a "united Empire," at least as disinterested and quite as commendable as the similar sentiments which fired the breast of the most faithful soldier of the Union who fought in the great American Civil War, and he was patriotically devoted to the interests of his country as he saw them.

The author of the preface asserts that the people of the Southern States, "ere the actors in the old struggle had all passed away, were obliged to again draw

\*It was not till after this paper was written that I found a complete confirmation of these conclusions in another fair and impartial American book recently published. Van Tyne, in his "Loyalists of the American Revolution," p. 184, says that the hanging of five Loyalist prisoners of war by the rebels, in North Carolina, led to reprisals which were continued in that region through the war, clearly referring to the events recorded by Fanning.

the sword to protect their homes and firesides from an oppressor (the North), who attempted to impose on them burdens more odious than those they refused to bear from that nation to which they owed their existence as a people"; that the "mad efforts" of the North to subdue the South had "brought about the re-enacting of scenes such as disclosed by our veracious chronicler"; scenes, "at the recital of which decency revolts, and before the perpetrators of them even the Tories of the first revolutionary war might 'hide their diminished heads'." Americans of the present day will consider him as wrong in these extravagant pronouncements as we consider him in his estimate of Fanning.

Sabine, who, strange to say, knew nothing of this narrative, says that Fanning's correspondence (although where and how he got access to it is hard to conjecture, and he could have seen but little of it) affords "ample evidence" that he was "often involved in quarrels with his neighbours," which is scarcely compatible with the fact that he was chosen three times to represent them in the Provincial Parliament, in which he sat as member for Queens County from 1791 to January 27th, 1801. His will, however, dated at Digby, March 10th, 1825, four days before his death, shows him to have had at that time some difference with Elkanah Morton, the Judge of Probate, a widely known and esteemed\* but somewhat punctilious and stern magistrate and official, for he expresses a wish that he should have nothing to do with the probating of the will, but that some other judge should deal with it.

A sad and most extraordinary episode put an untimely end to his career in the legislature, by calling for the vacation of his seat, he being the only member of a British colonial legislature ever so affected. A black woman of bad repute, known as Sall London, charged him with an offence for which at that day there was no alternative but the death penalty. To the astonishment of the public he was convicted on her unsupported evidence, but the judgment was promptly nullified by the Governor of the Province, who was

convinced that he had been falsely accused and wrongly convicted, and did all he could in such a case by exercising the "royal prerogative" in his favour. After this he\* removed to Digby, Nova Scotia, near which he lived on a farm at the base of the picturesque mountain that lifts its lofty head between the town and the strait on the old road to Point Prim Lighthouse. Here still nestles cosily the old farmhouse in which he restfully passed the declining years of his chequered life, and here lived his son, Ross Currie Carr Fanning, when the writer knew him from the early sixties of the last century till his death.

In New Brunswick his name is perpetuated in a stream known as Fanning's Brook, forming part of the boundary line between Kings and Queens Counties on the west side of the River St. John. On this stream he built a mill, part of the dam of which still exists, and the cellar of his house can be seen about half a mile distant.† In his will, besides the mention of his inheritance in Georgia, he spoke of the claim his family had on the generosity of the British Government, but although that Government granted a pension to Moody's widow, nothing was ever done for the widow or children of Fanning.

In the cemetery of Holy Trinity Church, Digby, is a stone with the following inscription:

In memory of  
Col. David Fanning,  
who departed this life  
March 14th, 1825,  
in the  
seventieth year of his age.

Humane, affable, gentle and kind;  
A plain, honest, open, moral mind;  
He lived to die, in God he put his trust,  
To rise triumphant with the just.

On another stone near by, evidently erected by himself, is the following epitaph, curious for its "minuteness of detail": In memory of David William, son of David and Sarah Fanning, who

\*Not in 1790, as Wilson in his History of Digby says, nor in 1799, as stated by Sabine.

†For the facts mentioned in the preceding paragraph the writer is indebted to Dr. Hannay, the able historian and archæologist of New Brunswick.

\*See History of Annapolis, page 426.



died July 15, 1810, aged 16 years, 11 months, and 1 day, and 11 hours and 37 minutes.

He left a daughter, Ferebee, who married first Simeon Smalle, of Maine; second, Peter Hanselpiker of a New York Dutch Loyalist family, and left issue. His only surviving son, Ross C. C. Fanning, lived and died on the paternal homestead, where he conducted the farm and operated a carding mill. He it was who permitted Mr. Porter C. Bliss, on behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society, to copy the manuscript, probably not long after his father's death. It is to be hoped he never saw the printed version with its "Introduction" and "Preface." He was a burly looking man with a somewhat austere aspect, and long a much respected and efficient Justice of the Peace. In the General Sessions of the Peace, which formerly regulated municipal affairs, he was recognised as a man of good judgment but of very determined will. He was born May 30, 1791, married Sarah Woodman of Digby, and died Sept. 8, 1871, leaving an estate of about \$20,000 to be divided among five daughters. Mr. Wheeler states that Rev. E. W. Carruthers, D.D., in a work entitled "Incidents and Sketches of Character, Chiefly in the Old North State," 1854, has devoted more than 150 pages to the life and character of Fanning, and quotes Dr. Carruthers as saying that this son was a *Ruling Elder* in the Church. But he was a member of the Church of England until about ten years before he died, when he united himself to the Methodist Society, in neither of which

Churches is there such an office as *Ruling Elder*.\*

I propose to omit the "Address to the Reader" and the instructions to the printer at the end, and to insert all that was omitted by Mr. Wheeler, including the adventurous escape to Florida and the West Indies, and the proclamation of amnesty or "Act of Pardon and Oblivion of the State of North Carolina," the latter to show how limited and illiberal was its scope.

\*The Rev. A. M. Hill, in a little book, "Chapters in the History of Digby," professes in a humorous vein to give the reason for this change of religion. Under the heading, "How Ross Currie became a Methodist," he says that Mr. Currie was "a perfect picture of a prosperous, contented farmer," but "not the gentlest of mortals or the meekest of men, for the law of heredity had made him obstinate, dogmatic and strong-willed." He was the owner of a pew in Trinity Church. It came to pass that the ladies "considered that more of the Earth's surface should be covered by them," and adopted hoop skirts. They got along with them tolerably well in the streets by "in extreme cases making detours, or describing a series of semi-circles" in meeting each other. The projection of some of the pews into the aisles, among them Mr. Currie's, "affected the graceful carriage of the fair dames," and threatened the crushing and destruction of the cherished garment. Appealed to to allow a part of his capacious and comfortable pew to be cut away, Mr. Currie indignantly refused, and when "some of the Wardens, probably henpecked husbands, armed with a saw, accomplished the work of demolition," Mr. Currie "renounced all connection with the Episcopal Church, consigned the thirty-nine articles to oblivion, forgot in his wrath Apostolic Succession, and became an ardent disciple of Wesley. Styles, fashions, hoops and skirts had carried the day in Trinity."

*Sir, your most Obedt. Servant*  
*David Fanning -*

COL. FANNING'S SIGNATURE CONSIDERABLY REDUCED

(The first instalment of Col. Fanning's narrative will appear in the December number)

# Shakespeare and the Latter-Day Drama

By WILFRED CAMPBELL

*A defence of Shakespeare against the attacks of those who support writers such as Tolstoi, Ibsen, Bernard Shaw and Goethe.*

The poet is slave to none,  
Save his own restless heart;  
There streams of passion run  
And springs of music start.

OF all writers in all human languages Shakespeare is pre-eminently the poet, and it is because of this that he is undoubtedly the world's greatest dramatic writer. Of this, scholarship, reason, and intuition will be, in the end, convinced when the final word regarding such matters has been said, if it has not already been pronounced. For me it has been already spoken; for I believe that the Elizabethan age was blessed with the world's supreme drama in all of its essentials, and that if we of the twentieth century cannot appreciate all of its qualities, it is rather because we, for some reason not so difficult to account for, have deteriorated; and not that the Shakespearian drama falls short of the truest dramatic ideals.

Some time ago two prominent writers, one English and the other Russian, had something to say pertaining to the failure of the bard of Avon as a writer of the drama. With the trend of their criticism we will not deal, except to say that it was adverse. The latter of these writers is a distinguished novelist, and one of the so-called realists of the nineteenth century. Of Tolstoi, who can speak without admiration for his earnestness? But in comparison with Shakespeare he is as a windmill to the solar system. At his best he speaks for a portion of the Russian

people, and might be regarded as the protesting voice of that people in their present-day conditions. If he can be called great, it is to presuppose that anything really great and permanent can evolve from that people as they exist today. Cervantes, in his immortal satire, gave to the world a mirror of the Spanish character, its strength and weakness; and in a sense Tolstoi has also unconsciously accomplished the same purpose for Russia.

It may not be known, save to the ethnologist, that all of the woes of Russia are not to be ascribed to tyranny alone. Those who have studied this subject will realise that certain peoples of the world have been marred in their origin and making, and among these the Russian and the Spanish stand out prominently. There is a wide gulf fixed between the heredity, thought and ideal of Asia and that of Europe. One is in constant strife with the other for its very existence; and the tragedy of Russia is that she is, through her environment and heredity, a mixture of both. The result is that as a nation, for all purposes of self rule and progress, her people are not perfectly sane. They lack that poise, that self-control, that power of self-improvement which the north-western nations of Europe, especially the British, possess in no small degree. This may serve to explain the difference which exists between the extreme, almost hopeless, pessimism of Tolstoi, and the universally admitted sanity and human nature found in Shake-

speare. The contrast between the two writers is not only one of degree, as between the poet and the prose writer, which is more truly seen in the contrast between Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, where the limitations of the novelist in comparison with the great dramatic poet are marked. But the difference in national characteristics between the British and the Russian writer separates them as wide as the poles apart. Shakespeare and Scott seem to possess that golden mean of perfect sanity which dominates and governs the master artist in literature, which can enter into and depict truly the darkest passions and the gloomiest tragedy, side by side with the shallower or sunnier aspects of life, and yet keep the perfect poise between. This attribute of genius can only spring originally from that heredity, that character and ideal of national life by which the British people have been in the past marked out from all others.

The wide range of treatment of human problems and aspects of fate by these two writers, especially Shakespeare, shows a healthy foundation of literature in a people whose human outlook, while occasionally from the gloomy valley or the bleak, mountain scarp, is, for the most part, from the sunny slopes and the middle plateaux of human existence. If *Hamlet* were all there was of Shakespeare, he had been nearer Tolstoi, though still afar. But there is nothing hectic about the oak leaf, or the British literature which is true to the national characteristics.

The other writer who has undertaken to criticise our master-bard is one of the same race, and one who represents with no mean ability the social drama of the present as it exists on the British stage. It might be easy to compare the author of *Man and Superman*, criticising Shakespeare, to a fly buzzing at a mountain, or to a pigmy tilting with a titan, and so leave him to posterity. But Mr. Shaw represents more than mere cleverness. He, too, in his way carries his reason for existence in literature, in his whole attitude toward life, which he interprets to society. He is in a sense the outcome of the social conditions which have produced him, and

his fellows of the same school. That his whole repertoire of philosophy is made up of a bundle of clever aphorisms which blossom in a flippancy which in him has taken the place of humour, and which have their foundation and end in shallow cynicism, need not surprise those who have studied our age and its social ideal, or want of ideal. We have arrived at a period when the chief scope and aim of reading, apart from study, is amusement only. We have reached a condition of society when the search for a new sensation is more pleasing to many than any ideal or idea which poetry or prose could inspire or produce.

But this need not either surprise or discourage us. This phase of existence which society is passing through is nothing new. History, as we are told, is continually repeating itself. The progress of mankind is in epochs, in a series of cycles. The present general decadence of the intellectual life, and falling-off in ideal is quite similar to that of the eighteenth century prior to the religious revival which accompanied the great literary resurrection. So that the extreme pessimism of a Tolstoi, or the seemingly more hopeless and less human, almost ape-like, aphorisms of a Bernard Shaw, do not necessarily suggest the final played-out end of things.

We see before us, though affected by our age and environment, a mere reflection of the love of pleasure, the chase after place and position, the lack of reverence and love of folly and the social flippancy; though lacking in much of its outward gentility; which marked the Britain of the middle and end of the eighteenth century. As that age was the result of a more than usual development of thought in the direction of the material, so it is quite natural that the nineteenth century, whose chief intellectual discovery was that man was evolved from the ape, should culminate intellectually and dramatically in a school of literature whose final and chief light should be the brilliant, if superficial, author of *Man and Superman*.

Far different, however, from this in character was the age which evolved Shakespeare. It was the period which

produced or cradled the great discoveries of the new world; which translated the Bible into the English tongue, and which gave a new faith and a new liberty, a larger human outlook to European mankind. Is it not natural that such an age and such a condition as existed in a people like that of the England of Elizabeth should have produced such a supreme genius? When learning was in its blossom, when thought was reaching out, when faith was reading new truths out of the old; when society was rich in all those phases of character which belonged to a free, a bold and high-spirited and yet a reverent people; it was out of this matrix of human effort, ideal, heredity, and social struggle, that the greatest dramatic poet of the modern world was crystallised.

We have pictured the social and human conditions which produced these two writers, and it is no marvel that between William Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw there is a great gulf fixed—namely, that which has ever existed between the immortal seer and the mere cynic.

But, some present day critics may say, this is all very well. We admit the great thought; but the plays of Shakespeare, as plays, are inferior to many modern dramas. This contention I have denied in the opening sentences of this essay. It is, however, almost impossible to discuss the Shakespearian dramas with some dramatic critics of to-day. My contention is that for us to class some modern plays as their superior is to renounce all our literary and human ideals; in fact, to virtually change our whole idea of the drama. In order to arrive at such a conclusion, we would have to unlearn all the best which the past has taught us. It means literally to change our whole outlook on life itself. This, however, we are not likely to do. In spite of social decadence, and the small cults that spring up, mushroom-like, now and again, and have their little day, human nature is in the main healthy; and the pendulum of social and literary ideal swings in time from the morbid and the self-conscious back to that large sanity which nature represents, and which Shakespeare stands for in literature and the drama. To conclude that Shake-

speare does not represent the normal standard, would be to admit that life was moving toward a final social dissolution, which it would not be pleasant to contemplate. Therefore it is not difficult to see that all phases of the drama since Shakespeare, which are not modelled on his ideals, mark a decadence therefrom. To prove this it will be shown that the drama of the nineteenth century was vitiated by such influences as could not fail to undermine radically its best ideals, which were represented by such interpreters as Booth and Irving; and that even these, especially the latter, had their part in degrading its standards. This will be seen in the endeavour to interpret creations such as *Hamlet* in a new manner, so as, in some cases, almost to produce a new creation. This weakness of the actor in his endeavour to add new sensations, to satisfy his over-sated audience, and to meet his own already abnormal ideals, has gradually though imperceptibly weaned the theatrical world from the old, saner conception of the actor and the play to a false and morbid idea, which has resulted in a phase of drama which is to-day often quite absurd. It is not that the old tragedy and comedy are not so interesting, but that the play-going public have been gradually educated up to an almost hysterical appetite for the gruesome and the nasty; the suggestive, the unnatural, and the immoral, so that the quieter, more human and saner depiction of life fails any more to satisfy. This morbid condition of to-day is almost similar to that of the morphine or other fiend, and so much so that one sometimes despairs of all our social ideals. Booth, in his *Fool's Revenge*, which some critics have regarded as more truly dramatic than Shakespeare's plays, perhaps commenced this movement toward the hectic. This was a French play translated by Tom Hall into English. Undoubtedly it was a sensation. But it contained no great lesson from life. Its whole interest depended on one cleverly constructed, but hideous, situation. It was what the man of the world might call "more fetching" than Othello; just as red pepper is more spicy than salt. But it marked the beginning of a decadence in the public ideal and the

class of play demanded. Irving also, in *The Bells*, and in *Faust*, led the dramatic world in the same degenerate direction. All of these plays were un-British in ideals; they were almost hideous in their whole dramatic plot; and in them the gruesome action and ideas presented far over-reached the moral lesson which they claimed to inculcate. *The Bells* as a play was a pure horror, and its continuance on any stage must have, in the long run, a terrible influence on the nerves of both actor and audience.

Later, we have had Mansfield, who has just died a complete wreck; and no wonder, after daring to impersonate such a vulgar monster as that depicted in *Hyde*. Then how far-reaching was the influence of the Ibsen craze, in the direction of the morbid and the immoral in the passing drama! The influence also of *Faust* in its many presentations, as depicted by different actors, has, no doubt, done much to vitiate our dramatic taste. This is a view of the leading characteristics of the nineteenth century drama which may well cause us to pause and consider where we are drifting socially and ethically. It is at least sufficient to make us sceptical regarding present-day dramatic ideals and conceptions of what is the true drama.

Another side to this whole subject is found in the artificial ideals regarding poetry and the drama, consequent on the rage for such writers as Browning and Meredith. It is quite pitiful to see how many clever actresses have toiled to give a rendering of *In a Balcony*; and not because they were drawn to the part by inclination, but merely in pursuance of a social fad.

The influence of the drama, next to that of religion, is a very necessary, a beautiful and a human one. But like the latter it is susceptible to abuses and heresies, and it is these abuses and heresies which society should strive to avoid or cure. In religion the one chief cause of decadence is insincerity, and this is also the primal cause of decline in the drama as well as in literature. The drama owes its very existence to the poetry of life, which is founded in sublimity, beauty and reason. Hence we

have the true tragedy and the true comedy. Tragedy must contain its element of hope. It must be set in the environment of a great possibility, from the failure to realise which, it has its source; or else it is no tragedy. So comedy, as tragedy involves hope, must contain the element of beauty; or else it is no true comedy.

The drama which fails in these elemental respects, no matter how clever or sensational from the stage standpoint, is not only not great drama, but it is not true drama. Indeed, it is a degeneracy, and a degeneracy so dangerous to society at large, that it should not be tolerated. The great drama, as found in Shakespeare at his highest, and in the lesser drama of his school since his day, should be a tremendous factor in the uplifting of human society. The reason for this is that it is the work of the poet who is unusually sane in his sense of the natural and the sublime, who has so run the whole gamut of human passion that he is not morbidly over-attracted to any one phase of life. There is a majesty, a dignity, a sublimity about such drama which leaves a sense of the greatness of human existence, which opens eternally doors of hope into that future morning of the universe toward which our best ideals are trending.

It is this element of hope which Shakespeare's plays all possess, and which is found in none of the modern cynical plays; being conspicuously absent in *Faust*, the greatest of the later dramas.

Then, it is not merely what the drama sets out to teach which always constitutes its real influence, but rather the illusion which is created in the production of the play itself. *The Sign of the Cross*, a religious melodrama, had for its professed object the contrasting of paganism with Christianity to the advantage of the latter; but the end attained was the very opposite. *Faust*, supposedly a religious drama, owing to the preponderance of the character of Mephisto, degenerates on the stage into an incarnation of hopeless cynicism. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, instead of teaching a lesson, becomes a disgusting horror. The illusion created in all these cases failing to contain the sublime element of hope, and rather sug-

gesting that of despair in the mind of the thinking observer. How different is the illusion created in Shakespeare's dramas! In *Hamlet*, his seemingly most gloomy creation, the environment is large, human and sublime. The very sadness is that of the poet, and the great poet. The whole play is not a mere picture of evil, but rather a mourning over life's greatness, abused and made impossible by reason of sin. *Macbeth* is another wonderful picture. In it the supernatural is blended with the depiction of human remorse. In each case there is nothing abnormal, nothing disgusting or revolting, but all is largely human and natural. There is nothing petty or common in the setting of those plays. In them all human life is shown in its greater aspects, and they all take one out of the mere present into history itself, depicting man as a part of the great environments of race, time and destiny. The human tragedy in them all is seen in the failure or falling off from the sublime possibility of life as shown in the ideal, and the creation of the illusion, which is the real play itself. This is, after all, what constitutes true drama, and it is in this essential that the drama proper stands or falls. Again,

those who judge the play by its mere compression into so many acts and scenes voice a very common hypocrisy of the critic concerning the dramatic art. The most successful of modern plays have been those which have sinned against most of these traditions of what should constitute the ideal. No drama was ever written but has required changes at the hand of the stage carpenter. The final argument sometimes put forward, namely, that the modern playwright is more subtle and enters more deeply into life than does Shakespeare, is as great a falsity as the foregoing heresy. As already pointed out, the abnormal, the self-conscious, and the morbid have mistaken the merely vicious for the natural, and the probing for unhealthy phases of personality and fancied hidden motives, as depicted by Ibsen, are no proof of insight into human life as a whole. The greatest testimony for or against the play is the modern drama itself, and any one who prefers the general character of the Ibsen or Bernard Shaw play to that of Shakespeare is welcome to his opinion, but his mental attitude is scarcely one which will conduce to the development of the best ideals of the British race.



# French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRECHETTE

*First of a series of articles dealing in a delightful and poetical way with the quaint legends of Quebec.*

SOME of our people are sometimes inclined to consider as a matter to be deplored the fact that the population of our country is composed of different elements, as to their origin, creed or language. Such is not my opinion. I think, on the contrary, that Providence, governing everything according to definite views and logical designs, ought to be thanked for having blessed this country with a peculiarity which tends to keep her future destinies aloof from the prejudices and exclusiveness too often prevailing in other parts of the world.

In no other place than in this free land of America can the great Christian principle of universal fraternity be better understood and more peremptorily tested in its practical application. In no other place under the sun can civilisation have a better opportunity to show what humanity can do when English and French, Catholics and Protestants, for example, join hand in hand, and can sincerely and truthfully say: "All men are brethren!"

But this cannot be accomplished unless we know each other, communicate with each other, and associate in social life as well as in politics. It is an essential condition that we should be acquainted with our respective characteristics or idiosyncrasies, and at the same time with all we may have in common; our history, for instance, our customs, our national character, even our faults and natural prejudices.

It is in accordance with this, and with that object in view, that I have chosen for

the subject of this series of sketches: the French-Canadian folk-lore and popular traditions.

We have no exact translation in French of the word folk-lore. The expressions which convey the nearest meaning to it are equivalent to popular legends, traditional customs, superstitions or mysterious beliefs among uneducated people; but, as you see, neither of these expressions answer thoroughly to what is meant in English by the word folk-lore. In France they have simply adopted the English word—which comes from the Swedish, I believe—and now the words *folk-lore* and *folk-loriste* have won their rights of citizenship under the cupola of the French Academy.

But if we have not the word, the thing which it represents is far from being unknown to us; for if there is a country on earth where popular and mysterious traditions are religiously respected and preserved, and where poetical legends are in full blossom even in our days of skepticism, it is France, at least in some of the provinces; and, in that respect, if not in everything, the sons of New France have nothing to envy the sons of the old; they are true to their origin, so much so, that they not only form a nationality remarkably distinct from the rest of the American population, but also present a character of their own, in creed, customs and language, which makes of them a kind of exception among the other communities by whom they are surrounded.

The popular legends of French Canada

are almost innumerable, and would fill up volumes and volumes. So, in attempting to treat the subject, I never for one moment entertained the ambition to do justice to it in its full extent. My only intention is to point out some of the most characteristic of these legends. They may be classified as follows:

First—The legends imported from abroad, and transmitted to us from generation to generation without transformation of any kind.

Second—The legends, also imported, or rather transported, from France, but the scenes and heroes of which have been located in our midst, as something of our own.

Third—The legends which, although of an European origin, have been so thoroughly disfigured by circumstances as to lose their identity and become with time almost entirely confused with our local traditions.

Fourth—The legends more or less connected with the history of our country, or which are based on some historical fact.

Fifth—Our own legends, genuine product of our soil, as we might term them, and which have spontaneously sprung up from the mind of our people, illiterate, isolated, adventurous, and, by extraction, inclined to poetical and mysterious fancies.

Let us give a few examples of these different branches of the French-Canadian national folk-lore.

The legends of the first category, that is, those which have been transmitted to us by our forefathers without alteration, are in general of a religious character. One of them, which seems to me particularly charming, and which I would regret ever so much to see disappear from the Gospel of the little ones, is that of the Easter Bells, the Easter Bells which escape silently from their lofty cages during the dolorous vigil of Good Friday, and, like as many mysterious spirits of the night, glide through the open space on their way to the Eternal City, to return on Easter morning, gay, beribboned, light and sonorous, announcing with their joyous chimings and clangour the supreme and consoling news: *Resurrexit sicut dixit.*

When I was yet a bit of a boy, that was for my early imagination one of the most

gilded illusions, one of the dearest beliefs that ever lulled my fancies and haunted my enthusiastic childish brain, ever craving for the marvellous. The night of Holy Thursday, with both elbows on the window-sill, both fists clutching at my hair, as if to sharpen the intensity of my attention, I gazed persistently at the great belfries of Quebec, fading and disappearing by degrees in the blended gold of the sunset, and finally vanishing into the uniform, foggy tint of the night.

Then I saw—oh, yes, you can verily believe me—I saw the great steeples of Quebec suddenly lightening up in the distance, as if with the vague and phosphorescent gleam of a vision. The shutters of the old towers opened themselves automatically, or at least gave way under the efforts of invisible hands, and like a host of big brown birds emerging from the sombre cavities, the bells, mute since morning, together winged their flight, to rapidly lose themselves far, far off in the darkened depths of the sky. I saw them, as I see ordinary things now; the large ones heavier on the wing, holding the rearguard, and gravely seeming to command the manoeuvres; the little ones, more alert and lighter, somewhat frolicsome perhaps, flying in the vanguard like a bevy of youths, proud and enthusiastic—so I guessed it—in the merriness of this liberty of one day, with the immensity of space for domain and limitless horizon. And when the beautiful vision had faded in the nebulous distance of fallen night, I left my dear window and went to plunge myself shivering under the bedclothes, with an emotion, the delicious thrill of which I still feel, in spite of increasing years.

There are a great many legends of that kind among our population, especially in relation to the Christmas festivities; but this one will be sufficient, I suppose, to give an idea of their artless and poetical character.

Of course the legends of that kind belong to the domain of childhood; they can be classed among those of the good fairies, of the Bogie man, and of Santa Claus. But there are numbers of others which find sincere believers in more enlightened quarters. For instance, even



in our days, there are not a few among our country folk who will swear that the rising sun dances on Easter morning. It is a poetical belief which has been brought to us from France.

Many of our uneducated people still believe that the youngest of seven male children consecutively born in a family is marked with a fleur-de-lys, and is endowed with the gift of curing any kind of disease by a simple touch of his finger. In France such a boy is called *marcou*. We had one of these *marcou*s at school when I was a boy, who cured our tooth-aches; but I must acknowledge that the performance, to be successful, required on our part a certain amount of good-will. It was faith-cure more than anything else.

Some forty years ago they used to distribute in our churches a small piece of consecrated bread to each parishioner during the Sunday mass. Most of our country families never failed to preserve carefully the piece they had received on Easter Day. This precious bread had, until next Easter, the privilege of leading to the discovery of drowned bodies. The piece of bread dropped in the current, would follow it for a while, and finally stop whirling on the very spot where the body lay. All those strange traditions existed in France, and were transmitted to us without any variation.

Such is also the case with the famous *baguette devinatoire*—divination rod. In old times, never did any farmer venture to dig a well without having ascertained beforehand that water was to be found there. For that purpose the services of some initiated fellow were secured, who for a small sum of money professed to post you up infallibly. He commenced by cutting a forked branch in a hazel tree, which he twisted with his hands in a peculiar fashion, while pronouncing some cabalistic words. As the rod was to be cut out of spring-seasoned wood, the twisting never failed to bring a certain moisture at the main end, and the sly dog would say: "You can dig here; you'll find plenty of water." He was right most of the time naturally; but if he was not, he attributed the fact to some lack of

formality on the part of some other persons, of course.

This guessing-rod made dupes in Europe for more than two centuries. Not only did it indicate subterranean sources, but it also served to detect criminals, to recover lost money, and to find out hidden treasures; for the belief in hidden treasures guarded by the devil—a belief once very popular among our people—was not at all indigenous to them. As to us, these treasures came from rich families who had buried their money, jewels and silverware at the time of the English and American invasions, to save them from pillage. Those treasures, after having passed a certain number of years underground, became the devil's property; and then it required lots of sorcerous ceremonies to get possession of them.

Some fifty years ago, this treasure mania became a real fad in the country; every morning, on our way to school, we would stumble on heaps of earth and pebbles extracted from the overturned soil, almost everywhere along the roads. If one of the villagers happened to become a little more prosperous than his neighbours, it was clear he had unearthed a treasure somewhere in his cellar or behind his barn. The old manor of Sir John Caldwell, at Etchemin, was demolished to its foundations to recover the money the old gentleman was accused of having robbed from the Province.

In France, these mysterious treasures were supposed to have been also buried to save them from the rapacity of the English invaders. The English, at least in the estimation of the French—and the Boers—have always been reputed, as you see, for their particular fondness of earthly treasures. And it is a general opinion also that when such treasures fall into their possession they need no devil to keep them in safety.

And the belief in the ill-omened influence of Friday, and of number thirteen! And the belief in the moaning dogs foreboding death! And the belief in those who stopped hemorrhages from a distance, who removed warts with magic words, who expelled rats by summoning them

in writing; all this we have inherited from France, or at least from Europe, where, even to this day, the same customs and superstitions are to be found. Some particular phases of the moon are more or less favourable for the trimming of the hair; there are days of the week which must be carefully observed for the cutting of your nails. As to the traditions in regard to mischievous sorcerers, they are exactly the same in both countries. There, also, suspicious beggars will throw a spell over people who do not treat them to their satisfaction. Some days your cattle will fall a prey to a mysterious disease, and die one after the other; your hens cease to lay eggs; your butter turns sour; your milk produces no cream. It is a spell. Throw your milk and butter into the fire; pierce the dying animal with a steel blade; thrust a needle into a hen's head. It is exactly as if you had done the same thing to the sorcerer himself, and the charm vanishes.

In France also—especially in Brittany—there are many popular doctors who nurse sick people with magic words. But

I am not far from believing that this practice is pretty much universal; I have travelled a good deal in both hemispheres, and if I can trust my experience, it is not only in our Province and in Brittany that physicians—and physicians of high repute sometimes—are to be found who show their ability by treating their patients, if not with cabalistic, at least with pleasant words.

In France, as with us, the gift of a knife cuts friendship; in France, as in our midst, one must avoid to cross forks and spoons on the table; one must not walk on any object lying cross-wise: it brings bad luck; spilt salt predicts a quarrel; a broken looking-glass announces any kind of casualties.

On the other hand, if you carry on your person a piece of the rope which has served to hang a man, it not only averts bad luck, but it is also a talisman that will secure you all kinds of success in life, especially at poker. French-Canadians are answerable for none of these traditions; they form part of our national heritage and, of course, are confined exclusively to the uneducated classes.

*In the December number Dr. Frechette will tell of L'Islet legend of the Mass of the Ghost, comparing it with a similar legend told in Brittany.*

## Love's Tourney

BY DONALD A. FRASER

AS knight of old, when jousting in the lists,  
 Did raise his eyes to meet his lady's smile,  
 And therein find new strength of arm; no guile  
 Might then o'ermatch him while her gaze he wists;  
 Also do I, when battling in Life's mists,  
 Yield to no dubious fate a homage vile;  
 I glance at thy dear face, and its sweet wile  
 Lures me to dare the Power that resists.  
 O Love, then fix thy lustrous eyes on me;  
 Vainly shall Fortune hurl her fiery darts;  
 Encased in Love's own magic mail, I'll be  
 Yon crypt's indweller e'er I own her arts;  
 Obeisance, then, I'll do with victory,  
 Unto the Queen who rules my heart of hearts.

# A Tragedy of the Wild

By T. MURIEL MERRILL

*An etching in which the pangs of an aching heart are hidden in the darkness of the night.*

CLOSE in the shelter of the great trees stood a little log cabin. Away beyond stretched the forest, mile after mile. The undulating hills mounted one above the other till in the blue, dim distance they etched themselves in a ragged line upon the sky. Many were the untrodden paths ever winding and unwinding through the twilight arches of the trees.

Within the cabin lived a trapper, and with him his daughter, a child to him dearer than all the world beside. Her hair was the colour of the chestnut, her eyes were clear blown like forest pools in autumn, and her cheeks red as the partridge berry. He called her O-gway-saw, the robin.

Here they lived contentedly. They knew not loneliness, for the wind sang in the pines, and scarce a day passed but some four-footed thing came near the cabin.

The hunter went out at dawn each day to make a round of his traps, bringing back any animal he might find, or at least its skin, and, where necessary, rebaiting. So it was, day after day, and O-gway-saw had always a hot meal awaiting his return in the evening.

One day he had gone out as usual, but the night came and he did not return. In the light of the setting sun the distant hills glowed red, then faded to misty purple. O-gway-saw stood in the doorway straining her eyes through the dusk. As the night came over the hills she turned with

a sob into the cabin. With the first light of dawn she was awake and ready with her snowshoes on, for the trapper had not returned.

The snow was deep on the ground. The forest was wrapped in a great silence. She walked swiftly and easily, following her father's well-marked tracks.

The spruce branches were tented with snow. Here and there in the open places a stock of pale, withered goldenrod thrust itself forth, coldly rattling its dead leaves. Once a flock of strange birds circled near her, their whistlings echoing sweet in the frosty air.

Down through sloping gullies and up over wind-swept places the way led. Sometimes she passed a trap where her father had stopped.

The tracks were gradually forming a wide circle, the trapper working around so that he might return to his cabin without waste of time.

'Twas near evening when she came to a frozen stream, by the overhanging bank of which was placed one of the strongest traps, a monster with cruel steel jaws. O-gway-saw slid quickly down the opposite bank. Was it a great wolf in the trap?

She clutched at her head with her hands. Her eyes were riveted on the trap. Then with a terrible sob she dropped to her knees.

The hunter lay stretched on the snow. The trap had sprung on his two hands, and, burdened with pelts, his struggles

had been but a waste of strength. So through the whole night and all the day had he lain there, with his spoils upon him.

Quickly she released him and turned him over; but his eyes wore a glassy stare. There was no life in him.

With a whispered moan she hid her face against his.

Through the dim forest the wind sighed, touching into life the hemlocks and sifting down upon her the fine snow. Then night came—and there was silence.

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## Autumn

BY E. M. YEOMAN

WHERE once fresh violets filled the wood with blue,  
 And lavish verdure spread its green around,  
 Red leaves and yellow lie in simple rue,  
 Mingling with dead flow'rs on the barren ground.  
 And in the winds, with lofty grief distrest,  
 The melancholy Autumn sees on Earth  
 Her heritage of beauty lose its worth,  
 And flees distraught into the moaning west;  
 Yet watches where her perished kingdom lies,  
 As some high spirit new-called to the skies,  
 Fleeting from Earth to Paradisic light,  
 With sudden sorrow moved,  
 Might linger sadly in her flashing flight,  
 And long for one she loved.

And so the husbandman, at close of day,  
 Scanning the portents of the rueful west,  
 Might be beguiled to linger in his way,  
 His heart and Autumn kindred in unrest;  
 And moved to own his days in reckless flight  
 To nakedness forlorn, well might he turn  
 For lore in memory, the shrunk past's urn,  
 Where records lie of perished things' delight,  
 Shadows of dimming forms in precious bloom,  
 And faces smiling through the jealous gloom.  
 Then might he take his way, the skies forgot,  
 And portents of the morrow,  
 Knowing alone that rapture filled his lot,  
 And measures of sorrow.

# The Original Uncle Tom

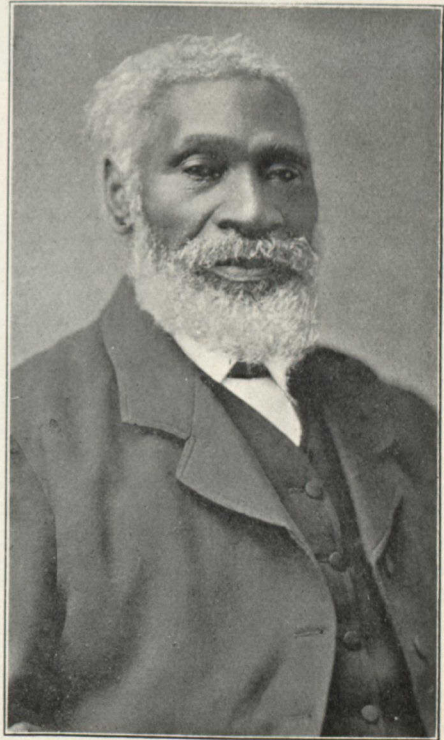
By NEWTON MACTAVISH

*Sketch of a Canadian citizen who claimed that he had inspired the writing of Mrs. Stowe's famous novel.*

FEW persons would gainsay the statement that Harriet Beecher Stowe had some model in real life from which she received the inspiration of her immortal character, *Uncle Tom*. If she had not, she could scarcely have drawn so faithful a picture, nor could her descriptions of life in bondage, imaginative though some of them undoubtedly are, be based on pure conjecture. If, then, so convincing a case against the practice of slavery would not likely be conceived without the assistance of strongly suggestive forces, who was the person who exercised those forces? That honour was claimed in his day by a negro named Josiah Henson, who lived and died at Dresden, Ontario, and that distinction is still claimed by his descendants, some of whom now live in that unhurrying hamlet. Whether or not Josiah Henson inspired the writing of the book, his was in all events a remarkable character. He used often to visit Mrs. Stowe at her New England home, and his daughters now say that the woman who was so soon to write a tale of tremendous human interest listened eagerly to his narration of experiences in slavery and during his almost miraculous deliverance from the tyranny of his masters.

Josiah Henson undoubtedly suffered much of the worst that authentic accounts of conditions in slavery describe. He was known well at Dresden by persons still living there, besides his daughters, and they say that he bore upon his body marks that had every appearance of

having been caused by the lash. Perhaps the worst that can be said of him is that he was prone to make capital of whatever notoriety came to him because of his reputation as the original *Uncle Tom*.



JOSIAH HENSON, WHO CLAIMED THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE ORIGINAL "UNCLE TOM"



MRS. CHARLOTTE RITCHIE AND MRS. JULIA WHEELER, OF DRESDEN, ONT.,  
DAUGHTERS OF JOSIAH HENSON

But that, after all, is a human weakness, a weakness that almost invariably characterises every person who has an opportunity to cultivate it. Like the hero of Mrs. Stowe's story, he affected much piety, and, although he engaged freely in secular pursuits, preaching was his chief delight. At one time he practically owned the frame "coloured" church that still stands in the centre of Dresden, and when old residents of the town discuss his characteristics they say that once when the congregation undertook to expel him for what they believed to be unbecoming conduct in one of his professions, he threatened to oust the whole congregation and enter himself into sole possession of the sacred edifice.

Dresden has more *souvenirs* of *Uncle Tom* than the old church. First, of course, are the daughters, Mrs. Charlotte Matilda Ritchie, and Mrs. Julia Wheeler, two eminently respectable citizens, who live together in widowhood, near the station end of the long, straggling main

street. The house Josiah Henson lived in still stands on property that is locally known as "The Institution," and there is a more lasting abode—his grave, where the bob-o-link whistles merrily on a spring morning and the grass grows tall and rank within the enclosure. There was also a pump or something of the kind, but visitors who cherish tangible *souvenirs* have left but little trace of it.

The visitor may be pardoned if he intrudes first on the daughters, who have too high an opinion of ordinary courtesy and too keen an appreciation of their position to decline the civilities of the occasion. After being convinced of the honest purpose of the visitor, they will invite him in, and will soon supply a biographical sketch of the famous *Uncle Tom*.

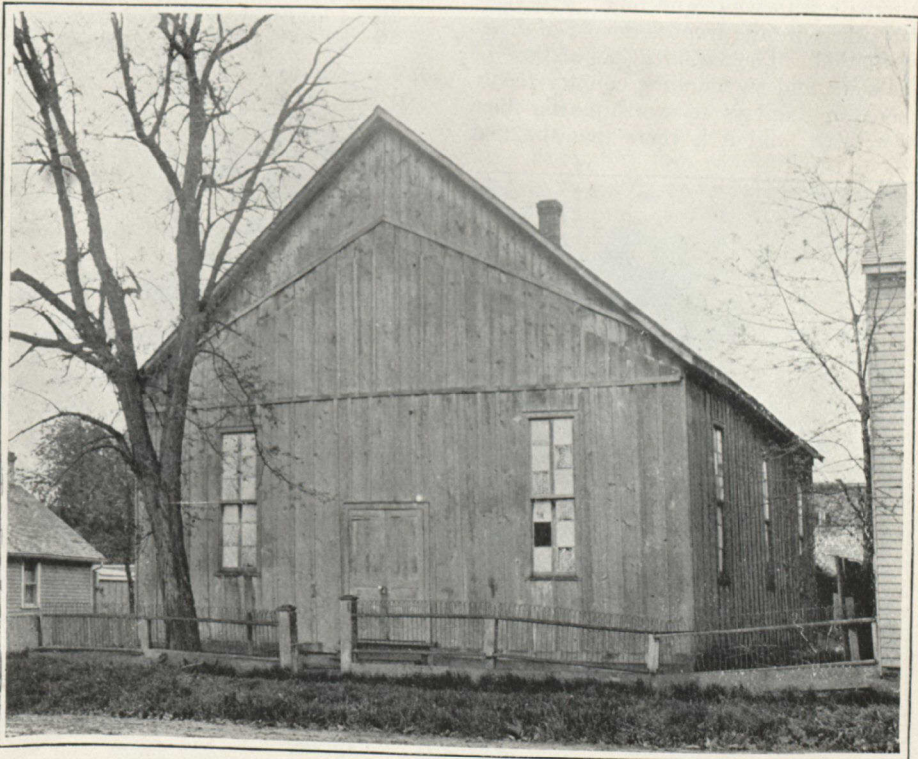
Josiah Henson was born in slavery more than a century ago. He served forty years as a slave in Maryland, but he managed to escape to Canadian soil at Fort Erie. After the escape, his wife used frequently to tell of how,



THE HOUSE IN WHICH JOSIAH HENSON LIVED NEAR DRESDEN, ONT.

when he first set foot in Canada, he threw himself prostrate in the dust, and so great was his reverence for a free land, he cast handfuls of the soil into his hair

and on to his face and body, until those who witnessed the sight thought that he lost his reason in the joy of knowing that at least he was a free man. He settled,



THE CHURCH WHERE JOSIAH HENSON USED TO PREACH. IT IS STILL USED BY THE COLOURED PEOPLE OF DRESDEN, ONT.

first at Fort Erie, then at Chatham, then at Colchester, and finally at Dresden. According to the statement of his daughters, which is doubtless a repetition of the experiences he many times related to them, all who have read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (and who have not?) have read also the account of the sufferings, afflictions and deprivations of Josiah Henson. But, perhaps few of them have suspected that Mrs. Stowe had an actual living model, that in a small burial plot in an Ontario village rests the bones of one who undoubtedly was in some important respects a prototype of the hero of what even to-day is still the most widely read novel in the whole world.

The old *coloured* meeting-house at Dresden still stands in the centre of the town just a few steps off the main street. In appearance it is much the same as it was in the days of its promoter, but it is higher, the gables having been extended and the roof raised. The window panes alternate with white and blue "frosting," but otherwise the front is devoid of ornamentation. The *coloured* population of the town and surrounding country repair there on Sundays to worship after their own heart, and it is there that the real

gospel hymn is heard in all its primitive glory. Even on the street the stranger is likely to be accosted by some wayfaring local preacher-evangelist of colour, who for ten cents will supply a printed copy of a gospel hymn, perhaps one of his own composition. Should a request be made, the wayfarer will sing the hymn. The following, which I bought myself, is a fair sample of this commodity:

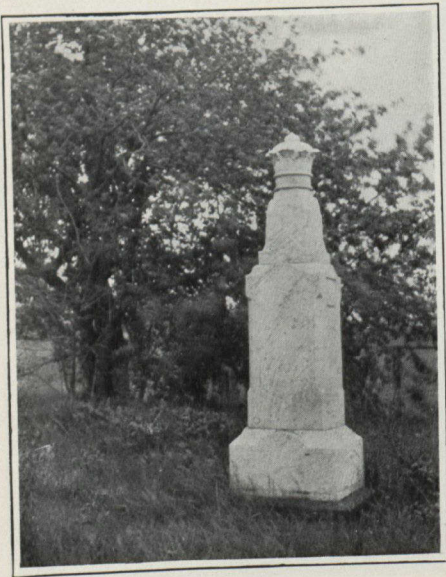
#### THE GOSPEL SHIP

1. The Gospel ship is sailing, sailing, sailing,  
The Gospel ship is sailing,  
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.

#### CHORUS

Glory! Hallelujah!  
All on board are sweetly singing;  
Glory! Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah to the Lamb.

2. I see the ship is coming, coming, coming,  
I see the ship is coming,  
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.
3. She is loaded with bright angels, angels,  
angels,  
She is loaded with bright angels,  
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.
4. I hear the angels singing, singing, singing,  
I hear the angels singing,  
Glory! Glory! is their song.
5. The ship is heavily loaded, loaded, loaded,  
The ship is heavily loaded,  
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.
6. She landed Moses and the prophets,  
prophets, prophets,  
She landed Moses and the prophets,  
Landed them on Canaan's happy shore.
7. She has landed many ten thousands,  
thousands, thousands,  
She has landed many ten thousands,  
Landed them on Canaan's happy shore.
8. It is the ship of Zion, Zion, Zion,  
It is the ship of Zion,  
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.
9. Glory! Hallelujah!  
All on board are sweetly singing,  
Glory! Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah to the Lamb.
10. She is making for the harbour, harbour,  
harbour,  
She is making for the harbour,  
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.
11. King Jesus is the Captain, Captain,  
Captain,  
King Jesus is the Captain,  
She is bound for Canaan's happy shore.



JOSIAH HENSON'S GRAVE, NEAR  
DRESDEN, ONT.



Having seen the church and purchased a song from the wayfaring evangelist, the visitor follows the *river* road until he thinks he has gone about far enough, and then beats to the left on *The Institution*, where he locates the sequestered graveyard that is honoured with the dust of Josiah Henson. Just inside the wire fence, close to a gnarled apple-tree, stands a marble monument of creditable proportions. The inscription is as follows, with a Masonic emblem at the top:

In memory of  
the Rev.  
Josiah Henson,  
Died  
May 5, 1883.  
Born  
July 15, 1789.  
Aged 93 years, 10 mos.,  
and five days.  
There is a land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night  
And blessings banish pain.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Farther along the road stands the house in which Josiah Henson lived. The house has been moved nearly a quarter-mile from the spot where it first stood, but its framework is still intact.

If the character of *Uncle Tom* has attained so great a distinction, it is interesting to discover what manner of man was the one who inspired it. Josiah Henson was at least shrewder and more appreciative of a circumstance than are most men of his race. Having succeeded in reaching Canada, he gave his experience and knowledge as a guide to others of his race who wished to follow. As a result, the descendants of several negro families in Ontario owe in large measure to him the deliverance of their fathers

or grandfathers from slavery. He was not slow to place a high value on the *prestige* that he, as the original *Uncle Tom*, would enjoy as a result of the publication of so great a book. He had conducted a saw mill and grist mill at Dresden and had got control of considerable property, but when the anti-slavery movement was getting under way, he began to turn his attention to it, and several times he visited Great Britain for the purpose of raising money to be used in assisting slaves across the international border. It is not likely that any person knows how much he raised or how much he spent for that purpose. But he seems to have met with much success, and to have repeated the visit several times. Queen Victoria presented him with an autograph photograph of herself in a gold frame, and he received also numerous gifts and letters of appreciation from persons of distinction. Apparently he had a genius for taking advantage of a situation and of bringing the merits of his cause forward at the proper time. He was also a fine type of camp meeting orator, and he excelled as a gospel preacher. Of course, his early experiences were by no means identical with those of the book, but they were sufficiently similar to give weight to his claim of identity therewith. While *Uncle Tom's* death is a moving chapter in the novel, Josiah Henson lived to take advantage of its publication.

Mrs. Stowe undoubtedly received suggestion from Josiah Henson, but it was her genius of idealisation, her mastery of incident, that raised an otherwise melodramatic narrative up to the dignity of a soul-stirring, purposeful work of fiction.



# An Evacuated Naval Station

By HENRY F. PULLEN

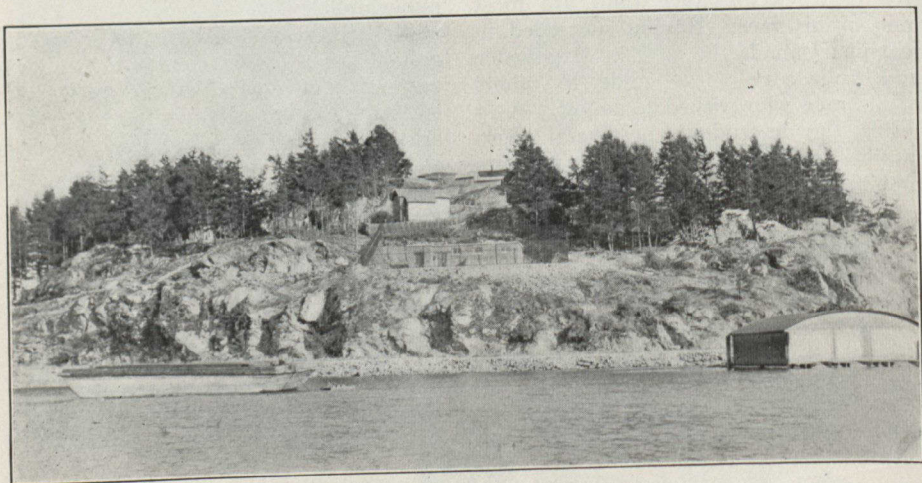
*The military glory of Esquimalt, once a headquarters for British tars, is giving way to commercialism.*

WHEN one thinks or speaks of the British Empire, one's thoughts seem to turn quite naturally to the navy, which has helped to make that empire so great, and from that to the naval stations in Canada, Halifax and Esquimalt, which were until lately the headquarters of the British North Atlantic and North Pacific squadrons. Both of these naval stations have been taken over by the Government of Canada, but it is only at Halifax that any attempt has been made to replace the British garrison.

There are still two small vessels on the Pacific station, the *Shearwater*, a sloop-of-war, and the *Egeria*, an old wooden survey ship. The latter is a

very useful vessel, and she has done some splendid work in locating reefs, mapping the intricacies of the coast, and recording dangerous currents; the former is used chiefly for the purpose of carrying the officers on hunting expeditions in search of the grizzly bear, elk and moose for which British Columbia is famous. As ships of war, neither would be of the least practical service, for they are too slow even for carrying despatches.

The large, solid brick store-rooms are all empty except in that small department where the two ships outfit. The forts, five in number, are unmanned and guarded only by two or three men from the Canadian regiment at Work Point. The village adjoining the navy yard is



UNFINISHED FORT ON SIGNAL HILL, ESQUIMALT



WARSHIPS FIRING A SALUTE OFF ESQUIMALT

also neglected and almost tumbling down.

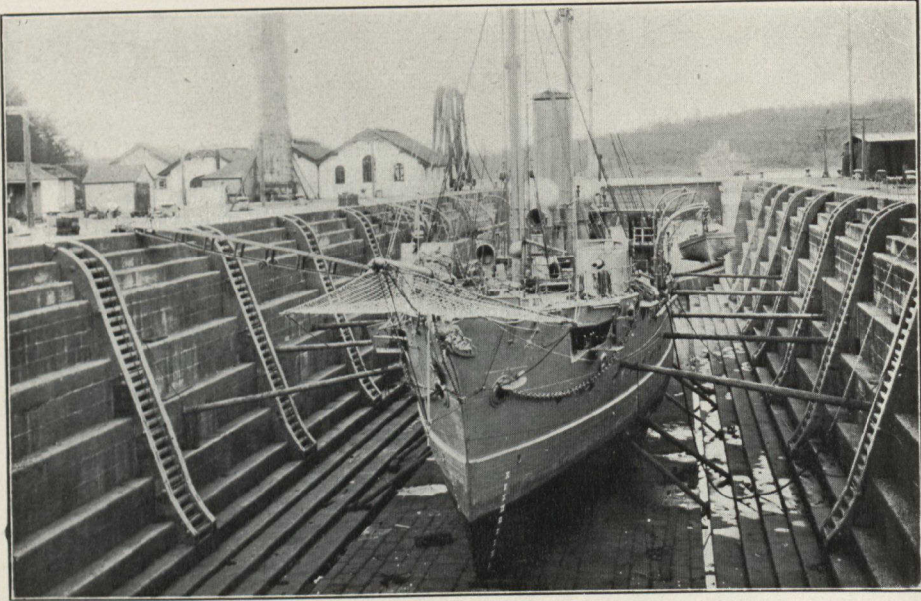
For many years before the evacuation it was thought that the naval authorities would require all the land in the immediate neighbourhood of the forts, and it was understood that no big prices would be paid for improvements, so the houses were allowed to go to ruin and they are now too far gone to be repaired. Of

the numbers of old-fashioned inns only two are left, and their business is not large. It is a quaint, little, crooked street on which they are situated, a *cul de sac* or blind street, terminating with a small wharf or landing-place for boats. Near it on one side is the navy yard, while on the other is the new fort known as Signal Hill.

On this fort the Imperial authorities had been working for years, excavating



A QUAIN OLD ENGLISH INN AT ESQUIMALT



DRYDOCK AT ESQUIMALT, SHOWING THE SLOOP-OF-WAR SHEARWATER

from its centre and making it a miniature Rock of Gibraltar. Here were to be mounted two large nine-point-two guns, the largest yet used on this station. These immense cannon project a shell weighing 380 pounds, the charge of powder being 164 pounds, or of cordite, a much more powerful explosive, 53½ pounds. With a crew of twelve men, one of these guns can fire about three shots a minute, the cost for each discharge being about five hundred dollars. To-day the guns lie in the yard at the foot of the hill alongside of their heavy armour that protects the gunners. They can be seen from the road, but no one is allowed to photograph them. Several American tourists have tried, but their cameras have been taken and the plates destroyed. One man appealed to the civic authorities, but his appeal was not sustained.

Esquimalt is a beautiful place. From one or two chosen spots may be seen the picturesque land-locked harbour with the naval buildings on one side, and on the other wooded shores with low hills in the background. From the same spot turning south the Straits of Fuca spread out before him with the Royal Roads in the foreground and in the distance, looming high and clear, the

snow-capped Olympics, ever changing, always majestic.

The Imperial spirit is passing from old Esquimalt, and commercialism is taking its place. At one end of the harbour is a shipbuilding establishment, at another a large salmon cannery, and again a lime works, while near the naval yard is the Dominion Government drydock, which is seldom unoccupied.

For the future there are whispers of enterprises to be established that will revolutionise the district and build up a Greater Victoria, a commercial Victoria, but there will always remain the tokens of what the village once was, and perhaps the most enduring of these is the little Anglican Church, the walls of which are decorated with tablets, mostly brass, recording the death of officers of His Majesty's forces. Many were buried at sea, but they are remembered here on shore. The most striking of these is the one erected to the memory of the officers and crew of the sloop-of-war *Condor*, a sister ship to the *Shearwater*, that sailed away into the unknown, passing without a word or sign, except that a year or two later a life buoy was picked up and placed above the brass tablet, a silent message from the merciless sea.

# Cordelia's Conquest

By J. G. M. GILMER

*A college-bred man falls in love with a photograph, with somewhat ludicrous results.*

I WAS in Ireland lately on a visit to my mother's uncle, Mr. Clement O'Dwyer. He had lived in Jamaica most of his life, but twenty years ago he had come home a childless widower, and had settled on a farm some miles south of Dublin, where he reared prize pigs. Shortly afterwards he married his house-keeper, a widow with two children. Cordelia Kelly, otherwise called "Tots" (the elder of the two), was now a strapping girl of about thirty. Terence, her brother, was studying for the English Bar.

For several weeks there had been a noticeable fluttering in the dovecote of the "Swineries," our family name (under the rose) for Uncle Clement's pig-farm. Letters came from Terry in London every other day, to which voluminous replies were sent by return post. Cordelia went up to Dublin to have her photograph taken.

"Ye'll see them by and by, Mary," said Aunt Patsy, in a casual way.

The girl herself was in a curious state of mental exultation and excitement. In short, there was something on the *tapis*, but I could not imagine what it was. At last, one morning at the breakfast table, Aunt Patsy remarked:

"I'm glad the wind has dropped, for young Terry's sake. He'll be crossing to-night on a flying visit—on very important business, not entirely unconnected with the young lady forninst you, Mary." She nodded at Cordelia, and then winked at me.

"Is Deelie going to be married?" I asked.

"Hit it first shot," said Deelie with a beaming smile.

"Really?" I said.

"An attractive girl like my Deelie is bound to be picked up sooner or later," said her mother, and I assented cordially, though the description scarcely applied to the lady in question.

Cordelia was rather high in the bone, with suspiciously yellow hair, and a healthy if somewhat brick-coloured complexion.

But later on Aunt Patsy waxed confidential when she and I were alone.

"Mind ye," she said, "I shan't be sorry to see Cordelia leave the house with a wedding ring on her finger. She's a bit long in the tooth for the taste of some. I was married myself when I was eighteen."

"Who is the happy man, Aunt Patsy?" I asked.

"Ye'll hear all about it when her brother comes. The match is Terry's bringing off, and it's only fair to let him pitch his own tale."

"I thought it was going to be Dr. Moore," I said. "They play golf and hockey together constantly; and he greatly admires her music and singing."

"Small blame to the man for that." Aunt Patsy tossed her head. "But we're flying at higher game than Gussie Moore this time. Oh, Mary, it's just dying I am to let the cat out of the bag. But I

dursn't, for Terry would be fit to murder me."

Terry arrived the next afternoon. He was an improved edition of Cordelia, capable of making a favourable impression on people at a first meeting. His brain was shallow, but he had wit enough to conceal his own ignorance by retailing the statements and opinions of others. One never mentioned a subject that Terry had not studied; a celebrity that he had not met. He was a sufficiently entertaining companion if one could only remember to season each conversational mouthful with a liberal sprinkling of salt.

"Well, Cousin Mary," so he greeted me. "Have they been telling you all about Cordelia's grand conquest?"

"They left that to you, Terry," I said. "Who is the mysterious adorer? Tell me all about him, like a good boy."

"He's a rising man among us—in the Law Courts, I mean. He is my dearest friend; we are 'Dick' and 'Terry' to each other. He's just mad about music and singing and grand opera, and artistic cultivation generally. He is Irish by extraction, and on the look-out for a wife with kindred tastes to his own—one of the old faith. I told him about Deelie's voice and her piano-playing—that interested him from the very first. He wants an unsophisticated, simple girl who has lived face to face with Nature, and is as natural as her own surroundings." Terry laughed wickedly; I thought of Cordelia's saffron hair.

"My word, Tots, it'll take you all your time to live up to the grand character I've given you. You'd never have known it was meant for yourself. Like something else I showed him. Has Mary seen you?" he asked mysteriously.

"Not yet. I'll fetch it now," said Aunt Patsy.

Terry went on. "Dick says the London girls would like to live on their knees inside a draper's window, worshipping the silks and laces hanging round them."

When Aunt Patsy came back she had in her hand a large photograph.

"What do you think of that for a picture?" she said. It was the head and shoulders (about half life-size) of a lovely statuesque girl with almost perfect feat-

ures surrounded by an aureole of fair, wavy hair. Dark, dreamy eyes with long curling lashes and pencilled brows completed a charming picture.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. On my honour, I did not guess whom it was meant to represent. "Is this a relative, Aunt Patsy? It has a look of Cordelia."

"It may well have that. Deelie sat for it, anyway."

Her tone was offended. I was speechless with wonder, and disgusted at my own want of tact. But Deelie herself laughed.

"Small blame to you, Mary! 'Deed, I had no idea I was that good-looking myself till I saw that same."

"It's money well laid out, anyway," said Terry, "for it's got the girl a husband."

"One word for her and two for yourself, my boy," said his mother. "An influential brother-in-law will be the making of Terry Kelly—and don't you forget it."

Terry frowned at his mother, and hastily changed the subject.

"Well it was that photo did the trick with Dickie Hogan," he said.

"Dickie Hogan!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible you are speaking of Mr. Richard Hogan, who appears so often with Mr. Moffat, K.C., and is considered the rising man of the day?"

"The same man," answered Terry. "But I do a deal of the work myself that Old Moffat and Dickie get the credit for—and the money."

"Richard Hogan," I repeated, and I looked at Cordelia.

"Do you know him?" asked Terry.

"I have met Mr. Hogan once or twice," I replied. A vision came to me of a boat-race party at a charming old riverside house, all on a wild March morning. I saw again my handsome *vis-a-vis* at the breakfast table, who delighted us all with his infectious gaiety and happy repartee. The clear-cut, pale face and thoughtful dark eyes proclaimed the scholar and professional man; the silvering of the dark hair at the temples told that he was approaching middle age. But when he sang to us afterwards—

dainty love songs of his own composition—who that heard could ever forget the man “with the voice that could wile a bird off a tree,” as our hostess herself described him. And I found, later on, that his knowledge and comprehension of the great things in our literature were marvellous. And this man—poet, musician, idealist—was going to marry Cordelia Kelly!

Terry only stayed one night. His parting words were:

“Dick’ll be here on Friday. Mind you put your best foot foremost—the whole lot of ye.”

When Friday came the whole household was in a state of subdued expectation. Cordelia herself “touched up” her hair, and it was yellower, and her cheeks a deeper brick-colour than ever. Her eyes were wild and her voice shrill with excitement. She had donned a white serge skirt, cut short, to display her really neat feet, and a pink silk blouse, rather low at the neck. And the blouse, the hair, and the cheeks “swore” at each other furiously.

Mr. Hogan was to arrive at the farm in time for afternoon tea.

As Cordelia saw the car turn into the avenue she began “Nobil Signor” in tones that threatened to lift the roof off. And when her step-father came into the drawing-room with the visitor she seemed lost in an artistic rapture, and continued the noise.

An expression of pain quivered for an instant on Mr. Hogan’s quiet, refined face. He shook hands with Aunt Patsy, then, recognising me:

“An unexpected pleasure!” he exclaimed. “How comes Mrs. Meredith so far away from London and its giddy throng?”

“I’m recruiting with my kind relatives after a bad attack of influenza,” I told him.

“Tots, drop your singing, dear, and come and be introduced to Mr. Hogan,” said the proud mother. “Mr. Hogan, this is Tots.”

Tots gave him a large smile and a dazzling display of teeth as she came forward with outstretched hand. He shook it pleasantly, and looked round the room

as if in search of someone. After some small talk, Aunt Patsy told the still smiling Cordelia to “run and pour out our teas. The gentlemen will be glad of a cup after the cold drive from the station.”

Tots, with a little “moue,” took her place at the tea-table.

“One or two lumps of sugar for you, Mr. Hogan? You’re one of them that likes everything sweet—now, aren’t you?” she said archly.

“Milk only, if you please,” was his quiet reply.

I sat in a window-seat. Mr. Hogan stood beside me.

“What a pleasant outlook!” he remarked. Then he added, *sotto voce*, “Who is this ‘Tots’?”

“I—beg your pardon?” I said, for I thought my ears had deceived me.

“Who is the giddy young thing with the dyed hair and the voice like a screech-owl?”

“Mr. Hogan, that is Cordelia Kelly,” I said.

He gave me one piercing look. “Is that true?”

“Absolutely true. Didn’t you know?”

“How should I?”

Then there was a dead silence. He continued to gaze out of the window at the ragged lawn. I was afraid to look at him. I seemed to feel the bitterness of his disappointment, and I grieved for him from the bottom of my heart.

“Am I to bring you good people your teas? It’s poured out and waiting for you,” said Cordelia.

Mr. Hogan, recalled to himself, hastened to her side.

“My word, this would be early days for the lady to begin waiting on the gentleman,” said she, by way of delicate raillery.

“I beg your pardon, Miss Kelly,” was his reply.

“I’m ‘Tots’ to my friends.” She looked up so lovingly and so suddenly as he bent to lift the teacups from the tray that their faces almost met.

Richard Hogan did not seize the opportunity for any attempt at gallantry. He smiled kindly—almost wistfully—at the beaming Cordelia, and came back to the window-seat with a cup in each hand.

Just then Rose opened the door and announced breathlessly:

"Dan Murphy has sent to tell the master that Nora Creina's been took bad, and he thinks it's a fit."

In a moment Mr. and Mrs. O'Dwyer and Cordelia had hurried from the room with a word of apology.

"Who is Nora Creina?" Mr. Hogan asked, abruptly. "Is it another daughter?"

"Oh, no; one of the prize pigs." I doubt if he heard my reply.

"Do you see that post on the lawn?" he said. "I'd like to sit up there and get you, or anybody else, to throw bricks at my head all day long for a month—for a year—for the rest of my life!"

He was livid with misery and self-reproach.

"What a double-distilled, romantic ass I have been!" he went on, and I could make no reply. He turned to me almost savagely:

"Do you know that I have come over here to become engaged to that extraordinary female her mother calls 'Tots'?" he demanded.

"How did the thing come about?" I asked.

"You may well wonder," he replied. "I have been hearing much from her brother of this girl's beauty, accomplishments, and simple piety. He showed me an exquisite photo. I suppose I lost my head. We all have our one mad hour—that was mine. I'm sane enough now, and I mean to keep so. Let me be frank with you. A bride with a fairly good dowry and suitable in all other respects is not to be met with every day, and——"

"But I don't think Cordelia has a penny," I said, interrupting him.

"Terence told me the step-father would give the girl five thousand pounds on her wedding day."

"I believe my Uncle Clement would rather die," I told him.

"No matter," he replied. "It serves me right for allowing such a consideration to weigh with me even for one moment." He paused. Then he burst out in a low tone of concentrated anger and disgust:

"Mrs. Meredith, I would not marry that girl if she were robed in gold and crowned with diamonds. I would rather drown myself. I must get out of this hideous entanglement somehow. Can't you help me?"

"I don't know what to do," I said.

"Can't I pretend to be mad or drunk, and kiss the girl at the dinner-table?"

"Cordelia would like that," I said.

He shuddered. "The thing cannot go on. But I haven't the brutality to break it off myself. The girl must refuse me."

"I'm afraid there's no hope of that," I said.

"She asked me to call her 'Tots'," he said dolefully, "so I suppose she thinks I'll do. But I tell you I must be kicked out of this house in disgrace before I'm twenty-four hours older, or I'll fly the country."

There was a dead silence. Then there came to us the clatter of knives and forks, and Rose's voice calling out as she passed through the hall on the way to the dining-room:

"And if you're five minutes late with the dinner, Miss Deelie says she'll be like to murder you, for it's just tearing with hunger she is!"

"I have it!" I said.

"What?"

"An idea that will save you."

"God bless you!" he said with fervent gratitude. "I'll do anything you tell me."

My suggestion was made in half a minute, for we heard the trio returning to the room. He wrung my hand with a fervour that was almost pathetic.

"I see a rift in the cloud," he said, with returning cheerfulness.

"Cordelia is as sharp as a needle. You'll remember to be careful," I warned him.

"Trust me!" was his fervent reply.

At that moment the others came back into the room.

"And how is the invalid?" he said cheerfully.

Aunt Patsy shook her head, Uncle Clement groaned dismally.

"Deed, if she's not better to-morrow they'll have to kill her to save her life," said Cordelia.



"Meaning——?" said Mr. Hogan.

"If the beast is killed she can be sold. But if she dies she's a dead loss, and that's letting you into a secret. Dinner's in half an hour, Mr. Hogan."

"Clemmie, show Mr. Hogan to his room," said Aunt Patsy, fearing further revelations.

An hour later we were all assembled in the drawing-room, shivering in the unusual glory of evening dress, when Mr. Hogan entered, and steered his way dexterously to the fireplace through the maze of small tables and occasional chairs.

"Are you still cold?" said Aunt Patsy.

"I generally am," he said, quite cheerfully. "I am always shivering in winter. Perhaps it's owing to my diet." He laughed, and remarked confidentially, "Do you know, Mrs. O'Dwyer, if it weren't too absurd, I could have declared I smelt meat—roast meat—as I came through the hall just now."

"Fancier ye smelt meat!" cried Deelie vivaciously. "My word, some of us would be sorry if ye didn't, and that's a fact."

His expression of pained surprise was perfect. "Then you are not all vegetarians?" he said, regretfully. "Only Miss Deelie here—I mean Tots?" He gave the young lady a little playful smile as he spoke.

"Me a vegetarian! Well, I like that." Deelie laughed shrilly. "Me—that can take a meat meal three times a day, and finish up with a plateful of sandwiches before I go to bed!"

Mr. Hogan's expression of horror was not entirely assumed.

"Who told you that fairy tale?" she continued. "Was it that young Terry?"

"Certainly not," said the suitor hastily. "I merely had that impression. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought. Though I must say I had hoped that on all essential points we should be one—in our tastes and fads, and on the all-important point of food. But we can discuss the matter later on."

We left the drawing-room and took our seats round the dinner-table in almost dead silence. The table was loaded with excellent and appetising fare, and I sorely

pitied poor, hungry Dickie Hogan, for I knew the ordeal before him was both painful and trying.

"Come on now, Mr. Hogan," Aunt Patsy opened the campaign. "Ye'll never have the heart to refuse a slice from the breast of as fine a turkey as ever had its neck twisted, and a bit of wan of Mr. O'Dwyer's finest prize pigs. A real pet this was"—she pointed with a carving-knife to the leg of roast pork before her—"knew us all at sight, and almost cried with joy when Mr. O'Dwyer spared a minute to stand and scratch its back."

Even a moderate meat eater would scarcely find his appetite quickened by such a recommendation. Mr. Hogan shook his head.

"Impossible, my dear Mrs. O'Dwyer—quite impossible. What are our principles worth if we haven't the courage to stick to them through thick and thin?"

"Principles!" said Uncle Clemmie, in disgust. "Maybe a slice of prime roast beef would be more to your mind?"

"Come on now, Mr. Hogan. Won't you say the word?"

"Potato and greens only, thank you, all the same. And if you will be so very good, a bit of butter. Now this is a dinner fit for an emperor." Richard Hogan pointed to his frugal plateful, and attacked it with zest. Cordelia's look of pity and amazement was a sight to see.

"Just let me give you wan little spoonful of gravy," coaxed Aunt Patsy. I could see that her heart ached for the misguided man.

Again Mr. Hogan shook his head. "The gravy is really the quintessence of the meat. I mustn't—I really mustn't. I couldn't look a bullock in the face if I did. I should feel as if it had the right to despise me."

"Lord bless my soul, this is awful!" cried Uncle Clement. "The man talks of a bullock as if it were a human being."

"I shouldn't care so long as I could stick my knife and fork into a bit of underdone steak," said Cordelia, joyfully attacking a well-filled plate. "Have you ever been on the links for six or eight hours at a stretch, Mr. Hogan?"

"Often and often, Miss Deelie."

"Well, what do you take with you as a stand-by?"

"Parsley sandwiches, as a rule," he answered, simply.

I almost began to believe he was speaking the truth.

"Nice tasty things," said the fair enslaver with a shrug. "And what do you wash them down with?"

"Cold tea, sometimes," he answered, timidly.

"Cold misery," said Cordelia bluntly. "I say, this is an awful look-out for me."

"Poor Deelie!" said her mother, sympathetically. "You're wan that sets great store by your meals. Though better that than the drink. And you'll agree with me there, Mr. Hogan?"

Mr. Hogan answered very earnestly: "I hope—I sincerely hope, Miss Cordelia, that I may be able to induce you to change your views. Otherwise, as you have just remarked, it is certainly a very awful look-out for us both."

Cordelia's face fell. "Would you really like me to try?" she said, faltering.

"If you would care to please me, Tots."

She looked at his handsome, wistful face, and then she sighed. "Take that away, Rose"—she pointed to her plate—"and bring me some vegetables only. But I must have some gravy to give them a flavour. You might let me off easy to begin with," she said, with a burst of feeling.

"I call that very nice indeed of you, Miss Deelie," said Mr. Hogan, joyfully. "You'll soon begin to loathe all that kind of thing." He pointed to the turkey, and shuddered as he glanced at the roast of beef.

"Not me," said Cordelia, sturdily. "I'm not built that way. Fill it up, Rose." She pointed to her glass. "I'll need lashings of beer to pull me through my dinner without falling dead under the table."

"Beer!" echoed Mr. Hogan, in a tone of utmost disappointment. "You don't mean to tell me you drink beer!"

"God bless my soul and body!" cried Uncle Clement. "Of course the girl drinks beer. Every sensible man or woman does drink beer!"

"I don't," said Hogan, imperturbably. Aunt Patsy gallantly threw herself into the breach.

"I'm on your side there, Mr. Hogan—heart and soul," she said. "Beer is apt to lie chilly on the stomach. Pass the whiskey to Mr. Hogan, Clement; and think shame of yourself."

"For you, Mrs. O'Dwyer?" said the visitor politely.

"After you, Mr. Hogan."

He shook his head. "Not for me, thank you, all the same. The oath says 'neither touch, taste, nor handle.' Kindly take that thing away from before me," he said to Rose. After that there was a gloomy silence. Then Aunt Patsy said, with some dignity:

"We'd be glad to know what drink to offer you, Mr. Hogan."

"Some milk and soda, if I may."

"Well, well, there's no accounting for taste," she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Taste—and conscience," said Mr. Hogan with a charming smile.

"Well, I'm blest!" said Tots. "And Terry said we'd find you such a jolly fellow!"

"And so I am," was his earnest reply. "I assure you it is quite possible to be jovial—and—and almost frisky on very hot lemonade."

"Very hot devils!" growled Uncle Clement.

Dickie Hogan went on calmly: "And ginger ale with a dash of cayenne pepper is quite intoxicating. Do you know," he said frankly, "I was once quite drunk—excuse the phrase, please."

"We've heard the word before," said Aunt Patsy, drily.

"May I tell you all about it?" he asked.

We all distinctly brightened. He went on:

"My only excuse is that it was my birthday, and I met some friends who tempted me, and I—well, I got shamelessly intoxicated. I know I drank several glasses. It made me very, very ill."

"Was it whiskey?" said Deelie curiously.

"It was wine," he replied sadly. "Green ginger wine."

Uncle Clement's eyes were glaring with

fury; he was breathing deeply and expelling the air slowly from his puffed cheeks, as if he were swimming. Deelie looked sulkily at her glass of beer, and seemed about to burst into tears. For myself, I was trembling like a leaf. Our scheme was so painfully successful that I was frightened. Only Mr. Hogan kept up a ripple of merry conversation, to which I occasionally responded. But the others of the party were mute: all the laughter gone dead out of them.

When we returned to the drawing-room after the dreariest of dinners, the two men followed us almost immediately. Deelie was pressed to sing, but she refused point-blank.

"I'm too hungry," she said abruptly. "I'm as empty as a drum!" She caught her breath hysterically, and her eyes were full of tears of misery.

"You may feel like that for a month or two——" Mr. Hogan began.

"Will I?" she burst out. "And what'll I feel like after three months—if I'm alive?"

"After that you'll feel as if you don't care whether you ever eat or not. That's the grand side of vegetarianism!" Hogan said with enthusiasm.

Uncle Clement pushed a box of cigars towards his guest.

"D'ye smoke?" he said gruffly.

Mr. Hogan hesitated. "Well, I do and I don't," he began.

"One of them's a lie," said the old man with terrible calm. "Which it it?"

Mr. Hogan gave a frank, boyish laugh. "I have tried to smoke quite a number of times," he said, "and I'm sure I should get to like it very much indeed if it didn't make me so confoundedly sick. Perhaps I could get through one of these if I tried. May I?"

He fingered one of Uncle Clemmie's cherished Havanas curiously as he spoke. "These are what are called cheroots. Am I right?"

"Entirely wrong—not that it matters. These are the very choicest cigars that can be bought for money." Mr. O'Dwyer peered at Dick Hogan over the top of his spectacles. "If I could bring

myself to give you one, would you know what to do with it?"

"You light one end, of course. Does it matter which?" said Hogan.

"Not a bit," Cordelia replied calmly. "You can light both ends if you like and put the middle in your mouth."

But Uncle Clement took the cigar from him, replaced it in the box, and closed the lid. "It would be thrown away on a man like you," he remarked. "You had better try one of Deelie's cigarettes."

"Dear me! dear me! Do you allow Miss Cordelia to smoke?" His distress and agitation were painfully evident. "I could never bring myself to countenance such a shocking practice—never!—never!"

"He does," said Deelie, sturdily, her face and eyes flaming with fury. "Look here, Mr. Hogan; you and I had better have it out, once for all, and be done with it." She folded her arms and stood upright before him. "I eat meat—piles of it. I drink beer, whiskey, brandy and soda, champagne, and anything that's going. I smoke cigarettes by the hundred. And I can swear. And—I—do—swear, too—*something horrible!*—when I'm driven to it. And, 'deed, I'm driven to it now, but I don't want to spoil your night's rest! And now ye can't say I didn't give ye the truth about Cordelia Kelly!"

There was a dead silence for about ten seconds. Then Richard Hogan spoke:

"Miss Kelly," he said, quietly but heartily, "I admire you."

"I'm off to bed," she said. "The evening has been long enough for all the enjoyment we have had out of it. I'm afraid you and I would never pull together, Mr. Hogan; but you needn't break your heart if I bid you good-bye to-morrow morning and a fair wind to your sail. Good-night to you all. I'm off."

And Cordelia Kelly marched out of the room. After a short interval of constrained conversation, Mr. and Mrs. O'Dwyer, too, rose and bade us a stiff good-night.

"May I write for an hour or two in the dining-room?" I asked.

And Aunt Patsy replied: "This is Liberty Hall, Mary. I'll tell Rose to put some sandwiches and sherry on the table for you." This was just what I wanted.

"I think I shall follow your example, Mrs. O'Dwyer, and retire to bed," said Mr. Hogan. "I'm afraid the journey has upset me. I don't feel at all well."

An hour later, as I sat quietly waiting, Dick Hogan crept downstairs and stole into the dining-room, and fell to with a will on the plate of sandwiches.

"This is going to save my life," he said, as he took a huge bite out of his second sandwich. "My dear Mrs. Meredith, I assure you I was meditating an attack on the hen-roost."

At that instant we heard someone coming downstairs.

"That is Cordelia's step," I said in alarm. "You had better not be seen eating!"

There was no time to meditate. In an instant he had dived out of sight below the dining-table. A moment later Cordelia, pale and wan of eye, put her head in at the door.

"I was on my way to the pantry," she said, "when I heard your voice. Is it a story you're writing?"

"Yes," I said. "I like to hear how my conversations sound, so I read them aloud sometimes."

Her eyes fell on the sandwiches. "This is what I'm on the prowl for," she said. "You'll never eat all these, Mary. I'll be glad to give you a hand with them. Sherry! The Lord be praised!"

Cordelia drew in a chair, and seemed in no hurry to go.

Poor Dick Hogan! An hour passed,

and then, when he crept out from under the table, there was nothing left for him but a few crumbs on an empty plate!

Next morning Cordelia did not make her appearance at the breakfast table. Rose explained to Mrs. O'Dwyer:

"Miss Deelie went out in the side-car at seven o'clock this morning, and she left this note for you, ma'am."

Aunt Patsy read the letter and handed it to me. "Do you mind reading that aloud, Mary?"

And I read:

"DEAR MATER,—I'm off to stay with Hetty Moore for a week. I'll be engaged to Gussie when I come back. Give that miserable London Johnnie the enclosed note, and tell him he can go."

When the deeply offended and wounded parents had left the breakfast table, Richard Hogan opened and read the letter, handed it to me, and straightway fell into one smothered peal of laughter after another. It ran as follows:

"MR. RICHARD HOGAN,—You did it very well.—CORDELIA KELLY.

"P.S.—Sorry I ate all your sandwiches, but I was hungry, too.

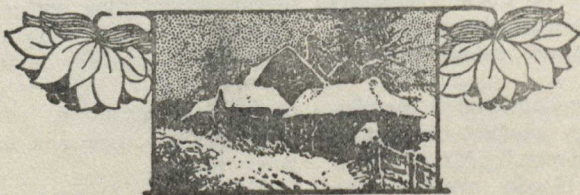
"PP.S.—Hope I didn't hurt you.  
C. K."

"What does that last sentence mean?" I asked him.

When he could speak—

"She had her foot on my chest for nearly an hour!" he said. And he gave himself up once more to hopeless mirth.

Three months later there came an exceedingly handsome wedding present to Cordelia Kelly: "From her very sincere admirer and friend, Richard Hogan."



# Geography of Canadian Genius

By WILLIAM J. PITTS

*An appreciation of Canadian aptitudes and tendencies as displayed in distinctive provincial types.*

NUMEROUS statistical articles have been compiled both in the United States and Great Britain illustrative of the fact that genius is not a national affair, but the production of local environment, slightly augmented by the racial characteristics of the community. In England, for example, it is obvious to the most superficial student of history that the northern counties, peopled largely by a Teutonic stock, whose intellectual qualities were in harmony with their rugged physical surroundings, have been by far the most prolific of the country's subdivisions in their production of mathematicians and philosophers. Pastoral Warwickshire, on the other hand, with its "Celtic fringe," was the natural home of a Shakespeare, as was cosmopolitan tears-and-laughter-throbbing London the actual and ideal school of a Dickens.

In Canada the same principle applies, although the inhabitants of each province are too consolidated by constant intermarriage to admit of any fine ethnological distinctions. Nor do we wish to assert that this Dominion has as yet produced any genius whose name could be coupled with the names of Great Britain's many political and literary immortals. Genius is a very general word, here used as indicative of men more endowed than the average man with aptitudes for literature, commerce, politics, or science.

The Maritime Provinces, like the New England States of the American Republic,

are especially noted, because of their fecundity in men of the purely "intellectual" type, such as statesmen, *litterateurs*, journalists, educationists. This general statement is, of course, open to analysis, as each of the three provinces possess a marked individuality.

Nova Scotia has produced several *litterateurs* of a high rank, but the Province has been first in her production of statesmen, by which we do not mean mere professional politicians, but the keen student of constitutional history, whose talents raise him above all mediocrity. To seek the cause of this fact, it is not necessary to go far. The first settlement in this Province by the English took place away back in the middle of the eighteenth century, ten years before Wolfe's victory at Quebec, half a century before any important immigration had reached Ontario. This respectable age as a Province would give a more western community a supreme advantage over its neighbours. Nova Scotia's great insularity, however, has excluded those many influences which, added to her historical status as a Province, would have increased her wealth and population tenfold.

The consequence of living in a State whose life lacks strenuousness is the development of the reflective division of the mind at the expense of the active, calculating qualities, which conceive and execute financial enterprises. Such was the provincial life of this Maritime Province till within the last ten years or so of the last

century. The burning question of Confederation, however, prevented the Nova Scotian mind from becoming sterile through unprofitable thinking. First came the cry of a thoughtful minority for a union with Canada; then the consummation of the same; then the frenzied outcry for repeal; finally the pacification of the Provincialists through the influence of a wise national policy. Two names stand out pre-eminently above all others in the political life of this Province, those of the late Hon. Joseph Howe and Lieutenant-Governor Jones, recently deceased. These men were both strong anti-Confederates; the great Confederate was Sir Charles Tupper.

New Brunswick is a Province that has had a remarkable share of political smooth-sailing. Her legislators have not been confronted with any problem which could be justly compared in political magnitude with the Atlantic Fisheries Dispute of Nova Scotia or the Land Question of Prince Edward Island. She flung her anchor quietly into the sea of union, accompanied only by the sound of her lumber axes. Her sturdy sons, scattered widely over her forest-clad area, racked their brains for no political purpose, but in order to find fitting phrases and couplets to sing the glories of their native pine trees. It is rather difficult to assign any particular class of intellect to this Province, but as the names of Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman are of international repute, we will credit New Brunswick with a high rank as a home and producer of that ubiquitous personage, the Canadian Man of Letters.

Coming to Prince Edward Island, the smallest but not the least important of the Maritime group, we find that this tiny Province has been an intellectual distributing centre for the American Republic. A few of her sons, Sir Louis Davies among them, have gained a prominent place in the national life of our Dominion, but the Prince Edward Islander's talent has principally been exploited in the United States. It is a versatile type of genius which this easternmost Province produces. Legislators, preachers, university professors, and journalists have sprung from this hardy soil. The uni-

versity professor, however, is probably better represented by the Islander abroad than any other class of men. President Schurman, of Cornell, might be cited as the chief example, among the many Island scholars, who fill remunerative chairs in colleges of a high standard, "from Maine to California." There is also a more recent appointment, that of Dr. Falconer to the Presidency of the University of Toronto.

Quebec is a Province where the growing youth is nurtured upon philosophy and kept mentally active with judicious instalments of the classics. Such an education, added to the young Frenchman's poetical environment, soul-stirring traditions, and naturally eloquent temperament, combines to turn the amateur philosopher into a practical politician, who, unlike the resolute Nova Scotian, enters the lists for the pure love of the game, and not through the altruistic motives which stir the purpose of the patriotic middle-aged French-Canadian. Although the most prominent type of intellect to be found in this ancient Province is that of the professional politician, literary Quebec should not be forgotten, particularly when we have before us such virile specimens of Canadian verse as the poetry of Louis Frechette and Frederick George Scott.

Let us now survey Ontario, big, bustling, overgrown Ontario, the great commercial Province of our Dominion. The natives of this huge country within a country have apparently taken Carlyle's iron dictum fervently to heart: "Do the duty that lies nearest thee, and what thou conceivest to be a duty." Ontario has been the home of *litterateurs*, such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Ralph Connor, Archibald Lampman, and Duncan Campbell Scott, but the great bent of Ontario genius has been of the "bread-and-butter" class. The aptitude for conducting extensive financial operations is not wanting here. The multi-millionaire is an indigenous product, as also is the learned barrister or eminent physician. If one seeks genius in Ontario, he must look for it in the commonplace; that is, among the ordinary business pursuits of the day, and in the learned professions.

Nevertheless, this intense concentration upon the things that be shows a powerful provincial intellectuality, for more mental energy is required to keep in the beaten path than to acquire that which is radical.

The West, by which we mean Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia, is not intellectually bankrupt, though the superficial observer might be led to believe so. In the comparatively near future the West of our Dominion shall also send forth a vigorous type of greatness. That its genius will be of a practical order, it is very safe to prophesy. A new community, with extensive natural resources, worships a strong administrative

brain. A philosophical thinker may appear in the course of a century, but the main trend of intellect will be material.

Canada is still in a state of social consolidation. Canadians are five times more united to-day than they were two decades ago. In the course of the next ten years a still greater change will probably be apparent. It will then be possible to assign a distinctive type of intellect to the Dominion as a nation. However, as provincial traits and customs relieve a national life from any appearance of monotony, so shall mind working in its various channels survey national problems in so many different ways, that unbiased judgments shall be the result.

## Maidenhood

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

WHERE the buds are white and pink,  
 On the trees the bursting green,  
 In the land of "Oh, I think,"  
 In the years, years that have been;  
 'Neath the blue of perfect skies,  
 With the smile upon her lips,  
 With the wonder in her eyes  
 And the world at finger tips.

Merging from the dewy morn,  
 Dazzling is the noon-day heat,  
 And the thunder of the storm,  
 With its quick, pulsating beat;  
 Watching shadowy figures glide  
 In a new world just anon;  
 Still does dim regret abide  
 For the morning prayer and song.

To the future vaguely reaches,  
 With a tearful glance behind;  
 Listening, while the new hour teaches,  
 With great eyes that seek to find  
 That vast something, for which speaks  
 All the longing of the heart,  
 In the land where mankind seeks  
 For the still great, unknown part.

# Wawonaissa and Morning Light

By A. WRIGHT

*An Indian Legend of the Sand Dunes of Prince Edward County, Ontario.*

"YAH-O-O-O! Yah-o-o-o!"

The young bucks ashore, responding to the shout, send over the water a glad, loud welcome.

"Yah-o-o-o!" again comes answering back, and the paddles of the warriors flash silver as they stir the liquid gold of the sun-lit waters, till soon, like winged birds, the birch-bark craft have cut the intervening waves, and grating on the pebbly beach are quickly drawn ashore.

Attracted by the noise, group after group of redmen emerge from the shade of the forest, and listen eagerly to the tales of bravery told by those who have been on the warpath and are returned home, victorious.

Great are the rejoicings, and soon preparation for a dance of conquest is begun. The squaws, hurrying here and there, light camp-fires and make ready a feast for their wearied braves.

Many and fair to look on, are the dark-eyed maidens of the tribe, who lend a deft hand in brewing the herb drink and helping the old squaws to cook the savoury meats for the hungry men. Yonder is a maid, graceful as the fawn her arrow has this day killed. Near her glides a girl whose dark eyes flash like the glow-worms that are beginning to lighten the deepening shade of the forest. There, in the red glow of a fire, stands a third, whose rounded limbs, shapely bust, and stately carriage are unequalled by any in all the tribes around; and by her side is one, who, if less beautiful in form,

is fairer of face, and with lips and cheeks shaming carmine flowers hung in festoons around her neck and twined in the midnight blackness of her hair.

But fairer to look upon, infinitely more beautiful than all, is she, pausing afar in the half-lights, where the red glow of the fire blends into the grays of the creeping night. See, she leans in careless grace on the drooping vines that hang from the lower branches of a maple, and the white pearl of the shells around her arms snatch the light from the distant fires.

The Great Spirit hides the sun beneath the waters of the broad lake, and wraps the earth in mystery-filled darkness, while down through the branches of the trees the stars begin to peep and wonder why this maiden lingers here alone, and so long; why, too, her eyes, filled with sadness, are constantly turned to the distance whence the warriors have returned. A whip-poor-will begins its plaintive note, and an ugly bat flaps his wings in her face; but, indifferent to both, *The Morning Light* still stands with her gaze fixed on the far-off, beyond the mystic vapours where the sky and waters meet.

Yet, why should this only child of the Great Chief absent herself from the other maidens and the many lovers who woo her, and, with trouble on her face, turn from the camp-fires of her tribe. In all the land there is no other such Eden as this spot whereon her people dwell. There is here a magnificent forest filled with birds of many kinds, while deer and bear



and big game can be had for the killing; fruit, nuts and rice are more than abundant, and the waters teem with fish. Hunger and disease are unknown in the camp, and this child of the Big Chief is favoured by the Great Spirit. Why, therefore, should she stand with troubled face?

She, too, is thinking of all this, and contrasting her prosperity with that of the maidens in the camps her braves have just conquered. She recalls how, not many moons ago, when she was captured by this people, now vanquished and taken by them away over the great lake, she had in their homes seen want and sickness stalk gaunt and grim through their ranks, until maidens and youths and men alike went mad or died.

She shuddered at the remembrance of such scenes; then, as the look in the dark eyes of one of those half-starved braves comes back to her, it can be divined what is eating at her heart, for reaching out her arms toward that distant land, she whispers with a sobbing sigh, "Wawonaissa, Wawonaissa!"

Then the stars shine softly, for they know her mind is filled with the likeness of this young warrior who, in her captivity, had pitied her, and daring the wrath of his people had loosened the cruel cords that cut so deeply into her tender flesh, and had given her the herb drink when she would have fallen in exhaustion. Then, too, when the demon, *Famine*, was gnawing at his own vitals, he had brought her his scanty food; he had thrown over her shivering form the bear-skin which should have sheltered himself from the bitter cold of those autumn days. When the stake was planted at which she was to burn, Wawonaissa that night had crept softly among the sleeping guards, and wrapping her in the big bear-skin had carried her out from the wigwams and down to the water's edge, where he had hidden two canoes among the tall grasses.

Placing her in one, he sprang in behind her, and swiftly over the lake shot the two boats, for the second was fastened by a cord of twisted grasses to the first. Far into the night they paddled, each dip of the blade speeding them like the bounding of a deer.

When the night was half gone Wawonaissa ceased beating the moon-lit waters. Looking the maiden steadfastly in the face, he said:

"Farewell. The camp of the maiden's father is not now so far off that she cannot find and reach it in safety. Wawonaissa must make haste and return to his people, lest the breaking of day awake them, and they, finding him absent, know that for the love of a woman, he has proved false to his friends. So he will return, and go to the wigwam where *The Morning Light* should still be, and raise the cry that she has flown. When they find that she has gone they will look for a missing canoe, but all will be there, for that in which the maiden sits was built in secret for her escape. So they will say that she is in the forest, and they will hunt there for her until darkness covers the land. But she will be nearing the camp-fire of her father."

He had paused and watched the wavelets lapping the sides of his canoe; then, without looking up, he went on in a low voice:

"If the pipe of peace could be smoked between our tribes; if the Great Spirit would again bring plenty to my land and stay the evil that kills my people, and Wawonaissa was greatest of all Big Chiefs, he might be brave enough to tell *The Morning Light* how he loves her, and ask her to make his wigwam hers—to dwell in his camp and make his braves her slaves. But she is the child of a Great Chief. Wawonaissa is a dog! And so—farewell."

Springing lightly into the canoe that was fastened behind he cut the cord that held it to the other, and paddled quickly away.

The Indian girl reached her home in safety, but the remembrance of the dark-faced brave had come with her. So, when a few days earlier the warriors of her tribe had gone to make war on her lover's people, her heart was torn with many conflicting emotions.

And now, her friends had returned victorious. She should be glad and rejoice with them. But, Wawonaissa—what of him? A great fear for him had come over her, and with a yearning cry

she now turns to the water, sobbing softly as she goes, "Wawonaissa, Wawonaissa!"

Scarce have the words left her lips ere she springs back in affright, for, from the shell-strewn shore, where the wavelets, gurgling, lap the yellow sands, the voice of her lover answers, calling her name.

For a moment, as she listens, she believes it is his voice speaking to her from the Spirit Land. But the moon, which has silently stolen to a place among the watching stars, and is already tipping the tree-tops and waves and ripples with her silvery light, shows *The Morning Light* a dark object lying on the beach, and creeping cautiously nearer, she finds it to be Wawonaissa, bound and wounded.

Vain is her feeble strength to loosen the tightly knotted cords that hold him, and useless her efforts to sever them with the sharpest stones. She dare not venture to her wigwam for something with which to cut them, lest her action arouse suspicion and bring a swift fate upon him.

Faster and faster, madder and madder grows the dance in the forest. Many have missed *The Morning Light*, but none have time to seek her, and she, knowing the men are excited and crazed with victory and gluttony, and in no mood to listen to pleadings for their captives' release, bides her time.

Hopefully, almost cheerfully, she bathes the wounds of Wawonaissa, and rests his throbbing head upon her lap, for she thinks that when the day has come again, and her father, the Great Chief, learns their captive is Wawonaissa, the brave who saved her life, he will surely free him, and loading him with gifts, return him to his home.

The morrow comes, but a sore sickness creeps over the Great Chief. Because of his gluttony of the night before, an evil spirit enters him, and he rolls in the agony of its torture. So, because of his torment, the words of *The Morning Light* have no meaning for him, and though she weeps and pleads that he bid the braves to set their captive free, he heeds her not.

Again the evening stars begin their watch, and they tremble with pity as they see Wawonaissa led forth and bound to a stake. But before the fire is lighted

around him he must be made a victim for their sport, a target for their arrows. Then, as quick as the first bow is raised, *The Morning Light* springs, thrilling in her pride and beauty, and with a dignity that would not beshame her father, the Great Chief, she stands before the men who would make sport of the dying agony of their prisoner, and bids them pause, whilst she tells them the story of her own captivity and release.

One or two of the bucks drop their bows, as she tells of the goodness of Wawonaissa to their Chief's daughter, but other of the youths note the softening of her glance as she turns to the prisoner, and they grow hard with jealousy and urge that the sport go on. Others, with minds easily swayed, join in the cry, and again the bow is drawn. But swifter than the cord will bend, the girl encircles the captive with her outstretched arms and cries:

"Cowards! Which of you dare shoot into the body of *The Morning Light*, your Great Chief's child? For your bow must first pass through her before it shall strike Wawonaissa. Go," she commanded haughtily, "tell your Chief the words his daughter has said, and bring him hither, for the herbs and roots the squaws have given him are driving out the evil spirits that torment him. Then, if he, knowing all, and looking on his child, can bid you shoot, it shall be so."

The Indians fall back, but for a moment there is a dangerous silence. Yet none dare risk the maiden's life or to force her from her position.

Then two youths, burning with jealousy, hasten to the Chief, and tell him that the youth they have captured is not an Indian, but an evil spirit, who has so bewitched his daughter that she stands with arms about him and her body shielding him from their arrows, should they shoot.

The old Chief, sore in body, and bitter because he must move, hastens towards the gathering of men, and calls to his daughter to stand aside so the braves may kill so evil a thing as this bewitching spirit.

But, keeping her place before her lover, she repeats again for her father's ears the story of her capture. Knowing well

his love for herself, she brings to his mind a recollection of the agony he endured when he believed she—because she was the daughter of so great a Chief—would be subjected to the tortures usually reserved for the male captives. Tall, stately, with magnificent poise, she stands erect, her body a shield for her wounded lover at the stake, and says:

“The Great Chief, my father, sat in his wigwam. But he was great no longer, nor brave. He, who knew no fear for himself or his men, was crushed at the thought of suffering for his daughter. All day he sat with his face on his knees and grieved, speaking no word to any. In all the world there was nothing he cared to hunt. The fish and the beasts and the birds had no flavour, for his stomach was gone. His braves were dogs; his squaws were hideous; his bow was broken; his arrows were trodden into the dust, and his tomahawk was red with the rust he let cover it. The bone had crept from his back, and the sinews had shrunk in his arm, so he was old and withered. Instead of big words coming from his mouth, words that made all who heard them fear—he muttered without meaning; and, crouching, wept like a woman for his child. Thus, was my father the Great Chief, the greatest of all big men, whom all feared, who knew not before the meaning of fear!

“But, behold! A hand—the hand of Wawonaissa—reached out and touched him, and he arose, strong once more, and well—for the medicine Wawonaissa gave him was the return of his child, safe and unharmed.

“And can my father strike the hand that has done him so good a thing? No; he is too big and brave for such an act! Go!” turning to the crowd, “unloose the young man! *The Morning Light* knows her father; she speaks his thoughts.”

But the braves, balked of their sport, and full of jealousy, shouted:

“No! This man’s people would have tortured the maiden. We will torture him. We will shoot him full of holes! We will fill him with our arrows, then burn the dog ere he dies!”

The old Chief, twisted and gnarled in temper by the pains and sickness still on

him, and remembering, despite her words, only the tortures his daughter had escaped, commands her to stand aside, and motions the crowd to do as they please with the prisoner.

The girl, strong in her faith of her father’s nobleness, and believing his motion means the release of her lover, turns in gladness, saying:

“I will go with you, Wawonaissa, and dwell in your wigwam, even if hunger and the Evil Spirit abide there, and rain and snow beat in and chill me. *The Morning Light* loves her people, and her father is the joy of her life; but dearer than these is Wawonaissa. She will return with him to his land, and peace shall be between our people.”

The Great Chief, hearing her words, grows hot with anger, and drawing her roughly aside bids his men “Shoot, kill the dog!” Immediately an arrow hisses through the air and lodges in the arm of Wawonaissa.

For a moment the girl stands dumb with amazement and horror; then, wrenching herself from her father’s grasp, she bounds like a panther to her lover’s side and, facing the Chief and assembled crowd, cries in a fury:

“Hear me, O my father! Harken to me, all you people!

“Yesterday, there dwelt in this land—in this place—a people blessed by the Great Spirit above all others. The old men were wise, the young men strong; all were brave and noble. Therefore, the Great Spirit loved them, and filled their forests with food, and put his waves around to guard them. He kept the evil spirits from their tents, and threw victory over their warpaths, and the people were known and feared among all nations.

“But now their Great Chief has become a serpent and stings the hand that cured his wound, and the braves become little snakes and add their sting, so the Great Spirit looks down with anger on this creeping people, and bids me say:

“This nest of vipers shall be driven from the camping ground of their fathers; sickness, hunger and scorn shall be theirs until they are remembered among the redmen no longer, for their bravery shall pass from them, and in the end their very name

shall be forgotten! But first, the spirits of Wawonaissa and *The Morning Light* will cover your camping place with a great white sheet that will put out your fires, smother your trees, and cause the deer and the bear to flee before it!"

Turning to an Indian still standing with partially drawn bow, the girl continued: "So, do your work! Have I not told you what is the will of the Great Spirit? Why do you stand doubting if he shall die? Shoot! It is our fate, and yours!"

The man, scarcely comprehending her words, let fly his arrow, lodging it in the thigh of the captive. Thus encouraged, another brave, honestly believing the maiden bewitched, draws tight his bow, and his arrow, too, speeds onward with its hissing song.

But, swifter than the flying missile, the Indian girl turns and throws her arms about her tortured lover, and the arrow, speeding on its way, cuts through her heart ere it enters the breast of Wawonaissa.

∩

Time creeps on; but the braves of that tribe, remembering the words of *The*

*Morning Light*, grow superstitious and faint-hearted, so they no longer follow the warpath with confidence, sure of victory. The squaws begin to whisper of a white sand—strange to them, and unlike that which has hitherto covered the beach—which, day by day, spreads and deepens, and creeps inland; and its colour is that of the dead faces of *The Morning Light* and her lover. On it comes, slowly, silently, resistlessly, never tiring, always moving, burying alike grass and shrubs and the tallest trees, and stretching great hills of itself over the old camp-ground. And the Indians know it is *The Morning Light* and Wawonaissa, with their great white sheet to blot out the resting-place of their people.

∩

Hundreds of years have passed, and the name of that once famous tribe has been forgotten, but the spirits of the Indian lovers still haunt the old camp-ground, and each year they spread deeper and farther their great white sheet, the ever drifting sand dunes of Prince Edward County.



# The History of the Willow Pattern

By PHIL IVES

*An article of much interest and value to lovers of antique China and its decorative possibilities.*

Two pigeons flying high,  
Chinese vessel sailing by,  
Weeping willow hanging o'er,  
Bridge with three men—if not four.  
Chinese Temple, there it stands,  
Seems to cover all the land;  
Apple tree with apples on,  
A pretty fence to end my song.



A FINE OLD SPODE SOUP TUREEN STAND, SHOWING THE "DAGGER" BORDER

**W**ILLOW pattern china was first made in England in 1780 at Caughley, in the County of Shropshire. The pattern, which is truly Oriental, with exaggerations, was designed and engraved by Thomas Minton for Thomas Turner. In describing the pattern, I cannot do better than quote from a lecture given by the Rev. Henry Allon, who says:

"The most remarkable development of the potter's art pertains to those queer,

incarnate types of antiquity, the Chinese. While the art of tempering and glazing was disappearing in Europe, the Chinese and their neighbours, the Japanese, had been for centuries making that peculiar porcelain with which, in its grotesque determination to put down all tyrannical laws of perspective and proportion, you are all familiar. Who is there who has not daguerreotyped upon his brain every line and dot of the immortal blue willow pattern? A pattern so-called on account of its astounding willow, with its four bunches of triple prince's feathers for foliage, and its inconceivable root growing out of an impossible soil; its magical bridge suspended like a leaping squirrel between earth and heaven; its three Chinese mermen, working themselves upon their tails, in some inscrutable way or other, into the funny little temple in the corner; the allegorical ship that sails in mid-air over the tops of it, through which it threatens to thrust its mast; the two nondescript birds, which would defy even the anatomy of Owen, billing and cooing in their uncouth Chinese fashion beside the strange blue tree with round plum-pudding leaves, a permanent puzzle to botanists, and which grows out of the top of another temple



A FINE COLLECTION IN AN OLD ENGLISH RESIDENCE

with three deep-blue columns, and beneath which a mysterious stream flows—which sublime landscape, for millions of ages and upon tens of millions of plates has represented to the world the artistic ideas of the Raphaels of the cerulean empire.”

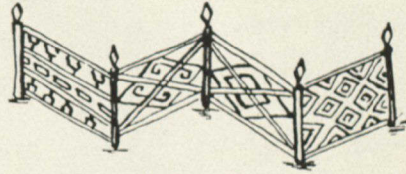
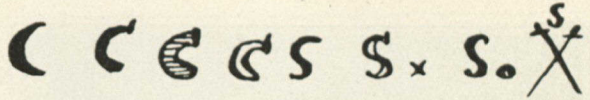
There is also a story connected with the “Willow” pattern, in addition to the poem at the beginning of this article; tradition ascribes the scenes depicted to incidents in a romantic love story of a lovely almond-eyed Oriental maiden. The course of true love never did run smooth; so it was with Li Chi (or Kong Shee, as she is sometimes called). She was the only child of a wealthy mandarin, and she loved Chang, her father’s poor but honest secretary. Her father had other views in mind, and was greatly shocked and annoyed when he learned that she fondly loved poor Chang, and had already plighted her troth, for he intended her to become the bride of a rich suitor. In order to prevent any communication between the two, so he thought, he shut her up in a room on the terrace by the sad sea waves in the house which is seen in the pattern to the left of the temple. From her prison Li Chi “watched the willow tree blossom,” and for a time moped and wrote love sonnets, in which she expressed

her hope to be free once more ere the peach bloomed. At last, greatly to her joy, Chang managed to communicate with her by means of a cocoanut shell to which was attached a miniature sail, and in which was a letter full of protestations of love. Li Chi, who no doubt believed that “love laughs at locksmiths,” replied in these words: “Do not wise husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen?” and the message, scratched on an ivory tablet, was conveyed by another boat to her lover. Chang, being no laggard in love, acted on the gentle hint, hurried across the sea, donned a disguise, entered the mandarin’s garden, and succeeded in carrying off his true love.

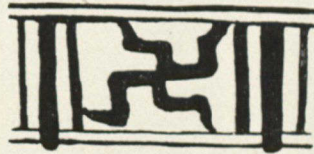
The three figures on the bridge represent Li Chi with a distaff, Chang carrying a box of jewels, and the mandarin following with a whip. The stern parent, on hearing of his daughter’s elopement, followed hastily in her footsteps. He failed however to overtake her, for she and her lover had carefully concealed themselves in the gardener’s cottage at the opposite side of the bridge, where they lay hidden until dark, when they took ship and sailed away to Chang’s distant island home, where some say they lived happy ever after.

Another account [tells] of how the jilted wealthy suitor, after many years, found them out and wreaked his vengeance on Li Chi and Chang by burning their home to the ground, from the ashes of which their twin spirits arose Phoenix-like in the form of two doves. A third, or a nursery version, with an appropriate moral is: The naughty lovers were overtaken by a terrible storm on their way to Chang's island home. The waves, mountains high, beat against and sank their frail bark, and the fond lovers received a watery grave for their disobedience, but their spirits were united in the skies.

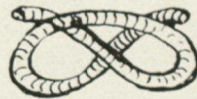
Mrs. Dewes Broughton in an interesting article which appeared in the *Lady's Realm* says: "The willow pattern is essentially Chinese, not only the original of the story, but all the numberless variations in which the willow holds a prominent place, and the constant introduction of this tree into Chinese paintings is accounted for



Wedgwood Fence



Swastika Fret

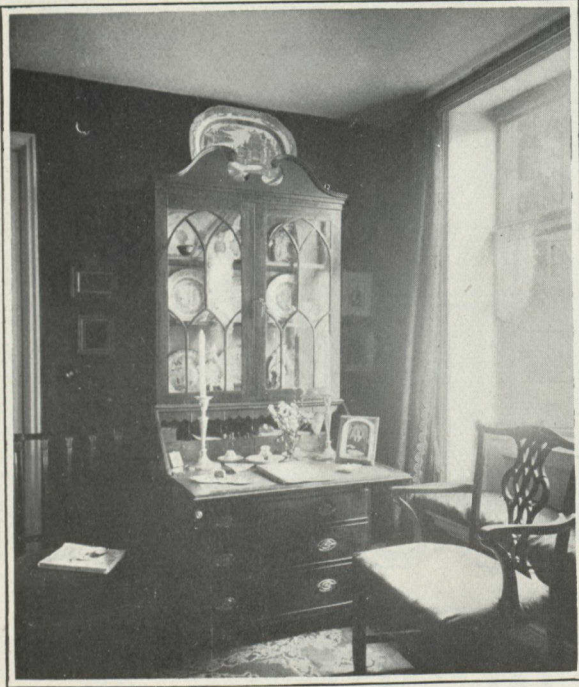


SOME MARKS TO BE FOUND ON OLD WILLOW-PATTERN WARE

The top row shows the C's and S's of the Caughley and Salopian ware; downwards, in succession, are the Wedgwood fence, the Swastika fret, the Staffordshire knot and the dagger border



AN INTERESTING CORNER



HOW TO DECORATE OLD FURNITURE

by its being an ever-present object in their landscape. In gardens, by water-course, all over China, willows abound and grow to an immense size, and they are revered in many ways and for various reasons.

"Because Ki Kang, celebrated not only as a musician and man of letters, but as a disciple of Silenus, and also for the knowledge of alchemy, loved to study it under the shade of the willow tree, the Chinese, from that time forward, held the willow sacred to that pursuit."

The willow is also accredited with supernatural power, for the Buddhists believe that water sprinkled from its leaves has the effect of purification, and the warding off of evil spirits is another of its many virtues. Therefore frequently willow boughs may be seen hanging from the roofs of houses, suspended over the doors. It is said that Wang Chang, a rebel who lived about a thousand years ago, used willow branches to indicate the dwellings of his adherents, thus insuring

their immunity from molestation; and ever since the willow has been regarded as an omen of peace and safety. The Swastika Fret, a mystic diagram of great antiquity, is regarded in China as a symbol of Buddha's heart.

The Joo-e is supposed to have been the origin of the Vandyke shape, the latter having been copied from the decoration of the metal vases used by the Chinese at their religious festivals.

A curious specimen is sometimes shown of a cup and saucer marked with a square in imitation of the Oriental, but having a T, a C and an S, and what are evidently intended for crossed swords, thus combining the numerous designations of the Caughley (Turner) and Salopian wares. Blue and white Nankin or mandarin vases usually have two large and four small me-

dallions in frames of raised porcelain, between which the ground work is composed of a series of tiny hemispheric spots known by the Chinese as "chicken's flesh" or "Shageen," these spots being devoid of glaze, it having run off the projection, appear a dull white of the vitreous enamel. Flowers here and there complete the decoration, and the colouring is of rich blue. Shageen is an indication of good painting.

Before going into particulars and dry facts about different designs and marks and how to identify them, it may interest some ceramic collectors to hear of a few different ways of displaying china, should they be fortunate enough to have pieces of it stored away in cupboards, as was the case in my home, until I ferreted it out from all parts of the house and decorated three rooms with it, mostly made up of different sorts of willow patterns, Nankin, Broseley Dragon, and blue and white Worcester and Lowestoff. It is well to keep to one colour in the pieces you place about the room, as a number



of bits of different colours only clash and kill each other. This is where a "common or garden" florist usually fails. He will persist in using more than two distinct coloured flowers in his decorations. Table decorations are like a good salad, which should be made by yourself, not left to servants or the uninitiated.

Willow pattern china is particularly adapted to old-fashioned houses with their ingle-nooks, low hearths, mullioned windows and solid old oak beams naturally darkened with the smoke of ages. A very fine artistic effect can be accomplished if the walls of the room are covered with a stout red "flock" paper. Paint the doors and woodwork white; have old Dutch or Bristol tiles for the fire-place; hang up some old prints by Bartolozzi and Valentine Green in mahogany frames; then place your choice specimens of china on the chimney-piece and over-mantel; some soup, meat or pudding plates under the pictures and elsewhere, and put on the top of the Sheraton, the Chippendale or Hipplewhite bureau or china cabinets and other conspicuous places about the room the largest dishes you have; and, to crown all, fill a large punch bowl with *La France* roses, and place it on the well-polished, gate-legged oak table.

Another way of displaying china is by having a white shelf completely around the top of the room, leaving enough room between it and the ceiling to place a large dish; in this case use a pink-striped satin moire paper up to the shelf and white paper thence to the ceiling, as a background for the blue china. If you have an old copper or brass warming pan with a good cover, you can utilise it by having it made into a clock, and hang it with a ribbon tied in a large bow. You will find it looks very quaint and pleasing.

A third and very handsome and more



SOME FINE SPECIMENS

pretentious way of decorating suitably for a dining-room would be to cover the walls above the old oak wainscot with a rich crimson velvet plush. Sink the old prints in dark frames in the wall level with the plush. Have recesses cut in different parts of the room and in the corners, and arrange your tall mandarin vases and other specimens on the shelves. The furniture ought to be very heavy old oak, with plenty of Queen Anne and other silver on the sideboards, a low hearth, with antique fire-dogs and a real good turkey carpet.

The Caughley pottery was established about 1751, for making earthenware. It was carried on by Mr. Browne, of Caughley Hall, and after his death by Mr. Gallimore. It was not until 1772 (when porcelain was first made) that it rose to any importance, when Mr. Thomas Turner, Mr. Gallimore's successor, commenced operations. He came from the

Worcester porcelain manufactory, which he left on the sale of the works, being then twenty-three years of age. He was an excellent engraver and draftsman, and in all probability learned his art from Robert Hancock, who was there at that time.

Thomas Turner was born in 1749, and in 1783 was married to Miss Dorothy Gallimore, a niece of Mr. Browne, of Caughley Hall. He had two children, both of whom died young. In 1796 he married Mary Milner, the widow of the late Mr. Henry Alsop, formerly of London, by whom he had two children—Catharine Georgina and George Thomas Turner, a solicitor, who died at Scarborough without issue in 1869, with whom also died the family name of Turner. Thomas Turner lived at Caughley Place in an elegant French *château*, which was pulled down after his death. He died in 1809, aged 60. Early in life he was made a freeman of the city of Worcester and two other boroughs, and a J.P. for Shropshire. Such were the fortunate circumstances which helped his well-directed efforts and secured his success. Having married a lady of means he began to build suitable premises for the manufacture of porcelain, but they were not finished until 1775. We read in a newspaper of November 1st, 1775, that "The porcelain manufactory erected near Bridgenorth in this county is now quite complete, and the proprietors have received and supplied orders to a very large amount. Lately, we saw some of their productions, which in colour and fineness are truly elegant and beautiful, and have the bright and lively white of the so much extolled Oriental." These works were pulled down after Mr. Turner's death, and the ground on which they stood still bears the name of the "Factory Field." Turner also opened a warehouse at 5 Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, owing to his increasing business, about 1780. Thomas Turner retired in 1779, having sold his business to John Rose of Coalport. In 1814, the Caughley Works were closed and the business removed to Coalport, so that the Coalport China Factory of the present day is an immediate continuation

and extension of the Caughley, or Salopian factory.

Thomas Minton, who engraved the original willow pattern plate for Turner, was the founder of the historic Minton's. He was apprenticed to Turner at the time and started on his own account at Stoke about 1790. The willow pattern has always been and still is made there. Thomas Turner made the first full table service of printed ware in England. His ware was of excellent quality, but limited to useful articles, and unfortunately not all his specimens are marked. Early pieces printed in underglaze blue resemble the early Worcester blue and white, but Caughley is whiter in appearance and the blue has not the mellowness of the Worcester. The Caughley blue is usually characterised by the brightness of the blue and intensity of tint somewhat exaggerated.

As an instance of the great secrecy employed by Turner, it may be said that he mixed all the bodies himself, but afterwards imparted his secret to his sister, and eventually to his foreman, Jones, and it ought to add greater interest to your willow pattern china to know that a woman who could keep a secret was connected with its manufacture.

Turner made porcelain willow pattern tea services with edges richly gilt, also fluted cups and saucers marked S and the letter B in gold to denote Broseley (where churchwarden pipes were made). They are almost a facsimile of Nankin China, and they are quite excellent and greatly to be desired.

I once came across the remains of a child's or doll's tea service, and the dear old lady who was nearly ninety years of age, in whose possession it was, told me that she regretted to this day that she had not taken better care of it when a child.

When you have secured ordinary specimens it is interesting and gladdens the heart of the collector when he is out on the war-path to discover an old venison dish with gravy wells (sometimes with a metal hot water receptacle under it), vegetable tureens with four partitions, hot-water plates with handles, gruel basins with a deep indent in the saucer to prevent them from slipping,

grand old soup tureens with ladles, veined leaf pickle dishes, with the pattern inside, fish drainers, and curious old triangular supper dishes.

Spode made some very pretty rich blue strawberry and cream plates, like miniature soup plates, with a lovely glaze. I picked up several dozens of these before the craze for willow patterns set in. I believe they are still fairly plentiful and ought to be picked up at a reasonable price. A novice ought to be wary in his purchases and not buy just anything because it has the willow pattern on it. I know from experience that some dealers are asking the same price for common earthenware dishes and plates (made yesterday by some modern makers) as one would expect to pay for the real thing.

Willow pattern pieces are mostly marked with a crescent in blue underglaze, filled in, the letter C in different forms and the letter S sometimes in connection with a small cross, or cross-swords. Both these marks are blue underglaze and are as a rule very badly drawn.

Turner manufactured both porcelain and earthenware. The pieces we see in collections often have a different rendering of the pattern first designed by Minton, and one ought to remember that the original pattern was the only one which faithfully illustrated the story and the poem at the beginning of this article. On account of this, the Caughley-Turner pattern is generally called the "Story Pattern" in order to distinguish it from the other renderings of the "Willow Pattern"

Thomas Minton engraved several copper plates and sold them to various factories, but there are slight differences in all of them, and this is one of the many reasons why the study of this ware is so fascinating to ceramic collectors. The patterns of the "pretty fence" differ. There are more apples on some than in others, and while in the "Story" design, there are five different varieties of trees, on others you will often find only three or four. There are also other Oriental versions of the original pattern, which makes the porcelain hunter still more keen on procuring specimens. Some

have two men on the bridge and some only one man, but in each case the weeping willow is well in the foreground. These patterns are hard to distinguish from the Oriental porcelain, which was largely imported into England at this time. They were engraved by Minton and his assistants between 1780 and 1790. Amongst these designs was the "Pagoda" or second period pattern, which was made for Josiah Spode. In Spode's design you will find the pagoda is on the left-hand side, and on the bridge which connects the garden with the bank on the right are two men; and on the bank to the right may be seen a peach tree and an apple tree; behind the temple is a wall with trees behind and between it and the temple, the fence is shorter, having what is generally known as "The Swastika Fret" with a conventional "butterfly" border. It appears to have been arranged by first drawing a natural butterfly, and then by the use of petals and fishrow "motifs" conventionalised.

Between the butterflies and separating them is the sceptre of Joo-e, made of curved lines, which are filled in with trellis pattern, and there is also a slight difference in the lattice pattern on the rise of the plate from the Caughley design. Spode also procured two other designs from Minton, which here is first known as the "Curl and Butterfly" border, and the second is called the "Dagger Border." This is exactly similar to the Nankin design, with little daggers forming a second row around the rim. Spode also used the Caughley pattern in addition to the other designs engraved for him, and on his plates will be found thirty-two apples, but only five trees, *viz.*, the willow, peach, plum, fir, and the tree with the dark circles. The fence, however, is rather more intricate.

The third period dates from 1800-1830, during which time several English and Continental factories made use of the pattern in various forms, and specimens are sometimes marked with the Staffordshire knot, this device being also used on the top of soup tureens and other covers in place of or around the knob.

The Adams plate has thirty-two apples, and on the dishes will be found fifty apples.

The edges of the plates and dishes are sometimes indented.

Davenport plates have twenty-five apples, and there is a difference in the fret pattern in the rise of the plate. Wedgwood used the willow pattern with two differences, *viz.*, the fret of the fence and the number of the apples. His plates having thirty-four and the dishes more, and the fence in the "rise" is squarer than the Caughley fence. Clews copied the pattern and there are thirty-four apples on his trees.

The Swansea Willow Pattern China was transfer-printed in dark and light blue, also in black and brown.

These are the chief renderings of the willow pattern, but there are several other renderings by minor potters, more or less alike except for slight differences in detail, which the collector will be able to distinguish after a time, and the study of which will be of great assistance in determining the locale of doubtful places.

Two wild pigeons flying high,  
A little vessel sailing by,  
A weeping willow hanging o'er,  
A bridge with three men—if not four.  
Here the Giants' castles stand,  
Famous known throughout the land;  
Here's a tree with apples on,  
Here's a fence to end my song.

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## The Wine of Love

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THE wine of love,—a wingèd wine,  
Crushed from the warm, incarnadine,  
Deep breathless sunset, and compounded  
With star-songs in the midnight sounded;  
Vivid as the summer lightning,  
Still glowing, paling, fading, bright'ning;  
O wonder-wine, thy cup I covet,  
Nor linger long my lips above it!  
What matter though the draught destroy  
The sober mind and dull employ?  
What matter all the ancient tasks?—  
To live, to live, my spirit asks:  
Content no more with placid quiet,  
But, kindling with the race and riot  
Of the swift-enchanting potion  
To enter earth's supreme emotion;  
Its pains I dare, its farthest fortunes  
I'll compass, as a *king* importunes!  
The wine of love—a warrior-wine—  
I quaff, and all the world is mine.

# The Grievances of East-Indians

By SAINT N. SING

With a Reply Entitled "India Under British Rule"

By CAPT. H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

*EDITOR'S NOTE*—It was pointed out in connection with Mr. Sing's article last month that the purpose, from the publishers' standpoint, was to show what at least is an educated, native opinion in India. The same purpose prevails in this instance. But Capt. Harden, who is well acquainted with conditions in India, shows that there is another side worth telling.

**S**ENSIBLE Canadians should not find it hard to enter into the feelings of East-Indians regarding autonomous government. India to-day is situated as Upper Canada (Ontario) was before Durham's day. Canadians who stand for popular government of their own country—who believe in "Canada for the Canadians"—appear inconsistent in objecting to the Indian publicists' agitation for "India for the Indians." "You will have the sympathy," writes the Secretary of a leading Canadian Club, "of all Canadians in your efforts to create an 'India for the Indians.' We believe in a Canada for the Canadians. I, a young man like yourself, but born and reared in a self-governing country, wish you every success in your endeavours to bring about self-government for your people. Those who control your people cannot get away from it. Self-government must come."

The writer has seen many evidences that Canada will, in time, become a wealthy country—not wealthy in mere dollars, but wealthy in the people, their manner of living, in the ideas which actuate them—wealthy in the widest sense of the term. But the people could not have the incentive to strive, or the inclination to improve and develop the country, nor could they take the pride they do in Canada, if Canadians were not self-governing. Self-government is the *causa causans* of the marvellous development.

The *Toronto Mail and Empire* says: "He (Mr. Saint N. Sing) remarks also,

'India for the Indians.' All very well if such a thing were possible, but he might as well say 'Europe for the Europeans.' Bengal and the Punjab are as widely dissimilar as Spain and Holland." An astounding statement, coming as it does from a *Canadian!* True, the races and castes of India are cut up with religious and linguistic differences. Different social customs regulate the life of various Indian communities. But towards one another the people of Hindostan are assuming an attitude of broad tolerance. The warring elements of India are recognising more and more that community of interest binds them all, that united they stand, divided they fall, that their salvation demands not their giving up their various religious faiths and social customs, but merely gathering under the banner, "India for the Indians." That this can be done, Canada itself amply testifies. Slowly and steadily an Indian nationality is brewing—broad, tolerant, kindly, forgiving, and patriotic. Gradually a *lingua franca* is springing up to give the new nationality means of easy communication.

In the English press a great deal is being written at the present time to the effect that it is the Hindus\* alone who are

\*The term "Hindus" is confusing. In this article the word has been employed in the Canadian sense—"Natives of Hindostan." But in cases like the above the context amply signifies that the term is used in the narrow sense—to denote people who profess Hinduism and are classed in the East-Indian Census strictly as "Hindus."

agitating, the Mohammedans keeping themselves aloof. To start with, the percentage of Hindus and Mohammedans in India is four to one.

But the real issue is: What has disaffected the Hindus? Education, western education. English literature has done the work of a grave-digger—undermined the superstructure of English government in India. The Mohammedan community in India lacks education—educationally it is behind the Hindu community. That explains why the Mohammedans in India are “loyal.” They are not disaffected because they are ignorant of sociology, political economy and the science of government.

Already education has begun to do its work amongst the Mussulmans. They are to-day appealing to and beseeching the British Government in India for reforms. They have commenced to protest. As education advances their protests will become stronger and more vehement.

That the relations between the Hindus and Mohammedans in India ever would be brotherly in the future, could be prophesied with safety. The Amir of Afghanistan, in his recent tour through India, gave a reply to the Mohammedans of Delhi, who proposed to slaughter one hundred cows in his honour, which is significant of the signs of the times. Cow-killing is repugnant to the Hindus. His Majesty said that he had come to India to see the country and its people without distinction of race or creed, and therefore he would not countenance anything which might give offence to a great community. He said that, of course, he could not command that no cows should be killed in Delhi, but he would entreat that they might substitute goats and camels and thus avoid giving any offence to the millions of their Hindu countrymen. Indeed, he strongly expressed his disapproval of the proposal and even hinted that he would not publicly participate in the festival unless his suggestion should be loyally carried out. The Amir's wishes were respected, and his solicitude for the feelings of the Hindus bears out conclusively that steadfast devotion to Islam is perfectly consistent with a genuine regard for the religious feelings of other communities.

The Hindus and Mohammedans may be working singly, they may be working seemingly at variance with each other, but they are like the two tributaries of a stream, both tending oceanward. The Hindus and Mohammedans have the same end in view: A government by the people, for the people—“India for the Indians.”

The pet argument used against the East-India immigrants to Canada has been “Canada for the Canadians.” The editor of one of the largest daily papers in Canada gave the writer to understand that the Hindus have no business to come to this country, to work and hoard money, and then take it back to India. What right have the Englishmen to go to India, drain her and then go back to England to live like lords? This is what East-Indians are asking to-day. What right has the Englishman to send as “home charges” twenty millions sterling annually to England? Why should England be allowed economically to exploit India? More than anything else it is the treatment accorded to British Indians by the British Colonies that is alienating Hindus from the British Empire. What an unfavourable contrast between the treatment of Indians in the Transvaal and in Portuguese Africa!

A decently dressed Indian may enter any hotel, restaurant or park in Lorenzo Marques without fear of annoyance. In Johannesburg he would be at once thrown out, probably by a Kaffir policeman. The public library in the Portuguese town is at the disposal of any respectable Indian. The Pretoria Museum is reserved exclusively for Europeans. In Portuguese territory the Indian may become a member of Chambers of Commerce, may join in public sports, fairs, bazaars and receptions, and generally may live like a free citizen of a free country. At a tattoo dance recently held at Pretoria no Indian was allowed to be present, and a few who were looking on were ordered off by the police.

There is hardly any necessity for further dilating on this point, as the treatment accorded the British Indians in Western Canada must be still fresh in the memory of Canadian citizens. The East-Indian emigrates from his country because hunger

impels him. The arts and industries have been throttled in India. The nineteenth century was the worst period in which Western influence could have come upon her people. The art traditions of Europe had been revolutionised, most of the European arts were in a stage of decadence, and the idea prevalent was to produce for gain rather than for the sake of production. Thus the wave from Europe reacted badly upon Indian arts. India's industries were throttled in the Englishman's attempt to capture the Indian market for himself. The primary cause of the deterioration of the East-Indian industries undoubtedly is the fact that the government is run by an alien nation.

For centuries the Royal House in India set the fashions, and the people followed it. True, the Mohammedan rulers extorted money out of the people. True, the Mohammedan princes lived a life of debauchery and luxury. But the money they spent was lavished on Indian arts and industries—the money extorted from the artisans and craftsmen of India finally reverted to them through the waste of royalty. Thus royalty not only supplied the incentive to art and manufacture, but it also helped them substantially. In addition to this, the money remained in the country.

One great cause of the seething discontent amongst the educated people of India is that despite a century and a half of British rule, shameful illiteracy prevails in the land. The percentage of illiterates in India is ninety-five. There are in India, altogether, 550,000 villages. Four-fifths of these villages are without a school. The inhabitants of the villages which are without educational facilities are compelled to pay educational cesses and taxes.

The following table tells its own tale:

	Ratio of Enrolment to Population	Expenditure per head of Population
Switzerland.....	20.7	855d.
England and Wales.....	17.7	5s.
Japan.....	7.8	11d.
United States of America.....	20.9	9s.
Russia.....	3.0	8d.
Egypt.....	2.17	not avail'g.
India.....	1.4	0.83d.

Comparison of the relative expenditures on education and army in India is also instructive. The upkeep of the army costs \$109,000,000 annually. The paltry sum of \$3,500,000 is spent on education.

The military expenditure has doubled itself within the past twenty years. It has been very much to the detriment of the people of Hindostan. It has been claimed that the huge army is kept for the good of India, while in fact it is against the real interests of the country. It is urged that the increase in the expenditure has been for the purpose of guarding against foreign invasion. Now that Russia has been tumbled into the dust there is no bogey of foreign invasion. There is no reason to believe that India ever was in danger. Indians can fairly ask at the present moment, "Is it not time that the military expenditure should be reduced?" This question was referred to the Welby Commission in the year 1885. It was then suggested that some twenty-three thousand pounds should be relieved from the Indian Exchequer. But this was followed by a proposal to increase the pay of British soldiers.

Another potent cause of unrest in India is that the people of Hindostan are deprived of the use of fire-arms and ammunition. The grant of self-government to the Transvaal has been another reason for creating political unrest in India. But a few years ago hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of lives were lost in fighting the Boers. Indians rendered valuable service in subjugating the obstreperous Dutchmen in South Africa. Now the Boer has been granted self-government. The people of England have realised that the only way to retain the loyalty of the sturdy Dutch was to give autonomous government.

What about India after two centuries of ceaseless devotion to the Crown?

The present unrest in the different parts of India is not merely a transitory ebullition of frenzied feeling. The commotion in Hindostan is significant of the irony of British rule in India. It is the direct outcome of the profession of a certain line of action and procedure in direct contradiction of it. Midas starving amid heaps of

gold does not afford a greater paradox; yet here we have India, Midas-like, starving in the midst of untold wealth.

If Canada can be for the Canadians and still be Britain's ally, why cannot India? India for the Indians will cut out all exploitation of Hindostan. When East-Indians have a voice in their governmental affairs, promotion of the interests of native Indians will be the endeavour and creed of the administration. But that does not necessarily exclude friendly relations with Great Britain. Some Can-

adians are agitating that the Governor-Generalship of the Dominion, being the highest post in the land, ought to be occupied by a Canadian. Why not home rule for India, then? Whether or not the struggle for home rule in India will remain bloodless depends upon the line of action adopted by England. Meantime, let it be understood that the sentiment in India distinctly is in favour of even a "corrupt" autonomous government, rather than the beneficent rule of the foreigner.

## India Under British Rule

IN the article in last month's CANADIAN MAGAZINE, by Mr. Saint N. Sing, which he is pleased to call "The Irony of British Rule in India," I venture to reply that the aims of the Government and the duties of our officials have been and always will be to respect the religion of the people, to expand industry, to awaken faculties, to increase prosperity, and to widely distribute comfort and wealth. I wish also to point out to Mr. Sing that he does not seem to realise that British rule in India has given the people peace for fifty years. It has given them prosperity and a universal rule of law. It has given them transportation, irrigation, roads and telegraphs, and has distributed money amongst the poorer classes. It has given the merchant and the coolie alike opportunities to travel to distant lands, and to the more enlightened person opportunities to study in the great universities of the world. It has helped to cure the sick and to relieve those who have been in distress in times of famine and disaster. In every hospital in London, and in the colleges in Edinburgh and Glasgow we find the Indian student at work, while the Government has provided food and shelter for the starving and the poor.

The great majority of the Indian people are illiterate—but with 300,000,000 of them that is not surprising; yet daily we

are adding to the number of the educated class, men who enter every profession. It is possible now for a native of India to rise to great positions in the various professions and educational work. And only the doors of the highest offices are barred.

We have gone further, we have organised, drilled and trained men to shoot, and placed weapons in their hands, and we have given the great Maharajahs troops, with a mere handful of British officers, showing our confidence in their loyalty to the Throne.

Mr. Sing seems to forget that we have given India an honest government and an army ready to resist any attack, for, assuredly, the moment we left attack would come. Only two years ago I travelled through India with the future King-Emperor's party. Everywhere we saw the greatest loyalty and contentment, especially amongst the rulers of the country, who realise their obligation to the throne, and that our administration has brought wealth, prosperity and peace.

These talkers, agitators and writers think they can now manage their own affairs, and it is largely our fault for giving them such a free hand to show their opinions. They talk of self-government on the principles and conditions existing in the self-governing colonies, Mr. Saint Sing quotes some lines from



"Canada—Our Hope and Pride," and draws a word picture of the similarity of the two countries: "What the poet says of Canada eminently is true of India. England has notoriously failed to frame legislation for the good of that portion at least of her Empire. English officials and statesmen have grossly erred in gauging the needs and aspirations of the East Indians." Let us see what British rulers have done for India under the Crown since Lord Canning's reign:

Lord Mayo created an Agricultural Department and introduced the system of Provincial Finance, and laid the foundations for many reforms, which enabled his successors to abolish the old, pernicious custom lines which had for so long walled off province from province.

Lord Northbrook incorporated into the Empire the feudatory chiefs and ruling houses, causing peace and harmony.

Lord Lytton in 1876-77, when rains had failed, brought in grain by rail and by road to the famine stricken provinces.

The Marquis of Ripon, Northbrook's successor, opened a new era of political life to the natives, and spread, through the Education Commission, instruction to those who wished it.

Lord Dufferin strengthened our relations with the Ameer of Afghanistan, and Lord Lansdowne secured the frontier against attack with that great leader of men, his commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts, the much-loved "Roberts Sahib" of the native officers and men, who spent forty years in the Empire; whilst Lord Curzon instituted the Imperial Cadet Corps for young Indian chiefs and nobles, preserved ancient buildings, and built charitable institutions.

Mr. Sing omits to say that during the last few years native gentlemen have been elected by their fellow-citizens to councils and district boards that manage local administration. That there is a national

congress of delegates which meets every year in one of the provincial capitals discussing plans for opening to natives of India a larger share in the work of legislation, and in the higher branches of the executive administration.

In 1893 there was a general election of representative members to the Indian legislative councils, and efforts were made to reform many evils in the social and domestic life of the Hindus, arising out of child-marriage, and the enforced celibacy of Hindu women.

In the same year British regiments and native police, trained by British officers and men, prevented a religious strife between the Hindus and Mohammedans in Bombay. In 1899-1900 European doctors, nurses and officials, with self-sacrifice and devotion, saved thousands from death by plague. Mr. Sing does not stop to think what the Government did in the time of distress and famine, which affected 400,000 square miles and a population of sixty millions. Relief everywhere was organised, and twenty-six per cent. of the population were in receipt of assistance.

During the whole period, extending over three years, the mortality was less than in famines that occurred prior to British rule.

It is to be regretted that such men as Mr. Lajpat Rai should have been allowed to remain so long in India to preach sedition amongst the Babus and publicists who are agitators of the illusion, "India for the Indians," and "Home Rule."

If we were to leave India to-morrow, does Mr. Saint N. Sing realise what would happen? Let me tell him that the Afghans and hill tribesmen—Pathans and Afridis—would swoop down with their knives and make short work of their "self-government," not to mention the lives of the Babus and their wives and property.

*H. S. Scott Harden.*



# The White Dog Feast

By JOSEPH L. VANASSE

*Relating an incident of the visit of the James Bay Treaty Commission to the Ojibway Indian Reserve.*

THIS being the third day of the White Dog Feast, as practised by the Ojibway Indians at Lac Seul, it was consequently the most interesting. As we approached, we could hear easily in the distance the beating of the drums at the camp. We had been seen coming, for the natives were then all standing on the brow of the hill, lining the shore. They were quite amazed by our presence among them, as they did not suspect that we would go to them. In order to impress them all the more, I picked up the Union Jack which was waving over our canoe and carried it up the hill, to the camp, marching in the footsteps of the Commissioners.

About twenty tents and wigwams were pitched on top of the hill. We visited them all. Here was a centenarian couple sitting on the ground under their tent; there was a four-year-old boy stretched on a blanket on the ground, the poor little fellow was dying of consumption. Most of the tents were empty, their occupants being among the crowd, gaping at us. We also visited the large tent adjoining the medicine tent, but found nothing else there than a small drum.

By request, one of the young braves went for the old conjuror, who came out of his shack shortly afterwards. We then drew up the crowd in a semi-circle facing us; and the Commissioners gave them a reprimand, telling them that their great Father the King would be shocked if he knew of their conduct. Instead of hold-

ing their illegal feast, they should all have been at the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, (for they had been told long in advance that the Commissioners were coming with a doctor, and it had been agreed that the Indians would meet them at the fort). What they practised was against the law and in direct contravention of the treaty they had signed with the Government. They were liable to be arrested and put in jail, and the Government could suspend their annual pay; since they had broken the agreements of the treaty, the Government would be justified in doing as much; but our mission was one of peace, and if they would promise faithfully to stop the objectionable practice they would not be molested. If they would come at once to the Hudson's Bay Company's fort, they would receive rations of food and tobacco.

The old conjuror was very cunning and non-committal, and answered but equivocally at first. The Chief and some of the braves also spoke. They excused the conjuror, saying that he was not wholly to blame; it was they who had brought their sick and begged him to cure them. They did not wish to disobey the law and saw no harm in what they practised. They represented to the Commissioners that the doctor appointed by the Government was very slow in coming when they needed him, and very often he ignored them altogether. The white man could have his doctor whenever he pleased, but it was different with them. This was why they

had recourse to the conjuror, in whom they placed great confidence.

The old conjuror, who at first asked for a few minutes' time in which to frame his reply, explained that his ancestors used good and bad roots, and herbs, but he made use of the good ones only. His ancestors were very superstitious, and their descendants, the present generation, had inherited many of these superstitions. They still believed, for instance, that the spirits have a great influence over their fate. This is the reason why, in dispensing his medicines, he sacrifices a dog to the evil spirits, to pacify them, so that they would not prevent his medicines from producing a good effect on the patients. He also declared that he was only obeying a superior conjuror, living about fifty miles distant, and whom he feared to disobey, as this superior conjuror was very wise and mighty. However, he was well disposed towards the Government, and would not like to displease his great Father the King. As the natives then promised to do what we asked of them, a general hand-shaking took place between the Commissioners and the Indians.

The "White Dog Feast" is celebrated yearly, when the natives bring their sick friends to the medicine man or conjuror, and beseech him to cure them; but the conjuror cannot be made to do something for nothing; he must be paid, well paid, and paid in advance. He tells them that he must have so many pounds of raisins, sugar, syrup, etc., or sometimes clothing, of a value of from five to ten dollars for each sick person, in order to induce him to make a feast, to which he will invite the spirits dwelling underground. These spirits are supposed to be evil, and the authors of all the natives' ills and reverses. Accordingly, the natives stand in great awe of them, and will do anything to render themselves agreeable to them and to thereby appease their wrath. The good spirits are honoured and respected, but not feared, as they are above doing any harm whatever to anybody; therefore, they are never feasted nor made the recipient of any present.

After the friends of the sick have brought over all that is asked of them, the conjuror and his family treat them-

selves to the best, but keep a small portion of it to lay in the medicine tent, where the evil spirits will come out of the ground to treat themselves also; but this is only for the sake of appearance, as in reality the conjuror and his family take everything. This part generally goes on for two days. On the third day the sick person's friends must bring more goods, either eatables or clothing, according to the conjuror's expressed wish, or rather, according to his needs. These goods are all to be deposited at the door of the medicine tent.

If the friend of a sick person cannot buy the goods required, he will make a tour among his friends and acquaintances; he will borrow, beg or steal if need be, but he will get the goods by hook or crook. This may sometimes take a couple of weeks; nevertheless, the conjuror will do nothing until he has been paid. At last, when the goods have been secured, the conjuror, or conjurors (for sometimes the old conjuror has two or three senior students with him), enter into a large tent adjoining the medicine tent and there deposit the patient on the ground in the centre and strip off all his clothing so as to be able to feel him all over and find out what ails him. According to his case, a patient is made to drink, or is rubbed with the juice of a root suitable for his illness, the root having been boiled and cooled in advance. Then each of the conjurors takes a little drum, which he manufactures himself, and dances around the patient, beating the drum and singing a song appropriate to the case, for each case has its particular song. This dancing is kept up for a couple of hours; then the conjurors rest a little, and dance again for a few hours; and so on, keeping this up for three days. On the third day, the old conjuror sends a young brave for a dog which has been fattened for the occasion. As a rule, the dog is white in colour, but it is not absolutely necessary that it should be so. The dog is killed in any way except by hanging or shooting, is roasted and carved, and the company, which is generally numerous, enters into the large tent where the ceremony was performed, and all treat themselves to a piece of dog flesh.

Very often the detail of cooking the dog

is overlooked, and it is eaten raw. Whoever refuses to partake of it had better keep miles away from the beginning to the end of the feast, as all those who are present are compelled to eat some of it, which act pleases the evil spirits very much and helps the medicine to cure. Whatever remains of the dog is buried in the ground, to feed the spirits who dwell there. These ceremonies have a great attraction for the natives, who will come from all parts of the reserve and stay for weeks.

The Indian's fear of the evil spirits is revealed in all his actions; thus, before starting on the big hunt he will not fail to procure a couple of pounds of tobacco, which he will bury in the ground, so as to render himself agreeable to the bad spirits. Likewise, if he fears a storm when about to cross a large lake, he will throw tobacco into the waters.

The Indian has also a boundless confidence in the wisdom and might of the conjuror, who, on his part, takes great precautions to surround all his actions with mysteries, so as to mystify the band as much as possible. This is in his interest, for he subsists by mystery. It is mystery that brings all the necessaries of life for himself and his family, and he knows how to charge a high fee for the least of his services.

The conjuror is also a prophet at times, and predicts mostly about the weather. If his prediction comes true, the band proclaims him highly; if otherwise, they easily forget his mistake.

As I have mentioned a medicine tent and a large tent, I must explain that a conjuror must have two tents apart from his place of abode. In the case cited here the conjuror had paid himself the luxury of a little log shanty, one story high, with a birch-bark roof. His supplementary tents were a wigwam opening into a large canvas tent which adjoins the former. The en-

try into the wigwam is forbidden to all but the conjuror himself, and to the spirits which he convenes to feed and beseech them to not put any obstacle to the recovery of his patients.

When a young brave has the ambition to become a conjuror, he must make it a point of duty to attend at the "White Dog Feast" every year for three consecutive years, and render himself agreeable to the old conjuror by making him numerous presents. Then the latter will teach him the medicinal properties of different herbs and roots, and initiate him into the mysteries of jugglery, conferring on him a degree every year for three years, the length of his studies. Then the student goes away into the bush, far from any camp, and passes there nine nights, that is to say, ten days, in communion with the spirits. He is entirely naked, except for a rawhide belt, two or three inches wide, which he carries around his waist. He is armed with a bow and arrow that has no stone, bone or iron point. During those ten days he will eat nothing but herbs and whatever game he can kill with his arrow. The game he must eat raw. At night he must sleep on an elevation of at least nine feet from the ground and direct all his will-power towards dreaming. The subject of his dream then becomes his patron saint. For instance, should he dream about beavers, he will never eat of the flesh of that animal, nor will he ever trap or in any way try to kill it; he will adopt its name, becoming thereby the founder of a new family, namely, the beaver family. His descendants may not intermarry except with very distant relatives. However, if the sister of a brave of the beaver family marries a brave of, say, the deer family, the former may marry his sister's daughter, if she has one, and it will not be considered that they have blood relationship, seeing that they belong to families of a different name.



# The Romance of Milling

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

*Showing the wonderful change from the crude methods of early days to the greatest milling industry in the British Empire.*

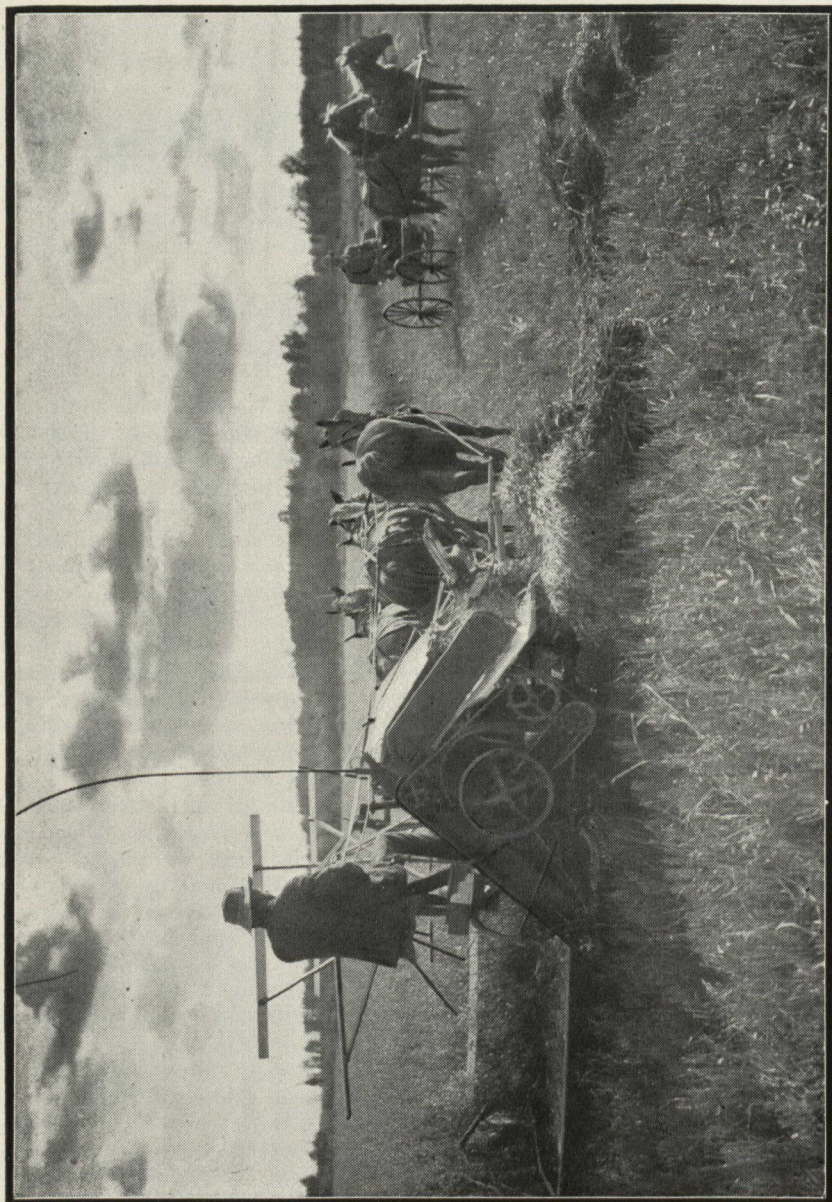
SINCE the time when Abraham's wife Sarah was commanded to "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth," great changes have taken place in the methods of converting cereals into foodstuffs. In Abraham's day milling was an extremely crude and primitive performance. It was practised throughout the slow-moving East, rough stones being the implements used. That was long before the existence of the West had been thought of, but it nevertheless remained for the West to demonstrate within recent years its supremacy in the milling industry. Even when Sir Garnet Wolseley, thirty-seven years ago, stood on the narrow strip of land between the Lake of the Woods and the Winnipeg River, near the spot where now stands the town of Keewatin, he little dreamed that within two decades so wildly romantic a location would give birth to the greatest flour milling industry in the British Empire. And yet had so unlikely a prophecy then been made it would to-day be realised.

Sir Garnet had proceeded thus far, leading the famous expedition that was to quell the half-breed rebellion farther west, and it was there that he halted, before making the portage from the Lake of the Woods to the Winnipeg River. What a magnificent spectacle must have been presented on that occasion! The natural picturesqueness of the sur-

roundings was enhanced by the groups of Chippewas who had drawn their canoes up on the beach and soldiers who had bivouacked hard by. The Lake of the Woods is noted for its enchanting scenery, and few persons pass along its shores, even in these days of rapid, prosaic railway travel, without experiencing a thrill of delight at the majestic expanses and inviting recesses that stand out in startling contrast on every hand. It is now dotted with summer cottages, and has become a veritable "Muskoka" for Winnipeg.

As the expedition rested there, little was it thought that the very spot whereon even salt pork and biscuit was a *répas de luxe* would one day become the chief milling place for the "Granary of the Empire," would indeed become the point of transition between the producing West and the consuming East. But such is *history*.

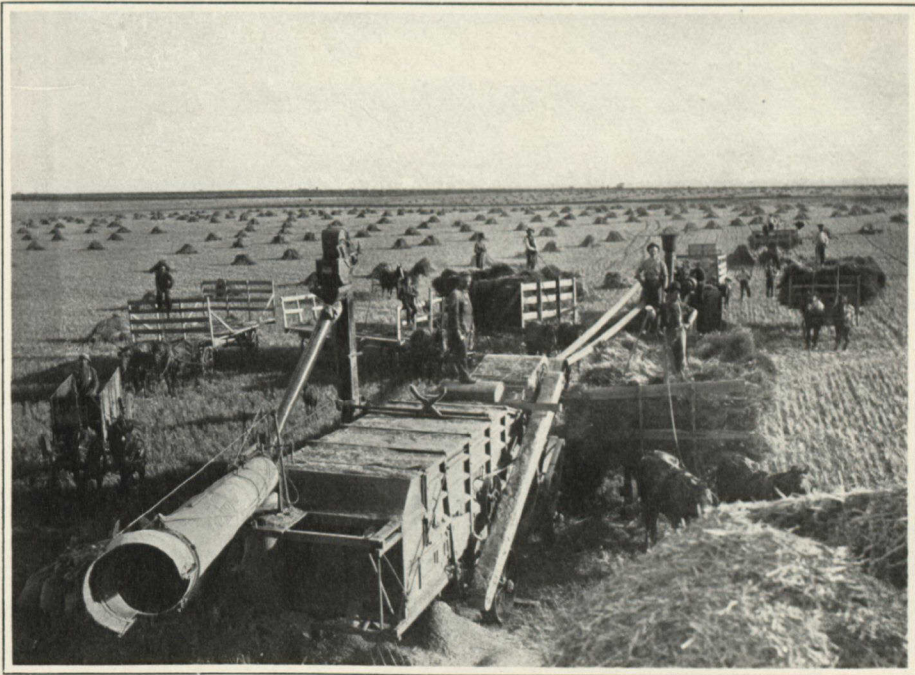
Sir Garnet Wolseley had come through the upper part of the Lake of the Woods in a gig, without the assistance of his Indian guides, who had refused to risk their canoes in the heavy sea rolling at that time. But the intrepid soldier, bent on reaching the scene of the disturbances, was not to be delayed by the cautiousness of his savage guides, so he put forth at much peril, and attempted to reach what was then Rat Portage, an almost impossible task without skilled guidance. They managed to reach the upper end of the lake, but the islands were so



A HARVEST SCENE, WESTERN CANADA

numerous and the inlets and shoreward depressions so confusing that for some time it seemed as if the expedition would result in failure. By chance a Chippewa encampment was sighted, and then, after much parleying and giving of presents, one of the braves consented to lead the way to the portage. The expedition, having bivouacked at the portage, crossed over to Winnipeg River, where the fall of water from the Lake of the Woods now supplies the power for the great mills of

tinguished as this. One of the boasts of its management is that it has progressed more rapidly since its reorganisation in 1890 than any other Canadian enterprise of national importance. The amount of its business has almost doubled every year during the seventeen years that have passed since that time, until now the daily capacity of the three mills is 10,500 barrels. In 1890 the total daily output was only 800 barrels, while now Kewatin Mill "C," when fully equipped,



A THRESHING SCENE, WESTERN CANADA

the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. They then passed on to Lake Winnipeg, and thence by the Red River to Fort Garry.

With so romantic a setting and so interesting an historical background, it seems particularly gratifying to be able to say that the heads of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company claim for their mills the distinction of having the largest flour mill operating under the British flag. It is worth while to learn something about an enterprise so dis-

will be capable of turning out 7,000 barrels a day.

The full significance of so bald a statement as a daily capacity of 10,500 barrels by one milling company cannot be readily grasped. It represents 47,000 bushels of wheat, which at twenty bushels to the acre represents the product of 2,350 acres. But that is for only one day. Take a year of 300 working days, and we have a representation of 705,000 acres. A Canadian Northwest homestead consists of 160 acres, so that the annual output

of this milling company would consume the aggregate crop of 4,400 homesteads, even if every acre was cropped with wheat. The average crop of each homestead is perhaps eighty acres, so that the annual output really represents the aggregate crop of 8,800 homesteads.

Ten thousand five hundred barrels a day make a yearly aggregate of 3,150,000 barrels. One barrel of flour will make 140 two-pound loaves of bread, and therefore the annual output of 3,150,000

In order to form a correct appreciation of the ramifications of a great milling company it is necessary to imagine 8,800 farmers, together with their sons or hired help, representing in all an army of at least 25,000 men going out in April to sow the wheat. To produce enough wheat to keep this one milling company's mills going at full capacity this army of husbandmen will have to sow about one million bushels. Even long before the seed has been put into the ground the



FARMERS DELIVERING GRAIN AT A WESTERN ELEVATOR

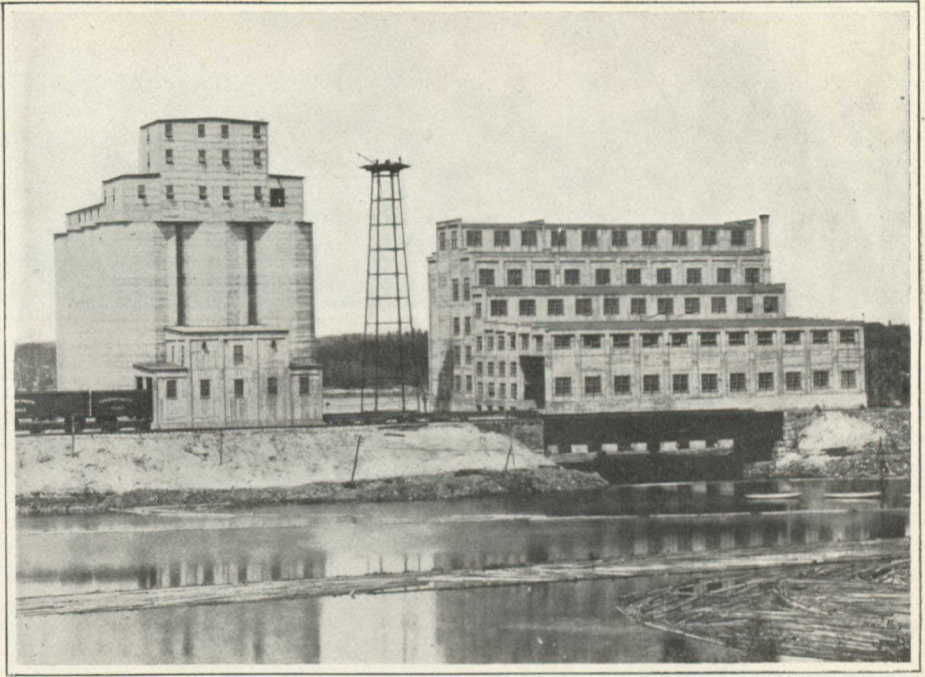
barrels will make 441,000,000 loaves. Giving the average family ten loaves a week, this output would supply 882,000 families for a whole year. Allowing two loaves a day to every man, it would maintain an army of 10,000 men in fighting form for seventy-three years.

An average loaf is about eight inches long. If, therefore, the total output of these mills was reduced to loaves of bread placed one in front of another the line would reach twice around the world, with enough left to connect Winnipeg with Liverpool.

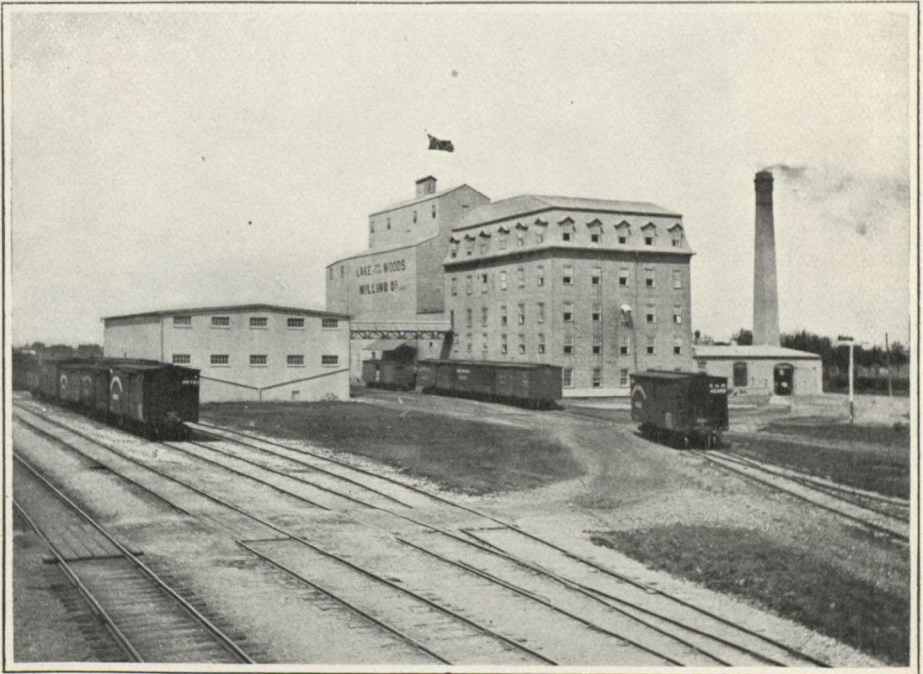
crop prophets have got to work, and from early springtime until the wheat is in stook, estimates of the total crop may be heard freely vouchsafed on all hands. Against these prophets of either good or evil the milling companies have to contend, and it is necessary therefore for them to employ their own special agents to make authentic private reports to them, in order that they may make their purchases according to the information thus obtained.

Only those who have passed through

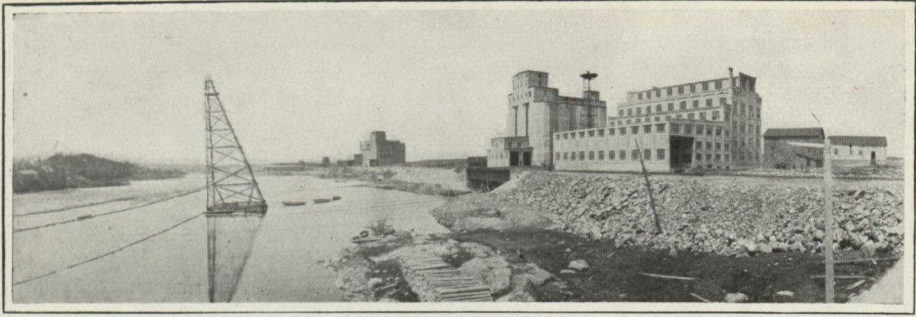




KEEWATIN MILL "C" AND ELEVATOR



MILL "B" AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE



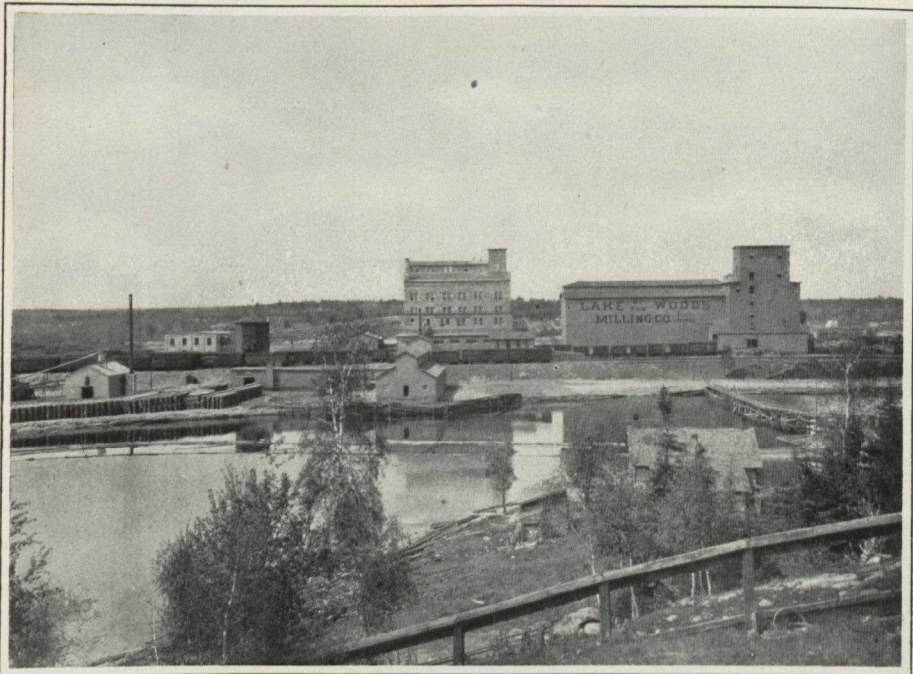
KEEWATIN MILL "C," SHOWING MILL "A" AND ELEVATOR IN THE DISTANCE

it have any idea of the intense interest with which whole communities watch the weather, fearfully anticipating hail or frost, or hopeful of a steady ripening sun. The officers of the milling companies study the situation even more eagerly than the farmers, for one night's frost might be of tremendous importance to them.

Under favourable conditions the wheat develops and ripens, is cut, threshed and transported in big box waggons to the elevators, where it is for the first time

received by the milling companies or grain dealers. The Lake of the Woods Milling Company buy their supplies of wheat direct from the farmers, and for that purpose they maintain seventy-five elevators of an average capacity of 30,000 bushels. The smallest has a capacity of 10,000 bushels, and the largest, 750,000 bushels. These elevators are located at various points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and have become a part of the economics of the West.

Having reached the elevators, the grain

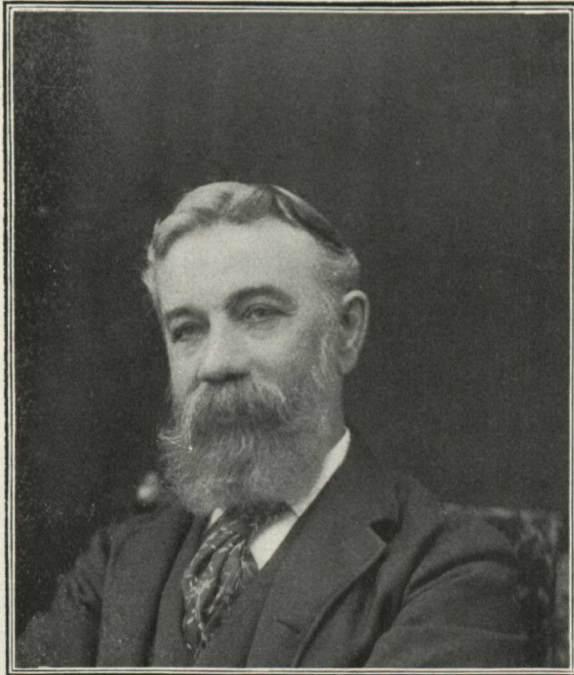


KEEWATIN MILL "A," ELEVATOR AND BARREL FACTORY

is there loaded on the special cars that are used for the purpose of transporting grain. These cars are of a standard weight of 60,000 to 80,000 pounds, and can contain from 1,000 to 1,200 bushels of wheat. The ordinary standard box car, it should be noted, weighs only 40,000 pounds. In the case of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company the wheat may

and foreign matter are eliminated. The process of milling is rather difficult to describe so that an inexperienced person can understand it. In brief, it is a series of reductions, by which the grain is reduced to a fine white powder, which is flour.

After the grain has been cleansed of all outside impurities, it is passed between two corrugated rollers, which are



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN

President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

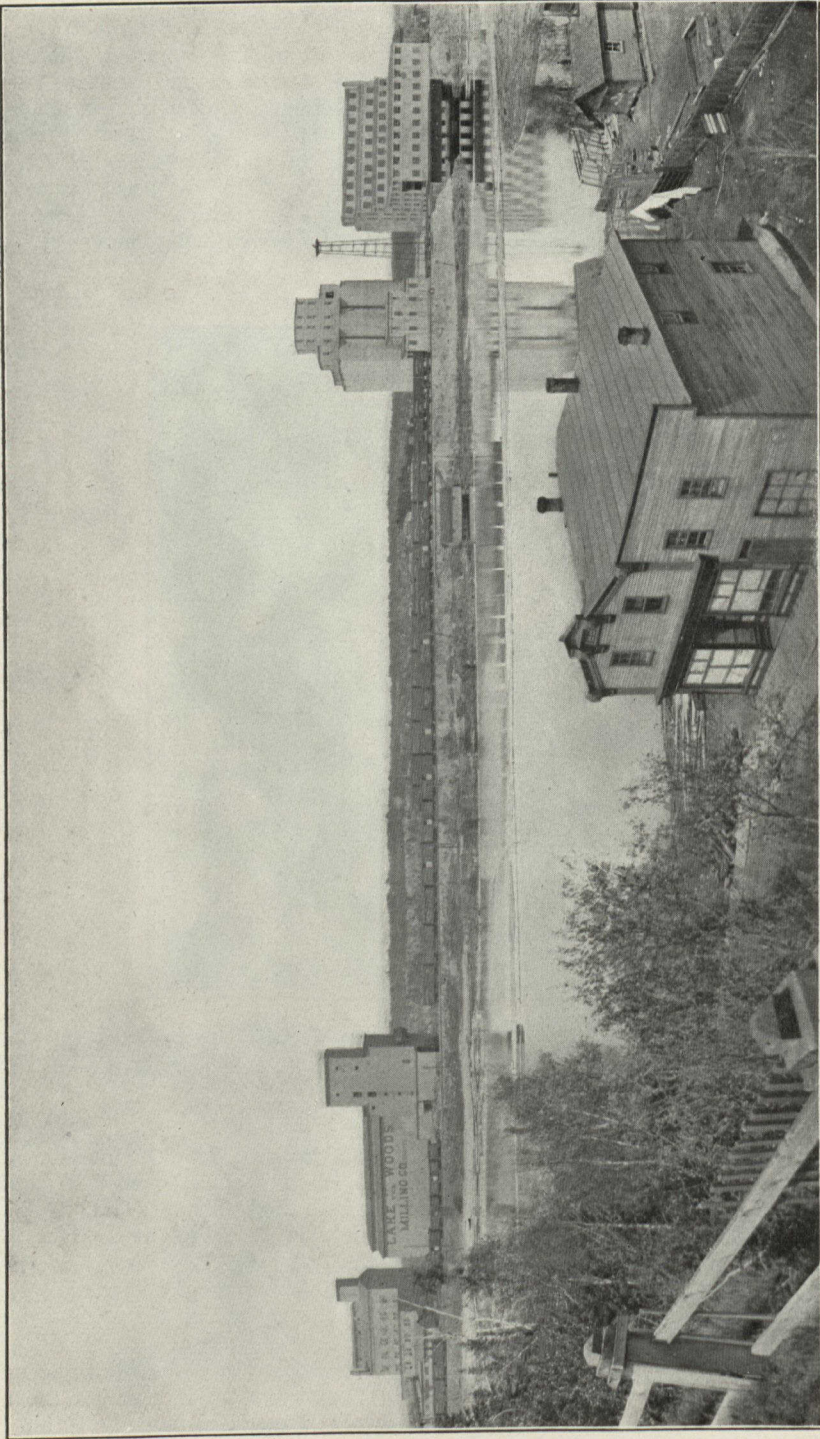
be sent to any one or more of their mills. These mills are known as follows:

Keewatin "A," capacity 4,000 bbls. daily.  
 Portage "B," capacity 1,500 bbls. daily.  
 Keewatin "C," capacity 5,000 bbls. daily.

Total capacity.....10,500

Before being milled the grain is subjected to severe cleaning processes in immense separators, where all dust, dirt

adjusted to such a nicety that the berry is no more than cracked. It is then passed through a fine wire cloth, receiving what is known as its first "bolting." This first "bolting," however, is a much coarser process than that of the silk "boltings" which follow, and during which the flour passes through silk cloth of the finest texture possible to be made, finer, indeed, than is used for the most delicate dresses. After the grain has been passed between the corrugated



A SCENE AT KEWATIN, ONT., SHOWING MILLS "A" AND "C"

rollers and through the wire screen, the smooth rollers are reached, between a series of which it is necessary to pass, the number of grindings it receives varying according to the grade and brand of flour being milled. The screening and "bolting" that follow form a most important part of the milling, and by such are the various grades of flour obtained. There is, of course, a large amount of residue, or bye-products, such as bran, shorts and low-grade flours, and it is interesting to note that from the time the grain enters the mill every operation is carried on by machinery, and at no process of the milling is the flour touched by human hands.

After the wheat has been reduced to flour and graded, it is packed in bags and barrels, according to the demands of the place where it will be consumed. If it is to go to the Maritime Provinces, barrels will be the receptacles, this fact being due in part to custom and in part to climatic conditions, the claim being that the flour keeps better in barrels than in sacks. For what is known as the "local" trade, the flour is put up in forty-nine or ninety-eight-pound sacks. These sacks are made of cotton or jute. Flour intended for Great Britain is packed in 140-pound sacks, while for Continental points it goes in 220-pound sacks. South Africa demands a double sack of ninety-eight pounds. That means that the flour is first placed in a cotton sack, which is then covered with a hemp sack, the purpose of which is to keep the cotton sack clean. The Lake of the Woods Milling Company have immense distributing warehouses at Montreal, where the sacks and barrels of flour are stored ready for shipment to the various countries where the flour will be consumed.

The making of barrels is a subsidiary industry of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, and it is understood that the cooperage at Keewatin is the largest in the Dominion. This cooperage is equipped to turn out from 1,200 to 1,500 barrels a day. As a result of this branch of the business, as well as of the flour mills, the place that the Lake of the Woods Milling Company fill as

employers of labour at Keewatin is of immense importance to that town. The money that is earned there, and that is spent in supplies, means a good deal to the whole country, and the result is much more beneficial to Canada than if the mills were not there at all, the wheat being shipped in the berry to be milled abroad.

Curiosity prompts the question, What policy has been pursued that has caused the Lake of the Woods Milling Company to grow from a total output of 800 barrels in 1890 to the distinction of being the largest concern of the kind in the British Empire? It is well known that Mr. Robert Meighen, the President of the Company, has conducted the business in a most conservative manner, and yet few concerns have displayed greater enterprise. Apparently the policy all along has been to keep, not abreast of the times, but ahead of the times. In other words, the Lake of the Woods Milling Company have not been caught napping. Instead of waiting for the country to develop ahead of their resources, they have kept ahead of the development of the country, and because of that they have been in a position to take advantage of every wave of prosperity. If the trade of to-day warrants them to maintain an output of 10,500 barrels a day, that does not mean that next year there will not be an opportunity to produce more. And so to-day they are actually equipped for a much larger output than the foregoing figures represent.

Another thing that is claimed for this largest milling company in the British Empire is the fact, highly creditable in view of the temptation to follow another course, that they have never tried to make a single dollar by speculating in wheat. They buy wheat for the purpose of milling it into flour, but of course they have to keep in a position to be able to take advantage of a turn in the market. That is to say, if wheat seems reasonably low in price, with every prospect of going higher, they buy freely, and stock their elevators, but if the price seems high, with a prospect of lower prices later on, they postpone their purchases. But they

say that they never buy wheat when it is low with the intention of selling it off when the price advances. In other words, they buy for milling purposes only. The charge, therefore, cannot fairly be made against them that they ever attempt to corner the market. They buy direct from the farmers, and therefore the farmers benefit to the extent of the middleman's profit.

It is a foregone conclusion that a business which has increased from a daily capacity of 800 barrels to 10,500 barrels a day in seventeen years must have been conducted by business men of sure judgment and far-seeing capabilities. The President of the Company, Mr. Robert Meighen, and his associates are universally regarded as amongst the shrewdest and most capable business men in the Dominion. Mr. Meighen possesses in no small degree the qualities of successful generalship, and during the many years he has been directing the affairs of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company he has gathered about him a num-

ber of the most experienced milling men in the country, the first with whom he was associated being Mr. W. A. Hastings and his brother, Mr. G. V. Hastings, the former as Eastern Manager, the latter as Western Manager. After the death of Mr. W. A. Hastings in 1903, his place in Montreal was taken by Mr. W. W. Hutchison as Eastern Manager, Mr. G. V. Hastings now being General Manager of the Company, with offices at Winnipeg.

Besides these gentlemen there are the General Superintendent, Mr. G. H. Kelly; Mr. F. E. Bray, Secretary; Lt.-Col. F. S. Meighen, Treasurer; Mr. Robert Neilson, Assistant Secretary; Mr. W. A. Matheson, Manager of the Wheat Department.

It is seldom that one finds so loyal a staff of officers as these, but it is only fair to say that the President has been peculiarly loyal to them. Mr. Meighen leaves the details of the business to his colleagues, while he outlines the general policy of this great industrial concern.





# Current Events

By

F. A. ACLAND

THE absorbing topic of newspaper discussion during the month has been the anti-Oriental disturbances in Vancouver. So unpleasant and awkward an incident could not, of course, remain a matter of local import only. The international aspect of the outbreak was most serious, and was complicated by the fact that the nationality which bore the brunt of the attack, the Japanese, is that of a people who are at the present time bound to the British Empire in a comprehensive treaty. So far, the subject does not appear to have become one of correspondence between the Imperial Governments on either side. The Dominion Government is very properly handling whatever of negotiation has sprung from the affair, and may be relied upon to act with dignity and good judgment, since Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself is actively engaged in the effort to unravel the tangle.



It is a case where the interests and sympathies of employer and employed stand diametrically opposed, and the attitudes of the two bodies could not be better illustrated than in the ground taken respectively by the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress at Winnipeg, and by the Canadian Manufacturers at Toronto. The one called upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier to have the treaty between Britain and Japan denounced, so far as Canada is concerned, so that immigration from Japan may be suspended; the other urged that Canada go slow in taking any such step. Sir Wilfrid's reply to both bodies, to the effect that nothing would be done in a panic, nothing without serious consideration and investigation, shows cour-

age as well as prudence. One of the anomalies of the situation is the fact that the business men and capitalists of British Columbia and, to some extent, of Alberta are looking to Japan and China as the market—a vast, illimitable market, which has as yet been hardly tapped—for their produce of grain and butter and for other products which they hope to be exporting within a few years. The future of the thriving city of Vancouver rests largely on the realisation of these prospects.



THE United States is, of course, not less eager for the Oriental trade, and the coast cities of Tacoma and Seattle owe much of their importance to the commerce from the East that has already come to them. We may take it for granted, however, that the sensitive Japanese people will turn to other nations with their trade if Canadians and Americans show such antagonism to them. It is probably true that Germany and France, for instance, placed similarly to the United States and Canada, would take steps equally rigorous to prevent a flood of Oriental people, but there is little danger of the stream of Japanese or Chinese immigration ever reaching countries so remote from the home lands of these nations; it is not unlikely, therefore, that France and Germany may come to enjoy the trade which we had hoped to secure to this continent, and largely to Canada, without having to pay for it by receiving vast non-assimilating additions to their populations.



IT WILL be well, therefore, for the people of British Columbia to proceed cautiously,

and not hastily, to sacrifice their share in the heritage of the Orient. In the meantime, it is only fair to remember that British Columbia has to bear, so far as Canada is concerned, the whole brunt of this Oriental immigration, Hindoo, Chinese and Japanese, and the bulk of it is concentrated in the towns and cities of the coast and of Vancouver Island, the total white population of which would not amount to much more than a hundred thousand. It is easy to see, therefore, that the sudden addition to so sparse a population of a few thousand adult males, of races which, whether inferior or not, are at least unmixable with the Anglo-Saxon people, must seriously disturb the normal condition of affairs, both economic and social. The total number of Japanese in all Canada is trifling, after all, some ten thousand or so, and scattered over the Dominion, would be hardly perceptible as an element in the population. The long railway journey and the high fares act as a deterrent to this immigration coming eastward, and it must be confessed that with so serious a shortage of labour in British Columbia and such great constructive works lying expectant for the workman it would be somewhat paradoxical to ship Japs or Hindoos across the mountains and the empty prairies into the more thickly peopled older Provinces; and yet, in all fairness to British Columbia, if, because of the interests of the Dominion or the interests of the Empire, that Province is called upon to receive within her gates these children of the ancient East, it would seem that Canada must come to her rescue in some fashion. Some scheme for distributing the immigrants over the country, placing them on the land, taking them at any rate away from the coast cities, which have already more than their share of colour, should not be difficult to devise.



THE average man, no doubt, has a certain degree of sympathy with the railway men who are being subjected to prosecutions on account of wrecks of trains under their charge. It is a new aspect of criminal law. When one realises how

infinitely greater is the risk of the train officials than that of the average passenger, how frequently the former figure in the list of dead or wounded, it would seem at first that their danger is the surest safeguard of the public; and yet the increasing list of railway wrecks through neglect or misunderstanding of some kind, shows the necessity of extending further protection to the public. It is the passengers' point of view that has to be kept in mind, the passenger representing the public. Hence the force of Judge McMahon's remarks to the jury which, after three hours' deliberation, acquitted the conductor of the train wrecked at Myrtle, Ont., of the charge of manslaughter: "I hope, gentlemen of the jury, if you should happen to be on a train when there is a collision and you are injured, that perhaps your ideas of the duty and care of officials will change." The other side of the shield was shown in the deputation that waited on Attorney-General Foy, to protest against the present activity of his Department in this direction. The railway men made out a very good case for a liberal interpretation of the law when it is invoked against them, and doubtless juries, as in the case of that of Myrtle, will take sometimes a more lenient view than the Bench. One point made by the deputation that deserves special attention, was their recommendation that the Department should have on its staff an officer with practical and expert knowledge on railway matters, who should look into all the cases brought into court and give his view to the jurors. It is quite true that the present system places the defendant at a disadvantage. It will always be a matter of grave difficulty to say when an error of judgment or lapse of memory becomes sufficiently gross to be termed criminal, yet the point of separation must be found somewhere, and a body of jurors is certainly entitled to the best assistance that can be given it.



IT BEGINS to look as if Mr. Redmond's leadership of the Irish party is breaking down. Some of the strongest individual members long since left his banner, not-



ably William O'Brien and Timothy Healy. Now the Sinn Fein is in open war with him, mainly, apparently, because Mr. Redmond is too moderate, and Mr. Samuel Young, a newly elected Nationalist member for East Cavan, has declared he does not want anything in the nature of a severance of the union, that he wants more union, not less union, with Great Britain. He desires for the English and Irish peoples a common king, a common army and navy, a common excise and customs. This narrows home rule down somewhere to the basis of the Provincial Legislatures of the Dominion, a vastly different thing from the independent parliament demanded in the past. With a few men like Mr. Young in the party, men disposed to look facts in the face and accept them at their value, the Irish question will enter on a new and more hopeful phase.



THE flat defiance of trades unions by the directors of some English railways is likely to force an issue on the question of recognising these bodies. The men ask formal recognition, the directors refuse. The men threaten to strike, calling out all the railway men in the country, a quarter of a million. Meantime the matter is being actively canvassed by the press. A strike on so huge a scale would, in the course of even a few days, work incalculable harm. London without railways would be quickly in a state of famine. The men have left the matter largely in the hands of their general secretary, Mr. Richard Bell, who was at the last general election elected to Parliament for Derby. Mr. Bell seems to realise the full gravity of the extreme step of calling a strike on lines so immense, a strike which would bring untold sufferings and losses on fellow-workers of the railway men in every city in England, and he is using every effort to secure a settlement otherwise. It is the greatest industrial crisis that has existed in many years, and the outcome will be instructive and interesting.



IT IS amusing to follow the vagaries of the philosopher millionaire, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with his ready remedies for

every evil, and his artless assumption that because he is an authority on steel making therefore he understands the art of empire making, and incidentally every other department of statesmanship. Perhaps his strangest declaration, having in view his early devotion to democracy, which provoked him, if one remembers rightly, to say in his literary masterpiece, "Triumphphant Democracy," that rather than so demean himself as to kiss the hand of the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward, he would slap the said Prince of Wales in the face, is his latest, which pronounces the German Emperor, whom Mr. Carnegie met once or twice at Kiel in June last, to be a great man, who "may some day appear as the liberator of the continent from the pressure that bears heavily upon it, and free it from the pale, paralysing fear of want and annihilation between the members of the same body." It is surely the quaintest trick of fortune that makes Andrew Carnegie author of the apotheosis of the autocratic German Emperor, and causes him to picture as an angel of peace the German war lord, who has been generally supposed to have been the prime agency in keeping all Europe in the condition of an armed camp. The adoration of the Czar by Mr. Stead, the tiring and untiring champion of democracy, is not a better illustration of the fine irony of fate.



THE question of the usefulness of the Dominion Senate is probably destined to remain always open to discussion, with opinion swinging first to one side, then to the other, as the party which is in opposition sees its representatives in the Upper Chamber dwindle to a paltry dozen or so. The unmeasured abuse which is poured from some quarters on the Senate to-day may in time turn to streams of eulogy. At least the Senate was not planned in a hurry, and a second chamber of some kind is the rule rather than the exception among nations. All are condemned in turn, no doubt, from the House of Lords down, and there are serious objections to any plan by which a second chamber becomes a check upon the popular house, yet a second chamber without such a check would be obviously

absurd. The membership of the Senate does not compare unfavourably with that of the Commons in the matter of dignity, or debating power, or business ability. Not every member of either House may truthfully be described as a statesman, yet the best we produce in Canada of statesmanship, of financial and commercial skill, and of business enterprise and ability are represented in one House or the other, and the distribution is not uneven.

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As to the demerit of age on the part of some members of the Senate, there never was a second chamber yet that did not contain old men, and there never was a time when age did not bring wisdom and experience that might be, and should

be, of value to the State. Perhaps there should be an age limit, yet who would determine the limit? Here are Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Senator Scott each well on in the eighties, and as active as many men a generation younger, and far more useful. Sir James Gowan retired at ninety, and that perhaps is a better example than that set by Senator Wark, who completed his century—a Senator to the last. On the whole, an age limit, when we remember our Gladstones and Strathconas, is unsafe and unsatisfactory, and probably the Senate in this respect, as in other respects, may well be left alone—age brings its own remedy, and so in time will all other evils that the unkindly eye now finds in that body bring their own cure.



HELPING UNCLE SAM

—Detroit Journal.

# The Front Window

## LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE

A MAN who was driving along an Ontario rural highway recently, after nightfall, casually drew attention to the fact that the front windows of almost every house were dark, while almost as invariably a light glimmered in the kitchen. Perhaps he was not aware of the significance of his observation, but it is nevertheless true that he called attention to a lamentable practice that prevails, with of course some exceptions, throughout the rural districts of the whole Province. Many persons might reasonably ask why the practice of spending the evenings in the kitchen instead of in the parlour or living-room is lamentable? It is lamentable because the very ones who are most entitled to the wholesome pleasures of life fail to take advantage of their opportunities to enjoy them, because the kitchen does not provide surroundings most conducive to culture and refinement, because a family group in the kitchen is more likely to accomplish less than it would if placed in the environment of music, books and the most of comfort and luxury that the house affords. It must be admitted, however, that when the average farmer's work is done for the day he does not feel inclined to change his clothes in order to be fit to sit on the best furniture and walk on the best carpets. Nor does the wife and mother, whose duties oftentimes require her presence in the kitchen long after the supper things have been cleared away, care to remain out of communication with the rest of the family. Then also, to

light the front room would mean a doubling of the coal oil bill, while to keep it heated every evening all winter, whether visitors come or not, would considerably increase the amount of the fuel bill. These conditions show pretty clearly why the kitchen gets the preference. Undoubtedly the first, the fact that most farmers do not care to change their clothes in order to prepare for an hour's or two hours' indulgence in the best room, is one reason. And that is one reason also why there should be no "best" room as it is generally respected. The really best room should not contain a carpet that is always in peril, or a cushion that any member of the family may not use, or a sofa that is seen only on Sunday. It is gratifying to encounter an exception to the usual practice, and to be ushered into a home where the best things in it are enjoyed by all, and where the entertaining room does not savour of long neglect. The farms of Ontario are noted for their splendid residences and excellent hospitality, and the farming communities of the same Province are exceptional in culture and education, but in many instances the opportunity to enjoy life is lost by not moving the light from the kitchen to the front room.



## CONDITIONS IN THE WEST

REPORTS from the West seem to indicate that while considerable damage was done to the wheat crop, the result on the whole will be better than was anticipated a few weeks ago. High prices will undoubtedly make up to the farmers much

of what has been lost by depreciation, but that is not a consolation to the consumer. Many persons seem to think that when frost strikes wheat in the straw the whole crop is ruined. As a matter of fact, the crop may not be hurt at all. In most cases where wheat is affected by frost, the damage consists merely of depreciation and not of obliteration. It is a question of grade. Sometimes wheat that might have graded high enough to fetch ninety cents a bushel is nipped by frost sufficiently to cause a depreciation of only a few cents a bushel. In most cases the depreciation is not great. So that frost, after all, is generally not so terrible a thing as many persons imagine it to be.

But the great elasticity of the West is being proved this year more than any other year. It had long been argued by "boomsters" of the West that it would be a very singular thing if a calamity in the form of unfavourable weather would affect the whole country. They contended that if Manitoba should be visited by frost or hail, Saskatchewan and Alberta might very likely go scot free, or *vice versa*. This year the saneness of that view has been established, for while in some localities hail did great damage, other localities escaped.

Again, there is considerable elasticity in the choice of a crop. If the spring season should be backward, and wheat cannot be sown early, the farmer has an opportunity to sow oats instead, with every hope of reaping an equally profitable crop. Oats do not sell at so high a price as wheat, but the yield is more abundant, and wheat takes about two weeks longer to mature. Two weeks in September, in Western Canada, is a long time.



#### THE SITUATION IN INDIA

READERS of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE have had an opportunity this month and last month to form an opinion of the cause of whatever trouble, real or imaginative, there may be in India. Mr. Sing's articles are certainly outspoken, but it is doubtful whether many persons will regard them as really indicative of conditions

there. Nevertheless they have a value, inasmuch as they show the direction of the wind in some quarters. Is it the educated people in India who are agitating? If it is, the situation is serious. Mr. Sing is educated much beyond the average Englishman, and he has had abundant opportunity to observe conditions in the Occident. But it looks as if his case has been greatly crippled by Capt. Scott Harden.



#### AMBITION

IN THE busy rush of things nowadays it is not often that we stop to think of the many who, as well as we, have ambitions to attain and desires to gratify. But while perhaps we sometimes do give them a passing thought, we seldom, if ever, afford even a faint comprehension of the instinctive longings that arise in youthful breasts, longings which, because of circumstances, are held in check and not allowed to grow to the status of an ambition. It is possible for a longing to take possession of one and to never have an opportunity to expand or pass from the vagueness of its inception. The youth of the village experiences a desire for something different, something of which he has but a very immature conception. He knows that the life about him is not satisfying, but he has had no opportunity to observe conditions in other walks and environments. So the best he can do is to make a choice; in other words, to shake the hat and grasp whatever comes readiest to his hand. Having done that, he should use his opportunity so as to gain a knowledge of men and their ways; and then, when he has found his own way, to let his longing rise to the impelling status of ambition.

Frequently we see that even a child is capable of some of the noblest longings of the human heart, and yet that keen appreciation of condition prevents it from asserting the fact. An illustration of that may be found in the recent experience of a woman, a grandmother, whose grandchildren were not all able to enjoy the fruits of even a competence. Hoping to inspire confidence in face of trying circumstances, the grandmother,

not long ago, speaking to one of her little grandchildren, said:

"Never mind, Margaret, for perhaps some day before long we'll think out a plan to send you to high-school, and then you would soon be independent."

The little child's expressive eyes filled with tears of gratitude. "Oh, if I only could!" she exclaimed.

"Would you like to?" asked the grandmother, somewhat astonished at Margaret's eagerness.

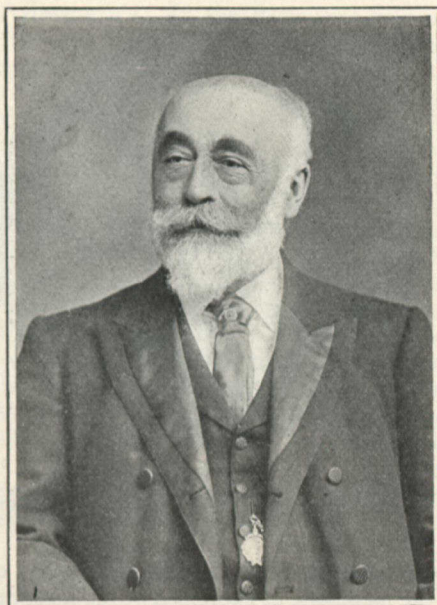
"I have been longing to go ever since I passed the examination, but of course I thought there was no use thinking about it—not for a long time, anyway. So I didn't say anything to anybody about it."

That child possessed the material that makes martyrs.



#### A FRENCH-CANADIAN PRESIDENT

It is gratifying to see an association so large as that of the Canadian manufacturers elect a French-Canadian to the highest position of honour at their disposal. Hon. Jean Damien Rolland is the first French-Canadian to occupy the position of President of this great body, and it is to be hoped that he will not be the last, for it is to acts of sympathy and appreciation such as this that much of the good feeling that exists between the two distinct races in Canada is due. There are in the Province of Quebec many excellent types of business men—men who are astute and broad-minded and tolerant. Hon. Mr. Rolland is one of them, and at the same time he is a gentleman of culture and affability. His age is sixty-six. Montreal, where he still resides, is his birthplace, and his father was the late Senator Rolland. He was educated at the school of the Christian Brothers and at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and at the age of sixteen entered upon a commercial career, beginning first as a clerk in the stationery and fancy goods business. Later he accepted partnership in business with his father, but his chief concern has been the manufacture of paper. He is at present head of the Rolland Paper Company. Mr. Rolland is a member of the Legislative Council of his native Province, and in other direc-

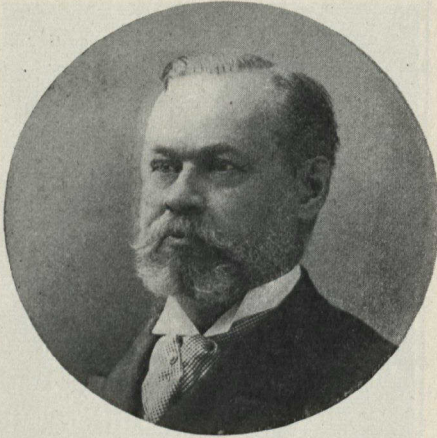


HON. J. D. ROLLAND

The first French-Canadian to be elected President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

tions he has manifested a keen interest in public affairs. He was at one time Mayor of Hochelaga, and when that town was annexed to Montreal he became an Alderman of the city, in which position he served for many years, and then retired. He is a Conservative in politics. In Montreal he is a well-known figure. At one time he was a member of the Harbour Commission, and he is a member of the Citizen's League, the President of the General Colonisation and Repatriation Society, besides being connected with various large corporations.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Rolland will not injure the cause of the manufacturers with too much zeal. A noticeable feature of the press comments on the attitude of the Association towards the tariff, as displayed at the recent meeting in Toronto, was adverse criticism of the cry for still more protection. Apart altogether from the merits of protection over free trade or a revenue tariff, it is doubtful whether the manufacturers are strengthening their case by indulging in what many regard as partisan blindness.



DR. LOUIS FRECHETTE

Whose first article of a series on French-Canadian folk-lore begins in this number.

Perhaps, after all, the opinion of one of the members, as expressed at the meeting, that the Government and the people would soon be intolerant of constant demand was sound.



#### DISTINCTIONS IN COURAGE

THE spectacle of a police constable, as was seen recently in New York, being stripped of his badge in the presence of comrades on the force and dismissed, because he had been declared guilty of cowardice, induces a desire for a comprehensive definition of that offence. This man who was disgraced had run away from a desperado who had just shot a woman. While a man who runs away from danger is not thereby proved to be a coward, the policeman who so runs must be regarded as at least dilatory in the performance of duty. Prudence is never cowardice, but when a man is engaged and paid to defend others he is expected to do his work regardless of himself. Had the constable who ran away from the desperado in New York been a private citizen he would have been beyond reproach, and the act might have been reasonably described as prudent rather than cowardly.

But there is more than one kind of cowardice. There is moral cowardice and physical cowardice. The policeman

who was found guilty of physical cowardice might have an abundant supply of moral courage. Constables, perhaps more than most members of a community, should be both morally and physically courageous, for theirs is a calling that calls for an unusual amount of both. The man who takes a cab to the theatre, just because it is customary to do so in certain classes of society, even when he cannot afford that luxury, is a coward in as full a use of the word as it is used against the policeman. He is really a good deal more cowardly, for who would not face the upraised eyelash of society rather than the smoking barrel of a pistol in the hands of a desperate man?



#### THE NEW MINISTERS

THE transfer of Hon. Mr. Pugsley from the Premiership of New Brunswick to the office of Minister of Public Works for the Dominion, will please the majority of Liberals of the Maritime Provinces. In that part of the Dominion Mr. Pugsley has long been regarded as an outstanding man in public life, and his promotion to



JUDGE A. W. SAVARY, OF ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

Whose introduction to "The Narrative of Colonel David Fanning" appears in this number.

the larger field of federal politics had long been anticipated by many who had observed his capabilities. Personally he possesses most of the subtler characteristics that have come to be regarded as the requisites if not the perquisites of a man who would succeed in the public service. He is affable and courteous to a marked degree; so marked, indeed, that some persons, on first making his acquaintance, receive the impression that it is the result of cultivation. But whether his dignified and courteous manner is the result of endowment or cultivation, it is a praiseworthy qualification, for if we cannot find good manners and good breeding in our Ministers of State, we cannot expect much from those who follow in humbler paths. It is safe to say that Mr. Pugsley will be a popular minister, for he is already popular in his own Province. Those who know him best say that he is clean and above reproach in all his public dealings.

Hon. Mr. Graham's advance has been rapid, although not so sudden as Mr.

Aylesworth's. In the Provincial field he won his spurs as a result of ability and aggressiveness, and on the reconstruction of the Ross Government, just prior to its defeat, he was taken into the Cabinet in the capacity of Provincial Secretary. On the retirement of Mr. Ross as Leader of the Opposition, he was the natural successor. During the rather brief time that he occupied that position he steadily gained in popularity and prestige, and the fact that he was able to rally the Liberal forces at a time when the fortunes of war seemed turned against them showed that he was resourceful and possessed of considerable ability as a leader. He has a clean record, and it is to be hoped that Ontario will gain as much by his representation at Ottawa as by his party leadership in the more restricted field.

*The Editor*



I TOLD YOU SO

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



## ENCHANTMENT

A GLAMOUR of dawn on the slopes of the lawn,  
A magic that wavers and lingers—  
What shadowy Pass has enchanted the grass,  
The touch of what mystical fingers?  
Oh! whence are these gleams of fantastical dreams,  
This whiff of the Forest of Arden?  
The foliage responds to the waving of wands—  
For there is a child in the garden!

With rose-leaves for wraps and nasturtiums for caps  
Come galloping under the phloxes  
The elves and the fays on their roans and their bays—  
The squirrels and little red foxes;  
The pixies and gnomes from their underground homes,  
Where they fire the metals that harden,  
Bring lustre in pots to enamel the plots—  
For there is a child in the garden!  
—Ethel Rolt Wheeler in *Pall Mall Magazine*.



## THE IMMIGRANT WOMAN

THERE is something pitiful in the face of the immigrant woman as she appears at the station in Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg. Weariness, bewilderment and homesickness are too often seen in the eyes of the settlers who have left the old land for the new. To the vast majority of women, home means comfort and solidity, and a change is like transplanting to what seems at first unfriendly soil. To be sure, some women are born with the desire for change and travel, and happy are they when their fortunes allow them

to gratify the *wanderlust*. But to the most of Eve's daughters "moving" is a trial, indeed, and the van which carries off the household goods is no welcome sight. The ordeal is much greater when the ocean is to divide the new home from all that has been held dear. The practical observer will doubtless remind us that the newcomers are to retrieve or build their fortunes in this great Dominion of unfilled Provinces. While that is perfectly true, the adjustment to new conditions is anything but an easy task for the immigrant woman and should be made as simple as possible by us whose parents or grandparents were once strangers in the land.



## THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE National Council of Women, which has quietly accomplished so much during the last decade for the unification of women's societies, has been unusually fortunate in its officers. From the first, women of personal dignity, wide experience and high intelligence, have been prominent in its affairs. The re-election of Lady Edgar to the presidency, during the recent session of the National Council in Vancouver, shows how general is the appreciation of her especial qualifications for this office. During the life of her late husband, Sir James Edgar, Speaker of the Dominion House of Commons, Lady Edgar held a social position



of high responsibility, which was most acceptably filled. Sir James Edgar and his wife had a common love for literature which too seldom characterises the political circles of this country. Lady Edgar has contributed from time to time articles on historical subjects to various journals and magazines. She is the author of "Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805-1815," a volume which received the special commendation of Mr. Gladstone and of the principal English and Canadian reviews. She has also written "The Life of General Brock," in the "Makers of Canada" series, published by Morang. Lady Edgar is at present engaged in writing the life of James Edgar, Secretary to the Chevalier de St. George, a biography that deals with the exiled Stuarts in Rome, and gives intimate touches in the lives of the titular James III, and his two sons, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and his brother Henry. By the gracious permission of His Majesty, Lady Edgar had access to the original Stuart papers in the Royal Library at Windsor.



#### PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED

THE Canadian woman who reads anything of Old Country conditions cannot help wondering why it should be so difficult to obtain help when there seem to be hundreds, even thousands, of women who are working at a wretched wage in the greatest city of the Empire, and whose lodging-houses are absolutely devoid of anything approaching comfort. The latest figures regarding industrial London are not short of appalling. There exists a standing army of 80,000 unemployed, and it is given as a fact that ninety per cent. of the producers of the actual wealth of London have no homes they can call their own beyond the week's end; and no other possessions than "the few sticks of old furniture that will go into a handcart for trundling from lodging to lodging." Yet there is a miserable lack in this country of domestic help in both farm and city households. There seems to be no necessity for becoming sentimental over the unemployed, as so many good



LADY EDGAR, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

people in the Old Country are inclined, since there is work and to spare for those who are willing to do it. There is no reason save stupidity or laziness for such a state of affairs, and the sooner these thousands realise that in Canada the harvest truly is great, the more comfortable it will be for themselves and for those who are willing to give them a good home. This is a work in which the Salvation Army has done a great deal—that of sending or bringing the unemployed to a place of decent employment. Not only the new Provinces and British Columbia, but every part of Canada is open to those who are honest in the desire to work.



#### THE COMING OF KIPLING

MR. KIPLING's visit to Canada came as a surprise but was hailed as an event of almost imperial importance. The distinguished author was besieged by reporters and "sich," to whom he showed a commendable taciturnity. The man who wrote "The Road to Mandalay" and "The Hymn Before Action," is like the Bobs of whom he is so fond—he does

not advertise. Mr. Kipling has frequently been charged with a lack of enthusiasm for his feminine characters. In fact, the East Aurora authoring, who occasionally inflicts his trashy lectures on Canadian audiences, asserts that Kipling's estimate of woman is found in the well-known line of *The Vampire*:

A rag and a bone and a hank of hair.

Anyone who knows the picture referred to will recognise the delightful fitness of the line, and everyone who really knows the work of Mr. Kipling will recognise that the East Aurora critic is ignorant of what he aims to criticise.

Of course, those who claim that women are angels will not approve of such entirely life-like characters as the flirtatious *Mrs. Hawksbee* and the tedious *Minnie Gadsby*. While nearly everyone regrets that Mr. Kipling penned such a vulgar piece of rhyme as *The Ladies*, still there is plenty of material to prove his appreciation of woman's finer qualities. Was there ever a braver, truer comrade than *William the Conqueror*? Was there ever a sweeter love story than the dream of the *Brushwood Boy* and his lady, *Annieanlouise*? It is said that Mr. Kipling's mother was always her son's sympathetic "chum" and is possessed of sparkling wit. Assuredly no writer who had not known much of woman's tenderness could have written *Mother o' Mine*. The twenty odd volumes of the Anglo-Indian author's work give us many delightful studies in femininity, from the laughing *O Toyo* to the tearful *Miss Biddums*, and the woman or man who is unacquainted with them has missed a varied company.



#### MORE SPINSTERS

THERE is something desolating about the word "spinster." One imagines a woman with a back like a board and a face like a hatchet. Even "old maid" seems a more comfortable expression, while "bachelormaid" has almost a hilarious sound, suggestive of comradeship and a chafing-dish. It is, therefore, almost saddening to read that six hundred spinsters have lately come from Great Britain to Canada. Think of six hundred

spinsters on one ship! What are they going to do? Rumour says that their destination is the West, where there are husbands to be had for the asking—or rather, eager to do the asking. But, whatever be the mission of these unappropriated blessings, it is to be hoped that some of them will be candidates for first aid to the unhelped—in other words that they will be cooks and housemaids. The domestic problem is much worse than any other which puzzles East or West.



#### AN AIRY, FAIRY PLAY

THAT delightful play, *Peter Pan*, has lately been rejoicing youthful hearts in Canada, and Miss Adams has left us a charming memory of the elfin chap who refused to grow up. No one but James M. Barrie could have written such a play, a dramatic counterpart of the strange story of *The Little White Bird*. Miss Adams is soon to give up the rôle which has been such an artistic and popular success; but it is altogether unlikely that *Peter Pan* will go into permanent retirement. The appeal which it has made to public sympathy shows how unsubstantial is the theory that the people demand sordid plays. Nothing could be more wholesome and refreshing than this winsome dream of the Scottish dramatist. *Peter Pan* is pure air and sunshine and a trip to fairyland.



#### THE HIDEOUS HATS

SPEAKING of dreams, was there ever a nightmare more distressing than the hats of this very autumn? Some of them strongly resemble purple dishpans, which have a painfully flattening effect upon the wearer. Morning-glories, orchids and mammoth roses deck these dishpan affairs, but fail to rescue them from direful ugliness. In greens, browns and purples, these fowl-like creations appear and strike terror to the heart and emptiness to the purse of the masculine beholder; for, the uglier the hat is, the longer the little bill. When one of the aforesaid dishpans is covered with heavy bands and loops of velvet trimming, a ponderous

wreath of morning-glories in shades which any real flower would blush to own and a perfect avalanche of fuzzy little feathers, the result is enough to turn a hen-coop green with envy. There have been queer hats in the-world ere the year 1907, but surely this planet was never before afflicted with such triumphs of the grotesque as are making October hideous.



#### IRISH LACE

THE Dublin Exhibition, which is being so well described for Canadian readers by *Kit* of the *Mail and Empire*, has made Irish fabrics more fashionable than ever. Poplins are to be worn for wedding and evening gowns, while Irish linen and lace are displayed everywhere. Limerick and Carrickmacross supply lace which would adorn the most luxurious garments and London is very much alive to the fact. Nearly every fashionable bride has "a touch of Ireland" in her trousseau, and even in Canada the appreciation of these manufactures grows apace.



#### CIVILISING WOMEN

AFTER surveying the hats, it is possible to read with calmness Mr. George Meredith's cheerful saying, "Woman is the last being to be civilised by man,"—or something to that effect. An English journalist has taken up this remark, discussing it at length and coming to the sad conclusion that woman is uncivilised. Probably Mr. Meredith is not of the opinion as quoted, but merely puts it into the mouth of a cynical man whose wife is no cook, or whose mother-in-law insists on having the best room in the house.

One authority on the momentous subject declares that woman is less civilised than man because she has neither a sense of justice or the ability to reason. But even if we grant that women put too much seasoning of mercy into their justice, and occasionally jump to conclusions without the aid of a syllogism, such vagaries do not put them outside the

pale of civilised beings. Anyone who examines criminal statistics can hardly come to the conclusion that women are below their brethren in the qualities which are going to bring about a "statelier Eden." In the Meredithian novels themselves the women are unusually fine and charming specimens of the reviled sex. But most women find it hard to forgive Mr. Meredith for making that bewitching creature *Diana of the Crossways* guilty of the meanest offence against her lover. No warm-hearted Irish-woman could have been so contemptible as *Diana* proved herself to be in the act of betrayal. She might have been guilty of impulsive folly or shrewish impatience, but of treachery—never. But perhaps that repulsive deed was intended to indicate a streak of savagery in an otherwise civilised character.



#### MORE RESTAURANT REMARKS

ONCE more are the manners of the restaurant the subject of severe criticism. A certain New York authority deals with the matter thus:

"For a woman to put her elbows on the table was once a final label of bad breeding. Now it is a smart posture at a dinner-party, the more so if the woman has pretty hands. Pretty rings constitute an even better excuse.

"The best-bred women nowadays will pick up a cup of cold bouillon and rest their elbows on the table while they sip it. This may be said to show how unconventional and natural they are. Perhaps so, but surely a certain amount of artificiality is to be preferred to this sort of freedom."

The best-bred women of to-day do not indulge in the awkward practice referred to. "Smart" women may, but they are of a different class. The restaurant may be to blame for some of the degeneracy of modern manners, but home training in this respect is not always of the fastidious order. In fact, we are becoming a nation in a hurry and haste conduces neither to grace or courtesy.

Jean Graham.



IN the field of fiction the most interesting publication of the month to Canadians is undoubtedly Sir Gilbert Parker's great novel, "The Weavers" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.50). From the standpoint of technique, sustained interest, strength of character sketching, vividness of pen picturing, dramatic action, and spirited dialogue, the work is unusually well done and this celebrated Canadian writer has perhaps more than ever before demonstrated his right to be placed with the great novelists of his day. In this book Sir Gilbert has taken advantage of the extremely delicate situation in Egypt more than a quarter-century ago, and in so doing he has been able to place the diplomacy of the British Foreign Office and its possible subjection to ulterior influences against Oriental mysticism, Oriental treachery, Oriental devilishness and Oriental fraud. But the chief purpose of the novel, after all, is to develop an obscure Quaker youth, David Claridge, into an astute, unflinching, far-seeing, resolute and God-fearing statesman. The youth is introduced at a Quaker meeting, where he is placed under the ban of the Society, because he had, all in one day, taken two drinks at a village inn, kissed a maiden at the crossroads, and knocked down a man who had lacked gallantry. For these offences David spent several months in isolation, but, after coming back again amongst his friends, he learned of the death of a beloved uncle in Egypt, and thither he goes to take up the work that remained there undone. He finds himself invited to a *junction* given by the Prince Pasha.

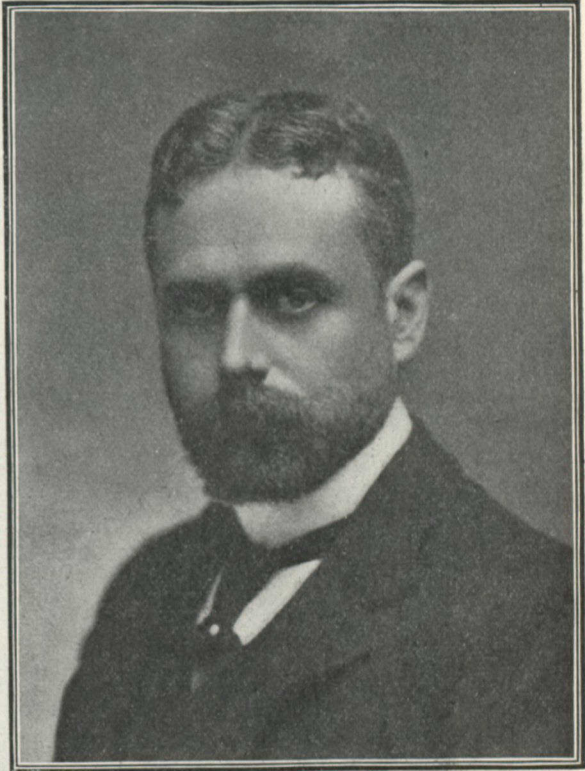
He goes, dressed as a Quaker, and there he is asked to succeed Nahoum Pasha as chief counsellor of the Prince. During the progress of the occasion David hears a girl scream, with the result that his innate gallantry urges him to the rescue. He reaches an apartment, and there discovers a beautiful English girl repelling the advances of a brother of the man he himself has been asked to succeed. The man draws a dagger, but David knocks him down, and his head strikes the corner of a pedestal, killing him. David manages to get the girl from the palace in safety, and he then returns, but he is seen by Nahoum Pasha, who learns the truth and decides to avenge his brother's death. Until this incident occurs David has not decided whether or not to accept the high position of first counsellor, but he has felt his "life's work" lay in Egypt, and that, combined with the fact that he cannot admit the killing of Nahoum's brother because the admission would expose the girl, determines him to do what he can—"for Egypt." The girl whom he shielded turns out to be a prominent English lady who soon marries the Earl of Eglington, whose family are in some mysterious way connected with the Claridge family. Eglington becomes head of the British Foreign Office, has an inborn dislike for David, and consequently the possibilities of the story, with Lady Eglington sworn to help David because of what he has done for her, and Nahoum Pasha working against him, may be imagined. It turns out finally that David is the real Earl of Eglington, that he is also of legitimate

birth; and, as the half-brother who had enjoyed the earldom dies at a convenient time, the way is open for the widow and David to consummate their love for each other. Whether they do or not, is left to the pleasure of the reader. The last chapter does not rise to its possibilities, and it provides perhaps the most unsatisfactory reading in the whole book. In the main "The Weavers" is a convincing, dramatic and powerful novel. Most readers of it will, perhaps, not question the likelihood of the Prince Pasha of Egypt immediately raising an inexperienced Quaker youth from private life to the highest public office at his command.



#### MORE THAN MOTHER

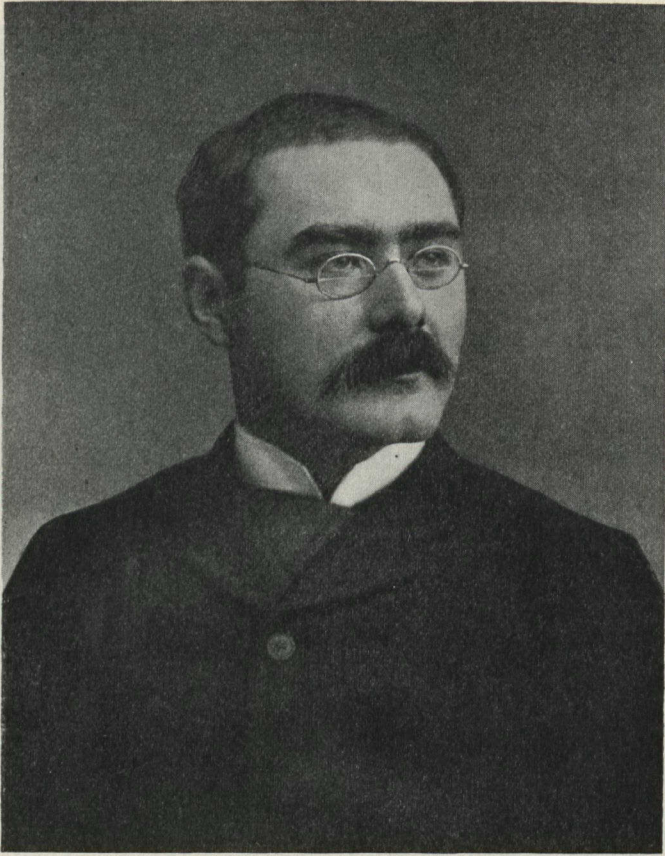
H. A. VACHELL, author of "The Hill," "Brothers," and other novels, has written an extremely dramatic piece of fiction entitled "Her Son" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50). The chief aim of the writer in this instance has been to create a lofty type of woman, and it is perhaps not doing him an injustice to say that his means of creation have been in themselves extreme. He has succeeded, however, in portraying a woman of exceptional devotedness and phenomenal fidelity. The "son" is merely one of the means towards that end. This woman, Dorothy Fairfax, English by birth, and of fine family, falls in love with a young journalist, Dick Gasgoyne, and her love is reciprocated. But she soon learns that Dick had previously lived illicitly with a vaudeville actress who had nursed him safely through an almost fatal illness. She learns also that he had sickened of the life and had drawn away from it, but not without its result in the form of a child, which was born in an obscure French hamlet, un-



SIR GILBERT PARKER

Whose latest novel "The Weavers" appeared recently in a Canadian edition.

known to the father. Dorothy knows of the birth, and when she discovers also that the child was ruthlessly abandoned by the mother, she recovers it and adopts it as her own son. She breaks all family ties and lives abroad in the disguise of a widow, with the sole ambition of rearing the child in a way that would have pleased the father, who, she believes, was killed during an expedition in Africa. A series of very dramatic situations follow, and in the end the "son," after he has grown to manhood, hears the truth regarding his birth, and, having heard, becomes the medium that causes a happy reunion of his father and the woman who throughout the long years since his childhood had been more than mother to him. Many will regard this novel as being unsavoury. It has already been dramatised.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

The eminent author, who is paying a visit to Canada.

#### CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY

A VERY handsome publication, one that serves the purpose of a guide as well as an instructive and interesting consideration of one of the most inviting parts of Europe, comes in two volumes entitled "Cities of Northern Italy," by Grant Allen and George C. Williamson (Boston: L. C. Page & Company). It belongs to the "Travel Lovers' Series" which is an output of the same publishers. The authors have approached the subject in a most sympathetic way, and while they have carried out the work with the intention of having it serve as a guide as well as a history, they have avoided the details of travel such as can be easily obtained on the spot. The volumes therefore will be of much interest to

many who will not be able to take full advantage of their suggestions. There are eighty photogravure and half-tone reproductions, and altogether the setting is handsome and artistic.



#### STORIES ABOUT QUEBEC

ONE of the most acceptable publications of the season in Canada is "From my Quebec Scrap-Book," by G. M. Fairchild, jun., and published by Frank Carrel, Quebec. Mr. Fairchild has long been a most sympathetic writer on French-Canadian subjects and on historical subjects relating to the City of Quebec and its *environs*. Few persons have had a better opportunity to study the local colour and the characteristics of the

*habitant* than he has had, and he has taken full advantage of that opportunity. As a result, articles from his pen have appeared from time to time in various forms. This latest volume, "From my Quebec Scrap-Book," gathers most of these articles together under one cover, and presents them in a very attractive form. The book contains in all thirty-five articles and dozens of illustrations, many of them reproductions of photographs.



#### A BLOW AT REINCARNATION

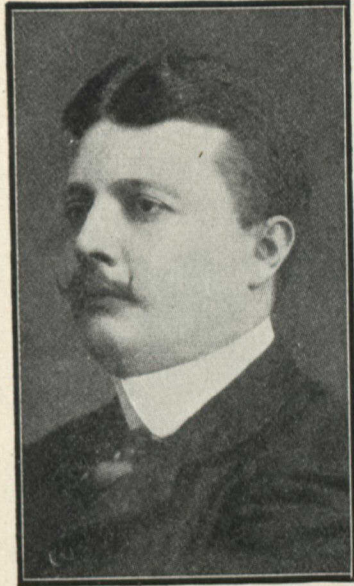
ANTONIO FOGAZZARRO'S story "The Woman," from the Italian "Malombra," has been translated by F. Thorold Dickson (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25). The story is saturated with the mysticism and fatalistic sentiment which have become so popular recently, and for this reason will probably appeal to many of the younger novel readers. The book deals a hard blow at the theories of reincarnation. Commencing as though it were intended to justify these theories, it ends by showing that they are more easily accounted for as the imaginings of a disordered mind.

The story is one of tragedy and sorrow and has in it elements of strength which if handled more forcibly and at a much less length would have resulted in a convincing and valuable book. There is far too much striving after effect, however, to please the readers of to-day. Possibly things are not the same in Italy as they are here, and books of five hundred pages, alternately made up of superlative descriptions of scenery and interpretations of fatalistic fancies, may be in demand. In Canada, fortunately, we want something more real, and more cheerful, and fortunately also our own authors are giving us stories that are more to our taste.



#### A FANTASY BY ALFRED NOYES

ALL who are acquainted with the work of the poet Alfred Noyes will be interested in knowing that a new volume of some of his later verse has just been issued under the title "The Flower of Old Japan"



MR. PUTNAM WEALE

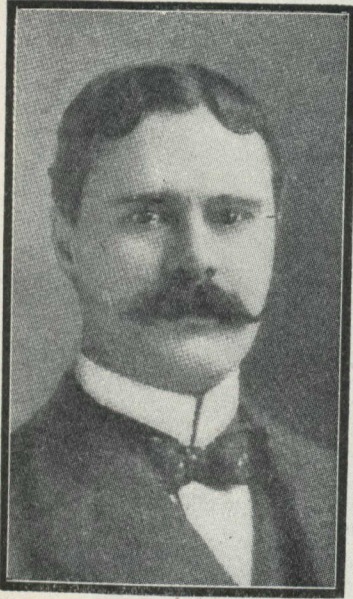
Author of "The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath."

(Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25 net). Mr. Noyes is regarded as one of the foremost of living poets who write in English, and his work seems to be steadily growing in favour. "The Flower of Old Japan" is a poem that has, perhaps strange to say, no bearing whatever on the country known as Japan. It is rather a fantasy, such a picture, for instance, as a child might imagine after hearing of some things about Japan, but while the treatment is at times light and apparently frivolous, there is much seriousness and philosophy in the background.



#### A TALE OF THE NORTH

DILLON WALLACE, ever since he wrote "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," has been much before the reading public. He is regarded as an authority on Labrador, and therefore his work has more than a passing interest. His latest story is entitled "Ungava Bob: A Winter's Tale" (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell). Although this is a story in which adults will find much interest, it is intended to particularly delight the young people,



MR. OWEN WISTER

Author of "The Virginians" and "How Doth the Busy Spelling Bee."

and therefore it is very suitable as a gift. *Ungava Bob* is a lad who wished to go North himself and procure a silver fox skin, so that he might thereby make enough money to send his little sister away to a climate where her health would be restored. He goes to Labrador at his own instance, for the express purpose of hunting the Bix Hill Trail, the special preserve of an Indian known as *Micmac John*. The Indian greatly resents the intrusion of Ungava Bob, and he swears vengeance on him. The incidents and adventures that follow make interesting reading for one of easy imagination, and the whole theme of the work is aided by excellent illustrations.



#### "THE TRAGEDY OF QUEBEC"

It would be a startling instance of the irony of fate if Roman Catholicism, which had so signal an opportunity here before the British conquest of Canada, and which, since then, has been secondary to Protestantism in this country, should soon rise up and become the dominant voice in the affairs of Church and of State. But

that it might rise and place the Dominion under the thralldom of its power, seems to be the opinion of Mr. Robert Sellar, editor of *The Huntingdon Gleaner*, and author of "The Tragedy of Quebec," a work that possesses more than ordinary significance. Mr. Sellar has long regarded with apprehension the fact that in parts of that portion of the Province of Quebec which is known as the Eastern Townships, English, Irish and Scotch settlers are being displaced by French-Canadians. Of course, it has been known that such a change was taking place, but whether or not its menace to Protestantism equals Mr. Sellar's estimate is a matter of opinion. According to Mr. Sellar, it is an evidence of the power of the priesthood in Quebec, and of the dominance of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Dominion affairs. Undoubtedly to the Protestants who still remain in the Eastern Townships, the dwindling of their number causes keen regret, but that, after all, is what might be expected in the circumstances, and it is to be hoped that the final outcome will not be so disastrous, from the standpoint of Protestantism as Mr. Sellar predicts.

It might be mentioned that the author of "The Tragedy of Quebec" experienced so much difficulty in his attempts to find a publisher that he had the matter set up in newspaper type and printed and bound in a manner which, while creditable, is scarcely of equal dignity with the style of writing and the nature of the publication.



#### DO DOCTORS MAKE MISTAKES

A RATHER remarkable book entitled "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria," by Pierre Janet, Professor of Psychology in the College de France, has been published recently (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.75 net), comprising a series of lectures on pathological psychology delivered by M. Janet to students of the Medical School of Harvard University. The author is regarded as one of exceptional attainments in the study of mental disorders, and his observations and deduc-



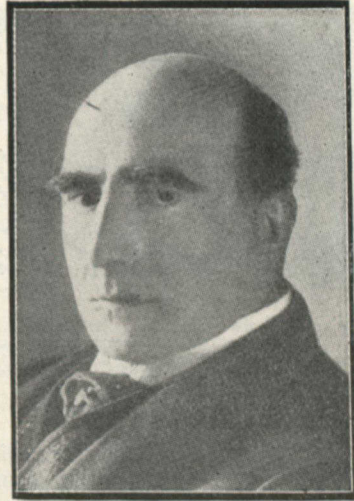
tions should therefore be of great value. He cites some extremely curious cases that come under his notice. Apparently he believes that many medical men are ignorant of the symptoms and effects of hysteria, for in one of his chapters where he is lamenting the disastrous mistakes that physicians sometimes make he says:

"Do not try to count the number of arms cut off, of muscles of the neck incised for cricks, of bones broken for mere cramps, and of bellies cut open for phantom tumours. . . . These things no doubt have decreased, but they are still done every day. . . . If I could only by calling your attention and interest to the knowledge of this disease (hysteria), contribute to diminish the number of these medical crimes, I should already have attained a very important result."



#### A CHARMING NOVELETTE

WINNIFRED KIRKLAND is the author of a novelette entitled "Polly Pat's Parish" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.00), a work that seems bound to meet with immediate favour. It is the author's first book, so we understand, but it is sufficiently bright and unusual in its character to bring her into prominence. It is the simple story of how an Anglican clergyman, a widower, with his daughter "Polly Pat," as she is nicknamed, and four younger children, came to a small factory town, and by dint of fearlessness, unconventionality, honesty and sincerity won the hearts of



ARTHUR W. PINERO, THE CELEBRATED DRAMATIST

the upper and lower classes, brought them together on a common sympathetic plane, and finally settled a strike that promised to have disastrous results. Polly Pat had a good deal to do in an unwitting way in helping her father to adjust the trying conditions into which he had been thrust. The charm of the story lies in the simplicity and *naïveté* of its narration, and in the unconscious way by which the clergyman and Polly Pat, after having shocked the community by their utter disregard of formalities, almost entirely removed local social antipathies. The book reminds one of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."



# What Others Are Laughing at

## NOTHING UNIQUE

A YOUNG lady sits in our choir  
Whose hair is the colour of phoir,  
But her charm is unique,  
She has such a fair chique,  
It is really a joy to be noir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle  
She gives me a beautiful smaisle  
And of her many beaux  
She most certainly sheaux  
She likes me the best of all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,  
Low cut at the front and the bacque,  
And a lovely bouquet  
Worn in such a cute wuet  
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,  
In marriage, her hand I shall sique;  
If she's not a coquette,  
Which I'd greatly regquette,  
She shall share my ten dollars a wique.  
—The Zazooster.



THE ACTOR'S DAY-DREAM

—Punch.

## A HELPLESS DINER

A DENVER man had a friend from a Kansas ranch in the city on a business deal, and at noon they went to a downtown restaurant and had luncheon together. The Kansas ranchman ate his entire meal with his knife. When he was near the end he discovered he had no fork. "Say," he said to the Denver man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork." "Well, you don't need one," replied the Denver man, seriously. "The deuce I don't," came from the Kansan. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—*Argonaut.*

## RUSTIC CURIOSITY

"You must write me lots of postal-cards while I am away for the summer," said one young woman.

"Why postal-cards?" inquired the other.

"Oh, to make it more pleasant and sociable. The postmaster takes an interest in you and everybody is willing to go after your mail if you have plenty of postal-cards in it."—*Washington Star.*

## THE DIFFERENCE IT MADE

A PARTY of wealthy automobilists were speeding along a dusty road in New England one day, when they found themselves on the wrong road. Seeing a rustic sitting on a rail-fence nearby, they inquired the road to West Maden.

"Wall," said the farmer, "if I told ye I don't believe ye could find it. There's a powerful lot of curves 'tween here'n

there." The automobilists consulted among themselves and decided to take the country man on board so no possible mistake could be made. The farmer was perfectly willing and the car started down the road at a forty mile an hour clip. Their passenger began to get nervous as the speed increased, and he asked timidly "if they weren't going too fast?"

"Oh, no," laughed the speed maniacs, "we haven't begun to go yet."

A moment later the farmer broke in again gasping: "You better slow down."

The occupants of the car laughed and inquired what difference it made to him.

"Wall," said the old fellow, gripping the seat with both hands. "It don't make no difference to me, only I'm er the sheriff! \$25, please!"—*The Zazooster*.



#### MODERN AXIOMS

IN LIFE one must learn to count—but not upon others.

Business and religion are often found together under suspicious circumstances.

Only the rich themselves know how unhappy they are—no one else will believe it.—*The Lone Hand*.



#### GETTING EVEN

A BUTCHER who had a splendid reputation for sausages, annoyed one of his customers by putting his account into the hands of a lawyer. The customer made up his mind that he would get even with the butcher, so he waited for an opportunity. By walking up and down the back lanes of the town he managed to find the dead carcasses of a dog and a cat. He put the carcasses into his wood-shed, and then waited until Saturday night, when the butcher's shop was full of customers. About eight-thirty the man wrapped the carcasses loosely in a paper, with the head of the cat sticking out of one end and the hind legs and tail of the dog sticking out at the other end. When he reached the shop he walked in, placed the parcel conspicuously on a meat block, and, speaking so that every person in the place could hear him, said: "That just makes the even dozen."—*The Street*.



BLACKSMITH: "Tha knows 'im. 'E was t'mayor one year."

OLD MAN: "Nay, 'e never got as 'igh as that. 'E wor nobbut ex-mayor!"—*Punch*.



#### MODEST TOMMY

THE camel has nine stomachs—  
I heard it at the Zoo  
Now, wouldn't I be happy  
If I had only two!

Oh, yes, I'd brim with gladness  
And call my life a dream,  
With one for just roast turkey,  
And one for just ice-cream.

—*Puck*.



#### A SENSIBLE REMEDY

JONES had been troubled for a long time with sleeplessness. Seemingly, no matter what he did to induce sleep, he failed. Almost every person he met had a new remedy to suggest. He was told to try eating, then, not to eat. Sliced onions with bread and butter, followed by a cold bath, was recommended. He tried walking around in a circle for fifteen minutes at a time, and then going through the motions of running rapidly, stepping high instead of wide. He even bought some chewing gum and kept his jaws going all the time, until finally his wife was as bad as he. In desperation, they both began to count sheep jumping over a fence, shutting their eyes the while and speaking aloud. At last they became almost desperate; so one night as they were putting their little boy to bed and complaining because they could not sleep like the child, the lad opened his eyes and asked: "Daddie, why don't you try going to bed?"—*R. C.*



## CONJUGAL ARITHMETIC

THE WIFE: "I can't stand your calling me, in Society, your better half. Please remember in future that I am much more than that."—*Le Sourire*, Paris.



## BOUND TO STOP THEM

IN A suit lately tried in a Maryland court, the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been a good one. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer, with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at the truth," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I had paid all I owed," was the naive reply of the plaintiff.—*Success Magazine*.



## THE PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

IN ANALYSING the secret of King Edward's popularity among his subjects, a French writer recalls a story which is worth retelling. He relates how, when his Majesty was driving along a country road in Scotland one day, he came upon an old market-woman struggling under a load which was more than she could manage. "You might take part of this in your carriage," cried the old woman to the King, whom she did not recognise. "Alas, my good woman," replied his

Majesty, "I'm very sorry, but I'm not going the same way. However, let me give you the portrait of my mother." "A lot of good that'll do me," was the reply. "Take it all the same," said the King, smiling, and he put a sovereign, bearing Queen Victoria's effigy, in the palm of the astonished old peasant.—*Buffalo Commercial*.



## NOTHING ELSE TO DO

A BOSTON minister tells of a little friend of his who, one day, proudly displayed for his admiration a candy cat.

"Are you going to eat it?" the minister asked.

"No, sir; it's too pretty to eat. I'm going to keep it," the little girl replied, as she stroked it with a moist little hand.

Several days later the minister saw her again, and inquired about the cat.

A regretful look came into her eyes.

"It's gone," she sighed. "You see, I saved it and saved it, till it got so soiled that I just *had* to eat it."—*Harper's*.



## THE IRONY OF FATE

THE girl you didn't marry,  
And the fish you didn't catch,  
Why is it that they proved to be  
The prizes of the batch?

The horse that you forgot to back,  
The shares you meant to buy,  
Why is it that one canters home,  
The others jump sky-high?

The golden chances that we miss  
Had brought a laurel wreath;  
The ones we take—the gold worn off—  
Show copper underneath!

—*Pearson's*.



## THE WRETCH

"THAT man Kiddem is a scoundrel—an unprincipled scoundrel!" declared the man with the harried look in his eyes.

"Can it be?" asked the other.

"Yes. The cur! He asked my wife to elope with him."

"And then——"

"And then, when she had agreed, he told her he was only fooling."

—*London Opinion*.

# BOVRIL

is beef—nothing but beef, and it contains the whole of the valuable properties of beef. A cup of Bovril may be taken with advantage at any time.

A small quantity of Bovril added to Stews, Hashes, etc., greatly improves the flavour of the dish and adds very materially to its nutritive value.

Bovril contains a large percentage of those elements in beef which go to form Blood, Bone and Brain; it is therefore a particularly useful food for growing children, especially as it is always relished.

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the young lady received a box of

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almost daily. How often does your wife now receive a box of these delicious confections?

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and mail your orders at short intervals to 130-132 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

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Nothing so mars the Beauty of Choice Glass-ware as the Filmy Cloud that remains after Wash-  
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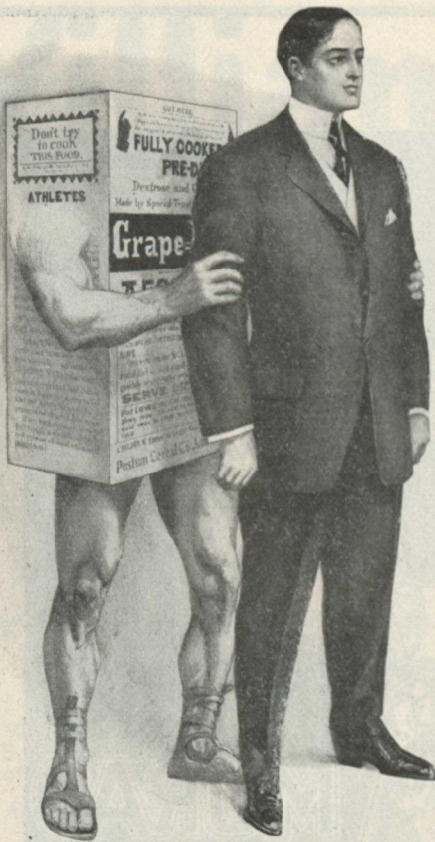
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**"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"**

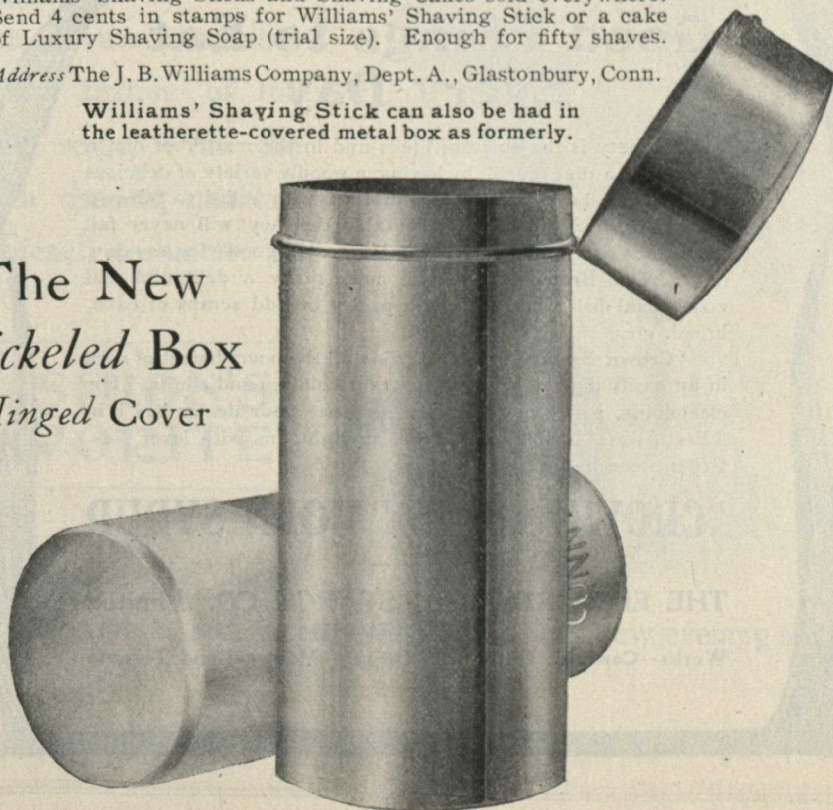
A HARSH, quick-drying soap irritates and disfigures the face. A delicate, creamlike, refreshing soap like Williams' Shaving Soap is soothing to the skin and preserves its natural fresh, healthful texture. Our new, handsome, heavily nickeled hinged cover box is an added attraction to Williams' Shaving Stick.

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"Variety is the spice of life"; and in the matter of diet a great aid to digestion. In having a goodly variety of delicious desserts the busy housewife can turn with relief to "**Crown Brand**" Corn Syrup. This new table delicacy will never fail her in her desire to make "something extra good" for any day.

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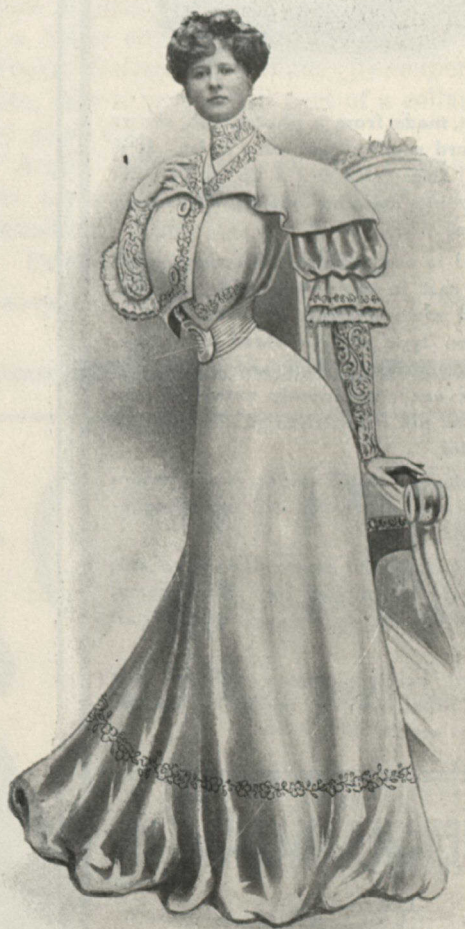
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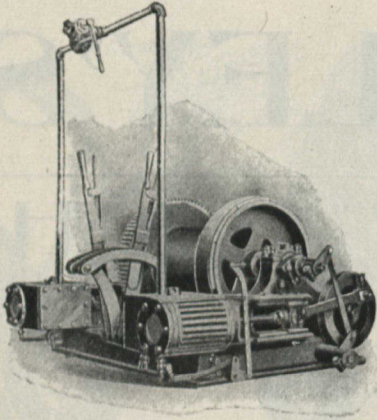
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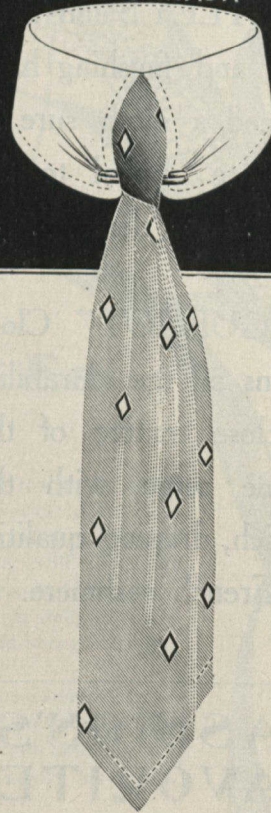
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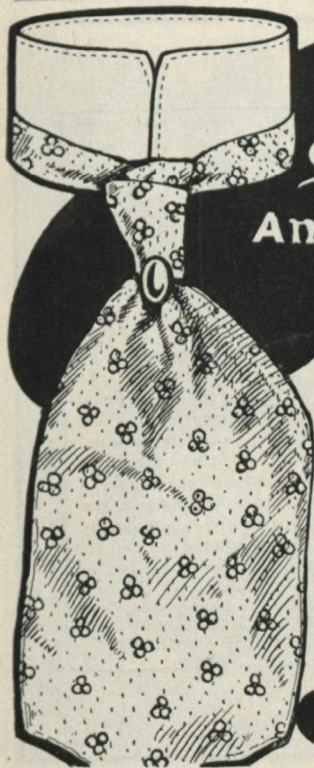


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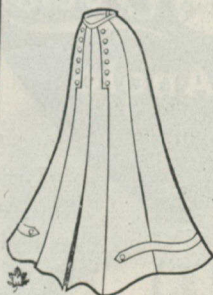
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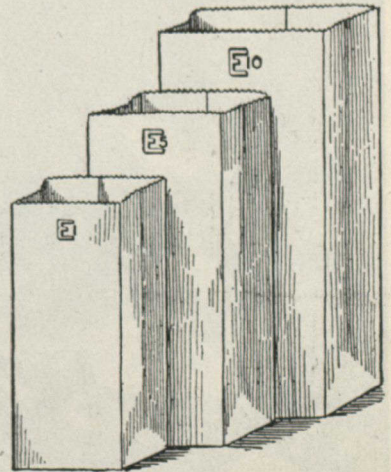
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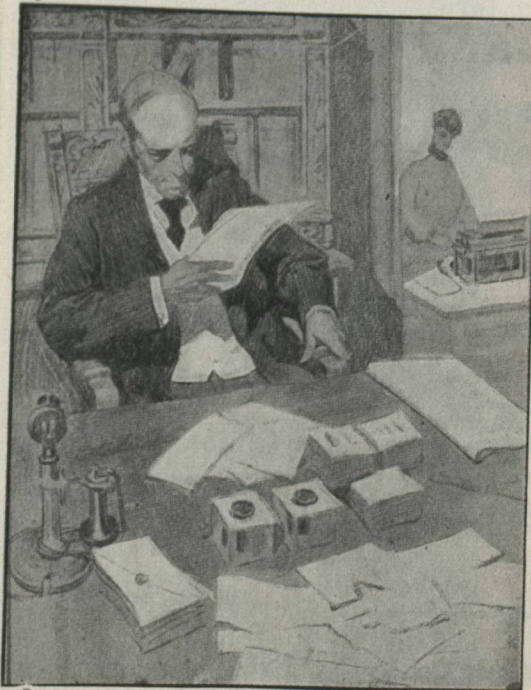
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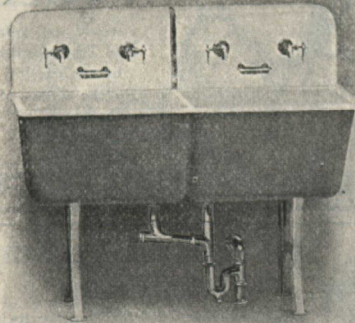
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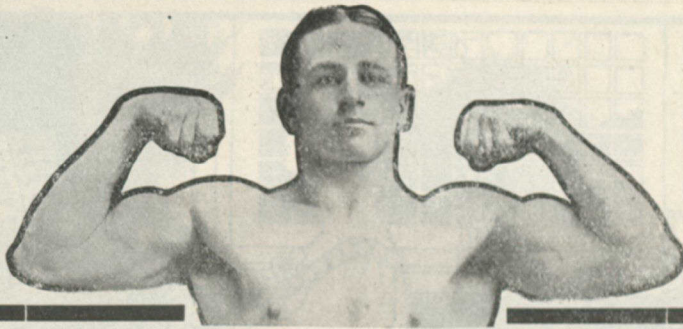
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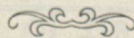
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**BLACK TAFFETA UNDERSKIRT, \$5.00**

G2-3935—Underskirt of rich black taffeta, heavy quality, made with full flounce 13 inches deep of accordion pleating and tucks with attached ruffle, also a deep dust flounce of black taffetine with attached frill of taffeta, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches, good \$5.50 value, for **\$5.00**

**BLACK VOILE SKIRT, \$9.85**

G1138—A beautiful skirt of high grade French voile, black only, cut very full, made with clusters of pleats, and trimmed with diagonal strapping of taffeta, the back is made with two box pleats to match front, lengths 37 to 43 inches, waist-bands up to 28 inches **\$9.85**

Special sizes supplied for \$1.50 additional

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COMPANY LIMITED

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**COWAN'S**



Such dainty and delicate  
Confections are

**COWAN'S**

Milk Chocolate,  
Croquettes, Wafers,  
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.  
Chocolate Cream Bars

ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE '03



**MOTHERS**  
THIS WILL INTEREST YOU

**Y**OU know the trouble you have with the old style of Infants' Bands. Look at our *Infants' M Bands* illustrated and you will be convinced that these are the only satisfactory bands on the market. These bands are knitted. The narrow tapes running over the shoulder are sewed on, the wide woven tab to which the diaper is pinned is attached to these tapes front and back. *Knitted tabs stretch and tear*, these tapes and tabs will not, they hold the diaper in place and carry the weight to where it belongs, to the shoulder. These bands are made in fine cotton, fine wool and silk and wool.

Price 25c. and 50c.

At all first-class dry-goods stores



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The  
**C. Turnbull Co.**  
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“—the **COMPLETE**  
**PIANO**”



☐ The day has passed when a piano is bought for its beauty, or for its tone, or for its service, or for its name.

☐ The real test is—Which piano has a continental REPUTATION for ALL these qualities? The

## Mason & Risch Piano

has a superb beauty of its own and a tone unrivalled in sonority and sweetness,—resonant as a 'cello's and brilliant as a violin's. For strength and resistance to the rigors of the Canadian climate, it is like the oak.

*We send free descriptive literature on request.*

The  
**Mason & Risch Piano Co.**  
Head Office, Toronto

Limited



# PANDORA

## RANGE

### Large Broiler Door

Open the broiler or toasting door of the Pandora and you'll find an opening much more generous than on ordinary ranges.

It's both wide and deep, so that you can easily place a big steak right over and almost touching the red-hot coals, where it will broil quickly. And it's only by rapid broiling that a steak will retain its natural flavor and rich, juicy tenderness.

Pandora is the range that cooks things right.

*This broiler door can also be used for feeding the fire without disturbing the pots, etc., on the top.*

If your local dealer doesn't sell the Pandora, write direct to us for

**Free booklet**



# McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, Hamilton



**T**HE strongest proof of the superiority of the Edison Phonograph over other talking machines is in the large number of sales. Everybody knows Edison and his work, and therefore feels convinced that his Phonograph must be better than other forms of talking machines—because Edison made it.

## The Edison Phonograph

is a scientific instrument made with great care in a laboratory which knows how to make every part right. Its great success is due to the fact that it reproduces perfectly all sounds. Thus it has become the greatest amusement maker ever produced.

## And November Records

will keep your Phonograph interesting and fresh. They will be on sale all over the United States on October 26th. Hear them at your nearest store and buy them there.

Send your name and address today and we will mail you on the 26th of the month **THE PHONOGRAM**, giving a complete description of each Record, the **SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE**, giving the names of the new November Records, and the **COMPLETE CATALOGUE**, listing all the Edison Records now in existence.



TRADE MARK  
*Thomas A. Edison*

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.,** 6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

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## PAINTS & VARNISHES

The first thing to know about paints and varnishes is that house paint will not do for freight cars and that piano varnish will not do for floors. This is true of all surfaces—each requires a different treatment. You can no more get good results from a finish made for all surfaces than you can be cured of all diseases with one medicine—beware of the paint or varnish that is recommended for all kinds of purposes. Your problem is to find the paint or varnish best suited to the surface you wish to cover. We have worked out this problem for everyone—for every surface. The right quality in our products protects and beautifies longest the surface for which each is intended. This right quality has made us the largest manufacturers of paints and varnishes in the world.

“Who Makes the Best Paints and Varnishes?” is the name of a free booklet which answers the question. Write for it.



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LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST) PAINT & VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD  
 FACTORIES: CLEVELAND, CHICAGO, NEWARK, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.

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A SINGING, EVEN TONE—PERFECT ACTION—DELICACY OF TOUCH  
DURABILITY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN

are all comprised in the **“Gerhard Heintzman”**

CANADA'S ARTISTIC PIANO.

*Descriptive Catalogue mailed free on application.*

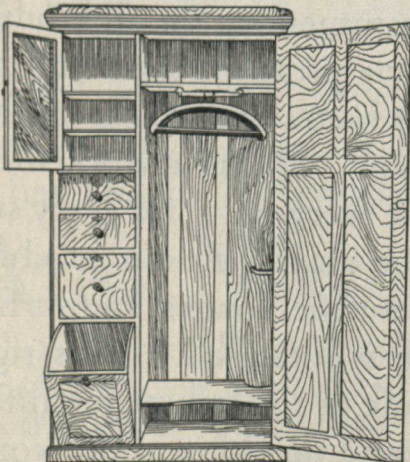
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GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited

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ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

## WEIR PATENT HOUSE WARDROBE COMBINATION



Showing interior of Wardrobe Combination No. 2.

The above is one of 20 different designs made by us and sold direct from factory to user. Write for Catalogue. (Illustrated.)

Fitted with Extension Slide and Hangers  
FOR MEN'S OR WOMEN'S USE

This style, made in Birch Mahogany or Kepple Oak. Each wardrobe has capacity for 10 complete suits or costumes and is also fitted with Bevel Plate Mirror in upper door of chiffonnier with extension dressing slide, 3 large drawers and a soiled clothes bin. Price complete . . . **\$35.00**

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WEIR WARDROBE CO. OF  
CANADA, Limited

MOUNT FOREST - ONTARIO

# Twenty Years of Floor Laying

have qualified us to advise as experts in this branch of house furnishing. Write for our catalogue of floor designs

**ELLIOTT & SON**  
Manufacturers LIMITED

79 King St. W., Toronto



It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs which produce this trouble. It also destroys the dandruff germs, and restores the scalp to a healthy condition.

Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume. Ask your druggist for "the new kind." The kind that does not change the color of the hair. R. P. HALL & CO., Newbury, N. H.

## ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

is undoubtedly the most reliable preparation to use for Infants and Invalids. No other barley is like it and the danger of accepting a substitute or so-called "just as good," cannot be too strongly emphasized.

FRANK MAGOR  
& CO.

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They all say the same about

## St. George's Baking Powder

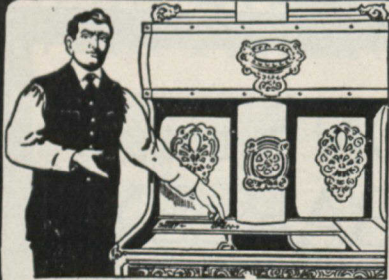
"Dozens of my best customers have put St. George's to the test."

"They have tried it for Biscuits and Doughnuts—for Cakes and Pies—for Muffins and Pancakes."

"And they agree that St. George's can be depended on—that when they do *their* share of the baking right, St. George's makes the lightest, whitest, tastiest pastry and cakes and biscuits—in a word, that it is the *best* Baking Powder they ever used."

"And my customers are pretty fastidious people, too."

You will find our new Cook Book a ready help every day. It contains all sorts of recipes and useful hints for Good Cooking. Write for a free copy. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.



## "Peerless" Oven Damper Gives Absolute Control

Most oven dampers have only two positions. They are either wide open or tight shut.

The "Peerless" dampers are adjustable. If the oven is too hot you can open the damper and keep on adjusting until you get the proper temperature.

This means economy in fuel consumption. With the ordinary oven damper to keep the oven from getting too hot, the heat must be all thrown up the chimney. Then the drafts have to be turned on again, because the temperature drops too rapidly.

Ask your dealer to show you this special damper. Also the "Peerless" Drop Oven Door, Daylight Oven, and Duplex Grates. These points of advantage over other stoves, are exclusive. Write for catalogue.

## "Peerless Peninsular" Ranges

4 STYLES - 8 SIZES

CLARE BROS. & CO. Limited, Preston, Ont.



OUR  
**REPUTATION**

of over 200 years stands behind the above trademark. : : : : :

Isn't it worth while to see that your cutlery bears that "Mark of Guaranteed Quality"? Look carefully for it when buying cutlery.

**RODGERS  
CUTLERY**

Used in the Royal  
Households.

**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS**  
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Cutlers to His Majesty  
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**STOUT WOMANS FAVORITE**

**D & A FORM-TRAINING CORSET**

The renowned popularity which this Superior Model has attained, especially with Stout Women, can only be attributed to its wonderful *Reducing* and **FORM TRAINING** Qualities, which cannot be found in any other Corset.

Its most important feature is the *horizontal section* at the *lower part*, which *women of full development* have come to recognize as the only *Safe, Positive and Reliable Way* of *Reducing* and *Supporting* the *Abdomen*, thereby shaping the surplus flesh into graceful and stylish lines, as well as producing a feeling of comfort and support, also giving the form a permanent perfect mould.

**YOUR PHYSICIAN** will recommend it, because it will give you improved health and increased comfort.

**YOUR DRESSMAKER** will advise you to have your new Fall or Winter Gown fitted over this **FORM-TRAINING CORSET**, because it will make her work easier, and give you the best shape you ever had.

Style No. 575, for tall or medium height stout women.  
Made of Coutil; white only; sizes 20 to 36.

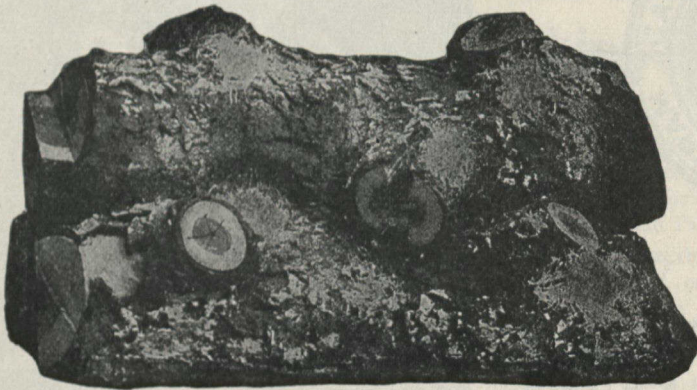
**Price, \$3.00**

Fifty Cents Additional in sizes over 30.

This Model, and numerous other "D & A" Styles for sale at all Corset Departments. Ask your dealer; if he cannot supply you, kindly advise us, and we will see that you are immediately provided with it.

**DOMINION CORSET CO., Manufacturers**  
Quebec Montreal Toronto

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¶ This is far superior to any other gas log previously shown, hand made, of asbestos on wire foundation, warranted not to crack nor burst.

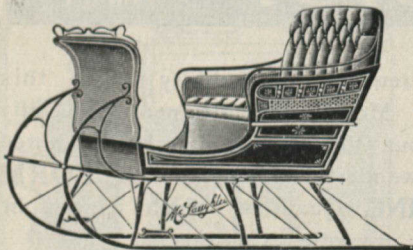
¶ The extra good appearance as well as the economical

advantages through the perfect principle of combustion embodied in its construction make this a favorite in every home.

SOLE AGENTS

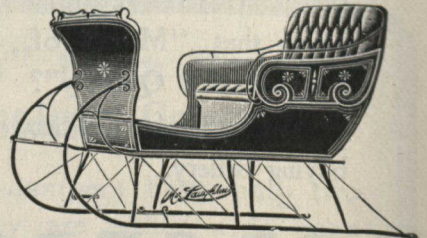
## RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited

### TORONTO



*“One Grade  
Only and That  
the Best.”*

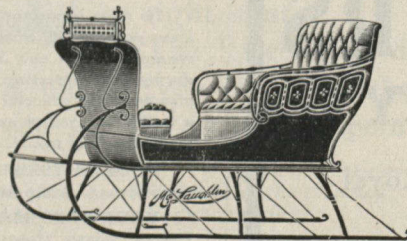
Our Motto for  
Forty Years.



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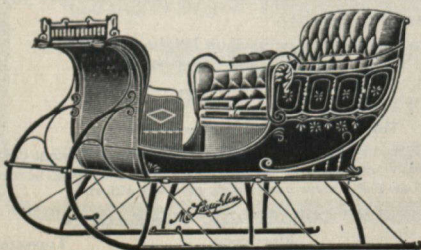
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Agencies in every  
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Builders of High-grade

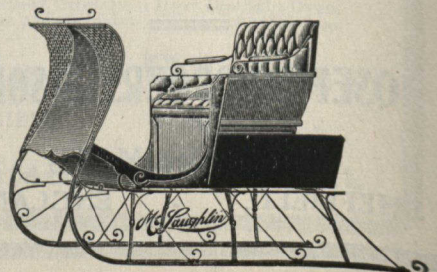
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DELIVERY WAGGONS  
AND  
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## McLaughlin Carriage Co.

LIMITED  
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Catalogue  
on Application.





# Monarch

## COAT SHIRTS

"On and Off  
Like a Coat"

are favorites with the smartly-clad young men who seek that which is best and most comfortable in apparel.

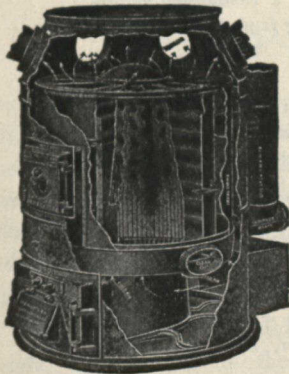
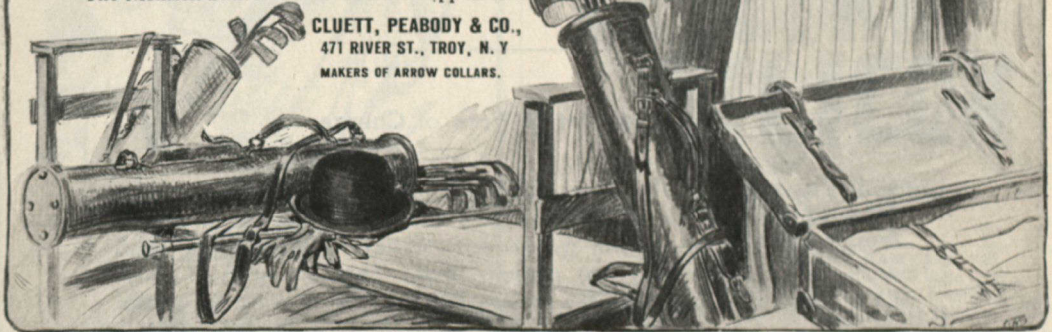
The Monarch Shirts are made in a most careful manner of specially good white or color-fast fabrics, which have been cut on patterns that insure a perfect fit.

Comfort, style and durability are assured by the Monarch label.

Coat as well as other styles.

The Monarch Shirt Book will be sent on application.

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471 RIVER ST., TROY, N. Y.  
MAKERS OF ARROW COLLARS.



## KELSEY WARMING

### IS HEALTHFUL, EFFICIENT, ECONOMICAL

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#### FOR THE HOME, CHURCH OR SCHOOL

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The Kelsey System has been in successful practical operation for the past eighteen years, with largely increasing sales each and every year.

The Kelsey System assures the proper and even warming of every portion of every room at all times, and quite independently of outside atmospherical conditions.

The Kelsey System provides large volumes of pure, fresh, properly-warmed air, which means the most economical warming with good ventilation.

The Kelsey System is quite unlike any other, and any intending purchaser of a warming and ventilating apparatus cannot afford to decide without having first investigated the many special and valuable features of the "Kelsey Warm Air Generator" and the mode of installation and operation of "The Kelsey System." The Kelsey System is installed under the personal direction of experienced and competent "Kelsey Experts."

**DIRECT CONTRACTS TAKEN—PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED**

The Kelsey Booklet will help you to decide. A postal card will bring a copy to you.

Sole Kelsey Makers for Canada: **The JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited**

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# All Aboard For Happyland

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Healthy Optimism the Sure Road to Success.

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You Can Get It Free of Charge.

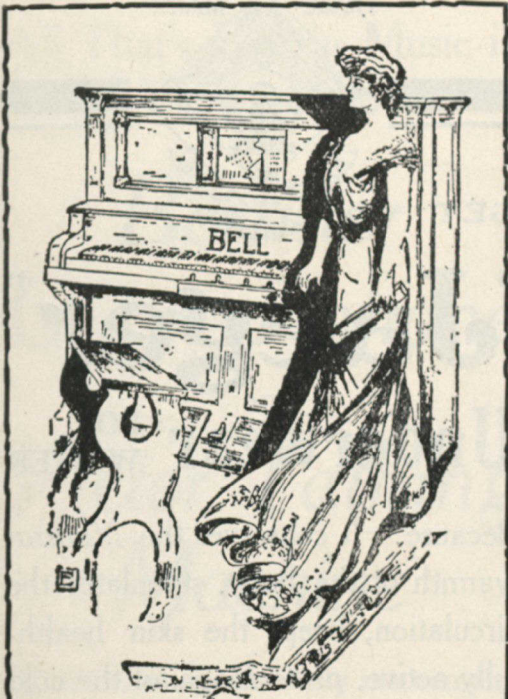
THE optimist looks forward with hope, the pessimist backward with gloom. Take a list of successful men and analyze the secret of their success. It is because of the perfectly healthy view-point from which they regard the opportunity that presents itself. They are quick to grasp, swift to execute. Can you do the same? Do you wish to reach the goal in your particular line, whatever it may be. Then see to it that your stomach is in order. Glorious health will result if it is. Your stomach is your main-spring. You probably have taxed it too heavily, and as a result are suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion and all the horrors resulting from bad stomach. Cure the condition by using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They do all the work. Sold at all druggists for 50 cents a box.

Here is one of many letters we are getting every day: "I have been an invalid from dyspepsia for five years and at times have not been able to work. I had tried everything, but nothing would agree with me; even doctors did me no good. Since I began taking Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets I have gained four pounds and feel no sign of dyspepsia. I cannot thank you too much for producing such a wonderful remedy. Very thankfully yours, John C. Lynwood, Nestleton P.O., Ontario, Canada.

Just try them once and see for yourself. Others have done so and now rejoice. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets renew vim, vitality, vigor. They will enable you to acquire new impetus, make a fresh start, climb one rung higher up the ladder of success, and sing with the poet:

"The world is so full of a number of things  
We should all be happy, as happy as kings."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—The secret of Health and Happiness. It will cost you just 50 cents at any drugstore on earth, or, if you prefer a free trial package before buying, send your name and address to-day. F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.



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## PLAYERPIANO

is a BELL ART PIANO—a piano of the highest merit, fitted with an interior player mechanism which in the hands of the most inexperienced person will produce music of the highest order, and with a precision attained by few pianists. It is really two pianos in one.

The pedals are arranged to fold out of sight, the opening for the music rolls is covered by a neat sliding panel, the tempo levers are covered by a folding section of the front, then you have a piano which can be played by hand. Send for Booklet C.

*The*  
**Bell Piano & Organ Co.**  
 GUELPH, ONTARIO Limited

TORONTO OTTAWA LONDON, ENG.

1867

1907



40 Years

Test

# ELECTRO SILICON

Is Unequaled for  
 Cleaning and Polishing  
**SILVERWARE**  
 and all fine Metals.

Send address for a **FREE SAMPLE**,  
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**Grocers and Druggists sell it.**

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## ART GLASS

A choice selection of  
 the latest designs from the  
 best factories in Europe.

**WILLIAM JUNOR**

88 WEST KING ST. - TORONTO



Would it appeal to you to be able to burn gas and coal on the same range? You can do it at the same time if you want to, too.

The Perfect Idea is the only range that permits of such a thing. Taking up in your kitchen only the room required for an ordinary kitchen stove, in the hot summer days just one touch of a match will have a hot fire going for you in a second. Or in the winter time, it's all ready for coal without changing.

If your dealer does not handle it, write us direct.

**GUELPH STOVE CO.,**

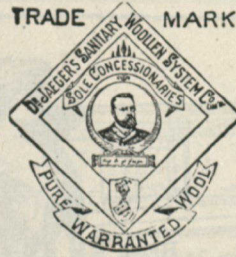
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Branches at Montreal, Winnipeg & Calgary



**PERFECT IDEA  
RANGE**

TRADE MARK



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## Underwear FOR WINTER

Because:—It conserves the *Natural* warmth of the body, stimulates the circulation, keeps the skin healthfully active, *protects* against the cold and *prevents chill*.

Made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children, from Pure Natural Wool.

Don't merely ask for Underwear, but *insist* on getting Jaeger Underwear.

*Guaranteed* by the above trade mark.

If your dealer won't supply you—write direct to us.

Sold at fixed moderate prices by leading dealers in all principal cities.

Ladies' and Men's Suits from \$3.00.

**DR. JAEGER'S CO., Limited**

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All That's Best in Music is  
Yours on the

*Berliner*  
*Gram-o-phone*

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*Victor Talking*  
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THESE are the only instruments that the most celebrated artists find worthy to bring their voices into your home. Surely, then, no other than the Berliner or Victor with their unequalled, loud, clear, sweet, musical tone quality, is good enough for you!

Melba, Eames, Calvé, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Louise Homer—the greatest aggregation of female voices in the world—they'll sing for you in your home—and Caruso, Plancon, Scotti, Ancona and Campanari as well. If you have a Berliner or a Victor—Sousa will delight you with his famous marches, or any other band selection. Then there are—but—send for a catalogue of instruments and records, free for the asking.

Gram-o-phone and Victors, \$10.00 to \$120.00

Records, 40 cents up

*The Berliner Gram-o-phone Company*

of Canada, Limited

Montreal



# Victor Band Music

Think of having Sousa's Band play for you whenever you choose! Sousa the "March King" with the most celebrated band in the world—to play for you and your friends.

That's what you can have with a Victor or a Berliner Gram-o-phone in your home.

Think of Arthur Pryor's Band; the Garde Republicaine Band of France; Giannini's Royal Marine Band; and the Victor Orchestra composed of the best instrumentalists in America.

All the popular marches, waltzes, and overtures; music specially for dancing; classic symphonies; sacred selections; solos and duets on your favorite instruments; and besides this, opera numbers by the most famous stars; beautiful ballads; the latest song hits, and the funniest comic selections of the day.

All this you can have at its best with a Victor or Berliner in your home. And only with a Victor or Berliner because they are the most perfect instruments of their kind and because the greatest players and singers in the world make records for the Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones only.

Ask any Victor or Berliner dealer to play your favorite selections for you. And ask him about the easy-payment plan. Write us on the coupon for catalogues of the Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones and records.

*The Berliner Gram-o-phone Company  
of Canada, Limited  
Montreal*

FILL OUT      CUT OFF      MAIL TO-DAY

The Berliner Gram-o-phone Company  
of Canada, Limited, Montreal

Please send me catalogues and name of nearest dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

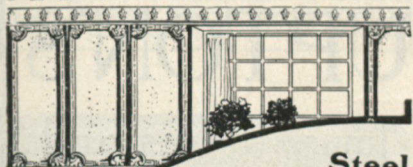
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**Steel Side-Walls for Modern Homes**

Far surpasses wood, plaster or paper in beauty—matches perfectly any artscheme—any color scheme—makes the rooms REALLY sanitary—gives protection against fire—these are some of the reasons why YOUR house—why any modern building anywhere should have

**PEDLAR ART STEEL SIDE WALLS**

Cost little—last indefinitely. Let us send you the whole tale in print and pictures. The book is free. 208

**The PEDLAR People** (Est'd 1861).  
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**A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

**PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin**  
No other cosmetic will do it.



**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 59 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—“As you ladies

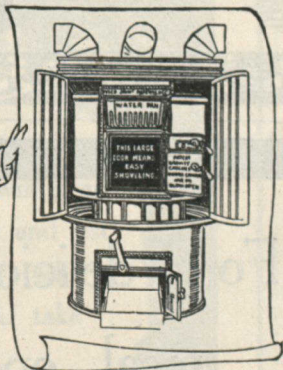
will use them, I recommend ‘Gouraud’s Cream’ as the least harmful of all skin preparations.” One bottle will last six months, using it every day. At Druggists.

**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous Hair without injury to the skin. \$1.00 per Bottle by Mail.**

**GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER**

For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed. Price, 25c. per Box, by Mail.

**FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.**



**Cost Less Than Stoves**

A Hecla Furnace, installed on Hecla principles, will keep your house comfortable throughout the winter at less fuel expense than it would cost you for stoves. It is the old story, of course, of concentration meaning power. In a Hecla you get all the heat from the coal you burn and where you want it. The whole house is comfortably and evenly heated and ventilated.

**HECLA FURNACES**

are equally adapted for mild or severe weather—always ready for any demand made on them. They are the only hot air furnaces that are absolutely healthful and sanitary.

No other furnace is made with the Fused Joints, that patented feature of the Hecla which makes the escape of gas, dust or smoke into the house an impossibility. Let me tell you about these Fused Joints and about other features of the Hecla in which you will be interested.

See your nearest dealer or write “Clare’s Furnace Builder” for new illustrated catalogue and estimates.

50

**CLARE BROS. & CO., Limited, Preston, Ont.**

**LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR**



**UPTON'S**  
Jams, Jellies and  
Orange Marmalade  
please  
the most  
particular  
people.

—  
YOUR GROCER  
WILL SUPPLY  
THEM

**UPTON'S  
PURE  
ORANGE MARMALADE**



For a delicious  
meal, open  
and dish a  
tin of

**CLARK'S** Corned  
Beef

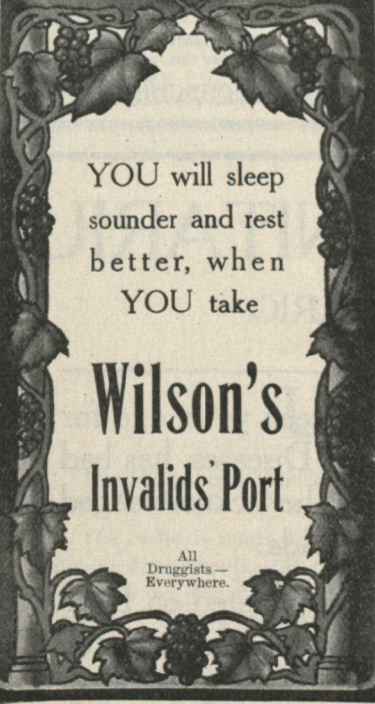
As nutritious as it is tasty and labor saving. Contains no bone, or waste. The most economical meat to buy—**TRY IT.** If your dealer cannot supply you write me and I will see that your order is filled.

**WM. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.**

15-07

Insist on having Clark's Pork and Beans and Clark's other cooked specialties. The name is a guaranty of food purity, quality and flavor.





YOU will sleep  
sounder and rest  
better, when  
YOU take

**Wilson's**  
**Invalids' Port**

All  
Druggists —  
Everywhere.



# MENNEN'S



Borated  
Talcum

## TOILET POWDER

"Aim Straight"

at the heart of all complexion troubles, by protecting the skin  
---before it is roughened and chapped by keen fall winds.

**Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder**

protects as well as heals; if used daily it keeps the skin clear  
and smooth. For chapping and chafing there's  
nothing half so good as Mennen's. After bath-  
ing and after shaving it is delightful.

Put up in non-refillable boxes—the "box  
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CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



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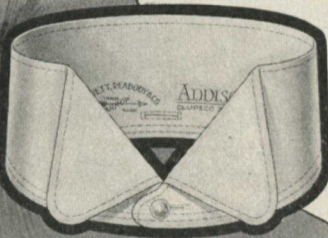
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Let us tell you. Canada invented the telephone. Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, while living in Brantford, Ontario, some thirty years ago, invented the telephone. The wise men of that time thought that the invention of Prof. Bell was a nice toy to be used for amusement and they could not be induced to believe that it would come into general commercial use and command the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars. Only a very few of the so-called wise men of that time could be induced to invest in Bell Telephone stocks. But the few who did invest made thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars and have lived to see the Bell Telephone in general use all over the world.

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Brain, Brawn and Capital can all be Utilized

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to every young man over 18 years of age who is able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

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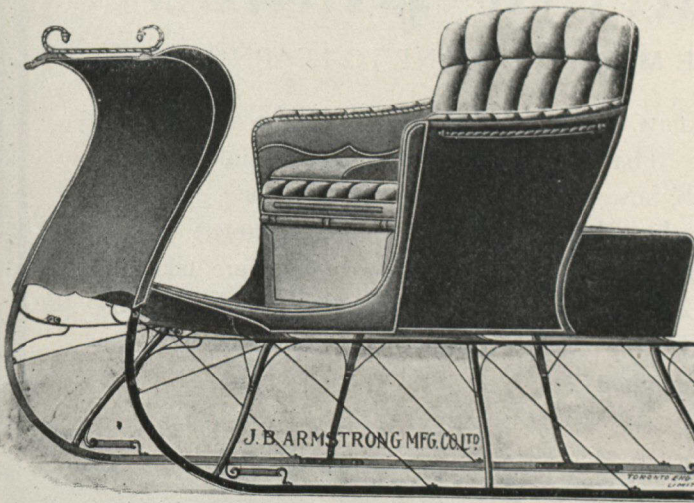
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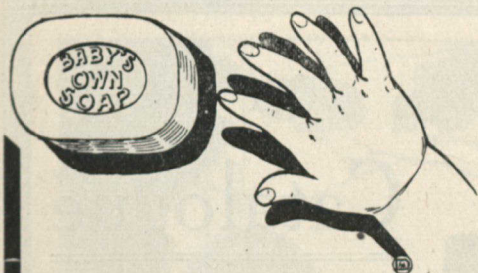
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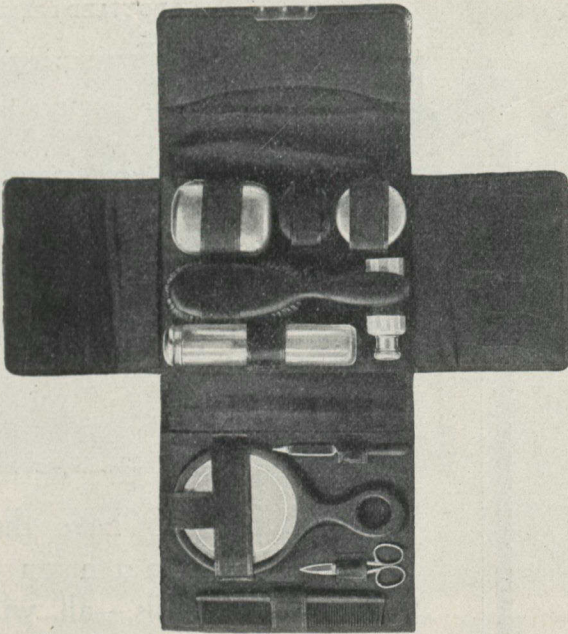
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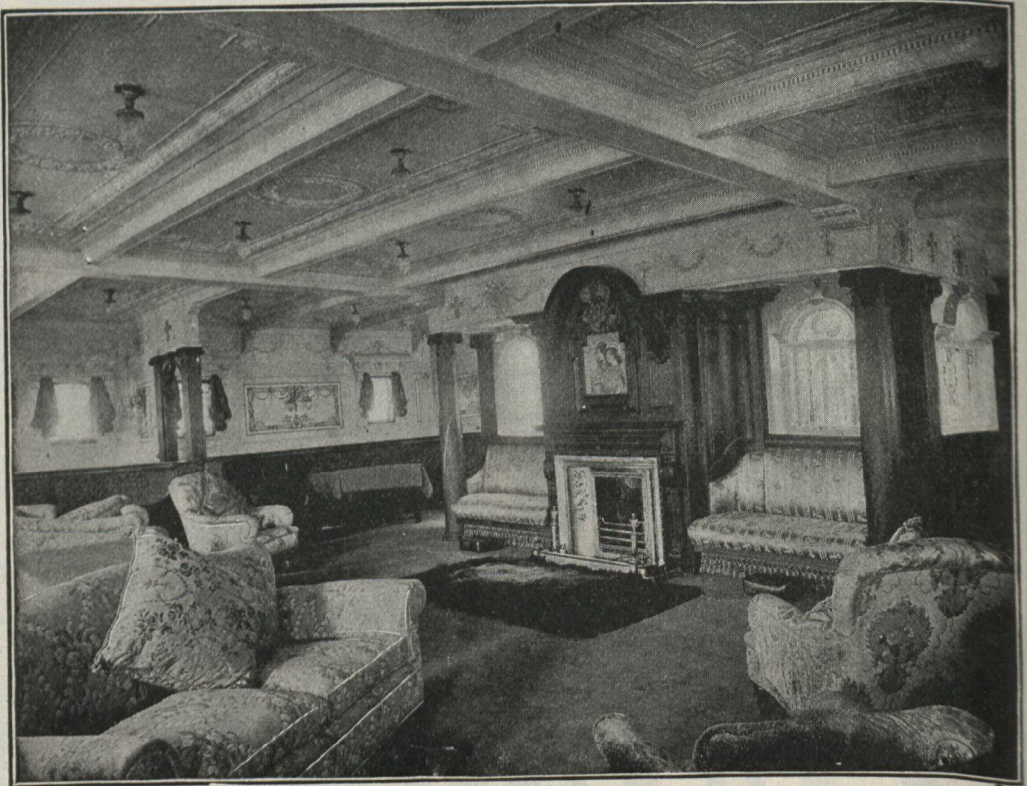
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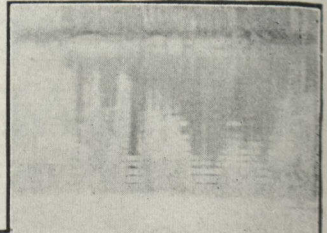
are found in their native woods along the North Shore, the Soo branch, main line between Sudbury and Fort William—broad tracts of forest and lake—all within easy and inexpensive reach.

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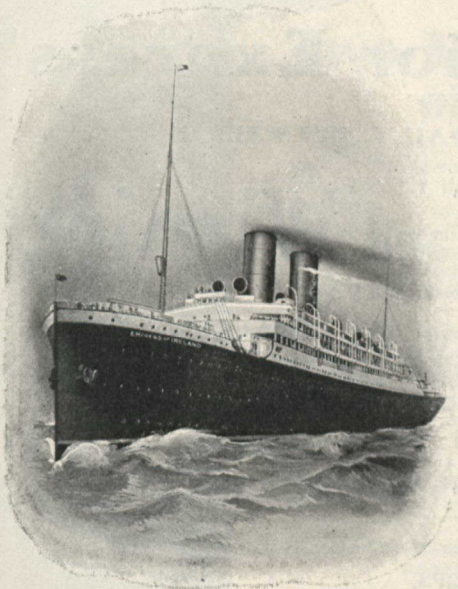
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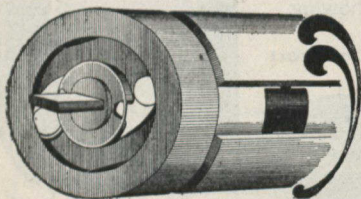
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**Every Device**  
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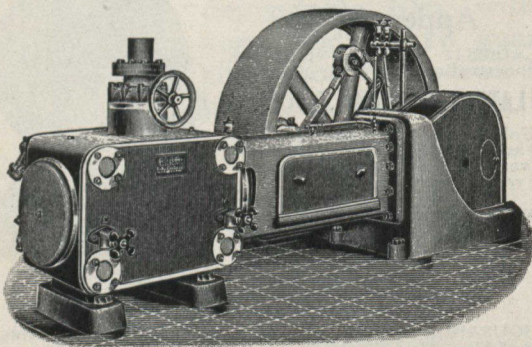
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In a few moments you can change the fire-box from coal to wood—and it gives perfect satisfaction with either fuel.

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No matter how pleased you are with the range you are using now you should see and know the Imperial Oxford “100” series.

Write to-day for our descriptive booklet and we’ll tell you where you can see it

## The Gurney Foundry Company, Limited

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The Gurney-Massey Co., Limited, Montreal

The Gurney Standard Metal Co., Limited, Calgary



Train Up  
A Child  
In The Way  
He Should Go-

And When He  
Is Older

“He'll Go It”

The pastry and sweetmeat habit makes pale and flabby mollicoddles of children, while too much meat develops a peevish and quarrelsome temperament. Children fed upon



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grow up into sturdy, robust and happy youngsters, with every function naturally nourished and with no craving for unnatural or improper foods. Being rich in the proteids Shredded Wheat not only builds healthy tissue and good brain but replenishes all the energy expended in study or play.

A breakfast of **SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** with hot or cold milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for work or play. **TRISCUIT** is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a **TOAST** for any meal, instead of white flour bread. At all grocers.

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NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO



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Are of graceful outline and beauty of design, combined with the quality that endures. Good bakers, easy to manage, and will last a lifetime. You can positively rely on a Souvenir Range.

All Souvenir Ranges are fitted with the celebrated **Aerated Oven** by which fresh air is constantly being heated and admitted into the oven, carrying all impurities up the chimney. This particular **Aerated** feature always keeps the interior of the oven sweet and wholesome.

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(Natural Flavor)

# Food Products



## Libby's Mince Meat

Libby's Mince Meat is ready on the moment, and is made from the juiciest apples and other fruits, the purest spices, and the finest meat stock.

Libby's Mince Meat makes the most delicious pies you ever ate.

Libby's Food Products are always ready to serve.

Corned Beef  
Ox Tongue

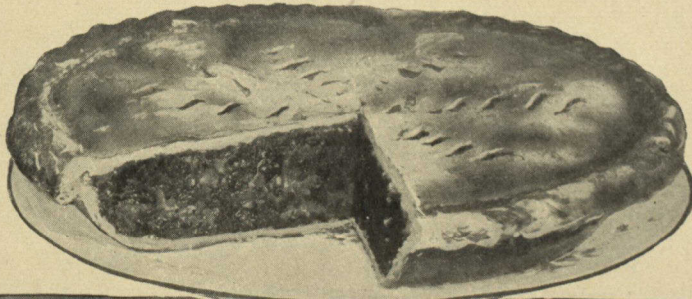
Baked Beans  
Chow Chow

Plum Pudding  
Mixed Pickles

Keep a supply on hand for unexpected requirements.  
Your Grocer has them. Insist on having Libby's.

The new 84-page booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," is sent free on request.

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Are of a uniformly superior quality and flavour. The pure fruit is used for flavouring the fruit centres and the finest chocolate for covering them. Cleanliness and skill in manufacture, combined with the finest ingredients, make Stewart's the best.

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IN ONE BOTTLE.  
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