



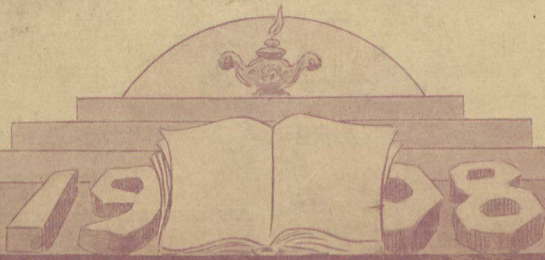
THE
**CANADIAN
 MAGAZINE**

Features

Metal Mining in Canada
Fight between La Tour and D'Aunay
French-Canadian Folk-lore
The Narrative of Col. Fanning
Canadian Literary Homes
 Short Stories by
Albert R. Carman
Virna Sheard
 and Others

January
page 215
and 225

Lewis Frechette



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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX.

No. 3

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¶ Mr. M. O. Scott will contribute an illustrated article to show what has been done to beautify the city of Ottawa.

¶ There will be an illustrated article by Mr. Bonnycastle Dale on Duck Shooting.

¶ "The Last Letters of Wolfe and Montcalm," by Mr. H. V. Ross.

¶ The narrative of Col. Fanning will be continued.

¶ Dr. Louis Frechette will tell about the legendary trial and execution of La Corriveau.

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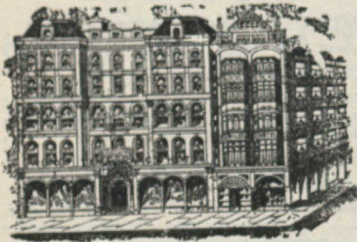
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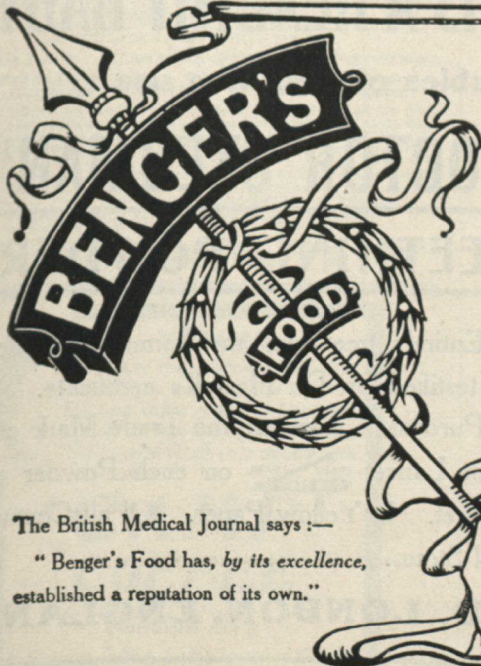
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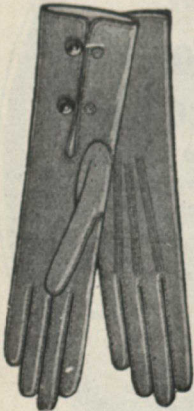


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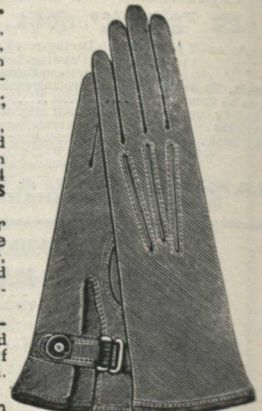
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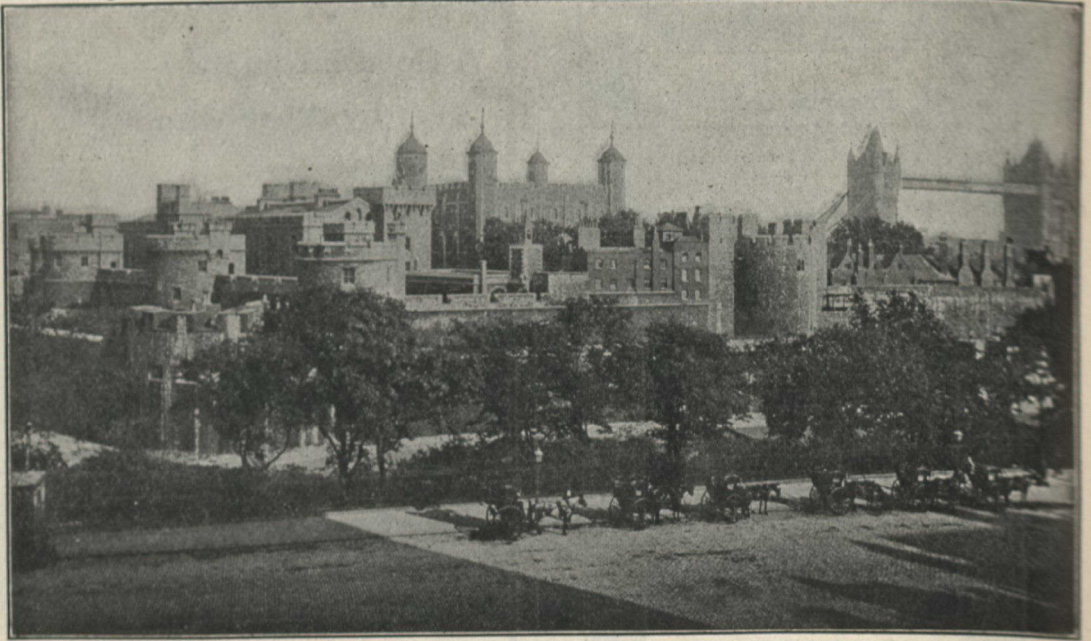
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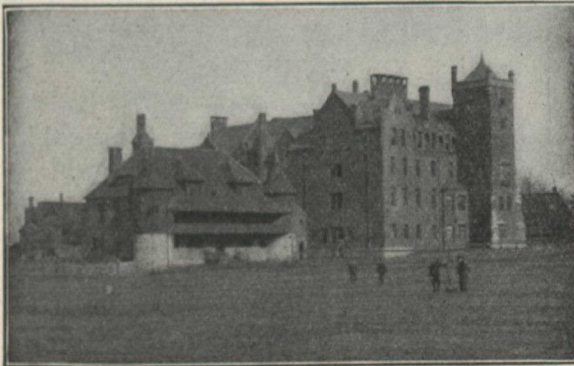
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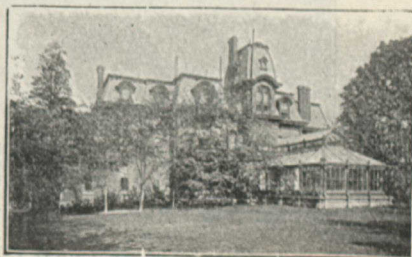
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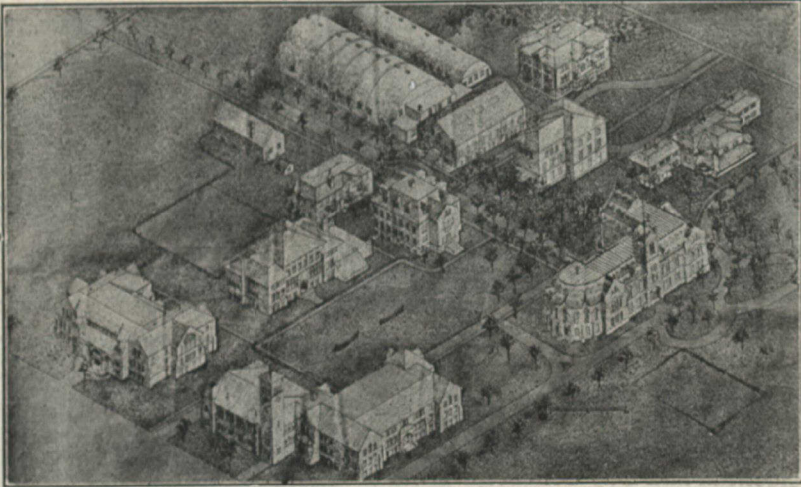
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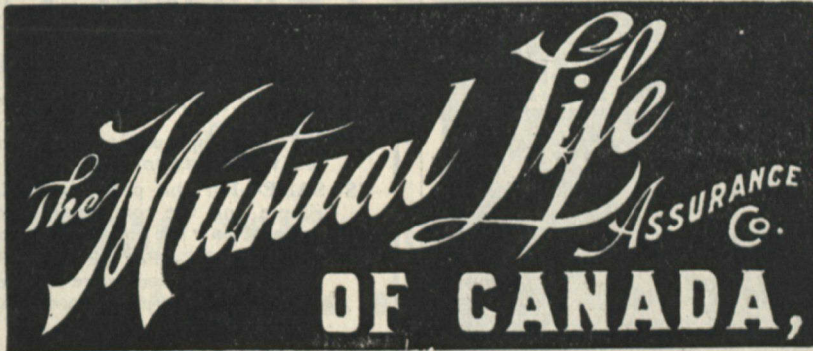
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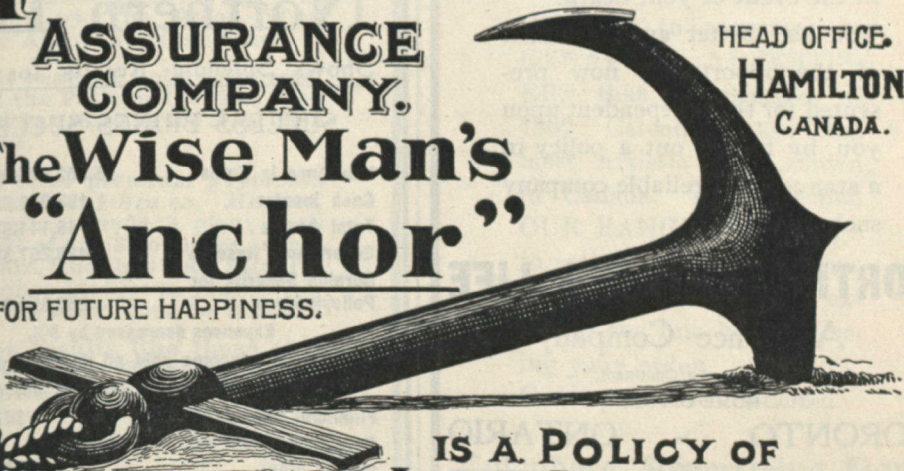
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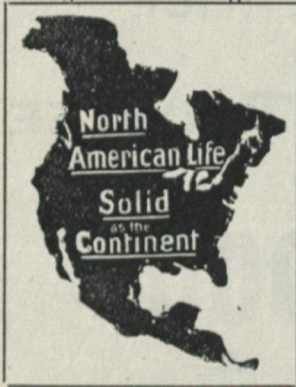
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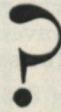
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SETTLEMENT WAS MADE AND A FORT BUILT

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1908

No. 3

Metal Mining in Canada

By RALPH STOKES*

A critical and descriptive review of the chief mineral fields of Canada

UPON glancing back over the histories of the great self-governing colonies of the British Empire, we find that the two "Dominions," Canada and New Zealand, stand together in their lack of supreme indebtedness to the mining industry for their early commercial development and for the establishment of those forces of expansion responsible for their strength and prosperity of to-day. British Columbia, it is true, has long been regarded as a *mineral province* in the world of mining, but even there we can find no parallel to the history of Western Australia, the *Cinderella State*, whose prominence dates only from the discovery of Coolgardie & Kalgoorlie fifteen years ago; of Victoria, whose famous Bendigo was the great factor of progress in the early days; of Tasmania, saved from ruin by the development of mining on the wild west coast; of South Africa, whose fortunes, good and bad, have been inextricably interwoven with the history of its gold and diamonds.

The most zealous of mining enthusiasts do not fail to recognise the greater promise of enduring stability



NATURAL SHEET OF SILVER, COBALT

* Mr. Stokes is the late Mining Editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*, Transvaal. Lately he completed a two years' tour of the chief mineral fields of South Africa, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Australia New Zealand and Canada on behalf of the *Chicago Mining World*.



AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MINING ENGINEERS AT COBALT

enjoyed by a country or province supported by agriculture or other pursuits not based on an exhaustible mineral deposit—for there are few mines able to foresee a dozen years—but it is the common function of mining centres to build up other industries, at first subsidiary, later independent, which stand when the limits of profitable mining have been reached in the field to which they owe their birth. It is indeed the most regrettable feature of the Transvaal's development—if this were a political discussion, perhaps a feature more deplorable could be found—that there has been almost a total lack of substantial new industries, not wholly and directly dependent on the mines for their very being. What is the natural sequence? Prosperity on the Rand—and five colonies are also prosperous. Tamper with that unique gold field, restrict its growth, let the stick of Downing street antagonism

be maliciously placed between its legs, and the cloud of adversity casts its distressful shadow from the Zambesi to the Cape.

In Canada, a happier condition prevails. The industrial pillars, though agriculture may provide immeasurably the most important, are many, divers and strong, one being capable of receiving a greater burden should another weaken. In the commercial expansion of this country, mining has been almost incidental and supplementary. Unlike agriculture, whose growth has been fostered and accelerated by Government activity and liberality, it has been generally allowed to look after itself and work out its own salvation. That this should have been the case, is no misfortune, no discredit to Canadian administrative departments, which, indeed, do more to draw the attention of the world to mineral possibilities than other colonial governments. The

principal requirement of sound mining is just and sympathetic legislation; it advertises itself. Although the investor may require considerable encouragement to undertake, directly or indirectly, a ranching, lumber, agricultural, fishing or fruit-growing venture, the difficulty frequently arises to prevent him from flinging his money into valueless mining properties without investigation or forethought, from gulping at the alluring bait held out by the magnificent advertisements or more insidious "private" appeals of the audacious promoter.

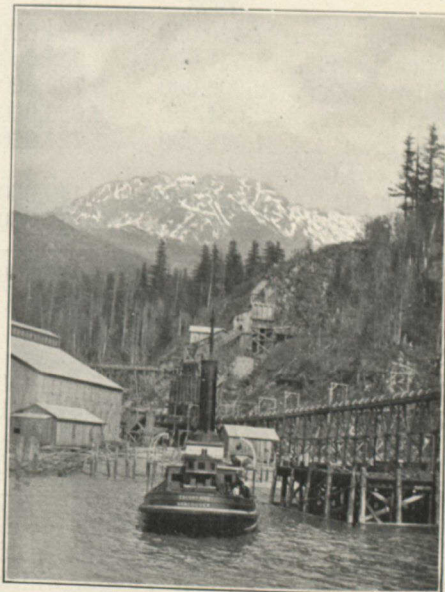
The mining boom is a symptom, not of mental disease, but of the weakness of human nature. Like most spasmodic manifestations of intense feeling, it is followed by dull reaction. There comes disgust and an indiscriminate condemnation of mining in general on the strength of an unfortunate acquaintance with a totally distinct "industry"—the manufacture of scrip. To put it bluntly, the Canadian speculative investor is not yet fully educated to the ways of mining, and he is gaining that valuable knowledge through the costly school of experience. Were it otherwise, promoters and agents would not dare to advertise such palpably ridiculous propositions as we frequently see in the newspapers, offering \$1.00 face value and \$0.00 true value stock at twenty cents, "till the end of the month only"—as though it were a bargain sale in drapers' remnants. These fellows will be sending out free samples soon—of scrip, not silver.

Chance plays an important role in all mineral enterprises, but was it chance that placed the two most successful and important metal-producing regions of Canada—the Boundary copper field and the Sudbury nickel field—almost wholly into the hands of capitalists across the border? It is no cause for surprise that the Dominion, in its childhood as a nation

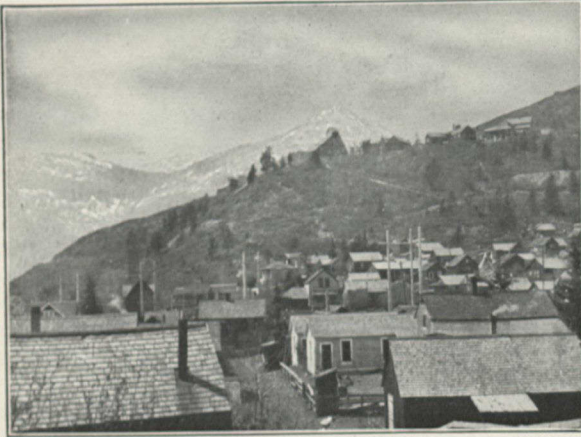
and primarily dependent on the fruits of its rich soil, should be in its infancy as a mining country. Of late, however, the growth of mineral production has been eminently satisfactory, as records well reveal. Wishing this review to be read by those not necessarily concerned in the subject, I will not inflict upon the reader a mass of comparative statistics, but it is needful to introduce a few comprehensive figures in indication of the progress achieved and of the relative significance of the several great sources of production.

During 1906, the aggregate value of Canada's mineral yield, including metallic and non-metallic products and structural materials, such as cement, bricks, granite, etc., approximated \$80,000,000. The totals for certain representative years previous were:—

1905	\$68,600,000
1904	60,000,000
1900	64,600,000
1897	28,700,000
1895	20,600,000
1890	16,800,000
1886	10,200,000



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From 1900 to 1904, inclusive, the rate of production was more or less constant, whilst the last two years have shewn admirable progress.

Of all classes of yield, coal heads the list, with \$17,600,000 in 1905 and \$20,000,000 in 1906. The tendencies of change in the more interesting metallic outputs during the last two years may be shown as under:—

Increases:		1905.	1906.
Copper	\$7,420,000	\$10,994,000	
Nickel	7,551,000	8,949,000	
Silver	3,606,000	5,723,000	
Lead	2,634,000	3,066,000	
Pig iron	1,048,000	1,724,000	
Iron ore (ex- ported)	125,000	149,000	
Cobalt, etc. . . .	280,000	350,000	
Totals	\$22,664,000	\$30,955,000	
Decrease:		1905.	1906.
Gold—			
Yukon	\$8,327,000	\$ 5,600,000	
All other	6,160,000	6,424,000	
Totals	\$14,487,000	\$12,024,000	
Grand totals.	\$37,151,000	\$42,979,000	

The steady decline in the gold yield of the renowned Yukon, which is passing rapidly from the sphere of

small working parties, applying the simplest placer methods, to that of the well-equipped company, holding extensive areas and treating enormous yardages, has lately appeared as a strong curb on the progress of Dominion mining, collectively regarded. But even at the present rate of production, the field has a life of several years assured, apart from the promise of new discoveries.

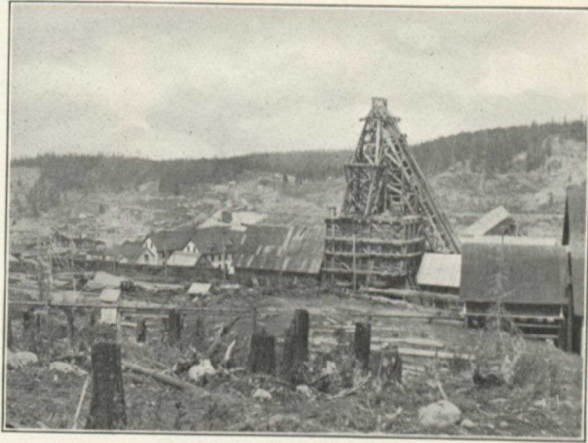
Omitting this single retrograde factor, it will be observed that every branch of mining is on the upgrade; but it is necessary to go beyond this table of figures to perceive the true measure of progress achieved of late and the scope of expansion now lying before the principal centres of activity.

Once more contrasting conditions in Canada and South Africa, although the Transvaal gold industry is of infinitely greater importance than any metal mining district of Canada, having recorded a yield of \$125,000,000 and over \$25,000,000 in dividends in 1906, it is marked by the defect of over-centralisation. Canadian fields are well distributed over extensive areas, giving support to many independent populations. British Columbia and Ontario rival each other for the right to be termed "The Mineral Province," a title once held securely by the Western region.

The four most productive metal areas of to-day, which are responsible for roughly two-thirds of the Dominion's aggregate, are the Sudbury nickel-copper and Cobalt silver-cobalt-nickel fields of Ontario, and the Boundary copper-gold and Rossland gold-copper regions of British Columbia. By examining the position at these centres one perceives how absolutely assured is the rapid progress

of Canada to a higher level of distinction in the mining world, without regarding the bright prospects of new industries or calling upon the assistance of mere prophecy. The history and achievements of the Canadian Copper Company in the Sudbury district — a "copper" company paradoxically producing about sixty per cent. of the world's nickel — bear the most striking testimony to the possibilities of this country for foreign investment. Even Canadians fail to realise the great importance of the copper-nickel sulphide deposits through which the Canadian Pacific Railway cut its track in 1884 upon its progress to the Northwest. Of late years, the field has not maintained the significance in the public eye that is its due. The wane of interest is not inexplicable. Closely controlled by two companies with head offices in New York and London, free from the influences of competition, of stock market fluctuations or labour disturbances, the field has quietly and steadily advanced without seeking or receiving the questionable advantage of public appreciation. The failures of many enterprises checked the flow of new capital to the district, which, mineralogically considered, still provides scope for enormous expansion, but which is nevertheless confined almost to the bounds represented by the operations of the Canadian Copper and Mond Nickel Companies by the unfortunate limitations of the world's nickel market.

As in the case of Cobalt, railway construction led to the discovery of the Sudbury field. Before the cutting had been made through the ridge near the present Murray mine, four miles west of Sudbury, a man named Dr. Howey had chanced to detect the ore-



VIEW OF PHOENIX, BOUNDRY DISTRICT, BRITISH COLUMBIA

like outcrop, but his observation did not lead to a true recognition of the discovery's importance. But when the track was cut and the deposit revealed, showing good copper values, the field soon attracted prospectors and capitalists. Many discoveries followed, east and west, and, in due course, several flotations. Only the copper was known, and for the purpose of exploiting some of these deposits the Canadian Copper Company was formed in Ohio with a capital of \$2,000,000. In 1886 work was commenced in the Copper Cliff mine. At first the ore was shipped in a crude state to New Jersey, where the Orford Copper Company, in the course of metallurgical operations, detected the presence of nickel in the slag or "waste" product of the furnaces. Thus was an entirely new aspect given to the Sudbury field, which to-day produces more than twice as much nickel as copper.

The many difficulties encountered by this company, not only in regard to the successful separation of the nickel in pure metallic form from the associated metal, but also in the expansion of the market for its valuable product, are of a manifold and complex character. All other efforts made by independent companies to establish



RICH SILVER VEIN, COBALT

themselves upon the field have, with one exception, failed, owing either to lack of administrative ability or to the insufferable difficulties encountered in the final stages of their task, technical and commercial. The exception noted is the Mond Nickel Company, whose history is essentially unlike that of the pioneer concern. For this venture commenced with a patent process, whilst the Canadian Copper Company first obtained their mines, then discovered the nickel and evolved a method of treating it.

In 1889, Dr. Ludwig Mond discovered his carbon monoxide method of separating copper and nickel before he knew of Sudbury's existence, and not till several years later did he acquire properties in that region for the commercial application of the new principles. To-day the Mond Company is working two mines and treating at its small smelters at Victoria Mines, twenty-two miles west of Sudbury, some 50,000 tons a year, with profitable results.

It may be news to the majority of mining men, even those conversant

with conditions in other parts of the world, that the Sudbury field contains the most productive and most profitable metal mining enterprise in the British Empire, eclipsing the greatest gold mines of Kalgoorlie, Waihi or the Rand, the Mt. Lyell Copper Company of Tasmania and the Broken Hill Proprietary, New South Wales. There is, moreover, no single company in the world producing any of the more important metals, which influences so powerfully the market of its product. These are big claims to advance and they can be supported by detailed evidence. Yet how many Canadians will not see the great smoke-stack over the Copper Cliff smelter, on their journey between Sault Ste. Marie or Winnipeg and the East, and confess their ignorance of the very function of the works? Industrial expansion has proceeded so unostentatiously that the average citizen knows considerably more of a dozen "great potentiality" properties (realisations nil) near Cobalt or Larder Lake than of this weighty factor in the commercial world.

Sudbury has long been a happy hunting ground of geological controvertists, and the greatest divergence of opinion prevails as to the genesis of the line of ore deposits so intimately associated with a certain type of rock. This, a dark-coloured quartz-norite, occurs in a more or less basin-like sheet of great thickness, fifteen miles across and thirty-five miles long. The deposits, containing copper, nickel and iron as sulphides, are generally found along the lower edge of this eruptive mass, from which, many authorities believe, they settled out in response to the laws of specific gravity and mutual attraction. Though a highly scientific one, the question of origin is of great practical importance. The prospector, (who, of course, clever in theories!) is apt to ridicule the surmises of the geologist. The practical significance of the hypothesis mentioned is the indication

it provides of the lines on which future exploration should be conducted. It points to the probability of ore deposits anywhere around the edge of this enormous basin and to the good chances of success for workers on the yet meagrely prospected northern line. Along the south, a great many mines have been found. The Creighton mine constitutes the greatest deposit of nickel ore in the world. It combines the qualities of richness and size.

The ore, when mined, containing upwards of five per cent. nickel and two per cent. copper, is first "heap-roasted" for the elimination of the excessive sulphur. This system involves the bedding of the ore in heaps of 1,500 to 3,000 tons and the utilisation of the heat evolved in the process of oxidisation started by the application of kindling. Thence it is transported to the blast furnaces at Copper Cliff and, by means of a considerable percentage of coke, the ore and its fluxes are smelted down so as to yield a "matte" or heavy compound of copper, nickel, iron and sulphur. This matte, containing about forty per cent. of the two important metals, is then treated in a "converter" or "Bessemerised," the iron and more of the sulphur being removed until a final product, heavy, grey and metallic, is recovered containing roughly twenty-two per cent. copper and fifty-seven per cent. nickel. This is final so far as concerns Canada, for the operation of separating the nickel and copper, which has been brought to a high state of efficiency after years of trial and modification, is undertaken in New Jersey.

One of the most noteworthy events in the history of the Canadian Copper Company was the formation of the International Nickel Company of New York, of which it became the most important constituent part. The International Nickel Company, with holdings also in New Caledonia (Canada's only competitor in the nickel world) was formed to control the

market of this ill-distributed metal. Truly, it has attained its objects. Exact figures for 1906 for the French Penal Settlement are yet unavailable, but Sudbury's yield alone appears to have been sixty to seventy per cent. of the world's aggregate, and the Canadian Copper Company accounted for eighty-five to ninety per cent. of the Sudbury output. The International Nickel Company has the supply of the metal well in hand, but it can not force the demand or greatly increase the use of nickel without reducing the price below the best economic limit. The value of nickel to-day is about forty-five cents a pound, twice that of copper, more than that of tin. A factor of strength enjoyed by present large producers lies in the necessity of a steady, un-failing supply to the consumers, who would not dare to risk a contract with new and untried ventures, until convinced of their ability to fulfil their promises.

Since 1896 and excepting only a year of misfortune, 1904, the yield of nickel from Sudbury has shown an unbroken record of increasing value. In 1896 the output of nickel was worth, upon final separation, \$1,190,000, and in 1906 \$8,949,000; in 1886, practically nil. New Caledonia, formerly the sole producer of moment, has since taken a place of subordination to Canada, so that the Sudbury tale of progress is not reflective of a proportionate advance of the world's nickel industry. Nevertheless, there has been a steady growth in the world's demand.

Nickel, of small commercial importance until an historic paper on nickel-steel was read by Mr. James Riley before the English "Iron and Steel Institute" in 1889, and drew the attention of the world of this wonderful alloy, can scarcely be called a new metal. A coin of the composition of the U. S. A. five-cent piece was used by a Bactrian king two thousand years B.C., and the Chinese employed an alloy called "pack-

fong," similar to "German silver," long centuries before the advent of Confucianism. Pure nickel has for some years been used for small coinage by Austria, Switzerland, France, Hungary and Italy. Canada of all countries in the world should displace the dirty, evil-smelling copper cent and two-cent pieces and the diminutive five-cent piece by coins of this national metal, which possesses the peculiar qualities of great resistance to wear, enduring brightness, difficulty of counterfeiting and high scrap value upon withdrawal from circulation. The advantage to the Canadian public would be more pronounced than the benefit to the industry, which must depend for its expansion upon the wider adoption of nickel-steel. The first important uses to which this alloy was put were in the construction of naval armour plates and heavy ordnance, which still provide a significant market in no way weakened by peace conferences. Steel with a small percentage of nickel possesses the properties of hardness, tensile strength, great durability, homogeneity, and high limit of elasticity. Consequently it finds a large diversity of applications in machinery parts, such as axles, propeller shafts, piston rods, etc., subjected to hard usage. At the present day the most promising opening for greatly increased employment appears to be in the manufacture of nickel-steel rails, whose extra initial cost, high authorities contend, is more than balanced by the greater strength and longer life assured.

Of the three great mineral discoveries of the present century, the Premier diamond mine of the Transvaal, the Goldfield-Tonopah district of Nevada and the Cobalt silver field, the precocious child of Northern Ontario has indubitably gained the widest celebrity. Even in 1904, the writer was discussing with a restless friend in Johannesburg the advisability of "inspanning" and "trekking" off to the new field, so far had its fame extended soon after birth. So widely

known, indeed, is the meteoric progress of this freakish camp, that there can be little need to outline its history to Canadian readers. Nor is there occasion to dilate upon the regrettable, but normal and inevitable, period of wild speculation with which the field has been associated. This is not a financial discussion. But let it be remarked that until the principal mines, numbering twenty or thirty, have assumed the aspect of well-developed properties, turning out ore to match development and current stoping, without "forcing" shipments or attempting to pay dividends beyond the normal possibilities of the veins, until the large crop of financial weeds has died away for lack of nourishment, Cobalt cannot hope to hold the high place in the technical world to which its proven surface riches and deeper-level possibilities rightly assign it.

Whether some of the strongest veins will continue, with their silver values, deep into an underlying formation to-day understood to be unfavorable is a complex question beyond the scope of this review. Disregarding this problem, ignoring the wide, even characteristic abuse of the fundamental principles of legitimate "prospect" flotation, we see in the rise of Cobalt nothing save a marvelous and brilliant example of Nature's blessing. So often have terms of eulogy been misapplied to individual sections of the area covered by Coleman, Bucke and Lorrain townships, or to the north of Lake Temiskaming, that one necessarily feels indisposed to use them where they are due. Nevertheless there are many features that make the field uniquely attractive.

As already stated, Cobalt, like Sudbury, was discovered by the railway. But in the nickel region, the line merely cut through an area some thirty miles long. The discovery was pre-ordained. At Cobalt, however, the happening constitutes a wonderful coincidence. The "district" is

certainly extensive, but an area of little more than a square mile in extent, centralised around the Cobalt Lake, is the very heart of it and has contributed some ninety per cent. of the yield recorded. Not only does the railway line, largely constructed and wholly surveyed before the existence of a silver vein was known, cut this section, but with almost mathematical precision divides the square mile into two equally productive parts.

The number of silver veins of probable payability now located exceeds two hundred and fifty. They occur for the most part as narrow fissures filled with silver, cobalt, nickel, arsenic and calcite in greatly varying proportions. At surface the veins often appear as almost solid silver, for the once associated arsenides have been leached away by surface waters. The smelters pay for the silver and also the cobalt (at Copper Cliff), whilst the nickel and arsenic are waste products at present. The necessity of finding an economical means of winning the four elements will gradually become more manifest. That Cobalt has been largely skimming the cream is obvious, but then the milk of this district is better than the richest in other fields. Roughly computed, the production of the district to the middle of 1907 may be summarised as follows:—

	Tons.	Value.
1904	158	\$ 136,217
1905	2,144	1,473,196
1906	5,129	3,900,000
*1907 (½ year).	6,431	4,890,000
	13,862	\$10,399,413

*Approximate valuation only.

These figures show the average value of ore to have stood at the remarkable figure of \$750 per ton. The richest lot of ore to be sent from the camp is recorded at 7,402 ounces of silver to the ton. The narrowness of the Cobalt veins, averaging perhaps four inches, and their frequently erratic disposition, leads to small ton-

nages and, of course, only small tonnages are required of such ore as this to insure a big revenue. The equipment of mines in the district is essentially on a small scale, and the best furnished properties have erected plant and camp buildings for \$70,000. Concentrating mills are now going up to treat the medium-grade ore and wall rock impregnated with silver, which will place the field on a higher mechanical plane.

Like all mushroom mining towns, Cobalt is without architectural or municipal merits. Its situation on the shore of Cobalt Lake is good enough, but the heterogeneous mass of wooden shanties and more ambitious edifices is an eyesore within any two mile range of view. Fire insurance companies ask ten per cent. premiums and well deserve them. But, perhaps, the greatest dread is that of pestilence, so filthy is the town. Many shacks stand like little islands in a sea of rubbish and offal.

What has the future in store for Cobalt? This is the question frequently put to mining men and rarely answered with decision, save by those whose thoughts are governed by the wish. The perplexities still characterising the district are many and vital; but it would certainly appear that the abundance of narrow and rich veins, workable to moderate depths, will be the stronger factor than the great persistence of individual ore bodies, of which only the strongest can be expected to continue into unfavourable formations.

Cobalt has been called the "Queen of Silver Camps." Better may it be named the young Princess, whose innate character and qualities are yet but little known, an infant prodigy, growing to a child too fond of ostentatious display, attracting to her court a band of devoted followers, some men of sterling worth, hopeful but cautious, some love-blind fools and many rascals. Yes, many have been her greedy satellites, aiming to deceive the public by a mere reflected glamour

and to pass for regal gold their petty gains of brass.

From Cobalt to Rossland, still an important centre of production, though rarely in the public eye, is a long journey. Last year the camp produced gold and copper to the value of \$3,350,000, four mines contributing the bulk of this amount. Rossland, essentially a gold camp with a minor asset in copper and silver, is situated on a magnificent and elevated position in the Gold Range of British Columbia, overlooking the Columbia valley near Trail, where the noble river sweeps past on its southern course to Oregon and the Pacific. The Rossland boom, which has often been recalled by Cobalt victims, occurred in 1896, six years after the first shipment of ore had been recorded. The usual evils followed in due course, and mining in the district received a setback from which it has only now recovered by reason of the great wealth of its central deposits and the establishment of highly economical smelting practice. One good result of the financial inflation was to make the town, with a population of 6,000 in 1897, a place of substance, with many buildings that would do credit to a city of assured permanence.

The productive mines of to-day are the Le Roi, Le Roi No. 2 or Josie, the Centre Star and War Eagle—these two latter now standing, amalgamated under the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Company of Canada, Limited, as one proposition, yielding about 500 tons of ore a day. The average value of Rossland ore to-day is \$10.00 to \$11.00, and, since 1894, some \$40,000,000 has been recovered, of which, unfortunately, a deplorably small proportion has been returned to faithful shareholders. The best of the field has gone, has been largely frittered away in bad management, costly experiments and excessive smelting charges. To-day the chief mines—some of whose stopes, for size and value, would compare with the best in the world—are well-administered

and soundly managed; good profits will now be made, some years too late. The story of Rossland is no bright chapter of Canadian mining history, but I think there is to be a more cheerful supplement. The smelters at Trail and at Northport (in Washington State, a few miles to the south) are now able to do their work at a figure equal to one-third of former charges. With these and other reductions in working expenditure effected, Rossland may be considered to have settled down to the sober, uneventful life of a medium grade gold field, with fair prosperity assured, with small promise of an extraordinary revival.

Rossland and Sudbury are dissimilar in so many aspects, most notably in their metallic yields, that it is strange to find a close resemblance in the general features of their ores. Indeed the nickel of the one camp and the gold of the other are both associated with pyrrhotite (magnetic iron pyrites) and copper pyrites. Over the Rossland ore deposits very similar discussions have raged to those making Sudbury an area for scientific debate; and, indeed, there are few important sulphide deposits anywhere in the world which have not provided food for such contention. But the Rossland ore bodies are generally considered to be lodes formed by the action of mineral solutions, which have risen along planes of weakness and fractures, depositing their precious burden and replacing the barren rock in places with mineral precipitations. At Sudbury, as we noted, the ore and the associated rock probably were formed together, the one separating itself from the other. The persistence of the British Columbia occurrence has been proved to 2,000 feet and a continuation, probably with falling values, may be expected to an indefinite depth.

Fifty miles to the west of Rossland, though a much longer journey by the circuitous route via Castlegar and Grand Forks, lie the Boundary cop-

per fields, in several respects the greatest mining area in the Dominion. The Boundary has never suffered from such periods of wild speculative excitement as we have seen in Cobalt and Rossland. Its enormous deposits of very low grade copper ore are not of a class to catch the popular fancy. That the region should now be principally in the hands of U.S.A. capitalists is, also, no doubt largely due to the sickening effects of the Rossland debacle, which closed the eyes of English and Canadian investors to neighbouring possibilities. The steady growth of the district has not been "automatic," for it must be acknowledged that success has only been attained by plucky endeavour and by the skilful application of technical principles, taking the utmost advantage of natural qualities. The Boundary mining district comprises a group of ore deposits, greatly similar in characteristics, over a considerable area. The principal deposits are around the mountain camp of Phoenix—namely, the Granby Company's renowned Knobhill-Ironsidcs, the Brooklyn, Rawhide, Snowshoe, Gold-drop, etc., whilst in outlying sections are the Motherlode, Sunset, Emma, British Columbia, and other productive mines.

The chief ore bodies are of immense size, a width of 200 to 300 feet being exposed in the Granby. You must speak of ore "masses." But it is of very low grade, so low that it would once have been considered unpayable. An average valuation would give twenty-four to twenty-eight pounds of copper per ton (or a little over one per cent.) and \$1.50 in gold and silver. Profitable working is only possible in view of the cheap mining costs in wide bodies, the existence of admirable railway facilities (C. P. R. and G. N. R.), cheap electric power, generated at Bonnington Falls, near Nelson, large capacity smelters, and the mineralogical composition of the ore, which enables furnace work to be

performed without the addition of fluxes.

Three powerful companies control the best of the field—the Granby Consolidated, British Columbia Copper Company and Dominion Copper Company, each with its own smelter and independent sources of ore supply. But for a small amount of customs work, there is no commercial competition. Technical rivalry is evinced by the natural desire of managements to overcome their problems to the best advantage. There appears to be small scope for further reductions in expenditure or increases in efficiency. Smelting costs have been lowered to the phenomenal figure of \$1.50 a ton, treated, and of this charge over half represents the coke used in furnace charging. Mining costs are a little more, and figuring average recoveries, it will be seen that copper can be produced at an expenditure of eight cents a pound. Thus is the prosperity of the field established. Its progress is truly wonderful. In 1899 the field produced no ore. Last year over 1,000,000 tons of ore were smelted for a yield exceeding \$6,000,000 in value. But lately such extensions of plant have been made as to virtually double the treatment capacity of the district. Furnaces now built and operating are:—

	No. of Furnaces.	Daily Capacity.
Granby	8	3,000 tons
B. C. Copper.....	3	1,800 tons
Dominion	3	1,400 tons
	—	—
	14	6,200 tons

With good fortune and an absence of coal strikes at the Crow's Nest, these furnaces may be kept in commission throughout the year, but with only 320 working days two million tons per annum will be dealt with, for a yield of \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Nor is this computation for the field lacking in the elements of conservatism, for the Granby is now increasing the length of its furnaces to allow of an

additional 1,200 tons a day, and the Snowshoe, a Boundary mine shipping to a Trail smelter, will augment the tonnage by substantial contributions.

The four fields mentioned in this article are the most important pillars of the Canadian mining industry to-day, but such mines as the St. Eugene, Britannia, Bruce, Atlin, Cariboo, Thetford, Moose Mountain, and those of Nova Scotia are lesser districts to which we could look for additional factors of expansion, and with the result of gaining a more equitable understanding of the solidity of Canadian mining, behind the screen of misleading stock exchange

quotations and the astounding advertisements of wild-cat "ranchers."

All predictions of future performances must be subject to a qualifying assumption of industrial tranquility. The experience of Cobalt of recent months has amply demonstrated how readily the miners of this country can be disturbed, regardless of practical or particular grievances, by those agitators whose divine mission it is to preach the malicious gospel of discontent, to raise hatred and suspicion where none has occasion to exist, and to create strife and discord amongst the divers sections of a flourishing people.

The Robbery

BY LOUISE C. GLASGOW

ALL night throughout the dim-lit grove,
 The alders whisper to the moon;
 With dreamy, mystic songs of love
 The soft winds sigh from noon till noon,
 I sit here cold, and still and numb;
 My heart can neither feel nor move.

Where went he with the treasure trove:
 The music of two hearts, atune;
 The glinting web that fairies wove;
 The passion of the throbbing rune.
 I vainly ask, to answer dumb:
 Himself alone his guilt can prove.

Oh, scornful, scoffing, niggard Love,
 From out your fulness not a boon!
 Blind waif that begged me for a crumb—
 Oh, thankless, cruel, wanton Love!

French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

In the third category may be classified, as I have stated, the legends which, although of an European origin, have been so thoroughly transformed with time, places and circumstances, as to become entirely confused with our local superstitions or traditions. The most important of these are the legends of the *chasse-galerie*, of the *loups-garous*, of the *fi-follets* and of the *lutins*.

What are the *Lutins* in France? They are little demons more malicious than dangerous, fond of teasing or tormenting people by all kinds of tricks. They turn your vestments inside out, they badly entangle your hair during your sleep, they spill out your pitcher on the floor, they introduce pins and needles in your boots and shoes, etc.

In French Canada, the *Lutins* are kinds of goblins, twelve inches high, who live in the earth, especially beneath the stable flooring; they very seldom show themselves in the daytime, but spend their nights sporting with the horses. They curry them, they brush them, they feed them, they plait their manes and tails, and ride them along furiously sometimes until daybreak. Some peculiarities of these little beings—perfectly harmless, by the way—are big frog-like mouths, big round eyes, and broad-brimmed pointed hats, as high as their scanty little stature. This description is authenticated by all those who have seen them—and they are not a few, it appears.

But if the *lutins* are harmless, it is not the same with the *fi-follets*. The word *fi-follet* is a corruption of *feux-follets*. It is in reality the *ignis fatuus*

of the Latins. In English, those little flaming and wandering meteors which appear at night in the vicinity of bogs and swamps are popularly called, I believe, will o' the wisp, or jack o' lantern. They are considered by the peasantry in France as evil spirits bound to put astray the passers-by, and lead them into all sorts of difficulties and mishaps.

In French Canada, the *fi-follets* are also evil spirits dangerous to meet after sunset; but opinions are divided as to their origin and nature. When I was a boy, I heard an old man say: "The *fi-follets* are not at all what some people who don't know any better believe they are: the souls of the dead in need of prayers. They are the souls of living men like you and me, who abandon their body to roam at night at the devil's service. When a Christian has been seven years without going to confession, he becomes a *loup-garou*, every one knows that; well, when he has been seven years a *loup-garou*, he becomes a *fi-follet*, and is condemned by Satan to torment the belated travellers with all kinds of mischief. If you ever run across a man asleep in the open at night, be careful not to cover his head or to turn the body face downwards. His soul is wandering somewhere, and if it could not find its way back through the open mouth of the body, the fellow would certainly die and be condemned to eternal damnation. If you ever see a *fi-follet*, waste no time by running away, it would be useless. Stick a needle or a half-closed jack-knife in the top of a fence post; the *fi-follet* passes

and repasses again and again through the eye of the needle or the angle formed by the jack-knife; and while this performance is going on, one has ample time to skedaddle and escape without danger."

But strong as may be such authorities in favour of the *fi-follets*, the existence and exploits of the *loups-garous* are still further beyond all unimpeachment, having been on many serious occasions officially authenticated. The *loup-garou* is the wehrwolf of the old legend. Its existence is attested by numerous Latin authors, particularly by Virgil, Strabo, Ponponius, and by all the jurists and demonographers of the middle ages. The emperor Siguismond had the matter thoroughly investigated by the most learned scientists of his time, and the result was a most emphatic declaration that some men had evidently the power of transmuting themselves into wolves.

In Canada, a moral has been added to the legend. The *loup-garou* is not a sorcerer who transforms himself into a wolf; it is a sinner punished for having neglected too long the performance of his religious duties. When a fellow has been seven years without partaking of the Easter sacrament, as stated a moment ago, he is converted, every evening, into some kind of big brute, and wanders about through the woods or along the highways until he is released. This operation of releasing a *loup-garou* consists in wounding the animal with some sharp instrument anywhere at all—the main object being to draw blood. This done, the *loup-garou* instantaneously returns to his human form.

After the *loups-garous*, naturally comes the *chasse-galerie*, which is the most striking example of European legends

assuming with us a peculiar character out of the surrounding circumstances. What is *chasse-galerie* in Europe? The word *chasse* answers the question: Although diversified in details, it is, whether in France, in Holland or in Germany, a mysterious coursing through the air, at night, by formidable phantoms in pursuit of some fantastic prey. When it is not called *chasse-galerie*, it is called the *Grand Veneur*, the *Chasseur Noir*, or the Black Huntsman. But it is always a hunting party, with horses, dogs and prickers. How this hunting legend was transformed into the diabolical practice known in Canada as the *chasse-galerie*, history will tell.

One Sunday, coming out of church, the habitants of St-Jean Deschaillons saw, in broad daylight, passing through the air, a canoe mounted by a crew of shantymen in red flannel shirts, paddling in time with a *chanson de voyageur*.

It was—as you may well imagine—an effect of mirage produced by a real canoe passing on the river hidden by the angle of the cliff; but it created an immense sensation at the time. The conclusion was that the *forestiers* of our lumber shanties, whose reputation, by the way, was not of the most enviable order, had the means, by some devilish process of travelling as the crows fly, to save time and fatigue. Of course the interested parties had no great objection to have their reputation heightened by this new prestige; and most of them, under the influence of story-tellers, became themselves sincere believers in this most extraordinary piece of witchery. We must add that those who did not believe in it, had no objection that the others should. It is human nature and the source of more than one widely-spread legend.

In the February number Dr. Frechette will touch on the phantom fleet of Sir Hovenden Walker and relate the legend of the trial and execution of La Corriveau

The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

ON my return to Deep River I immediately caused a general muster of the loyalists, which I collected to the amount of 150 men, but finding them deficient in arms I discharged all of them except fifty-three, which I appointed fully; out of which I collected from the whole, and ordered the rest to be ready to join me when I called for them. I also gave the foregoing commissions to the different officers set forth, who rendered many services to the British Government during the late war, who signalised themselves with me in the interior parts of that rebellious country, and subdued the greatest part of the province; so far that the worst of rebels came to me, begging protection for themselves and property. The exertions of myself and the other officers had the whole country under the protection of the British Government until long after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the evacuation of Wilmington; and after all the British troops were called to their different posts on the seashore I continued acting in the interior parts of North Carolina, and was like to obtain a truce with the rebels in the heart of the country. Those people have been induced to brave every danger and difficulty during the late war rather than render any service to the rebels, had their properties real and personal taken to support their enemies, the fatherless and widows stripped, and every manner of support taken from them, their houses and lands and all personal property taken, and no resting place could be found for them. As to placing them in their former possessions, it is impossible—stripped of their

property, driven from their homes, deprived of their wives and children, robbed of a free and mild government, betrayed and deserted by their friends, what can repay them for the misery? Dragging out a wretched life of obscurity and want, Heaven, only, which smooths the rugged paths, can reconcile them to misfortune. Numbers of them left their wives and children in North Carolina, not being able to send for them owing to the distresses, and now in the West Indies and other parts of the world for refuge, and not returned to their families yet. Some of them, that returned under the Act of oblivion passed in 1783, were taken to Hillsboro and hanged for their past services that they rendered the Government whilst under my command. I am fully sensible of the good designs that government intends for the loyalists in so repeatedly renewing the Act. If the inability and distressed situation of those people, who have suffered and experienced everything but death to support British Government, cannot reap the fruits of their labours, and now join under every species of mortification, I can solemnly declare that I think Major John Rains and Capt. George Rains two of the most deserving officers that ever acted in America during the late war, either in the provincial or militia; and to my certain knowledge John Rains had two mills burnt, three dwelling houses, and besides a barn and property totally taken away. I have given as direct account of the officers opposite their names as I possibly can; also their promotions and deaths. What I have set forth, I will forever vindicate.

Besides other officers of other counties that joined me at different times and places, as I shall refer to in other parts of my journal, in particular Col. Arch. McDougald and Samuel Andrews, who joined me several times.

Given at King's County, New Brunswick, Nov. 29th, 1789.

The rebels on the same day held a general muster at Chatham Court House, about twenty-five miles from where I had assembled, and the day following were to call a Court Martial for the trial of several loyalists who had refused to bear arms in opposition to Government. Upon receiving this intelligence I proceeded towards the Court House, 17 miles, that night, with the men I had armed, and the morning following, by seven o'clock, I arrived there. I surrounded the place, where I expected to find members of the Court Martial, but they had dispersed the evening before, and were to meet at 8 o'clock. I then posted pickets on every road, and within the space of two hours took fifty-three prisoners—among them the Colonel, Major, and all the militia officers of the county, except two, who had not attended, and also one Continental Captain, with three of the delegates of their General Assembly. I immediately marched them to Coxe's Mill, and paroled all except fourteen, who I knew were violent against the Government. Those I conducted to Wilmington and delivered to Major Craig. I then represented to Major Craig that with his approbation I would establish certain regulations for the conduct of the militia, which he approved of; and he was obliging enough, on my giving them to him, to correct and confirm the following rules, which were printed and distributed in the country:

RULES and REGULATIONS for the well governing of the Loyal Militia of the Province of North Carolina:

1st. No person to be admitted a militia man until he takes the oath of allegiance to his Majesty, which is always to be done before the senior officer of the Regiment on the spot.

2nd. All persons once enrolled in a militia company, and having taken the

oath above mentioned, will be considered as entitled to every privilege and protection of a British subject, and will, on being detected joining the rebels, be treated as a deserter and traitor.

3rd. Every militia man is to repair, without fail or excuse, except sickness, at the time appointed, to the place assigned by his Colonel or Captain with his arms and accoutrements, and is not to quit his company on any pretence whatever, without the knowledge and permission of his Captain or Commanding Officer.

4th. The Colonel of every county has full power to call his Regiment together, and march them when necessary for his Majesty's service; the Captain of each company has also power to assemble his company when any sudden emergency renders it necessary, and which he is to report as soon as possible to his Colonel.

5th. Mutual assistance is to be given on all occasions, but as it is impossible to give positive directions on this subject, it is left to the discretion of the Colonels of Regiments, who must be answerable that their reasons for not affording assistance when required, are sufficient.

6th. When the militia of different counties are embodied, the senior officer is to command; Colonels of Regiments are immediately to determine the present rank of their Captains, in which regard is to be had to seniority of commission or service. In cases of vacancies the Colonels may grant temporary commissions, till recourse can be had to the Commanding Officer of the King's troops.

7th. The men are to understand, that in what relates to the service they are bound to obey all officers, though not immediately belonging to their own companies.

8th. Courts Martials may sit by the appointment of the Colonel or Commanding Officer; and must consist for the trial of an officer, of all the officers of the Regiment he belongs to, except the Colonel or Commanding Officer; and for the trial of a non-commissioned Officer or Private, of two Captains, two Subalterns and three Privates—the latter to belong to the same company as the person to be tried; the eldest Captain to preside; and the sent-

ence of the Court to be determined by plurality of votes, and approved by the Commanding Officer.

9th. No Colonel is to supersede an officer without trial; but he may suspend him till he can be tried.

10th. Quitting camp without permission, disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, plundering, and all irregularities and disorder to be punished at the discretion of a Court Martial constituted as above mentioned; and by the approbation of the Colonel or Commanding Officer, who has power to pardon or remit any part of a punishment, but not to increase or alter it.

11th. Every man must take the greatest care of his arms and ammunition; and have them always ready for service.

12th. When the militia is not embodied they are at all times to be attentive to the motions of the rebels; and immediately to acquaint the nearest officer of anything he may discover, who is to communicate it to his Colonel or other officers, as may be requisite.

13th. It is the duty of every person professing allegiance to his Majesty to communicate to the Commanding Officer of the nearest British port any intelligence he can procure of the assembling or moving of any bodies of rebels. Persons employed on this occasion shall always be paid.

14th. Colonels of Regiments may assemble any number of their men they think necessary, to be posted in particular spots of their districts—their time of service on these occasions is to be limited; and they are at the expiration of it to be relieved by others. Great care is to be taken that no partiality is shown, but that each take an equal proportion of duty; for which purpose alphabetical rolls are to be kept, by which the men are to be warned. Every Captain is to keep an account of the number of days each man of his company serves.

The strict observance of the above regulations is strongly recommended as the best means of giving to the King's faithful subjects a manifest superiority over the rebel militia; and to insure them that success their zeal and spirit in the

cause of their country entitle them to expect.

Head Quarters, Wilmington, 25th Sept., 1781.

I then thought prudent to administer the following oath of allegiance unto those people I was dubious of: "I—A B—do swear on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God to bear true allegiance to our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, and to uphold the same. I do voluntarily promise to serve as militia, under any of the officers appointed over me; and that I will when lawfully warned by our said officers, assemble at any place by them directed in case of danger, in the space of eight hours. I will go, with my arms and accoutrements in good order, to suppress any rebels or others, the King's enemies; that I will not at any time do, or cause to be done, anything prejudicial to his Majesty's Government; or suffer any intercourse or correspondence with the enemies thereof; that I will make known any plot or plots, any wise inimical to his Majesty's forces or loyal subjects, by me discovered, to his Majesty's officers contiguous, and it shall not exceed six hours before the same is discovered, if health and distance permit. This I do solemnly swear and promise to defend in all cases whatsoever. So help me, God!"

I then returned to the head of Little River, on my way to Cox's Mill, where I was met by two men who informed me that the rebels had separated into two small parties, thinking I should never return from Wilmington. I passed on and got intelligence of Col. Alstine lying on the banks of Deep River with a party of twenty-five men. We marched all that day and night following, and just as the day dawned we advanced in three divisions up to a house they had thrown themselves into. On our approach we fired upon the house, *as I was determined to make examples of them, for behaving in the manner they had done to one of my pilots, by name Kenneth Black.* They returned our fire, and the action continued upwards of three hours, when after killing four of them and wounding all the rest, except three, they sent out a flag to

surrender, Col. Alstine's lady begging their lives; and on her solicitation I concluded to grant her request. After the capitulation I gave the following paroles to Col. Philip Alstine and his men:

"I do hereby acknowledge myself a prisoner of war upon my parole to His Excellency Sir Henry Clinton, and that I am hereby engaged till I shall be exchanged, or otherwise released therefrom, to proceed immediately to my plantation on Dunham's Creek, Cumberland County (or elsewhere) in North Carolina, there to remain, or within five miles thereof—and that I shall not in the meantime do, or cause anything to be done, prejudicial to the success of his Majesty's arms; nor have intercourse or hold correspondence with the enemies of his Majesty, and that upon a summons from his Excellency, or other persons having authority thereto, I will surrender myself up to him or them, at such time and place as shall hereafter be required.

PHILIP ALSTINE,

Cumberland County, Colonel.

Deep River, July 29th, 1781.

Witness: DAVID FANNING, *Colonel Commanding Loyal Militia.*"

In the course of this affair we had two men killed and four wounded, who afterwards recovered. A party of rebels appeared in sight a little time after the firing began, but they did not approach to afford Col. Alstine any support. When the action was over they ran off, and our horses being quite fatigued, rendered it impossible for me to pursue them, and I then pursued my route to Coxe's Mill, where, on my arrival, I gave twelve hours' leave to the men (after detaining a sufficient number for the necessary guard) to go to their respective homes. Immediately after that I heard that a waggon loaded with salt for the use of the rebel army had passed about twelve hours before. I took eight men with me, and after a chase of sixteen miles I overtook it and conducted it back to Coxe's Mill. On my return I found that Major Rains had been attacked by a party of 150 rebels, who had

attempted to secure the fort of Deep River, at Coxe's Mill; however, it was without success. He had one man wounded and several horses in the attack, and on my approach they retreated. They then sent a flag with offers of peace. I returned for answer, "I was determined to make peace with the sword—or otherwise they should become subjects of Great Britain." My men now being collected to the amount of 140, who by this time were well armed, and hearing nothing further from them the next morning, we marched to the place where I had been informed they were, but found them gone off. I discovered some of their scouts, but on firing on them they took to the woods. I heard that they had marched and joined another party of 250 men, commanded by Cols. Paisley and Balfour, upon which I returned to Coxe's Mill; I sent out spies that night, who returned before morning and informed me that the two rebel parties had joined, being about 400 in number, and encamped at Brown's plantation, about two miles up the river on the opposite side. I dispatched a flag to them, acquainting them, as before, of my determination in support of Government, and proposed a meeting of both parties to determine the matter by force of arms; *at the same time acquainting them that the ill-treatment of some prisoners they had taken a little time before had determined me to retaliate in case an end was not put to it, should any in future have cause to complain.* I directed the flag to Major Cage, who commanded at the time before, and I received the following answer:

"SIR,—I received yours by a flag, and can assure you that I should be as sorry as any person living to misuse a prisoner; but at the same time I think it is my duty to oppose my enemies, and if any of your men should fall into my hands I shall endeavour to use what influence I can to have them treated as prisoners; and I hope you will do the same. I must also inform you that I am not the commanding officer; if I was, I should immediately return you an answer, and as your letter was not directed to the commanding officer, he will not undertake it without

you will direct to him. Col. O'Neal is Commander at present.

I am, Yours, &c., &c.,

WM. CAGE.

Aug. 2nd, 1781.

To Col. David Fanning."

I also received a message from Col. O'Neal that wherever they met me they would fight me, but not by an immediate appointment. I directly ordered a march and proceeded to the place where I was informed by the bearer of the flag they lay encamped; but on my arrival there, they had marched off. From intelligence I had procured, I had reason to suppose they had gone to Salisbury to be reinforced by General Rutherford. I then concluded to go to Wilmington for a supply of ammunition, finding my stock began to grow low. I got to Cross Creek on the 11th of August; and early in the morning following crossed Cape Fear River, when Maj. Samuel Andrews joined me with his company and scouted through all the rebel settlements on the north side of the river, and took a number of prisoners, arms and horses. I also discovered where twenty-five barrels of salt was concealed, designed for the rebel army. I destroyed it, and then marched down the side of the river and came to a plantation belonging to a Capt. Robertson, which I burned. Thence I marched to his brother's, Col. Robertson, which I served in the same manner. On my march I took several prisoners, whom I paroled, except twenty; those I delivered to Capt. Legett, then commanding at Wilmington, where I arrived on the 24th. Having got supplied with ammunition, I proceeded up the country on the 26th on my march to Elizabethtown, where on my arrival I found Col. Slingsbee, of the Loyal Militia of Bladen County, with a number of paroled rebels in his camp. I disapproved of keeping them there, and told him I thought it imprudent and unsafe. The event proved so; for that night they having arms concealed, fired upon his camp and wounded him mortally. Five captains also were wounded, some of whom died afterwards of their

wounds. The day following I arrived at McFall's Mills, about sixty miles, where I despatched ninety of my men back to render assistance, on receiving the unfortunate account of Col. Slingsbee's misfortune; but it was too late, as the rebels had taken to the woods and got off.

I here had information that the rebel Col. Wade with 450 militia was then on his march to attack Col. McNeal, who had assembled seventy of the Loyal Militia of Bladen, and then lay on the side of Drowning Creek. I instantly despatched an express to know his situation, and offering assistance; in three hours I received for answer he would be glad to see me and my party. I marched direct, and by daylight arrived there with 155 men. Our pickets were fired upon, and retreated into camp, having exchanged several shots with those of the rebels. We had information they were crossing a bridge on Drowning Creek, about three miles off, when the pickets fired on them, and retreated to the camp, who informed me that 420 men crossed that bridge. I immediately ordered all my men to arms, and counted them; which in number was 225, horse and foot. I then marched immediately to attack them. When I formed my little party I left great vacancies in order to appear as numerous as possible, and to prevent their turning my flanks. We attacked them at 11 o'clock, and engaged them an hour and a half, when on my ordering a charge, they retreated. We pursued them seven miles, and took fifty-four prisoners, four of whom died that night. On our return we found nineteen dead, and the next day several came in and surrendered, all of whom were wounded, and we had reason to suppose that several died in the swamps, by accounts we received from those who came in afterwards. Our loss was only five men wounded, one of whom died, and five horses killed, besides a few wounded. We took 250 horses, most of which were loaded with effects they had plundered from the friends of Government; and as I had formerly ordered that whoever found concealed goods of

any kind should hold them, I also now ordered that every man should keep that he had taken that day, after mounting and equipping those fifty who were not mounted in the action. I then paroled the prisoners, except thirty of them, whom I sent to Wilmington under a guard of Col. McNeal's men. Then, with my party, I marched that evening to Little River, sixteen miles from McFall's Mill, where the party returned who had gone to Col. Slingsbee's assistance. The day following I arrived at Coxe's Mill, thirty miles, where I issued the following advertisement, and circulated it through the country:

"ADVERTISEMENT

"This is to let all persons know that do not make ready and repair immediately to camp, that their property shall be seized and caused to be sold at public sale; and if they are taken and brought into camp, they shall be sent to Wilmington as prisoners, and there remain as such in the provost and be considered as rebels; also, if any rebel is willing to surrender and come in he shall reap the benefit of a subject.

DAVID FANNING,
Camp Coxe's Mill } Col. Com'g Loyal
6th Sept., 1781 } Militia."

On the 9th of Sept. I was joined by Col. McDougald of the Loyal Militia of Cumberland County, with 200 men; and Col. Hector McNeal,* with his party from Bladen of seventy men; and in consequence of my advertisement I had also 435, who came in; and many joined me afterwards.

I had previously determined within myself to take the rebel Governor Burke of North Carolina, and I had a conversation with Maj. Craig on the subject. I now thought it a favourable opportunity, as I found myself at the head of 950 men of my own Regiment, exclusive of McDougald and McNeal's regiments. I acquainted Maj. Rains of my resolution, who approved of it. The rebel

General John Butler, and Col. Robert Maybin, of the Continental line, lay within forty miles of our encampment on the Cape Fear River, with 400 Continental soldiers and Butler's militia. It was supposed by my officers that I intended to attack them. After marching sixteen miles to Rocky River, I went a little distance out of my road to a friend's house, for intelligence of the situation of the rebels; during which time the guide led my little army about two miles out of the way, towards General Butler. On my return above to them I was under the above necessity of making my intentions known; and immediately directed my march for Hillsboro. I pushed on all that day and the following night; at seven o'clock on the morning of the 12th we entered the town in three divisions, and received several shots from different houses. However, we lost none and suffered no damage, except one man wounded. We killed fifteen of the rebels, wounded twenty, and took upwards of two hundred prisoners; amongst whom were the Governor, his Council, and part of the Continental Colonels, several captains and subalterns, and seventy-one Continental soldiers out of a church. We proceeded to the gaol and released thirty loyalists and British soldiers, *one of which was to have been hanged that day.* About 12 o'clock I left Hillsboro, and proceeded eighteen miles that night towards Coxe's mill; in the morning I pursued my march about eight miles further, to Lindsey's Mill on Cane Creek, where General Butler and a party of rebels had concealed themselves. Col. McNeal, who had the advanced guard, had neglected to take the necessary precautions for our safety; and by information of Capt. McLean, Cumberland County, Little River, as soon as I had discovered the situation we were in, and having so great a number of prisoners, I left my station and pushed for the advanced guard; on my coming up with Col. McNeal, I in-

*It is evident that there were two Colonels of this name, one on each side. A third, Colonel Daniel McNeill, of North Carolina, was the paternal grandfather of the late able physician and public man of Nova Scotia, Hon. D. McNeill Parker, M. L. C. No doubt the latter is the correct spelling.—A. W. S.

quired the reason of his neglect, and before he could answer we were fired upon by the rebels. They killed eight men, among whom was Col. McNeal, who received three balls through him, and five through his horse. I then ordered a retreat back to where I left the prisoners, and after securing them, I made the necessary preparations to attack the enemy, which we did; and after engaging them four hours, they retreated. I lost twenty-seven men killed, and sixty so badly wounded that they could not be moved, besides thirty slightly, but so that they could keep up with our main body. At the conclusion of this action I received a shot in my left arm, which broke the bone in several pieces, and the loss of blood was so great that I was taken off my horse and led to a secret place in the woods. I then sent Lieut. Woleston to my little army for Col. Arch. McDougald and Major John Rains and Lieut.-Col. Arch. McKay to take command; to send an express to Wilmington for assistance, as I was not able to take any command. I also desired that Major Rains should return as soon as he could leave Col. McDougald, as I thought he might be the means of saving me from the hand of my enemies. These gentlemen conducted themselves in such a manner that I think they deserve the applause of every loyal subject both for their valour and good conduct, as Col. Maybin and General Butler pursued them all the way until they met Major Craig coming to their assistance. They made their march good for 160 miles, and never lost one prisoner, but introduced Thos. Burk, their Governor, and his regiment of rebels to Major Craig, who very well accepted them; and Major Craig introduced his Excellency and regiment to the Provost Master. I am informed by letters from Col. Arch. McDougald, dated 6th Aug., 1789, that no provision has been made for him yet. Also Major Rains the 2nd of October, 1789. But I am in hopes when the Government comes to be informed of the many services that they have done, they will consider them, and make some allowance for them. I am

personally acquainted with their services. Major John Rains was the first man that ever took up arms with me in North Carolina, and the last man with me in that country, and took an active part in command in six and thirty skirmishes in N.C. (also Capt. George Rains).

At the departure of my little army I was left with three men; and in four days seventeen more came to my assistance. I made enquiry respecting the loss of the rebels in the late action, and found that the inhabitants had buried twenty-four, and that the wounded they had left behind were ninety, besides those that went off, and that my party had taken ten prisoners. Of the number of the killed was Col. Guttrell and Major Knowles, who were inveterate enemies to the loyalists.

The party we had engaged I found to have consisted of 400 Continentals under the command of Col. Maybin and General Butler's militia. In twenty-four days I found myself able to sit up, and then dispatched four of my captains, Hooker, Rains, Knight, and Lindly, to Wilmington for a supply of ammunition; and before their return I had sent out and embodied 140 men, during which time I heard of a quantity of leather which was preparing for the use of the rebel army, and was ordered for General Green's quarters at Camden. I went to the place, and finding the leather agreeable to my information, I took enough thereof to equip the company completely, and ordered the rest to be destroyed. On my return to Brush Creek, near where I had been secreted during my illness occasioned by my wounds, I sent out spies for discovery. Two of them returned in less than an hour with information of six hundred rebels who were advancing to attack me, but they proved no more than 170. These accounts disheartened a number of my men. From my being in so weak a state, they apprehended I would not be able to command them. However, they lifted me on my horse, and I formed my men then in two ranks and showed two fronts, as they appeared both in my

front and rear. The fire continued for near an hour. I lost three men killed, and three badly wounded. The rebels had one killed and several wounded. Then they retreated, and rallied and attacked again, after retreating about a mile, which was so unexpected that I concluded they had been reinforced. I then retreated, but without loss, except my baggage, which they made a prize of. I then separated my men into small parties, until the arrival of the four officers I had dispatched for ammunition to Wilmington, who brought the following letter from Major Craig, with 5,000 cartridges:

WILMINGTON, 13th Oct., 1781.

"DEAR SIR:

"Your letter gave me infinite satisfaction from the favourable accounts it contained of your health, and the probability of your soon being restored to that service in which you have done so much to your honour. I beg you to accept for yourself, and convey to those of your officers whom I have not yet seen, my warmest thanks for their gallantry and good behaviour. I enclose you the commission you desired for Major Rains, who I am persuaded will endeavour to answer your warm recommendations. I have been unfortunate enough to lose the list of medicines you sent for; however, I will desire the surgeon to send you such as he thinks most likely to be serviceable to you; though from his not being acquainted with your case, is all by guess. I am much concerned to find the probabilities of so many of your people suffering from want of attendance or necessaries. Nothing shall be wanting in my power, either in that respect or that of salt for their relief. I am not at liberty to explain myself in a letter, but I hope I shall very soon have it in my power to assist you with greater care than at present. The moment I returned here, and was informed of the circumstances of the stal-

lion you mention, I determined it in your favour, and took him away from Mr. Campbell, or rather from a gentleman whom he had sold him to. He has been with my horses ever since, and never rode. I now send him to you by Capt. Liveley.

The long northerly winds has prevented any arrivals from Charleston, so that we are totally without news.

I wish I had got Mr. Burke's papers.

I am, with much regard,

Your most ob't faithful servant,

J. H. CRAIG."

The following is a copy of the letter I received of Colonel Edmond Fanning, of the King's Americans:

(Blank in the manuscript)

The names of the Officers of Cumberland county who acted under Col. McDougald, as they was commissioned in their different companies, who were with me at the taking of Hillsboro:

Archibald McDougald, Col.

Archibald McKay, Lieut.-Col.

(Another blank)

The names of the Officers of Bladen county who acted under Lt.-Col. Hector McNeal:

Hector McNeal, Lt.-Col.

John Watson, Major.

(Another blank)

The names of the Gentlemen Officers who came as Volunteers from Wilmington for recreation and to explore the country, and was at the taking of Hillsboro with me:

Alexander McCraw, Capt. of Gov. Martin's Regt.

Daniel McDonald, Lieut. of Gov. Martin's Regt.

Malcolm McKay, Ensign of Gov. Martin's Regt.

John McKenzie, Capt.

Hector McNeal.

Charles Campbell.

James Dawson.

(To be continued).

Canadian Literary Homes

By E. J. HATHAWAY



Clifton, where *Sam Slick* lived, Windsor, N.S.

ALTHOUGH Canada has not as yet attained the dignity of a distinct national literature, she can at least claim as her own, either on account of birth or long residence, some of the most eminent writers of the day. The birth-places or early homes of those who have given expression to the aspirations of a nation—those who in prose or verse have pictured her people or chronicled the glories of her history—are shrines of interest to every student of literature. These literary landmarks are scattered far and wide over the various Provinces of the Dominion; and although as yet no conspicuous figure has arisen to give voice to her national spirit, the tide in her literary prosperity is at the flood and Canada is rapidly assuming an important place in the intellectual as well as in the commercial world.

“Clifton,” the home of the late Judge Haliburton at Windsor, Nova Scotia, is undoubtedly the most notable literary relic in Canada. The life of the creator of *Sam Slick* was an ideal student’s existence. Born to the pur-

ple of a Chief Justiceship, at Windsor, in 1796, he was educated at the University of his native town and subsequently represented the historic County of Annapolis in the Local Legislature. He succeeded his father on the Bench when but thirty-two years of age; and then, after nearly thirty years of placid judicial activity in his sequestered home, interspersed with congenial literary work, he passed on to the wider social and literary world in England, eventually taking a seat in the British House of Commons. Charming echoes have come down to us of this delightful and most companionable of men, described by an English friend as the most agreeable talker he had ever met; of his numerous intimacies and friendships; of his wide personal popularity; of his gifts as a *raconteur*. “*Sam Slick* was a pure accident,” said Haliburton on one occasion. “I never intended to describe a Yankee clock-maker or Yankee dialect; but he slipped into my book before I was aware of it, and once there he was there to stay.” The sketches were originally published anonymously in the *Nova Scotian*, and afterwards issued in book form both in the United States and in England, where they met with instant success. “Clifton,” now generally known as “*Sam Slick’s Place*,” is a picturesque property of many acres overlooking the lands of King’s College. This was Judge Haliburton’s home for more than a quarter of a century. Through the efforts of the Haliburton Club, founded at the College in 1884 and presided over



The Rectory at Fredericton, N.B., where Charles G. D. Roberts spent most of his early life

for many years by Charles G. D. Roberts, the place has become one of the chief attractions of the storied Annapolis Valley, and is visited by throngs of tourists throughout the year. The celebration by the Club in 1896 of the centenary of the author's birth was a splendid tribute to the memory of the founder of the so-called American school of humour.

The Province of New Brunswick claims as her sons two of the most conspicuous of living Canadian poets, Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman. Although, owing to the exigencies of their work, they are now both residents of the United States, they still regard Fredericton as their home, and most of their work still has a distinct Canadian setting.

Roberts comes honestly by his literary talents. He has a long ancestry among men of scholarship, and he seemed but coming into his own, when, after a couple of years in journalism following his graduation, he was appointed Professor of English Literature in King's College in Nova Scotia. Here he remained for nearly ten years, until his removal to New York to devote himself entirely to literary work. The old parsonage at Westcock, N.B., at the head of the Bay of Fundy, so attractively pictured in his recent novel, "The Heart That Knows," was his birthplace and home during the years of his boy-

hood. It was at this time—the formative period of his life — that he acquired that intimate knowledge of the woods and fields and the varied moods of nature so admirably displayed in his subsequent literary work. Mr. Roberts claims to have been the father of the animal story to which Seton, Kipling and others have given vogue during recent years, and in which he also has shared. The old rectory at Fredericton has been his home since 1874, when his father, Rev. Canon Roberts, removed from Westcock. His mother and youngest brother live there now, and it is still looked upon as the family headquarters. Here under parental guidance he first felt the impulse of the poetic gift, and here as a lad of twenty he put forth his first modest book, "Orion and other Poems." The literary instinct is a birthright in the Roberts household, no less than four of the brothers and sisters being writers of more than local reputation. The splendid promise of the two young sons, Lloyd and Douglas, would indicate that this "gift of the gods" is also hereditary, and the future of the "Birchbark" school of poetry is therefore assured.

Bliss Carman is another who seems to have been born to a literary career. Although New York and Boston have claimed him for some years, Fredericton is his birthplace, and his heart is ever haunted by the charms of his native Province:

Because there lies upon my life
A whisper of the wind at morn,
A murmur of the rolling sea
Cradling the land where I was born.

Carman and Roberts are cousins, and near of an age, and during the greater part of their lives they have been close companions and friends. Educated at the same college, they lived the same outdoor life, treading the same paths and drawing inspiration from the same fountains of knowledge. Bliss Carman is probably best known as the poet of *Vagabondia*—the literary tramp who goes singing

down the road of life. Temperamentally he may be a care-free and light-hearted Bohemian, but his whole career is one of performance and great literary activity. His first book of poems, "Low Tide on Grand Pré," was published in 1893, and already his bibliography extends to some thirty-five numbers. He was the first editor of the *Chap-Book*, established by Messrs. Stone and Kimball in 1894, and he has been editor also of the *Independent* and the *Literary World*. The old homestead in Fredericton, which had been Bliss Carman's home since early childhood until his removal to the United States in the early nineties, is a plain old-fashioned house situated within a hundred yards of the river. The view from the garden in the rear is the most attractive and shows a verandah extending across almost its entire width and two small balconies at the upstairs windows. From his room the poet could overlook the green fields beyond the garden and a superb line of elms along the great blue river in the distance. In this garden the youthful Carman kept his canoe, carrying it to and from the water almost daily. It is doubtless to the outdoor life and freedom of these early years that he owes his splendid physical equipment and that exuberant joy in mere living that is so strongly marked in his literary work.

The Province of Quebec has added many distinguished names to the roll of Canadian literature. Indeed it may be to the French-speaking Province rather than to the English ones that the world should look for that special quality which must give distinction to the literature of Canada. Unfortunately, however, the work of her writers of French origin is not so widely known to English readers as it deserves to be. Most of them have had to look to France, the home of their Mother tongue, for encouragement when venturing beyond the



Parker Home in Belleville, Ont., where
Gilbert Parker used to live

limited field of their own province. It has been from Europe, therefore, rather than from America, that Louis Honoré Fréchet has received his best support, and the honour conferred on him by the French Academy in 1880 for the excellence of his verse was a distinct compliment to the French-Canadian people. Like other of the French poets of his generation, Fréchet has had an active career in journalism and politics. He even fought a duel on one occasion in the real old-fashioned way. After several attempts he was elected to the House of Commons, but retired from active political life after a brief service, and since 1878 he has lived quietly in Montreal, surrounded by his family and friends, devoting himself almost entirely to literary work. Two years after his retirement he produced "Les Fleurs Borealis," the book which earned the chaplet of the French Academy. His work throughout is characterized by a splendid patriotism, celebrating the heroic deeds of Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve and other of the early French-Canadian leaders. Several years ago he was made a C.M.G. by Royal warrant in recognition of his work. He is also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and honorary degrees have been conferred on him by most of the universities of Canada. Folk-lore sketches by him are now

appearing monthly in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Montreal also was for many years the home of Dr. W. H. Drummond, the author of "The Habitant," who died recently in a mining camp at Cobalt. His city residence was the modest unpretentious home of a practising physician: his real life was in the all-out-doors, which he knew and loved so well. His literary work has been chiefly in the delineation in poetic form of the life, character and racial peculiarities of the French-Canadian people. As Fréchette has put it, "He is the pathfinder in a new land of song." He has studied the French-Canadian country folk at close range, mingling with them in their homes, in the lumber camps, on the river. His portrayal of their quaint mannerisms and customs is sympathetic and kindly at all times, and he manipulates their picturesque *patois* with marvellous dexterity.

Lily Dougall, the author of "Beggars All," "The Madonna of a Day," and other novels of uncommon merit, was born in the pretty vine-covered stone cottage, still occupied by members of the family, on the mountain-side overlooking the City of Montreal. She received her elementary education in her home city, subsequently attending Edinburgh University. She has resided for some years in England because of more favourable climatic conditions, but annually visits her Canadian home, keeping in touch with the life there and paying tribute to it in her stories from time to time.

Ottawa, the Capital City of the Dominion, is the home of William Wilfred Campbell and Duncan Camp-

bell Scott, two writers who are doing splendid work in the cause of a pure native literature. The Canadian Government has been a good friend to Canadian literature in that it has given congenial employment to some of the most gifted writers, relieving them of the necessity for "keeping the pot boiling" by their pens, at the same time allowing them sufficient leisure for literary work. Mr. Campbell is in the office of the Privy Council, Mr. Scott is chief clerk in the Department of Indian Affairs, and the late Archibald Lampman was employed in the Post-Office Department until his death in 1899.

In Belleville, Ontario, is the Canadian home of Sir Gilbert Parker. He was born in Camden East, a nearby village, in 1859. His father, Capt. Parker, had come to Canada in the early days with his regiment, and settled down to a quiet business life. The sons as they became old enough undertook to look after themselves, the older ones lending a helping hand



Bliss Carman's boyhood home at Fredericton, N. B.

to the younger, and thus Sir Gilbert was enabled to prepare himself for a teacher's certificate. He taught school for a time in the neighbourhood and in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Belleville; finally, after his ordination as a deacon, entering Trinity University, Toronto, as a pupil-teacher, giving lessons in elocution and studying with a view to taking orders. After filling a curacy for a time at Trenton he went to Australia, where he took up journalism, subsequently drifting into literary work. In 1890, with but a slender reputation, and practically no assets beyond a forceful personality and an indomitable ambition, he removed to London. In 1900 he was returned as a member

of the House of Commons, and two years later was knighted for conspicuous literary services. His mother and sister still occupy the attractive old homestead in Belleville, which the sons bought for their parents many years ago. Most of Sir Gilbert's literary work has dealt with some phase of Canadian life or history, and he has been particularly fortunate in his portrayal of the French-Canadian character. In this he blazed a new field of romantic work, a preserve that has since been trespassed by many others, to a better understanding of the people and a keener appreciation of early Canadian history.

"The Grange," Professor Goldwin Smith's beautiful old place, in Toronto, is unquestionably the most interesting of Canadian literary homes. In point of age it has the advantage of "Clifton," for it was erected in 1817, and from its earliest days it has played an important part in the social life of the city. It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful environment for a man of letters than this stately old vine-covered house, surrounded by its acres of noble trees and extensive lawns, in the very heart centre of the city. Everything is today as nearly as possible in its origi-

nal condition, except that the present ample grounds are but a part of the former acreage. The spacious rooms and corridors are filled with rare and interesting treasures, and the walls of the dining-room are flanked with Cromwellian portraits—a worthy setting to a board

which has numbered among its guests from time to time some of the most distinguished figures in the public and literary life of the day. "The Grange" has been Goldwin Smith's home since his removal to Toronto in 1871, at the time of his marriage. In spite, however, of his isolation from the centre of world politics and literature, and his increasing years, his pen is still as active as in the early days of the *Saturday Review*, when he was numbered among the most vigorous of England's public men. His most notable work, the political histories of the United Kingdom and of the United States, both written in recent years, probably owe much of their value as criti-

cal reviews to the fact that their author has been able from his Canadian home to view the various aspects of political movement and social progress with an open mind.

The most important literary landmark in Toronto, apart from "The



The home of Louis Fréchette in Montreal

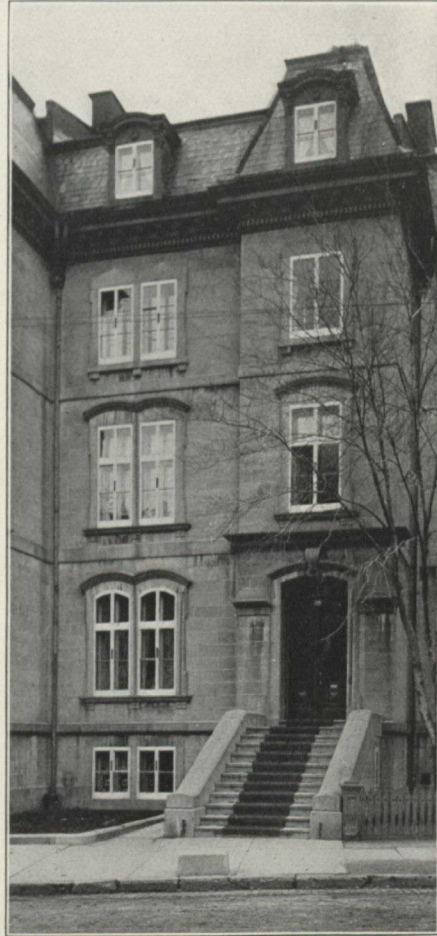
Dr W. H. Drummond,

Grange," is the early home of Ernest Thompson Seton, although Mr. Seton also claims England as the land of his birth. The family removed to Toronto when he was but five years of age, and, notwithstanding his frequent absences during his art studies abroad and his residence in Manitoba, the old house on Howard street was "home" until his removal to the United States shortly after he had entered on his literary career. From his earliest years he was an ardent student of natural history, and in the intervals of school-duties he roamed the beautiful Rosedale ravines and hills — then an almost primeval forest—and wandered up and down the valley of the Don in the neighbourhood of his home, reading the secrets of the woods, and making acquaintances with the birds and the little furry creatures. Many of the incidents recounted in his books actually took place within pistol shot of his own door. On the completion of his art studies in London and Paris he spent several years in the north country as naturalist to the Government of Manitoba, studying the animals at close range and writing and illustrating scientific works. He also acquired during this time some reputation

as a wolf hunter, and his pictures for the most part were devoted to wolf subjects. That his adventures might possess any merit as narratives did not occur to him until on one occasion, on his return to Toronto from a trip to New Mexico, he told the story

to a group of friends of a wolf hunt in which he had taken part. He was induced to submit it to one of the magazines, and "The King of the Corrupaw," published in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1894, formed the nucleus of "Wild Animals I Have Known."

The little town of Georgtown contains the home of W. A. Fraser, one of the best known of Canadian short story writers. Mr. Fraser was born in Nova Scotia and, like many men of Maritime birth, he has been an extensive traveller. In the course of his professional work as an engineer he spent several years in the oil districts of British Burmah, and afterwards he was for a time in the Canadian Northwest. About nine or ten years



Residence of the late Dr. W. H. Drummond
in Montreal

ago he tried his prentice hand at the writing of stories. His wide and varied experiences had given him an acquaintance with people and scenes of distinct and unusual character; and he displayed, perhaps as much to his own astonishment as to

Louis Fréchet

that of his friends, an original and forceful style and a remarkable facility in literary expression. In his latest novel, "The Lone Furrow," the scene is placed in his home town and is an admirably drawn picture of Canadian village life.

Rev. Charles W. Gordon, or "Ralph Connor" as he is known to the reading world, is perhaps the most widely read of Canadian authors. Popular success is not the supreme test in literature, but public approval is usually an index to the human interest of a work. The sales of "Black Rock," his first book, have already reached almost to the million mark, and, as the first Canadian edition of 30,000 copies of "The Doctor"—which, by the way, was the largest first edition ever published in

Canada—was completely exhausted within a month of publication, it is quite evident that his work possesses qualities of more than transient merit. Dr. Gordon is a son of the Manse, and was born in the Highland settlement of Glengarry, in Eastern Ontario, in 1860.

Early in his student days he heard the "call of the West," and most of his vacations for some years were spent in the mission fields of Manitoba and in the Rockies. He had eyes and ears and heart. He understood the spirit of the great West, and saw not only the practical power but also the deeper meaning and the potential significance of the great movement of population which was just beginning toward the prairie lands. His first literary venture dates back nearly ten years, when, in a series of sketches for *The Westminster*, in Toronto, he sought to bring the religious needs of the mining settle-

ments on the frontier before the Church in the East. These sketches were afterwards published under the name of "Black Rock." The volumes which have appeared at intervals since that time have enhanced the author's reputation and placed his name among the best known writers of the day. Dr. Gordon's home is in the bustling city of Winnipeg, where he is the working pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church. The house, which was built for his bride on their marriage, is in one of the best residential sections of Winnipeg. It was remodelled a couple of years ago, and with its spacious verandahs, its neatly trimmed grassy lawns and its surrounding hedge of wild roses, which in the early summer is covered with bloom, is much more suggestive

of the sunny south than of a Western Canadian city.

In this hurried "little journey" across half a continent there has been time to visit but a few of the literary homes of Canada. An interesting side trip might have been taken to the smiling



The Thompson home on Howard Street, Toronto, where Ernest Thompson Seton lived most of his life

little island Province of Prince Edward Island to visit the home of Basil King. In the fortress City of Quebec, famous in history and song and story, Frederick George Scott, the poet, ministers to the congregation of St. Matthew's. Kingston, Ontario, contains the birthplace of Grant Allen, famous as novelist, scientist and essayist. Mrs. Everard Cotes, better known perhaps as Sara Jeanette Duncan, and her talented namesake, Norman Duncan, author of the wonderful Labrador and Newfoundland stories, were both born in Brantford, although the latter spent most of his early youth at Mitchell. Arthur Stringer is a London, Ontario,



The Grange, Toronto, residence of Prof. Goldwin Smith



Home of Rev. C. W. Gordon, whose pen name is *Ralph Connor*

boy, who still spends his summers in Canada, where he has a fruit farm on the shores of Lake Erie. Harvey J. O'Higgins also was born in London, but lived in Toronto for years, where he attended the University and served his journalistic apprenticeship on *The Daily Star*. Robert Barr, though born in Scotland, was for some years associated with his father in the building trade in Western Ontario, and afterwards, following a term in the Toronto Normal School, he was headmaster of one of the public schools in Windsor, on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. In 1876 he joined the

staff of the *Detroit Free Press*, and five years later removed to London, England, where he has since resided.

In spite of the limited population and the racial differences of her people, Canada's contribution to the world of letters has been meritorious and ample. It is, as yet, but a modest beginning, but upon this in the years to come will doubtless be reared an active and enduring national literature that will not only be a credit to herself as a younger and growing country, but will also do honour to the older nations from which she has sprung.

Scaffolding

BY A. L. FRASER

THAT scaffolding a vantage ground doth make
 Whereon the workman and his work may meet;
 But when the building stands at last complete—
 With copestone placed—the builder then will take
 The staging down ; it stands for the sole sake
 Of being auxiliary, and so when all
 Its purpose has been served, why, let it fall;
 The work is done which he did undertake.
 Likewise, when human life with care we scan,
 What helps we see: Time, station, money, books;
 These, one and all, a purpose serve for man,
 They form a vantage ground from which he looks
 At life, and compasses its building vast—
 Which, stripped of mundane helps, stands forth at last.

The Jewelled Princess

A FIRELIGHT STORY

By VIRNA SHEARD

THEY tell me this story happened about the year One, and in a country—a wonderful country—that lies just over the rim of the world; across the place where the sky and the earth go into a gray blur, you know.

The country is there now; anyone can go to it at any time, and it is quite as wonderful as it used to be when my princess—the jewelled one—lived there ever so long ago.

I thought it would make it more interesting to tell you this; but now the story really begins.

The King and Queen of Dazzledean had no children. Everybody else, even the very poor people, seemed to have any number, and so the King and Queen wanted them too—very much. They wanted about ten, but they would have tried to be content with less.

At last, as time went on, and there was nobody in the palace but decidedly grown up people—the kind who walked, but never ran; smiled, but never laughed; talked in long, hard words, and liked to stay indoors when it rained—why the royal couple felt that they had come to the limit of their patience.

Sober, uninteresting folk of this sort bored them unspeakably, and, indeed, they felt they had reached such a pass that they would be satisfied with one little child. They didn't even make a point of saying whether it should be a boy or a girl.

They wanted to hear quick, light little footsteps running up the great stairs, and the sound of eager, merry voices ringing from room to room; the noise of

games being played out in the big gardens, and the galloping of ponies up and down the gravelled walks.

The King got so dreadfully tired of his library full of leather-covered books in dead languages that he locked it up and wouldn't go near it. But he ordered dozens of picture-books, the nicest ones he could hear of—*The Wizard of Oz*, *Mother Goose*, *St. Nicholas*, and all those, just because it was such a relief to see them around.

And then, what do you think happened? Now what do you think? Why, there was a little baby princess sent to the palace! Yes, really! A perfect darling little sweet pinky baby princess. You never in all your lives heard anything like the mad ringing of the bells of Dazzledean then!

All the old bell-ringers (and there were twenty of them in leather suits) got tired out in no time, because you see they had been used to so little exercise. The bells had only been rung for fires and church before, so naturally the bell-ringers wouldn't have much muscle to speak of.

But the King ordered the ringing to be kept up for six hours, so all the boys, the baseball and cricket boys, went up into the belfry and took a turn at the ropes.

And they had feasts too, and torch-light processions, and fireworks, and brass bands at the corners of the streets.

All the prisoners that were waiting to be executed in whatever way they do in that country, were set free, and all the others who had been kept in dungeon

cells for years and years till everybody had forgotten what they were put in for, were set free. And all the debtors who hadn't any money to pay their debts were let out of their prisons and set free, and it was a most happy time.

As for the orphans in the orphan homes, they had ice-cream, and were given a teddy-bear apiece, and the children in the Sick Children's Hospital were told to wish, and they could have whatever they wanted most. The King got a special fairy to come and give it to them—for there were fairies in that kingdom.

And that is how all the trouble came. You see, the King and Queen invited the fairies to the christening of the baby princess in the ordinary way, but, unfortunately, one of the fairies was forgotten. That is just the kind of carelessness that has been the cause of more trouble than anyone will ever know or dream of.

It was a very splendid affair, the christening, and all the wise and old, and high and mighty, were there from far and near. All the soldiers and sailors, all the knights and ladies, all the squires and dames, all the little glittering pages in silver and gold, and all the fairies were there; that is, all the fairies but the one who had been forgotten when the invitations were sent out. She was a grand duchess, and it was the greatest mystery how she could have been forgotten.

But at the last minute, when the Archbishop in his crimson and white robe was just taking his place, and the King and Queen in their ermine and purple robes were just taking their places; and the head lady-in-waiting, carrying the little princess in her pearl-embroidered robe, was just taking her place; and the fairies were all folding their rainbow-hued wings and standing on tiptoe to see; and all the people, from those of the most importance down to those of no importance at all, were in a flutter of suppressed expectation and excitement—suddenly there was a clap of thunder that shook the building, and down through the air, as though she slipped on a long ribbon of lightning, came the forgotten fairy.

She took her place near the Archbishop, where the godmothers and godfathers stand, and her face was dark with fury, while her eyes fairly flashed fire.

"I shall not ask how it happened that I was overlooked at this auspicious time," she said, addressing His Majesty; "nor shall I demand explanations or apologies. Every princess of Dazzledean is my goddaughter by right, and I shall not fail to bestow a gift upon this one. Proceed!"

So they proceeded, though the Archbishop's voice shook, and the King and Queen could hardly make the responses, their teeth chattered so.

Everybody in the church was in a state of inward panic, down to the last and least kitchen wench on the edge of the throng, whose knees simply knocked together.

Indeed the only person who did not seem a penny the worse was the princess, and she slept serenely through the whole ceremony.

After it was over and she had been named Emeralda Rubyona Pearleata Sapphirena Turquoise, the fairies came up to bestow upon her their gifts. They gave her beauty and grace, and wit and wisdom, and courage, and many, many other things which lots of people have who have no fairies at their christening at all. Now just when the royal couple were beginning to cheer up a trifle, the fairy who had been forgotten came forward with her gift. Her voice still trembled with anger as she touched the sleeping baby with her star-tipped wand.

"I will give her vanity," she said, "and her vanity shall change her beauty to the things it is said to resemble." So saying she unfolded her glistening wings and flew away through the sunlight. Then one other, a very insignificant fairy and the last one of all, came up and touched the princess with her wand—quite a common affair without any star worth mentioning—and she spoke in a small, muffled voice that hardly anybody heard.

"I will give her unselfishness," she said, "and by it she shall turn her beauty back to what she wishes it to be." Saying this she too flew away.

When the King and Queen and all the rest heard the fairy who had been forgotten bestow her gift, they were tremendously relieved to find that things were no worse. Vanity is certainly an undesirable attribute, but when you come to think of the things that might have been given, you can easily see it was not so bad. A little vanity, anyway, is naturally looked for in a princess, and they concluded it could, with judicious training, be kept within bounds.

In fact, after the forgotten fairy flew away, everybody began talking at once, and no one paid much attention to the last fairy's gift of unselfishness. It was not a very popular virtue at court, and was considered old-fashioned, out of date, and rather absurd. To be sure the Archbishop, who was himself somewhat old-fashioned, had smiled over at the small, insignificant fairy as though he understood, but that was not noticed.

Well, after this, things went on in a delightful way at the palace of Dazzle-dean. The princess grew fast, and was so merry, so bright, and so happy that she kept the whole court in high spirits. She seemed to love everybody, and everybody loved her; and she wasn't a bit proud, but would play battledore and shuttlecock with the smallest kitchen maid if there did not happen to be a page just at hand.

She grew more and more beautiful, and alas! as time went on vainer and vainer also. There was no denying it. She would stand before the mirror by the hour looking at her own charming reflection, when she should have been practising scales or reading her book, while she never wearied of being told how perfectly lovely she was.

After a while this grew exceedingly tiresome for everyone except the princess, for instead of getting better it grew worse. At last, for the sake of peace and quiet, the King engaged a regular staff of paid ladies to do nothing but wait upon the princess, pay her compliments, and think of new adjectives to express admiration. Moreover, the princess, although kind-hearted in every other way, would not allow another beautiful girl to live within

the kingdom. Whenever she heard of such a one, that unhappy possessor of the fatal gift was instantly banished.

You can easily understand that no princess could do such things and still keep her popularity.

A feeling of dissatisfaction worked its way amongst the masses of the people, little by little, and bit by bit.

Things went on the same at the palace, though the princess who had been so lovable at one time became more given up to vanity every day. She was still generous and kind, but in return for what she gave she wanted endless pretty flattering speeches. Most of her hours were now spent in a mirrored room with the ladies who attended her close by to repeat to her the compliments she delighted in.

It happened on a day that one of these ladies-in-waiting chanced, while taking a little bite of taffy, to chip a corner off one of her teeth—a front tooth too—and she fell to making a great moan about it.

"Why, Lady Isabell!" exclaimed the rest, "you should not mind. You should be glad it was not the tooth of our adorable princess!"

"True!" sighed Lady Isabell, "I would not have such a calamity happen to one of her exquisite teeth for millions. Her teeth are pearls, perfect pearls!"

"Do you really think so, dear Lady Isabell?" asked the princess, smiling.

"Indeed, yes!" all the ladies chimed in together. "Never were there more wonderful pearls than the rows behind your Royal Highnesses' pink, coral lips!"

"Well," said the princess happily, "I am but mortal, and bethink me it would be well to call the court dentist to see that there is no flaw in any one of them."

They all protested no flaw could be imagined, but as the princess insisted, the court dentist was called.

It must be confessed he was not overjoyed at the summons, for it is an unpleasant thing to have to hurt a princess, and there was a chance of it. Therefore, most reluctantly, he packed up his buzzers and borers and betook himself to the royal presence.

All was in readiness to receive him, and putting a powerful eyeglass in his best eye, he turned it down upon the lovely mouth of the princess.

Never before had he seen such a double row of teeth. Never such pink lips. All at once he gave an exclamation, and the eye-glass fell from his eye.

The princess sat up in astonishment; the ladies-in-waiting drew closer in alarm.

"Whatever is the matter?" questioned her Royal Highness impatiently. "Are my teeth cracked, or crooked, or what?"

"And don't keep us in suspense!" cried all the others wildly.

"A thousand pardons, your Highness, stammered the dentist; "but they are not teeth at all; they are pearls! They are pearls!"

"Pearls?" they all cried, while the princess gasped.

"Yes, real pearls, and your lips, your Royal High—"

"Go on! Go on! Tell me quickly—my lips?" she broke in, her eyes wild and frightened.

"Your lips are fast becoming of a substance like coral—if they are not coral now," he answered in a trembling voice, his knees quaking beneath him.

At this the princess fell back in a dead faint, and most of the ladies instantly followed her example. The others conquered their feelings and did the best they could to revive the princess with smelling salts and burnt feathers, while in the confusion the dentist fled to his own quarters.

Things somewhat settled down by the next day—and indeed by the end of a week the princess was not sure that she was not rather better pleased to have them as they were. Of course, she found as her lips grew more and more corally, that changing their expression grew somewhat difficult, so she just settled them into a little smile and let them stay there, that was all.

As for teeth of pearl, they were quite as pleasant to have as the other kind, and seemed eminently fitting for one of the blood royal.

A few days after this, however, when the princess was having her beautiful

golden hair brushed out and sun bathed, another thing happened. One of the maids suddenly discovered that it was not hair she was drawing the ivory brush through, but that each wonderful, wavy, golden thread was indeed made of the precious glittering metal itself, the gold from which was wrought the coin of the realm.

The King and Queen lamented greatly at this, and trembled in secret fear, for they realised that now the long forgotten fairy spell was working its way towards some mysterious end. But the princess did not seem to mind. She was even more beautiful than ever—more interesting, more entirely different from other people; so in her opinion there was nothing to worry about.

She was growing quite used to carrying the weight of her glistening tresses, when suddenly as before, another change came; this time an alarming one. A dimness came over the sight of her eyes, and when the wise court physician examined them he found, alas! and alas! that they were rapidly turning to the stone so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue that they had long resembled and been likened to. Very shortly in the lovely pink and white face of the princess two great sapphires flashed and shone, and she saw no light of the sun or the moon or stars any more, but was in the dark always. No little flickering candle flame passed before those strange eyes could make them wink, and no tears fell from them—no not a single tear.

Then the King and Queen wept night and day, and they sent messengers to the fairies imploring them to come back and take away the dreadful spell; but no fairies came.

Still after a while the princess began to take comfort out of the thought that she was still beautiful and more unusual than ever.

She wore her most elaborate dresses every day, and all her jewels, and every evening there was a ball held in the palace, and she was led through the great ballroom with her golden hair puffed and curled about her head, her sapphire eyes

gleaming, and her pearl teeth shining behind her smiling coral lips.

And it still seemed to give her delight and gratification to hear on every side that she was far and away the most beautiful girl in the kingdom; as, indeed, she was, the rest of the beautiful ones having been banished.

It troubled the King and Queen that not a single prince now came to ask the hand of their daughter in marriage. Hitherto they had been used to having them ride up to the palace gates by dozens. But now the royal riddle maker who was there to meet them and ask them a riddle which, being answered correctly, allowed them to pass in, had simply nothing to do. It could only be supposed, therefore, that princes being much like other people, preferred princesses that were like other people also.

About this time other troubles began to afflict the kingdom of Dazzledean. A war broke out, a bitter, civil war, and the people not wanting a ruler any longer, but wanting to rule themselves, and being tired of taxes and other unpleasant things, turned the King and Queen and the beautiful blind princess out of their palace—drove them cruelly beyond the city walls and locked the heavy gates behind them. And it was a cold, windy, wet night.

Never were there three more miserable, lonely, homesick people than these three who now felt cold and hunger and loneliness for the first time.

All their rich garments had been taken away from them, and they had been dressed in the common, coarse, scratchy clothes of the common people.

There was no one to help them find their way, no one to get them anything to eat, no one to put up an umbrella over them to keep off the pelting rain; and it wouldn't have made things much better if there had been, for there wasn't an umbrella.

And, worse than all, there wasn't anyone to tell the poor princess how beautiful she was, for she was beautiful, even yet, though her hair fell wet and tangled about her like a yellow cloak, and the weight of it tired her out. You see, she

wasn't used to walking, especially over rough roads in the rain. Every courtier, every wise councillor, every lord and lady, every squire and dame, every little page, and all the palace people down to the smallest kitchen wench had just vanished away, as though they had never been, and the King said he couldn't think where they had gone.

On and on they went, the Queen and the Princess Rubyona sobbing and clinging to each other, and the King, though footsore and weary, yet trying to cheer them up.

Here and there along the way they stopped and asked for help, but the people knew who they were, and said that they didn't want any more of kings or queens or princesses.

So they hurried on. There were village shops on the road, long distances apart, and they would have stopped and bought food, but all their money had been taken away and locked up, and they had not a penny.

After a very, very long time though, they came to a new country that they had never seen before. It was happiness to find that nobody knew them, and they were very careful indeed not to say that they were a royal family.

Now, with having slept out of doors in all weather, having been hungry so long, and tired and travel-stained, the princess appeared to have forgotten all about how beautiful she was. She only remembered that she was poor and miserable and blind, but that she was younger and stronger than her father and mother, and therefore ought to help them.

As they walked through the unfamiliar streets, she wondered and wondered what she could do; and then, all at once, an idea came into her mind. Such a splendid, unexpected, original idea! She clapped her hands and laughed just as she used to when she was a gay little girl in the palace in Dazzledean.

The forlorn king and Queen stopped in terror and amazement to hear her laugh, for they thought that now the greatest and last trouble of all had come to them, and that the princess had gone perfectly crazy.

"Whatever is the matter, my love?" exclaimed the Queen, and "be calm! be calm!" chimed in the King, patting his daughter on the shoulder.

"Don't laugh, my dear; only people that are insane laugh when they are as miserable as we are."

"But I have thought of something so delightful!" cried the princess. "We need not be cold and hungry to-night, anyway!"

"Well, we have no friends or money," said her father, shaking his head sadly.

"No," she answered, "but there is my hair, you know."

"Your hair?" His Royal Highness gasped, thinking that now at last she really was —

"Your hair?"

And "Your hair?" the Queen repeated, joining in weakly; "your beautiful, beautiful hair!"

"Why, yes, dear mother and daddy," she answered. "It is gold, real gold, the kind dollars are made out of. Now, don't you see?"

And when they did, they didn't know whether to be glad or sorry.

"But you will have to cut it off," the Queen said tearfully. "Oh, Rubyona Emeraldalda, how can I ever let you?"

And the King insisted that he would break stones by the roadside first.

Still, it was getting late, the wind was straight from the east, and something was falling that was not exactly snow or rain, or hail, but was a mixture of all three, and extremely unpleasant.

With it all, the princess certainly had hard work to persuade her parents to allow her to cut off her shining hair, but in the end they were so hungry and wet they consented. After much debating they decided to go to the mint where the money was coined and exchange the golden hair for golden dollars.

So, borrowing a pair of scissors at a cottage that was just at the edge of a big city they had come to, the princess merrily snipped off one long, heavy curl after another and gave them to her mother (who was crying as hard as she could) to tie up into a bundle. Then putting her hat on her short, wavy locks, she started

down the road with her parents, each leading her by a hand, to find the mint.

But a wonderful thing was happening to the princess just then, as she walked along in the sleet and wind. It seemed that she saw the road and the wayside trees and houses like wavering shadows. Plainer and plainer they grew till at last she felt sure that it was no dream, but that she really saw again, and that her sapphire eyes were once more just everyday blue eyes with ordinary black lashes, eyes one could wink with, and have the comfort of crying with—just eyes like other people's.

With this she clapped her hands and laughed, and then cried for joy, and laughed again, till the poor King and Queen were more bewildered than ever. But when she was able to tell them what had happened, they too were wild with delight, and they all three stepped on along their way as lightly as though they walked on rose leaves instead of cobblestones; and they forgot the wind that blew through their "looped and windowed raggedness," because the hearts within them were so happy.

Well, after a while they came to the mint, and you can't imagine how amazed the men who made the gold into dollars were when they saw the bundle of golden hair the princess wanted to sell them. (Of course, she didn't tell them who she was though).

They got out their scales and weighed the curls and found there were several pounds of them, and I really don't know just how many dollars they gave the princess for them, but it was a very great many.

Then the princess divided the dollars into two lots and gave one lot to her Royal Highness the Queen, and the other lot to his Royal Highness the King, and she only kept one lucky piece that had a hole in it for herself, partly because it was a lucky piece and partly (rather more partly in fact) because she liked the picture of the prince that was stamped on one side of it.

After this they bid good-bye to the men at the mint, who were dazed by the beauty of the princess (she was just the same as

ever), by the wonderful golden hair, and by the grand manner of the King and Queen, for kings and queens are just the same, too, whether they are dressed in common clothes or robes of uncommon gorgeousness.

After this, the royal couple and the princess bought a little country house with a little garden and chickens and ducks and other delightful things, and they kept a little, rosy-cheeked maid to help them, and they lived happily—and that is the end. Well, not quite the very end; because, you see, the prince whose picture was stamped upon the golden dollar with the hole in it (the lucky piece the princess had kept) happened to drop in at the mint the next day after the princess had been

there, and he chanced to see the curls of gold as the men were about to melt them down. While no one could have called him an exceptionally inquisitive prince, still he had curiosity enough to ask how they had come by them. After he had heard he did not rest day or night until he knew where the princess was. Naturally he thought that any person with hair like that must be very much worth seeing—so he rode up to the little garden gate of the little cottage on his grandest, prancing charger, and as it was open he went in, for there was no royal riddle maker to ask him riddles he couldn't answer.

This is the real end of the story, and the way all stories ought to end; and so the prince found the princess.

The Cry of the Heart

BY HELEN BAPTIE LONGH

Something is dead—I never knew its name,
 'Twas ne'er baptised, perchance, the pagan thing,
 Yet at its touch my being burst aflame,
 As daffodils at the first kiss of spring.
 They told me 'twas a transient guest; but I,
 All rosy-red with youth, went singing by,
 Deeming it could not die.

The world is very fair: the same dear sights
 Greet me by noon and when the sun is high,
 And but last night I saw the northern lights
 Shed their wild beauty o'er the star-lit sky;
 And yet the swallow hath a sadder note,
 There is a throbbing in the robin's throat
 Not there before. The daffodils are fled.
 Something is dead.

A Monk Was He

By LILY A. LONG

THERE was a sound of revelry by night from the Calvert cottage. A dozen neighbouring cottagers had come in for the impromptu masquerade with which young Mrs. Calvert and her lively sister Betty Bellamy were entertaining some week-end visitors from town. When the available people in a neighbourhood are limited in number and their faces are familiar to the point of weariness, masks and costumes are a great help toward restoring the element of The Unknowable, which is, after all, the chief interest in human intercourse.

Mrs. Calvert, who had not masked, though she had transformed herself into a demure shepherdess by an improvised crook, shortened skirts and a wide hat with fluttering strings, hovered on the outskirts of the laughing crowd and kept an eye on the shadowy path under the trees that led up from the station. Edward was late, inexcusably late for a host, though fortunately his guests could not be sure he was not among them. She was beginning to hold down hysterical visions of horrible accidents, when her anxious eye caught sight of a hand beckoning imperiously through a crack of the kitchen door. With a sudden lifting of spirits, she slipped out and threw herself into the arms that were attached to the imperious hands.

"Edward! Whatever kept you? I had to let them begin dancing without you."

"That's all right. I waited for the 7.45 so as to bring Richards out with

me—the man who used to do for me in my bachelor days, you know. We simply had to have somebody, and the so-called Intelligence Offices have nearly reduced me to gibbering idiocy. Not a girl of them has any use for the Simple Life. Richards will stay for a few days and lend an air of worldly prosperity to the cottage while our friends are here."

"Oh, darling, *aren't* you clever!"

"W—ell," he hesitated, with ostentatious modesty.

"Where is he?"

"Upstairs. I smuggled him in the back way, so that no one would suspect his transient character. He is to hang around and wait for orders."

"Well, hurry now and dress, dearest, and come in as soon as possible."

"That's what I called you out for. I can't find my costume."

"Edward! What did you do with it?"

"I don't know. I brought it from town yesterday in my Gladstone bag, but I can't for the life of me remember what I did with the bag."

"Isn't it in your room?"

"No. I took my things out of my room when I put Harker in it. Haven't you seen it about the house?"

"No. Everything is so upset. What was your costume, dear?"

"Oh, aren't you cunning? And wouldn't you like to know?"

Nell Calvert laughed a rippling little laugh of sheer pleasure.

"Oh, I know what you can do, dearest. Put on this monk's gown.

Betty hung it here—for an emergency, she said.”

“That’s a new name for Harry Vaughan. Hasn’t he come, then?”

“No. He sent word that he had been detained in town. Let me help you. Oh, Edward! I’d never know you in the world!”

“My own costume was much handsomer,” said Edward regretfully, as he girded himself with the hempen cord, “but I suppose a monk should lay aside worldly pride and personal vanity. It’s better than nothing. Run on in and I’ll slip around and come in by the front door.”

But Nell’s responsibilities as a hostess had fluttered away into the starry night. She was regarding Edward with a wistful look.

“I’m glad you are not truly a monk,” she said lingeringly.

“So am I. I couldn’t have married you if I had been. How does this hood go?”

“And you aren’t sorry you married me, are you dearest?”

“Goosie! Does this thing tie in front or at the side?”

“I suppose I am. But sometimes I wake up in the night and wonder if Uncle Helston was right when he said that you had ruined your career by marrying me. I should hate to think that I, of all the world, was responsible for ruining your career.”

“And do you think I was going to all the bother of hunting up someone else to marry, just to save you from a little unwelcome responsibility?”

“Oh, Edward! But if I were only clever—”

Edward knew the tone. He drew the little shepherdess very close to the monk’s gown.

“I don’t want you to be clever—I mean, cleverer. And aren’t you unreasonable to expect Uncle Helston, who is nothing but an unfortunate old bachelor, to know anything about the effects of marrying the sweetest girl in the world? How could he? Now you just wait twenty years and then ask me what I think on the subject.

In the meantime, if I might suggest that you are making me act absurdly out of character, and that our guests —”

“Oh, you *darling!*” Her rapturous hug made the monk’s gown crinkle with astonishment.

But when she had gone, Edward Calvert stood silent a minute, absent-mindedly tugging at his belt. Of course he did not for a moment regret that he had thrown down the gauntlet to fate and Uncle Helston by marrying on nothing a year but hope, and still— Of course there might be something in Uncle’s theory that a young lawyer should make the law his mistress, and still— If something didn’t happen pretty soon in the way of business—

But these unfinished thoughts were interrupted by the noiseless entrance of Richards, the old factotum of his bachelor days, who appeared with an air of mystery and a Gladstone bag.

“Might this here be the bag you was inquiring for, sir?” he asked with external deference.

“It might, it may, it can, it must,” cried Calvert, throwing the monk’s gown off joyously, and extracting from the bag a cavalier’s long cloak of crimson velvet, with a plumed hat to match. “This is more to the point. A man can’t afford to waste one of his few opportunities to make himself beautiful. Where did you find it?”

“In the back porch, sir,” said Richards sedately.

Calvert laughed queerly. “Love in a cottage,” he said under his breath. “We *are* a trifle crowded.”

“I hear that Mrs. Calvert is quite the beauty,” remarked Richards conversationally.

“Oh, you haven’t seen her yet, have you? Hang that gown—behind the door, I mean. I’m going in.”

Richards held the door open, and Calvert slipped in and joined what looked like a dress-rehearsal of theatrical costumes with no plot. In his interest, the man lingered longer than

was necessary, and so attracted the attention of a court lady with high-puffed powdered hair, and a brocaded gown of much splendour. She came out quickly, closing the door behind her.

"Did you want anything?" she asked. Her manner was quick and imperious, and Richards wondered uneasily whether a mere bow would be sufficiently ceremonious for so great a lady.

"I'm Richards, ma'am. Mr. Calvert brought me out to help out for a few days. He said someone would tell me when anything was wanted, so I was just waiting."

"Oh, yes." There was quick relief in the impatient voice. "Can you make claret lemonade? You'll find the things all here. Fill this large bowl, and set it, with the glasses and that plate of little cakes, on the table at this end of the side porch. I'm thankful you're here, goodness knows. I was just going to see to it myself." She hesitated a moment (an unusual weakness for Betty Bellamy), and then turned back, with her hand on the door.

"If Mr. Vaughan should come—oh, you don't know Mr. Vaughan, do you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, if a gentleman should come—he'll walk over from the station after the nine o'clock comes in—tell him he was expected—no, don't tell him that. Tell him he wasn't expected, but that Mrs. Calvert left a fancy dress here for him to wear, if he *should* happen to come. It's a monk's gown hanging just inside the buttery door there. You understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Be sure to say Mrs. Calvert left it," the court lady insisted, wishing Vaughan to think that it was the hostess, and not she (Nell), who had left it, and at the same time wrongly confirming Richards' impression of her identity.

"Yes, Mrs. Calvert," said Richards, glad to have his guess as to her

identity so unquestionably established.

"The nine o'clock just went by. He's tall and—er—rather good-looking. Oh, you can't mistake him. There's no one else like him." There was a curious quaver in Betty's voice. She heard it herself, and was so surprised that she stopped a moment to consider it and then fled without further speech.

There was a step outside, and a man (tall and unquestionably good-looking) tapped at the door, and then cast a surprised look about as he stepped in.

"I must have approached the wrong end of the house in the dark," he said, with some formality. "This is Mr. Calvert's cottage, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said Richards politely.

"Will you take my card—er—what's that?"

A sudden burst of laughter clashed within, and gay voices rose above it like sparkling rockets above a splashing fountain of Chinese fire.

"There's a party here," said the newcomer, fixing Richards with a sternly accusing eye.

"Yes, sir," said Richards, suddenly remembering his commission. "You're expected, sir. Mrs. Calverts left this for you to wear." He took down the monk's gown.

"Extremely thoughtful of Mrs. Calvert," said the stranger drily, but making no motion to accept the extended robe. "I'd like to know if this sort of thing is going on much of the time."

The screen door was flung suddenly open, and a fairy in fluttering red gauze, shrieking with laughter, darted across the room and out at the opposite side, to be followed by a baggy but agile clown.

"What in Sam Hill!" ejaculated the stranger, with a sudden lapse from his formality. "Who are those people?"

"I couldn't say, sir. I've only just come out for the party."

"Extraordinary. Most extraordinary." The tall stranger stared out through the open door as though he expected the apparition to reappear. "So this is what Ned has come to," he muttered to himself. "I knew how it would be. He is doomed. No mortal man could maintain his professional ambitions in such an atmosphere. If anything were needed to justify the position I felt constrained to take regarding his marriage——"

"Mrs. Calvert said would you go right in, sir," improvised Richards, still holding the gown on his extended arm, and glancing at his unsqueezed lemons.

"I will," said the stranger, with sudden determination. "Help me to put that crazy thing on. I will go in." And in that inner chamber of the brain which was closed to Richards's hearing he was saying to himself: "It will be an excellent opportunity to study that girl in a state of nature. I shall see her as she really is, without any deceptive gloss—put on for my special benefit. No one can say I am not disposed to be fair. Like the Caliph Harun al Rashid, I will adopt a disguise and learn the truth. I'll learn more in five minutes than in a week of formal visiting, when she would be on her guard. It's a fortunate chance I came to-night."

The gown was an ample one, and when the black muslin mask had been adjusted, there was left nothing individual about the wearer except his height.

"Now how do I get in?"

"Better come around to the front, sir," said Richards, leading the way. He opened the screen door of a large front porch, and the monk stepped in and looked about Japanese lanterns, gay hammocks, ferns in hanging baskets and a quantity of rugs gave this temporarily deserted spot an air of languorous luxury, and under his mask the monk frowned.

"Hist! One moment," he whispered to the retreating Richards. "Can you tell me which is Mrs. Calvert?"

"The one with the light hair—coming this way," Richards answered, and withdrew.

It was not until the court lady, who had marked his entrance, came out and swept him a magnificent courtesy, that a sudden qualm of fear struck the intrepid monk. "Good heavens, my voice!" he said to himself.

"Good evening, holy father. Do you give absolution for sins?" she asked saucily.

"I give penance, daughter," he answered with a severity that was perceptible even in his husky whisper.

"What's the matter with your voice?" asked Betty, with quick concern in her own.

"I'm trying to disguise it, of course. What is a masquerade for?" demanded the monk, with a betrayal of unspiritual irritability.

Betty laughed, stared at him, and laughed again.

"Of course," she said. Evidently Harry had taken the statement that Mrs. Calvert had thoughtfully remembered his costume to imply that she, Betty, knew nothing about it. "You are a monk, aren't you? I may safely guess as far as that?"

"I'm a Trappist. That means I can't talk except when it is absolutely necessary."

Betty laughed again. She had a pretty frank laugh, and the monk began to take a relish in his adventure, and to admire his own cleverness in retort.

"Very well, I'll do the talking. Isn't it a nice party?"

"You do the talking?"

"Oh, yes. Well, it is a nice party. And fun. It's curious how much more you find out about people when you don't know who they are than you do when you do."

"That was my idea, exactly."

"Our everyday faces are masks, and the reputations our friends give us are masks, and behind them our real selves may be as different as—as you are from what you seem to be. That's why our own families are al-

ways making such blunders about us."

"Do you think so?" asked the monk with interest. He was recalling instances wherein his immediate friends and relatives had shown themselves incomprehensibly blind to his real merits, when the lady's next words startled him.

"Do you know anything about Edward's uncle, Mr. Helston?"

"More or less," he said guardedly.

"Well, he is an instance in point. He brought Edward up, and yet he understood him so little that he thought Ed. would give up the girl he loved if he was told to, and he was so angry at Ed's obstinacy in marrying against his wishes that he has never spoken to any of us since—as though *that* were not the best example of obstinacy."

"What nonsense!" said the monk, with husky energy.

"Of course it was nonsense. He is a dry-as-dust old lawyer, and he wanted Ed. to be his partner in the dry-as-dustiness as well as in the law, and never, never go off to playhouse with a little girl. And, what's worse, he particularly disapproved of the particular little girl Ed. chose." She laughed again the light-hearted way he had thought rather pleasant a few minutes before. "He said Ed. married into a frivolous family."

"Well, didn't he?" demanded the monk. For the life of him he couldn't help it.

"And aren't you?"

"Haven't a chance to be under present conditions. And he thinks we—flirt."

"Well—don't you?"

"And altogether he thinks we are not fitted for poor men's wives."

"Well, are you? Candidly now, are you?"

The court lady laughed. She had taken off her mask and was fanning her flushed face with it. It was an attractive face with a dancing eye and a resolute little chin.

"I'm not sure I could give myself the sort of an endorsement that Uncle Helston would demand," she said demurely. "I like better to laugh than to weep when I'm in a fix, so maybe I am frivolous. And I like to talk to intelligent men—he would probably think I was flirting this minute! And if he knew we were having a party, and really dancing and drinking the festive lemonade, he would probably feel that his worst apprehensions were realised. It's lucky he doesn't know."

"I dare say there are many things he doesn't know," remarked the monk gloomily.

"That's true," said Betty cheerfully. "We ought to remember that in extenuation. He probably doesn't realise at all that he is a very selfish and obstinate old man."

The monk gurgled inarticulately.

"No one would ever tell him that to his face," continued Betty. "People don't, you know."

"Not generally."

"I have often thought I should just like to have an opportunity to tell him what I think of him. Ed. is having an awfully hard time. You see his uncle had promised to take him into partnership, and Ed. counted on it. Then he broke his promise, just because Ed. wouldn't break his. Don't you think it was horrid and mean of him?"

"It sounds bad when you put it that way," said the monk stiffly, "but —"

"That's the way it was. Wasn't it mean?"

"If you have settled it, why ask me?"

"Wasn't it?"

"Incredibly. Meanest thing I ever heard of."

"Oh, it's such a satisfaction to hear you say it! After that I can admit that he may in some ways be a good man and a worthy member of society."

"Really? Isn't that going pretty far?"

"No, really, he might be," she said with pretty earnestness. "I hope I am not so bigoted as to think a man has no good qualities because in one special case he acts like a spoiled child."

The monk was tensely silent.

"It is just possible that he suspects by this time that he took a foolish stand in that matter," she went on. "Ed. is married and can't be unmarried, and, really, you know, we are not a bad sort—especially in a gloomy climate. I don't know what would have become of poor Ed. these rainy days if my sister and I had not been just naturally frivolous. Frivolity is the best antidote I know of for uncle." She laughed, with the easy, friendly little laugh that one might think pleasant under some conditions, and rose. "Now you really must go in and dance."

"I don't believe I—care to."

"You're afraid," she teased. "Scared of being found out! That's why your remarks have been such inconspicuous digressions from a brilliant silence—I know! Come, stick it out! You must play the game, now you're in."

"Well—but I won't talk. Talking is dangerous—for a Trappist."

"The Trappist trapped," she mocked, adjusting her mask, and leading the way into the large room, where a fairy in red at the piano was rattling off some music with a lilt in it that was reminiscent of the dancing school he had gone to as a boy. In listening to it, he forgot that he had intended to seize the first chance to escape. When the shepherdess responded to his nervous clutch with a tender little pressure, he suddenly began to realise that there was something to be said after all in favour of a reasonable amount of social relaxation. What had that girl—confound a sharp woman!—said about frivolity being an effective antidote for uncle?

In the meantime Richards had been again interrupted in his task. A young man who seemed perfectly

acquainted with the geography of the house had slipped into the kitchen without tapping.

"Are you in charge out here?" he asked hurriedly. "I want to leave my hat and bag here, then. They're dancing, aren't they? You needn't say anything to anyone. I know my way."

He enveloped himself in a long black domino which he extracted from his bag, and then walked coolly into the larger room and mingled with the maskers. His interest seemed to be specific rather than general, for he made his way through the rooms, peering into faces with the licensed privilege of a domino, but apparently unsatisfied with his reach until he espied the court lady and the monk *tete-à-tete* under the Japanese lanterns. He took up his station at a commanding point of view, and his attitude unequivocally suggested that there rested upon his hidden face a jealous scowl. Here Nell found him.

"Good evening, Mr. Vaughan," she said teasingly.

He bowed. "How did you know?"

"How did you know that was Betty?"

"There is no mistaking her methods of enthrallment when you have once been a victim. Who is the monk?"

"Oh, that's Edward. You can't be jealous of him. Won't you come with me and have some punch?"

Vaughan bowed and offered his arm.

"I didn't think that Edward was so tall," he said with a backward glance.

Nell laughed with amused tolerance for a lover's jealousies. "Oh, there's no mistake about its being Edward. I helped dress him up."

The cavalier in crimson velvet, who had been standing near enough to catch the last words, swept her a profound bow as she brushed past, and then chortled to himself with glee.

"I've taken Nellie in completely," he said to himself. "What larks!

Who's that domino with her? Seems to me he's an extra."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Richards, at his elbow. "Telegram. Boy just brought it over from the station."

Edward withdrew to a quiet corner of the porch and tore the envelope open. Telegrams have a reputation as disturbers of the peace, and this was not one to spoil the record. Edward read—

"Will run down to spend the night with you. Will arrive on the nine o'clock train. Henry Helston."

"To-night!" he gasped, his brain paralysed for the moment. "Why, he mustn't come. Not to-night. Heavens! Got a blank there, Richards?"

"Yes, sir."

Edward wrote hastily, "Don't come till Monday." Then he hesitated, looking wildly about for a euphonious excuse. "I can't say there's scarlet fever in the house. It wouldn't be strictly true. I could say Mrs. Fletcher is in the house, but then he would never come. 'Will arrive—' Come to think of it, he can't arrive to-night. There's no train out after this. He must mean to-morrow night." He examined the message more collectedly, and then turned sharply to Richards.

"When did this come?"

"Just now, sir."

"It has been delayed, then. That lazy station agent waited for some one coming this way to bring it. But the nine o'clock train has gone by, and no one came."

"Yes, sir." Richards corrected him deferentially. "The last gentleman came then, sir."

"He came, and you didn't tell me? What have you done with him? Good heavens, man, where have you put him?"

"He went in, sir. He's dancing now."

Calvert stared as though Richards had suddenly betrayed signs of insanity.

"Dancing! You're dreaming. You're thinking of Mr. Vaughan."

"No, sir. He came first, then Mr. Vaughan did, and he put on that gown that Mrs. Calvert left for him—the one you took off, sir—"

"Yes, yes—"

"And then this other strange gent came, and he brought a gown of his own—that black one dancing over yonder, sir."

Edward freed himself from his cloak and mask, and walked nervously up and down the deserted porch.

"Let me think, let me think. He's that extra in the domino. He's been talking to Nell. Heaven knows what she has been saying. He has been drawing her out—cross-examining her in that sardonic way of his that forces a witness into lies he never dreamed of." His indignation at this thought calmed him, and after a moment's reflection he said more collectively: "Step inside, will you, and ask Mr. Vaughan to come out here a moment. I'd like to speak to him."

Richards went. Edward stood silent, looking out to where the moonlight sifted through the trees and made silvery arabesques on the clover-covered lawn, but he saw nothing of what his gaze included. He was only conscious of the fact that the one man in the world whom he would have wished to satisfy, even to the point of unreason, had gone beyond the point of unreason in his hostility. The faint hope of reconciliation which he had not been able to renounce in spite of unkind speech, and unkind silence, snapped suddenly, and he felt himself free—very chillily alone, but free. He gave a quick laugh, and turned with the gaiety of the defeated to greet the monk, whom Richards at that moment brought out.

"Harry, Uncle Helston is here. He's that black domino. I didn't know until a moment ago. You know he is apt to take bitter and unreason-able prejudices."

The monk had at first made a hesitating effort to free himself from his mask, but at this his hand dropped, and he nodded in acquiescence, as he

leaned negligently against a pillar of the porch.

"Of course I should have been glad to be friends with him—I'm fond of the old fellow in spite of his pig-headedness—but after this—well, I guess we'll get along apart. But what I wanted to say to you is this: Mrs. Fletcher is here—came with the Plummers. She's an inveterate gossip, in the first place, and she and Uncle Henry haven't spoken for years, because of some old bitterness. If you *could* manage to keep them from coming together—I don't like to seem wantonly to defy uncle's susceptibilities, but she has been civil to Nell, and that means a good deal to me just now. My own family, as represented by uncle, has distinctly not been civil, and I'm doing my best to keep the dear girl from taking notice. Of course when it's a question between my uncle and my wife, uncle can go to thunder."

The monk nodded again, and grunted an inarticulate assent in his throat.

"Well, that's all. I just thought I'd tell you, so you could help out if you should see a chance. I think I'll go and hunt up some old law reports and scatter them around the cottage. Uncle believes in my being studious, you know." He laughed with unbecoming mirth as he hurried away.

The monk stood silent, watching the moonlight sift between the trees and trace silvery arabesques upon the lawn, but he was not considering the beauties of nature.

"This Harun al Rashid business is not what I have been led to suppose," he muttered uncomfortably. "It is all very well when they heap blessings on the name of the caliph, but—Confound them, I meant to be nice to them—if I found they deserved it. But I never suspected they could harbour such sentiments. Ned was positively disrespectful. And that strong-minded girl! A pretty figure I should cut trying to patronise her. I don't care if she is right—in

a measure. I hate a woman who is right when you are—well—the opposing counsel."

At that moment the little shepherdess with whom he had danced the Lancers came out on the porch. She saw the monk standing by himself in the shadowy corner, and to his amazement she came up swiftly and threw a pair of warm arms about his neck.

"Darling, darling!" she cried, with soft fervour.

Instinctively and unconsciously he tried to free himself.

"Don't, for goodness sake," he gasped in a smothered whisper.

But the little shepherdess only laughed and tried to draw his tall head down to her.

"No one will see us," she cried brazenly, and somehow her warm lips found a spot between his mask and his hood whereon they pressed a tingling star. Then, after another soft hug and a teasing laugh, she fled as she had come.

"My land!" murmured the monk, in a daze. He stood perfectly still for a moment, so as not to blur the sensation. "Well, well! I suppose that was merely—a kiss. And I suppose some people are used to it. I never knew it was like—I wonder who she is. And whom did she take me for?—Harry Vaughan, I suppose. Lucky Harry! Lucky, lucky Harry!"

Then he slipped farther back into the shadows.

"I've got to go, and go quick. That's evident. I don't care to meet Ned's wife, after those embarrassing confidences—she may be right, but it's unfeminine for a woman to insist on being right. And I wouldn't for the world embarrass that sweet little girl who k—kissed me. She thought it was Harry, confound him. She'll find out it wasn't when they unmask, but she'll never know who the mysterious monk was. I'll just make a mysterious disappearance. If I can find my hat!"

He let himself out, and tried to remember just how he had come

around the cottage from the kitchen, when he was arrested by two eager voices at an open window.

"But I saw her with my own eyes!"

"Really?"

"She threw her arms about his neck and *kissed* him—oh, there wasn't any mistake about it."

In the darkness and under his mask the monk felt himself tingling. He had a curious sense of elation, like a boy who has seen the circus, come now what may. But the next words startled him.

"Good heavens! and they've only been married a few months. *Poor* Mr. Calvert.

"You know his uncle was bitterly opposed to the marriage. Evidently with reason."

"Are you sure there wasn't any mistake?"

"Oh, not the slightest. Mrs. Calvert hasn't been masked all evening, you know, and everyone recognised Mr. Vaughan in the monk. Don't mention it to a soul."

"Oh, of course not."

And they hurried away, eager to find new confidantes.

"That is Mrs. Fletcher," said Uncle Helston grimly. "I know that thin voice of hers. She'll spread the story over town by to-morrow noon. So that was Ned's wife! Who the mischief is the other girl? Oh, I remember there is a sister—of course. So *that* is Ned's wife! Soft little thing! *She* wouldn't ever argue with a man. I don't believe she would have an opinion to her name. She's too sweet. Ned had more sense than I gave him credit for."

Through the open window the first strains of a waltz came out to him. He saw the little shepherdess pass the window, and his heart gave a curious leap. He saw two women with their heads together, and he felt sure that one of them was Mrs. Fletcher.

"The little thing shan't suffer because of that kiss," he said firmly. "I'll be hanged if I let her. If she hasn't a right to kiss her uncle——"

He went up the steps he had just descended, and reconnoitred through the open door. The little shepherdess was standing alone near the wall. He went up to her swiftly.

"I want you to dance a few steps with me," he said, and before she could exclaim in protest he had slipped his arm about her and swung her into the waltz.

"I am Ned's uncle, Henry Helston," his voice said, close to her ear. "I want you to know before we unmask. You mustn't be surprised. You must say quite calmly, if anyone speaks about it, that you knew I was—that I had told you beforehand. I am Ned's uncle—your uncle, too, my dear. You understand? You are sure you do? Now I am going to surprise the others, but you musn't be."

The music stopped.

"Our hostess wishes us all to unmask now," said the monk in a ringing voice, and he himself was first of all to lift his mask and throw back his hood.

"Uncle Henry!" cried Edward.

"Mr. Helston, for all the world," exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, thinking so rapidly that her face looked puckered.

The court lady had dropped upon the nearest chair, and was staring at the monk with such amazement and horror that the black domino seemed to find a shred of comfort. He was obliged of necessity to abandon his haughty air as he crowded behind chairs to make his way around to her.

"I thought I should surprise you," said the monk coolly. "All except Nell. She was the only one in the secret. She had to help her old uncle out."

And laughingly, yet deliberately, he bent down before them all and touched his lips to her forehead.

Fight Between La Tour and D'Aunay

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

Pencil Sketches by Louis A. Holman

*How the Lords of the Land struggled for supremacy
in the region about Annapolis*

IF Longfellow might only—for one brief month—have borrowed Browning's spirited Pegasus! Then Acadia would have connoted a bitter feud of rival lords as well as devotion to a lost love. Then we should have had a stirring *Ballad of The Old French Forts* as well as the too sentimental tale of *Evangeline*. Parkman, to be sure, has done his best for the story, and has set forth its romantic side as few historians have the gift to do. But the rivalry between D'Aunay Charnissay and his arch enemy, Charles La Tour, is of the mettle which demands verse to do it justice. And from the grimly revolting climax

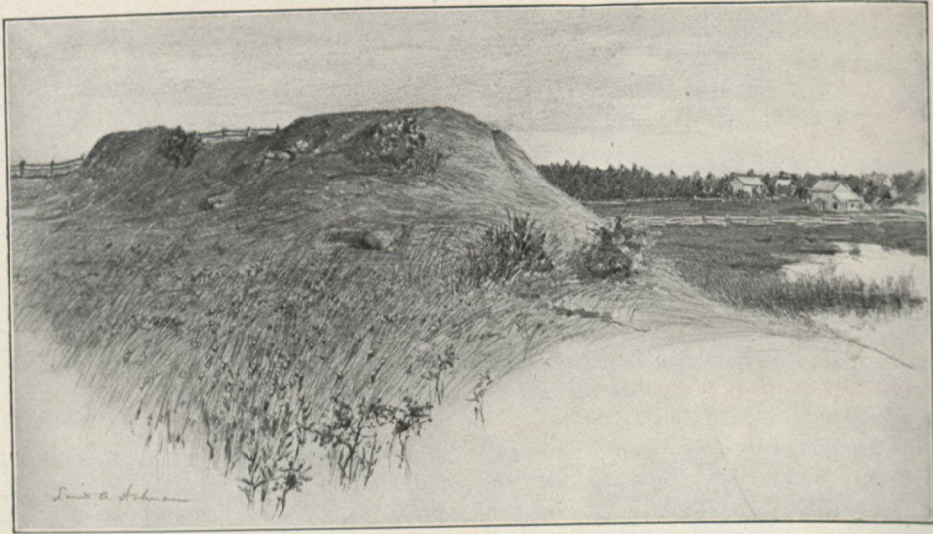
of the story only a genius like Browning's could wrest proper artistic satisfaction. Moreover, how deliciously Browning's humour would have touched up La Tour's compact with the Puritans! With what zestful irony he would have described that dalliance which had its fruit in Endicott's famous "Ipswich letter!"

To begin at the beginning of the French forts' story, one must go back to Champlain's second expedition to the St. Lawrence, when in 1604 he sailed under De Monts (to whom the King of France had granted the land), in company with Baron de Poutrincourt, Pont-



Drawing by Louis A. Holman

ST. CROIX ISLAND, ON WHICH THE FRENCH EXPLORERS, CHAMPLAIN, DEMONTS, ETC.,
SPENT THEIR FIRST WINTER IN AMERICA



Drawing by Louis A. Holman

FORT ST. LOUIS, NEAR CAPE SABLE, N.S.

gravé and divers merchants, priests and Huguenot ministers. This variously assorted company on exploration and colonisation bent settled on St. Croix Island, in the mouth of St. Croix-River, now the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. There they passed their first winter in America. But the next year they crossed the Bay of Fundy and founded Port Royal on the wooded shore of Annapolis Basin, in the very heart of that country where

.....the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
 indistinct in the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest
 on their bosoms.

It was a wonderfully peaceful land which they found; and so it continued to be—even when the colonists suffered most from want and privation—until the passions of ambitious men and the schemings and counter-schemings of rival branches of the priesthood availed to transform it into a scene of feudalistic strife.

Champlain's men had been content to work hard and deny themselves, to live cleanly and to beguile their days with gardening, verse-making and a

nonchalant Christianisation of the Indians. Not so their sons. Poutrincourt's son cared chiefly for war, and soon built among the rocks and fogs of Cape Sable a small fort to which he gave the name Fort Lomeron. This fort descended at his death to Charles La Tour, one of his adventurous retainers, and was by him called Fort St. Louis.

La Tour, by improving to the utmost every chance that came his way and by winning the alliance of both English and French, soon made himself a terrifying power in the Acadian land. To his first fort he ere long added another variously called to-day Fort La Tour and Fort St. Jean—the latter from its situation at the mouth of the river, in the centre of the present city of St. John, N.B.

Strong as Charles La Tour had succeeded in becoming, an even stronger man was soon to arrive from France. Under Claude de Razilly (a knight of Malta, charged by Louis XIII to seize the Acadian possessions), had sailed D'Aunay Charnissay, a gentleman of birth, and to him in 1635 there came by Razilly's death royal power in Acadia. D'Aunay made his headquarters at Port Royal, and nobody thought of disputing

his authority, so clearly could it be traced to the King—nobody, *except* La Tour. That adventurer, having papers from both the English and the French, and having besides an indomitable spirit and inexhaustible craft, made D'Aunay's situation from the very beginning well-nigh unbearable.

In position and qualities the two rivals were poles apart. D'Aunay came of an old and distinguished Touraine family, and he prided himself above all things upon his character of *gentilhomme français*. He was a consistent Catholic, too, while La Tour's religion—like his family—was obscure. The rivalry, which had always been keen, appears to have grown into positive bitterness, when, five years after his first coming to Acadia, D'Aunay returned from a visit to France, bringing with him a charming wife. The plucky bride was a daughter of the *Seigneur de Courcelles*, and was well fitted by birth and breeding to transmute, by her gentlewoman's touch, the rough settlement into an orderly colony. What with old settlers and new, about

forty families were now gathered at Port Royal and on the river Annapolis. And over these D'Aunay ruled, "a kind of feudal Robinson Crusoe."

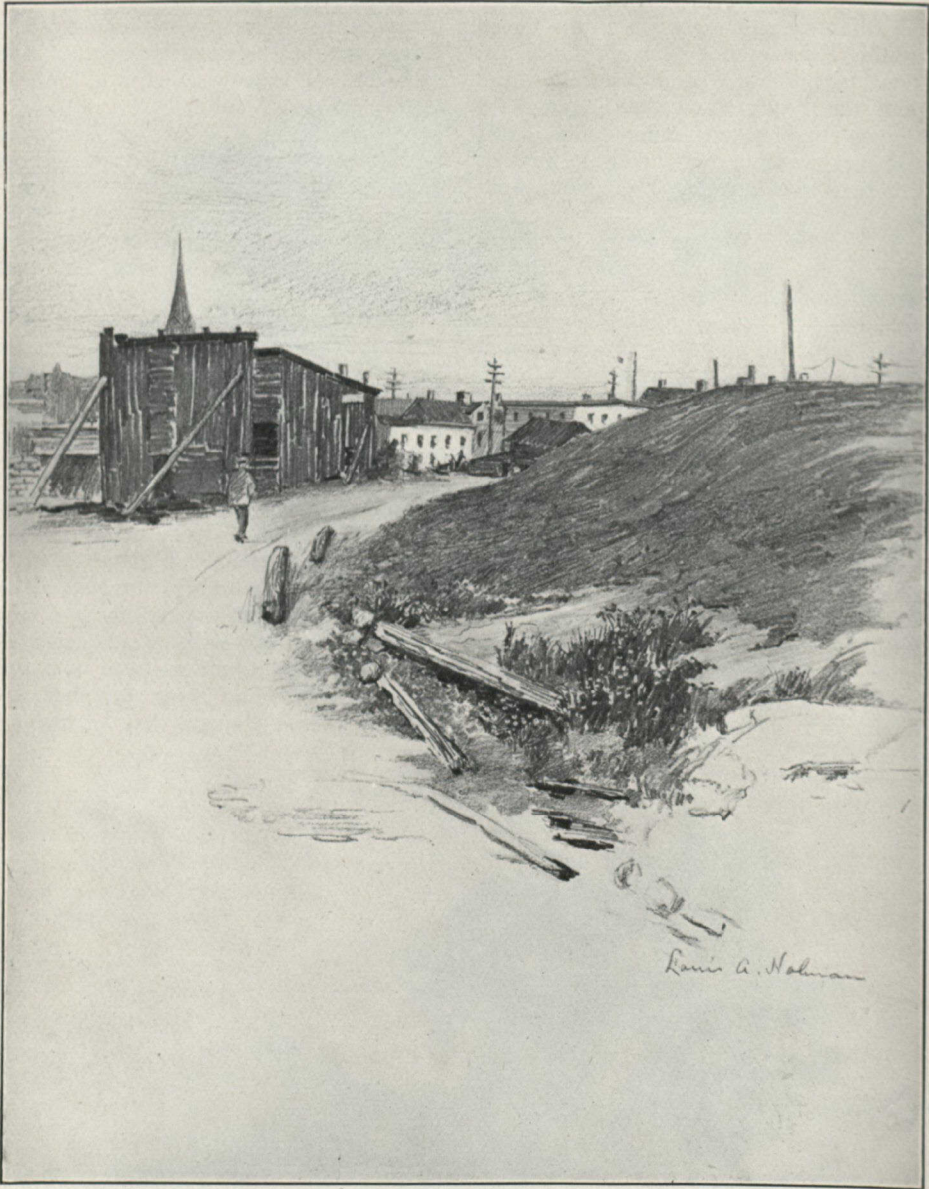
A scene for an artist, as Parkman points out, was the Port Royal of those days, with its fort, its soldiers, its manor-house of logs, its seminary of like construction, and its twelve Capuchin friars, with cowled heads, sandaled feet and the cord of St. Francis! The friars were supported by Richelieu; their main business—and they were pretty successful in it—was to convert the Micmac and Abenaki Indians into loyal vassals of France and earnest subjects of the Church.

But Charles La Tour was not so easily dealt with. He who had before felt himself the chief man in Acadia was now fairly aflame with jealousy of this French *seigneur* who dwelt just across the intervening Bay of Fundy, surrounded by loyal retainers and solaced by a loving wife. Wives, however, were certainly to be had even if settlers were not; and since D'Aunay had given evidence, by bringing over a woman, that he had no



Drawing by Louis A. Holman

PART OF OLD FRENCH WALL AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.



Drawing by Louis A. Holman

FORT LA TOUR, ST. JOHN, N.B., WHERE LADY LA TOUR MADE HER HEROIC DEFENCE
DURING HER HUSBAND'S ABSENCE

intention of abandoning his claim, La Tour resolved that he, too, would set up a home in Acadia. His agent was thereupon instructed to pick out in France a girl worthy to share his heart and fort. Accordingly, Marie Jacque-

lin, daughter of a barber of Mans, was selected to join La Tour at Fort St. Jean. She proved to be an Amazon. With passionate vehemence she took up her husband's quarrel, and where D'Aunay's lady heartened her lord by

gentle words and soft caresses, Lady La Tour threw herself into the thick of the fight and became a force greatly to be feared in the Acadian land.

From this time on events march. Goaded by his wife, La Tour grew more and more contumacious, until that day when the King of France, losing all patience, ordered D'Aunay to seize his rival's forts and take their commander prisoner. In accordance with these instructions, we find D'Aunay (in 1642) anchored at the mouth of the St. John and endeavouring to arrest the outlaw. Then it was that La Tour, rendered desperate, defied the King as well as his representative, and—Catholic though he claimed to be—turned for help to the heretics of Boston.

Boston (at this time in its thirteenth year) was now in the very throes of the Antinomian controversy—that engaging dispute which had occasioned the expulsion from the city of the well-meaning but over-voluble Mrs. Hutchinson. La Tour's coming provided more disturbing matter for debate, and though he was hospitably received by Governor Winthrop and the Reverend John Cotton, many there were who wished him well out of the way. Even his unimpeachable gravity of demeanour when he attended church with Winthrop on Sunday could not make him acceptable to these clear-sighted souls. Still, his men were not only allowed to come ashore, but permission was granted them to drill on Boston common, along with the town militia, to the accompaniment of the ambitious band and the industrious frog chorus.

Our clever adventurer lost no time in pushing the business upon which he had come. Showing papers which would seem to prove him a lawful representative of the King of France, he asked for such aid as would enable him to bring to his fort the ship, containing supplies, which D'Aunay would not permit to proceed up the bay. Very adroitly he then suggested that he *at least* be permitted to *hire* four vessels, each fully armed and equipped, with which to defend his rights in Acadia.

Winthrop finally gave bewildered consent to this arrangement, and his action was approved by a majority of those in authority. But in the ensuing discussion over this arresting departure, the "inevitable clergy" joined hotly, and texts being the chief weapons of the debate, various Old Testament worthies were brought forward to prove that Massachusetts would have done much better to keep out of the fight. John Endicott stoutly maintained that La Tour was not to be trusted, and that he and D'Aunay would much better have been left to fight it out by themselves. In this opinion several chief men of the colony concurred, saying in the famous "Ipswich letter" that they feared international law had been ill observed, and declaring in substance, that the merits of the case were not clear, that the colony was not called upon in charity to help La Tour (see 2 Chronicles xix, 2, and Proverbs xxvi, 17); that this quarrel was for England and France; that endless trouble would come if D'Aunay were not completely put down, and that "he that loses his life in an unnecessary quarrel dies the devil's martyr."

This letter, trenching as it did upon Winthrop's pride of office, stung the Governor into vehement retort. But he soon had the candour to admit that he had been in fault in three things: first in answering La Tour too hastily, next in not sufficiently consulting the elders, and lastly in not having opened the discussion with prayer.

But La Tour had meanwhile received his ships, and was able with them to rout D'Aunay's three vessels. His lady alertly followed up this advantage, visiting France to help strengthen his cause, and coming back by way of Boston. There she further pushed forward the fortunes of the house of La Tour. Upon her return from the Puritan stronghold she offered her husband a very shrewd piece of advice. "Go to Boston, declare yourself to be a Protestant," she counselled, "ask for a minister to preach to the men at the fort, and promise that if the Bostonians help us to master



Drawing by Louis A. Holman

SITE OF D'AUNAY'S FORT, FROM WHICH HE ATTACKED FORT LA TOUR, ACROSS THE ST. JOHN RIVER

D'Aunay and conquer Acadia, we will share our conquests with them." This Machiavellian suggestion La Tour seized with avidity, and sailed gaily forth.

Scarcely had he gone when his lady, falling one day into a transport of fury at some unpleasant turn of events, so berated and reviled the Récollet friars at Fort St. Jean, that they refused to stay under her roof, and set out for Port Royal in the depth of winter, taking with them eight strong soldiers, who were too good Catholics to remain longer in such a hotbed of heresy. At Port Royal this little party was most warmly

received. D'Aunay paid the eight soldiers their long overdue wages and lodged the friars with his own priests. Then he plied them all with questions and, learning that La Tour had gone to Boston, leaving only forty-five men to defend his wife and his fortress, he saw Heaven's smile at last, and leaped to seize the golden opportunity opened to him.

Every man about Port Royal was hastily mustered into action. Then D'Aunay crossed the Bay of Fundy with all his force, erected a fort on the west side of the river, and, after delaying

for a time in an attempt to win over more of La Tour's men (capturing incidentally a small vessel which had been sent from Boston loaded with provisions and bearing a letter to tell Lady La Tour that her husband would join her in a month), he brought his cannons into position, and made as if he would batter down the fortress. The garrison was summoned to surrender, but when for answer they hung out a red flag and "shouted a thousand insults and blasphemies," accompanying the same with a volley of cannon shots directed by the intrepid Amazon, D'Aunay could do nothing but fight the thing to a finish. In spite of the gallant defence of Madame La Tour, D'Aunay's superior number prevailed. All resistance was overcome; the fort was pillaged, and all the survivors of the garrison, including Madame La Tour, were taken prisoners. At first the lady was left at liberty, but after she had been detected in an attempt to communicate with her husband by means of an Indian, she was put into confinement. Then, and then only, did she fall ill. Three weeks later she was dead.

D'Aunay had now robbed his rival of his wife and captured Fort St. Jean, the best trading station in Acadia. The King complimented him highly, and everything promised a thriving trade and a growing colony. Then, just as Fortune had crowned his life-work,

Death stepped tacitly and took him.

On the 24th of May, 1650, as he and his valet were canoeing in the basin of Port Royal, not far from the mouth of the Annapolis, their frail craft over-

turned, and though they clung to it and got astride of it, one at either end, in an endeavour to save themselves, they could not. At the end of an hour and a half D'Aunay was dead, not from drowning but from cold, for the water still retained the chill of winter. So Father Ignace, the Superior of the Capuchins, found him. With fitting ceremonies he was buried in the chapel of the fort at Port Royal in the presence of his soldiers, his tenants and his sorrowing wife.

That poor, poor wife! For she still had Charles La Tour to deal with, and with him her own life was destined to be linked. That La Tour had friends in France she soon came to know only too well. Through false papers, intrigues and dastardly treachery Port Royal was promptly wrested from her, and she was even persuaded to return to La Tour Fort St. Jean, which her husband had taken fairly in a well-fought fight. Beset with insidious enemies and tortured beyond endurance by fears for her eight young children, the brave spirit of this lovely woman broke with her heart, and three years after the death of her noble husband she *married* (February 24, 1653), the man who had so long been her tormentor. With him she took up her abode at Fort St. Jean. Of the children for whose sake she had sold herself the four boys were killed in the wars of Louis XIV, and the girls all became nuns. So no single trace of D'Aunay's blood may to-day be found in the land for which he gave his life and wealth out of the great love he bore France and the Church.

And even his story is almost unknown.

A Maxim

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

OUR truest teachers are the hardest years—
Emancipators from our troublous fears.

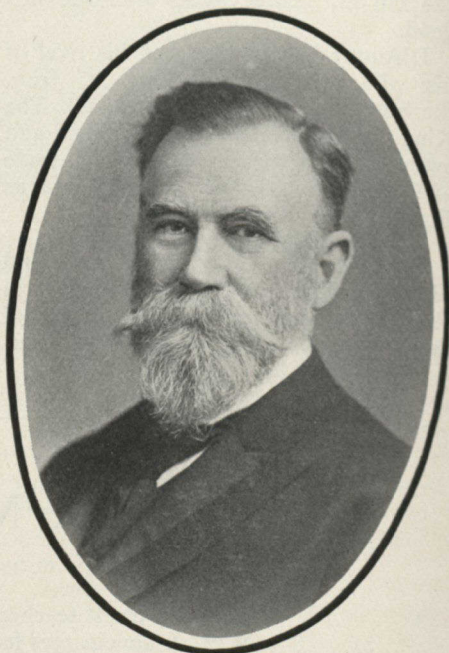
The Jubilee of a Scientist

By ROBERT CAMPBELL, D.D.

A sketch of the career of Dr. Robert Bell, Chief Geologist, Geological Survey of Canada.

IT has fallen to the lot of few men to have placed within their reach the opportunities which Dr. Robert Bell has enjoyed during the fifty years of his service in the Geological Survey of Canada. Comparatively little was known in 1857, the year in which he began his public career, of the rocks and minerals of the vast territories now embraced in the Dominion, or, for that matter, of those of the United States. There were very large regions to be explored—a vast *terra incognita* offered a promising field to the naturalist. It was only about twenty years before that the first steps had been taken to secure a scientific investigation of the natural phenomena of our country. The earliest attempts in this direction had been made by the Natural History Society of Montreal, which sent out to correspondents, in different sections of Upper and Lower Canada, a series of questions relating to the rocks, plants and animals to be found in their neighbourhood. The information thus gleaned formed the basis of an appeal to the government of the day, and in due time a small appropriation was made to be expended in further prosecution of the work thus initiated. The final result was the appointment of William Logan to take charge of the explorations resolv-

ed upon. This was in 1842. He had experience as a mining engineer in the coal fields of Wales, and it was specially because he was counted an expert in this line of work that he was selected to be the head of the Geological Survey of Canada. The hope was entertained that coal, which had done



ROBERT BELL, LL.D., Sc.D.,
Chief Geologist, the Geological Survey of Canada

so much for the prosperity of the Mother Country, might be found in this country also—that is, in the region now known as Ontario and Quebec. It was thought that there was a possibility that coal might be discovered, and that if any man could practically settle the question, William Logan was that man. Others were from time to time added to the staff, each with his special task assigned him. They were all capable men and enthusiastic students of geological science—indeed, it may be said of the staff as a whole, since its first appointment, that nothing of the hiring spirit was found in it. Logan and his fellow-labourers soon accumulated a large amount of information regarding the main features of the rock systems of the two provinces which they were engaged in examining, yet so small a part of the territories now included in Canada had been investigated and mapped, geologically, in 1857, that there was an inviting field of really virgin soil, scientifically considered, lying before this youth of fifteen years, which was Robert Bell's age when he was placed by his family under the charge of William Logan, to cultivate. This was his first opportunity.

Dr. Bell belongs to a family to whom Canada is not a little indebted. His grandfather, Rev. William Bell, was one of the pioneers of what is now known as Eastern Ontario, having come as a Presbyterian minister to supply religious ordinances to the settlement of Scots in and around the town of Perth, in 1817. He was a man of faculty, of an inquiring turn of mind and acute powers of observation, as his unpublished journals show, as well as the well known letters he published for the guidance of immigrants to Canada. As the earliest higher educationist of the district, his light and leading told upon the community and imparted to it a tone which it has never wholly lost as an intellectual centre. Amongst other accomplishments, he displayed a know-

ledge of natural history. This bent of mind he bequeathed to the different members of his family. His eldest son, Rev. Andrew Bell, father of Dr. Robert Bell, was still more learned and accomplished than his father, and specially took up the study of geology, of which science he may, indeed, be said to have been the Canadian pioneer. When William Logan came to Canada he naturally sought the early acquaintance of Mr. Bell, whose friendship and co-operation he continued to enjoy until Mr. Bell's death. Dr. Robert Bell came, therefore, rightly by his predilection for geological studies; and his natural bias and enthusiasm were greatly stimulated by the books on the subject put into his hands by his father. This was Dr. Robert Bell's second opportunity, that he enjoyed as a birthright a taste for natural science, and was in his boyhood surrounded by all the influences calculated to strengthen his native predilections.

And no pains were omitted to fit him for the career to which his father destined him. Born with the inquisitiveness as to the conditions and qualities of natural objects, characteristic of the Bell family, he showed an eager appetite for learning, an aptitude and a hunger especially for the physical sciences, which he has continued to display throughout his long and distinguished career. While still a young man, it was his good fortune to study chemistry under Lyon Playfair, Crum Brown and T. Sterry Hunt, and botany under Professor J. H. Balfour, of Edinburgh. He also received training as a practical land surveyor, which proved immensely advantageous to him, giving him facility in reducing to exact form, in maps, the results of his observations in geological and geographical field work.

Another fact bearing upon this point remains to be mentioned: He was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Queen's University before he was yet twenty-one years of age. This position, which

Dr. Bell occupied for five years, helped to give exactitude to his knowledge of the subjects taught in his classes, crystallising his attainments in science. Teaching seven months in the year, the rest of his time he continued to devote to his natural history studies, both in the laboratory and in the field. This was also an opportunity of which he had the advantage.

But undoubtedly that which was his greatest opportunity was the fact already noticed, that his early connection with the Geological Survey brought him into intimate relations with the very able men who constituted the first staff of the Survey. They were all enthusiasts and devoted to the work to which they were appointed, and in time became singularly accomplished in the several sections of duty assigned to them. Most of them had forsaken other employments in order to give themselves to this sphere of life which fascinated them, and into which they threw their whole souls.

The head of the Survey, William Logan, who was, at the time of the great Paris Exposition of 1855, knighted by Queen Victoria, on account of the notable exhibit he then and there made of the mineral resources and other geological products of Canada, was the ideal set before young Bell—a singularly lovable, simple-minded and upright man, wholly devoted to the interests with which he was charged by the Canadian Government. So absorbed was he in his work, that he became often oblivious of everything else, and scarcely attended to the wants of his physical nature. It was his great delight to find new facts coming constantly to light, enlarging the geological horizon; and his name will continue to be held in the highest esteem by naturalists, as the discoverer of the great Laurentian system of rocks, which forms the backbone of the North American continent. With his name, in this connection, will be associated those of Dr. T. Sterry Hunt

and Alexander Murray, who were consulted as to the new nomenclature, descriptive of this system, which he adopted. To come under the spell of such a man's enthusiasm was early the privilege of Robert Bell, and to this day the influence of his first great chief abides with him.

Alexander Murray was Assistant Director of the Survey when Robert Bell joined it in 1857, and he, too, was an eager student of geology, and infected with his own enthusiasm those who worked with him, as young Bell did at different periods. Before he quit the Canadian service he earned immortality by devising the name "Huronian" for the great basic system of rocks, which next to the acid Laurentian more especially characterise the geology of the Dominion; although the friends of Dr. T. Sterry Hunt claim that the suggestion of the new name originated with him. At all events, the honour indisputably lies between them, both belonging to the Canadian Geological Survey.

Dr. T. Sterry Hunt was in some respects the most brilliant member of the able staff which contributed to the well-earned fame of the Canadian geologists of that period. He became connected with the Department in 1847, and continued in it for twenty-five years. The Canadian Survey was the pioneer in the work of defining the geological connections of the mineral wealths of North America, led on by the search for coal, as has been already indicated. Especially were the geological relations of coal, iron and copper determined by the Canadian staff; and no one contributed more to this result than Dr. Hunt, who made a careful chemical analysis of all the materials collected in the field, including the waters of the country and the several varieties of soil, indicating their relative economical value. It was an inspiration to young Mr. Bell to be thrown in contact with a man of brilliant parts and genius like Dr. T. Sterry Hunt.

Elkanah Billings was a scarcely less

interesting personage than the members of the staff already described. Bred to the law, he abandoned the profession in favour of geology, which had begun to fascinate him. In due course he became an expert in his own line of research, and before his death, he had attained the position of an authority on palæontological questions, recognized by geologists the world over.

Mr. James Richardson, a Beauharnois farmer, who had, in the spirit of Hugh Miller, taken note of the differences in the rocks of the district in which he resided, and had placed the information he had acquired at the disposal of Sir William Logan, was induced by the persuasions of the latter to exchange the plough for the geologist's hammer, and proved an invaluable field worker, one of Nature's true men of science.

From intercourse with men like those mentioned, Dr. Bell early conceived a high ideal of what a man of science should be, and for fifty years he has had that ideal before him. In this way, we can account for the fact that he has patriotically refused to be tempted to enter the service of any country save his own. A maxim inculcated upon the employees of the Survey by Sir William Logan, he has never forgotten, that they should not undertake private work of a professional kind while in the Government service. It speaks volumes for his integrity that at a time when there are so many attempts to rob the public by private parties, no hint has ever been given that he has utilised his opportunities for his private advantage or betrayed his trust as a servant of the Dominion. Like Agassiz, who when asked to lend his scientific skill to a venture which it was promised would bring him riches replied that he had no time to make money," Dr. Bell has been content to work on, decade after decade, upon a comparatively small salary, because he wished to continue to as great a measure of completion as possible the work for his

native land, to which the enthusiasm of his youth had called him.

When Dr. Bell's fifty years of work come to be reviewed, it is no exaggeration to affirm that his achievements have been great and numerous enough to make the reputations of half a dozen men. His pre-eminence has been that of an explorer.

Dr. Bell is a thorough believer in the Hudson Bay route between Canada and Europe as that by which the products of the wheat-fields of the great Northwestern Territories will sooner or later find the shortest and most economical way to the markets of the old world. And he is an authority on the subject, if any man living is, being thoroughly acquainted with the harbour facilities offered by the Churchill river. He has also navigated Hudson Strait, making a total of nine through passages.

In this connection, it may be stated that Dr. Bell has had, as might be supposed, a very great deal to do with the Indian tribes scattered over the vast territories he has explored. Having uniformly treated them with kindness and fairness, he earned their confidence. He was necessarily much beholden to them in passing through the regions in which they had hitherto roamed with unchallenged freedom; but by keeping scrupulous faith with them, he secured their ready co-operation and obtained from those of them he employed the best service they were capable of rendering. He speaks the Ojibway language freely, and by means of it he was always able to communicate with the different tribes.

The Bell river, a large stream north of the watershed, in the western part of the Province of Quebec, which he surveyed in 1895, was officially named after him by the Department, as was also Bell Island, in Hudson Bay, which he was the first to describe. While in these two instances only his own name has been affixed to two of his discoveries, it shows how vast his opportunities have been that he has had to give names to no fewer than

3,000 places, rivers, lakes, hills, promontories and various natural features which had to be distinguished from others on the maps he had to construct. To be able to do this, without repeating names, has been in itself no small achievement, and must have taxed imagination, memory, and thought. Whenever Indian titles could be ascertained they were properly preferred.

The information furnished in Dr. Bell's reports was of great service to the engineers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as regards the region between Quebec and Winnipeg, and advantage was taken of it in laying down the lines of that great transcontinental highway. The Premier was justified in declaring that there were "stacks of information" also regarding the route proposed to be traversed by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, if there were no other documents bearing on the subject than those contained in Dr. Bell's reports. There was a time when those regions were counted barren wastes which never could yield traffic enough "to grease the wheels" of the railway cars passing through them; but such an estimate of the territory is no longer entertained. The vast forests of spruce, to be converted into pulp, are already being pre-empted, while the numerous streams flowing south from the height of land, with their falls, will in process of time be utilised to generate electricity sufficient to supply force to move the machinery of the Dominion. Already the Kaministiquia is being thus turned to account, and Dr. Bell reports hundreds of streams scarcely less capable of yielding this force, which is destined to occupy at an early day the chief motive power for human industry.

When the lamented death of Dr. G. M. Dawson, Director of the Geological Survey, occurred in 1901, Dr. Bell was appointed Acting Director, a position which he held and ably and faithfully filled for five years. His

friends generally took it for granted that this was a pledge of his final appointment to the permanent Directorship. If the principle of promotion in the service were to obtain, it was felt that there was no one else whose claims could compete with his. He had faithfully served under the several chiefs who had previously occupied the position; but his friends, even more than he himself, thought that the right course of the Government was plain, and that, if politics or other considerations than the principle of promotion and the good of the Survey were not to be introduced, he should receive the Directorship. It is known that, though he is by nature a shy, unassuming man, and indisposed to complain, he has felt that an injustice was done him when the appointment was withheld; and when reasons were assigned for the course taken by the Government, which he thought unfairly reflected on him, he vigorously resented the injustice, being forced to defend his reputation and set forth his own claims—a very painful necessity to a person of his sensitive temperament. The success of his administration of the affairs of the Survey for five years ought to have satisfied those who had the appointment in their hands that they would make no mistake in giving him the Directorship. He gave special attention to practical matters during those five years. Bulletins were issued affording full information to the public regarding the mineral products and resources of Canada.

Dr. Bell is now, as regards length of service in the employment of the Canadian Government, the oldest member of the staff of the Civil Service of the Dominion, although he still looks a young man and is really physically fit, thanks to his temperate habits, for he eschews both spirits and tobacco, as well as to his spending so much of each year in the open air. Recognition of his long and faithful services was made when in March, 1906, the

Dominion Government created a new official title and appointed him "Chief Geologist," with a salary of \$3,000, and provision for an addition of \$50 for each year he may continue in the service. This was, indeed, a somewhat tardy action, as the Government had accepted his services for five years without fee or reward for the additional labours and responsibilities involved in his discharge of the duties of "Acting Director," continuing his salary all that time at the low figure at which it had previously stood when he was only field geologist and Assistant Director.

His contributions towards enlarging the boundaries of the knowledge of the earth's surface have earned for him the two greatest marks of distinction — the "Patron's Gold Medal" of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, and the "Cullum Gold Medal" of the American Geographical Society. The former he received with the cordial approval of King Edward in 1906, and the latter in 1907. The Cullum medal is the distinction most coveted among the explorers of the United States, and Dr. Bell is the first Canadian to receive it, the American Geographical Society in awarding it to him recognising that science knows no national boundaries, and signifying their appreciation of what he had done towards making known the hitherto un-

explored regions of the northern half of the continent. It has been given to no other man to devote fifty years' continuous labour to such work, nor to anyone else has so extensive a territory fallen to be reported on, with the minuteness of detail which his notes show; and the value of his work has been affirmed by the two communities, of the English-speaking world at least, most competent to judge of it.

Besides these honours by which his career has recently been crowned, at an early period he was elected a fellow of the Geological Societies of London and of the United States. When Lord Lorne, then Governor-General, founded the Royal Society of Canada, Dr. Bell was named one of its first fellows. Queen's University bestowed upon him later on its highest honorary degree of LL.D., in recognition of his eminent attainments and great service to science. This was followed by the degree of Sc.D., conferred by McGill; and this again by the same degree from the University of Cambridge, the great centre of scientific culture in the Mother Country. His devotion to the interests of the Empire, so far as Canada is concerned, has also recently received recognition at the hands of King Edward, who has conferred upon him the "Companionship of the Imperial Service."



An Even Score

By CAMERON WILSON

THE Colonel was manifestly nervous. He stood for a moment on the shabby rug of faded blues and reds, glaring savagely at the freshly lighted grate. A fitful gust of smoke blown towards him made him retreat hastily; with elaborate care he brushed a spot of soot from his white waistcoat, transferring part of the smudge to one plump, beringed finger.

Thrusting his hands under his coat-tails he strode impatiently towards a half-finished water-colour that showed up dimly beside a thinly curtained window. He drew aside the muslin folds and peered out upon a vista of unsightly gables, toppling chimney-pots and flat roofs where tattered garments swung dismally in the smoke-laden air.

"A damned shame!" he muttered as he extracted a cigarette from a case of lizard skin, richly decorated with silver.

"You wished to see me?" With a start the Colonel faced about, his cigarette fell upon the floor as, covered with confusion, he turned to meet a pair of questioning gray eyes.

"Ah, Miss Temple! Charmed, I assure you!" With extended hands and quickly regained composure he advanced towards the slight figure which stood regarding him uncertainly in the half light. The girl's hands remained stiffly at her side; with a slight inclination of the head she motioned him to a wicker chair which basked cosily before the now cheerful blaze.

"Won't you sit down? I'll make some tea. Rather dreary outside, isn't it?"

There was a marked lack of cordiality in her tone, a touch as of boredom and unpleasant propinquity.

Her affected unconcern baffled Colonel Gregory who had expected some show of interest or of embarrassment at his unlooked-for visit. For once he found himself at a loss for words.

He nervously fumbled his watch fob as he followed Kitty Temple's slender, artistic hands moving among the teacups. Striking a match on the sole of his shoe he handed it to her; with a brief word of thanks she applied the flame to a small spirit lamp.

Settling back into her chair she solemnly gazed at the spluttering coals. Evidently she was waiting for the Colonel to open fire. Soldierly courage seemed to have deserted him, and he also sat silent, the ruddy glare shining fitfully upon his slightly wrinkled cheeks, thin hair and bristling white moustache.

"I have come to see you about Jack," he exclaimed suddenly, blowing his aristocratic nose with much unnecessary violence.

"Yes? Do you take cream and sugar, or do you prefer lemon?" Kitty paused with the silver tongs in mid-air and once more her visitor was nonplussed.

Her absolute self-control, her well-assumed indifference in the very face of most momentous issues puzzled him strangely. The mention of his son's name apparently had not evoked even a passing interest.

"About Jack, you know," he continued in a low tone. A shadow crossed his

handsome old face, and he seemed at once to lose the exaggerated air of self-confidence and aggressive ease. Miss Temple eyed him furtively. She was more touched by the quiet gravity of his manner, his silence, his sadness, than by his previous assumption of friendly nonchalance.

She passed him a cup of Sèvres filled with fragrant amber, upon whose surface floated a thin disc of lemon. The Colonel took one sip; then, with shaking hand, placed the cup upon a tabouret at his side.

"He's gone to the devil, you know, heart, soul and—body." Hard words and cruel they were for a father and the girl fully appreciated the inward struggle marked by a painful contraction of his brows, a restlessness in his piercing eyes. Still she did not answer; she encouraged him neither by word or look, but intently watched a lump of sugar change slowly from glistening white as she immersed it in her tea.

"Good heavens, Miss Temple! can't you see what I'm driving at—that this is nearly killing me?"

The man rose abruptly and stood before her with his back to the blaze. His hands were deep in his pockets, his eyes bent upon the shabby Bokhara rug.

The colour mounted slowly into her cheeks.

"I've been a brute, Kitty—a damned snob. I'm to blame for the whole wretched business. As soon as I found out that Jack was engaged to you—a struggling, unappreciated artist—I set about to break off the match. I lied about you—I invented horrible stories—God only knows how horrible—and I simply gloated over your estrangement. I never spared you—I cared nothing for your misery or his. I saw his daily sufferings; I knew his loneliness and despair, but I only drove the knife deeper by adding more lies to the list. I watched him grow bitter and cynical, but still I piled on the agony. Your feelings never entered into the matter. Six months ago," his voice dropped almost to a whisper, "he discovered the part I had played, and that was the beginning of the end."

His voice sounded thick, unsteady. Picking up a small Cloisonné vase from the mantel, he perused the design with cold, unseeing eyes. Kitty felt a strange catching in her throat; her head throbbed dully.

"What can I do?" she gasped helplessly.

There was a moment of suppressed emotion, and each instinctively felt the suggestiveness of the question. "What can I do?" The Colonel knew that it was within the girl's power to change the whole course of events, and he therefore hesitated before answering.

"You are the only one who can do anything," he ventured at last. His face brightened as if in her query he had found a solution to his own heart's questionings.

"He cares for you still. Jack is not the changeable kind. You can recall him without an effort if you'll only speak the word. The boy is desperate—beside himself. For six months he's been going the pace simply to forget his trouble. He's mixed up with the Minton crowd and you know what they are—or, perhaps you don't. Already he's been named in two or three nasty scrapes, and that wretched Mrs. Staunton—well, there's no telling how it will all end."

"But, Colonel Gregory, you know I'm engaged to Mr. Bannerman. I'm not free to act. Of course I'm sorry your son—"

"My son!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Don't assume *that* rôle, Kitty—acting a part you don't feel! Jack is just as much to you as ever—you don't care for Arthur Bannerman in the same way."

"Please!" cried the girl, as with a gesture of protest she rose from her chair. Then, as if with a second thought, she picked up a paper knife of daintily carved ivory, and after looking at it in an aimless way for perhaps a minute, said somewhat guardedly:

"I did love Jack at one time." Her words came slowly. "Through your influence, and for no apparent reason, he gave me up. Never can I forget what followed—the desolate, aimless days, the long, sleepless nights, when all I could do

was to lie awake and wonder at the horror of it all. I felt as if the world had been swept from beneath my feet, leaving me alone in a deadly chaos. I lost interest in my work—my picture failed to make the Academy.”

“But you don’t care for Bannerman! Are you going to wreck both your lives when the old happiness lies within your reach?”

“An old happiness can never be reclaimed. Things could never be the same,” she answered. Her face had grown deathly pale, and she gripped the arm of her chair so tightly that the cords of her hand stood out in rigid whiteness.

“You are cheating Bannerman. You—

“No, no! I *do* love him. He came into my life when I most needed him. When I was crushed—humiliated—*jilted*—he took me up. In his strength I grew strong. The passionate craving grew gradually silent; the pain grew numb. I found his love so quiet and restful, like still waters after a fretting storm. He was kind—oh, so kind—and I crept to him as to a City of Refuge, like some spent, wearied creature. He knew the whole miserable story, and it was good of him to take me without question and without reserve.”

The colour had come again into Kitty’s cheeks; the hunted look had faded from her eyes. Neither noticed that the day was done. The room showed up cosily in the light of flickering flames.

“I’m not pleading for myself, dear child,” urged the Colonel. “I played the cad and deserve nothing at your hands. It is for Jack—our Jack. If he goes to the devil, you’re the one to blame, for you alone can save him.”

He placed his hands gently on her shoulders and fixed her eyes with his own compelling gaze.

“For God’s sake—for my boy’s sake, use your power, little girl!”

She was trembling, and scarcely saw him through a blur of unshed tears.

“I can do nothing,” she said simply, but with an emphasis that was final.

Never had she seen such a look as flashed suddenly into the face of the man before her. It was as if all the pain which

human nature is capable of enduring had suddenly centred itself in one great, overwhelming fact of dismal and horrible reality. Hopelessness, remorse, despairing love, all met in the Colonel’s white, drawn features.

“Good-bye. It’s an even score,” he said brokenly and passed slowly from the room.

A low cry broke from Kitty Temple’s lips as the door of the studio closed softly. She ran swiftly across the room, as if to recall her visitor; her hand on the knob, she came to a sudden stop. With painfully dragging steps she staggered back to the fire, and dropped listlessly into a chair.

In her solitude the desolateness of it all swept over her. The quietness of the room mocked the unrest of her troubled, throbbing brain; its warm cheerfulness accentuated the chill misery of her heart.

She saw Jack Gregory as he had been. She saw again his handsome boyish face, the light on his brown hair, the rich colour of his skin. She remembered the touch of his lips, the pressure of his strong hands, the warmth of his cheek against her own. With a rush, his words came back to her—passionate words of protest and assurance, words that had thrilled her heart and set her pulses stirring with a happiness almost painful in its intensity.

And now! He had given himself up to a whirl of empty dissipation or even worse. He *needed* her; she alone could draw him back. His life was empty, and he had first claim upon her loyalty. A voice, which she had deemed forever still, clamoured loudly within her, frightening her by its overwhelming strength. The loveless years stretched before her in gray reaches of unlimited, endless days. But why need they be gray and empty and loveless? A few hurried lines could bring back—

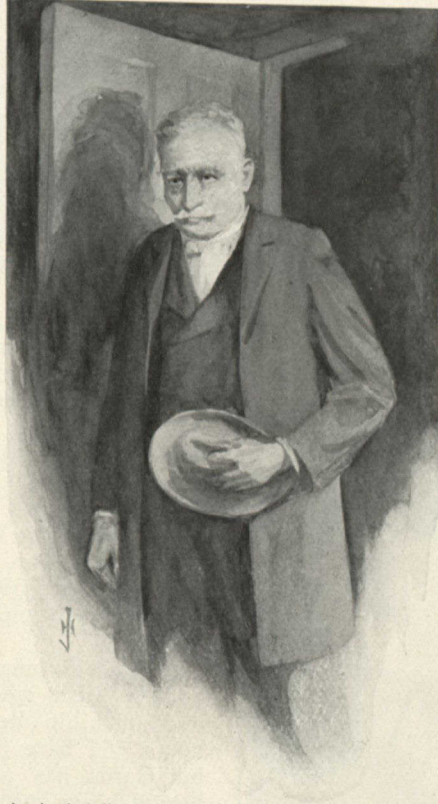
A man’s fingers gently covered her eyes, her head was drawn back and she felt the touch of his lips upon her forehead.

“Can you guess?” His voice was low and full toned.

“Who else could it be, dear? How quietly you came!”

Bannerman withdrew his hands. The tips of his fingers were moist. Holding them before her, he said tenderly, "Kitty, what does this mean?"

"It means that I was nearly making a fool of myself," replied the girl with a faint attempt at a smile. "Your hands are cold. You must have some tea."



Drawing by Jack Hamm

*"It's an even score," he said brokenly, and
passed slowly from the room*

Memories

By CYRUS MACMILLAN

You die, old year! your sun is set;
Your knell tolls in the midnight sky.
Why linger o'er you with regret,
Why watch your passing with a sigh?

You cover with your funeral pall
Dear joys that cannot come again;
You take fond hopes, dreams, pleasures—all;
But, ah, the memories that remain!

Milan

By ERIE WATERS

A visit to a quaint city in Lombardy, one of the most picturesque parts of Italy.

"O, Victor Emmanuel, the King!
The sword be for thee and the deed!
And nought for the alien, next spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;
But for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us—our King!"



CORREGIO'S MADONNA AND CHILD, NOW IN THE BRERA CASTLE, MILAN

THOSE who have wintered in the south and tourists who—with less time at their disposal—have come through Switzerland towards Venice or the Italian lakes are apt to stop at this important city, more conspicuous at the present time because of its late great International Exposition.

Mrs. Clifford and her daughter Margaret had spent the winter on the Mediterranean. Journeying from Venice in the early morning, they came upon little Lake Garda. A vision of perfect loveliness lay before them; a gem in a golden setting. It might have been a gigantic turquoise, so intensely blue was the water. Yellow as gold was the sandy shore surrounding it; whilst above and almost encircling it were snow-crowned mountains. The train stopped long enough for our friends to drink deep of delight and to imprint its beauty on the memory.

"We are fortunate, indeed," exclaimed a little Irish woman, whose pleasant companionship helped to shorten the hours. "I have passed this way often, but Garda has always hidden herself behind heavy mists.

Too flat to be picturesque, still Milan owes much of its wealth and greatness to its surroundings; to the bravery and strength of character of its founders and builders, and even to the humble silk-worm. It is set in the midst of fertile Lombardy, which is watered by myriads of tiny streams from Alpine glaciers as they journey to the lovely lakes below. An excellent system of irrigation is available in case of need.

So many are the varieties of tropical fruits grown in Lombardy that it has been called "A veritable garden of Eden." A comparison might be made with a portion of Ontario, in the Niagara peninsula, known as "The Garden of Canada"—in latitude a little farther south



MILAN CATHEDRAL

than Lombardy—where, sheltered by a hilly range, and on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, peaches, apricots, grapes (even hot-house varieties, such as the Black Hamburg), the mulberry, and many other fruits grow and ripen in the open air.

During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, a restful day was spent at Niagara-on-the-Lake. It was a source of amazement to the visitors to learn that the beautiful display of delicious fruit provided for them had ripened under Canadian skies.

Both Lombardy and Ontario experience cold weather and in due season enjoy a wealth of sunshine and summer warmth. In Lombardy the grape vines are trained between mulberry trees. Here the silk-worm lives, and provides employment for the country-folk. Many villages are given up to the silk industry. In buildings one may see stands and hurdles and bundles of rice straw where the worms are placed to undergo their first metamorphosis, covering the rice-straw with golden, green, and white cocoons. In another building peasant girls sing, as they sit before little pan-furnaces, winding the silk from cocoons. Machinery is giving place to much that is picturesque in the various processes of silk-weaving.

Wood and coal are scarce in Lombardy, and willows, poplars and elms are planted on the edge of brooks; their branches,

trimmed yearly, supply the thrifty peasants with fuel. And now we learn that the age of electric power has reached Northern Italy, and Milan promises to become a smokeless city, with electricity in general use for lighting and heating.

The history of Milan may be traced from the conquest by the Romans in 220 B.C. Under the Empire it became a city of grandeur and importance, favoured by the Romans as a place of residence. It fell under the power of the Goths in 156. At a later date it was possessed by the

Longobardis or Longbeards, a people from Northern Germany. In 773 Charlemagne recovered Northern Italy. Feuds continued for centuries as the result of German claims and Italian resistance.

The Milanese were men of strong character. Fighting for their rights intensified the love of country; thus, eventually Milan—with Florence—became one of the Italian free cities—a city that bore a noble name, tending to elevate the nation, and increase the ardour for independence. Yet, again and again did they feel the pressure of a foreign yoke. In later years Austria and France, in turn, held sway. The Milanese hated the Austrians; therefore their joy was great, when in 1859—after Magenta and Solferino—Cavour succeeded in removing foreign claims, and Lombardy was ceded to Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy.

The citizens of to-day may be pardoned for their pride in what has been so dearly bought. So great is their love for Milan that they suffer severely from homesickness when out of sight of the sparkling spires of their beloved cathedral, a cathedral ranking among the finest in the world. Long before the city is reached, this magnificent building may be seen towering upwards in its dazzling beauty, the gilded statue of the Virgin surmounting its highest spire. The pure white of the marble of which it is built makes a profound impression on the beholder. Charm-

ing and indescribable is it in moonlight. It has been compared to an ice palace, as the light glances in bluish rays about its turrets and towers. Coming suddenly upon the cathedral by day or night, one is filled with fresh surprise and delight. From every direction it seems to dominate and glorify the city.

We may realise something of the quantity of marble used in its construction when we learn that a canal was built solely for the purpose of conveying marble from the quarries at Ticino. The Milanese were determined to make their cathedral a masterpiece. It is impossible in a short article to enter into detail or describe its beauties. Centuries of time, fortunes in money, generations of great architects, artists, and skilled workmen have lent their aid to its construction, and each enthusiastic tourist must study its beauties for himself.

In all cathedrals the observer is impressed by the curious shafts of light falling from high, coloured windows. Here they are peculiarly lovely. It reminds one of an old picture of Jacob's Ladder, with angels hovering near. Here the light sifts softly through the windows between gigantic marble columns, now in rays of gold, then of blue, or crimson, the misty shadows mingling in a magical and marvellous manner. The gilt pulpit shines brilliantly. There are bright colours on the richly decorated altars. The statuary, paintings and carvings gratify and dazzle the eye.

The little Irish friend was a helpful guide. "My first visit was a contrast to this," she said, "for it was on Good Friday. Very sad and solemn it seemed with everything shrouded in black. I shall always be glad to have seen the people in Holy Week. A large crucifix—more than life size—was laid on a low stand in a central aisle. The worshippers came slowly and reverently to look upon their beloved friend—the Crucified One. Real tears fell as they bent to kiss the hands, the feet, the face. Very sorrowful, tender, and gentle were the faces of the Italian women.

"I remember, too, that we looked into the crypt where fresh flowers were laid and candles burning. At the grating

men and women were kneeling, meekly praying."

Nearly everyone ascends the cathedral roof, viewing with fresh wonder the enormous amount of minute work done. Here one may walk among turrets and pinnacles; past innumerable buttresses, carved with wonderful arabesques and foliage work. Each tower of purest white is adorned with statues. One hundred and fifty steps rise to the first part of the roof; another flight of three hundred and twenty-eight steps brings one to the top pinnacle of the spire. The roof is broad and slopes but slightly, thus crowds may walk about on its surface, past pillars and under arches. One may rest in the shadow of corners and buttresses. Here, to one's surprise, groups of people may be found seated, enjoying luncheon. No fewer than three persons may ascend the roof. Such an order is in force on many high buildings, on account of the danger of suicide, crime, or accident on the dizzy height. The best hour for the ascent is in the early morning before the sun is high or mists arise. Then the scene is un-



ARCO DELLA PACE. A TRIUMPHAL ARCH RECORDING THE VICTORY OF NAPOLEON III AND VICTOR EMMANUEL OVER AUSTRIA

surpassed in its great beauty. Hundreds of towns and villages may be seen, so far can the eye travel. Farms and vineyards, sparkling streams, and the lovely verdant land lie on every hand. The Alps in their grandeur are plainly seen, the Apennines, and further off, the Valais, the Bernese Oberland, and the most noble and stately of all, Monte Rosa, so named from the rosy hue which glorifies it at the sunset hour.

The women of Milan wear lace scarfs on their heads—a graceful and becoming head-dress. The nurses wear a curious head-covering, with many silver pins in it set in a semi-circle. In Milan one sees no beggars. The deserving poor are cared for, and it is argued that in a city

of so many industries there is no excuse for idleness. The many benevolent institutions bespeak generous and kindly hearts. The arts are encouraged and the educational facilities are good. In the famous collection in the Brera Palace may be seen the famous Correggio, *Madonna and Child*.

The Milanese are a happy and sociable people, and one sees evidence of it in the crowds who frequent the *Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele*.

Italy has always held a fascination for the lover of liberty, and the passing stranger must feel a glow of sympathy and be glad for those who, having come through much tribulation, have now so goodly a dwelling-place.

A Forest Graveyard

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARK

The birds brood silent in the underbrush,
 A stricken ghostliness stands each stark tree,
 The hesitating river glides less free,
 Fearful of the inviolable hush;
 Beyond the stream a solitary thrush
 Sings, and the sun's deep crimson drapery
 Is drooping o'er the land, but breathes to me
 No hope the wintering shadows cannot crush.

I turn to go, and in the littered leaves
 Stumble upon a shell, a shapeless stone,
 A withered rose, huddled together there;
 O secret grave, sure no sad mother grieves
 The little ward of death thou guard'st alone:
 Be I thy mourner, child, and thou my care!

A Rest Cure

By ALBERT R. CARMAN,

Author of "The Pensionnaires," Etc.

I

ON his first morning at "Les Erables," Morris had discovered her.

The still, sunny, fresh morning of the mountains had called him out of doors, while his friend, Austin, and the others in this Laurentian haven, were yet asleep; and when he had passed through the curtain of trees about the house, the wide, shining lake lipped at his feet in the sand, and there was no one in all this world save "Morris Nicholson" and a few birds singing behind him up the shaggy mountain slope. With the abandon of a boy, he threw off his clothes again, and raced into the placid water.

Two days before, he had been in incessant, thunderous New York, on the verge of a collapse from over-strain. Austin, whom the wandering license of an artist had taken almost everywhere, declared that he knew the very spot for him in the heart of the Laurentians, fifty miles north of Montreal; and then had packed him up like a valet, and carried him off like a grandfather turned "courier," and jolted him over endless miles of forest road into this retreat late last night. And now, with the cool water on his skin, and the green of this wooded cup of the mountains in his eye, and the immense silence to which the bird notes but called attention in his ear, he was a new man already.

Then he had rubbed dry in the sun parlour of the sandy beach, and dressed gaily and walked on up the winding mountain road—and discovered her.

It is useless to ask for a description of her, because even now—a week later—

Morris could not give one. Of course, Morris, being a business man, was not good at description. He ordered things by catalogue number. But, apart from that, Fatime was not to be confined within a verbal frame. You could say that she was dark, though roses shone through the clear duskiness of her cheek; that she had midnight hair; that she had that heavy-lidded Latin eye which some Anthony Comstock ought to make illegal; that with the lightness of a super-healthy child, she carried the full-bosomed form of a woman in the twenties; that, though it was impossible for her to keep still, the cause of it was not "nerves" but vitality. But when you had said all this and more, you had given no idea of Fatime. She was a flame, of the feminine gender; a wild and lawless creature for whom "convention" had no meaning, and yet with a natural gift of gentle behaviour which left Morris now at the end of a week, without one memory of a *gaucherie* which had offended his metropolitan taste.

She lived alone with her father and grandmother, in a little whitewashed cottage far up the mountain side to which Morris had strayed that first morning; and since then he had been up every afternoon—while Austin took his daily nap—chatting in the riotous little garden before the house with, sometimes, the girl and her father, but, more often, the girl alone, and a sense of direct love-making he had not felt for years. If Fatime had any pretences, they were not of a kind which ignored the fact that a man and a maid sat there together and alone, with the shaggy mountain forest all about them.

Meantime, Morris became reminded of his conscience. Might not his persistent visits mean more to the girl than—than—eh—they were likely to come to? Was she not—counting on something—already? And why shouldn't she? Her life here was a lonely one; and the very name of New York seemed to dazzle her.

New York! He could still hear the bang of the "Elevated." Just a letter from the office brought up in him the same loathing for it all which had pursued him all the way to Montreal that first night of flight in the Pullman. Why should he go back to it? His bank account, small as it looked in that welter of millions, would be a fortune here. Fatime had probably never heard of so much money.

But this was sheer nonsense. He couldn't stay here. He would go back in a week or two at most. That was it. "In a week or two," he would be gone; and she would forget. Meantime, he would drink in rest from these quiet mountains—these slow-paced hours.

II.

It was a little after one the next day that he went up the soft path beneath its green forest arch which led to the little garden. Her dog came down to meet him, proving his identity first with his nose, and then frisking on before him. Fatime was drying her long black hair in the sun. She exclaimed when she saw him, and pretended to confusion and surprise. But she did not go in.

"I must dry my hair," she said simply, "else I take cold." She seemed to imply that if he did not wish to witness the operation, it was earlier for him to go away than for her to desist.

Morris sat on the ground in the shade



Drawing by Jack Hamm

"I will not stay," she cried

where he could see the sun full on her catarract of hair, and also her side face with its roving eye through the straying strands that blew over it.

"A lady who was at 'Les Erables' last summer wash her hair sometimes and dry it in the sun," Fatime announced gravely. "I saw her when I went down, and a gentleman comb it."

"Oh," laughed Morris. "Well, she will be no better off than you, for I will comb for you."

Fatime caught the meaning of this more quickly than she would have done a week before, and her eye—the one in sight—shot an acknowledgment of Morris' good intention at him. But her lips said:

"No, I must not let you. *Grand-Mère* would not think it nice."

"But it is," protested Morris.

"Yes. I know. I saw the lady, and she is of New York"—this with a triumphant glance at Morris—"but *Grand-Mère*, she not understand."

"*Grand-Mère* is very particular," observed Morris, as his fingers sought twigs in the grass and tossed them idly at a tree trunk.

"Ye-es," admitted Fatime, running her live fingers through her shining hair. "But *Grand-Mère*, she has never travel much. She has been to Mo'real once for t'ree weeks; but, mos'ly, she live here."

"And this is not so bad a place to live," said Morris, looking with pleased eyes around this green-hung chamber of the forest with its ceiling of deepest blue, and then back at the girl in the sunshine. Her flowing hair, her plainly unwilling motionlessness relieved by ever-moving shoulders



Drawing by Jack Hamm

"The devil you will," broke in Austin, stepping forward

and speaking face, told of the live, wild thing she was.

"*Mais* not like New York," she said, with a quick sigh.

"No, Daphne," returned Morris, turning classical, "and thank Pan for that."

"My name is not Daph-ne," she protested.

Morris laughed. "Daphne," he said, "was a beautiful maiden whom a god loved—not *le bon Dieu*, but a heathen god—and when he ran after her one day, she was turned into a tree to escape him."

Fatime laughed merrily at the story, and then asked: "Why did you call me Daph-ne?"

"Because—" and he stopped, wondering what to say. "Oh, because," he went on with a sudden inspiration, "one might turn into a tree and stay here forever for love of you."

It was a doubtful eye Fatime shot at him through her curtain of hair. "But I will not stay here," she said, presently, in a rebellious tone.

"No?"

"No. I will go away—away. This is so dull."

"Where will you go?"

"Ah!"—and she seemed to consider it. "Marie Demers," she said presently, "went to Mo'real and got four dollar a week making tabac."

Morris looked up with quick apprehension. That daughter of the hills immured in the tainted air of a tobacco factory! That compelling beauty thrust into a city with a paltry four dollars a week between it and temptation!

"You must not think of it," he said earnestly. "It would kill you. This is your home; and you must stay here."

"And you must go back to New York, I suppose?" she enquired tauntingly. Then she turned full-face on him, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "That is what M. Austin always say," she flung at him. "I must stay here—here—with only Father and *Grand-Mère*; but he—and you—and all the *belle* ladies at 'Les Erables' must go back to the city so soon as the wind get a leetle cold. I will not stay"—and she stood up, her hair streaming

about her to her knees, and her full woman's bosom heaving with her emotion. The lips were trembling, too, so that she held the lower one with her teeth, and the long-lashed eyelids winked rapidly to dissipate the signs of tears.

Morris had risen also, his face grave. A half-formed purpose lay in his mind as he looked at her. Was there such another woman in the world? Yet how could she live in New York—with him? She could barely read, and that in French. Her thoughts, her passions, her likes and dislikes, lay right on the surface, with hardly a gossamer cloak of self-restraint to hide them. She was a mountain bird; and how the tame canaries of the city cages would peck at her! It was impossible! But—but—suppose he should ask her!—

"But if I were to stay, too?" was the way he put it.

"You?"

"Yes"—and then he added hastily, with the instinct of keeping himself free—"not that I am sure that I would."

She laughed a laugh that was wholly without the bird note which was usually heard in her merriment. "Of course, you would not," she cried. "And I will not." There was mutiny under her full lips. Her eyes looked straight at him, and then over him—into the far country of the city. She seemed literally to be panting to be in the swift tide of it. And what a happiness to hold her tense hand as she first breasted its swirl! But what a strain! He would live in a social circle of curled lips.

And did he want to go back at all! What a mad strife it was! And here was the peace of God. A lake that lay quiet under the long day, and the silent night; islands of rock and tree in the shadow of which a man might anchor his boat; a soft, shaded road; the ripples of the lake on one's pushing chin in the early morning; and a Daphne on the mountain-side when came the slow afternoon.

"Fatime!" said Morris, suddenly, "think of it again; and think if you would stay here—if I would." And with a quick glance at her surprised face, he turned and plunged through the trees to the familiar dropping road.

III

That night Morris walked with Austin on the beach that ran round the point from which he took his morning dip, and told him of Fatime. The artist said nothing after his first exclamation of surprise. "So you found her," was what he had said then. "I purposely did not tell you of her, and I have not been to see her at all this time. I was afraid for you." Then he listened in silence while Morris laid the whole case before him at great length.

When Austin spoke, it was to say:

"You have seen her before, Morris. You remember that French Chevalier story I illustrated? She is the heroine. They thought I took her from my Fontainebleau note-book, but I sketched from poses of Fatime. Then my Joan of Arc—the best thing I ever did—is her face. You will remember that the critics said that I had put too much devil in my Joan—that she looked as if she had seduced the French king. Well, that was not my fault—that was my model. But last year, I gave up sketching her. And I'll tell you why, old fellow. I dare not risk going on. I remember the last thing I did. I persuaded her to bare her shoulders, and did her as a bust of a bacchante. She told me then that she wanted to go to New York above anything else in the world; but I never went back. If I had, I would have taken her. Now that's God's truth, my boy. If you married her and took her to New York, she would first kill you and then kill herself."

"But we could stay here," half-breathed Morris.

"I don't think either of you could stay here. A winter here would drive you mad, and she would always be dreaming of New York. Now I"—and Austin paused—"I am an artist, and I could find much to do here."

Morris looked at him quickly and suspiciously. "Oh, well," he said, "we can both take your preventive measure, and stay away."

"No, we can't," said Austin decisively. "We are too near. Do you see that light right across the lake yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is a boarding-house. We'll go there in the morning. It's four miles away by water, and nearer ten by road."

Morris assented, his mind noting that four miles is nothing of a row.

"And they've no horse and only an old punt," Austin added grimly. "It was there I fled to last summer."

Morris' mind rebelled. Why should he? But then ten miles could be walked; and, if he stayed here, Austin would stay too. The problem was complicated enough without letting Austin into it.

IV

They were lucky enough to find the boarding-house nearly empty. Three strapping, brown-throated Montrealers were there, who went fishing each morning at sunrise; and trailed home, tired and taciturn, each evening with long strings of gleaming red lake trout, and generally a bunch of sturdier black bass. But they had little to say about anything, and nothing about the fish they had caught or hadn't caught. It is not the fisherman, as a rule, who tells the best fish stories. But for these, the house was empty; and Austin sketched in nooks about the hillside that formed the shore of the lake here, while Morris paddled along the tree-hung bank as it curved in and out, now letting the wide punt lie in a shaded bay while he read lazily, and now pushing out into the low sun at evening, when it flooded the western mountains behind his new boarding-house with a light that set one dreaming.

A week went by—two weeks—and neither man had done more than look in silence toward the mountain-side where the robe of green hid a whitewashed cabin, and neither man had settled when he would leave for New York. Morris would almost come to it, but Austin would remark casually that he might stay a few days longer to finish a scene he was doing; and then Morris would smoke a while in silence, with a look of hostility in his eye, and finally say: "Oh, well, I won't desert you for a day or two."

Each grew more and more suspicious of the other. They each, in a sense, con-

stituted public opinion for the other. The dream of staying here with Fatime lost some of its absurdity for Morris, when he was half of the opinion that Austin thought of doing just that if he could get him (Morris) out of the way. That is, if public opinion, as personated by Austin, thought it worth while to give up "life" for the sake of Fatime, Morris naturally dallied with the dream of making the "sacrifice" himself.

As for Austin, his heroic resolution of last year was shaken. Here was Morris Nicholson, sane business man and typical New Yorker, actually thinking of linking his life with Fatime's. Now an artist was far freer than he to do such a thing. And why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't he live right here, where Fatime was queen of the mountains, for most of the year; and please her with a short Bohemian visit to New York each winter? And Fatime! Ye gods of the elder world! What a mad beauty she was! It was so long since he had seen her—so long a fast for he had seen nothing beautiful since.

Thus it came about that the two men began to watch each other. Austin always knew in which cove Morris was idling with his boat; and Morris never forgot to scan every five minutes or so the half-mile stretch of the road about the lake which ran bare on the cliff side to the north.

It was one morning about nine that the die was cast. Morris was sitting in his punt watching carelessly the open bit of road when he saw a figure on it. He looked closely—and it was unmistakably Austin. He even had his sketching outfit on his shoulder; and he was going toward Fatime.

Should he land and follow, thought Morris. Why, Austin had already three to four miles start. He would row across the lake. The punt was heavy, but it was only four miles that way. Perhaps, he might beat him still. Then he would propose against time. He laughed at the notion and plunged his oars resolutely in the water. How surprised Fatime would be! What had she been thinking all this time of that last question of his? What had she thought of the sudden stop-

ping of his visits? He would probably have to promise something about New York to get her answer before Austin arrived—Austin with his sketching outfit. Austin had lied to him. He had said he was going sketching on the mountain that morning. Well, the result was that he was handicapped in the race with his tools. And now the punt was splash-plash-plashing against the water at each strong, swift stroke.

V

Going up the mountain road, Morris wondered if Fatime might be away. He had not thought of that before. Then, just at the arch of the white stone, he heard her laugh, gay and birdlike. She was there. But had Austin arrived before him? He pushed up the path and looked through the trees. The first thing he saw was Austin's back, quite close to him, and on it the sketching outfit. The dog was busily smelling him over in a reminiscent sort of way. But Austin still stood just inside the clearing and had apparently not made himself known yet to the occupants of the cabin. Then Morris became aware that something lively was going on in the cabin. There would be the quick beat of feet on the floor—then the pushing of a chair—then the sound of a spring—then Fatime's burst of birdlike laughter. Still the noises of an endless game of chase came out to the two waiting gentlemen, and still they waited; and then Fatime sprang, laughing, through the open door, her heavy hair floating like an ink-sketching aureole about her head, her eyes a-dance with mischief, her dress clinging to her quick-moving limbs like a classic drapery. At sight of Austin, she stopped short, pressing her hand to her panting bosom, and a pink rushing to her cheeks. Surprise, apology, a doubt as to the propriety of her conduct, a defiance of his judgment, all played across her life-lit face at once.

But Austin was looking beyond her, and so was Morris. A young fellow in a poorly-fitting suit of garishly new clothes had sprung out of the door behind her with a joyous cry on his lips, and then had frozen into an awkward stiffness at sight

of the stranger. Again, he felt himself the victim of his clothes. He had plainly forgotten them while fruitlessly chasing the elusive girl about the cabin.

Morris thought vaguely of slipping away, and leaving Austin to learn the meaning of it all, when the dog, catching scent of him, ran toward him through the trees with a joyful bark of welcome. Fatime's eyes followed the dog and saw him, when Austin turned and met his eyes, coloured, and then gave a short, explosive laugh. Morris was not quite certain what it meant—contemptuous amusement at their detected attempt to trick each other, or the unexpected presence of the third party. Morris advanced smiling through the trees and was the first of the two to greet Fatime.

"Playing tag?" he asked.

"No," she said, shaking her head with a guilty smile—yet there was no shame in the guilt. "You have been long away," she went on, changing the subject.

"Yes," admitted Morris, "but I had to come back."

"And you," she went on, turning in a chiding manner toward Austin, "you have never been here once this summer."

"No," said Austin, woodenly; and his eyes sought the young stranger.

"Let me introduce," said Fatime gaily, now quite mistress of herself. "This is Henri Joncas from Biddeford. He is an old friend of me, and he has come back to his father for visit." She stopped then, but her eyes said plainly that she could say more. Then she told the young man the names of Morris and Austin, and that they were from New York.

"Ah," he said, coming forward, his simple face alight. "We are fellow-Americans then. I am naturalised"—and he shook hands in a congratulatory way with both of them. He seemed to indicate that they were to be felicitated on his having chosen their country for his home.

"Glad to hear it," said Morris, in a friendly manner, meant to please Fatime; but she was immensely pleased as it was. Her eyes danced with pride as they ran over the ungainly figure of the "old friend of me"—a figure not without its touches

of attempted dandyism. He had a big coloured necktie and a ring on his little finger.

"Bidde-ford is a big, big place," she assured the two New Yorkers. "It is on the great ocean"—and her eyes gleamed at the wonder of it. "Henri he work there in a factory ten times as big as 'Les Erables.' Is your factory so big?" she suddenly asked, turning to Austin.

Morris could not keep a covert smile from his face as he watched his erstwhile friend wonder what to do with that question; and all the while Henri, the hero, stood by in smiling corroboration of Fatime's account of the marvellous Biddeford.

"No, mine is not so big," said Austin, finally, seeing no use in fighting farther against the fates.

"Ah!"—and Fatime literally danced on her toes. "He live in New York," she bubbled over to Henri, "and his factory is not so big as Bidde-ford." Then swinging around upon the two again, she went swiftly—boastfully—on—

"Bidde-ford have stores just for one t'ing, like Mo'real. One store all boots—nothing but boots!"

"Oh, yes," broke in the gratified Henri—it was fine to come from so great a place as this—"and drug stores, and gentlemen's stores, and—all like you have in New York.

"And are you going to Biddeford?" asked Morris suddenly, looking straight at Fatime.

The pink in her cheeks flew to her forehead, and she said nothing; but Henri nodded from behind her at the two men, smilingly. "Yes," he said presently, in a patronising manner. "I take her."

"The devil you will," broke in Austin, stepping forward with passion in his face, at sight of which Fatime and Henri drew together like two frightened children.

"Austin," said Morris, gravely, moving forward to put a hand on his friend's shoulder, "this is Arcady. Let us not profane it."

"But, Morris—" cried Austin, turning eyes full of pain to him—

"Yes, old fellow, I know," returned

Morris; and they looked deeply at each other. Then they gripped hands. The hostility of the past weeks was dead.

"You two came over the lake together?" Fatime was saying, a little timidly.

"We came," said Morris, dodging the "together," "to bid you 'adieu.' We are going back to New York—dull New York."

"Yes," she said; and then added smiling—"and when you come back next summer, I will not be here."

It was Morris' lips that came together now as if to dam back a mad utterance. He turned and looked at Austin. If he were not there, and if they had not shaken hands on it—

"I could never live here," Fatime went on in sweet gravity, as if in answer to his unspoken question. "No, not if I had the finest house in St. Jerome, and was so rich as anything—"

"Not," exclaimed Morris, recklessly, breaking his tacit agreement with Austin and stepping squarely before the musing girl, "not if I lived here always with you and we made visits to New York?"

She looked at him in quick puzzlement, a smile half-ready for his joke on her lips. But the intense earnestness of his eyes turned her grave in a moment. She knew that he was serious and all that it meant. But her first glance was at Henri. Did he know? Would it wound him? He still shone with his smile of patronage and possession. A touch of resentment at it crossed her face. She seemed minded to shake his complacency. Swiftly her eyes played back to Morris' face, and they carried the report that she was considering his question. A new hope rose to his head and made him dizzy. He had not dreamed that he had wanted her so much. Austin stepped behind him, but he cared nothing. When he had spoken, it looked so hopeless that he had hardly called it a breach of faith; but now nothing would stop him—he would put all on the cast, regretting only that he had not more to risk.

"This is very kind of you, M. Nicholson," Fatime began in a low voice—

But Henri interrupted her with an angry voice. "Tell him 'no,' Fatime, at once,"

he commanded her imperiously, "or I will go back to Bidde-ford to-morrow."

Her face flushed and she turned on Henri. In fiery French, she scolded him, taking his mutterings as but invitations for further remonstrance. Stupidly, the two men waited until the quarrel was over.

"This is Arcady," Austin whispered in Morris' ear.

"Well, I think it is," Morris returned, ruefully, the tensivity of his emotion relaxed. "They quarrel like true lovers."

"M. Nicholson," said Fatime, at last, with the best manner that she had learned from her New York ladies at "Les Erables," "I should like to speak to Father about what you have said. Can you call to-morrow?"

But this was all so evidently for the further crushing of Henri that Morris laughed.

"I cannot wait, I am afraid," said Morris. "I must get back to my 'factory.' And then I know what you will say to-morrow"—and his knowing smile brought a look of roguishness to her softly curved face. Then she dropped her grand manner. "I could not live here," she exclaimed passionately, "with you—with anyone." Henri looked up with a question in his eyes, but he had learned wisdom enough not to put it until after the strangers were gone.

VI

The two men belonged to the same modest club down in New York; and one night, one of their fellow-clubmen said to Morris:

"Do they have any sports—summer sports, you know—up at 'Les Erables'?"

"Well, not many," said Morris. "But I have seen a race between a punt and a foot-runner." And he looked at Austin.

"No?" laughed the enquiring clubman. "How did it come about?"

"Well, the runner challenged the punt man," Morris began.

"No, I beg your pardon," interrupted Austin. "You are forgetting. It was the punt man who began rowing first."

"Not till he saw the runner running—toward the goal," said Morris.

"But he wasn't," earnestly protested Austin.

"But I saw him."

"No. You saw him going toward Eagle Mountain to sketch."

"But he arrived."

"He saw you look all around and start to row."

"Oh, oh!" cried the clubman who had precipitated this discussion. "So you two fellows did the racing?"

They both laughed their acknowledgment of the truth of the surmise; when he persisted with—

"Well, who won?"

They looked at each other and laughed. "A dark horse," said Austin.

"What was the prize?" asked the clubman, flicking the ash from his cigar and losing interest in the enigma.

"The prize," echoed Morris, thoughtfully. "Well, there were consolation prizes. I won perpetual bachelordom, for instance."

"And you?"—turning to Austin.

"I didn't win," said Austin, gravely. "I lost my best chance in life—whether for peace or fame."

"Say!" exclaimed the clubman, in puzzled disgust. "When you fellows get over the effects of your bush life, you'll be fitter to carry on a civilised conversation." And he moved off toward the billiard room.





Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

IT is somewhat odd that at the very moment when Mr. Balfour, the leader of the British Unionists, has succeeded at last in bridging the differences between himself and the straight Tariff Reformers, the *London Times* should begin to throw douches of cold water on this movement and declare there are no signs of any revulsion of feeling such as would make possible a tariff reform victory at the polls. In the past *The Times* has looked kindly on this movement, and its secession now may be due to its time-honoured policy of giving a modified support to the powers that be, even though these powers may represent a party which it has opposed at the polls; or it may be due to a genuine conviction of the hopelessness of the crusade. *The Times* quotes a statement made by Mr. Balfour to the effect that a scheme of tariff reform could not be carried into effect without an assurance that it would not be reversed at the next election, and the great English journal sees no possibility of such assurance being forthcoming. *The Times* argues that business activity and favourable trade conditions being now universal, it is a bad time to advocate change in the existing system, be it protectionist or free trade. There is a third possibility in the pronouncement of *The Times*. It may be a skilful paving of the way for the retreat of the Unionist party from its dangerous position. The continued absence of Mr. Chamberlain from participation in public affairs practi-

cally precludes hope of his return to active politics, and tariff reform without Mr. Chamberlain would resemble the performance of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out. However convinced many English tariff reformers may be of the excellence of their course, they must feel that it does not make headway rapidly with the electorate. *The Times* is doubtless right when it assumes there is no great reaction against the Government. The Unionists may well ask whether the distant prospect of success in tariff reform is sufficient to justify them in continuing a campaign which promises to keep them in opposition indefinitely. Mr. Balfour no doubt realises the position, and his attempt at re-uniting the party on the issue may be preparatory only to referring it to the remote future, and enabling the Opposition to ride into power in the usual way on the mistakes of the Government. This, too, is practically what *The Times* advises.

* * *

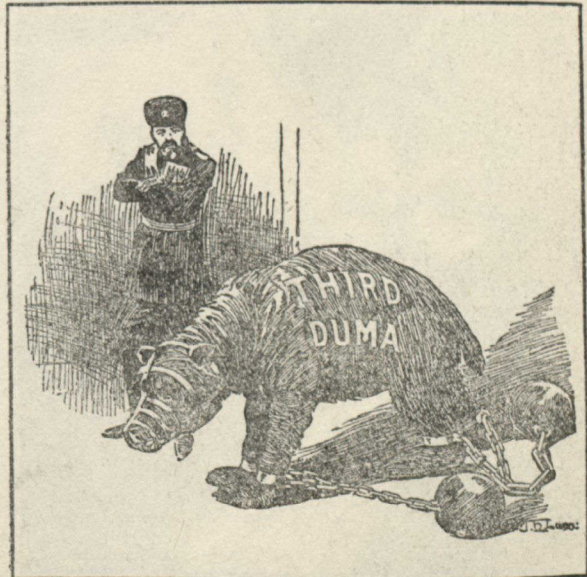
One of the most brilliant contributions, by the way, to the literature which the tariff reform movement has produced is the latest volume from the pen of the famous Canadian writer, Dr. J. Beattie Crozier of London, England, but a native of Galt, Ont., and a graduate of the University of Toronto. Dr. Crozier had long since established a reputation as one of the great thinkers of the day, and his volumes on the "History of Intellectual Development" are

classics in style and erudition, and in scientific analysis and constructive power. Dr. Crozier's latest work is entitled "The Wheel of Wealth," the wheel being the symbol used by him to represent the process of constant production and consumption on the part of the industrial machine. This is no place to consider the arguments or economic teachings of Dr. Crozier, beyond perhaps remarking that he utterly repudiates the now generally abandoned theory of there being any moral or natural law of free trade, and gaily makes mincemeat of Adam Smith. As between protection and free trade all that any nation anxious to preserve its nationhood has to concern itself with is—what policy will most advance its economic interests without sacrificing its national dignity or self-respect? The writer does not pronounce precisely on the current question in British politics, and obviously his teaching leaves the question an open one in every country; but he has brought valuable aid to the Unionist orators and writers by marshalling arguments which, if accepted, and they are strongly put, would utterly destroy all respect for free trade as an economic doctrine—and that is what Dr. Crozier aimed to do.

* * *

After repeated efforts the Czar has succeeded in securing a Douma which has the appearance of being not too obnoxious. The Conservatives have a slight majority over all possible combinations, while the really advanced sections of the Liberal party control not more than seventy votes out of somewhat less than four hundred members. On some questions the advanced Liberals will have the support of the Independent Progressives,

who constitute the centre and number one hundred and twenty, which, if added to the solid liberal vote, would bring the combination to one hundred and ninety, very near the figures of the Conservative majority; but such solidity is unlikely. Russia is really experiencing the natural effects of a sudden assumption of constitutional clothes patterned by other races and in other times, instead of a slow adaptation of them through many generations or centuries of time. It took the English race a thousand years to convert the Witenagemot into the instrument of government which now seeks to register decrees of the people, and it is to be hoped the evolution is by no means ended, for the modern Parliament is as unwieldy and unmanageable an institution as can well be imagined. But as to Russia and her Dumas, it is not surprising that there should be initial difficulties in the relations of the Czar with his Parliaments. It took the English Edwards and Henrys and Georges—not to speak of the still less tractable Charleses and



THE CZAR'S THIRD ATTEMPT

THE CZAR—"There, now, I think he's quite under control and not likely to prove at all dangerous"
—London Tribune

Jameses—some time to learn that the best way, if not the only way in the end, of ruling a people is to allow them to do the ruling themselves; and we can not expect the reactionary Muscovite Sovereign to grasp it all in a few years. In the meantime it is satisfactory to note that the Conservative majority is not of absolutely irreconcilable tendencies or broken in two on the very reasonable proposition that the title of autocrat should no longer be borne by the Czar, enabling the change to be made by a handsome majority. It would have been, perhaps, more in accordance with British precedent and custom to have left the Czar with the title and to have taken the power which it represented. It is true the Czar appears likely to insist on the retention of the title, and the resolution may have to be rescinded to keep peace between his Majesty and the Douma; but the spirit of autocracy is obviously on the wane.

* * *

If the German Emperor looked haggard, as the cables noted, during



HARDEN THE SHOWMAN

HARDEN—"Ladies and gentlemen, behold the set that ruled Germany!"
—Humoristische Blaetter (Vienna)

his recent visit to England, it is not to be wondered at, having in mind the frightful scandal that has been unearthed almost at his very doors. The author of the sensation is one Maximilian Harden, who has been styled by some the purifier of public life. Herr Harden is a journalist, and has long been a politician. For many years he was a friend of Bismarck, though they were by no means at one on public matters. He owns a newspaper called the *Zukunft*, which he founded fifteen years ago, and which has probably, of all German newspapers, the most intellectual constituency. With this newspaper he has succeeded in smashing utterly what appears to have been one of the most poisonous growths that an aristocracy ever produced, and which, moreover, was so close to the court as almost to overshadow and infest it. There is no whisper, of course, against the Emperor. He is reputed to be almost a Puritan in his inner life—the German, or Prussian, monarchs have been such since the days of Frederick William—but the court circles were full of rottenness, and the terrible exposures must have been more than shocking to the clean-living Emperor. Chief of the evil circle was Prince Philip Eulenburg, high in the secret councils of the Empire, against whose influences the Chancellors from Bismarck's time had vainly striven. Little reaches this country of the wretched scandal, but the continental press is full of it and of such cartoons as that reproduced. It is no wonder that Emperor William was glad of a few days on the English sea coast.

* * *

The question of Oriental immigration to the American continent continues to occupy the press of the vari-

ous English-speaking countries, all of which are directly or indirectly concerned, though none quite so keenly as Canada and the United States. There are many signs that the alliance between Great Britain and Japan will tend to become less desirable as it nears its close. The ambitions of the Oriental races, as they begin to find expression through Japan, mean fierce rivalry with the white races, and, possibly before many years, fierce wars. Count Okuma, the former leader of the progressive party in Japan, is said to have declared in a speech delivered publicly that Japan would sorely disappoint the people of India as well as ignore the opportunities given by heaven if she failed to afford protection to the millions of India now being oppressed by Europe. We must always in these days take into account the possibility of a statement being wrong and subsequently corrected in statements we do not see, and in any case if Count Okuma really said such things he may be no more representative of the national attitude of Japan than Mr. Keir Hardie is of that of Great Britain. But, taken in conjunction with the abundant evidence of Japanese aggressiveness, the deep wound the *amour propre* of Japan has received by the recent attitude of Canada and the United States render it by no means impossible that Japan will sometime lead the Eastern races in a sanguinary struggle with the Western, and the latter will probably lack the advantages of unity and solidity possessed by the former.

* * *

We have had some striking illustrations lately of the point just raised, the frequent misconstructions or misstatements relating to public matters consequent on inadequate or incorrect press reports. A glaring case was that referring to Lord Milner's remarks concerning the negotiation of a treaty with France by Canada. The cable represented Lord Milner as warning his hearers that Canada's independent action in this re-

gard was to be regarded as a distinct menace to the Empire, and some good Canadian journals, rushing in where angels fear to tread, immediately read the ex-South African severe lectures to the effect that Canada had a perfect right to negotiate treaties independently and to do everything else independently of the Mother Country if she wished to do so, and, in short, that the Mother Country had better look out or she would do so. All of which proved to be decidedly beside the point when it was subsequently found that Lord Milner had referred to the treaty from a totally different standpoint, and intended simply to make a point for his hobby of tariff reform by indicating what he thought was likely to happen in the way of treaty-making with other countries than France and other colonies than Canada, if the Empire did not quickly endorse and put into operation some scheme of Imperial trade preference. A second case of the kind occurred with reference to the Education Board of New York and the attitude of New York Jews on the observance of Christmas, and particularly as to the singing of Christmas carols in the public schools. According to the original dispatches on the subject the Jews had protested against any reference to Christmas in the public schools and especially to the singing of Christmas carols, and the Board of Education had meekly submitted and had ruled that no mention of Christmas should be allowed in schools under its control. After some days of intermittent excitement, during which it began to look as if the Caucasians were to be mastered by the Semitics rather than by the Orientals, the dispatches told us the Board of Education had taken no such action as alleged, and that the original dispatch was due to a misunderstanding. Decidedly, Truth is still in a well—and this generation will hardly succeed in getting her out. Newspapers pay for a good press service, and it is strange they do not insist on getting it.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



DEAD LEAVES.

Dead leaves in the bird's nest,
And after that the snow;
That was where the bird's breast
Tenderly did go,
Where the tiny birds pressed
Lovingly—and lo!
Dead leaves in the bird's nest
Under falling snow.

Dead leaves in the heart's nest,
And after that the snow;
That was where the heart's guest
Brooded months ago,
Where the tender thoughts pressed
Lovingly—and lo!
Dead leaves in the heart's nest
Under falling snow.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

* * *

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL.

IN these columns there have been several references to the inconsistent conditions under which certain employment is freely offered and yet the cry of the unemployed is heard. Recently, a case illustrating this puzzling situation was forced on public attention in San Francisco. Leona La Mar, a young and healthy woman, after searching five days in San Francisco for employment, threw herself before a street car in a desperate effort to end her troubles. The *Argonaut* pertinently asks: "Why should anybody, man or woman, have

any difficulty in finding work with the means of living by it in San Francisco? Leona La Mar is young and physically competent. Why should she not have found the means of living in some one of the ten thousand places which cry aloud for willing hands? Why should a young woman starve and seek to die in a city among whose chief social problems is the difficulty of finding hands to do essential and pressing work?"

San Francisco is by no means alone in the necessity for skilled labour. The cities and towns of Canada contain thousands of households where the great demand is capable domestic help. Is it not the sheerest rubbish to talk of any healthy young woman on this continent being unable to find decent and honourable toil? A comfortable home, nourishing food and, at least, three dollars a week await the woman who is willing to enter upon domestic service. The journal aforementioned is right in ascribing this out-of-joint condition of affairs to "our fool system of education." What is stated regarding the public schools of California is true of too many institutions—that they rarely turn out a boy or a girl competent to read intelligently, to write a plain hand, or with that discipline of character essential to any kind of steady-going capability.

In Canada, of late years, educational authorities have seen the danger of ignoring practical capability and have torn away a few of the frills and devoted more attention to a substantial fabric. We may talk as we please about "accomplishments," but the true culture never disregards the value of a clear eye, a trained hand, a disciplined will. Ruskin taught the world much concerning the wedding of art and industry, although he may have made some mistakes in his Oxford enforcement of the teaching. There is neither dignity nor right living in drudgery; but there is no pleasure greater than "the pride of the craftsman" in good work properly accomplished. The matinee girl type is too common in all walks of modern life, and it is her cheap style of diversion and ambition which leads to such tragedy as that of the lady with the melodramatic name.

* * *

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LETTERS.

THE publication of the letters of Queen Victoria is an event of interest to all circles of the British Empire. These epistles reveal a nature both shrewd and simple, one deeply sensitive to the claims of duty and nobly unselfish in devotion to the interests of vast and complicated dominions. Although Queen Victoria was not lacking in gentle and amiable attributes, she was possessed of high spirit, and undoubted courage. A critic justly remarks that on the eve of the Crimean War the sovereign wrote a letter to Lord Aberdeen which might have been the utterance of Elizabeth herself. Her political judgments were frequently revised and her willingness to be convinced forms one of her most admirable features. Common sense is declared to be a most uncommon gift, but Queen Victoria seems to have possessed a large share of it.

The selection of correspondence covers the period from 1837 to 1861,

and closes with a note of tragedy, for in the latter year the death of the Prince Consort dissolved a union which had been rarely happy and sympathetic. The words in which reference is made to her loss, are pathetic in their desolate simplicity. It is this union of administrative power with the domestic virtues which makes the figure of Victoria so remarkable. It has become the fashion of certain journals aiming at fashionable smartness to speak disparagingly of her homely qualities and to use the term "Victorian" in light scorn of the spirit of the sovereign to whom "duty" was a sacred word. Nothing could be a more dignified rebuke to such scoffing than this simple record of a life, not perfect indeed, but given to high thought and noble service.

* * *

FOUR DEATHS A DAY.

THE women of Canada are fairly aroused to the necessity for providing tuberculosis hospitals. Ottawa recently held a "Streets-of-Paris" bazaar at which over twelve thousand dollars went far towards such a cause. It is now being urged that there should be medical inspection of pupils in all the primary and secondary schools. In this way, children who are slightly affected with tubercular trouble might be warned of their danger and saved from untimely death. In one month there were one hundred and forty-three deaths from this disease in the Province of Ontario alone. Is it not time for Canadians to realise their duty in this matter? The record of more than four lives a day is largely attributable to ignorance and the apathy of the public. The National Council of Women and the Daughters of the Empire are thoroughly in sympathy with the movement for tuberculosis hospitals in every county, and let us hope they will have masculine support.

WOULD-BE VOTERS.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER and Mr. Fielding may congratulate themselves that Canada has so far not been able to raise an army of suffragettes. The members of our Canadian Cabinet must be glad that they hold the reins of Government at Ottawa, not at Westminster, when they hear of the way in which Mr. Birrell, Mr. Asquith and even Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself are being badgered by ladies (!) in search of a vote. These gentle creatures have fallen out among themselves in consequence of one stalwart woman, Mrs. Parkhurst by name, desiring to dominate the association. How familiar this little disturbance sounds! But the suffragettes are united once more when the common enemy, a Cabinet Minister, appears on the scene. Even the charming and affable Augustine Birrell cannot quell the rising rage of these unfair dames who break up his meetings, until the police appear on the scene and carry off the shrieking and struggling disturbers of the peace. After all, perhaps the suffragettes are only bored and merely wish to have an exciting little change of programme. Cannot we get up a vaudeville performance of this sort in Canada? It is always a trifle dull after Christmas, and if some energetic sisters would only go to Ottawa after 1908 has fairly set in and worry Sir Wilfrid, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux and gallant Sir Frederick by shrieking after them for votes whenever such Ministers drive along Sparks street, the country would be highly diverted and the writers of the funny columns in our daily press would make haste to applaud the daring maids and matrons. The Legislature of Ontario contains one valiant member, who arises every year, and suggests that women should have votes. Friends and foes alike deride him, but his purpose is unshaken. But there should be a Dominion champion. Who would be bet-

ter to fight and die in such a cause than Mr. Henri Bourassa, who is not, at present, occupied with any other burning question? He would rather enter upon a formidable contest than be Premier of this glorious country. Why shouldn't he study the woman suffrage question and come out as a champion of vote-seeking womanhood?

* * *

SENSATIONAL COLUMNS.

AN Eastern correspondent has written to protest against the fashion in which crimes are exploited in some Canadian papers. The writer sends a copy of an Eastern newspaper, which is certainly offensive enough with its scare headings and its columns of sensational elaboration of murder and divorce cases. We have not yet arrived at the extravagance of applauding a murderess as she rolls off in an automobile, and there is no reason why any of our journals should use red letters and half pages of space in setting forth the perfidy and final murder achieved by a thoroughly unsavoury woman. Yet such seems to be the policy of the paper which, our correspondent justly declares, is not fit to enter her home. Last year a wretched New York case was discussed and "featured" to a disgusting degree in some Canadian papers, while others showed commendable restraint. There does not seem to be any remedy for this evil, unless the better class of citizens protest vigorously and practically against unnecessary dwelling upon sordid offences. Nearly everyone reads the newspapers in these days and, to the credit of Canadian editors be it said, few of our publications are morbidly sensational.

* * *

MILITARY DRILL IN SCHOOLS.

THE matter of military drill in the schools has lately been discussed by certain associations of Canadian women, who strongly disapprove of such exercises, and who wish the Government to interfere in the matter. It

is to be hoped that the Government will have too much sense to do anything of the kind. The idea that such drill encourages an unthinking militarism and makes the young school-boy a blood-thirsty citizen is quite mistaken. In fact, Canadian boys are in need of just such drill, if we may judge from the shambling walk and round shoulders of too many Canadian lads. Like almost every other good thing, military drill may be so carried out as to be an injury rather than a benefit; but, if we secure the right class of instructors for our schools, there is little fear of such discipline having any but excellent effects. War is a terrible condition, but military drill does not mean war—it means readiness. All these wise citizens who are so fervent in their hatred of war and their condemnation of the soldiery would do well to remember the blood sacrifices of the past which have bought our civil and religious liberty. Do not let us discredit our own ancestry by speaking of members of the army as if “the widow’s uniform were the soldier’s disgrace.” We depend, after all, on the strength of the citizen soldier’s right arm, and when there’s a rebellion we are wonderfully willing to shelter ourselves behind the militia. We do not require a standing army, but we do need a large body of citizens who know what military discipline means. These good people who would abolish all references to war will be in a dilemma when they come to the Old Testament and will probably revise such phrases as “God of Battles.”

Boys cannot be brought up as molly-coddles. It is not necessary to crush the fighting spirit but to direct it properly. Brutality is not found any more in excessive militarism than in excessive commercialism. To some of us, the grasping capitalist who crushes women and children in the

slow death of the modern sweat shop is more repulsive than the departed Alvas and Modenas.

* * *

A LADY OF MERIT.

AT the threshold of her eighty-eighth year, Miss Florence Nightingale has been given the Order of Merit by King Edward. It may safely be remarked that no other honour granted by His Majesty can be more popular than his recognition of Florence Nightingale’s services to humanity. Before the years of the Crimean War, this gentle Englishwoman had given much toil and thought to hospital work, but when she heard of the wounded and diseased soldiers without proper care she offered her services to the Secretary of War and departed for the Crimea with thirty-four assistant nurses. What that band meant to the suffering thousands can be but feebly grasped in these days of anæsthetics and the Red Cross. When she returned, after eighteen months of such unselfish devotion as few women display in a lifetime she was honoured by Queen Victoria and other rulers, while the British Parliament, with practical Saxon sense, gave her fifty thousand pounds, which she used to establish the “Nightingale Training School for Nurses.” “Kit,” of the *Mail and Empire*, picturesquely describes the later days of this heroic woman.

“Down in Derbyshire, on her beautiful estate, Florence Nightingale is passing through the evening of her life calmly and peacefully. A sudden sunset illumines the darkening shadows. A blaze of light surrounds her invalid chair. England has remembered! Has the honour come too late to give keen pleasure to this great old woman? Why did it not come before?”

Jean Graham.

The Front Window

ON the eve of a new year there is much evidence of a human weakness in the ease with which many persons resolve to do this thing or not to do that thing during the next twelvemonth. A resolution of that kind is better not considered at all if it be not made with a proper appreciation of its significance. Most determinations that are provoked only by the appropriateness of the occasion seldom live long after the hour of making. They are the wish of the moment, but they rarely become the father of the deed. Some persons make a practice, once a year, of looking about for something to take on or to leave off. Their practice is not a result of conviction; it is rather a result of fancy. The idea has attraction; and, having thought of something of no great moment, these persons go about asking their acquaintances whether they also have made any "resolves." But it is, after all, a human characteristic for us to wish to do better. Who does not possess it? Still, are we willing to do better? It is a comforting thing for us to think that we should like to do better; but, right down in our hearts, is our resolution to do so or otherwise sincere? We think there are some things that we should not do and other things that we should do, but in most instances, when it comes to the test, we fail both ways. Is it that we fail in our judgment of what is right or wrong, or do we naturally

incline toward the wrong? For instance, we might resolve to have no more bazaars, but almost as sure as fate we would go right on having them. Would a resolution of that kind be wrong, or is it a human weakness that we cannot help having bazaars? Perhaps it would be easier for us to resolve that we would attend no more bazaars, but that again would be regarded as a human weakness, an act of selfishness. So it seems that no matter which way we look at it, we face a human weakness, if these phenomena could be called weaknesses. Doubtless the wisest thing to do is to resolve not to make any resolutions, and then to wait for a good opportunity to make at least one.

* * *

CANADIAN WRITERS.

It is always gratifying to a writer to have his work appear in the Christmas number of a reputable magazine. Editors almost invariably use their finest discrimination in choosing the material for the number that will bear the name of the greatest festival of the year, and so when a writer sees his name in the table of contents he knows that it is among the best that the editor has had to offer. It should be all the more gratifying, therefore, to those who read *The Canadian Magazine* to know that Canadian writers have been unusually well represented in the best magazines of the United States. Indeed, it is a fact

worthy of special mention that names of Canadian writers can be found in many of the so-called American magazines from month to month. In the Christmas numbers Mr. Arthur Stringer takes first place with verse contributions to *Everybody's*, *McClure's*, *Success*, *The Smart Set*, and a contribution also of fiction to *Everybody's*. Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts contributes a short story to *Appleton's*, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay a poem to *Scribner's*, Mr. Owen E. McGillicuddy a poem to *Outing*, Mr. W. R. Givens an article to *The World To-day*, Mr. Bliss Carman a poem in *The Smart Set*, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron an article to *The Atlantic Monthly*, Miss Agnes C. Laut an article to *Appleton's*, Mr. Louis A. Holman an article to *Appleton's*, and Mr. Archibald Sullivan a poem to *Appleton's*. Doubtless other names could be found if one had time to make a careful survey of the whole field, but the foregoing should be enough to attract attention.

Mr. Harvey O'Higgins recently won a prize of a thousand dollars in a short story competition conducted by *Collier's*. Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall has just taken a prize of two hundred dollars in the New York *Circle's* competition. She has also placed a short story with *The Atlantic Monthly*, and a poem with *Scribner's*. Mr. Norman Duncan has been sent to the East for *Harper's*. One of Mrs. Virna Sheard's stories and a poem have been accepted by *The New England Magazine*, and another story by a popular English magazine. But most gratifying of all to us, as we look out from *The Front Window* at this array of Canadian writers passing in review, is the fact that most of them can trace their beginnings to *The Canadian Magazine*.

* * *

A REAL "CANADIAN LITERATURE CLUB."

In the picturesque town of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, there is in

connection with Greenock Presbyterian Church an organization known as the Canadian Literature Club. Its name is not a misnomer. Its wares do not belie its sign. Here is a list of the subjects chosen for discussion during the season: "Grand Pré in Literature," "Literary Periods in the History of New Brunswick," "Ralph Connor's New Book," "Charles Sangster, the Canadian Wordsworth," "Bible Characters in Canadian Literature," "Favourite Characters in Canadian History and Literature," "Some New Canadian Books of the Year," "Literary Possibilities in the History of St. Andrews," "Literary Products of Canada's Great West."

That list and the circumstances in which it appears is one of the best evidences we have of genuine patriotism. What a difference between the work of that club and the dozens of other clubs in Canada whose members speculate and cross-fire over the chance significance of a passage from Browning or a phrase from Dante! One should try to become acquainted first with the literary productions of one's own country, and, having done that, one need not feel ashamed if one should on occasion have to admit ignorance of the literary productions of some other country.

* * *

ONE'S OWN COUNTRY FIRST.

The same spirit that should prompt one to know literature of one's own country first should also urge towards a knowledge of its geographical features and natural beauties before venturing farther afield. But of those who travel for the benefits that travel affords, how many begin at home? It is a very nice thing for a Canadian to visit Europe and to absorb the atmosphere of the old world, but how infinitely better it would be for him, before going, to make acquaintance with Canada. There is so much to be seen and enjoyed in the Dominion, so much of real interest, with a variety of aspects rarely excelled, that

it is a great wonder why more Canadians do not take advantage of so magnificent an opportunity. It makes little difference whether the course be eastward or westward, the opportunity for culture and improvement is equally splendid. All over the Maritime Provinces nature is lavish with her charms; Quebec is noted for its quaint picturesqueness; Ontario affords an opportunity for witnessing the highest kind of husbandry; Manitoba and Saskatchewan present an expanse of almost awe-inspiring possibilities, while Alberta and British Columbia, of themselves, possess an ever-changing panorama of scenic grandeur. In her external aspects Canada is magnificently endowed, but there are as well a great variety of social and commercial conditions, all going to make of her a country not easily known but well worth knowing.

* * *

CANADIAN ART NOT FULLY APPRECIATED.

It is generally admitted by those who pretend to know that among Canadian artists pictures are being produced that will in all fairness compare with similar work produced anywhere; that is, that we have marine pictures that are as good as the best of the kind throughout the world; that we have allegorical paintings equally worthy of praise, and certain branches of landscape work that is also first-class. But it seems almost impossible to make many of those who buy pictures in Canada see merit in local productions. On the excuse of rareness or curiosity they will buy the work of dead men, but when it comes to a Canadian landscape or waterscape by a Canadian artist, with few exceptions, the pictures oftentimes have to go a-begging. Frequently foreign subjects from foreign brushes sell for three or four times as much, even though they be inferior in quality. This lack of home appreciation has been in particular evidence this season, the work of well-

known artists like Frederick S. Challenor, W. E. Atkinson, F. M. Bell-Smith, George Chavignaud, R. F. Gagen and C. M. Manly receiving inadequate support. These are the names of those who have had auction sales or public exhibitions in Toronto alone, and it is safe to say that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, expenses were no more than met. It was the first sale that Mr. Challenor had had in a good many years, and yet his pictures, everything he had, went at ridiculously low prices. Mr. Atkinson, a clever water colourist, has been studying the Canadian field for almost a score of years, and yet most of his pictures were unsold. Mr. Chavignaud, a Frenchman who came some years ago to make a permanent business of painting Canadian landscapes and who has been doing conscientious, characteristic work, found that the pictures of foreign subjects that he offered for sale several years ago were taken at about twice the prices that he dared ask for his Canadian subjects. Mr. Manly and Mr. Gagen, at auction, were more successful. And it can be said with confidence that no country offers a better natural opportunity than Canada for the painter of marine or land subjects.

* * *

INDIA AGAIN.

Mr. Saint N. Sing, wishing to correct what he regards as a misunderstanding of his position, writes:—

The position of the writer of "The Irony of British Rule in India," and "The Grievances of East Indians," published in recent numbers of this magazine, has been misunderstood. He merely endeavoured to explain the native viewpoint. He is not soured against the British people; nor will he gain if the demands of Indian agitators are granted. Hindus are coming to realise that the Indian interests clash with those of the Britishers. Intelligent Indians feel that England has exploited India—throt-

tled her industries to advance Manchester manufactures.

The impression is becoming general that the cleavage between the two largest sections of natives—the Hindus and Mahomedans—has been kept up and, of late years, widened, in order to weaken the people of India and make it possible for 150,000 white men to lord it over 300,000,000 Asiatics. The present agitation dates from the time when the Province of Bengal was partitioned against the will of the people, which act East Indians interpret as an effort to divide and rule.

The apologists for English bureaucracy in India allege that the British are there because the Indians are incompetent to administer their estate. Muscles that are not used become flabby. Brains that are not employed in attending to affairs become worthless. The people of India, for a century and a half, have been deprived of governing their country. No wonder that they are degenerating.

The annual income of an average East Indian is computed to be about fifty cents a month. The people do not die of starvation because food-stuffs are not available in the land. They simply lack money to buy food.

Indians do not desire a "good government." They want a national government with native administrators. The world-forces are leagued against England's retaining India as a "Dependency." Hindus feel ashamed of their position as a set of whining serfs—to be off their land in their own country and pay taxes to foreigners or their native allies.

* * *

THE MONEY STRINGENCY.

In view of lightness in the money market, which has been infinitely

more marked in the United States than in Canada, it is interesting to read what Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the great American banker, had to say at the opening session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science in New York. It was at this meeting that a proposal was heard to create a great central banking institution, backed by the United States Government, a chief object of which would be to prevent crises such as the recent one. Mr. Schiff said in part:—

"The origin of the crisis is to be sought mainly in too great an expansion of enterprise of every nature, both corporate and individual. This, as a consequence, caused a straining of financial requirements, and particularly of credit beyond legitimate limits. 'Prosperity run riot' expresses best, perhaps, the condition which existed and which brought us to our present plight. Nothing is probably so largely responsible for the breakdown as the obstinacy with which new enterprises became fostered; in the enormous volume of business which was developed in every quarter, even in the face of a steadily increasing money scarcity, and further in the stubbornness with which it was insisted that the country was so prosperous and rich that particular caution and prudence were not needed, the march forward was made with a totally unprotected rear. . . .

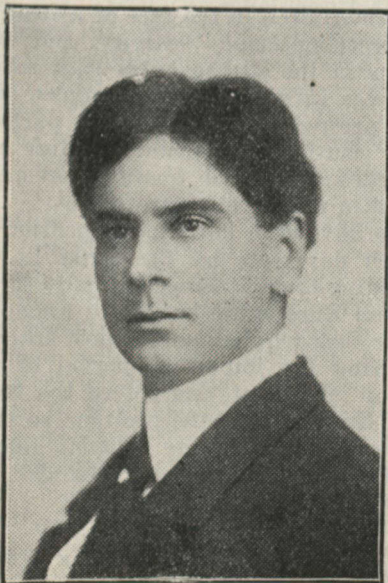
We have seen how the suspension of cash payments by the banks in the leading centres compelled us to throw upon Europe the burden of financing our cash requirements almost entirely during the important period of the crop movement, and forced the Bank of England into the position, so mortifying for us, where it has to assume this burden almost single-handed."

The Editor



STRINGER STRIKES A HIGH NOTE.

A VERY important publication from a Canadian literary standpoint is Mr. Arthur Stringer's latest volume of verse, which is entitled "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems" (Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Cloth, \$1.25). The book contains a large variety of verse, running almost the whole gamut of form from the quatrain to the drama. But if the author had never written anything but the poem that gives title to



ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Woman in the Rain and Other Poems."

the volume he would still have claim to a creditable place in contemporaneous poetry. In it there is a breaking away from the deeply indented paths that the poets of nature have so long followed, and in the newer way we find a picture of human experience that is terrible in its contrasts and awful in its measure of truth. In a word, it deals with the abandoned creature of the street, with the hag, round whose "perfumed languor" men once "wasted all their goodly hours and hated while they loved." Even the opening lines strike a high note and are full of poetical vigour:

In God's unclesing rain
It sits and waits,
This huddled heap of rags and ashen hopes,
This timeless thing of mumbling unconcern,
That holds all cofined in its agued bones
The embittered lives of men.

The picture is not pleasant, and yet, how true it is! And as the poet unfolds the scene its awfulness becomes more and more impressive, until the curtain is finally drawn in pity, following these lines:

For round her throb and glow the valiant
lamps
Of midnight cities she has never known;
Spices of Sodom, and strange musks of
Troy,
The fumes of Karnac, and the myrrhs of
Rome,
Cling destined round her tremulous old limbs
That once to languid music throbbed amid
The sultry nights of laughing Hawadan,
The golden glooms of Corinth, dark with
sighs
That down regretful ages echo still!

For Thais and bold Phryne breathe in her,
 Aspasia and Delilah, Jezebel
 And Agrippina from her pallid eyes
 Look forth with Lydian madness, and she
 nears

The plashing fountains of grey Babylon,
 The breathing music or lost Ninevah,
 Still steeped in golden moonlight and in
 sin!

And as she creeps in mumbling unconcern
 To-night more desolately sterile than
 The rain-swept stones she paces, scarred and
 torn

With timeless centuries of huddled sins,
 A menace and a taint, deep in her broods
 Derisively earth's million-hearted ache!

There is so much in the volume, apart from this particular poem, that it is impossible to do justice to it in what must necessarily be only a meagre review. The poetical drama entitled "Sappho in Leucadia" is not a surprising conception, but its treatment displays a lofty style and much roseate expression. It is perhaps too full of unveiled passion for the average reader, and indeed it plays freely upon the lower senses and emotions, such as were vulgarly cultivated in early Greece. It is withal a striking composition.

* * *

"THE LAST ROBIN."

Rarely does a more felicitous volume of poems come from a Canadian publishing house than the one entitled "The Last Robin," by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25). Besides a generous contribution of new material, the book contains the same author's previous work, as it appeared in three volumes entitled, respectively, "The House of the Trees," "Tangled in Stars," and "The Radiant Road." Miss Wetherald's reputation had already been made as a writer of light verse of a high order. She possesses a fine lyrical style; and indeed some of the contributions are so full of exquisite singing qualities that one cannot help regretting that only enough of them had been retained in the volume to sustain the high standard throughout. But while some

of the verse scarcely does justice to the author, there is enough of the true metal to subdue criticism. One of the book's outstanding qualities is its genial, optimistic tone. The author has few grievances to air. Many pages can be turned without the experience of a harsh, complaining, sordid or morbid note. That is an admirable quality, a quality that might well be affected by many of those who are offering rhymes for sale. However, Miss Wetherald's work is not monotonously cheerful, as may be seen in such a poem as "The White Moth," which is rather long to admit of quotation here. A very good example of the quality of the work is found in the following poem:

FLOWERS AND FLAME.

Between the flowering and the flaming
 woods,

All greening in the rain,

The fields unfold;

The sun upon the grain

Outpours its gold,

And sweet with bloom and dew are nature's
 woods

Between the flowering and the flaming
 woods.

Between the flowering and the flaming
 woods

The wind bemoans a host

Of withered leaves;

The winter is a ghost

That grieves and grieves

Around a ruined house where none intrudes,
 Between the flaming and the flowering
 woods.

O woods that break in flower or in flame,

My wingèd days and hours

Shall meet their doom

Like to your leaves and flowers;

Let not your bloom

And brightness put my flying years to
 shame,

O woods that break in flower or in flame!

* * *

C. G. D. ROBERTS' POETRY.

There was occasion in this department last month to observe a falling off in the quality of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' prose. The reference was to a volume that contained some of his earliest prose, republished. It is there-

fore all the more gratifying now to have an opportunity to give the same author unstinted praise for his work as a poet. Of course it was as a poet that Mr. Roberts' name first came to the front, and it is in poetry that his name will live. No matter where a search might be made among current verse it would be difficult to find anything better in its way than the sonnets of this author that have appeared in a collection called "Songs of the Common Day." Mr. Roberts has had several volumes of his poems published from time to time, but recently an edition was issued with the intention of bringing under one cover the contents of the several volumes, leaving out some poems that were not counted with the best (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$2 net). This volume includes for the first time the verses that have appeared in a volume by themselves, entitled "The Book of the Rose," a book that is respected by many as the best example of the author's art. The complete volume is divided into nine parts, as follows: "Ave! An Ode for the Shelley Centenary," "The Book of the Native," "Songs of the Common Day," "Miscellaneous Sonnets," "Ballads," "New York Nocturnes," "Miscellaneous Poems," "Poems Written Before 1880," and "The Book of the Rose." It is twenty-seven years since Mr. Roberts' first book of verse was published, and since that time he has had a varied literary career. For a decade at least he has stood as one of Canada's foremost poets, notwithstanding the fact that he has found it to his advantage to reside in New York.

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ALICE AS GOOD AS JOSEPH.

The wonderful success that crowned William De Morgan's "Joseph Vance" has been, if anything, exceeded by his second novel entitled "Alice for Short" (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25). There is a peculiar

fascination about these two books. They are unusual. "Alice for Short" is perhaps a better book than the first. "Joseph Vance" is more amusing, and for that reason it seems to be more of a favourite with men, while "Alice for Short" appeals most to women and girls. The first is called an ill-written biography, and the second a "Dickronism." All who have not read either one of them have failed to become acquainted with the work of an author whose name will be one of the few that will outlive the persons to whom they belong.

* * *

NEW STORY BY MR. KNOWLES.

"The Dawn at Shanty Bay," by Robert E. Knowles (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Decorated cloth, \$1) is among the most artistic of this year's holiday publications. The make-up, designing and illustrating are worthy of much admiration, and the letterpress is equally praiseworthy. The story is not long, only about 12,000 words. It is a Christmas tale, intended to indicate how hardness of heart and unforgiveness might be overcome by an awakening of latent affection. Mr. Knowles is a Presbyterian minister at Galt, and is the author of "St. Cuthberts" and "The Undertow."

* * *

ALMOST A LOST ART.

It is safe to say that letter-writing has become almost a lost art; at any rate, it has become much degraded. There was a time, not so very long ago, when the accomplishments of a person of standing fell very short if that person did not have the training to write, if not a brilliant, at least a charming, interesting letter. Facilities for travelling and therefore for easy communication have so greatly revolutionised conditions that it is no longer found necessary for friends to correspond to the same extent that they used to, but even to-day the ability to write a good letter is a mark

of quality. The letters of famous persons are extremely interesting documents, and therefore one can imagine the charm that attaches to "The Gentle Art" by E. V. Lucas (Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50), a volume that contains a host of epistles, carefully chosen and carefully placed. The selections are mostly from epistles of English men and women of letters, and to read them forms a good part of a liberal education.

* * *

A NEW FIRM'S FIRST VENTURE.

"The Peter Pan Picture Book" (Cloth, illustrations in colours, \$1.50) which McClelland & Goodchild, Toronto, are placing on the Canadian market, is the first publication of which they have accepted the exclusive agency. The volume is a splendid example of pictorial reproduction, and the letter-press is excellent. Nothing need be said of Barrie's delightful fantasy, except that in this instance it has an appropriate setting. There are twenty-eight full-page coloured illustrations by Alice B. Woodward and Daniel O'Connor.

* * *

GOOD STORY FOR BOYS.

For an all round good boy's story "The Red Feathers," by Theodore Roberts (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50), is recommended. The scene is laid in Newfoundland many years ago, when the magic arts were practised and many strange and wonderful things performed. The Red Feathers, although tiny and insignificant in appearance, possessed a great charm, and whoever wore them inside his moccasins could mount the air and travel at great speed. Much strategy was therefore required to obtain and retain these feathers, and the book is composed of the adventures that take place as a result and of an account of the customs and practices of the race of red men who inhabited that dreary land.

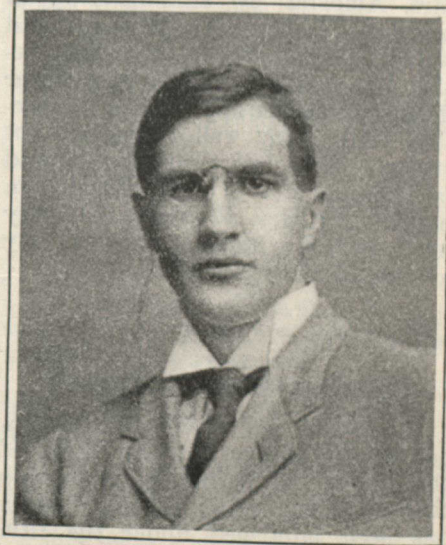
A NEW CANADIAN WRITER.

With an introduction by the Hon. D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, J. A. H. Cameron's first novel, "A Colonel From Wyoming" (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25 net), makes its appearance. The author, who writes in a chatty, intimate way, has managed to introduce a number of typical Highland Scotch characters into his book, and being a resident of Mabou, Cape Breton, a barrister of that place, he has had excellent opportunity to study the Scotch people of that part of the Dominion. If a criticism of the book were to be ventured it would be that there is too much in it, but that is a fault that could be easily overlooked. The title is somewhat misleading, as much of the story deals with life in Nova Scotia.

* * *

MRS. WHARTON'S LATEST NOVEL.

The practice of administering a strong anæsthetic to end pain and likewise life in cases of extreme physical torment, where hope of recovery is abandoned, is condoned by Edith Wharton, author of "The House of



THEODORE ROBERTS,
Author of "Red Feathers," etc.

Mirth," in her latest novel, entitled "The Fruit of the Tree" (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25). Owing to her high artistic attainments as a writer, the author presents a somewhat convincing case in favour of placing on one or more individuals the dreadful responsibility of the taking of human life — convincing to those who might be carried away by the mere subtlety of her art. The story is not Mrs. Wharton's best, and yet it is an excellent example of her fine quality as a writer and of her genius for developing singular situations, and then in a very cunning manner letting the reader form his own impression of the result. It is largely a socialistic novel, dealing with the efforts of John Amberst, manager of a large cotton factory, to improve the social standing and conditions of the factory hands, and at the same time it creates three outstanding characters—John Amberst, Bessy Westmore, owner of the factory, who early in the story becomes Mrs. Amberst, and Justine Brent, a nurse, who in turn also becomes Mrs. Amberst, after she has accepted responsibility for the life of the former Mrs. Amberst by administering an overdose of morphia. Husband and wife in the end justify the nurse's action, but continue together in a rather doubtful relationship. These characters, while being well drawn, are not strong. They fail where they should be expected not to fail. But it can be said for Mrs. Wharton that they are strikingly human, even if they are not idealistic.

* * *

COLLECTED VERSE OF KIPLING.

In view of the recent visit to Canada of the author of "Our Lady of the Snows," it is interesting to note that a new volume of Kipling's poems has been published under the title

"Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling" (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50). Admirers of Kipling will be pleased to see his collected verse published in so sensible a form. The volume is a little larger than the average novel, and is printed on good paper and bound in excellent taste. It contains about 155 poems and extends to 367 pages. Besides many miscellaneous poems, there are the old favourites, together with the *Service Songs*—South African War—and the Barrack Room Ballads.

* * *

NOTES.

—Volume forty-one of *The Studio* (London) contains so much of value to all who are interested in the progress of art that it is impossible to give even a fair idea of the contents. There are between two and three hundred reproductions in excellent half-tones and photogravures of the cream of the world's art, and many are full-page size and reproduced in colours. The excellence of the work throughout and the attractiveness of the subjects, together with the importance of the articles on art, make the volume one of the finest the publishers of *The Studio* have yet turned out.

—The *Christmas Globe* has once more by its artistic and literary excellence shown its right to be classed with the best holiday publications produced anywhere. It has the additional merit of being distinctly Canadian in tone. The literary contributions are all the work of Canadian writers, and the list includes well-known names, such as Goldwin Smith, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Virginia Sheard, Jean Blewett, M. O. Hammond, William Banks, jun., Myrtle Corcoran Watts, Ethelwyn Wetherald and Helena Coleman. The supplementary plates are attractive and creditably executed.

What Others Are Laughing at

WHY BEN BOLTED

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was once brown,
But now it is yellow as yellow can be,
And the change is the talk of the town.

You surely remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair is her pride;
She inherits her beauty per Ma and per Dad,
But mostly, folks say, peroxide.

—*Toronto News.*

* * *

COULDN'T GET AT IT

AN IRISHMAN who had just united with the Catholic Church in a small town, was careless enough to let the priest catch him coming out of a saloon with a jug under his arm. The priest waited for him to come by and said:

"Pat, what is it you have in that jug?"

"Whisky, sor," answered Pat.

"Whom does it belong to?" asked the good man.

"To me and me brudder Moike, sor."

"Well, say, Pat, pour yours out, and be a good man."

"I can't sor; mine's on the bottom," answered Pat.—*Judge.*

* * *

NEEDN'T STOP FOR HIM

SHE—"I suppose you are a lover of music?"

HE—"Oh, yes; but you can go right on playing just the same!"—*New York Evening Telegram.*

295

TO A GERMAN BAND

OH, you who with robust Teutonic cheeks
Distended to extraordinary size,
Encamp beneath unfriendly British skies
And fill the air with strange, discordant squeaks,
Imagine not that I am one who seeks
To censure your misguided enterprise;
Your strains I welcome rather than despise,
Although they change not with the passing weeks.

I have not called down curses on your head,
Perhaps because I have the luck to own
A soul to music's influences dead,
And know not if your tunes be rightly blown;
And when I hear you I have merely said:
"This must be Friday—how the week has flown!"

—*Punch.*

* * *

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

"YOUR husband will be all right now," said an English doctor to a woman whose husband was dangerously ill.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wife. "You told me he couldn't live a fortnight."

"Well, I'm going to cure him, after all," said the doctor. "Surely you are glad?"

The woman wrinkled her brows.

"Puts me in a bit of an 'ole," she said. "I've bin an' sold all his clothes to pay for his funeral!"—*Telegraph.*

THE YOUNGEST

I wish that I could go to school,
 An' have a double slate,
 An' pencil, an' a book, an' rule.
 I just can *hardly* wait.

I know my letters now as well
 As Ted or any one;
 I guess that I can learn to spell,
 An' *then* won't I have fun?

I'll know *then* what they're talking 'bout
 An' don't want me to know;
 If they *do* spell the words all out,
 An' I'll just *show* 'em—so!

They whisper now, an' nod an' wink,
 An' smile—oh dear!—among
 Them all it's pretty hard, I think,
 To be so *awful* young!

One time my mother spelled a word,
 And Daddy shook his head;
 "I don't believe It really heard
 Or noticed us," he said.

An' she said, "Little P-I-T-
 C-H-E-R, you know,"
 An' Daddy laughed, and looked at me,
 An' said, "How she does grow!"

I haven't got so very far
 In knowing things, you see,
 But P-I-T-C-H-E-R
 Somehow, I think, means *me!*
Edna Kingsley Wallace, in The Century.

* * *

YOU COULDN'T DISCONCERT HIM.

Two young ladies on the promenade of a seaside resort had been watching the vessels pass, through a telescope lent them by an "ancient mariner." On handing the glass back one of them remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the old tar; "that 'ere telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

"Good gracious! Why, Nelson has been dead nearly a hundred years.

"Well, I'm blowed," remarked the salty one, quite abashed; "'ow the time do fly!"—*Judge's Library.*



FIRST TRAMP: "Well, poor Jim's dead! But, say, even in his last moments he stood by what the books'd call the 'ethics of his profession,' didn't he?"

SECOND TRAMP: "How's that?"

FIRST TRAMP: "Why, he died without a struggle."
 —The Zazooster.

* * *



ALL IN THE WAY YOU SEE IT.

MR. CARPER (a trifle short-sighted): "Don't you see how ridiculous these great hats become now that they are vulgarised by the lower classes?"

—Punch.

BEEF has always been regarded as a most desirable and valuable food and cost has alone limited its use.

Some few years ago a celebrated German Chemist Baron Justus von Liebig conceived the idea that the meat might be reduced to small bulk in countries where horned cattle are plentiful and then be transported at small expense to more populous countries where meat is dear. Following out his idea, the manufacture of Liebig's Extract of meat was started and it has since assumed considerable importance. Many millions sterling have been expended in this business, but the German professor was quick to realize that he had only partially succeeded and he wrote to the leading London Medical Journal "The Lancet" under date Nov. 11, 1865;

"In the preparation of the Extract the albuminous principles are left in the residue. This residue, by the separation of all soluble principles, which are taken up in the extract, loses its nutritive power, and cannot be made an article of trade in any palatable form. Were it possible to furnish the market at a reasonable price with a preparation of meat, combining in itself the albuminous together with the extractive principles, such a preparation would have to be preferred to the Extractum Carnis. for it would contain all the nutritive constituents of meat."

What solid Extract of meat was then it is now, but Liebig's ideal was realised by the originator of "BOVRIL."

By a series of special processes developed by the late J. Lawson Johnston the whole of the valuable properties of beef are incorporated in "BOVRIL," and this it is which renders "BOVRIL," unique.

All that is good in beef is in "BOVRIL," and by the simple addition of a spoonful of "BOVRIL" to a cup of boiling water, a delicious and strengthening consomme is quickly prepared.

A little Bovril added to soups and hashes adds very considerably to their nutritive value and also increases their palatability.

BOVRIL LTD., 27 St. Peter St., MONTREAL

The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no farther.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

When You Were Engaged

the young lady received a box of

Stuyler's

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

REPENT

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



1908
Model Woman
 who has WASHING and
 CLEANING to do uses

WHY? Because PEARLINE is Scientific Soap—The directions teach the Scientific Way of using Soap—the Way and the Soap that do away with the Rubbing and thus relieve Women of the most objectionable of all Household Work—and prolong the life of the things Washed. GENTEEL WOMEN APPRECIATE PEARLINE—DELICATE FABRICS DEMAND PEARLINE. Soap users are ignorantly extravagant of Time, Health and Clothes.

PEARLINE—MODERN SOAP

A Dainty House Gown

is a thing of beauty, but before the days of the French Dry Cleaning Process it was rarely a joy for very long. Now no matter how fine the fabric it comes back from the cleaning without changing in color, without odor, and without a stitch being undone.

But this is merely one detail of the work we do. We clean and dye almost anything of personal wear for men or women, and many articles for the home.

R. PARKER & CO., DYERS AND CLEANERS

TORONTO, MONTREAL, HAMILTON, LONDON, GALT,
 ST. CATHARINES, WOODSTOCK

AND 400 AGENCIES FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC



In the Scottish Highlands

"A friend and I were cycling through Scotland this Summer. We wheeled from Glasgow to the village of Luss, on Loch Lomond. It was raining copiously.

"Up a mountain road against the driving storm we pushed our wheels. Arrived at Stronachlacher we found the steamer we intended to take across Loch Katrine—was gone!

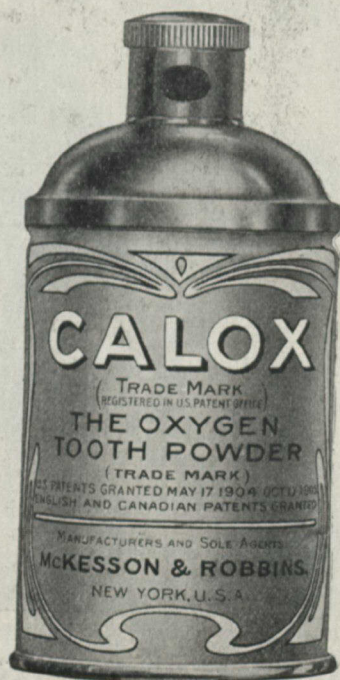
"We were compelled to go back "overland" on our wheels, and on the road became hungry as bears. No shelter was near.

"Down we sat on a steaming rock and ate Grape-Nuts. Fortunately I had bought a package at Glasgow "against a rainy day"—and here it was! We ate two-thirds of it and in the strength of that meal, pushed our wheels over the humpty-bumpy road in the rain 17 miles to Aberfoyle, and at the end felt no sense of "goneness" but were fresh as larks. I cannot imagine how we could have endured the journey without

Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich



THE importance of selecting a proper dentifrice is evident when we consider that over 97 per cent. of the population suffer from decayed teeth and over three-fourths of the school children are unable for the same reason to masticate their food properly.

Until the discovery of Calox the Oxygen Tooth Powder, no dentifrice had been manufactured that would stop tooth decay. Calox will stop decay, and used properly will prevent its ravages. It does this by virtue of its wonderful property of generating nature's antiseptic—OXYGEN—when used in the mouth.

All druggists, or postpaid by mail for 25c.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91-97 Fulton St., New York

Send for Free Sample and Booklet to

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., MONTREAL, CAN.



MOGUL

Egyptian Cigarettes

(Cork Tips)

15c. per Box.



The advertisement features a large, ornate crown at the top, flanked by two ears of corn. The central text is framed by a decorative border. At the bottom left is a tin of syrup, and at the bottom right is an illustration of a hand pouring syrup onto a pancake.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

This Table Delicacy

gives quite a new zest to eating. It imparts its own delightful *honey-cream* flavor to bread, crackers, puddings, cereals, pancakes, etc.

Crown Brand Syrup being made entirely from corn contains all the essential food elements which go to give strength and create bodily warmth—hence it is an invaluable food for winter.

Eat plenty of it yourself and give plenty to your children—they love it.

For cleanliness, purity, and your convenience it is put up in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lever lids. Ask your dealer for it.

**The Edwardsburg
Starch Co., Ltd.**

Works: CARDINAL, ONT.
Offices:
MONTREAL and TORONTO



PRIESTLEY'S

"HUGUENOT" CLOTH

PRIESTLEY'S unrivalled dyeing and finishing have produced a cloth sure of immediate appeal to the present day's demand.

"HUGUENOT" Cloth contains all the durability and close texture of the old-time serge, with the soft, rich, draping qualities of a French cashmere.

Fashion's Favorite

Colors include the latest shades, rich tints of red, green, blue, brown, and new evening shades.

FOR SALE AT ALL THE BEST DRY GOODS STORES



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF TYPICAL ASBESTOS
MILLING PLANT

☐ New uses for Asbestos products are being constantly found and there is no limit to the market for the wonderful mineral.

☐ Fresh deposits are being discovered from time to time in different parts of Canada and in foreign countries and their exploitation holds certain and rich reward in store.

☐ Our Sherbrooke works are located in close proximity to the Thetford, Black Lake, Broughton and Danville districts, where the bulk of the world's supply of Asbestos is mined.

☐ We have equipped practically complete all the mining plants, save one, in the Asbestos districts named, and part of the equipment in the case of the one exception is our manufacture.

☐ We have made a special study of the subject and are probably in the best position of any concern on earth to furnish complete plants for treating Asbestos rock.

☐ We furnish estimates on complete plants of any desired capacity, and invite enquiries from Canadian and foreign correspondents.

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General Offices: SHERBROOKE, QUE.

WORKS
Sherbrooke, Que. St. Catharines, Ont.

SALES OFFICES
Sherbrooke St. Catharines Rossland
Halifax Cobalt

KINDLY ADDRESS NEAREST SALES OFFICE



RODGERS CUTLERY

Is Without a Flaw

The above trade-mark—the mark that distinguishes Rodgers from any other cutlery—is only stamped on the blade after it has been thoroughly tested.

That trade-mark therefore stands for
Guaranteed Quality.
Look carefully for it.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS
LIMITED

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The quickness, ease and comfort of shaving depend upon the lasting, softening quality of the lather. A perfect lather is not only a pure creamlike lather, but also one which will not dry upon the face—which lasts through the shave. This is the kind of lather that has made Williams' Shaving Stick and all of Williams' Shaving Soaps so famous.

Williams' Shaving Stick sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address The J. B. Williams, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams' Shaving Stick can also be had in the leatherette-covered boxes as formerly.



The New
Nickeled Box
Hinged Cover

Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap



MOTHERS

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU

YOU 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



MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The
C. Turnbull Co.
Limited

GALT - CANADA

COWAN'S

COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA

Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S

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

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 63



IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Hammer the Hammer



Accidental Discharge Impossible

You Must Pull the Trigger

or there will be no discharge. This is the *one* revolver that cannot go off by accident. We make the kind that discharges when you want to shoot and not before. One million six hundred thousand have been sold and not an accidental shot yet. As handsome a revolver as is made—in a number of styles and several sizes. As safe as a spiked cannon, but as full of business as a hornet's nest. Send for our booklet "*Shots*" and our illustrated and descriptive catalogue of the best revolvers, shotguns and bicycles you can get anywhere.



Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish,
22 rimfire cartridge, 32-38
centre-fire cartridge **\$7.50**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish,
32-38 centre-fire cartridge **\$8.50**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
 NEW YORK: 99 Chambers Street.
 SAN FRANCISCO: P.B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles



GANONG'S

G.B.

CHOCOLATES

The latest and daintiest arrangement for Chocolates

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. ½, 1, 2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

35 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

GANONG BROS., Limited, St. Stephen, N.B.

Pastry that Pleases

All who eat it is made from "Five Roses" Flour with ease and certainty, providing the right methods are employed. "Five Roses" has become noted everywhere as an unexcelled bread flour, but there are many who have never tried its pastry making qualities. It is to these that we now appeal to test its merits as a pastry flour. The lightest and flakiest pastry, and the most delicious cakes of all sorts are assured all users of "Five Roses." Ask your grocer for a bag to-day.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., Ltd.

MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, KEWATIN

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, OTTAWA, TORONTO, LONDON, ONT., ST. JOHNS, N.B.



The Pleasure of a Letter

is heightened when it comes to you indited upon faultless note paper.

BARBER-ELLIS Correspondence Papers

bear the "hallmark" of quality. Your stationer can supply you with Crash Linenette and French Organdie, two of our best.

THE
Barber & Ellis Co.

Limited

63-71 Wellington St. West, Toronto



NOTHING can equal the satisfaction of offering your guests delightful entertainment that takes care of itself, which does not interfere with other forms of amusement, but rather helps them. Such an entertainer is

The Edison Phonograph

It can amuse the guests by rendering music, popular or classic, or aid them with dance music, marches and other things played by the best orchestras and brass bands. It costs less than the hiring of even a small orchestra for a single evening's entertainment.

Hear the new model with the big horn at the nearest Edison store, or write for a booklet describing it. At the same time

Hear the January Records

(out December 24th)—hear the song hits that everybody is talking about—hear the best orchestral and band music splendidly performed—hear the fine instrumental solos by well-known virtuosos—hear the talking records of really funny comedians—and then buy generously of the January records, for in no other way can you obtain for so little money so much delightful entertainment for your family and friends.

Ask your dealer or write for these three books: THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new January Records and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence

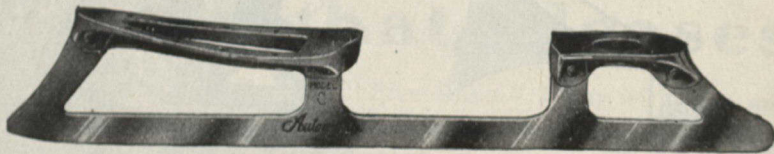


TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

GLIDE INTO A HEALTHY 1908

ON A PAIR OF



“Automobile” Skates

LIGHTEST - STRONGEST - HANDSOMEST

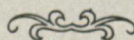
“The Skate everyone is boosting.”

SEND FOR HANDSOME CATALOGUE

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR COMPANY, Limited
 BRANCHES: Winnipeg, Man. ; Vancouver, B.C. TORONTO JUNCTION

Or Representative Skate Dealers

A Whiskey with a World-Wide Reputation



Teacher's "Highland Cream"

THE PERFECTION OF OLD SCOTCH



WM. TEACHER & SONS

Distillers, Blenders, Exporters

Glasgow, London and Manchester

AT ALL LEADING HOTELS

Tooke

COLLARS

These collars reach you a spotless white.
They're laundered in pure filtered water in the best equipped laundry in Canada.

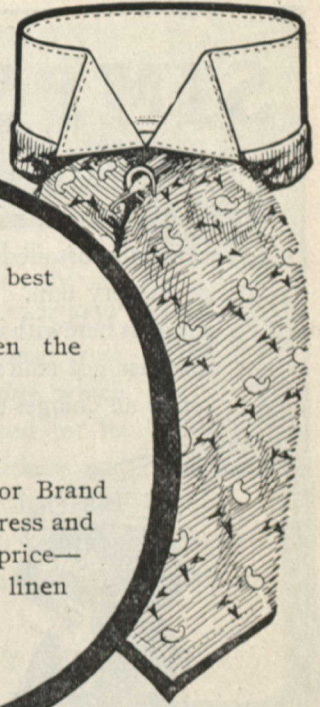
Positively no chemicals used to bleach or whiten the materials.

As a result Tooke Collars never become yellow.

They keep their snow-white appearance until worn out.

The "Maxim," illustrated here, is one of our Anchor Brand wing collars—very popular. It is suitable for semi-dress and business wear. Is the finest collar made for the price—2 for 25c. Made in 4-ply with outside facing of linen in sizes 14 to 18 and heights 2, 2¼ and 2½.

TOOKE BROTHERS, LIMITED
MONTREAL



THE
E.B.EDDY
WARES

YOU CANNOT STRIKE

MATCHES

HERE
SINCE
1851

ANYWHERE THAT WILL BEAT THOSE

MADE BY

EDDY
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1851

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS THEY HAVE BEEN, AND STILL
ARE

ALWAYS
GUARANTEED
FULLY

Canada's Standard

SEE THAT YOU
ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES
EVERYWHERE

FREE
FROM FACTORY
FAULTS

SIMPSONS FOR FURS

There is no doubt whatever in regard to the "Supremacy of Simpson's Furs," whether for women, misses or children. There is not a point upon which they can be successfully assailed—quality, style, carefulness of make and value gainsay comparison at every turn. Test the truth of our assertions by choosing either one of the two garments herewith illustrated. Remember that you have the privilege of returning any purchase not entirely satisfactory to you in every respect—and furthermore, that we prepay all charges to your nearest railway station on all orders of \$25.00 or over.

Ladies' Near Seal Jacket

Very latest design—made from first quality French dyed skins, having finest Orenburg mink marmot collar and revers, lined throughout with high-grade satin. A smart and stylish garment, 24 inches long, any bust measure up to 42 inches. Our special price,

\$40.00



NEAR SEAL

Ladies' Natural Muskrat Jacket

24 inches long—made from selected full-furred skins, dark and nicely matched—no fur wears better. We have them in style as cut or Russian blouse. Lined throughout with fine satin and specially priced at

\$40.00



NATURAL MUSKRAT

ADDRESS:

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ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY
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JAN.
DEPARTMENT
C.M.



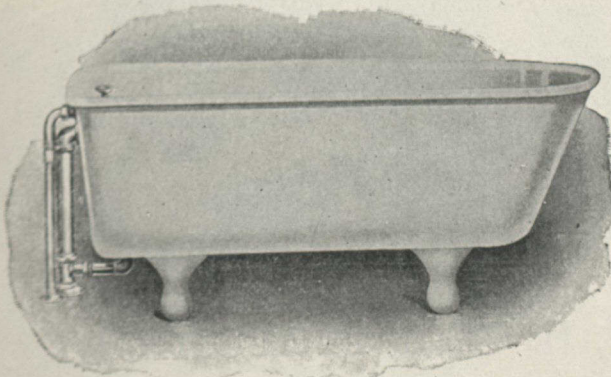
VICHY CÉLESTINS.

THERE is only one
Genuine "VICHY"
Water. It comes from
the *Celestins Spring*, which
is so highly prized for its
curative-properties in Kidney and
Bladder Complaints that the water
is bottled under French Government Super-
vision and sealed with a special label to
prevent substitution.

ASK FOR VICHY CELESTINS



The Safeguard of Health Begins At Home



The first step—and the last—towards securing what is more precious than gold, is a home in which sanitation is perfect. The difference between the poorest and the perfect in cost is so small, and the result so great, that

"STANDARD IDEAL" PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE

for the bathroom, the kitchen or the laundry is within moderate means and saves in doctors' bills more than the expense of the whole outfit.

Durable, white and smooth, "STANDARD IDEAL" WARE will not only adorn the home but transform it from a dwelling place into an abode of comfort and happiness.

"STANDARD IDEAL" WARE IS THE SAFEGUARD OF HEALTH
Your architect and plumber will be glad to install it in your home. Ask them.

THE STANDARD Ideal CO., Limited, PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

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Sales Offices and Sample Rooms:

Montreal, 128 West Craig Street

Winnipeg, 24 Telfer Block

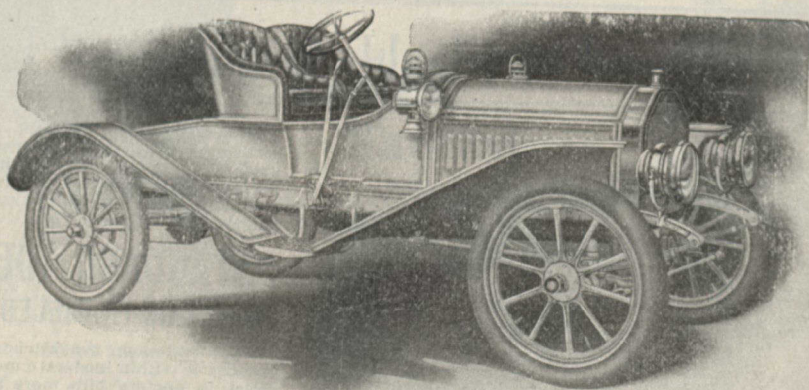
Gerhard Heintzman
Art Pianos

Louis XV Case

The Symbol of Musical Culture

The "GERHARD HEINTZMAN"
684 CANADA'S SUPREME HIGH GRADE PIANO
Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd. 97 Yonge St., - TORONTO
127 King St. E., - HAMILTON

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE



McLaughlin-Buick Automobiles

The above is one of 6 types of Automobiles and Runabouts we will offer the Canadian public during 1908

SPECIFICATIONS.—Wheel Base, 106 inches; Tyres, 32 by 4 inches; Brakes, internal and external; Springs, semi-elliptic; Frame, pressed steel; Horse-Power, 25; Cylinders, four 4½ by 4½; Motor Suspension, 5 points, 2 flexible; Current Supply, storage battery; Speeds, 3 forward, 1 reverse; Drive, shaft

McLAUGHLIN GRADE MEANS HIGHEST GRADE

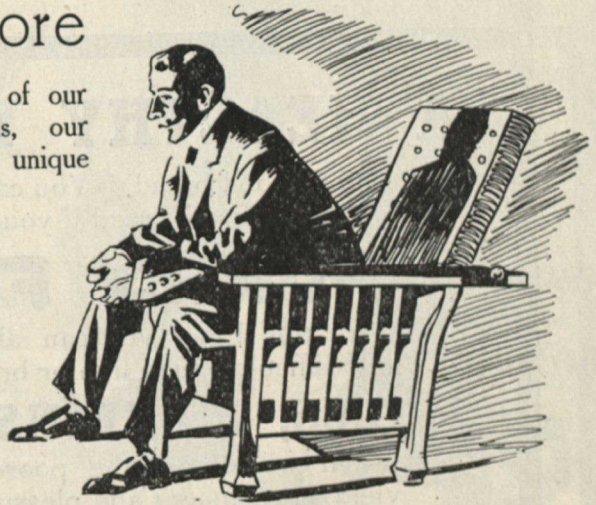
Send for Catalog if interested

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Ltd., Oshawa, Canada

The Ideal Store

This can be said particularly of our
Hearth and Fireplace Goods, our
selections of which are both unique
and exclusive.

- Andirons in cast and wrought iron.
- Fire sets in iron and brass.
- Portable basket grates.
- Coal Vases in Gypsy
iron and brass.
- Fire Irons in iron and
brass.



RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited.
TORONTO



Eminent Physicians
Prescribe

Wilson's Invalids' Port

In all cases of
general debility
and
convalescence.



A HEALTHY APPETITE

Enjoys good bread. You can always depend on having good bread if you use

PURITY FLOUR

With this Flour you can also make without any difficulty, such lighter breads as

ROLLS, MUFFINS, OR BUNS

which will tempt the poorest appetite, and yield nourishment and pleasure.

Buy a bag from your dealer?

Purity Flour is made only from the finest specially selected Manitoba Hard Wheat, and milled by the most modern and scientific method.]

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO.

Head Office, TORONTO, CANADA LIMITED

Mills at WINNIPEG, BRANDON and CODERICH

688



" PURITY "

Monarch

SHIRTS

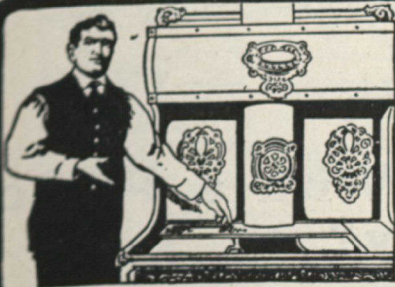
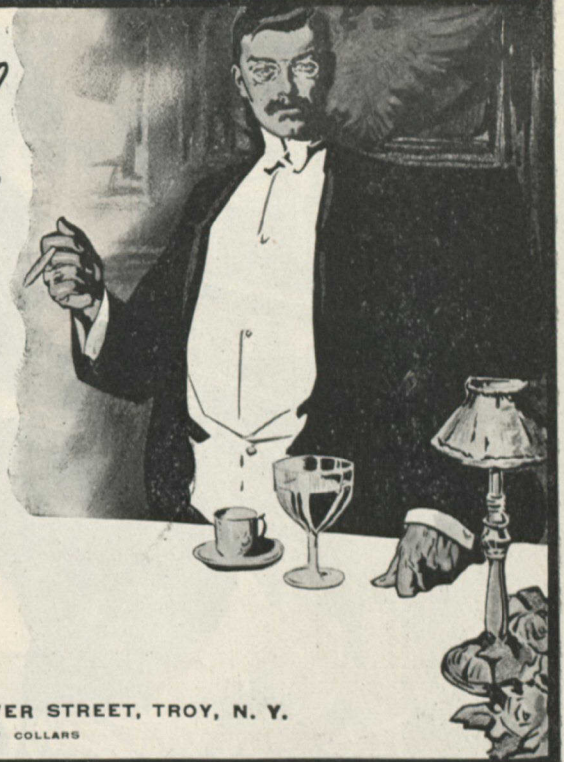
are particularly desirable for formal dress. They are like custom-made garments, having the wide stitching, the broad bosoms, and that true "balance" or "hang" which insures to the wearer a comfortable, good looking, non-bulging shirt.

\$1.50

The Monarch Shirt Book will be sent on request.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 471 RIVER STREET, TROY, N. Y.

MAKERS OF ARROW COLLARS



"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.



Are You Handicapped With a Piano You Cannot Play?

THE mission of a piano is to **provide music**. If it does not perform this mission you might better sell it at once and get something really useful. There is no longer any excuse for keeping a useless piano in the home. The Pianola will give you instant mastery over its technique. Or, better still,

YOU CAN EXCHANGE IT FOR THE PIANOLA PIANO

We are constantly taking in exchange for the Pianola Piano all makes of pianos, and it would be a pleasure for us to give you a private demonstration of the Pianola Piano. No obligation is incurred in securing our exchange proposition.

THE MASON & RISCH PIANO CO.

32 West King Street, Toronto

Limited

C.M.

MASON
and RISCH
PIANO CO.,
Ltd., TORONTO

Send me your booklet explaining why I should have a Pianola or Pianola Piano in my home. This in no way obligates me to purchase.

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Province.....

“BYRRH” A Recuperative Tonic Wine

The splendid recuperative and restorative qualities of Byrrh Wine are produced by the distinctive “nerve tonics” it contains.

Byrrh Wine is a combination of a rare Old Port—possessing in a marked degree of perfection all the qualities of flavor of “Grand Crus” Wine—together with herbs noted for their beneficial restorative properties.

Byrrh Wine is bottled in France by Messrs. Violet Freres, Thuir, and is sold by all leading grocers and wine merchants throughout the world.

A large Free Sample will be sent on receipt of this advertisement and 10 cents to help pay the postage. Write to day.



HUDON, HEBERT & CO., Limited, “Byrrh Wine Dept.” MONTREAL

Teaberry

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. “Teaberry” is a favorite Dentifrice of many years standing—if you once try you will use no other.
At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

FOR THE TEETH.

For
Table Use—
For Kitchen Use—
For the Dairy—

Windsor Salt

is Best. Pure—fine
—well-savoured.
Grocers’ —
everywhere.

130



HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get “Improved,” no tacks required.

A Great Physiologist

Once Said the Way to Keep the Stomach Healthy Is
To Exercise It.

But He Did Not Tell How to Make It Healthy.

THE muscles of the body can be developed by exercise until their strength has increased manifold, and a proper amount of training each day will accomplish this result, but it is somewhat doubtful whether you can increase the digestive powers of the stomach by eating indigestible food in order to force it to work.

Nature has furnished us all with a perfect set of organs, and if they are not abused they will attend to the business required of them. They need no abnormal strength.

There is a limit to the weight a man can lift, and there is also a limit to what the stomach can do.

The cause of dyspepsia, indigestion and many affiliated diseases is that the stomach has been exercised too much and it is tired or worn out. Not exercise but rest is what it needs.

To take something into the stomach that will relieve it from its work for a short time—something to digest the food—will give it a rest and allow it time to regain its strength.

The proper aid to the digestive organs is Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which cure dyspepsia, indigestion, gas on the stomach and bowels, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, and all stomach diseases.

Rest and invigoration is what the stomach gets when you use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, for one grain of the active principle in them is sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of food.

The Tablets increase the flow of gastric juice, and prevent fermentation, acidity and sour eructions.

Do not attempt to starve out dyspepsia. You need all your strength.

The common sense method is to digest the food for the stomach and give it a rest.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do not make the cure, but enable the organs to throw off unhealthy conditions.

Perfect digestion means perfect health, for under these conditions only do the different organs of the body work right and receive the building-up material found in pure blood.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a natural remedy and is a specific for stomach troubles. The ablest physicians prescribe them.

The Tablets are pleasant to the taste, and are composed of fruit and vegetable extracts, golden seal and pepsin.

At all drug stores—50 cents per package.

Send us your name and address to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample package free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

HALL'S
VEGETABLE SICILIAN
HAIR RENEWER

NORTH

Revised Formula

<p>Glycerin. Has marked healing and soothing properties; especially indicated for rashes, eruptions, and itching of the scalp. Also has great food value, aiding nature in producing a more luxuriant growth of hair.</p> <p>Capsicum. Stimulant, tonic. Increases activity of all the glands and tissues of the scalp.</p>	<p>Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Bay Rum. Especially valuable in falling hair.</p> <p>Sulphur. Absolutely essential for the prompt and total destruction of the "falling hair germ" and the "dandruff germ."</p> <p>Boroglycerin. An antiseptic of high merit.</p> <p>Alcohol. Stimulant. Antiseptic. Preservative.</p> <p>Water. Perfume.</p>
---	---

WEST | **FALLING HAIR DANDRUFF** | EAST

SOUTH

Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory in these cases. Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs. "To cure dandruff is to prevent baldness."
A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.
Show this formula to your doctor.
Do as he says about using it.

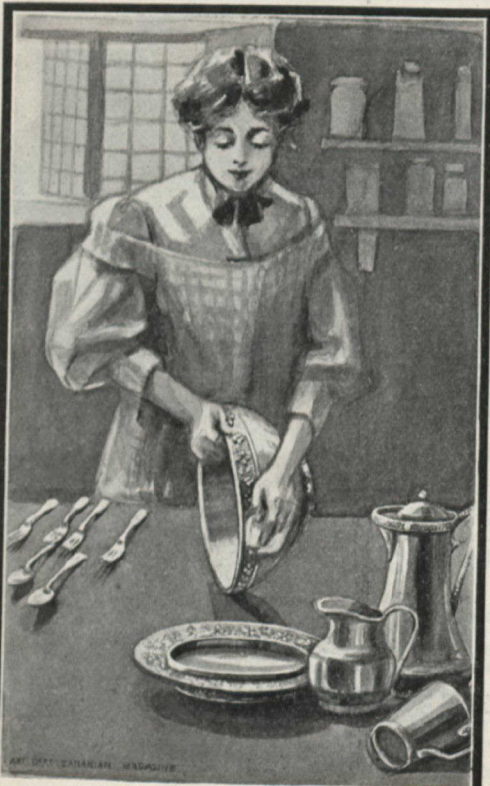
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

DOES NOT CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE HAIR

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.
Canadian Agents
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Standard Silverware

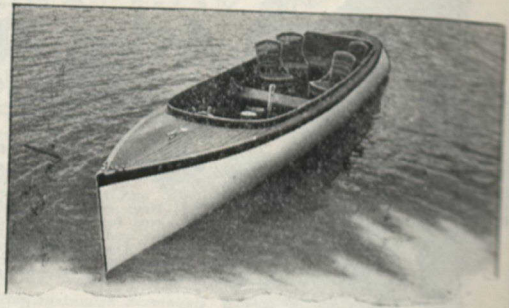


is useful at all times and nothing is more appropriate or more appreciated as a gift providing it is of the STANDARD quality. See that it is stamped with our trademark. New and exclusive designs for the holiday season can be had at all first-class jewellery stores.

Standard Silver Co.
Limited

35 Hayter Street, Toronto

Fay & Bowen Motor Boats



A 1908 WINNER

The Fay & Bowen 25 foot "Special" shown above is the handsomest thing in its class for 1908.

Copper-riveted, all woodwork counterbored and plugged, entire top and interior finished in mahogany

Fitted with a Fay & Bowen 7 H.P. double cylinder engine it develops a speed of 10 miles an hour, and it **actually makes it**, over a measured course. Steering wheel both at bow and at side. Engine speed controlled both forward or aft of engine.

Photographs and blue prints sent on application.

Fay & Bowen engines are reliable, simple and not sensitive. The Chicago-Mackinac endurance race for 1907 was won by our engine.

If you want a motor boat or marine engine you owe it to yourself to write for our free catalogue.

FAY & BOWEN ENGINE CO., 117 Lake St., Geneva, N.Y.



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine.
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they sell!

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

"WELLINGTON"

Photographic Specialties

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It adds a zest to hot or cold meats, fish, game, cheese, soups and gravies. No other sauce has the same rare flavor of the original Lea and Perrins.

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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.

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Vinol contains every medicinal, healing, body building element known to exist in the Cod's Liver—but no oil. Vinol is made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers and their oil with Peptonate of iron added—It tastes good.

Vinol combines the two most world famed tonics all the medicinal properties of Cod Liver Oil and iron deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach—an old and valuable remedy improved by modern science, and unexcelled as a

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are made from the finest Canadian fruits and retain their delicious natural flavour. These goods are as wholesome as that made by the housewife in her own kitchen and more appetizing than home-made preserves. See that you get UPTON'S. Your grocer will supply them.

CLARK'S

This 5cent Tin

—contains as much nourishment and energy as 1 lb. of prime beef costing 12½ cts. a pound. The contents eaten either hot or cold are just as tasty and appetizing as any meat dish you can prepare—and yet 5 minutes will make a steaming hot dinner.

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Three flavors—plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce. Purity guaranteed by the stamp "Canada Approved Establishment 24," and by

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GALVANIZED
STEEL SHINGLES

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AS WELL AS
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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*

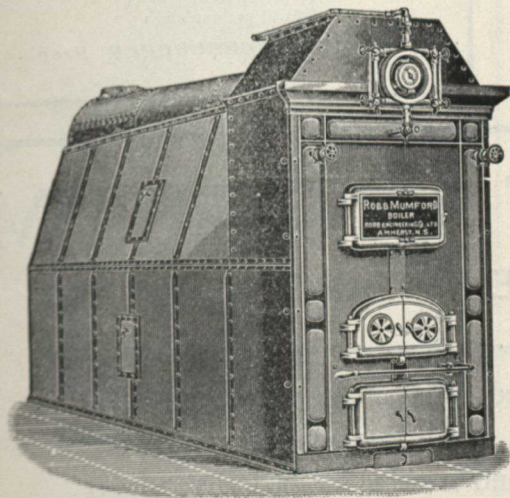
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For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed.
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LOW FIRST COST.
SAVING IN FUEL.
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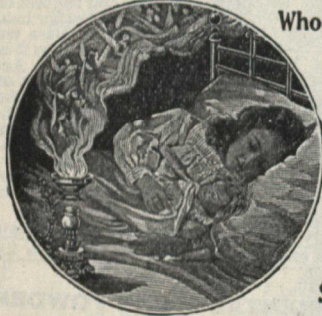
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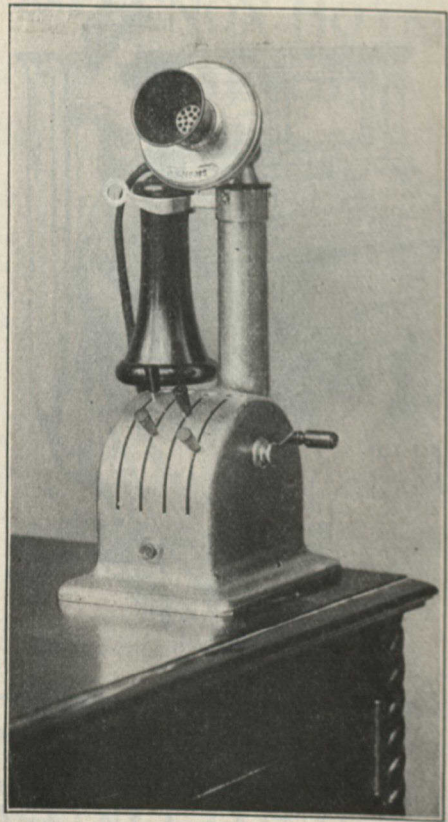
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Are you interested in telephones? Write us for full information.

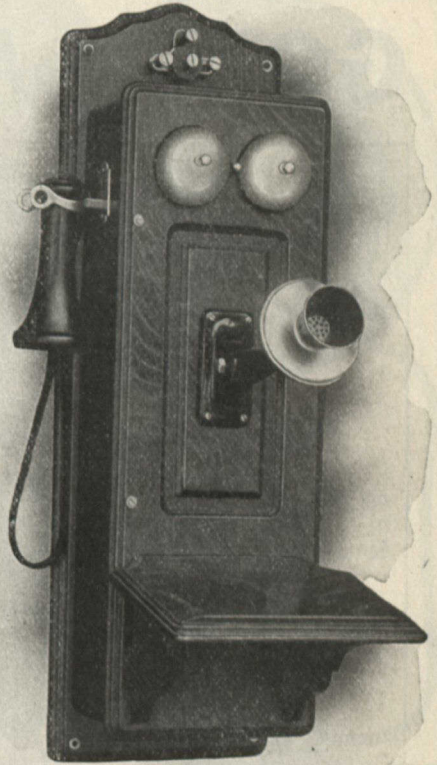
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Canada has one telephone to every 179 inhabitants.

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Thousands of homes in Canada are in need of telephones. Do not think that a telephone is a luxury. A telephone is a necessity—in case of sickness, accident, social and neighborly intercourse, business.

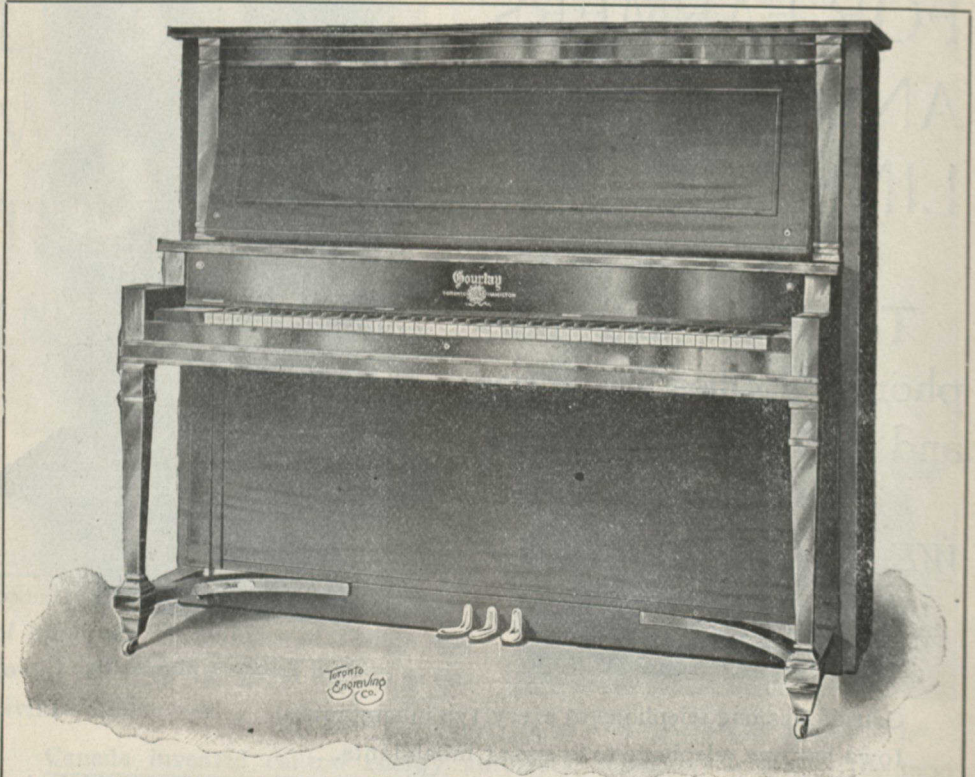
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Style 57 Old English Design

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Gourelay Pianos are all of One Quality—the Best

The lowest priced piano is as well made as the highest. In musical excellence and in durability of construction they are a decided advance beyond other first-class Canadian pianos, and equal to the best pianos in the world.

The piano illustrated on this page is our new Style 57—"Old English" Design—a style that particularly appeals to refined people. The other styles are equally pleasing. Why not send for our 1907-8 Style book? It is free for the asking. Drop us a post-card to-day.

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on the backs of handles of spoons and forks and on the blades of knives of the best silver plate made.

This name represents quality so thoroughly tested for three generations as to well merit the title

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Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and ge. free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (2)

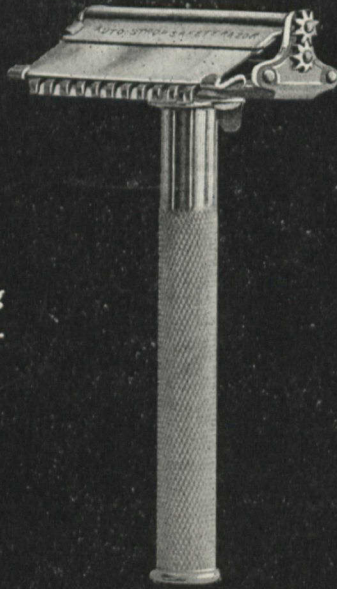
Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

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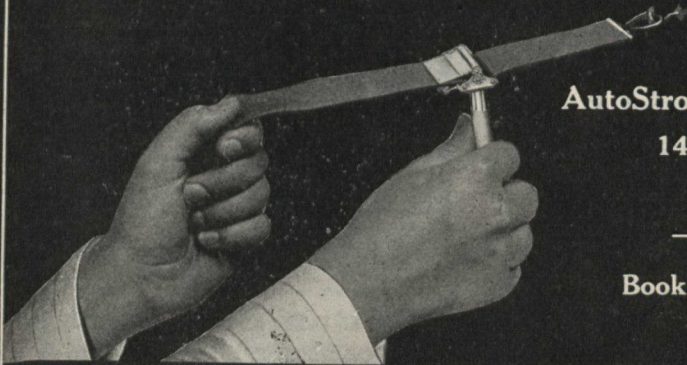
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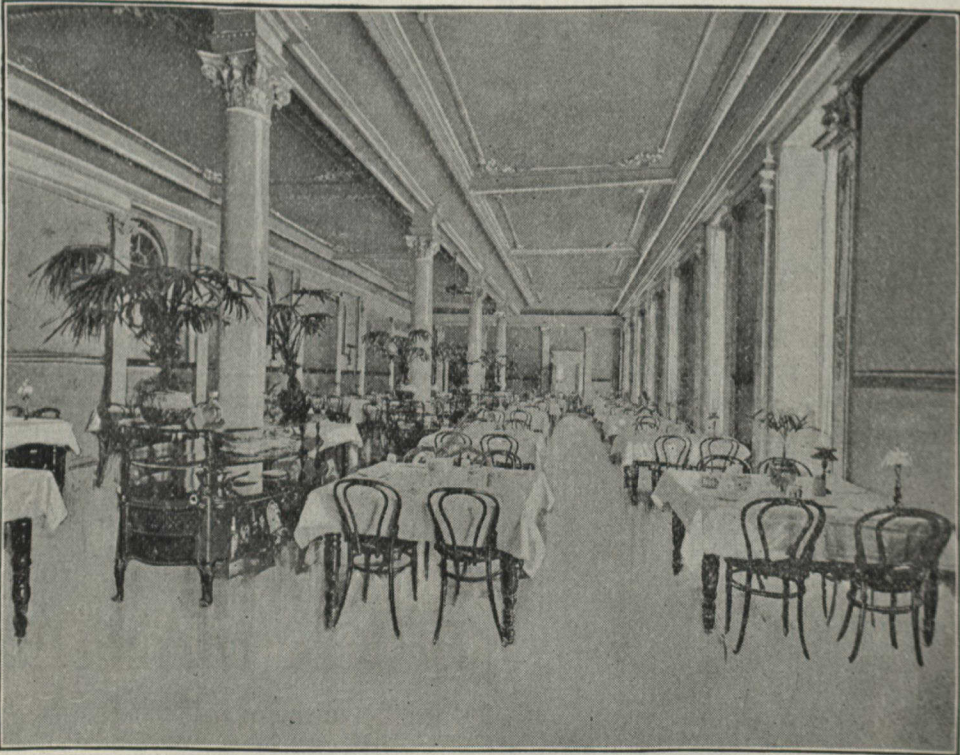
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The St. Catharines Well and The Welland Inn

THE FAMOUS MINERAL SALT SPRINGS

situated at St. Catharines, Ont., 11 miles from Niagara Falls, on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, is a happy combination of family hotel and sanitarium. The Welland is designed for a resting place and possesses all the essentials at moderate cost. Mineral Salt Water Baths of various kinds, Massage, Electricity and Special Tonic treatments for overworked minds and bodies. Write to the Manager, The Welland Inn, St. Catharines, Ont., for illustrated descriptive matter, and apply to Grand Trunk Agents for particulars regarding routes and rates.

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PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

THE ALLAN LINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

The Allan Line begs to offer to the Readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE its schedule of sailings for 1908, as appended below, and to call attention to several features of importance:

FIRST—The Allan Line was the first to place steamers on the Canadian route under contract with the Canadian Government. Mail Service established in 1854, with four steamers aggregating 10,000 tons.

SECOND—The Allan Line was the first to adopt steel construction—"Buenos Ayrean," built in 1881.

THIRD—The Allan Line was the first to adopt Side or Bilge Keels to minimise rolling. Now all steamers are so fitted.

FOURTH—The Allan Line was the first to adopt TURBINES instead of reciprocating engines. There is practically no noise or vibration in a turbine-driven steamer.

The new yacht built for His Majesty King Edward; the Battleship Dreadnought, besides many other steamers of other lines have followed the example set in the now famous vessels of the Allan Line, "Victorian" and "Virginian."

THREE NEW STEAMERS have been added to the fleet this year—SS. "Corsican," "Grampian," and "Hesperian"; the last named to be launched before December 31st. They average over 10,000 tons each; are splendid examples of the shipbuilder's art, and while safety has been the first consideration in their construction, they will be found to embrace every device that will add to the comfort of passengers during a trans-Atlantic trip. They are veritable floating hotels of the highest class, while the rates are arranged to meet the wants of every class of traveller.

1908—PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS—1908

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

From	STEAMERS	From	From	From	STEAMERS	From	From
LIVERPOOL		MONTEAL	QUEBEC	LIVERPOOL		MONTEAL	QUEBEC
Thurs. 16 April	-x CORSIKAN	-Friday 1 May	1 May	Friday 31 July	-x VIRGINIAN	-Friday 14 Aug.	14 Aug.
Friday 24 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 8 "	8 "	Thurs. 6 Aug.	- CORSIKAN	" 21 "	21 "
Thurs. 30 "	- TUNISIAN	" 15 "	15 "	Friday 14 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 28 "	28 "
Friday 8 May	-x VIRGINIAN	" 22 "	22 "	Thurs. 20 "	- TUNISIAN	" 4 Sept.	4 Sept.
Thurs. 14 "	- CORSIKAN	" 29 "	29 "	Friday 28 "	-x VIRGINIAN	" 11 "	11 "
Friday 22 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 5 June	5 June	Thurs. 3 Sept.	- CORSIKAN	" 18 "	18 "
Thurs. 28 "	- TUNISIAN	" 12 "	12 "	Friday 11 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 25 "	25 "
Friday 5 June	-x VIRGINIAN	" 19 "	19 "	Thurs. 17 "	- TUNISIAN	" 2 Oct.	2 Oct.
Thurs. 11 "	- CORSIKAN	" 26 "	26 "	Friday 25 "	-x VIRGINIAN	" 9 "	9 "
Friday 19 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 3 July	3 July	Thurs. 1 Oct.	- CORSIKAN	" 16 "	16 "
Thurs. 25 "	- TUNISIAN	" 10 "	10 "	Friday 9 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 23 "	23 "
Friday 3 July	-x VIRGINIAN	" 17 "	17 "	Thurs. 15 "	- TUNISIAN	" 30 "	30 "
Thurs. 9 "	- CORSIKAN	" 24 "	24 "	Friday 23 "	-x VIRGINIAN	" 6 Nov	6 Nov
Friday 17 "	-x VICTORIAN	" 31 "	31 "	Thurs. 29 "	- CORSIKAN	" 13 "	13 "
Thurs. 23 "	- TUNISIAN	" 7 Aug.	7 Aug.	Friday 6 Nov.	-x VICTORIAN	" 20 "	20 "

x Royal Mail Steamers.

Further information will be supplied by any Agent of the Line, or

H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal.

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THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

For Xmas and New Year holidays specially low rates for the general public, teachers, students and commercial travellers.

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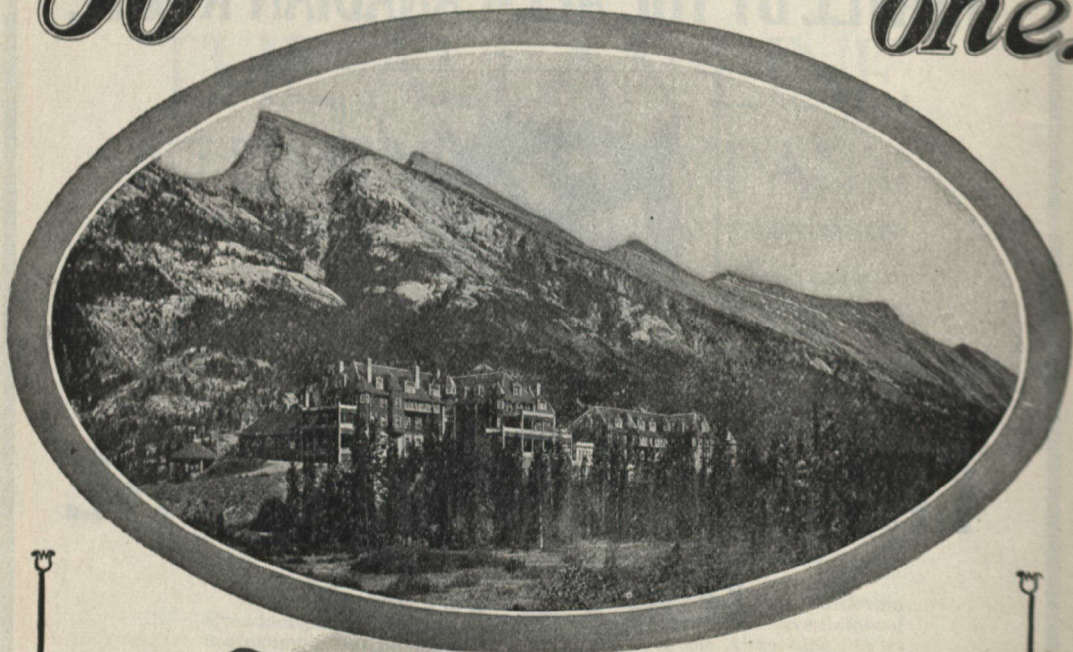
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Leaves Montreal daily for Quebec and Riviere-du-loup; daily, except Saturday, for St. John, Halifax and the Sydneys, with connections for Prince Edward Island.

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General Passenger Dept., - Moncton, N.B.

50 Switzerlands in one.



Write for copy of "Challenge of the Mountains."

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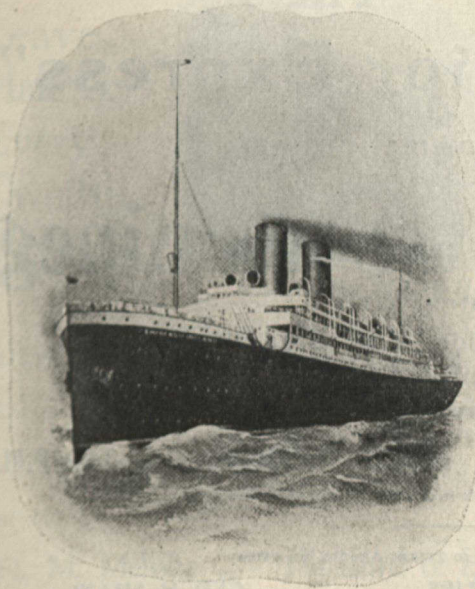
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The record for the fastest trip to Canadian ports is held by the Empresses—six days, one hour from dock to dock

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EMPRESS OF BRITAIN and EMPRESS OF IRELAND

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

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MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
IN SUMMER

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL
(Via Halifax in Winter)

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The S.S. "CANADA" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

To Europe in Comfort At Moderate Rates

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These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

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It is built so it will do her baking, roasting and broiling to perfection. It is built to do this with the least labor and the greatest economy of fuel.

The Imperial Oxford Range, Series "100" is our latest production—the result of our many years of building ranges the best we knew how. Its efficiency is the achievement of long years of study, skill and experience.

Here are some of the points wherein the Imperial Oxford Range Series 100 differs from any other range and makes it so much better for your cook, your appetite and your pocket book.

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The oven is large—room for for two big roasts at once, or for four ten in. large pie plates. And it happens to be the **ONLY** oven which is so perfectly ventilated that, though it utilises **ALL** the heat of the fuel, nothing it bakes or roasts can steam or sweat.

The fire box (oval shaped) can't get ash-choked; and the Oxford two-way grate-bars won't gather clinkers easy to keep clean.

A self-acting catch keeps the lifting-hearth out of the way when desired and the ash pan is of ample size.

In a few minutes you can change the fire-box from coal to wood—and it burns either with the utmost economy.

Simple to run—drafts so direct and fuel saving, you can't waste money running this range. Easy to run, easy to clean, easy to cook with, easy to buy.

Send for the book about it—or see your dealer—if he can't show it to you, don't bother with substitutes, but

Write to-day and secure perfect comfort.

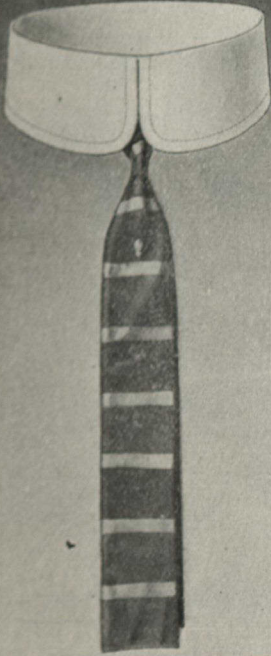


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ARBEKA 2 3/8 inches
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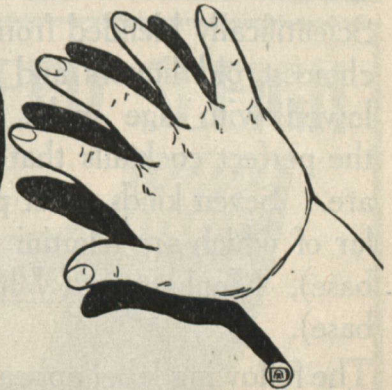
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In making "Baby's Own" the most refined vegetable oils, and flower perfumes are used. These oils keep the skin soft, smooth and clear. Therefore use "BABY'S OWN" SOAP daily.

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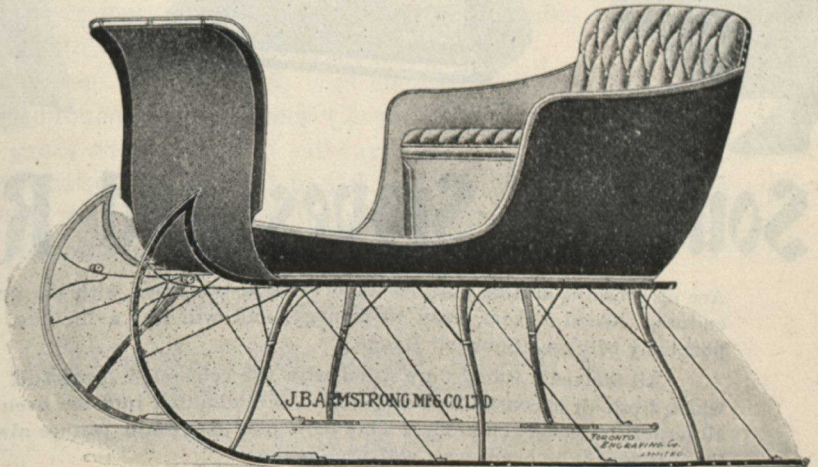
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WESTERN AGENTS—TILDEN, GURNEY & CO., Ltd., WINNIPEG

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Brain, Brawn and Capital can all be Utilized

THE magnificent development of Western Canada since the opening of the Twentieth Century has attracted the attention of the world, and every year since 1900 has been an improvement upon its predecessor, in so far as immigration and general progress are concerned.

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To do this with comfort and beneficial after-effects, use well-made

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