

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

JUNE  
1905



Vol. XXV

No. 2

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VOLUME XXV.

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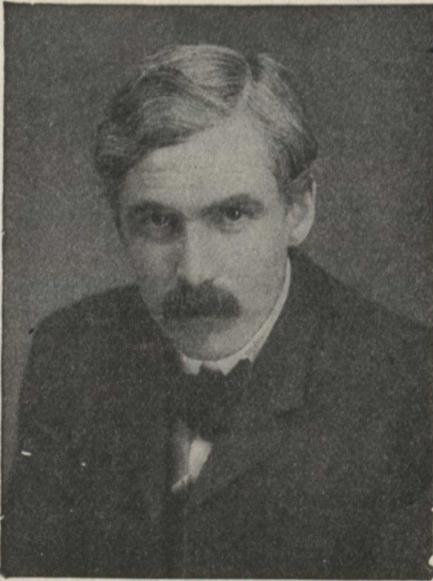
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BY CANADIAN WRITERS

**A**LL the short stories which appear in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* are written by Canadian writers. This is not due to a belief that Canadians write better short stories than any others, but simply because this periodical aims to represent only Canadian life and literature. This is its mission.

No Canadian fiction writer has received more praise at home and abroad in recent times than Norman Duncan. During the next few months, four short stories from the pen of this gifted writer will appear in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*.



NORMAN DUNCAN  
Author of "DOCTOR LUKE OF THE LABRADOR"

**The Dream of Nageeb Fiani** is a story of the Syrian Quarter in New York which was the scene of all Mr. Duncan's stories published under the title "The Soul of the Street." **The Wreck of the Will-o'-the-Wisp** is a characteristic Newfoundland story. **Half-yard's Mutiny** is another sea-coast tale. **The Boss of the Gang** is the story of a New York street boy with a theatrical disposition which leads up to an amateur night in an East-side theatre. These will be illustrated by Fergus Kyle.

Another "**Donald**" story by W. Albert Hickman will appear in July and August. **Donald** is one of the greatest of Canadian characters and this two-part story is humorous and interesting in an unusual degree. This will be illustrated by William Beatty, A.R.C.A.

**Mollie in Moonland**—A fairy story for children, with illustrations by Emily Hand, will appear shortly. This is by G. P. Medley, who wrote "A Birthday in Bogieland," published last year.

**The Homes and Haunts of Joseph Howe**, by Emily Weaver, will be the opening article in July.

AN INDEX TO VOLUME 24 WILL BE MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control, and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercise of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition.

An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Seven commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination or for any other information application should be made as soon as possible to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

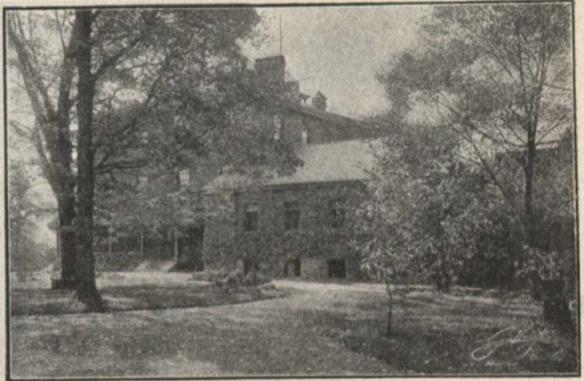
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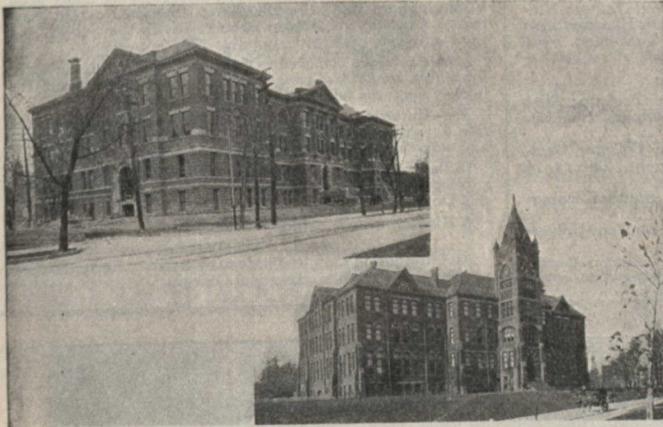
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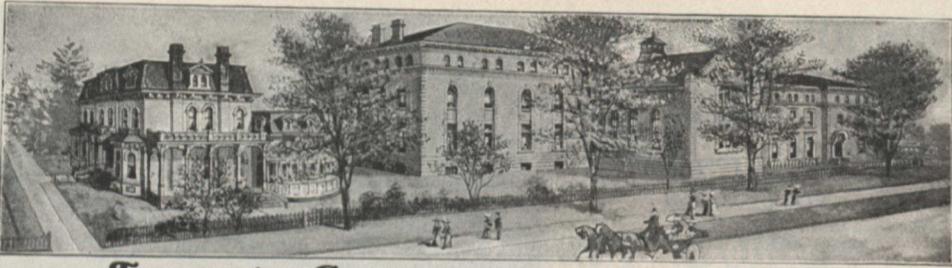
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**A. T. LAING, Registrar**

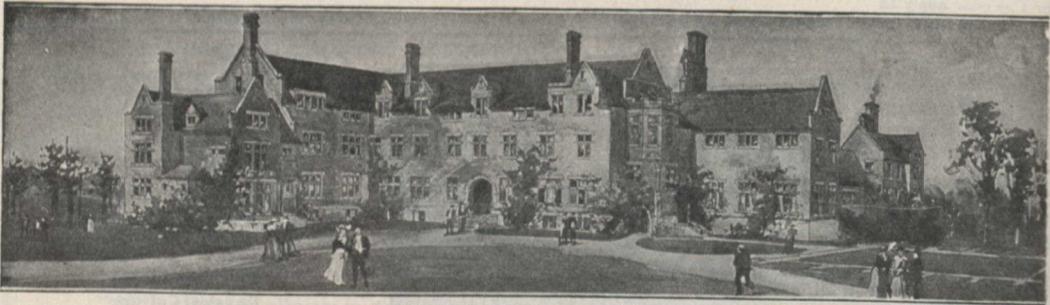


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**JUNIOR SCHOOL**—Miss Wood, B.A., London University, Westfield College.

Assisted by 20 resident mistresses who are graduates of various English and Canadian Universities, and by 31 visiting masters and teachers.

Pupils are prepared for Matriculation at the University of Toronto, for the Havergal Diploma, and for Examinations in Music and Art.

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Large grounds attached to the College afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc., in the summer, and for hockey upon the full-sized rink in winter.

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In the Junior School the Curriculum includes, among other subjects, Elementary Courses in Cooking, Wood Carving and Domestic Science.

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All information may be obtained by letter or by application to the Bursar's Office, Havergal College.



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Short courses in Nature Study and Domestic Science and Art open in September, January, April and July.

The Macdonald Hall for the accommodation of young women attending the Institute will be ready for use at the beginning of the College year in September, 1904.

For further information address

**G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A.,**

President of the College, Guelph, Ont.



## St. Monica's

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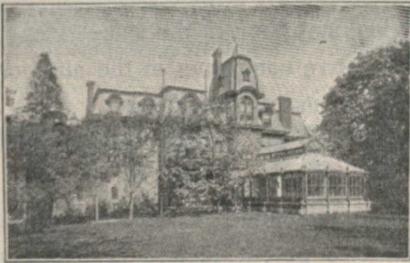
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For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

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**Edited by THOMAS SKINNER**

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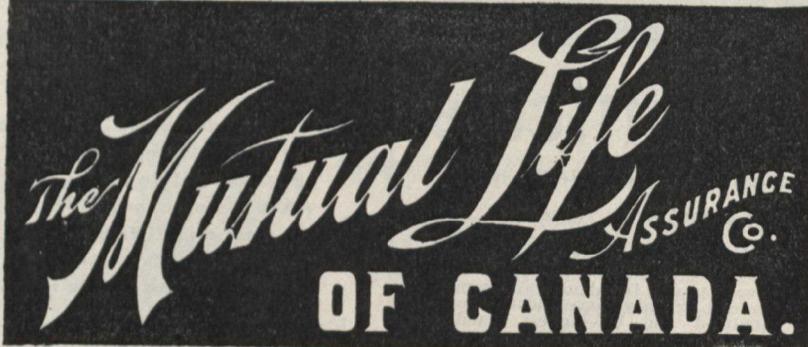
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The Government Blue-Book, just published, shows that among Canadian Companies



holds **THIRD PLACE** in the net amount of Canadian business in force, as at December 31, 1904, and **FIRST PLACE** in the net amount of insurance **GAINED** during the last **FIVE** years—a sure test of the Company's popularity with the Canadian public.

**THE MUTUAL LIFE** is a Canadian Company racy of the soil—strong, vigorous and productive—and **LEADS** all the native companies in the number and value of the **BENEFITS CONFERRED** on its policyholders.

This is, par excellence, an insuring age in which the assured expects full value for the premiums paid.

**THE LOWEST EXPENSE** rate of any Canadian Company and a **MOST FAVORABLE DEATH RATE**—two potent factors in building up a yearly expanding surplus—enable the Company to achieve for its members the best possible results.

**THIS COMPANY'S** methods of apportioning and distributing surplus to its policyholders (who alone share in its profits), as well as its policy contracts without burdensome conditions of any kind, are in all respects fully up to the highest standard of 20th century requirements.

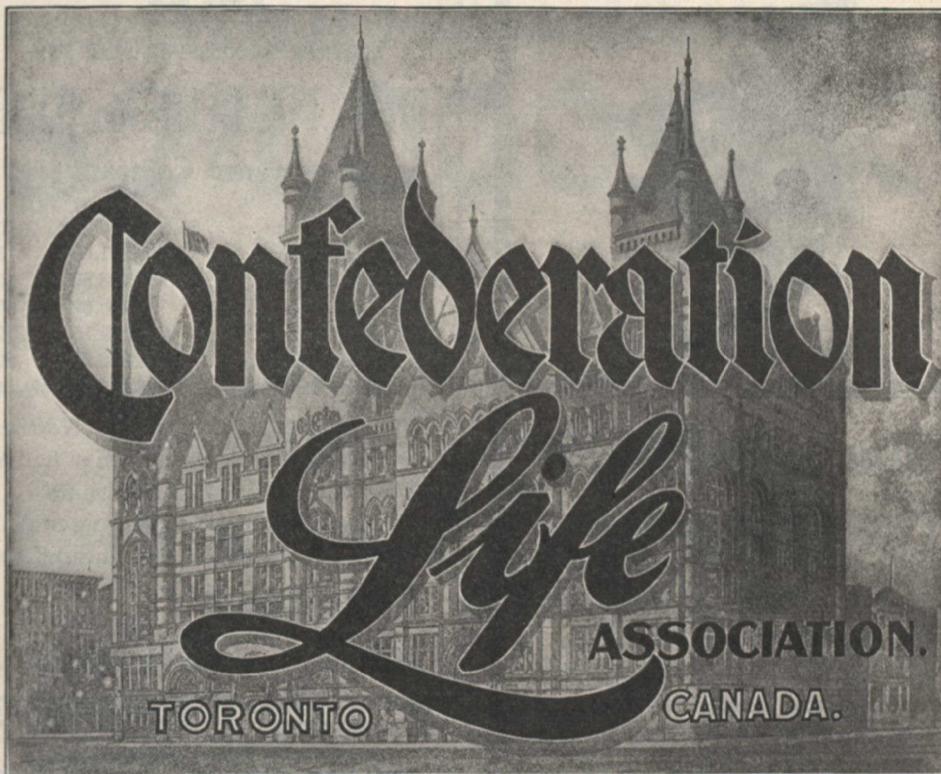
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To make absolute provision for your family in case of your death is by a Life Insurance Policy.

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The security obtained under a life policy with the

### NORTH AMERICAN

is unexcelled, and the conditions as to surrender and loan values, paid-up and extended insurance, are exceedingly liberal.

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**1904**

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR FOR

## The Northern Life

Assurance Company

Insurance Written . . . . .	\$1,231,580.00	Gain over last year.	15%
Insurance in Force . . . . .	4,144,881.00		15½%
Premium Income . . . . .	130,468.85		10½%
Interest Income . . . . .	21,460.69		60%
Total Assets . . . . .	486,949.15		19½%
Government Reserves . . . . .	311,326.00		29%
<b>Management Expenses . . . . .</b>	<b>49,245.43 only</b>		<b>1½%</b>

The Policies issued by the Northern Life are so liberal that agents find no difficulty in writing up applicants.

Liberal contracts to good agents.

Write for booklet describing different kinds of Policies.

HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ONT.

**JOHN MILNE, Managing Director**



Head Office—Winnipeg, Manitoba

### RECORD FOR 1904

Policies issued and taken '04, \$5,103,413

" " " '03, 4,278,850

**INCREASE 19% \$824,563**

Business in force Dec. 31, '04, \$20,611,399

" " " '03, 18,023,639

**INCREASE 14% \$2,587,760**

Interest received '04, - - - - - \$133,262

" " '03, - - - - - 93,035

**INCREASE OVER 40% \$40,227**

(Interest earned averaged seven per cent.)

Total assets Dec. 31, '04, - - - \$2,557,983

Liabilities " " - - - 2,017,291

**SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS, - \$540,692**

Surplus shows a margin of 27 per cent. over Liabilities, excelling all other companies in this vital matter of SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS.

WITH MORE THAN  
**\$24,000,000**

of carefully invested funds we are giving our Depositors and Debenture Holders a security from which the element of risk is eliminated. That this is appreciated by the investing public is evidenced by the fact that during the year 1904 the funds placed with the Corporation for investment increased from **\$15,040,540 to \$15,892,546.**

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 TORONTO STREET TORONTO

THE  
**FEDERAL LIFE**  
 ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE  
 HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets	- - - -	\$3,018,773 37
Paid to Policyholders in 1904	- -	198,911 34
Assurance written in 1904	- -	3,010,499 50

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

DAVID DEXTER  
 President and Managing Director

# THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid up . . . \$1,000,000

Reserve Fund . . . \$1,000,000

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Surplus apportioned to with-profit  
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strictly in accordance with  
estimates.

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 CYRUS A. BIRGE.  
 H. M. WATSON, Assistant General Manager and Superintendent  
 of Branches.

## HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, ONT.

Capital.....\$ 2,250,000  
 Reserve Fund..... 2,100,000  
 Total Assets..... 28,500,000

### Branches:

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Alton	Gorrie	Milton	Roland, Man.
Alwood	Grimshy	Mitchell	Saskatoon, N.W.T.
Battleford, N.W.T.	Hagersville	Minnedosa, Man.	Simcoe
Beamsville	Hamilton	Miami, Man.	Southampton
Berlin	" Deering Br.	Moorefield, Ont.	Stonewall, Man.
Blyth	" Barton St.	Moose Jaw, N.W.T.	Teeswater
Brandon, Man.	" East End	Morden, Man.	Toronto—
Brantford	" West End	Niagara Falls	Queen & Spadina
Carberry, Man.	Hamiota, Man.	Niagara Falls South	College & Ossing'n
Carman, Man.	Indian Head, N.W.T.	Orangeville	Vancouver, B.C.
Chesley	Jarvis, Ont.	Owen Sound	Wingham
Delhi	Kamloops, B.C.	Palmerston	Winkler, Man.
Dundas	Killarney, Man.	Pilot Mound, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
Dundalk	Listowel	Plum Coulee, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.—
Dunnville	Lucknow	Port Elgin	Grain Exchange
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Georgetown	Melfort, N.W.T.		

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## DEBENTURES

Issued in sums of \$100 and upwards, bearing interest at the rate of 4% per annum, payable half-yearly. 1st January and July principal of bonds repayable on 60 days' notice.

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## FARMING - LUMBERING - MINING

FOR DETAILED INFORMATION CONCERNING OPPORTUNITIES  
 FOR INVESTMENT IN NEW ONTARIO IN

## FOREST, FIELD AND MINE

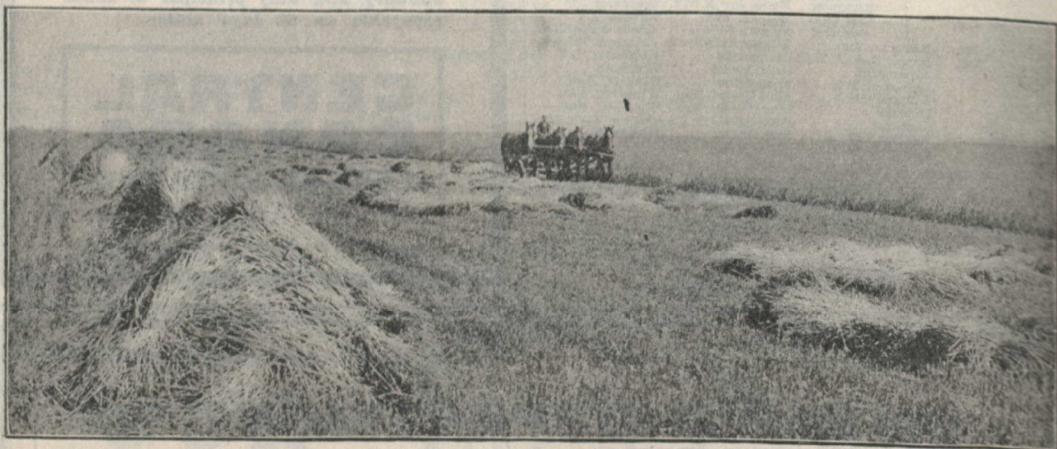
WRITE TO

HON. J. J. FOY, Commissioner of Crown Lands - - TORONTO, ONTARIO

# WESTERN CANADA

## Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of GRAIN, ROOTS and VEGETABLES

The productiveness of the rich loams and soils that are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province of Manitoba and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are now so well known that it is a subject of great interest throughout all the Western States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

During the past seven years the immigration has been most phenomenal, and the prospects are that during the next few years this immigration will continue in largely increasing numbers. It is confidently assumed that the same degree of success that attended the work of the farmer during the past few years will be repeated in the future.

**FREE HOMESTEADS** may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

**The matter of climate** is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

**Socially**, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

**Markets** for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.

Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

**Ranching** is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

**Wheat Districts.** The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

**Mixed Farming.** To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

**Large Tracts Open for Settlement.** New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new *Canadian Geography* and all other information necessary.

**W. T. R. PRESTON,**

Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,

11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON W.C., ENGLAND.

**W. D. SCOTT,**

Superintendent of Immigration,

OTTAWA, CANADA.

# REMEMBER

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AWARDS

Gold Medal, Paris, 1900

Gold Medal, Ottawa, 1889

Gold Medal, Montreal, 1881

"THE BEST"

"MAGI" CALEDONIA WATER LEADS

FIRST AND  
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1898	\$167,410.88	\$ 180,761	\$ 677,061	\$ 4,169,125
1900	294,852.04	597,488	1,102,092	9,226,350
1902	481,229.14	1,102,531	1,660,777	13,384,119
1904	696,885.25	1,768,706	2,404,941	17,672,050

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To the Careful Housekeeper

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A small quantity added to Salads, Soups, Gravies, Vegetables, Cold Meats, Game, etc., gives a tempting flavor and color that can be obtained in no other way so economically and conveniently; it makes the dish more digestible and insures its being relished.

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A Kitchen Bill  
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ASK YOUR DEALER  
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MANUFACTURED & PACKED BY  
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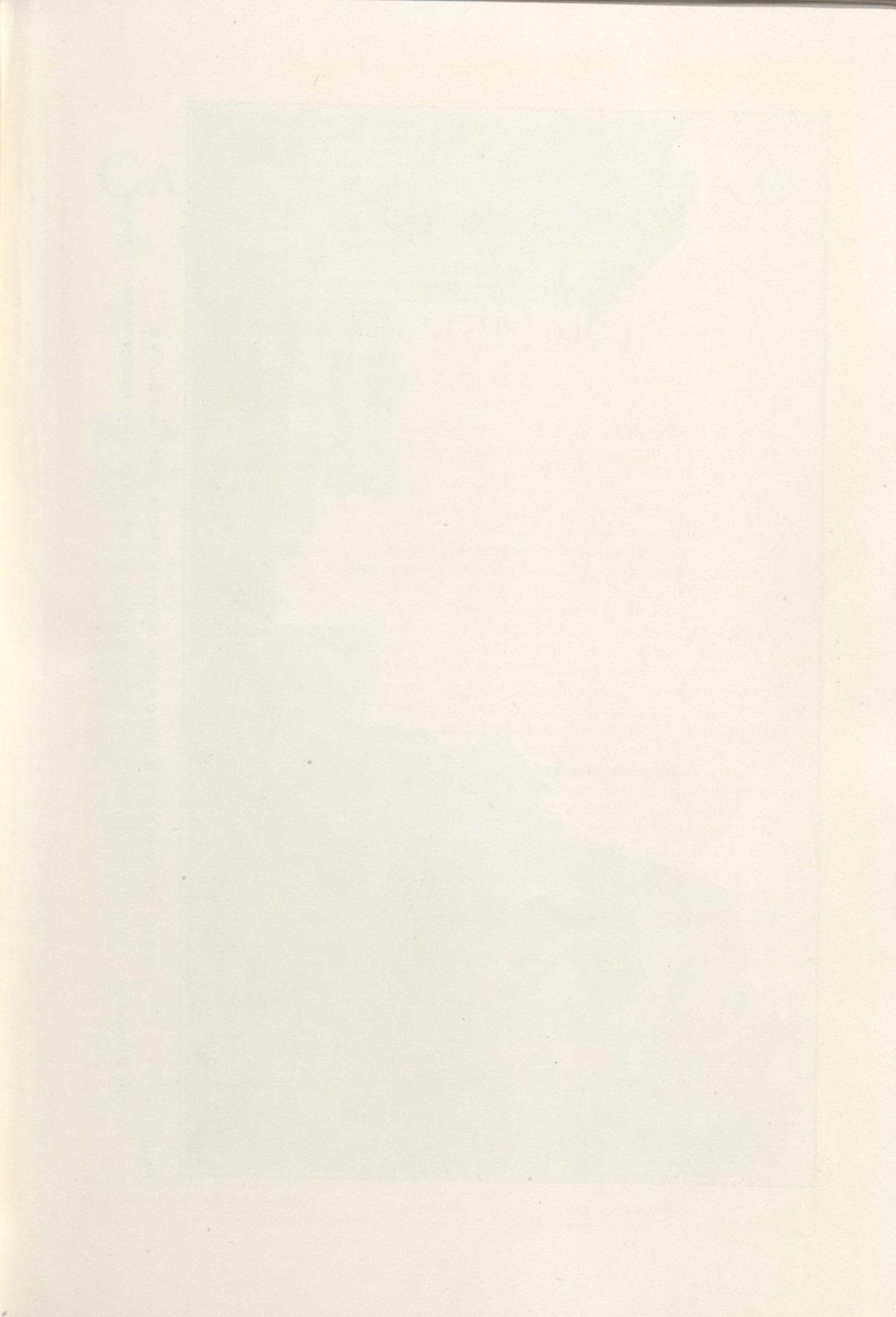
BEST EXTRACT OF BEST BEEF  
FOR  
Soups, Sauces,  
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Convenient for Holding Grocers' and  
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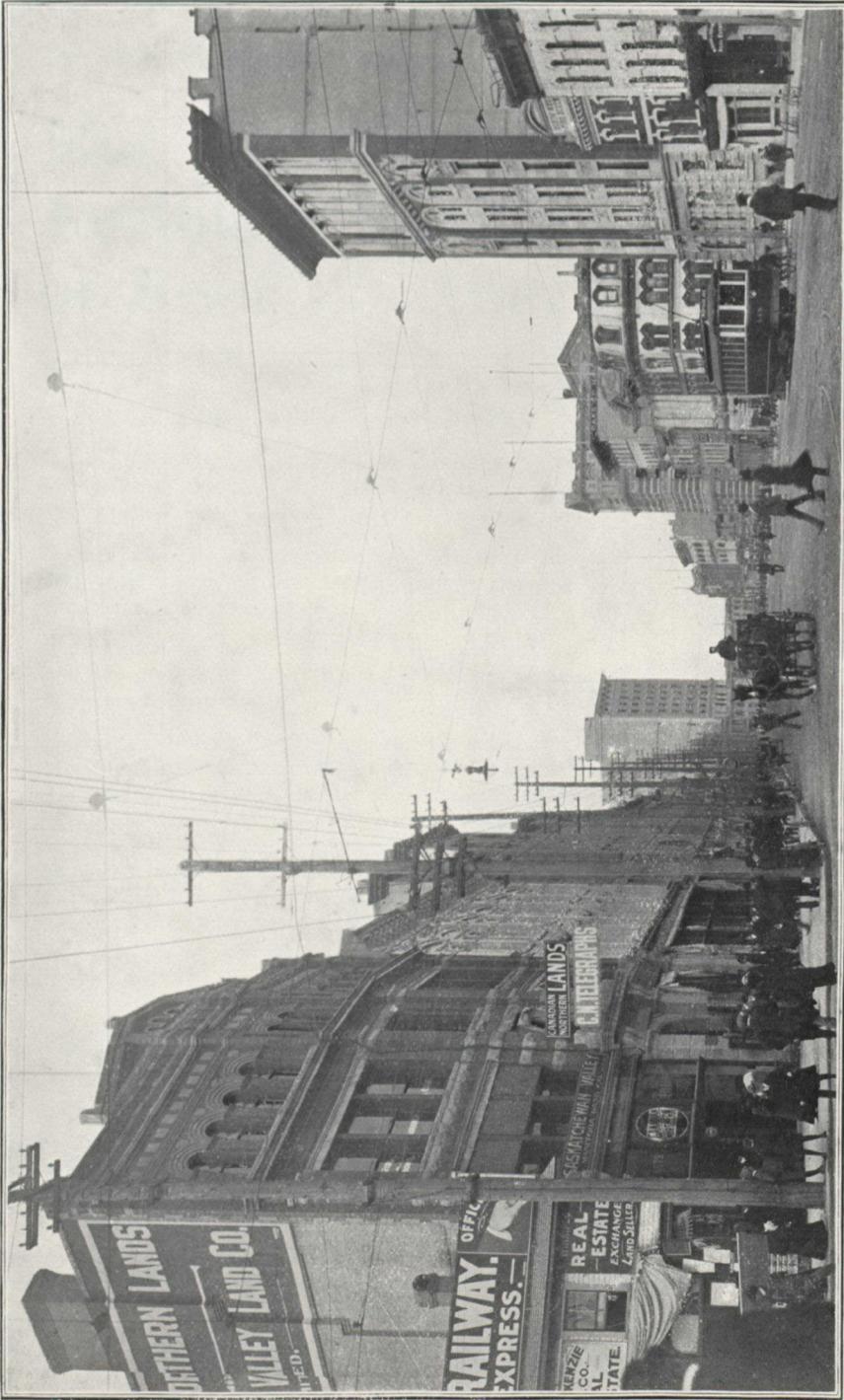


Photo by Steele & Co.

**MAIN ST., WINNIPEG, LOOKING NORTH FROM PORTAGE AVE.**

THE POPULATION OF THIS CITY OF THE PLAINS HAS ALMOST DOUBLED IN TWO YEARS. IT IS NOW ESTIMATED AT 100,000

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, JUNE, 1905

No. 2

## Winnipeg in 1904

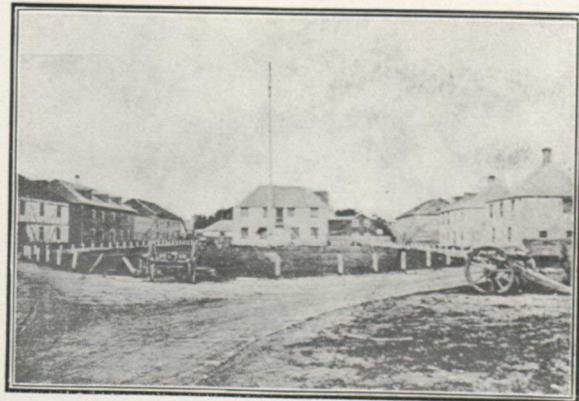
By A. F. B. CLARK



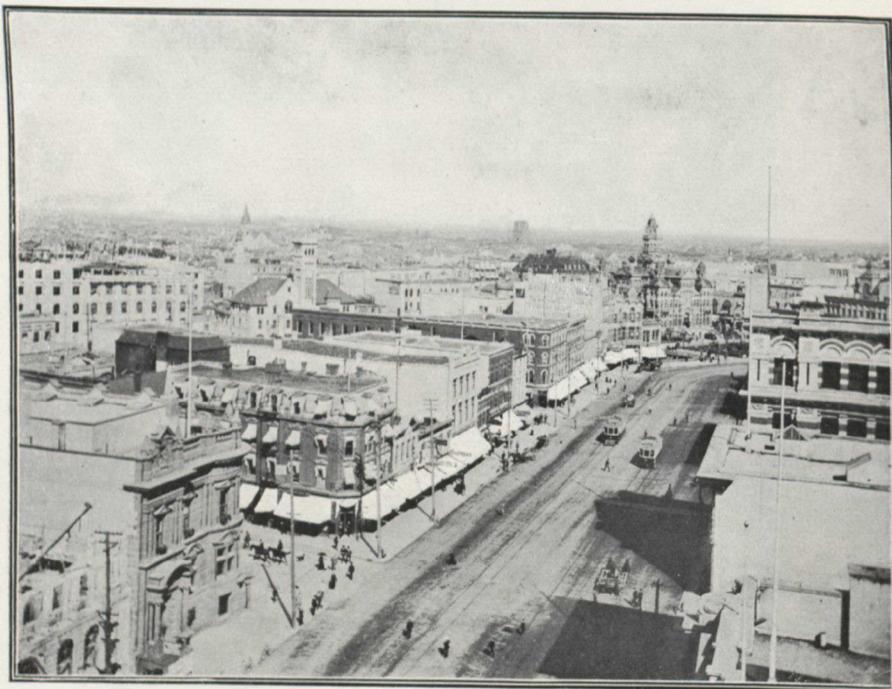
IN speaking of Winnipeg one falls naturally into a statistical vein. Other Canadian cities have been described without the aid of an Arabic numeral, but a page of literature about Winnipeg usually resembles a table of logarithms. Its history is a series in geometrical progression, and its young men and maidens have an unholy grasp of the conditions of the realty market. Consequently, the outsider has a very nebulous idea of Winnipeg as a city of men; its "veined humanity" scarcely glimmers through crepuscular phrases like "the gateway of the West," "the *entrepot* of a vast and fertile country." We think of Winnipeg too much from a geographical or a commercial point of view. We ask too few human questions about it, as to what its streets and houses and stores are like, whether it is kind to strangers, how it amuses itself, how it compares with other cities? It is time that Canadians took a more than utilitarian interest in our galaxy of young cities, and that the personality of each one should be studied and understood. Some attempt has been made to do this for Winnipeg in the following series of impressions of one who visited Winnipeg during the summer of 1904. Of course, it would be too heterodox altogether to dispense entirely with statistics when speaking of Winnipeg; therefore they will be inserted

in the right place, along with a short account of the city's growth.

On a bright July morning, we arrived in Winnipeg. Just after passing the huge, hump-backed, gray buildings of the Ogilvie Milling Co.—around which the air is pleasantly odorous with flour—the train drew up across Main St., which runs north and south at right angles to the tracks. The city received us in its shirt sleeves, so to speak—to the south of the tracks a chaos of men, teams, spades, mud was gradually shaping itself into the rough lines of the subway, where Main St. will dip under the C.P.R. tracks. To the east of Main stood the vacated C.P.R. station awaiting demolition, and south of it another chaos of toil where the new C.P.R. depot and hotel will in less than two years form a fitting vestibule and hostelry for Winnipeg. The cost of the hotel alone will approximate \$1,250,000, and it will



INTERIOR OF FORT GARRY BEFORE 1870



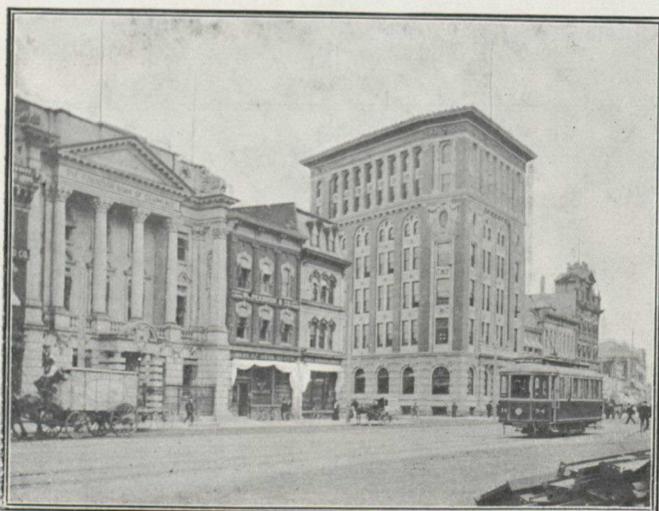
WINNIPEG—LOOKING NORTH FROM MERCHANTS BANK

be a worthy rival to the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec and the Place Viger Hotel in Montreal. While Winnipeg is setting her house in order, however, tickets are bought in unpainted wooden sheds, and

often a traveller has to walk a quarter of a mile down the tracks to another shed to get his baggage. No patriotic Canadian grumbles, however, because all is a sign of growth, of a metropolis germinating, a

giant casting off his swaddling clothes and proudly fitting together his manhood's armour.

Walking down Main St., the visitor steps where years ago Dominion Government surveyors laid out a thoroughfare two chains in width, planning for a mighty city. This street is the broadest thoroughfare in Canada, and as broad as any business street in the world. Main proceeds by bends, and the business heart of the city is hidden from the traveller, who traverses



BANK OF COMMERCE AND MERCHANTS BANK

a half-mile of second-rate hotels and stores, till he turns a corner and beholds the nucleus of Winnipeg and the future Wall Street of Canada. He is struck by two features of the business centre—the brightness of the buildings and the isolation of the tall ones. The business blocks do not attain a mean level, but a few edifices tower here and there above their fellows as though to mark the lines of the city's growth for all time.

To the right, the ten-storey steel-frame sky-scraper, built by the Union Bank, towers over everything in the city, over-shadowing the city hall, in front of which are flower plots and a monument to the dead of '85. Almost as prominent is the Merchants Bank, farther south on the east side; but the architectural eye will dwell with more pleasure on the artistic lines

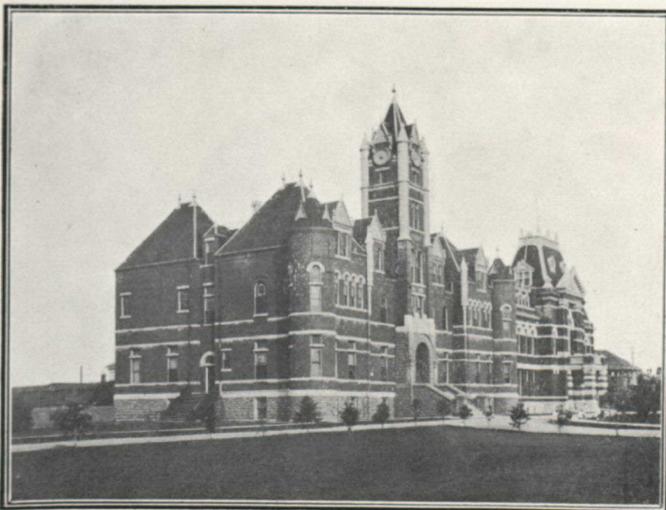


CITY HALL

of the Bank of Commerce, the Bank of British North America and the Dominion Bank. The blending of the bright tints of these buildings—white, gray, red, terracotta—gives a pleasing, fresh colour effect,

quite unique to one used to the sombre piles of our Eastern cities. The dry atmosphere and the absence of smoke—owing to comparative scarcity of factories—preserve the freshness of exteriors for many years. The visitor is surprised to learn that buildings apparently five or six years old date back to the boom period.

By the time the traveller has reached the junction of Portage and Main, he has probably discovered that Winnipeg is the



COURT HOUSE



WINNIPEG—MAIN STREET IN 1870

most cosmopolitan city in Canada. But the foreigner here is not picturesque; like Nature herself, he seems to have doffed his scenic properties before entering Winnipeg. The bright-shawled Italian girl, dragging a hurdy-gurdy, is not visible, and that instrument never enlivens the scene. Nor do we see here the gaudy-blanketed and painted Indian who lends a grotesque dash of colour to the streets of other Western towns. The visitor who has inquired in vain for information from the foreigner, will conclude he is only a nuisance; but he is evidently here to stay. In four Winnipeg churches the service is carried on in German, in two it is conducted in Icelandic, in two Swedish is the prevailing tongue. Besides, there are Galician and Polish missions, and in St. Boniface, a large French cathedral. All of which indicates a city which, for its population, is fairly polyglot.

Portage Avenue diverges from Main Street at an angle of about  $70^{\circ}$ , paralleling the Assiniboine as far west as Portage la Prairie, whence it gets its name. It is interesting because it proves a theorem, namely, that towns almost universally grow westward. In fact, the pressing on ever to the West seems to be a deep instinct in the human heart. The great historical *Völkerwanderungen* have been westward, and westward grows the smallest hamlet that doesn't buck up against a hill in its path. Some wise men, who had studied history, prophesied that the shopping of the future would be done on Portage Ave. rather than on Main St., which would become the financial artery. The part of the Avenue within the city limits taps the residential section between the Assiniboine and the C.P.R. tracks,



MASONIC TEMPLE

The great historical

the electric cars run out for several miles of its length, and tributary lines from outlying residential sections cross it at intervals. Now, that Winnipeg is growing westward may be seen by a glance along Portage Ave. from Main, for as the growth of the western city is so the growth of its great backbone will be. The prophets foretold true things, for large buildings are going up all along Portage, the most notable being that of the T. Eaton Co., which will occupy a block. The Manitoba *Free Press*, the great paper of the West, will soon have a new sanctum on Portage, and already the Avenue has several handsome buildings, among them the Y.M.C.A., the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and the Clarendon Hotel. The Avenue is asphalted, two chains in width, and when flanked for miles with immense retail blocks and humming with thousands of shoppers, will be one of the



SOUTH SIDE OF ASSINIBOINE AVE.

finest business thoroughfares in the world. If the rumour that the Grand Trunk Pacific will have its Winnipeg terminals far west on Portage be true, the growth of the Avenue will be greatly accelerated, and in five or six years it will present a strange contrast to the old trail of the '70's.

At the junction of Portage and Main newsboys cluster and the Easterner tenders a copper for a paper whose price is marked "One Cent." The western contempt for coppers may as well be learnt sooner or later, and the buyer pays five cents for his daily news. But there is another side to the transaction. The Easterner is surprised to learn that three papers or one go for the same price. That is the spirit of the West—full and heaping measure, but no small sales.

Some day a tally-ho will meet all trains and drive visitors bravely around Winnipeg. That will be the day when Winnipeg has time to entertain visitors with sight-seeing—and the



THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S STORES



WINNIPEG—VIEW OF CATTLE YARDS

sights to show them. At present the city is deficient in what the guide-books rather concisely call "points of interest." If you take a south-bound car, you will come presently to Winnipeg's one pregnant ruin—Fort Garry Gate. It stands in a little

enclosure just north of the Street Railway Co.'s power-house on the Assiniboine. The city caresses its one landmark lovingly with grass plots and girdles it with an iron fence. Here the visitor who will now have seen enough of Winnipeg to

understand its present-day significance, will do well to sit down on a bench under the shadow of the old gate and, on the spot where Winnipeg began, muse on its remarkable history.

Winnipeg is an Indian word which, being interpreted, means "Muddy Waters." No one who knows Winnipeg will deny the pictorial realism of the epithet "muddy" as applied to either water or land in its vicinity. But the student of



MANITOBA UNIVERSITY



THE GRAND STAND AT THE WINNIPEG FAIR

place names will discover a deeper significance in the adjective. "Muddy" seems to preface the names of many places destined to grow and multiply. "Muddy York" of the early nineteenth century is Toronto of the twentieth. This may satisfy some that there is a cabalistic reason for Winnipeg's growth. But in the year 1869, when twenty small structures, containing 100 souls, clustered near the old H.B. Co.'s fort, whose gateway alone remains, it would have taken a seer's vision to picture a city of 75,000 souls teeming there within 35 years. Hundreds of miles from any American city, more than a thousand miles from the nearest Canadian city, without railway communication with either of these, rebellion and all the other "growing pains" of a young settlement were experienced. It is with a quickened sense of the irony of life that one reads the account, penned by an eye-witness, of how Sir John A. Macdonald was burnt in effigy by ardent Reformers in the streets of Winnipeg in these early days, a few years before his railway scheme made Winnipeg's destiny sure and swift.

In the upbuilding of a town, as in the starting of a machine, the prime difficulty is to overcome the initial inertia. When that is done with unhealthy haste, you have a "boom." The Winnipeg boom of the '80's is to a Winnipegger "the boom" *par excellence*. It was caused, if booms can be analysed, by good times, promise of railways, and the increasing knowledge of the fertile plains on whose periphery Winnipeg stands. In 1878, the town's population was 6,500, and in that year rail communication with Emerson near the American boundary was obtained. In 1880, the population was 12,000—the inrush had begun. In 1882, the population of four years before had been quadrupled—had leapt from 6,500 to 25,000. The historic winter of '82-'83, when fortunes were made in an evening, and real estate offices were a sight to behold as gesticulating land agents pointed out desirable lots on the map, was followed by the inevitable reaction. In 1886, the population had dropped to 19,000—6,000 subtracted in three years. Statistics like that are almost exciting.

The boom played havoc with the local



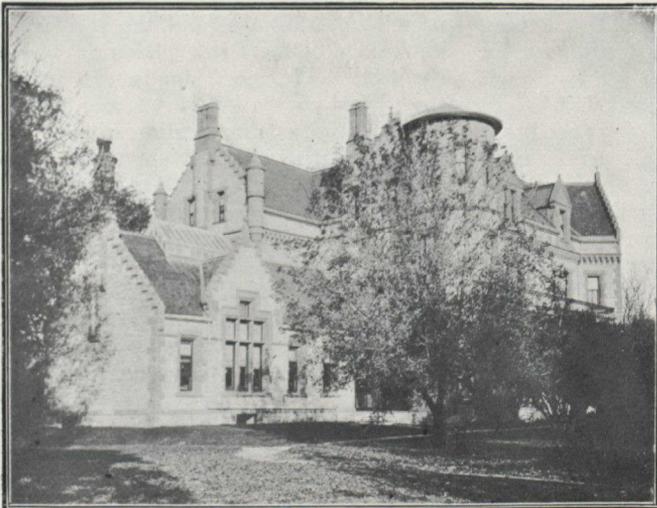
INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

prophets of the early '80's, who fixed the population at 100,000 for 1890. Still, Winnipeg recovered from the boom, and the rest of the tale is written, fascinat-

ingly, in immigration pamphlets, and more indelibly, in the streets of Winnipeg.

Let us take a car and see more of these streets. The asphalted street, two chains

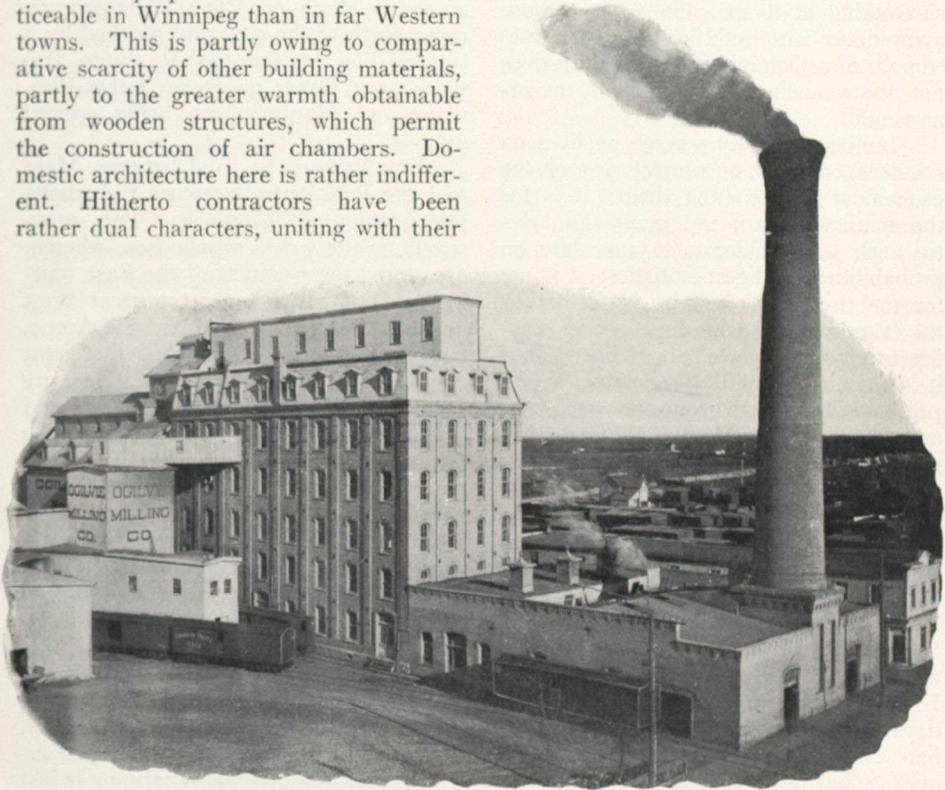
wide, running west from Main just north of the old gate, is Broadway. On a clear, dry day, the clean pavement, the green lawns, the shady, ash-leaved maples, and the long vista of rails bordered by boulevards in the centre of the avenue, make a picture delightful to the eye. The absence of noble trees is not so noticeable here, the street being of that trim, urbane kind that is pleasant rather than beautiful.



"RAVENS COURT"—RESIDENCE OF STEWART TUPPER

Many comfortable residences bordering the avenue peer through the trees from little turrets, and the preponderance of wood as a building material reminds one of American cities. Indeed, more wooden houses in proportion to its size are noticeable in Winnipeg than in far Western towns. This is partly owing to comparative scarcity of other building materials, partly to the greater warmth obtainable from wooden structures, which permit the construction of air chambers. Domestic architecture here is rather indifferent. Hitherto contractors have been rather dual characters, uniting with their

to the terminals of the line, and crossing the Red River on foot by a pontoon bridge, we enter "Elm Park." Here on a spoon-shaped peninsula formed by a loop of the Red River, grow some elms which redeem



OGILVIE MILLING COMPANY

main duties those of the architect, and some tasteless work has resulted. But eastern architects of good repute are opening offices in Winnipeg, and already several beautiful residences, among them that of Mr. Stewart Tupper, K.C., are to be seen. The monotonous squareness of many of the dwellings is owing to the need for facilitating house-heating in the bitter Winnipeg winters.

Across the Assiniboine are some fine residential streets in the district known as Fort Rouge. At River Park, the car stops to let out those who want to see the animals, for no city is complete without a "Zoo," and Winnipeg has an embryonic one here. A little farther we come

Winnipeg's reputation for arboreal poverty. These two spacious parks are the only playgrounds the Winnipegger has at his back door—although many pretty, umbrageous little breathing spots act as lungs for different parts of the city—and the man with an eye for Nature will at this stage ask his native friend how he can live in such a bare city—flat, without noble trees or noble waters. To this question the native will give a reply like that of the Alpine recluses who disgusted Ruskin by saying: "We do not come here to look at the mountains." The Winnipeggers are not looking for scenery—a page of bank clearings or a list of building permits is more grateful to their

eyes than a pamphlet on summer resorts. And who shall blame them? Great inventors and writers have remained closeted for weeks and months till they were delivered of the children of their brain. A man realising a great idea does not go summering at a spa. So a city whose avowed aim is to build itself into the metropolis of a Dominion in thirty years does not waste much consideration on the ornamental.

Winnipeg is a city where one lives on schemes, on ideas, on projects and on the excitement of executing them; it is for the mathematician, the man who loves to work out problems, to speculate on probabilities, to digest statistics; it is not for the tired æsthete who is resting on the laurels of his achievement, and seeking to enjoy a rich, coloured life. Thus it is that in the sitting-rooms of Winnipeg boarding-houses groups of young men are seen excitedly discussing great and glorious business schemes—how they are going to monopolise the school supply business in the country districts, how much of the province they can canvass in their “holidays” for some concern, and how they can wedge in here or there. To show how absorbed the people are in “business,” I may say that one evening, as I rode in a street car along Main St., I was speaking to a friend about the old days of Fort Garry, when a citizen, who had evidently seen me wave my hand over some vacant land, sidled up and hinted that, being an old inhabitant, he could give me any information desired. I thought I might get some tales of rebel days, and put well-calculated questions. His face became suspicious and suddenly he asked right from the shoulder, “Are you a buyer?” Indiscreetly I said I was not, and he shuffled into a corner. His object in life was to sell his land, and to that end only was he an old inhabitant. Of course, his churlishness was not characteristic of the people of Winnipeg, who are the kindest and most sociable in the world, but his exalted idea of “business,” his projection of it into everything else, was a mark of the city he lived in.

Winnipeg, however, has some beautiful resorts farther away than its suburban parks. Rat Portage, from which

different points on the far-famed Lake of the Woods are reached by steamer, is a five hours' railway journey from town, and many summer houses have been erected on the lake by the citizens. Nearer is Winnipeg Beach, a crescent of sandy shore on Lake Winnipeg, 50 miles north of the city, and reached by a branch line of the C.P.R. built two years ago. Other resorts on Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba are being opened up.

Along Princess St., and between Main and the Red River, stretches the wholesale section of Winnipeg. The monstrous, white brick warehouses, wherein are stored the products of the East waiting to be far-flung over the great West between the 49th parallel and the Arctic, have reminded one writer of the great white edifices of Russian cities. Here are seen the familiar names of Montreal and Toronto houses, who have realised the advantage of having branches in Winnipeg, instead of relying solely on sample rooms and commercial travellers.

Ten years ago few thought that manufactures would develop soon in Winnipeg. Now this is not so certain. Breweries, foundries, planing mills, lithographing establishments, soap and furniture factories, are a few of the manufactures already on the ground. Winnipeg will yet cap herself with smoke. There is talk of utilising a downward incline on the Assiniboine by tapping it just where it makes a loop, and thus causing a greater down-grade. Whether this idea will ever bring water power is problematic, but at Lac le Bonnet works which are to supply Winnipeg with power from the Winnipeg River are already in progress.

But a feature of Winnipeg which will probably cause the visitor most surprise is the number and size of the public schools. Thirty-three years ago the city had one school, one teacher, and thirty pupils. To-day there are eighteen schools, 151 teachers, and 10,500 pupils. These buildings are handsomely built, well heated and ventilated, and are surrounded each by two acres of playground. Higher education is cared for by the University of Manitoba and the affiliated denomi-

national colleges, Wesley, Manitoba, St. John's and St. Boniface.

While the writer was in Winnipeg, two great congresses of men and women, of national importance, and representing the two lines of national growth, the material and the spiritual, were held there, thus indicating what an important centre Winnipeg already is. These two were the Dominion Exhibition and the Dominion Educational Association's convention. Here, in one week, were gathered leading Canadian educationists, studying the ways of giving an intellectual uplift to the nation's life; here were buildings bright with shrewdly-arranged exhibits of Canadian manufactures, sheds filled with the best Canadian live stock, rooms smiling with the handiwork of Canadian school children; here were thousands of Canadian farmers, proudly exhibiting the best vegetables and grains in the world; here were fruits and minerals from Canada's

beautiful Pacific province, and deft examples of her foreign population's skill—and all this in a city which thirty-five years ago was an unknown name to the inhabitants of Ontario and Quebec.

On Sunday morning the chiming bells of St. Boniface will call the visitor over to that quiet French village across the river. He will have to walk, for on Sunday street cars do not run in Winnipeg. The only interesting thing about St. Boniface is that its bells were immortalised by Whittier. Otherwise it is dead and unpicturesque. But here the visitor may sit down and look across the river at a town that is not dead, but keen as a live wire, the youngest of the world's great cities, one more ganglion in the great co-ordinating system of the human world. And over the river, into the vibrant young town, the "Bells of St. Boniface" ring quaintly and soothingly.



THE NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY'S BUILDING

STATISTICS OF WINNIPEG.\*—Population, 90,000; number of miles asphalt pavements, 17½; number of miles macadam pavements, 33; number of miles block pavements, 16; number of miles boulevards, 54; number of miles stone sidewalks, 22½; number of miles plank sidewalks, 190; number of miles sewers, 84; number of miles watermains, 95; number of miles wiring for electric lighting of streets, 85; number of miles street railway, 30; number of miles graded streets, 138; number of arc lights, 365; number of hydrants, 623; area of parks in acres, 316; assessed value of parks, \$137,000; rate of taxation 1904, 17 mills; value of new buildings erected in 1904, \$9,500,000; assessable property 1903, \$36,273,400; assessable property 1904, \$48,214,950; area of city in acres, 12,750.

\*Supplied by C. J. Brown, City Clerk.



ROBERT TAIT MCKENZIE, M.D.

## Canadian Celebrities

NO. 61—ROBERT TAIT MCKENZIE, M.D.



**D**R. Robert Tait McKenzie, the new Director of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania, was born at Almonte, Ontario, Canada, May 26, 1867, the son of the late Rev. William McKenzie, a Presbyterian minister. He was prepared at the Almonte High School and at the Ottawa Collegiate Institute. In the fall of 1885 he entered McGill University, Montreal, Canada. In 1889 Dr. McKenzie graduated Bachelor of Arts; three years later he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine at McGill.

During the year following his graduation in medicine he served as house surgeon, or resident, at the Montreal Gen-

eral Hospital. In the summer of 1893 he was ship surgeon on board the "Lake Superior," of the Beaver Passenger Line, running from Liverpool to Montreal. His official connection with McGill University began in 1894, when he received the appointment of assistant demonstrator of anatomy. He soon became demonstrator, and then senior demonstrator; and just prior to his acceptance of his chair at Pennsylvania he was elected lecturer in anatomy at McGill. He withdrew before entering upon his duties. At present in his position as director of physical education at Pennsylvania he occupies a chair in the Faculty of the College Department.

As an athlete, Dr. McKenzie has played a prominent part in amateur contests in



BAS-RELIEF OF LAMPMAN

the Dominion, especially in gymnastic work, in the broad and high jumps and in the high hurdles. At McGill in 1887 he won the Junior all-around gymnastic contest; in 1889 he won the same event for Seniors and the Wicksteed medal. In 1888 he won the high jump and high hurdles, and in 1889 he won the high jump twice in open games. The following year he won the high jump five times in open competition and cleared 5 feet 9 inches, as McGill representative, at the University of Toronto. Dr. McKenzie managed McGill's Varsity eleven in 1891, and for two years was a member of the tug-of-war team.

Dr. McKenzie has written much for publication. His papers in the main combine the thoughts of the medical man and athletic director who seeks to make suggestions for the benefit of athletes, for men who need prescribed exercise and for those afflicted with physical deformity, or to draw conclusions from his study of those classes. His technical articles have appeared in periodicals of high standing, such as the *British Medical Journal*, *Journal of Anatomy*, *Montreal Medical Journal* and *Popular Science Monthly*. Among the best known of his contributions are "Therapeutics of Exercise," "Accurate Measurement of Lateral Curvature," "Influence of School Life on Curvature of the Spine," "The Place of Physical Training in School Systems," "Treatment of Spinal Deformities by Exercise," "Relation of Thoracic Type to Chest Capacity," "The Anatomical Characteristics of Speed Skaters" and "Notes on Dissection of Club Feet." In several other popular journals, notably *Outing* and one

or two European publications, Dr. McKenzie has presented articles which attracted considerable attention not only among lay readers but among medical men, for the subjects were those which seemed outside the domain of medicine and yet, on second reading, were found to be directly allied to it, through Dr. McKenzie's novel construction of his subject. "Breathlessness and Fatigue" formed the basis for one article and "Expression of the Face in Violent Effort" was the basis for another. The latter appeared in *Outing* a few years ago and was illustrated by a series of bas-reliefs made by him. The reliefs were faces of athletes finishing distance runs under stress of fatigue and excitement, and they were startling in their portrayals of violent effort as evinced by the facial muscles.

In the minds of those conversant with the work done in the past ten years by physical directors who have developed on the intelligent and broad standards set by Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard, it is quite patent that Dr. McKenzie represents something more than a former all-around gymnast and athlete, or merely a conventional athletic director or medical specialist. From the time, ten years ago, when he assumed charge at McGill University as physical director, he has progressed with an initiative entirely his own; and the results achieved came because of his intelligent, persevering work and resourceful, comprehensive and constructive methods. To-day at McGill the thousand and more accurately compiled measurements and tests of athletes are there because they were recorded by Dr. McKenzie. In 1895 the Doctor established his system of compulsory examinations and measurements—to be exact, we should say, "his



THE SPRINTER



THE ATHLETE—FRONT VIEW

system of medical supervision and anthropometrical observations"—at McGill. It was the inauguration in Canada of the Sargent system with a few original modifications. Immediately came an awakening throughout the central portions of the Dominion in physical and athletic training controlled and conducted on rational lines. The Montreal High School at once adopted Dr. McKenzie's plans.

The astonishing phase of his work has been his ability to perpetuate in art the American—or Canadian—athlete. Art has been the Doctor's "amiable weakness." Early developing an artistic trend he turned out a considerable amount of work in water-colour, mostly landscapes. When he became, after 1895, engrossed in the development of the athlete, it was unconsciously impressed upon him that "all sorts and conditions of men" offered unusual artistic studies from the standpoint of the anatomist. For years, by close personal observations and by photographs, the Doctor gradually formulated his ideas—his athletic types, so to speak—and when the opportunity came he modelled an athlete in clay, a figure that was in its pose and conception a novelty to sculptors. Is it not quite astonishing to read of a man who without the slightest aid from a master, with but slight encouragement from those who could have advised, labouring under the stress of adverse criti-

cisms,—is it not astonishing to learn that Dr. McKenzie modelled in clay the figure of an athlete and actually had it accepted by the highest boards of criticisms, those of the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon? The reproductions accompanying this article show three bits of Dr. McKenzie's art—an art that is a natural outcropping, naturally directed and naturally successful. His "Sprinter," the bronze figure of an athlete starting in the hundred-yard dash, was his first effort. Why it was made, and how it was made, is an interesting story.

Dr. Paul Phillips, director at Amherst, had compiled in 1901 a table of measurements of eighty-nine champion sprinters of the past decade. It occurred to Dr. McKenzie that an average of the measures of these athletes, interesting in itself, deserved to be perpetuated or emphasised other than on paper, and in a pose unusual but characteristic, that of a sprinter at the mark. Dr. McKenzie determined to model such a figure; he realised his ignorance of the technique of clay modelling, but he had faith in his knowledge of anatomy, and he was familiar with the poses of athletes. He began work. Dr. Phillips' table of measurements was the basis for proportion, but in addition to that the McGill sprinters posed for the Doctor, and, through many weary months evinced almost as much interest in the



THE ATHLETE—SIDE VIEW

growing figure in clay as he himself evinced. The "Sprinter" gradually assumed shape. Passing comments by those of art circles who dropped in casually to see the Doctor were to the effect that: "The thing can never be done; you're after a mere phase, not a real thing; and you won't get it." In a year's time, despite all sorts of discouragements, the "Sprinter" was completed. Said Dr. McKenzie to the writer:

"Just to see what those people down there would think of the 'Sprinter,' I sent it in 1902 to the Society of American Artists in New York. It was then in plaster. They accepted it and exhibited it. Then I had it cast in bronze and shipped it in 1903 to London, to the Royal Academy. It seemed to be welcome. Next, I took heart and sent it to the French Salon in 1904, and, strange as it may seem, it was accepted by that body and received a complimentary review."

Dr. McKenzie's next work was the "Athlete," a reproduction of which in front and side views accompanies this article. In 1900 the Society of College Gymnasium Directors, of which he is now president, decided to award a trophy to that institution which turned in the highest total of points scored in strength-test by the fifty strongest athletes at the respective institutions. In deciding upon a trophy the committee at once selected one of their own number, Dr. McKenzie, to create something for the contest. From the lists handed in by various institutions

—by the way, Columbia won the trophy—the Doctor took a list of four hundred strong men and the photographs of the two strongest men at Columbia and the four strongest at Harvard, and averaged the measurements. He began work on the composite figure early in 1902 and finished it in 1903; the figure was at once accepted as the trophy by the Directors, and has been exhibited at the Royal Academy and Salon. It represents an ideal athlete testing his grip by a dynamometer. This figure, like the "Sprinter," is one-fourth life size. Last spring Philadelphians had opportunity to view the two bronzes at the exhibition of the Academy of Fine Arts, where Dr. McKenzie exhibited his work by request of the Academy. He has worked to some extent in bas-relief. We reproduce a bas-relief by him of the Canadian poet Archibald Lampman (1861-1899), a close friend of the Doctor's. In 1904, one of Dr. McKenzie's reliefs, a portrait of a young lady in Montreal, was exhibited at the Salon. His latest figure, the "Boxer," is now nearing completion. Dr. McKenzie was in Paris for three months in the early summer working in an atelier studying something that until then he had no opportunities to acquire—a knowledge of the technique of sculpture. The "Boxer" is the figure of a young athlete warding off a blow with his right and swinging into his opponent's body with his left arm.

Thomas B. Donaldson.

## A Tale of Two Dogs

By CY WARMAN, Author of "The Sorrow of a Setter," "The Persecution of a Pup," etc.



NE day the sea slipped back down the Lynn Canal, leaving a wreck of an old scow careening on the mud flats at the mouth of the Skaguay River. Out of the scow came a couple of prospectors, Burke and Sandy, leading a pair of pups, happy, romping little beggars who were not old enough to grieve for their mother, who had been thrown

from the upper deck of the 'City of Seattle' as she came rolling through Queen Charlotte Sound.

Weeks went by, and the two pups played about on the mud flats where Burke and Sandy had made camp, to be near the scow from which they were outfitting for the Klondike.

Months passed, the pups waxed fat and fine, frolicking always and making

friends among the cooks about the back doors of the eating tents. If you stopped over night at Skaguay in '97, you knew Tom and Jerry, but you would not know one from the other. Only Burke and Sandy knew that. They knew by the absent toe that had been caught in a steel trap, that Tom was Tom.

Among the many tricks these intelligent dogs learned without being taught was the sham battle. For instance, if Tom and Jerry were strolling down Fifth Avenue, dodging stumps and leaping over logs, and happened upon a lone, defenceless dog with a good bone, they would jostle each other as if to say, "Do you see?" Then they would turn and trot past the other dog. If he said nothing, they would go about and pass a little nearer. This time the lone dog would resent the intrusion, grab his bone and growl. That was the signal. Instantly Tom and Jerry would fly at each other, furiously, snapping, barking and actually rolling over each other. Now there's one thing which dogs can't resist. That's a dog fight. They drop everything, just as men do, to go and hang on the ropes at the ring-side. So it invariably happened, that the dog, off his guard, would drop his bone and join in the fight. It also happened, with unvarying regularity, that the moment the outsider came in, one of the twins would engage him while the other made off with the bone, to be followed shortly by his brother, no matter which way the fight went.

To be sure they did other tricks, such as lifting a pot of beans from a camp fire and cooling it in the snow, far from the vulgar gaze of man.

Tom and Jerry were scarcely grown, when one day—one scant day, when the round, red sun swung across the canal for an hour or two, Tom and Jerry, on an eight-dog team, pointed their fine noses up the cañon. Up the gulch, over White Pass, by Lake Linderman, across Lake Bennet and down the Yukon they travelled, footsore and sometimes hungry. Out of the open mouth of the Hootalinqua a howling blizzard blew, filling the trail, confusing the dogs, and blinding the drivers.

For eight days the pilgrims plodded

through the drifts. The sharp snow, driven by the mighty Mudjekeewis, cut like hail into the faces of the fortune-hunters, faring slowly toward the rainbow's tip. The grub ran low. The dogs were down to dried fish, save when a spent dog died, and then—but let us skip that part of the story.

One by one the dogs went down. Burke had measles and Sandy scurvy.

When the storm had spent its fury and the stingy sun grinned for a few hours on the southern horizon, they trudged on. The sun swung higher and higher each day, driving the cold north, but filling the air with a gray mist that hung like a funeral pall over the river and blotted out the bluffs. The snow became moist. The snow balled between Tom's toes in the forenoon and froze in the afternoon. The dog grew lame and sick. At night he had scarcely strength left to chew his frozen fish, and when an ill-bred husky grabbed his share the lame dog let it go.

Sandy said Tom had distemper and gave him sulphur in snow-water, because there was no milk.

"Give you ten for that dead dog," called a passing pilgrim, pointing to old Tom, who lay on a snow-drift near the camp fire.

The look he got from Sandy sent him on about his business, swearing at his starving dogs who were dragging hard at a long sled. He figured that the lame dog would keep his alive until he reached Selkirk.

Burke and Sandy sat staring at each other, each frightened at the awful scars the storm and the trail had left upon the other's face.

"Shall we blow him out and cache him decent and deep so the ghouls won't get him, or shall we give him one more show?" asked Burke.

"We'll do no murder," said Sandy.

Jerry was unusually "scrappy" that night. He seemed to have words with almost every dog in the team.

For days following this critical moment in Tom's career, he limped along the uneven trail by day and lay on a snowdrift at night. His scant portion of frozen fish (though always warmed for him) he left untouched, to be contended for by the

abler dogs of the team. Burke and Sandy observed this and wondered how long it would take the poor dog to die. Each day, when about to set out, Sandy, who was in charge of the commissariat, always put a bit of jerked beef in his top coat pocket to nibble at when the hunger hurt. Always he gave a piece to Burke. Often Sandy, who was still sick of scurvy, would not touch his beef during a whole day's march, but on the morrow he would miss it from his pocket. At first he tried not to think of it. He had loved Burke as a brother and was slow to accuse him. One night he watched as long as he could keep awake, but Burke slept the sleep of the virtuous. When Sandy woke he looked for the dried beef, but it was not there. Sandy was furious, not because of the beef, but because of the crime. He walked over to where Burke still snored in his blankets. As he gazed upon the face of his companion, Sandy had hard work to keep his feet still. It seemed he must kick the life out of Burke. To prevent this he turned away. "Le'mme see," said Sandy. "Did I eat it myself? No. Did I touch it at all? No. Did I—O, Sandy Macpherson, ye fool! Ye had no beef yesterday, at all."

Sandy had the coffee cooking when Burke woke. Both men had been feeling the effect of the good warm sun that was beginning to peep over the tree-tops at noon. But poor Tom seemed on his last legs. It was manifest to the miners that the dog must soon take a short turn for better or worse. As usual Tom refused his fish, but managed to take a few bullit-biscuits soaked in coffee.

That day the miners made a bed for Tom on the top of the sled, and there he lay until they made camp again. While Burke boiled water, Sandy saw Jerry steal a bit of dried beef from Sandy's coat pocket so deftly, that the young Scotchman forgot to kick him. To the amazement of the miners the dog did not gulp the beef down, but carried it over and

placed it between Tom's two front feet, glancing over his shoulder to warn the others to keep back. When the lame dog had thawed the morsel out on his parched tongue, chewed it and swallowed it, Jerry sauntered over to the other side of the fire to allow the dogs to come and satisfy themselves that there was no beef in sight. Jerry buried a fish bone under the very eyes of the entire company and while the gang hunted for it he stole back to the coat to see if he had overlooked anything. Sandy touched Burke as Jerry poked his nose toward the pocket, but Jerry saw that they were watching him and passed the jerkie by.

Sandy put another bit of beef in the pocket. The prospectors kept watch that night, and when all the dogs, save the sick dog and his faithful brother, were sound asleep, they saw Jerry steal over to where the cache was kept. Very quietly he fished out the chip and carried it to Tom. Across the camp fire the two men smiled at each other. Then Sandy called Jerry and Jerry came crouching for he knew he had been stealing in a camp of starving men and dogs. But when the big Scot caught him in his arms and actually hugged him, he knew he had been forgiven, and in his ecstasy leapt and bounded and barked until he woke the whole camp.

The dried beef Tom had been having so nourished the spent dog, the day's rest had so helped his lame foot, that on the following day he was able to keep up with the sled. The next day he took his place in the lead. The sun shone brightly and along about noon, rounding a bend in the river they saw smoke, and there lay Fort Selkirk.

"I say, Burke," said Sandy, "do ye ken yon vision?"

"I ken," said Burke.

"Is it an angel?"

"It is not," said Burke, "but it'll do; it's a Northwest Mounted Policeman, afoot."



# The Avenging of Nantloola

A Tale of the Etchemins

By REV. W. C. GAYNOR

**B**ECAUSE his English was not the best, I will endeavour to put into conventional form, with here and there a trace of his quaint idiom, at once curt and forcible, the story which Peol told me that August night on the shore of Lake Baskahegan. Unlike the ordinary Indian guide, old Peol Toma was not by nature taciturn; his stories were, in fact, a feature of our camp life. Seated by the fire, his well-browned pipe alight with his favourite mixture of tobacco and alder leaves, he delighted to recount his own varied experiences as woodman, soldier, and tribal chief, or at my request revive the ancient traditions of his race. He was an example of the compelling power of racial and family tradition. As lineal descendant of a long line of chiefs, he had received in his youth from the aged members of his family this sacred deposit of tribal history and folk-lore; and his portable memory could accordingly reproduce with wonderful minuteness of detail, events that dated back to the very beginnings of his tribe, the Etchemins of Passamaquoddy.

I lay on a rug at the door of my tent, while Peol, who despised tents and canvas, sat on the other side of the fire. Below us the lake shimmered and silvered in the moonlight, except where the frown of Abedegasset—ancient burial place of the 'Quoddies—darkened the waters. We were surely encamped on historical ground, and as the deep tones of the old chief carried me back through the centuries, my fancy peopled lake and shore with the savage men and women of his tale.

"Long ago, before the white man came to spoil good hunting," he began, the play of the blaze lighting up his rugged features, "my tribe lived on this lake in summer; not all of them, for some were on the big rivers, and some were down

by the sea; but the old people and children stayed mostly here. This was their camping ground where we lie, and over there where that great rampike faces the moon, my grandfather's great-grandfather —"

"How long ago was that, Peol?" I interrupted; the Indian liked one to show interest in his stories.

"We be a long-lived race," he rejoined. "I am seventy-five, and my father died at eighty. His father was a very old man, for I remember the story he told me when I was a boy and afraid of panthers.

"Frenchmen were down by the sea at that time," he continued, "and their missionaries had been among us. But the English, with their axes and shovels, had not yet come to spoil our hunting and dam our lakes.

"In those days, when our old people with the women and children were here in summer camp, Nantloola was the good angel of the place. She was the daughter of a chief, and was young and pleasant to look at; and she had lent the readiest ear, of all our women, to the missionaries. Everywhere she brought comfort to the hearts of the sick and the aged; and because that was something new the aout-moin, or sorcerers, were jealous, and even Indian women were sometimes rude and gruff toward her. They said it would not end well for a young girl to depart from the customs of her people. But Nantloola had listened to the words of the missionaries, and so she went on doing good.

"One bosom friend she had, Guescha, daughter of the head chief. They had grown up together and were like sisters, only Guescha could never be persuaded to go about among the sick as Nantloola did. Guescha loved her friend so well, nevertheless, that she had chosen her in

her own mind to be the wife of Malpooga, her brother.

"Nantloola will get over all this strange work when she has a husband and children of her own to care for," she said to herself. There was time enough yet, for they were all three young, but Guescha was the oldest.

"What Malpooga thought of his sister's designs, even if he was aware of them, I cannot say. He was at best a heedless fellow, fond of hunting, and would rather trail the fox to its den or the lynx to its lair than lie around camp, making faces at the girls. Only once did Guescha see him show any sign of preference for Nantloola, and then she was so cross at his neglect of herself that she could not, till long afterwards, decide whether it was by accident or liking—or both—that he acted as he did. It happened that the three of them were crossing the lake together in the same canoe when a sudden squall struck them, and before they could regain control of their canoe they were upset and struggling in the waves. Malpooga's strong arms were soon bearing up the light and delicate Nantloola, while the more robust and vigorous Guescha was left to save herself. Her brother's evident indifference to herself when her friend was in danger angered her beyond all reason. With a few vigorous strokes she regained the canoe and, mounting its upturned bow, steered it laboriously to the rescue of the others. At the same time, in her anger, she ceased not to lash the unfortunate Malpooga with her tongue, nor did she spare the drowning Nantloola, but called her names that I should have some trouble to put into English; for Guescha was a Pagan, after all, and of a birchbark temper. Then, when with help from the shore they reached one of those islands which you see darkening the moonlight, she sobbed over Nantloola, believing her to be dead. Nantloola revived, however, for fate had worse in store for her. Subsequently, to prove his love for his sister, Malpooga brought her a young bear-cub, and afterward a young deer. But he also brought Nantloola the left hind hoof of a moose for a charm.

"Malpooga they called him, Man of the Broad Shoulders. His father was

broad-shouldered and his father's father before him, and —"

Shaking his coat from his own great shoulders, Peol arose and with a dignified gesture said, "There are Malpooga's shoulders. They came down to me from Malpooga, killer of panthers, and my tribe call me Malpooga to this day."

Then I understand that his story related to one of his forbears of the olden times, and I got a glimpse of a Sagamore's pride of race. Instinctively I sat up and bowed my head in unquestioning interest.

Refilling his pipe, he resumed his seat and story:—"One evening at this time of the year, when the glister of the water was reflected on the faces of the children as they slept on the beach, Nantloola went to visit an aged couple who lived outside the encampment a little way down the lake. The old man was subject to fits, from which no power of the aoutmoin, or sorcerers, could deliver him. They had cried 'oescouzy, oescouzy,' 'he is sick, he is sick,' over him, and they had pronounced him 'very sick.' Then after the fashions of those days they breathed the chest-wind enchantment on him, but all to no purpose. Then the chief aoutmoin, seeing that all their enchantments were of no avail, decided that the sick man was inhabited by a devil, and immediately proceeded to that heroic action, the killing of Beelzebub. This was done outside the camp, for fear that the devil would choose to remain among them by entering the body of some other person. Thus it happened that Nantloola went outside the camp that August evening to visit the old sick man.

"In the morning they found her dead with a hole in her throat at the foot of that old rampike. It was not an old dead rampike then, but a vigorous pine tree, with great boughs aloft where a man could sit and smoke. It was from that basket of strong branches that the panther jumped when he killed our first Christian girl.

"The panther or catamount is the devil of the woods; stealthy, sly, and treacherous. The Indians fear him—no wonder white men call him Indian devil.

"Great was the sorrow of our people

for Nantloola; all but the sorcerers mourned for her. Yet some women shook their heads and said gravely, 'I told you so.' The chief aoutmoin openly boasted that the devil which he had chased from the body of the old man had in revenge killed the young girl. And because the sick man was actually getting better, people would have believed the sorcerer, had not the panther an evening or two afterward come near getting the aoutmoin himself at the same spot. Even when the medicine man had taken hurriedly to his canoe, the furious beast swam after him for some distance.

"The young men went out in search of the catamount and hunted far and near by daylight, but none would hunt at night. Because they only had bows and arrows and flint knives, being only youngsters and not men grown, they did not dare come to close fight with the devil of the woods at night. And Guescha, whose temper was like a pitch-pine knot, chided them and called them cowards; and then she sent a messenger to the Ouigouidi, that is the St. John River now, to her brother Malpooga, where he was spear-*ing* salmon with his father. For Malpooga was nearly a young man grown by this time, and fit to take part in expeditions.

"They buried Nantloola on Abedegasset, over there, and young and old threw a lump of clay or a green branch into the grave; for they all loved her and her father was a chief. And then the word went out from the old men that the children should not sleep by the water-side at night. Even the young men at last did all their hunting in canoes.

"When the tidings of Nantloola's death reached Malpooga, he hurried back with the messenger, leaving only a mark to inform his father whither he had gone. Guescha, accompanied by her bear, met him the third day as he drew near the lake. She was very angry and impatient, for the panther had the night before killed her beautiful fawn and would have attacked herself had she not had the bear, now grown to be a great animal, with her for protector. She did not tell Malpooga, however, that she had called the panther names to his face, and threatened him

with the anger of her brother. Guescha was a chief's daughter and had a temper and tongue of her own.

"She now insisted on being her brother's companion when he should go out to slay the panther. Malpooga tried in vain to dissuade her from the undertaking, and represented to her how great the danger would be. Were it not for the steel knife which was given to him by a French officer, he would not entertain for a moment the idea of a hand-to-hand fight with this fierce devil of the woods. He was eager, however, to try his strange knife, and had great confidence in his own strength—and there was Nantloola to be avenged. And a great silence fell upon them, and Malpooga said nothing more until they reached the encampment. But before he entered his father's lodge Guescha drew up to him and with her arms around his neck told him that with Malpooga, her brother, and Macwin, her bear, to defend her, she feared no panther alive.

"It behooved them now to lose no time if they wished between them to slay the panther. The fierce animal, grown bolder because of the great terror he inspired, nightly besieged the encampment. Hardly did the sun go down before his screeches were heard in the thickets outside. He had already done to death the old couple in whose service Nantloola had lost her life, and that before they could be moved to the safety of the inner wigwams. Dogs he killed with one crunch of the backbone. Invariably his first visit every evening was to the fateful pine, and more than once some daring youngster in his canoe could discern the great eyes and tawny head as the wild beast, in the branches of the tree, watched for his prey. So great was the universal terror of his presence, that at the time of Malpooga's arrival the whole encampment was on the point of breaking up.

"Long and carefully brother and sister discussed their plans, sitting on the great log in which Macwin, the bear, had his den. Then Guescha went about her duties, while Malpooga paddled idly down the lake in his canoe.

"You have seen that big rock down there, with acres of water around it?"

Peol's digression from his direct narrative was so curt that I had only time to nod my head when he resumed.

"Long ago, before the English built the dam at the outlet of this lake, that rock was on the high ground and had many smaller rocks for companions. Now we call them Hen-and-Her-Chickens, though the old hen will never cluck her chickens nearer to her," and the old man laughed at his own simple pleasantry. "Amongst those rocks the porcupines had their homes. Only once on the Scoudic waters, when I was a boy, have I seen a caquaw equal to the porcupines of those days. I took him for a two-year-old bear, and should have shot him if my father had not stayed me. That porcupine was the father of porcupines, he said, their chief and head; and we, of all men, had the least reason to meddle with him.

"That evening between sunset and moonlight Guescha climbed the great pine, and Macwin, the bear, clambered clumsily after her. A shudder passed through her as she reached the cradle of great branches where the panther was accustomed to sit and watch, but she heeded not the stray bits of fur or the strong scent of his recent occupation of the spot. She carried no weapon, nothing but a long, wide furry thing attached to a stout stick. Seating herself without further ado in the panther's seat, she bade her companion lie down among the stronger branches below.

"The low murmur of the camps reached her; the warning call of mothers to their children, the tooting of bark horns to frighten away the fearsome panther, the hail of some belated canoeist. Sudden quiet settled over the shore and lake, as if in expectation, while the myriad sounds of the forest broke upon her to deepen the evening stillness.

"Suddenly from afar off a faint screech, like the cry of a baby, floated over the tree-tops and died away again. The bear moved uneasily, and the girl gentled him. A few minutes more of waiting and then that griding cry from the murk and darkness of the woods. Then silence, except for the re-awakened noises of the encampment and the nibbling of a porcupine in the underbrush. Again a wild, delirious

screech, which rasped the ears of the cowering girl like the gride of the rough tongue of a cat on an open sore. She could hear the swift bounds of the approaching beast as it breasted the underbrush, undeterred by thought of danger. Suddenly it halted, with a low whine of surprise, and then in the moonlight Guescha caught a glimpse of a tawny form stealthily circling around the tree. In the silence that followed she could hear, all at the same time, her own heart-beat, the bear's grumble as he rose to his haunches below her, and the porcupine rustle loudly on a tree near her.

"The great cat was only reconnoitring. The mixed scent of human being, bear and porcupine, evidently annoyed him, for he halted and sniffed and twice made pretence of jumping into the tree before he actually lighted in its lowermost branches. This he did with a quick spring. Guescha's attention was now centred on the bear. At any other time she would have been amused at the queer contortion of the great animal as it strove to present the best fighting front to its adversary below and at the same time retain its position on the tree. The panther alternately snarled and purred, as if to let the bear know that it was peace or war between them, but the girl in the end. Only from the movements of Macwin's head could Guescha tell where her enemy was; for the panther crept from branch to branch, now near the trunk, now out, but all the time looking for an opening to spring past the bear. Once he made a quick bound sidewise and then upwards, but a heavy blow from the bear's paw sent him snarling down the tree. Quick as the flash on a pickerel's back he was again on the limb from which he had fallen and renewed the fight.

"Of the rest of that combat between bear and panther, Guescha could never afterward give rational account. The darkness below her was too intense for her to distinguish aught but the glaring eyes of the furious panther as he fought his uphill fight. She was beginning to hope that Macwin would repel the onset of his assailant, when the bear, losing his balance as he aimed a blow at his antagonist, fell headlong upon the latter, and both

tumbled snarling to the ground. Then for the first time the daring girl began to lose heart and incontinently gave the quick cry of an owl. She was immediately answered by the shrewish chatter of a porcupine from below.

"Meanwhile the panther having clawed himself free from the embrace of the bear, with a vicious screech projected himself again into the tree. From branch to branch he leaped, almost defeating his own purpose in the eagerness of his onset. But suddenly as he neared the top he was brought to a standstill by an unexpected obstacle. For there in the very heart of the deep gloom of the great boughs, effectually blocking his further ascent, was a giant caquaw, every spine of its back and sides bristling for defence. Its head projected beyond the trunk of the pine on the other side as if inviting attack. Now, of all the harmless and peaceable animals that make their home in the deep woods, the porcupine is the least dangerous if left alone, yet most harmful and deadly if attacked. Not a wildling of the woods but knows this and, best of all, those animals which live by blood.

"Yet here was this stupid, slow-moving porcupine blocking the way of the agile panther, furious with the expectation of blood. Twice the snarling brute essayed to pass the bristling porcupine, and twice the swing of that spiny tail met him as he came. The reach of that effective tail was something new in the experience of the woods. Only the protection of the darkness and the number of intervening branches saved the panther from being made a pincushion of spines. Yet he did not desist. On he came a third time, goaded perhaps to desperation by the very futility of his attempts to reach the girl. The porcupine's head and throat offered easy mark for his fangs,

and this time the dangerous tail did not move. Bracing himself for the spring, he landed beneath the caquaw, and the next moment his teeth closed upon its yielding neck. At the same instant a human form slipped quickly from the bough, and a strong right arm drove a flashing knife deep into the heart of the devil of the woods. A yell of rage and pain from the defeated beast, a yell so loud and terrific as to bring the shrinking encampment to the doors, and then with a convulsive attempt to cling to the tree the dying panther slid to the ground.

"A word or two of quick assurance of victory from her brother, and then over the tree-tops floated to the astonished ears of the encampment Guescha's song of triumph. The story of her brother's daring deed she told there in the moonlight, little heeding whether any but himself heard her song. And then, when she had ended, the strong voice of the young man arose, also from the depths of the tree, telling the story of his sister's heroism, and he called her fit wife for the greatest chief and future mother of great warriors. For Guescha and Malpooga were still Pagans and spoke only after the manner of their race.

"Then they slid carefully down the tree, for they feared to step on the caquaw's skin which Malpooga had employed to disguise himself in; but they found it covering the dead panther's head at the foot of the tree. And Macwin, the bear, did not come out of his log for a day or two, being engaged nursing his wounds."

This was the story Peol told me that August night on Lake Baskahegan in eastern Maine, while the moonlight flooded and silvered the waters, and the old and giant tree of his tale towered above our camping place.



# A Complete Rest

## An Adventure on the Labrador Coast

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Hemming, the Adventurer"



HE doctor ticked off my symptoms on his fingers. "Irritability of temper. Lack of appetite. Disinclination to work."

I nodded my assent to his analysis.

"What you need," he said, "is a complete rest—months of quiet in the open air. But avoid the haunts of tourists and summer boarders. Avoid excitement."

"I have been reading an interesting article about Newfoundland and Labrador," I said. "How would a trip along those coasts do?"

"The very thing," replied the doctor. "The sea-winds, the quiet nights and days, the seclusion and peace will make a new man of you."

Two weeks later I set out for those peaceful solitudes.

My guide was Mitchell Tobin. He was full of information. What he did not claim to know of the Labrador coast, from Belle Isle to Nain, was what did not exist. His home was in Notre Dame Bay, but his ancestors had come from a verdant island that has given gaiety and raciness of speech to many parts of the globe.

Tobin and I landed from the coastal steamer at Battle Harbour, and there purchased a staunch skiff from one George Jackson, a store-keeper. I wanted to see the country (at least, the fringe of it) in a more leisurely manner than that allowed by the steamer. We were well supplied with provisions and fly-ointment. The season was August. For a whole week we had glorious weather, sailing close along the coast and among the numerous islands during the day, and camping ashore at night. After that a fog set in, and we spent two days under canvas, in the shelter of a grove of scraggy firs, or "vars." Mitchell cheered me with tales of death and disaster due to fog. The number of ships, schooner and skiff wrecks

in which he had figured as sole survivor was amazing. On the third morning we awoke to find a clear sky and a visible sun. We lost little time in folding our tent and stowing everything in the skiff. Then we ran up our tan-coloured sail and continued our journey.

"If it be divarsion ye're looking for, to clane t'at fog out o' yer heart, I kin show ye some yonder," said Tobin.

He pointed to a narrow channel between two rocks—a "tickle," in the language of the country.

I looked my enquiry.

"Troutin'," he said; "finest along t'is shore."

"Can you run through?" I enquired.

"Sure," he replied. "I knows t'is coast like t'ey smilin' skippers knows Mother Canty's sheebeen i' St. John's. T'e brook be's bilin' wid trout."

"Good!" I exclaimed, "nothing would suit me better."

He headed the skiff for the narrow channel. She scudded along like a creature of life.

"I knows it like a book," remarked Tobin, complacently, as we darted between the great lumps of rock, and sighted the still water of the little cove, and the mouth of the brook. But his complacency was ill-timed, for the words had scarcely left his lips before the bottom of the skiff smashed against a submerged ledge. I was thrown violently against the tough mast, and the skilful pilot sprawled on top of me. By the time we had scrambled to our feet the wounded craft was half full of water and settling aft, preparatory to sliding off the ledge into the unknown depths.

"Howly Sint Patrick!" cried Tobin, "now ye've did it, ye divil's own lump of a rock."

"Save your breath to swim ashore with," said I.

"Swim, be it," he cried. "Begobs,

sor, ye'll have to learn me in a almighty hurry. T'e only way I kin swim be straight down."

The distance between the sinking skiff and the shore was not more than forty feet. I grabbed up my leather knapsack and hurled it toward the land-wash. It lit at the edge of the tide—the wet edge. Tobin heaved a bag of hard-bread after it. Then followed tins of meat, pots of jam, a fishing rod, and everything we could lift. Many of the articles dropped into the water not five yards from the skiff. Others landed well up the rocky beach (especially the pots of jam), and still others lit in shallow water. Then, after taking a firm grip on my guide's collar, and assuring him that I would drown him if he struggled, I slid into the water. Mitchell prayed fluently all the way, despite the fact that his face was under the water as often as above it.

Ten minutes later Mitchell Tobin sat up and looked at the spot on the placid surface of the cove where the skiff had gone down.

"Begobs," was the only appropriate sentiment he could give expression to. I did a trifle better than that; and then we gathered together the articles we had salvaged from the wreck. My companion tried to conciliate me by murmuring audible asides concerning my presence of mind in heaving the stuff ashore, and my prowess as a swimmer. But for fully a quarter of an hour I maintained a haughty and chilly demeanour.

"As you know the coast so well," I said, "please tell me how far we are from the nearest settlement?"

Mitchell seated himself on a convenient boulder and wrinkled his brows.

"T'ere be Dead Frenchman's Bight, about five mile an' twenty rod from here," he said, reflectively, "an' Nipper Drook about t'ree mile nort' o' t'at; and a mile beyand be's Penquin Rock, up Caribou Arm, where ol' Skipper Denis Malloney buil' a stage t'ree year ago, an' were all but kilt entirely by t'e fairies, an' —"

"Stow all that," I cried, "and tell me the name of the nearest harbour where we can get a boat."

"Sure, an' bajnt I tellin' ye."

"Can I hire a boat in Frenchman's Bight?"

"Sure," said Mitchell.

It took us just a shade over four hours to reach Dead Frenchman's Bight, in spite of the fact that Tobin had named the distance so exactly as five miles and twenty rods. We found that the place consisted of about a dozen huts and drying stages clustered around a narrow anchorage. The men were all out on the fishing-grounds, but the women made us welcome. They turned glances of wonder on the mixed condition of our outfit. I told them of the loss of our skiff, and explained our predicament. They shook their heads when I enquired of the likelihood of being able to replace the skiff, and told us that they were not "livers," but were Conception Bay people, spending the summer on the Labrador for the fishing, and that they had barely enough boats to carry on their business with.

"Does the steamer put in here?" I asked.

"Sure," said Mitchell.

"No, sir," replied one of the women, a strapping damsel with red hair and gray eyes; "she kapes miles off shore hereabouts, because o' t'ey rocks."

She pointed to a string of barren islands several miles to seaward. They were beautiful, but not conducive to safe navigation. I vented my chagrin on Tobin.

We spent three days at Dead Frenchman's Bight, and I got some good fishing in a pond on the barren above the hamlet. Every night we had a dance in the fish store, to the music of a fiddle, an accordion, and the shouts and whoops of the company. The tramp to Nipper Drook took up a whole morning.

"A long three miles," I remarked. Tobin eyed the landscape with a grieved and wondering regard.

"It do beat all," he said, as if the trail between the two harbours had played him a trick by stretching itself.

In Nipper Drook we found six families of "livers," or permanent settlers, and a fore-and-aft schooner. The schooner proved to be on a trading cruise, and was northward bound. We boarded her, and

I was so charmed with the trader and his stories that I asked him to take me along as passenger, for a consideration. He agreed readily enough. So I paid Tobin his wages and something extra to get home on.

"Home," said he. "Begobs, sir, I'se going back to Dead Frenchman's Bight, to marry t'at girl wid t'e red hair." I gave him my blessing. So long as he went I did not care what he did. I felt that his society stood for an element of excitement unauthorised by my doctor.

The name of the skipper trader was Packer. He hailed from Harbour Grace. He had been in the trade for several years and was doing well at it. His crew consisted of a boy and a man. The boy did the cooking. As Packer always stood a trick himself, and the schooner seldom sailed at night, we were not so short-handed as it sounds. His stock consisted of everything from a barrel of "salt-horse" to a trowser-button, and from a grappling-anchor to a spool of thread. The articles which seemed to be in the greatest demand were oil-skin clothing, packages of tea, tobacco, ready-made boots, and hard-bread. We worked our way northward in a leisurely manner, steadily reducing our supply of groceries and dry-goods, and filling up with cured fish. In the northern bays many of our customers were half-breed and full-blooded Esquimaux. They brought furs and carved ivory for trade.

At Seldom Seen Harbour we gave a dance aboard the *Guardian Angel* (for thus had Packer's shabby little vessel been devoutly named). It was attended by all the youth, beauty and fashion of the place. The belle of the ball was Alice Twenty-Helps, a lady of mixed Micmac and Esquimaux blood. Her hyphenated surname had come to her by way of her Micmac father who had, years before, won fame on that coast by devouring twenty helpings of plum-duff at a missionary dinner. I stepped more than one measure with the fair Alice, much to the envy of Packer and the able seaman. As a mark of my appreciation I gave her a green tin box (it had once contained fifty cigarettes), a clay pipe, a patent-medicine almanac, and five pounds of tea—the last of Pack-

er's stock. In return she presented me with a leather tobacco-bag, cleverly worked in beads and dyed porcupine quills. Next morning, amid the mournful farewells of the Seldom Seeners, we set sail on our return trip to Harbour Grace.

The weather held clear and Packer was familiar with the coast, so for a time we sailed night and day. I took my turn at the wheel and the lookout as regularly as the others. One night I was awakened by hearing Packer going up the companion-ladder. As it was not his watch on deck I dressed and followed him, to see what the matter was. The sails were flapping in just enough wind to puff them out and let them drop. The *Guardian Angel* was rolling lazily in the slow seas. The fog was down on us like a moist snow-drift. Packer was anxious.

"It's these here currents that bothers me," he said, as I joined him on the little forecandlehead.

"Why don't you heave the lead?" I suggested.

"Heave yer grandmother," he retorted. "Man, there aint no soundin's 'round here until you get right atop the rocks—an' then you know all you want to about everything but kingdom come."

"Have you logged her?" I enquired, unabashed.

"Yes, sir," he replied more affably, "an' she's making about three knots on her course. Don't know how fast she's going off it."

"Drifting?" I queried.

He nodded. "But I'm keepin' her nose fer clear water," he said.

Half an hour later the wind freshened a bit, but the fog still clung to us. As I was not on duty I sat down with my back against the harness-cask, just aft of the foremast. I fell asleep and dreamed that Mitchell Tobin and I were aboard a wooden wash-tub, steering for a narrow channel between two frowning rocks. Tobin's face wore an expression of lofty composure. He was steering with a cricket bat. "Can you make it?" I enquired, anxiously. "Sure," he replied, "don't I know every rock along t'is coast by bote names?" Then we struck, and I awoke to find myself sprawled on the trembling deck of the *Guardian Angel*. I scrambled to my

feet. Packer grabbed me by the arm. "We're sinking," he bawled. "Hump yourself'."

I could see nothing, but the roar of surf was in my ears like unceasing thunder. The schooner bumped again, and took a sudden list to starboard. Packer and I were thrown against the rail, and nearly smothered by a great wave that dashed over us. When our heads got clear of the water we heard someone shouting that the dory had been carried away.

"We're aground, hard an' fast," exclaimed Packer. He made a line fast to a stanchion and passed it around both our waists. There we crouched, chilled to the bone and half-drowned, until morning broke gray through the fog. Peter and Mike Meehan were safe. They had tied themselves to the mainmast. The foremast was gone. Above our port bow loomed the cliff, close aboard. Spray flew above us like smoke. The seas that broke over our starboard counter had lost something of their violence. We cut our lashings and crawled forward. The roar of the surf was deafening—terrifying—the very slogan of disaster. I took a grip of Packer's belt with my left hand, not owing to physical weakness, but to a sudden feeling of terror. This passed, however, as quickly as it had come. We lay flat on the forecandlehead and looked over. The bowsprit had been carried away by the fall of the foremast. We could see that the schooner had been driven on to a submerged terrace of rock at the foot of the cliff, and that her bottom and the greater part of her starboard side had been sheered away. We looked aloft, and saw that a deep fissure zigzagged up the face of the rock.

Half an hour later we had a stout line stretched from the stump of the schooner's foremast to a jagged tooth of rock half way up the cliff. Packer had accomplished this after many throwings of the noosed rope. Now that it was securely fastened, Mike Meehan doffed his boots and oilskins and began the perilous climb. He held the rope with hands and knees, and wriggled along face up. At last he gained the rock and threw an arm about the jagged tooth. After resting thus for a minute or two, he pulled himself into

the fissure. Then we cheered. He waved a hand and grinned down at us. After a good deal of work, and with the aid of more lines, we got such provisions as were undamaged safely to Meehan's resting place. They consisted of a bag of hard-bread, some tinned salmon, dried fish, and two small breakers of water. By this time the *Guardian Angel* was showing signs of breaking up that were not to be disregarded. We rushed our blankets across and quickly followed them. With two lines, one below the other, we made the passage much more quickly than Mike had done.

The ascent to the top of the cliff was accomplished safely. Sea-birds wheeled about us, flashing and vanishing in the fog, their cries piercing the tumult of the waves. We explored our haven cautiously, and found it to be nothing but a bare rock of about an acre in extent. We could find no wood for a fire, no cave for a shelter. Packer was in the depths of despondency over the loss of his schooner and his season's trade. Mike Meehan seemed content that he possessed tobacco, a pipe, and matches. His young brother, Peter, was clearly in a funk. The fear and distrust of the sea was in his blood. To me it seemed a picturesque and diverting adventure. My chest swelled at the thought of the yarns I would spin on my return to civilisation. Just then I did not count the chances of not returning. The day dragged through. We talked a little, and Mike treated us to a song. Twice we ate hard-bread and drank water. At last the shadow of night fell through the gray fog. We rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

Two days later the fog cleared away, and the sun shone on a world of blue and white waters, blue sky and ruddy rocks. Low down on the western horizon the mainland lay pink and purple. Here and there naked rock-islands like our own rose from the intervening water. We found that the *Guardian Angel* had gone to pieces, but that several fragments of wreckage had been washed into the lower levels of the fissure. We salvaged these, and spread them out to dry in the sun. They were soon fit for fuel.

"I guess these are the Strawberry

Rocks," said Packer. "The coastal boat 'ill be along in a few days. Her course lays about a mile to seaward."

"So we are sure to be picked up?" I exclaimed, with a note of relief in my voice. The fog had begun to dampen the picturesqueness of the adventure.

"Oh, *we're* safe enough, cookin' our grub an' makin' our signals with the ribs o'

the old schooner," he replied, mournfully.

A month later I stepped into the doctor's consulting room. "Hullo!" he cried, "the rest *has* done you good, and no mistake. There's nothing like a few weeks' quiet when a man is run down."

"Nothing like it," I replied, heartily. "You should try it yourself, doctor."

## Canadian Public Documents<sup>\*</sup>

By JAMES BAIN, Librarian Toronto Public Library



THE ordinary Blue Books, as they are called, are to most readers the driest and most repulsive of printed matter. Books they are, but books full of statistical matter and formal letters, poorly printed and apparently of no interest to any save the political economist and the journalist. So says the "Man of the street," whose acquaintance with them rarely goes beyond the Auditor-General's report or the list of unclaimed balances in the banks. It is difficult to discover from the Government returns the actual cost of printing the public documents, but it appears to be in the neighbourhood of half a million dollars, an enormous sum to waste if these reports are of little value. What then do they consist of? The Blue Books laid before Parliament embrace, among other things, the reports of the great departments which carry out the wishes of the Canadian people as laid down by legislative enactment. They show what progress or retrogression has taken place in agriculture, manufactures, fisheries, mining, lumbering, banking, and insurance, and what steps have been taken for the improvement of the means of communication and for the protection and well-being of the people of the Dominion. In those printed in 1903 are to be found 68 separate documents, the largest of which occupies 2,770 pages. They cover the reports of the following depart-

ments: Auditor-General, Insurance, Trade and Commerce, Inland Revenue, Public Works, Railways and Canals, Marine and Fisheries, Postmaster-General, Interior, Geological Survey, Indian Affairs, North-West Mounted Police, Secretary of State, Public Printing and Stationery, Minister of Justice, Militia and Defence, Labour, Unclaimed Bank Balances, Public Accounts, Trade and Navigation, Criminal Statistics, Archives. In addition to the smaller special reports and returns are to be found the volumes of the Census, and occasionally the detailed reports of the important Commissions, such as those on the Labour Question, Liquor Traffic, and Chinese Emigration.

At the end of each session these Blue Books are bound in a series of uniform volumes, each containing an alphabetical and numerical index to the series, including also the titles of all unprinted papers presented to Parliament. In 1903 the total number was 179, of which 111 were not printed, not being of general interest, but of which typewritten copies could no doubt be procured. There is also printed for Parliament the Journal of the House of Commons and the Senate, and the daily Hansard and Votes and Proceedings, of which copies collated and bound are supplied at the end of the session to the members.

In addition to these there are the separate publications of the departments

\* Read before the Ontario Library Association, April, 1905

such as the Statistical Year Book, the Reports, Monographs, and Maps of the Geological Survey, the Survey Department and Mining Bureau.

Now it is evident that in any country, and especially in one so democratic as Canada, where every person is expected to know something of the details of administration, that all this collection of material should be placed within public reach, so that opportunity may be given to every citizen for inspection, if not for closer examination.

What are the actual conditions of distribution to-day? The Blue Books, Sessional Papers, Hansard and Journals, are distributed under the instructions of the Printing Committee of the House in a more or less haphazard fashion, which usually results in the neglect of the proper repositories, and in accumulations in places where they are comparatively useless. A request from a member that he would like to have them sent to any small library or private individual has always been granted as a matter of form. No restrictions apparently have been placed on the free distribution of the Blue Books, which seems quite right and proper. The regular list of copies to members, newspapers and officials, is freely added to while the edition lasts. In the case of small libraries, without proper accommodations, the Blue Books were received because the Board felt complimented by the thoughtfulness of their member, who on his part was glad to have found something which cost him nothing, and yet showed his desire to look after the interests of his constituents. At the same time the unexpressed feeling was that they were a nuisance. Nobody looked at them, they accumulated so quickly as to be in the way, and in many cases the wrappers were never torn off at the time when they were being carted away to be deposited in the cellar.

Even the larger libraries which received the papers regularly from the House or from members, found that they required so much shelf room which was necessary for new novels that they gave them the cold shoulder, and bundled them into out-of-the-way corners.

This has arisen largely from ignorance

of their contents and form of publication. Last year the Printing Committee of the House seems to have some inkling of this, and peremptorily shut down on the supply of any parliamentary papers to public libraries. This was an extraordinary step. Because the Government publications were not read by everyone, therefore nobody should read them.

As an illustration of its folly, take the case of the Toronto Public Library, with which I am more familiar. This Library has, at considerable expense and trouble, completed its sets of Government publications from 1792 to 1903, both Provincial and Federal. I have no statistics of their use in the Library for any one year, but it can be readily understood that in a city where literature and politics command so much attention, that the number of inquiries for them is very considerable every month. These sets are free to every applicant; indices are provided, when unbound the volumes are bound at the expense of the Library, and everything done to make them of permanent value. One would naturally think that the official authorities would be anxious to assist in extending the advantages of this collection by seeing that it was kept up-to-date; but the contrary is the case. Last year everything was stopped and the Library was indebted to a friend for the Blue Books of the session.

The Librarian has asked for the Sessional Papers and Journals for 1904, and their regular continuance, but so far has received no answer. The Blue Books are, however, coming on along with the daily Hansard. But the Blue Books are useless for shelf purposes, and if the debates are placed on file in the reading-room, they speedily become unfit for binding at the end of the session. A second copy, collated ready for binding, was asked for with the same result.

The Library was indebted for some years to a private individual for a paper-covered copy of the Statistical Year Book. When application was made to the head of the Department which issues it, asking that it might be sent regularly on publication, a reply was received that a copy would be sent on application, but they would not send it regularly. As it was

sometimes several months before tidings of its publication was received, and as, when it did arrive, a month was required to bind it, you can readily understand that in the Toronto Public Library we require to look elsewhere for Canadian statistical information than to Ottawa.

Our sets of the Debates of the House of Commons and Senate are complete, thanks to the members of the House, but no librarian should be required to beg what surely is public property; and while it is true that a published price of \$4 has been fixed by the King's Printer for the Sessional Hansard, it is equally unjust to tax public libraries for public property. I might enlarge upon other difficulties to show how completely the present system or non-system has failed. Now it is useless calling attention to a grievance without pointing out how an improvement can be made. There are at least two ways in existence worth considering.

*First*.—The Imperial method, by which all documents printed for the government are sold by the King's Printer at the bare cost of paper, so that reports may be obtained for a few pence.

*Second*.—The United States' system, which provides for the distribution of all public documents to officially appointed depositories. As the Canadian people have grown accustomed to the free distribution of government reports, the United States system seems best fitted to meet the requirements of the case, recognising, as it does, the value of the documents, the public right to have free and easy access to them, and the necessity for providing proper accommodation for their security and use. It is proposed, therefore, that in place of the irregular method now in use in distributing parliamentary papers, that the following be adopted and that

the government be requested to put it in force:—

1st. (a) That the government shall select a limited number of public libraries (say 50) throughout the Dominion, to be called first-class depositories, to whom shall be supplied every printed document or map printed by authority of Parliament, or of the departments, conditional on the library undertaking to provide the proper accommodation and permit free use of them.

(b) The Hansard to be supplied daily and also a copy bound in cloth at the end of each session.

(c) The Year Book to be supplied in cloth.

(d) The King's Printer to be authorised to print the number required of all publications and maps (say 50) over and above the number ordered by Parliament or by the Departments and distribute them to each first-class depository.

2nd. That in like manner, smaller public libraries throughout the Dominion shall be chosen as second-class depositories to whom shall be sent, on their making application, the Blue Books in paper, and the Statistical Record, bound.

In this way a library of Canadian documents would be established in every centre of the Dominion, in which every person might have confidence that he could obtain the fullest official information.

I have not spoken of the official publications of the Provinces, because they are comparatively few in number and have been distributed generously; but if the Federal Government were to establish these first-class depositories, I have no doubt all the Provinces would gladly contribute the required number of their documents, once they were assured of their being properly taken care of and freely used.



# Public House Trusts

By RUSSELL E. MACNAGHTEN.

"Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame

When once it is within thee (but before May'st rule it as thou list), and pour the shame Which it would pour on thee—upon the floor!

It is most just to throw that on the ground Which would throw me there, if I keep the round."



UCH is the inscription on the bronze plaque lent by Lord Grey to the "Delaval Arms" Trust House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is the object

of this paper to give a brief but accurate account of the remarkable movement in the direction of Temperance Reform which was directly inaugurated by our newly-appointed Governor-General, and to show how appropriately a similar experiment might be tried on Canadian soil. At the very outset it is desirable to emphasise the fact that this is not a political movement in any sense of the term. It is all the more necessary that this should be clearly understood, because in Canada the Temperance question appears to some extent to have been made the shuttlecock of two political parties. So far is this from being the case in England, in regard to the Trust movement, that it has received the warmest support and encouragement from men of such different political views as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain and the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. On the other hand it may truly be said that this scheme of Temperance Reform has gained the sympathy and support of the leaders of the social and intellectual life of England to a most remarkable degree. Let me take two examples almost at random. The three trustees for the Worcestershire Public House Trust Company, Limited, are Viscount Cobham, Lord Windsor and Sir F. H. Lambert, while on the Council of the same Trust are Earl Beauchamp, Earl Dudley and the Rev. Sir H. F. Vernon, Bart. In Sussex the three trustees are the Duke of Devonshire, K.G.; the Duke of Norfolk,

K.G., and Lord Brassey, while the Council includes the chairmen of the East and West Sussex County Councils, and the officers commanding respectively the South-eastern District and the 35th Regimental District at Chichester. Amongst the many able men who are actively engaged in assisting the movement by their counsel and direction may be mentioned Lord Avebury (better known to the public as the distinguished scientist, Sir John Lubbock); Lord Farrer; Sir Frederick Pollock, the eminent jurist; and the Right Hon. Charles Booth, whose monumental work, "Life and Labour in London," entitles him to rank as an indisputable authority on all questions affecting the social welfare of the masses of the people.

The genesis of the movement is interesting and instructive, illustrating as it does the natural law of progression on the lines of least resistance. For many years past there had been an endeavour to introduce the principle of the Gothenburg System, namely, "the elimination of private profit" into the scheme of the Licensing Laws in England. Unfortunately the unreasoning opposition of the extreme section of the teetotal party was for a long period successful in preventing the adoption of any such a measure. As early as 1877, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain brought before Parliament a resolution to the effect that it was "desirable to empower the Town Councils of Boroughs under the Municipal Corporations' Acts, to acquire compulsorily, on payment of fair compensation, the existing interests in the retail sale of intoxicating drinks within their respective districts; and thereafter, if they see fit, to carry on the trade for the convenience of the inhabitants, but *so that no individual shall have any interest in nor derive any profit from the sale.*"\* The enforced abandonment of that proposal has put back the clock of

\*The italics are my own.



OLD WHARF INN, NUNEATON

Under the People's Refreshment House Association

Temperance progress for nearly a quarter of a century; and the least reflection on the amount of avoidable misery and crime which has thereby been entailed on a whole generation of the population may well cause us to ask with Lady Henry Somerset, "are we to be regarded as 'having complicity' with a trade that when we cannot suppress it altogether, we desire so to change its form and character that we deprive it of three-fourths of its power to harm, but permit a fourth of that evil to continue for a time?" And is it not equally true that those who from ignorance and prejudice oppose all measures of reasonable reform, are themselves directly responsible for "the amount of harm which they could prevent, but allow to continue?"

But deplorable as was this purblind opposition to the introduction of the principle of the Gothenburg system, it was unfortunately only too effective in preventing statutory reform, and it was only four years ago that Earl Grey conceived

the idea of applying personally for a license in a village in Northumberland, where the brewing interests had already given indications of making a similar attempt. The application was successful, and his lordship immediately handed over the license to a local Trust, and from this small beginning the movement so initiated spread to such an extent that in four years' time the number of houses under Trust management was 140, while during the year 1903 the houses that came under Trust management averaged nearly one a week. By the end of 1903 there were forty-two Trust companies formed and registered, namely, 29 for England, 11 for Scotland, and 1 each for Ireland and Wales; while, so far as the colonies are concerned, South Africa has set the example to both Canada and Australasia by the successful inauguration in Natal of the Durban Public House Trust Company, with a subscribed capital of £16,374. The Durban Trust has already secured three suitable houses, and out of the sur-



"HARE AND HOUNDS," BEENHAM, BERKSHIRE

Under the management of the People's Refreshment House Association

plus profits the directors have paid £400 to the trustees to be applied towards objects of public utility.

But before we consider in detail the successful operation of this remarkable movement, it is desirable that we should have a clear conception of the main principle of the Gothenburg System, on which the Trust system is undeniably based, and also that we should briefly consider what are the real and radical faults in the present system of licensing. The Gothenburg System owed its origin to a committee appointed at Gothenburg in the early sixties to enquire into the causes of the prevailing pauperism. That committee unanimously reported that "to brandy, and to brandy alone," was due most of the distress and misery so unfortunately prevalent in the city, and they proposed that the municipal authorities should avail themselves of the right accorded to them by an Act of 1855, and hand over all the licenses hitherto disposed of by public auction to a company, who should not derive any profit from the sale of

brandy beyond the ordinary bank rate of interest. This was accordingly done and in 1865 the municipality handed over 61 licenses to the company, of which number the directors immediately voluntarily relinquished 18. The 43 which they retained (namely 27 appropriated for public-houses, and 16 for hotels, restaurants and clubs) gave an average of one to every 1,172 of the population. Owing to the report of the Committee the Company limited their operations to spirits (brandy); and there was and still is practically a system of free-trade in beer in Gothenburg; but to the extent of their operations the system has been an entire success, seeing that it has reduced the sale of brandy by nearly 50 per cent. It is of course a matter of regret that the system was not applied also to beer, and it is equally regrettable that the surplus profits in Gothenburg itself were applied to the relief of the rates. It is obvious, however, that *neither of these points is an inherent part of the system*, and as a matter of fact the system in Norway has since been

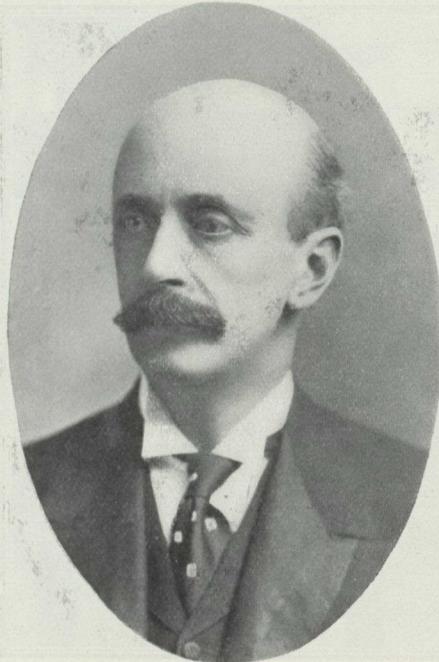


THE BAR, RAILWAY HOTEL, VENTNOR

Showing how food, tea, coffee and soft drinks are kept to the front and liquors to the rear.  
Under the Hampshire Public House Trust Co.

relieved of this latter blemish, and the surplus profits have been appropriated to objects of public utility not chargeable to the rates. These details do not in any case affect the essential principles of the system which is the "elimination of private profit" effected in the following way. In the licensed houses owned or controlled by the Company a manager is appointed at a fixed salary. *He gets no commission on the sale of intoxicants, but he does get a commission on the sale of all food and non-intoxicating beverages.* This principle indeed embodies the first practical attempt to deal with the liquor traffic in a scientific manner. It recognises the existence of the "law of commerce," by which every shop-keeper is impelled to endeavour to sell as much as he can of his own particular wares. It recognises its existence, and utilises it for the public benefit by making the publican an interested seller of non-alcoholic as opposed to alcoholic wares. In other words, it

lays its hand on the inherent defect of the present system, and applies to it the only adequate remedy. *For the real and radical defect of the present system consists in the fact that the public-house is conducted as a shop.* Excepting that the number of these shops is limited by operation of law, the public-house has in all other respects been a shop, pure and simple, namely, a shop for the sale of alcoholic wares; and the difference just noted has only aggravated the evil, because it has made the public-house a shop with a partial and in some cases an absolute monopoly. To blame the publican for the result is illogical and absurd. He has been merely obeying the inexorable "law of commerce," and one might as well put a kettle of water on the fire and tell it not to boil, as expect the publican under the circumstances to refrain from pushing the sale of his own particular wares. But the system which has fostered such a necessary result is indeed blameworthy, and requires to be



EARL GREY

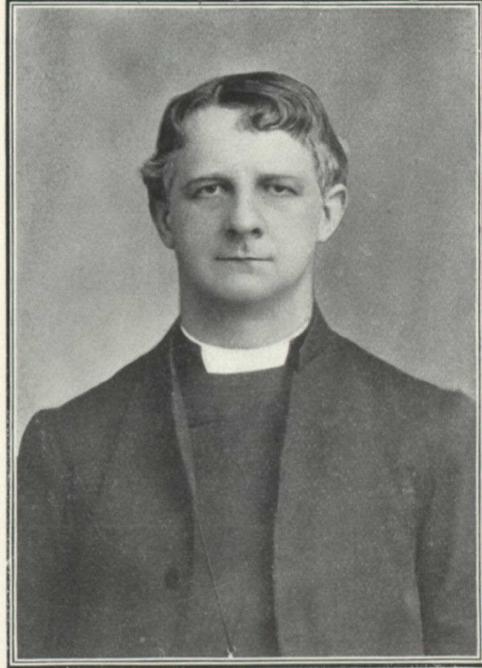
Honorary President Central Public House Trust

completely changed; for so long as the public-house continues a shop, so long must it be a menace to the public safety and welfare. The reason is surely obvious. In the case of the ordinary shop the more boots, carpets, chairs, or any other commodities that are sold, the better not only for the shop-keeper, but for the public at large (including the purchaser), because in all such cases no man of ordinary sanity will purchase more than he needs; and even if he did so, it would only be his pocket that would suffer. But the case of alcohol stands on a different plane. The successful pushing of alcoholic wares is notoriously prejudicial alike to the individual and the State, because it is from the abuse of alcohol (but not of course from the use) that a large proportion of the crime and misery of the world is clearly derivable. There can be then no real reform so long as the public-house remains a shop, and the obvious method of reform is to divert the shop-keeping instinct of the publican into legitimate channels, as is done by the Gothenburg System. The method has not only the merit of

extreme simplicity, but of also always acting automatically; for under this system every time a customer enters a public-house, he by the mere fact of his entry immediately impels the publican to endeavour to sell him not alcohol (the sale of which is now a profitless occupation) but as much food and non-intoxicating liquor as he can be induced to purchase. There is indeed a further reason for this most necessary and desirable change. Under the present system the publican naturally "buys in the cheapest market." It is clearly to his advantage to purchase low-priced spirits, in order that he may be able to retail them at a greater profit. But cheap spirits necessarily mean unrectified spirits, because the process of maturing is a lengthy and therefore a costly process. This particular aspect of the case has been thoroughly treated by continental scientists, and the result of their labours has been to prove beyond doubt that the most dangerous and deadly forms of intoxication are invariably produced by the use of immatured alcohols. Thus in eliminating the element of private profit the Gothenburg System has doubly acted on scientific lines; first of all by removing the tendency to push the sale of alcoholic stimulants, and secondly and incidentally by doing away with the incentive to purchase low-priced (and therefore unrectified) spirits.

In both these respects the Trust system has been a worthy successor of its great original, but it has gone further, for it has avoided the mistake made by the founders of the Gothenburg System of confining its operations to distilled alcohols, and in the Trust houses the principle is applied to all alcoholic stimulants, whether distilled or fermented. But it has had to contend with a difficulty which the founders of the system at Gothenburg did not encounter. In that city the original Company was able to avail itself of statutory sanction to bring all the existing spirit licenses under its control; whereas, owing to the opposition already referred to, the Trust movement has had to confine itself within the limits of the existing law, and has therefore been able to act only in isolated instances. Even so its success has within those limits been rapid and

striking; and the plan adopted for securing and safeguarding the continuance of the "Trust" has been evolved with singular sagacity. The method of procedure is as follows: A company is formed in any county or district where it is deemed advisable to form a Trust, shares being issued to the amount found necessary for starting operations in that particular locality. A certain number of deferred shares (generally 20, with the mere nominal value of one shilling each) are vested in the Trustees, *and these deferred shares carry with them half the voting power of the Company.* As an example may be quoted the Suffolk Public House Trust Company, which was incorporated in January, 1904, with an authorised capital of £5,000, divided into 4,999 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 20 deferred shares of 1s. each. These deferred shares carry half the voting power of the company, and are vested in the two trustees (the Marquis of Bristol and Mr. Oliver Johnson). Moreover, as an additional precaution, the directors are usually empowered to refuse to sanction the transfer of shares at their sole discretion; so that the original purposes of the Trust are doubly secured, first of all by the trustees (who apart from their high character are of course legally responsible for any breach of trust) being able to control the voting power of the Company by virtue of the deferred shares; and secondly by the fact that the shares can be prevented from passing into the hands of undesirable persons. In other words there is no possibility of such a company being eventually dominated or controlled by the majority of the shares eventually passing into the hands of a brewing company or other allied institution. The maximum dividend payable in the United Kingdom is usually five (and in some cases four) per cent., and the whole of the surplus profits are devoted to objects of public utility. It is impossible, of course, in an article of this kind to expatiate at length on the admirable manner in which the surplus profits have been expended in various districts; but it should be noted that by providing



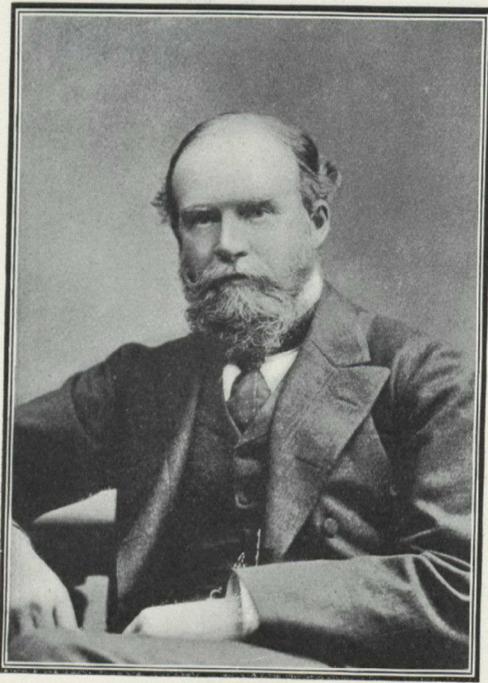
THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER

President of The People's Refreshment House Association; Vice-President of the Central Public House Trust Association

counter attractions they have done much to remove the tendency to intemperance which the system of licensing public-houses for profit necessarily fostered. Two examples will however serve as general illustrations of the possibilities afforded by the Trust system.

The Dunfermline Trust, with a capital of £2,000, purchased in 1901 the "Old Inn," Kirkgate, Dunfermline. The net profits for the year ending 31st December, 1903, were £389 2s. 5d. Payment of the maximum dividend of 5 per cent. absorbed £120 5s. 2d., leaving a surplus of £268 17s. 3d., which was appropriated in the following way, namely, £40 to the Dunfermline College Hospital; £10 to the Invalids' Benevolent Fund; £10 to the District Nursing Society; and £10 to the Female Beneficent Society; £150 was carried to a reserve fund for purchasing other premises, and the balance of £48 17s. 3d. was carried forward.

Even more instructive is the balance



RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, P.C., F.R.S.  
(SIR JOHN LUBBOCK)

Councillor of the Kent and Middlesex Public House Trusts

sheet of the Cowdenbeath Trust, which has a subscribed capital of £3,278. The committee, in addition to writing £613 ros. off the purchase price of the premises, made the following grants in 1903:

	£	s.	d.
Expenditure to date on Ambulance Waggon.....	120	10	0
Expenses of District Nurse to 31st December, 1903.....	76	3	4
Grants to—			
Cowdenbeath Orchestral Society....	5	0	0
Lumphinnans Reading Room.....	5	0	0
Dunfermline Cottage Hospital.....	50	0	0
Cowdenbeath Salvation Army.....	5	0	0
Lumphinnans Annual Games.....	2	0	0
Cowdenbeath Literary Society.....	10	0	0
Cowdenbeath Public Brass Band... ..	10	0	0
Cowdenbeath and Little Raith Annual Games.....	3	0	0
Lochore and Glenraig Fever Epidemic Relief Fund.....	20	0	0
Committee in charge of Saturday evening entertainments.....	50	0	0
Cowdenbeath Choral Union.....	5	0	0
New Year's Treat to Poorhouse Inmates.....	5	0	0

£366 13 4

The general effect of bringing licensed houses under Trust management has already been a considerable decrease in the sale of intoxicants; together with a largely corresponding increase in the sale of food and non-alcoholic beverages. Thus the secretary of the People's Refreshment House Association reports on the 17th of January, 1904, to the following effect: "The thirteen houses which have been under management since 1900 show a considerable decrease in the sale of intoxicants. The years 1901 and 1902 showed about £500 lower than 1900; last year there was another large fall. There is no doubt that were the methods of the ordinary publican adopted, the sale of drink at most of our inns would go up with a bound."

Other evidence to the same effect may be quoted. Thus in reference to the "Trentham Hotel," Staffordshire, Colonel Crawford writes: "Before the installation of reformed management in March, 1903, the managers only cared to sell drink—a trade which gave less trouble and more profit. The non-alcoholic trade was at first

only a few pence a day; now it often reaches £3 a day, exclusive of sales to the parties catered for." And in the report already quoted occurs the following passage: "'The Waterman's Arms,' Bank side, Southwark, has now been rebuilt by the City of London Electric Lighting Company, and was opened on the 14th January, 1904. On the ground floor there is a workman's dining hall, where cheap meals are served, and on the first floor (with a fine view of the river and St. Paul's) a dining-room for clerks and others. This, the first Trust public-house in London, should be a great convenience in a neighbourhood where it is difficult to obtain a good and well-served meal. About 120 meals were served on the day of opening, and 200 on the following day. No fewer than 30 breakfasts were served on the third day to workmen alone; but the chief demand will probably be for cheap dinners, which can be obtained for 6d. including cut from the joint, vegetable, bread and sweets. On the 15th January,

the first complete day, the sale of food and non intoxicants exceeded the sale of alcoholics by £1. This is a good beginning."

That the immense superiority of the Trust system is recognised by the people at large can perhaps best be illustrated by what actually occurred at Port Sunlight, the model township where Messrs. Lever Bros. have established their well-known soap works. At that time (1902) there was no licensed house in the place, and Mr. W. H. Lever, the head of the firm, recognised that this was eminently a case in which no license should be granted even to a Trust, if it were against the wishes of the inhabitants. Accordingly he directed that a poll should be taken, the wives of the householders having an equal vote with their husbands. The result was that it was found on opening the ballot boxes that 80 per cent. had voted in favour of the establishment of a Trust house. Of the signal success of that house (which bears the name of the "Bridge Inn"), I have not here room to speak in detail; but the following extract from the letter of a correspondent to the *Daily News* of the 14th of March, 1904, may be quoted as testifying to the influence for temperance of this and similar institutions. He writes: "Why do not all the temperance organisations in the land combine to support Earl Grey's Public House Trust scheme, the most rational of all temperance reforms? If they had seen the inns controlled by this Trust at Port Sunlight and elsewhere, they would realise that after all the ideal public house is so thoroughly human, so thoroughly English, that rightly used, it may become a power for good in our land. Has it ever occurred to such reformers that one of the most effective methods of promoting the great cause they have at heart is to endeavour to induce all publicans to become temperance workers also?"

As this correspondent implies, there has been a good deal of unreasoning opposition from the extreme teetotal section to the spread of the Trust movement, chiefly, no doubt, from the mistaken view that it will impede the realisation of their cher-



SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, BART., LL.D.  
Director of the Surrey Public House Trust

ished ideal, Prohibition. As Sir Frederick Pollock states in reference to such opposition: "Any statement coming from that quarter must be received with great caution." At the same time it is worth noticing, that where the adherents of the extreme temperance platform have been brought into actual contact with the operations of the system, they are beginning to realise its merits in a practical way. Thus the manager of the "Delaval Arms" (the house adorned with the bronze plaque referred to at the commencement of this article), writes: "In other ways the house is beginning to take its place in the life of the district. . . . Several staunch teetotallers are beginning to see the advantage of such a public house, and are wont to give coffee suppers there to fellow-abstainers at the week end."\*

The words just quoted seem, indeed, to throw a new light on the direction which Temperance Reform must take,

\* The italics are my own.

if it is to achieve a satisfactory and a permanent result. Prohibition can only eventually succeed, if it is assented to by the majority of the people. The experience of the past shows that legislation on the subject has in all centres of population proved a failure: in other words, statutory prohibition does not prohibit. But if the Trust principle be spread abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land, there is no reason why, in the words of the Bishop of Chester, one of the most enlightened and consistent champions of the movement, alcoholic liquors should not gradually be "deposed from their aggressive supremacy" to such an extent that it will more and more become the fashion for customers at Trust houses to ask for non-alcoholic rather than alcoholic refreshments. The reform must, of course, be gradual, but it will be none the less complete for that. On the extreme Prohibitionists themselves depends to a large extent how far that reform will go. If instead of offering the purblind and prejudiced opposition which they have shown in past years to all measures of constructive reform, they will imitate the wise example of their brethren at Newcastle, and endeavour to their utmost extent to convert the Trust house into a place for the supply of non-alcoholic refreshment, they will do much towards realising in a practical way that ideal of Prohibition which the mere parrot-cry for legislation can never accomplish.

Before I consider the possibility of applying the Trust system to Canada, it will be well to briefly review what it has accomplished in England, and to what extent it has proved superior to its great original, the Gothenburg System. Its main superiority in detail undoubtedly lies in the fact that it has applied the principle of "no profit to the seller" to all alcoholic liquors, whether distilled or fermented. In the second place, instead of applying the surplus profits to the relief of the rates (which is clearly a dangerous proceeding, inasmuch as there is always the possibility that the municipality may for financial reasons be tempted to encourage the sale of liquor), it has utilised them for objects of general convenience, and in particular, in various

localities it has disbursed considerable sums on counter-active agencies. On the other hand (though for this the founders of the Trust system are in no way to blame), its weakness lies in the fact that it has only been applied in isolated instances; whereas it is clear that the full potentialities of the system can only be attained when it is applied to an entire district; or better still, to an entire county or country.

We are now in a better position to estimate the possibilities of its application to Canada or to some portion of it. The problem really is divided into two parts. On the one hand (particularly in the N.W. Territories), there are enormous areas which are at present practically unoccupied, but where a large population must inevitably be settled before many years are past. In many parts of these regions there are at present no vested interests created, though it is inevitable that unless action be immediately taken numerous licenses will be granted to private individuals in the not distant future. In all such districts surely the wise and businesslike method inaugurated by Mr. Lever at Port Sunlight might be imitated with advantage. Let no new license of any kind be granted except after a vote recorded in its favour by a majority of the inhabitants, and then only to a Trust Company with profits regulated by the current bank rate of interest.

In the older settled portions of the Dominion the problem is, of course, more difficult and complicated; but even here the difficulties are certainly not greater than those which confronted the pioneers of the Trust movement in England; and in view of the extreme importance of the system being tested in a thorough and impartial manner, the Government might reasonably consent to its being tried throughout some one district or township; so that in the event of its success it might be applied on a larger and more elaborate plan throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. It would not, of course, be necessary to secure a very large area of population for the first experiment (some locality like Farnham in the Eastern townships would be admir-

ably adapted for the purpose), *so long as the district in which the experiment was made was exclusively administered by the operations of the system.* In case of failure, nothing would be easier after a few years' trial than to return to the old system of private licensing; whereas in the case of success (which the experi-

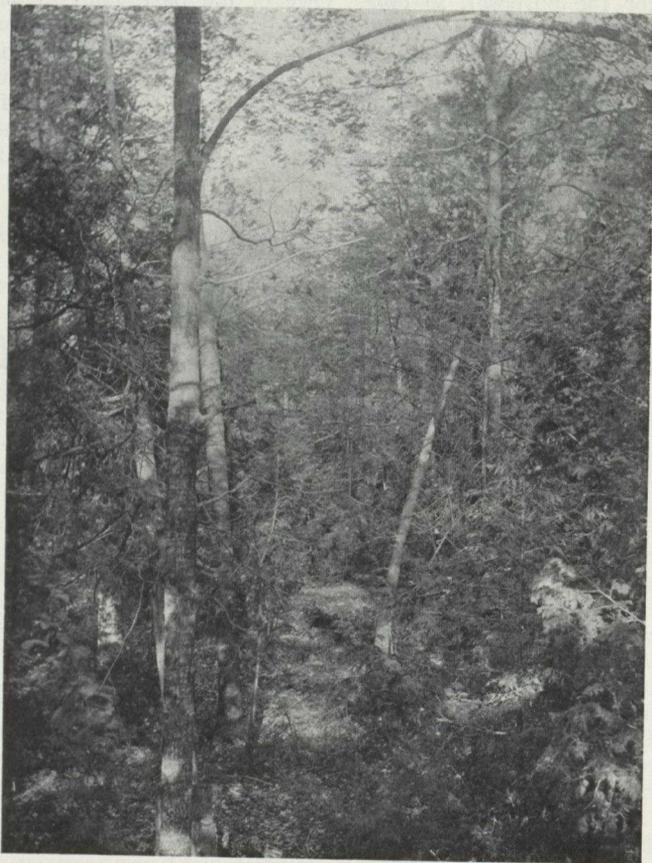
ence of the past, both in England and Scandinavia, amply justifies us in anticipating), the fact of the original experiment having been made on a small (though still complete) scale, would facilitate its being extended to the whole of the Dominion on a large and enduring basis.

## The Universities' Farewell to Her Graduates

BY J. BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

IT is time, alas, for starting,  
 Though it's hard to think of parting  
 In the glory of this golden afternoon;  
 When the lark above is singing,  
 And the very earth is ringing  
 With the knowledge of the Summer coming soon.  
 But you must not now be grieving  
 For the life that you are leaving;  
 You are ready for the life which lies beyond.  
 Live that life, whate'er befall you,  
 That when God Himself shall call you  
 You will fearlessly be able to respond.

You are going out—for ever—  
 But the bond shall never sever  
 Though you travel to the farthest ends of earth;  
 And we all shall hold communion  
 In that last and grand re-union  
 Which prepares us for our new and glorious birth.  
 May the God of Battles bless you,  
 And your mother-land caress you;  
 May you plentifully reap what you have sown;  
 And your names shall fill God's pages  
 Through unconquerable ages,  
 Till you stand with your accounts before His throne.



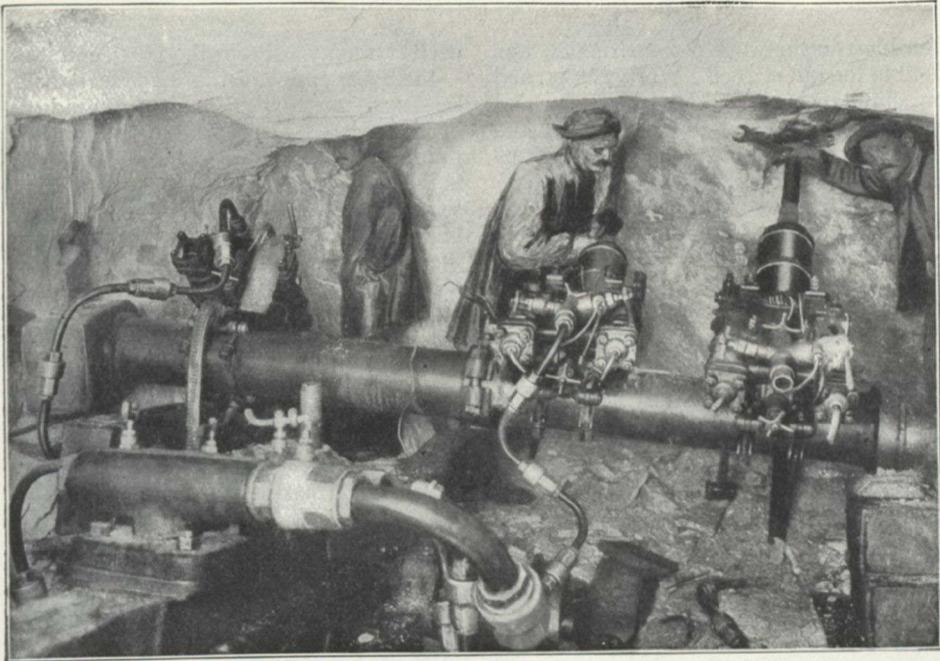
## Forest Sounds

BY ALMA FRANCES M'COLLUM.

WHO, in the pines, may hear low voices raised  
To chant in suppliant tone?  
They who, in Sorrow's tranquil eyes, have gazed,  
O'ercome, endured alone.

The joyous whispering of lesser trees,  
Who can interpret this?  
Awakened souls whose inmost sanctities  
Know Love's revealing kiss.

And lowly vines, the tender clinging things  
That dwell amid the sod?  
For pillowed ear, a carillon ne'er rings,  
Unless at peace with God.



HYDRAULIC BORING MACHINES AT WORK

# Story of the Simplon Tunnel

The Fourth of the Artificial Highways Overcoming the Historic Mountain Barrier of Central Europe\*

By ARTHUR TARBELL



IN the great book of engineering achievements, where truth is always stranger and more interesting than fiction, a new chapter has just been added. The boring of the Simplon tunnel through the Alpine barrier between Italy and Switzerland was completed on the morning of February 24. It is the longest tunnel in the world, is one of the most amazing conquests of nature, and is the finest tribute yet to the skill of the technician. If nothing unforeseen happens, it is to be thrown open to travel some time during the summer of 1905.

#### THE ROUTE AND THE PROBLEM

The Simplon plunges directly into the base of that Alpine giant, Monte Leone,

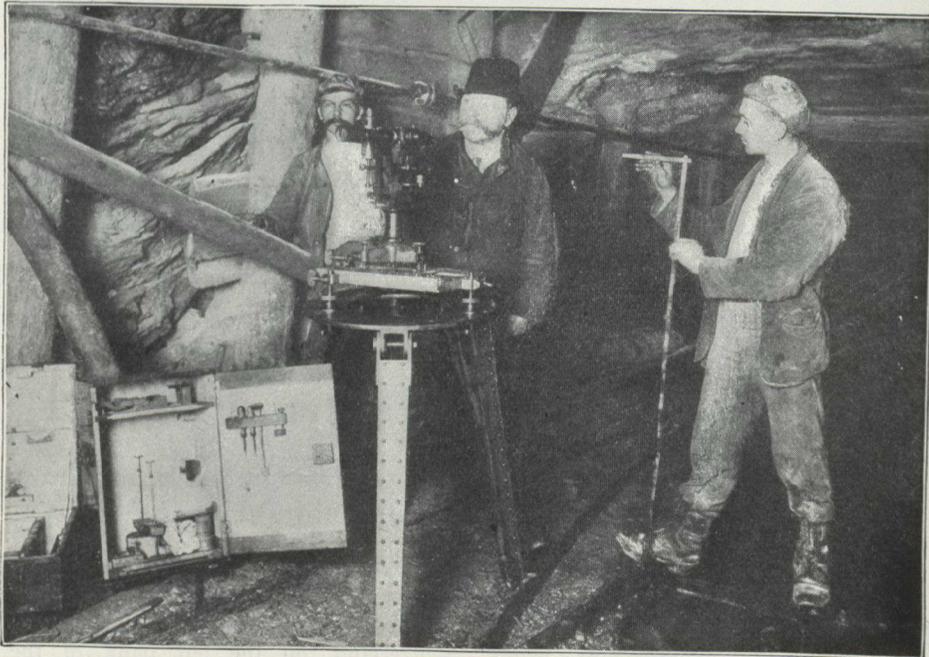
at a point a short distance above Brigue, Switzerland, on the left bank of the Rhone; and daylight is not again seen until, after travelling twelve and a quarter miles, it emerges on the other side of the lofty Alps at Iselle in Italy. Since Roman times the Simplon pass has been the avenue of the trade of Milan with the Rhone valley, and along the same route have run the trains of the Jura-Simplon Railway. On the Swiss side of the frontier, however, the ruggedness of the rock formation compelled a long detour. Both the interested governments, accordingly—the Swiss and the Italian—joined in undertaking the boring of a tunnel. The

\*Published in Canada by permission of *The Technical World*, Chicago.

first blast in the work of construction was fired in the fall of 1898. Work was carried on simultaneously at both the Swiss and the Italian ends, and the headings of the two holes met in a dead check, constituting a triumph in engineering science.

As distinguished from the other existing Alpine tunnels, which are single borings with double tracks, the Simplon is a two-tunnel affair, each with one track, thus permitting of traffic both ways at the same time. For the present, however,

each extremity. From the north entrance—the Swiss end, which is 2,254 feet above sea-level—there is an ascending gradient of 1 in 500 for five and three-quarters miles, until the highest point in the tunnel is reached. This spot is 2,312 feet above sea-level, and lies about a mile and a half below the crest of the mountains between the Furggenbaumhorn and the Wasenhorn. It is here that the central station is located, the gallery having been excavated to double width in order that two



THE ENGINEERING PART OF TUNNEL CONSTRUCTION  
Determining the Axis

but one tunnel is finished to the full size, the other being excavated only enough to serve for ventilating purposes and to hold a narrow-gauge line. These two corridors travel along about fifty feet apart, axis to axis, and are connected every 600 feet by transverse galleries. When a new cross-shaft is opened, the preceding one is hermetically closed, so as not to interfere with the ventilating scheme.

The tunnels are 18 feet high by 17 feet wide, and run in a straight line under the whole Alps, except for a slight curve at

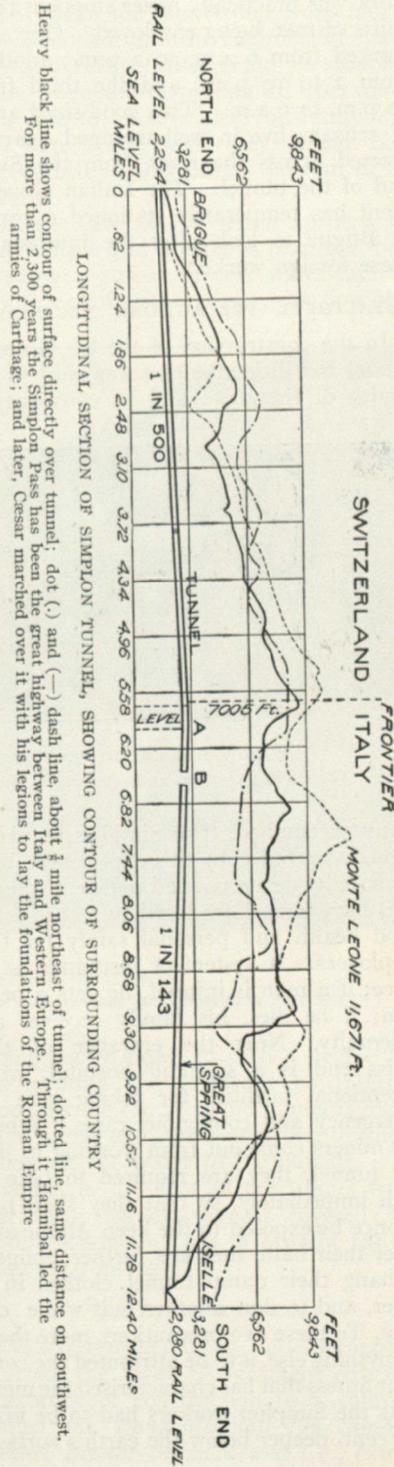
trains may pass each other. The tunnel then remains level for a quarter of a mile, after which it descends for six and a quarter miles at a gradient of 1 in 143, to the south entrance at Iselle, which is 2,080 feet above sea-level. These easy gradients were wisely planned by the engineers to effect a saving in the cost of transportation. The rise in the Simplon never becomes more than 1 in 150; while in the Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard tunnels it is sometimes as steep as 1 in 40, the cost of haulage—always a perpetual item of

expense—being considerably increased thereby.

HYDRAULIC PERFORATORS

In this tremendous piece of tunnelling, the honours belong largely to the Brandt hydraulic perforator. About a dozen of these boring machines have been in operation at each end of the tunnel since the start. The day of the diamond drill, once so universally used on tasks of this type, is apparently over. What the Simplon engineers employ is a hollow steel stem with a diameter of seven centimeters (2.75 inches). Three tempered cutting points are mounted at one end, and so severe is their service that they have to be frequently replaced. Through the hollow passage in the stem, water flows constantly, keeping the edges of the teeth cool, and washing away the debris. A hydraulic engine, with a pump pressure of from 80 to 120 atmospheres and an available force of 10,000 to 12,000 kilos (22,046 to 26,455 pounds), furnishes the power. These teeth bite into the rock at the rate of one centimeter (.39 inch) to each rotation, from four to eight revolutions, according to the hardness of the rock, occurring in a minute. When the drills have penetrated to a depth of about five feet, they are withdrawn and the dynamite inserted and fired. As this part of the work is always more or less dangerous, unusual precautions are taken to protect the labourers. For example, it is one man's special duty, when the mines go off, to count the reports, making certain that all have exploded. One and one-half million charges of powder have been touched off since the beginning. The daily advancement of the tunnel has been on an average seven yards, although, during the first three months of 1902, so many springs were encountered, and so many rock-slips, that only fifty feet was gained.

The men behind the drills, the labourers who excavated this subterranean gallery, were Italians. Herds and crops appeal more to the Swiss than blasting rocks and clearing away debris in the bowels of a mountain range. The working force numbered about 1,000, and the division of labour was on the eight-hour basis. Night and day for over six years,

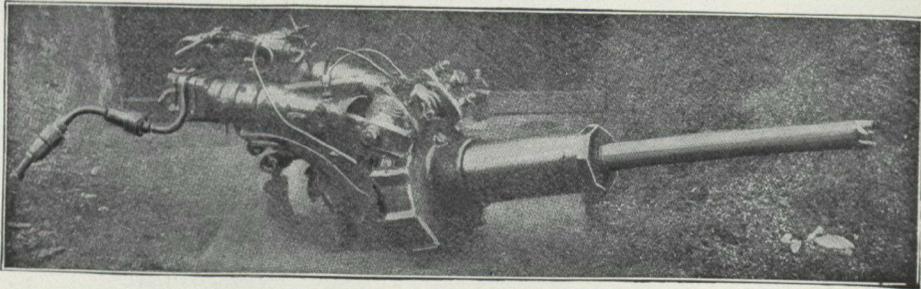


work was practically never stopped, three shifts of men being employed. One shift worked from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m.; another, from 2 to 10 p.m.; and the third from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. This good-sized army of artisans live in well-arranged quarters erected across the river from the Swiss end of the tunnel. The Italian Government has temporarily stationed a consul at Brigue to look after the interests of these foreign workers.

#### HEALTHFUL PRECAUTIONS NECESSARY

In the construction of the St. Gothard tunnel but little attention was paid to the health of the men, and in consequence

than men had ever before worked, it can well be fancied that the problem of heat was an important one, as heat and pressure increase with penetration and depth. At one point the Alps towered to a height of 7,005 feet (more than a mile and a quarter) above the tunnellers. A temperature rising frequently to 110° had to be coped with. A new process, used for the first time in carrying out this Simplon contract, was invented to do battle with these conditions of torridity. Cold water, brought from the outside, was run through pipes pierced with little holes, and was thus made to fall in a fine rain. Through this liquid curtain fresh air was forced,



BRANDT HYDRAULIC PERFORATOR USED IN BORING SIMPLON TUNNEL.  
The cutting teeth at end of stem are cooled by running water forced through hollow shaft

many succumbed. The Simplon management has profited by this experience. Uncommonly generous and efficient measures have been introduced to secure both good health and personal safety for the employees. A system of insurance is in force; if a man is injured, he gets a pension; if he dies, his family receives an indemnity. Near the entrance of the Swiss end is a splendid hospital, with exceptional facilities for taking care of emergency and contagious cases. When the miners come out from working in the hot tunnel, they are required to take a bath immediately, so that they shall not at once be exposed to the keen Alpine air. After their bath, they are further obliged to hang their damp tunnel clothes in a dryer, and to don another suit while off duty. To these two precautions, more than to anything else, is to be attributed the constant fitness that has characterised the men.

As the Simplon workers had to be fifty per cent. deeper below the earth's surface

reaching the labourers so cooled as to be perfectly endurable.

From the very commencement, the ventilation feature of the enterprise has been successfully handled. The auxiliary tunnel has been used as an air-shaft, into which great blowers have driven the outside air at such a speed that at the tunnel's entrance one could barely stand up against it. Compressed and sent along at a low pressure, the air passes through the smaller boring until it reaches the last cross-section, going then into the bigger working where the men are located. It reaches them at the rate of 1,000 cubic feet a minute. The vitiated air is forced back and out through the main tunnel. A steady current is thus established, bringing in a new supply of oxygen and carrying off all injurious gases.

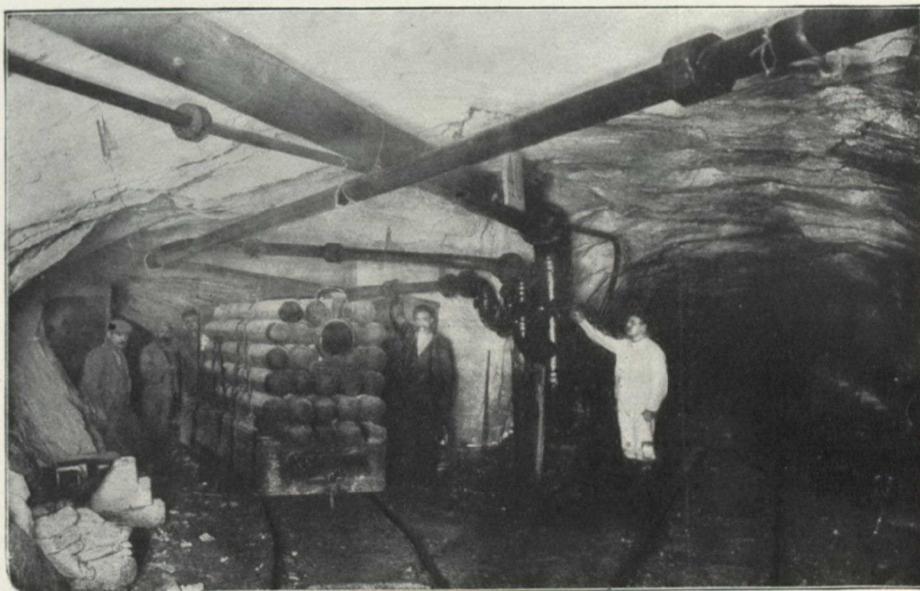
#### HOT SPRINGS ENCOUNTERED

The great Nemesis of Herr Hugo von Kager, the chief engineer of the project,

has been, not the hard strata of gneiss, gypsum, and dolomite, although these have been met with in plenty, but the continual occurrence of hot springs. Professor Schardt, official geologist of the tunnel, estimates that 1,000,000,000 cubic feet of water have poured out of the openings since the first spring was struck. In the fall of 1901, a boiling volume, discharging 8,000 gallons a minute, burst suddenly into the Italian workings, the two headings of the tunnel becoming at once

did it make the tunnel that work had to be suspended until the facilities for drainage and refrigeration could be doubled. Even when the men resumed operations, they had to be sprinkled constantly with ice water, otherwise they would have succumbed in this deadly portion of the cavern.

In the case of the minor springs, the very simple and ingenious plan has been to throw a stream of cold water into the fissure emitting the geyser, the flow thus



COMPRESSED-AIR LOCOMOTIVE IN TUNNEL

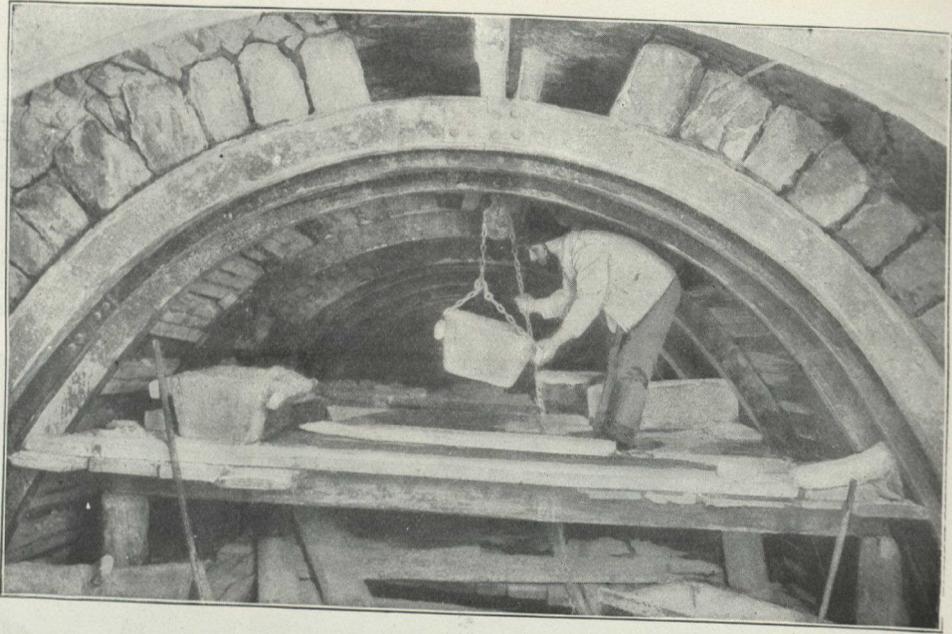
Used for forcing water through the hydraulic boring machines and for cooling purposes

veritable canals. It required three months to take care of this difficulty. The worst disaster of all, on the very eve of the tunnel's completion, was met last September, when a huge underground reservoir was accidentally tapped, and a parboiling cataract of water, with a volume of 18,000 gallons a minute, rushed into the tunnel. An appalling tragedy was narrowly averted, for the inundation, fortunately, came just as a shift was being made. The few men, however, that happened to be on the spot had to flee for their lives, some not being able to make good their escape. The temperature of this torrent was 112°, and so unbearable

being cooled down to such a degree that the routine work suffered no interruption. As the centre of the tunnel is higher than either end, the descending gradients carry off the water to the outside. The channel in the floor of the tunnel which performs this drainage is covered with a non-conducting top to prevent the hot vapours from rising.

#### THE ITEM OF COST

When this herculean undertaking was started, the Swiss Government entrusted the work of construction to a company called the *Bangesellschaft für Simplontunnel Brandt Brandau und Co.*, extend-



MASONRY ARCHING IN TUNNEL

This form of support was necessary where the strata were found to be soft and rock-slips likely to occur

ing to it a credit of \$14,000,000. The tunnel was to have been finished in May, 1904; but the Government, recognising the enormous obstacles that had confronted the engineers, granted an extension of time to April 30, 1905, and an additional payment of \$1,600,000. As the tunnel is a little over twelve miles in length, this makes the cost about a million and a third a mile. The Italian Government, as already said, united with the Swiss in financing the undertaking.

#### OTHER ALPINE TUNNELS

The first Alpine tunnel in point of time—the Mont Cenis—cost \$1,100 for every yard of its length, the total expenditure being about \$15,000,000. It is eight miles long, took fourteen years to bore, and was finished in 1870. Next came the St. Gothard. This is nine and a quarter miles long, was constructed in nine and a half years, and was completed in 1880 at a cost of \$710 a yard, or a total cost of \$11,500,000. The third tunnel—the Arlberg—is six miles long, took three years to build, was opened in 1883, and cost \$500 a yard, or a total of \$6,000,000.

In the matter of approaches to the tun-

nel, the Simplon engineers have been more fortunate than the St. Gothard builders. In the latter case great artificial landing places had to be constructed at heavy expense, to afford an entrance to the tunnel; but the Simplon is naturally easy of access at both ends. The present Jura-Simplon railway, coming from Geneva, has a terminal only a short distance from the northern gate; while on the other side of the Alps, the Italian road at Domo d'Ossola can make a ready junction with the tunnel trains.

It is not yet announced what form of motive power will be used in driving trains through the tunnel; but the fact that the Swiss Government has ordered 160 cars for the line, to be built with closed platforms, would seem to indicate that steam, not electricity, was to be the motive power employed for the present.

With the completion of the Simplon, seven railroads reach Italy, four going under the mountains, two around, and one over. As far as traffic and travel are concerned, the Alps are now practically annihilated. No longer does this mighty, snow-capped barrier separate the north of Europe from the south.

# THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohn

Author of "How Hartman Won."

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal.

## CHAPTER XIX

### HELEN'S DIARY CONTINUED.

"Montreal, Feb. . ., 1814.

"ANOTHER week of hard driving and marching is over. Sometimes we had night quarters for the men, always for the officers and women. Still, I was so tired each night and there were so many little things to attend to, that my diary has been neglected. Now, however, we are comfortably quartered at the foot of the mountain; and, while Harold is away attending to matters of the regiment, I shall try to make up for lost time.

"I had a long talk with Sir George at the Commandant's on the night of the ball at Quebec, and was delighted at his ready consent to have Emmiline and her husband go with us to Penetang. When he said that she might be my own special

servant, I offered to pay the expense of the journey for her.

"That cannot be thought of," was his reply. 'I always intended to secure another woman to take the place of the one who died, and I assure you I am more than pleased that you have found one to suit.'

"It was very kind of him. The next morning I told the good news to Bateese. In his exuberance of spirits he threw his hat up in the air.

"By gar!' he exclaimed, 'such fonne to have ma femme. She no spik much Angleese, but teach soon, she quick—tree or four week she spik everyting goot as Bateese. She bonne scholare an' tak prize when leetle gal at seminare.'

"And so she came, and they made room for her in the sleigh with the other women. I was afraid that the soldiers' wives would

quarrel with the little woman, yet so far there is no inkling of war among them.

"Speaking of war, Montreal is the place for the signs of it. I was surprised to see so many troops in the city—more by far than there were either in Halifax or Quebec—regulars and colonials combined. They are a determined looking lot of men and well drilled, too.

"Harold tells me that everything on the frontier is still quiet, and so far, the American General Wilkinson has not renewed his attack. Both sides are making preparations for a final conflict; and it will be fight to the finish when the summer comes.

"Our rest here is to be very short, for we have a third of our land journey yet to cover. It is also over the roughest part of the road and will take the longest to accomplish. Many are the lakes and rivers we have yet to cross, and all must be done before the ice breaks up. Hence, although we arrived yesterday, we start again to-morrow.

"To-night, however, we are invited by the officers of the Montreal regiment to a toboggan slide at the mountain, with a supper and dance afterwards. It will be my first ride on one of these swift-running sledges. They look dangerous as they fly so quickly down the hills; but if safe for others they should be safe for me, and I am glad to have the opportunity to try the sport before we make our final parting from civilisation."

The next day. Diary continued.

"I must jot down the impressions of last evening, while fresh in my mind. The meet was at a place called 'The Cedars,' almost half way up the mountain; and from which there is an irregular decline down to the St. Lawrence. One of the attractions was that the toboggans by the long descent would be carried far out over the surface of the river.

"What a jolly lot of people they were! Twenty or thirty officers in uniform, a few civilians, and a bevy of Montreal's prettiest girls, chaperoned by officers' wives and matrons of the city.

"As an Englishwoman, I am loyal to my own land and people. Still, whether due to the atmosphere, to lighter living, or the freer life they lead, the young ladies

you meet here seem to have more spirit, quicker movement and clearer complexions than the average English girls that I have known. But this is another digression, Mrs. Diary, and again I say, '*peccavi!*'

"We were lucky to have so good a night. The air was cold and still, and our position at the top of the slide gave a fine view of the lower city, with its myriads of lights from the houses and streets. Countless stars covered the sky, only slightly dulled in lustre by the pale half-moon; while on the hillsides, far and near, clumps of evergreens stood out clearly upon their background of snow.

"Introductions, buzz of voices, gay laughter, occupied some minutes, as we collected on the little plateau at the head of the slide before making a start. All were busy, too, getting their rigs in order. Toboggans are funny-looking things—flat bottomed, turned up in front like a South Sea Islander's war-canoe. But they are very comfortable when you have cushions to sit on and robes to put over you.

"Captain Thompson of the Montreal Rifles was our leader, and one would almost think he was marshalling his troops as he issued his orders.

"Quickly he had us going, and it was jolly enough, as soon as we got used to it. Off our toboggans sped one after another down the mountain, crackling and whistling over the snow, giving each and all a vivid pleasure in the swift, exhilarating ride. At first the grade was even and smooth in its descent—then undulating—then on a level for another hundred feet, finally down a little abyss and away for hundreds of yards over the icy surface of the river, between mighty ships on either sides, frozen at their anchorage for the winter.

"Here, carryalls for the riders and long sleighs for the toboggans awaited us, to take all back again to repeat the sport.

"Harold and I sat together on one of the sledges; and I must confess that when we started to descend the hill at almost lightning speed, I felt terribly frightened, and grasped him firmly around the waist. He only laughed while he whispered:

"'Don't be frightened, dear; you'll get used to it in another minute,' and so I did.

"We had a number of rides and were finishing our last one when an accident happened. It was on the toboggan in front of ours. Just as the people were getting off I saw a man fall.

"Why, that is Captain Cummings," I exclaimed, my heart making a tremendous leap.

"Yes, it is," returned Harold, "what can have happened?" and he rushed over to give assistance.

"He was trying to rise to his feet, but could not.

"It's that confounded leg of mine," I heard him say. "The ankle got twisted under the runner. I don't think its broken, though. What do you say about it, Beaumont?"

"And the Doctor was on his knees examining the joint, the Captain being propped up on his sled.

"No bones broken," was his comment. "You must have had a terrible wrench though, the way the joint flaps about. Is it very painful?"

"Excruciating," returned Cummings. "The joint has been weak ever since Vittoria. I got it twisted then."

"Well, we'll take you back to quarters and dress it. No dancing-hall for you to-night, that is certain. Don't know that it will be safe for you to travel with us to-morrow, even."

"In both of which I differ from you," said the Captain, with a supreme effort at self-control, notwithstanding the pain. "Take me back to the hotel and dress the joint. Then help me into the ball-room. I can watch the others even if I cannot waltz. As to going with the troop, why, certainly I'll go"; and for a moment he cast a sharp glance in my direction.

"I believe I actually shivered.

"Half an hour later nearly all our party were at the French hostlery, partaking of prairie chicken, oyster patties and singaree; and when we made our entry into the ball-room, there sat in state Captain Cummings. He had evidently preceded us. Of course he was the lion, and the ladies rivalled with each other to sit out the different dances with him. Harold told me I must do it too, so my turn came with the rest.

"I don't know but I'm a lucky dog,

after all," he undertoned as he squeezed my hand.

"It cannot be lucky to be lame," I replied, as I sat down beside him.

"A soldier takes his knocks as he gets them," was his comment, "but I had no expectation of taking Lieutenant Smith's place so soon."

"Perhaps you won't need to. A night's rest will do wonders; mayhap the injury is more imaginary than real."

"I know the effects too well to be deceived. The injury is too devilish to heal in a week or fortnight either," said he, drily.

"Why go with us at all, then?"

"Because I'm wanted when I get there. I won't be in anybody's way, except for the riding instead of walking; and as yours is the most comfortable sleigh for an invalid—I fear, dear Madam, I must crave your indulgence—Say, Manning"—he exclaimed to Harold, who just then joined us. "I was telling your wife that Smith gives such a capital report about your sleigh, that I feel like begging the privilege of occupying a part of it for the next two or three days at least."

"Harold winced and flushed as well. Was he, too, getting suspicious?"

"I think that might be arranged satisfactorily, dearie," he said to me in a somewhat constrained tone.

"That depends upon the Captain's meaning," I replied. "It would be too much for me to give up your seat when it is your turn to ride. But for the rest of the time it is different."

"Thank you," responded Cummings. "That is exactly what I mean."

"So in order to secure half a loaf he asked for a whole one, and got it without demur. How could I help it?"

## CHAPTER XX

DREARY enough were the next few days for the adventurous troop, as they wended their way westward. The sky was heavily clouded, while a gusty wind blew the pellety snow into the faces of the men and women, as they walked or drove over their destined route. Drifts filled the sleigh tracks and the packing of the road by those who took the lead was a

weary business. Progress was slower than ever, accommodation along the line absent, and general camping again became a feature of the journey.

"What place have we here?" Sir George asked of his new driver on the evening of the fifth day from Montreal, as they called a halt in the vicinity of two or three little cabins.

"They call it Sparksville," was the reply. "After a fellow named Sparks. He lives in the village of Hull across the river. They say he bought it from the Government for a song and has made his money out of sales already."

"So these shantymen are the owners?" said the Colonel.

"No sirree, the lumbermen from Montreal bought from Sparks; these men only cut the lumber."

"And splendid stuff they've got, if these pines are samples."

"You bet your last pound," returned the man with the easy nonchalance of a westerner. "Montrealers wouldn't put their money into it if there wasn't a good chance of getting it out again. What's more, they say this is a splendid site for the building of a big city."

"Are these shanties the only buildings on this side of the river?" Sir George asked.

"Yes, 'cepting a little sawmill down in the hollow and a cabin beside it."

"Well, we'll camp here for to-night. They couldn't accommodate us in yonder village if we did cross."

And so the order was issued.

His men were by this time accustomed to the oft-repeated duty. Putting up tents, cutting down trees, trimming poles, building temporary huts, flooring them with boughs of cedar, arranging timber and evergreens to protect the inmates from prevailing winds, and gathering dry wood for necessary fires, were matters of detail, which they accomplished with alacrity. It was marvellous how neat and cosy a camp the two companies, assisted by the trained drivers, could build in an hour or two of twilight.

Sir George and the doctor, leaving Cummings in the rig, joined Harold, who was helping his wife out of their sleigh.

"You are not ill, Mrs. Manning, I hope," exclaimed Sir George, who had never be-

fore seen her require so much assistance to alight.

"Just stiff and cold after the long drive," was her answer, as with a sudden effort she straightened herself.

"Madame tired long tam, no let 'em spak," said Emmiline, who on Bateese's example was learning to speak "Angleese quick." She was already attached to her new mistress.

"It is lucky to find houses here, such as they are," said Harold as he folded her fur coat more closely around her, while he noticed that her teeth were chattering.

"We'll try this shanty," said the Doctor, approaching one. A large dog jumped out as the door opened, barking vociferously, and followed a moment later by a half-breed Indian. "Bonjour, Monsieur, comment vous portez-vous?"

"Très bien, merci," replied the Indian, with impassive face.

"We have a sick woman with us," said Harold, "and want to put her in your cabin for the night."

"No come ma shanty," replied the man, fixing himself squarely across the doorway. "Me trapper—live 'lone."

"Entre nous, mon ami, voilà une femme très malade," returned the Doctor in a more conciliatory tone, "et je vous donnerai cinq francs."

"Argent comptant porte medecine. Oui, oui, Monsieur. Entrez," returned the trapper slipping to one side and allowing him to enter.

A fire was burning on a rude hearth at one end of the floorless shack, and the ground was packed hard everywhere but around the sloppy doorway. A wooden settle covered with skins stood at one side, while a couple of rough benches together with a kettle or two completed the outfit.

By the time the Doctor had made a cursory survey, Harold and Helen followed by Emmiline had joined him.

"Will you let me have the whole shanty for to-night if I pay you for it?" Harold asked.

The cunning eyes of the half-breed glanced rapidly over the whole party. Then he answered with a drawl while he looked quizzically into the officer's face:

"Yah—pour say dix francs, si vous plait."

"Well, you shall have it."

"Pay me now."

"No," replied Harold. "I will give five now—the balance in the morning, if you tell us all we need to know."

The half-breed shrugged his shoulders but accepted the money and, after answering several questions, took his leave. Helen sat down on the bench by the fire, but her teeth still chattered, while her blue lips and contracted features indicated the severity of the chill.

"My dear, what can possibly be the matter?" Harold asked in much alarm.

"It is an attack of ague," said the Doctor in an aside. "Mon Dieu! it is too bad!"

"Can nothing be done?" he asked again.

"Yes, and we'll do it at once. Bark and brandy are our sheet-anchors."

So he prepared a dose of the powder, which she washed down with half a glass of brandy and water.

"Fortunately the hut is new and probably free from vermin," said the Doctor.

"It might be better for all the women to sleep here," said Harold. "There will be room enough and with the fire they can cook what is needed. What say you, Helen?"

"Divide the hut and stay with me. Then it will do," she replied. "We must have a man in the house, even though it is a shanty."

The medicine and brandy were taking effect. The chills soon stopped, and Helen felt warm again.

Later in the evening a cord was stretched across the long narrow room, and quilts thrown over it to form a partition. Harold and his wife took possession of the end near the fire, while the three women improvised a bed for themselves in the other.

"I hope we are not going to have a sick lady on our hands," said Sir George to the Doctor after the latter had made his final visit.

"I hope so, too," was the reply. "Ague is difficult to control when once established, but taken at the start it can often be broken. Fortunately this is her first attack, and the signs are hopeful. She will be all right to-morrow."

"Perhaps we had better leave her for a day or two to rest and recuperate. I will speak to Manning about it. What say you?"

"Why not let to-morrow's report decide?" said the Doctor. "I could tell better after seeing her again."

To this the Colonel assented.

The spot chosen for that night's camp was well protected, the temperature mild for February, and all slept soundly. The bugle sounded at break of day and the whole camp was astir. It was unusual for the officers to rise as early as the men, but the keynote of Helen's illness roused them, and the first question put by each was concerning the condition of the patient.

Captain Cummings hobbling about with a crutch insisted on swinging along with the Doctor to make inquiry.

The report was favourable. Helen had slept fairly. The other women were up and a good fire was burning.

"How is Madam now?" the Doctor asked of Harold.

"Her head is still aching. You had better see her."

So he led the way behind the screen.

"What about resuming the journey?" he asked, after looking closely into her face.

"By army rule all must travel—I have will enough to abide by it," she answered, wearily.

"There is no rule for you, unless you are well able to follow it," he returned with a smile.

"How could I possibly stay behind?" she asked, "and have all go on without me."

"You might rest for a time at Hull, across the river."

"That won't do," she exclaimed, the tears starting. "I am better now and can stand it very well. The worst is that my ears buzz and my head aches; but when out in the air again this will pass away."

"Don't be alarmed about the ears," said the Doctor, cheerily; "that comes from the medicine I gave to stop the chill."

Turning to Harold he had a brief conference with him.

"I have a plan that might answer," he suggested.

"Sir George will do anything that is necessary," returned Harold.

"Well it is this. The newest sled will hold four people comfortably. We can retain it here until noon with the best team of horses. Let Madam lie where she is until then. You and I and the driver will remain behind, and starting early in the afternoon overtake the troops by night."

"Will our separation from the men be safe?" Harold asked.

"Perfectly, Monsieur," was the reply. "We might meet a few Indians, but they are all our allies."

"How do you like the plan?" Harold asked of his wife.

"Very well, if you are sure we can overtake the men by night," was her answer, as she closed her eyes again.

"Madam, it shall be done," said the Doctor, as he went out to complete arrangements.

"I hope you have a good report," said Cummings, who was still waiting. Harold told him and then sought the Colonel.

"The idea is an excellent one," said the latter. "Some of our baggage sleighs will be delayed an hour or so, also, for I've given orders to purchase an extra supply of feed for the horses at Hull. This will be our last chance until we can raise it for ourselves at Penetang. Of course, during the summer the order is to obtain supplies by the boats on the lakes—all right if the war is over, or if we whip the Yankees—but the other way if they beat us."

Some of the officers seemed nonplussed. Soldier-like, not bearing responsibility, they had never given the matter a thought; and the suggestion opened up a new difficulty.

"Don't take the thing too seriously, my men," Sir George finally exclaimed with a laugh. "It will come out all right, but I want to take a look at the river from yonder crest for a minute or two, while we have time." As they neared it the vision widened.

"Well!" he exclaimed again, as he cast his eye upon the hamlet on the other side of the Ottawa. "This is the first

time I ever marched *by a town* and camped outside."

"Why not change the name Sparksville to Bytown and give that as your reason," suggested Smith.

"Not so bad," replied the Colonel, briskly. "A fine town could be built here, with strong fortifications and this dashing river at our feet—providing the other side were in the hands of an enemy."

"Which can never be," put in the Doctor, "unless the French cut loose from the British with the Ottawa to divide them."

"In that case we'd build a citadel right here," said Captain Payne, "and change Smith's Bytown to 'Out-away,' as our command to the enemy."

"Which means," said Sir George, who was amused at the play upon words, "that we'd take the Hull of Ottawa."

"Sacre!" cried the Doctor with a flush. "That could never be. The lower province is stronger than the upper one and could beat it any day."

"Hoity, toity, man!" exclaimed the Colonel, elevating his eyebrows and smiling good-humouredly at the irate Anglo-Frenchman. "I should not think you would care exceedingly which way it went."

A general laugh followed, and the next moment the bugle sounded.



## CHAPTER XXI

### HELEN'S DIARY

"Rock Lake, Madawaska River,  
March....., 1814.

ONE hundred miles yet to face over this weary way! Oh, why did I come? Harold is well and strong and could have done without me; while I am a drag to him and the whole troop besides. It is two weeks since we left Sparksville, or Bytown, as Lieutenant Smith calls it; and I have had that miserable ague, in spite of the Doctor's medicine, every two days since we started. Sometimes I have a funny kind of delirium with it. While it lasts my head buzzes and whirls, and when I walk I feel as if travelling with tremendous speed, and keep looking over my shoulder to

see if some hideous object is not chasing me. The sensation is horrible, and the only relief is stillness. Even the motion of the sleigh affects me, no matter how quietly I sit. During those long drives along the Madawaska river the feeling was sometimes terrifying. I stood it while I could. At last Harold spoke to Sir George, and he promised if I could endure it till we arrived at Rock Lake, to have a shanty built for me, in which I could rest until able to finish the journey. The reason he chose Rock Lake was because we would there have the smooth surface of the ice for the heavier marching through the forest.

"It was very good of Sir George. He sent men on ahead to build the shanty, and now here we are; and a cozy cabin they have made of it, although isolated at least a hundred miles away from any other white man's dwelling. But I must jot down how it is built. To my surprise they put in a little window, and a heavy board door they were taking out for the new fort. The roof is of split logs laid flat and covered with pine branches; and as it won't thaw for a month there is no danger of the snow melting and running through. The chimney is built of slabs of green timber, put across one corner, leaving a hole in the roof; and the sides and back of the fireplace of sheet iron intended for the smithy. It may be crude, but we women folk—astonishing how clannish the life is making us—find it very comfortable, considering the long nights we have so often spent in the woods with a shelter not quarter so good.

"The journey from Bytown has been very weird to me, owing to my ague. Still I can remember the facts I think. After Harold, the Doctor and I started that first afternoon, we drove until nearly dark along the old Jesuit trail before we overtook the men. They were putting up the camp for the night, and had taken special care to provide for my comfort, so that next morning, notwithstanding another chill, I was ready to continue the journey. After that, for three whole days we were guided by Iroquois Indians, cutting our way through the woods to Calabogie Lake. These red men of the forest are not very picturesque. We saw nothing of their feathers and wam-

pum and war paint. Perhaps that is because we are so far from the frontier, where all the battles are supposed to be fought. Their dress resembles that of the habitants, and they are proving themselves both friendly and trustworthy. Nearly every day they bring in fresh venison or bear meat for sale, and to-day we were astonished by a present from them of a huge moose.

"Strange, however, we rarely see the squaws. Perhaps it is because they know that our men are a body of warriors going through the country, who would take little notice of women.

"How our soldiers rejoiced on being ordered to march on the ice of the Madawaska! The river in some places is wide, winding in and out through a rugged and open country, but the ice is thick and the surface smooth and without drifts, save occasionally near a sudden bend. So, except where the rapids interfered we had steady marching and driving for days, over a road of our own make and not along the Jesuit trail. The great drawbacks are the depths of snow to be shovelled away or tramped down, and the wearisome windings of the river.

"Harold tells me that a hundred miles as the crow flies on the Madawaska would be two hundred by the windings of the stream.

"But my ague is coming back. I must stop my scribbling and will start it again to-morrow. It is so lonely out here in the woods that writing is like talking to an old friend. Oh, those wretched little imps! There they are again! You infernal bug-a-boos! You think you frighten me do you? Oh, I wish Harold was here, but he can't be until night! How my head aches and swims too! Still I hate to give in. There, Emmiline in the other end is singing. So I will put down what she says, if I can, in spite of the little fiends who have been chasing me ever since I left the Ottawa.

"Rock-a-bo babee, up de tree  
Like vas de early morn,  
And ve vill mak de feu de joie  
And roast de Ingin corn.

"Rock-a-bo babee, airly an' lat  
Ven sweet de birdies sing,  
Petite garçon laugh an' ee grow fat  
An' make de woods to ring.

"Rock-a-bo babee, Pater is com  
From drivin' ever so far  
Over de rivare, so glad he's home  
To wife and child, by gar.

"What a mercurial nature! She feels well and can sing a child song notwithstanding all her sorrow."

Diary continued next day.

"My ague was not so bad yesterday, though I did see the little devils, and was disconsolate and blue all day—the bottom for a while being knocked out of everything. But the long rest helped me, and now that I feel better and have time, Mrs. Diary, I will have a good long chat with you. The men finished fixing the shanty this morning. The two women have a big kettle of water boiling outside and are doing some washing for the men. They say there is enough to keep them busy every day for a week. Emmiline—and, by-the-way, she sang that ditty very sweetly yestreen—is cooking over the fire at the other end of the room. She's as happy as a queen and is singing again. This time it's a habitant love song. How good-natured and volatile these French Canadians are! The loss of her two babies seems to be entirely forgotten in the joy of travelling out west with her husband. Outside, we can hear the axes of Bateese and another driver chopping firewood for our camp. Harold, as well as Bond and Hardman, are all away with the Colonel and his men cutting a roadway in and out among the granite boulders through the woods. They will be back to-night to remain with their wives until the morning. It seems an awfully funny arrangement—four married men with their wives, to sleep together in a single shanty. What a terrible thing it would be if any of them got mixed!

"Strange we never think of these things until they come upon us! And then we take them as a matter of course—simply I suppose because we have to. If I had known what lay before me, on leaving England, I am just as sure as—Still—I would have done a great deal for Harold—heaven knows I would—and perhaps, yes, perhaps—what's the use talking, anyway? Whatever is, had to be; and whatever lies before us, we must face, whether we will or no.

"Still these men are not a bit rude to me, and our long shanty is so arranged that our end is cut off from the rest, though what is said in ordinary talk can be heard all over the room. Then about our bed, I was going to tell how we make it, but I won't, even to you, Mrs. Diary.

"Still keep somethin' to yoursel'  
You'd scarcely tell to ony?"

"But I must say something more about our drive. For three or four days after leaving Bytown, Captain Cummings was with me the half of each day while Harold was marching—and I must say he seemed a different man—just as gentlemanly as he could be, and so kind and thoughtful—that I felt ashamed of having ever entertained suspicions. Then he was considerate, for on recovering the use of his ankle earlier than he expected, he suggested a return to the old rôle. I must say I was both glad and sorry to get some one else now and then in his place.

"Three days ago, too, one of my off days, in which I had no fever, he again drove with me the whole afternoon; and, as had occurred more than once before, I became interested in our talk. He has read and travelled so much that his talk is instructive; and before you know it you are thrown off your guard. You vow to yourself that it shall never occur again, and yet it does occur, even before you know it. That afternoon we commenced almost at once to talk about Penetang.

"Yes," he said, 'I have taken the trouble to learn a good deal about it. It is short for Penetanguishene, the name given to it by the Ojibway Indians, and is said to be very picturesque.'

"Has the name a meaning?" I asked.

"Yes, it signifies the rolling sands, or the shining shores, made by the gods of the fairies for lovers to bask upon."

"And do the Ojibways still live there?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Governor Simcoe bought the section twenty years ago from the Matchedash Indians for garrison purposes; and it is only now by advice of the present Governor, Sir George Prevost, that the idea is being carried out."

“‘And so we are going there to build a fort,’ was my response.

“‘Don’t you think we are an admirable body for the purpose?’ he asked. ‘A valiant knight of the cross with full compliment of officers and men to establish the quarters and put up the building; and a lady of quality to preside at our functions and be queen of our realm.’

“‘But what will you do with her in the meantime?’ I asked merrily. ‘Put her on the rolling sands and shining shore, until the fort is built.’

“‘That’s just it,’ he returned. ‘Turn her into a sea nymph, and give her a tent to adorn until the building is finished.’

“‘You are very kind. But how came it, Captain Cummings, as chief officer to be stationed, that you did not get married and bring your own wife to be queen and preside at your functions?’

“‘I had very good reasons,’ he blurted out. ‘First, the lady to whom I was engaged flatly declined to come west when

I hinted the matter to her. She was not so brave as you are. Second, she was a hothouse plant, and would have been out of place in a garrison settlement. Third, I did not love her enough to bother with her company, even if she had been willing.’

“‘And did she break the engagement?’

“‘I suppose so, and I am happy to say I’m a free lance again, ready to gather the luscious fruit whenever opportunity occurs.’

“‘You don’t believe then in the old adage: *Once in love always in love?*’

“‘Lieutenant Manning does,’ he replied.

“‘And so does his wife,’ was my answer.

“‘Oh, of course, but I believe in friendship more than love; and you must count me your staunchest friend when we establish ourselves on the shining shores of Penetang.’

“I thanked him, of course, and again I say, what else could I do?”

TO BE CONTINUED

## The May Fly

BY INGLIS MORSE

WITH wing so fairy-like and true,  
Right merrily you move to-day:

The sunbeams on your bodies play  
With pale and opalescent hue.

Here flitting by this rivulet,  
Your life in span is but a day—  
Spent where the trout is wont to play  
Until the summer sun is set.

Your courtship and maternity  
Are spent where dangers lurk unseen—  
Between the Scylla of day’s golden sheen  
And gray Charybdis of the sky.

# The Man Who Was Someone Else

## A Detective Story

By ANDREW COLTISH SMITH



EVERYONE in Ontario, I presume, has heard of the famous Watkins case of the summer of 1898. So many eyes had not been turned upon the blushing little city of Woodstock since the well-known Birchall trial some eight years before. But, in spite of all the interviews and rumours and facts and stories brought to light by the industrious little band of newspaper reporters, I believe that no account of the inside history of that remarkable affair has hitherto been published. And yet, it presents by far the most interesting aspect of the case.

In many respects the affair is, I believe, unique in the annals of Canadian crime; and certainly no single case in this country has produced such enormous difficulties for the detectives, or presented so many points of extraordinary interest to the general public. And all this owing to the skill, amounting almost to genius, in one man who was enabled to interweave about his crime a network of facts so misleading that, but for one happy chance and the admirable skill of the detective who recognised the opportunity and acted upon it, no suspicion would have arisen that a crime had ever taken place.

J. Summerton Mills was the man who did it, and it made his reputation in one day. Before this time, he had been employed chiefly as a police detective in Toronto, in unimportant affairs where his ability had difficulty in asserting itself; but, either because the other men were elsewhere engaged, or possibly because Woodstock was his birthplace, and he would be aided by certain local knowledge, the entire investigation of the Watkins' affair was placed in his hands; and it is safe to say that had it been in those of any other, the startling denouement that one morning stared the country in the face from the front page of the newspapers, would never have taken place.

Mills and I were cousins. We had

played together as children, and had studied together at school, and so it was with great satisfaction and delight that I noted the attention that this, the first of his great successes, aroused.

At that time I was a reporter on *The Mercury*, and the Woodstock correspondent of one of the big Toronto dailies, and it wasn't my fault if the public did not know who was conducting the investigation, or if they did not learn that every new and important fact that appeared was brought to light entirely through the energy and sagacity of J. Summerton Mills.

The whole affair centered about the incident recorded in the following report, which I sent to my paper on the morning of May 2nd, 1898, and which appeared in the issue of the following morning, under the heading, "Took His Own Life":

"The body of William Watkins, a prominent citizen of Woodstock, was found in a swamp on the Norwich road about a mile from this city at an early hour this morning. A bottle labelled 'Hydrocyanic Acid,' and a cup containing a little of the poison were found lying beside the body. Deceased left home in a buggy about half-past eleven last night, telling his house-keeper that he had business in Burgessville, and would not be back till morning. The horse and buggy were found half a mile up the road, whither the animal had strayed during the night. Mr. Watkins had lately been speculating heavily in wheat, and it is rumoured that he had sustained severe losses, and this may have furnished a motive for the suicide. He was forty-eight years of age, and had lived in Woodstock for a number of years, being engaged until latterly in the coal and wood business. A year or so ago, he inherited an independent fortune and retired. So far as can be ascertained he leaves no immediate relatives."

I wired further particulars during the day. As may be imagined, the event created some attention in Woodstock,

owing to the prominence of Mr. Watkins in the city, but it was only in the light of the startling subsequent events that the affair became particularly sensational.

The spot mentioned was a little way out of the city, where the Norwich road makes a short turn to the left to pass through a small swamp. Cedars and underbrush closely border the road, quite shutting out the view. It was here that the body was found lying under a small tree, not twenty feet from the roadway. But so dense was the shrubbery at this point that, but for one friendly little pencil of light that pierced the foliage and glittered on the watch-charm, the body might have lain undiscovered for days. When I visited the spot, in duty bound, late on the morning of the second of May, the branches were pushed back, the weeds trampled, and the ground and roadway deep cut with foot-prints and wheel tracks. The place was a perfect quagmire from the recent rains and, seeing nothing of interest, I soon returned to the city.

That same afternoon I met Mills walking up Wellington street from the station, grip in hand. "I have come down to hang somebody for this suicide of yours," he explained gaily.

This was my first intimation that anything was wrong, and I dare say my eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Surely there was nothing suspicious in the circumstances?" I exclaimed.

"Not in themselves, I admit," he replied, "but we have just received word that several checks for very large amounts, bearing the signature of William Watkins, were cashed this morning in Toronto. It may be nothing, of course, but it merits investigation."

"H'm; is that statement for publication?"

"No, not yet! I'll let you know if anything turns up. In the meanwhile, I wish to work quietly. It is a poor hunter who begins by alarming the game, you know. Besides, we must not forget that this is merely surmise, and the affair may be capable of a simple and innocent explanation. So please say nothing of the matter at present, and in return I promise that you will be the first to print the news if there be any."

The inquest brought out nothing sensational. After the house-keeper of the deceased and several others had identified the body, a farmer deposed to finding it as he was driving into town early Wednesday morning. The bottle of poison lay on the left side of the body, about a foot distant from it. The cork was lying on the ground. The cup was on the other side as though it had been dropped from his right hand.

Mr. Jamieson, husband of the house-keeper, and general servant of the deceased, was next called. He identified the cup as one of a set in use at the house. He also proved that the poison had been procured from a druggist in the east end of the city with whom the deceased had been in the habit of dealing. Witness had bought it himself, bearing a written order from his master. This had been about a week before. Deceased had not given him any explanation of the use to which he intended putting so powerful a poison. Witness had not observed any change in his master's appearance or behaviour. Deceased had not complained of being unwell at all, and had not been under medical treatment. He was a temperate man. He lived very quietly. Rarely went out, and seldom had visitors. So far as witness knew, no one had been at the house Tuesday except Mr. Johnston, the broker. Witness had gone out with his wife about eight o'clock to visit a friend. They reached home at twenty-five minutes past ten. They had just entered the house when the deceased drove around from the stable to the front of the house. Witness and his wife both went to the door. Deceased said that he was leaving for Burgessville and might not be back until tomorrow noon. Gave witness special injunctions to post two letters that were on the hall table, and to tell Mr. Bateman (a local cattle dealer) that he would be in to see him during the afternoon. Did not notice to whom the letters were addressed. Deceased had never before to his knowledge made any attempt upon his life.

The keeper of the toll-gate just out of town on the Norwich road testified to having seen the deceased pass through the gate at about quarter to eleven on Tuesday night. He was alone at the time and had

made some remarks about the fog, and said that he had to go through to Burgessville. Only one rig had gone through afterwards until the early morning. In it was a young man named Stebbins who had driven in the same direction as the deceased, a little after midnight. Would be quite possible for anyone to pass without being noticed if they were walking.

The young farmer just mentioned, admitted passing south along the Norwich road about midnight. Had seen a horse and buggy standing near a farm gate just beyond the swamp. Had supposed it belonged to someone in the nearby farmhouse. Having viewed the buggy of the deceased, said the two were undoubtedly the same. This completed the evidence and the jury almost immediately returned a verdict of suicide.

Mills was not present at the inquest, nor was anything said there about the checks. This appeared to me very strange. When the Crown were in possession of evidence of sufficient importance to bring a detective down from Toronto, why was it suppressed? And why did Mills ignore so important an event as the inquest? Was it reasonable to suppose that he could there learn nothing that would help him in uncovering the events of Tuesday night? Or would he have some other weightier evidence that he had not confided to me, and that was sufficient in itself to establish the proof of murder?

I searched for him that afternoon in vain. He was staying at a small hotel in the east end of the city, but had gone out at noon and had not returned at eight o'clock in the evening. However, I found him two hours later, sitting in his little upstairs bedroom. He was in a characteristic attitude, his feet on the bed, and his chair tilted back against the wall. In his hands was the evening paper; about him floated the savoury incense of a fragrant weed.

"You were not at the inquest to-day?" I observed.

"Why should I have been?" he returned.

"To learn all the facts there brought out that had a bearing in the case."

"Pooh; I knew them yesterday, and some others besides."

"Do you concur with the verdict of the jury?"

"Certainly not."

"You believe Watkins was murdered?" I asked incredulously.

"I do," replied my friend, bringing his feet to the floor and assuming a judicial attitude. "Consider the matter yourself. How many theories do you think could explain this man's sudden death?"

"I can conceive of but three. Either he met with an accident, or he committed suicide, or he was murdered."

"Exactly. Let us take them in turn. You will admit, of course, that the first is out of the question, for it is obviously impossible for a man to walk into a swamp at midnight and take a drink of poison by accident?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied. "But the second?"

"Can you imagine anyone who meditates suicide going to the trouble of hitching up a horse on a disagreeable night and driving two or three miles from home to commit the deed, when he could have accomplished the same result with a great deal less trouble in his own bedroom?"

"H'm—He may have been influenced by reasons of which we are unaware. He may have been suffering from a fit of temporary insanity, for instance."

Mills smiled.

"Possibly," he said. "I am willing to admit that he *might* have had some reason for so strange a proceeding. But I have another point that I wish to call your attention to. Did you view the body?"

"In the undertaker's rooms, yes."

"Did you notice the shoes?"

"I paid no particular attention to them."

"Nor did the doctors, nor the police, nor the jury, nor any person that had anything to do with the case. And yet, on them is unmistakable evidence that this man did not take his own life."

"You amaze me."

"Yes. Although, as you are aware, the swamp was swimming in mud and water the other night, *his shoes were perfectly clean*. I could not go to the spot in daylight without getting myself in a terrible mess, and yet they would tell us this man managed to do it in the middle of a dark night. Is not that curious?"

"It is indeed," I replied, marvelling much how my friend had in two minutes changed the whole aspect of the case.

"And yet—and yet," continued Mills, pacing up and down the room in increasing agitation. "How thus can we reconcile such conflicting facts? From the toll-gate keeper's evidence, Watkins passed through the gate about eleven forty-five. The young farmer saw the horse and buggy nearly half a mile past the swamp at midnight. Now in order for the horse to have strayed that far, Watkins must have met his death shortly after he was last seen at the toll-gate. How did his assailant happen to meet him just at that time? Did he know of this journey to Burgessville? Or did Watkins go to meet a friend? Was he induced to swallow the poison by being offered a drink? If he had an appointment just past the toll-gate why did he say he had business in Burgessville? What was this business? Who was this friend? Which way did he go after committing the murder? What was his motive? It couldn't have been robbery, for as far as we can make out, Watkins had no money on his person at the time, nor was he in the habit of carrying large sums of money about with him.

"I should like very much to know what this business matter was that was important enough to make a man drive ten miles on such a disagreeable night when he could have got a train the first thing in the morning. Well, well, we shall see, I suppose! You, who are a great whist player, know that when you are puzzled how to proceed, you play a little trump. That is the way with me. When I am in difficulty, I look into a man's past history. That is a last resource, and frequently a most fruitful one. It is our only source at present."

The next morning at Mill's request I took the train for Burgessville. I interviewed about half the population, and succeeded in creating a very considerable sensation in the village, but I was forced to return on the afternoon train without the vestige of a clue. Watkins was apparently quiet unknown in the place.

I met Mills on the street soon after I returned to town, and reported my ill success. He appeared worried and ill at ease, and I doubted if his search had been

much more profitable. However, he said little about it until he repaired to his bedroom. He lit a cigar and, puffing quickly at it, threw himself into a chair beside the wash-stand on which he tapped rapidly with his fingers. Presently, throwing down his cigar in disgust, he plunged into a detailed account of his adventures.

"I can do nothing, it seems," he exclaimed. "As far as I can make out, Watkins never had a past. His was one of the most common, every-day lives that consist of eating three square meals a day and going to bed again. Mrs. and Mr. Jamieson, who have been with him only since he retired from business, know of nothing in his life that can throw a ray of light upon our case—no particular friendships, no enmities, not so much as a love affair. He had a couple of cousins, I believe, sons of a dead aunt, but he never had anything to do with them. I understand there was a family quarrel over the aunt's marriage, and that was why his uncle's money came to Watkins, while the two cousins were cut off without a cent. One of them lives in Brantford, and is more or less of a blackguard from what I can make out. He came to Woodstock yesterday to see if any money was left from the wreck, being as he imagined the next of kin. I saw him this afternoon—an iron-gray, steely-eyed, old sinner. He could tell us something, I am sure, if he would. He insisted that he knew nothing whatever of his brother's affairs. I think his reticence a trifle suspicious."

"Could he have had a hand in the affair?"

"I have no reason to believe so. He had a brother in Detroit, a well-to-do merchant, I think that is he now," he continued, as a knock was heard at the door. "I heard that he would be in town to-night, and left word for him to come here immediately."

There entered a stout, well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentleman, unmistakably from the city. He seemed to bring an echo of the hoof-clattered pavements, and the clanging rush of trolley cars with him.

After he had shaken hands with both of us, Mr. Williamson—so he introduced himself—proceeded to business.

"A note was handed to me at the Oxford

requesting me to call at your rooms without delay. I understand you have a communication to make in regard to the death of my uncle."

"Not exactly that," replied Mills. "There is some very important information with which, I think, you can supply me."

"About what?"

"In the first place, Mr. Williamson, I think it is only right that you should know that we are of the opinion that your cousin's death was not due to accident."

"What—you can't—you don't surely imagine—"

"Just so. We think that your cousin—that there was a murder committed on the night of the first of May."

Our visitor appeared greatly shocked.

"Dear me; dear me; this is terrible, gentlemen! I wasn't very well acquainted with my cousin, and what little intercourse we had was not such as to induce me to increase it, but to think that the poor fellow was murdered—upon my word, it's shocking."

"It is, indeed," replied my friend. "And now, Mr. Williamson, I can count upon your co-operation in this affair."

"Undoubtedly, sir. To the utmost extent in my power. But I am afraid I can be of little assistance."

"I think you may be of the greatest help to me. You know, I believe, something of your cousin's early life. Would you mind telling us whatever you can recollect of it?"

"Why, let me see. He was rather older than I. He was born, I think, at New Sarum, some fifty years ago. His mother died when he was very young, and he and his brother went to the village school at first, and afterwards worked on a farm near by. That was when I first saw either of them.

"My mother had married a young man of the name of Charles Williamson. He was very wild, and not too well off at that time, and her family were very much opposed to the match; so much so, indeed, that the young people were forced to make it a runaway affair, and the rest of the family never forgave her, nor had much to do with her afterwards. It is only common justice to my father to tell you that he reformed after his marriage, bought a small

farm, educated both my brother and myself, and at his death left my mother comfortably off.

"However, we had never seen much of our cousins; but we lived only a few miles apart, and I learned of some of their affairs. Some time after this, I heard that Cousin William was paying very earnest attentions to a young lady near at hand of the name of Alice Morton. At least some said it was William she was going with, and some asserted that it was Thomas; others again were equally certain that it was both of them. For I think, I forgot to tell you that the two brothers were twins, and so exactly alike that it used to puzzle their own parents to distinguish between them."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mills, suddenly springing to his feet.

"They were exactly alike you say? Stop a moment. Let us consider this."

And he strode up and down the room for a few minutes, like a caged tiger, Williamson staring at him in very pardonable amazement.

"They were exactly alike," repeated Mills, at length, stopping before his visitor. "They were both after this girl, Alice Morton?"

"I am not certain of that. People said so."

"Where is the brother now?"

"He died some years ago."

"What? Where?"

"In Mexico."

"Where is Alice Morton?"

"She was married to Cousin Thomas."

"She was, eh? Is she living?"

"I believe so. She is in Mexico. She never returned home."

"William knew all this, of course?"

"Undoubtedly."

Mills sank into his chair again and covered his face with his hands. "Pray continue your interesting story," he said.

"Well, people said both brothers were anxious to marry Alice Morton, and report said she didn't know which one to accept, and couldn't tell one from the other. The peculiarity of the affair gave rise to a number of rumours and reports, mostly exaggerated, no doubt, and many untrue. Finally, however, she accepted Thomas, and at the time of the wedding people say there was a terrible quarrel. As to that

I can't say. But, at any rate, Thomas and his wife went to Mexico, and William came to Woodstock to work for his Uncle Henry. This was the one who left him the fortune. I went to Detroit about the same time, and more or less lost track of the others, since. I heard that William did very well in the coal and wood business here."

"This Uncle Henry left all his money to William Watkins?"

"To him and Thomas. He never believed in Tom's death. My brother and myself, of course, were separated from the rest of the family."

"Was there any official record of Thomas' death?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I heard that he was dead."

"The money, I understand, was left jointly to the two brothers, the whole to go to the survivor if one died?"

"I never heard the exact terms of the will, but I believe it was something like that."

"And believing Thomas dead, you and your brother would be next of kin, and heirs to the money?"

"Yes. But I'm afraid there is very little left."

"You don't know your Cousin Thomas' former address?"

"No."

"Nor where I could find it?"

"No. None of his relations knew where he was."

"Thank you, Mr. Williamson! Your information has, I think, put me upon the very track that I was seeking."

For an hour after our visitor had gone, Mills paced slowly up and down the room, with his hands behind his back and his brows knitted in deep thought. Then his face cleared and he turned to me.

"I think our work on the Watkins' case is over for many a day," he said. "You can saunter down to the office in the morning with a free mind."

"I don't understand," I answered.

"We can do nothing now, until we find this brother's Mexican address. And if I mistake not, that will be some time from now. He is still living, of that I am confident."

"But what is the situation? Whom do you suspect?"

"Oh it is idle to speculate now. I'll let you know all about it in good time, never fear."

And so ended the first chapter of the official investigation.

The next week Mills took a trip to Mexico. He was not too sanguine of success. To find a man, with only his name to start on, among ten million people, and they foreigners, and speaking a strange language, it is not a commission to be undertaken with a light heart. But a great deal of determination, some confidence, and a little luck, as well as the invariable oversight that every criminal makes sooner or later, thereby providing his pursuer with the very clue he needs, were all factors that my friend might count on.

But when he reached the city of Mexico and found into what a totally different world he had dropped he was almost in despair. His ideas of the country's laws were vague; his knowledge of its customs nil; he did not know in what province the man he sought resided; he knew not what his occupation might be; he simply knew that his name was Watkins, and that he lived, or did formerly live, in Mexico.

In his own country Mills would have experienced no great difficulty. He would have had resource to the directories, to advertising, or to the police. But here, he doubted if there were directories, even if he had known how to ask for them; and as for the police, Mills cherished the most decided conviction of their inefficiency, quite erroneously, as the event proved.

The sight of the policeman who stood in front of the hotel did not tend to remove this impression. With his hooded garment, and his wide-brimmed hat he looked, too, like a brigand.

But at any rate, Mills reflected, he had come to the very spot where he could keep his fingers upon the pulse of the whole country's social and commercial life.

So he set resolutely to work. The bell boy at the hotel became a valuable and well-paid ally. Through him my friend found that no person of the name of Watkins at that time resided at the capital, although, as the boy pointed out, he might very frequently be in the city, for all that. Indeed, after much research, the names of both Mr.

and Mrs. Watkins were found in the register of the Jardin, of a date some four years before, but no address was given and no one at the hotel could recollect the circumstance. Even so small an incident as this raised Mills' hopes for the time being, but no other success, however insignificant, repaid their utmost efforts. For over a week he and the bell boy with the aid of everyone else they could enroll in the cause worked steadily overtime in vain. They obtained a list—probably incomplete, of the owners of ranches and estates in that part of the country. They paid men on all the principal railroads out of the city to make enquiries all along the route; they interrogated travellers, commercial and otherwise, who might be in a position to hear of such a person in their journeys; they searched the columns of every paper in the country for the chance mention of their names; they had the hotel registers examined in all the nearby cities; in fact, they tried every artifice that their ingenuity could devise, but fate seemed to be against them.

Finally, seeing that nearly fourteen precious days had escaped him and, in despair of ever being able to accomplish anything by himself, he poured his history with the aid of the bell boy into the ears of the magnificent officer who occupied the position of chief of police. That gentleman received him cordially and bade him be of good cheer, and in a little less than two days called at Mills' room in the hotel and, with a bow to the floor and a grand sweep of the sombrero, announced that "the man Signor seeks, is found."

"Eh! What? You've got him?" exclaimed my friend in amazement. "Where is he, in the city?"

"He has a hacienda near Morelia, Signor. The Signora is living there with her two daughters. The Signor has been away in the United States, but will return to-night."

"To-night! Are you certain?"

"Quite certain, Signor."

"And you are sure this is the man I seek?"

"Quite, Signor. He came to Mexico from Canada sixteen years ago. His name is Thomas Watkins."

"We must be at Morelia ahead of him. When can we get a train?"

"I will enquire," said the official, and spoke to an officer in the hall, who went off somewhere to find out, and presently returned with the information that the last train that day left in three minutes.

Mills sprang to his feet and seized his hat.

"Come on," he exclaimed. "We'll have to make a run for it."

The officer regarded him with mild surprise.

"There are more trains in the morning, Signor," he protested, "and the man suspects nothing."

"But we must go to-night I tell you. There will be murder done. To-morrow will be too late."

That apparently made a difference, so they made a run for it, with little dignity. But they missed the train, nevertheless, and Mills fretted and worried all the rest of the day and a good part of the night. The next morning he was up at daybreak, and accompanied by a couple of sleepy policemen, made for the early train. There he was met by the chief who, having become interested in the affair, chose to see it through.

At Morelia they hired a carriage and drove out to the hacienda.

An air of confusion was noticeable about the place as they approached. No work was being done outside, the men standing about in groups speaking in low tones. The house servants moved about quietly with white, scared faces. A young girl came to the door.

"Is the Signor at home?" asked Mills, through the inspector.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, addressing my friend in excellent English. "But I am afraid you cannot see him. We are in such trouble. The Signora is very ill."

"Ha! Is it a sudden illness?"

"Very sudden. Only since last night. She went out of her mind and shrieked and raved dreadfully. Now she is unconscious."

Mills' face was pale and anxious.

"When did the Signor come home?"

"Last night."

"And the Signora became ill afterwards?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me just what happened? It is important that I should know."

"He arrived at dusk; the Signoras met him in the garden and walked back to the house with him. The Signora ran to the door when they approached, but staggered back at sight of him as though she had been struck."

"Who is this man?"—she gasped.

"Why mother! exclaimed the girls, together.

"The Signor was deadly pale. He looked to me very strange.

"Alice," he said, 'don't you know me?'

"Know you? Yes, yes! I do know you, and you shall never set foot in this house. Why do you come here like this? Why did you write to me in Tom's name? There is something wrong. You have no right here. I want to know what it means. Where is my husband? I tell you that I will know,' and her voice rose to a shriek.

"William Watkins, where is my husband?"

"The Signor's face was absolutely ghastly. He held up his hands as though to ward her off, and staggered like a drunken man. The Signora fell in a dead faint upon the floor.

"They carried her to her room. The Signor said she was insane, and indeed we all thought so. During the night she became very ill, and was seized with terrible pains and vomitings. She continually cursed the Signor, calling him William, and accusing him of murdering her husband and of poisoning her. So violent did she become that he finally had to leave the room. Swoon after swoon followed. The doctor from Morelia could do nothing. This morning she is unconscious. She cannot last long."

"And the Signor?"

"You would not know him. He is suffering dreadfully."

Mills said nothing; he was thinking rapidly. His face bore a look of shuddering horror.

"I must speak to the Signor at once," he said presently.

"I will tell him, but I am afraid he will not see you."

"He must see me. Do not announce us. We will accompany you."

"Oh, but I can't let you, really."

Mills drew her aside and spoke earnestly to her in a low tone. Her face became very pale, but she turned and led them into the house without a word.

She paused before a door upstairs. Footsteps could be heard inside the room. Someone was walking to and fro, quickly, as though much excited.

"He is in here," she faltered.

"Is there another door to this room?"

"Two others; one leading into his bedroom, and the other to the south wing of the house."

"Signor," said Mills, turning to the officer, "this man is a dangerous criminal. He must be arrested at once. Two men must guard that other door, and two must see that he does not escape through the bedroom window."

Orders were quickly given, and the girl led the men away.

Then the two waited until she should say that all was ready.

Five minutes passed, and they were such as neither man ever forgot. Up and down, up and down, up and down, the footsteps went inside the room, and the listeners would imagine the awful anxiety that produced such restlessness—punishment enough, surely, for even such crimes as this man had committed.

Then the girl returned and nodded to them. She could not speak.

Swiftly Mills opened the door, and both men stepped inside.

The other stopped and turned. His face was absolutely livid.

"Who are you?" he cried. "What do you want here?"

"William Watkins, I arrest you for the murder of your brother Thomas in Woodstock."

"It's a lie," he shrieked. "I did not kill him. You had better not touch me."

With a bound he was at the other door, but the officers barred the way and, after a short, sharp struggle, he was overcome and handcuffed. Then he broke down completely and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child.

An hour afterwards they were driving with the prisoner to Morelia, and marveling at the suffering caused by one man's misdeeds.

The Signora passed away during the afternoon without once recovering consciousness.

That same week I sent down to my paper two such big exclusive stories as seldom form a reporter's luck. The first began something like this:

"That William Watkins of this city, who was supposed to have committed suicide by drinking hydrocyanic acid on the first of May last, is alive and well, is the startling news just disclosed by J. Summerton Mills, the Toronto detective, who has been working on the case ever since. Mr. Mills was convinced at the time that the body found on the Norwich road was not that of William Watkins, and from evidence now in possession of the Crown it is known that this unknown man was foully murdered. Sensational developments are reported hourly, etc., etc."

It was a thrilling scoop, but nothing compared to the one of the following day, which was columns long, embellished with drawings, photographs and scare heads, the whole forming a magnificent advertisement for Mills.

"William Watkins was arrested Wednesday evening for the murder of his twin brother, Thomas, in this city on the first of May. The arrest was made at the instigation of J. Summerton Mills, at Morelia, Mexico. Mr. Mills is in possession of the most complete evidence of guilt, and can trace every movement of the prisoner and his victim up to and on the night in question.

"The trial bids fair to be the most sensational ever heard in this country. It appears that the body found in the swamp three weeks ago was that of Thomas Watkins, who was supposed to have died in Mexico some years ago. He returned to Woodstock on the night of April 30th, and it is alleged that a quarrel ensued between the two brothers and that Thomas was killed. Then the similarity of their appearances suggested to the murderer that he palm off his victim's body as his own. So, after dressing the corpse in some of his own clothes, he drove out the Norwich road and placed it in the swamp, arranging the bottle of poison and cup so as to suggest the idea that he had committed suicide. During the night he disappeared.

"Suspicion was first aroused by his proceeding to Toronto on the morning following the crime and cashing several large cheques, made payable to J. B. Johnston or bearer, and signed by himself.

"He was arrested at his brother's house in Morelia, Mexico, where Mrs. Thomas Watkins has just died under very suspicious circumstances."

It is unnecessary to recall the famous trial, the trouble that was found in the selection of a jury, the conviction, the sensational incident that marked the execution, or the controversy as to whether the prisoner ever confessed or not. These are facts well remembered by nearly every person in Ontario.

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## Sea-Chimes

BY INGLIS MORSE

THE dull chimes of the sea  
 I oft have heard at night,  
 Like the voice of a bird in flight  
 Borne far along the lea.  
 The grating shingle forward swings,  
 Then backward to the deep again:  
 While the Sea-muse rising from the Main  
 Its mystic song forever sings.

# The Nova Scotia-ness of Nova Scotia

By A. MACMECHAN



EVEN Provinces, seven high contracting parties, make up the Dominion of Canada; and seven is a mystical number, a perfect number. If the great Northwest is carved into two more the spell will not be broken, for nine is also a mystical number, a perfect number. To the Canadian, Canada spells perfection.

Each Province has a character of its own; the older, the more character, the richer individuality. The newer ones are still in the process of making; but the older ones are made. Quebec is a peasant French community clinging to its mother speech and the stately, picturesque, old church, with a small, cultivated upper class deeply interested in literature and art. Quebec is ever mindful of her storied past, and dreams impossible dreams of the future. It is the one community with a folk lore and a folk poetry of its own. The songs of the people are really songs of the people and have a poignant sweetness unmatched except in the minstrelsy of Scotland and the *volklieder* of Germany. Their own name for the Province is not the official name on the map, but New France, with pathetic reference to the corrupt, tottering, feudal old France, which abandoned them to their fate a century and a half ago. The France they look to to-day is also a new France, republican, Voltairean, materialistic, busied in removing from the national life every sign, symbol and trace of religion. Ontario is a fiercely democratic, English-speaking state, mundane, practical, intent on agriculture, manufacture, trade, buying and selling and getting gain. Inequalities in wealth and rank are not yet glaring. Its virtues and vices are alike inconspicuous, as of commonplace people who pay their debts and go to church on Sunday. Its civilisation is distinctly puritanic. It devotes much time, labour and money to education and obtains results; its intellectual interests are religion and politics. Underneath is a strong capacity for enthusiasm, manifesting itself in a quixotic, Jacobitish attachment to a

sovereign whom not one in ten thousand of the people ever saw, in celebrations of the Dominion's birthday, and a curious readiness to answer the call to arms. Ontario's deepest conviction is that it is Canada.

But the Nova Scotia-ness of Nova Scotia is a very different thing from the Quebec-acity of Quebec, or the Ontariosity of Ontario. The peninsula province has a flag, a flower and a nickname all its own. These possessions betoken history.

New France flies the tri-colour of the republic, instead of the golden lilies. From the deck of a steamer on the memorable 26th of June, 1896, I saw it hoisted on the beautiful Island of Orleans *above* the English flag, whatever may have been the omen. If there are two flags on one staff, one must be uppermost. The other Provinces must content themselves with the old red ensign, the symbol of Britain's world-wide commerce. The ugly conglomerate splotch of arms in the "fly" has apparently no official recognition. Only Nova Scotia has a Provincial flag, not English, not French, but all its own. It is a white flag with a blue St. Andrew's Cross (*saltier*), dividing the "field" in four. In the centre is the double-tressured lion of Scotland, the ruddy lion ramping in gold. You recognise, of course, the arms of Sir William Alexander, still borne in part by the baronets of Nova Scotia, that order to which Sir Arthur Wardour was so proud to belong. Sir William was a Scot, a poet, and a favourite of that kindly Scot, King James I of England. He burned to found a kingdom in the new world and was granted the Province of Acadie, just taken from the French. The King himself, as became the pupil of Buchanan, may well have stood sponsor for the Latin name. This was to be a new Scotland, to match new England, new Spain, new Holland, new France. It was to be parcelled out into baronies, and, by a legal fiction, was supposed to be part of the county of Edinburgh. The baronets were to be "invested" on Castle Hill of the Good Town. This "flag of a trading

company," as it has been called in contempt, flies over government buildings here on high days and holidays. It represents three centuries of history. Indian, Frenchman, Acadian, Gael, Scot, Englishman, German, Catholic, Huguenot, explorer, fur-trader, privateer, fisherman, pirate, loyalist, land-grabber, settler, farmer, miner, sailor, have wrought to make that history. Buried cities, national heroes, fleets and armies, great wars, revolutions, princes of the blood, tribunes of the people, have borne their part in it. The tale is long and fascinating, but can be only hinted here.

One of the chief surprises Nova Scotia holds for those who think it another Nova Zembla is the number and variety of its wild-flowers. A great Harvard professor, amateur of roses, once said he would settle in the Province if his favourite flowers could be persuaded to grow there. They would grow. All along "The Valley," the happy valley, you will find the white rose blooming beside the doorway of every farmhouse. But the sweetest scented native flower, and richest in colour, is the Mayflower, the trailing arbutus. In Ontario it is a rarity you go miles to find. Here whole parties visit the spring woods to gather them, and return from their quest bearing their sheaves with them. You see ladies in the trams and ferry-boats with great handfuls of them. The country-folk make them an article of merchandise, bound in stiff little bundles in the Green Market. The negro women hawk them from door to door. The business-man wears them in his button-hole, and has them on his office desk. They scent Haligonian drawing-rooms. Nova Scotians love the little flower; they celebrate it in verse; and they have defined their right to it as a national emblem by legal enactment against the wiles of the adjacent state of Massachusetts. The Pilgrim Fathers would fain deprive us of our treasure, but "An Act respecting the Floral Emblem of Nova Scotia," *Edward Sept. I*, cap. X, will ever stand an insurmountable barrier to their encroachments. From the fact that the Mayflower is the very firstling of the spring, we derive our poetic and significant motto, "We bloom amid the snow."

We have also a nickname, flung at us as a reproach, and adopted proudly and worn as a badge of honour, like "Whig" and "Tory." Our nickname is "Bluenose." Its origin is wrapped in mystery. Some time early in the last century it was used to designate our people and our potatoes. It conveys a sneer at the pinched, cold faces of our provincials, residing in a land of everlasting ice. It is like that most mistaken curse, "Go to Halifax!" Whoever utters *that* is like Balaam, the son of Balak, he desires to curse but he blesses against his will. I am not prepared to make any general statement regarding the hue of Nova Scotian noses, but I will go into court and swear to the colour in Nova Scotian cheeks. Traverse the Province from end to end, watch the groups at the railway stations, and your chief impression will be of sturdy men, comely women and chubby children, with the good red blood showing through the clear skin. The cosmetic is fog, perhaps, and sea air. The face of the Nova Scotian girl is like the face of the wild Nova Scotian rose.

Local pride is strong, and who shall blame it? As a country, *pays*, our Province has a varied beauty all its own. The Atlantic coast is a granite wall, indented by uncounted bays, and creeks and harbours, and fiords and inlets, with long and wonderful beaches stretching from headland to headland, with endless islands of every shape and size filling the great bights, with quaint, white old-world fishing villages nestling in the clefts of the rock, each with its legend of storm, or wreck, or buried treasure, or privateer, or Indian raid. On the "Fundy side" the enormous tides that Howe advised us to brag about when we could brag of nothing else, make another kind of landscape—broad alluvial plains, cut through by strange, unresting rivers of loops and basins. With the ebb-tide they empty and become wide red gashes in the earth, with a mere trickle at the bottom. With the flood tide from the sea they fill swiftly from bank to bank, the current boiling, or the "bore" sweeping along a wall of turbulent roaring water. Outlining their banks, run low earthworks, the "dykes" which peasants from Normandy began or built three centuries ago. At certain seasons gaps are made in them

to let in the fertilising sea water. These fields have been cropped for three centuries and are as rich as ever. On the "Fundy side" is the lovely Annapolis Valley, running the length of the Province between the North and South mountains, a sheltered land of wealthy farms and thriving orchards. "New England idealised," a Yale professor called it; in the spring it is "a hundred miles of apple-blossoms," in the memorable phrase of Grant.

But Cape Breton is the chief paradise of the searcher after the picturesque. Walpole's Duke of Newcastle was surprised and delighted to discover that it was an island, and still the tourist feels the freshness of this geographical fact. It is an extraordinary island, reversing the school-book definition, for it is land almost surrounding a quantity of water. The lake of the Golden Arm almost cleaves it into two islands. This gives unending combinations of hill, crag, forest, islet, water, which those who have seen both compare with the highlands of Scotland. The settlers are largely Highland and "have the Gaelic." There is a famous Gaelic communion service held every year in the cathedral of Nature, "under the wide and open sky." It is a land of bards; native poets compose songs as they did in the days of Ossian. You can hear still the pathetic "Fhir a bhata" that Black celebrates in his novels, and in some farmhouse you may chance on a rusty dirk or claymore used at Culloden.

The riches of the mine so rarely found together, coal, iron, gold, are ours, the wealth of the orchard and the harvest of the sea. But our chief possession is in men. A sea-faring people, a race living by the ocean must have advantages over a land-locked people. The man who builds and sails a ship to far-off climes, who trades with far countries, who battles with storm and wreck for his livelihood, must, of necessity, have a stronger soul, a wider outlook on life and nature, than the man who keeps a shop or tills the peaceful

inland fields. Nova Scotia is proud of the men she has bred. She has good reason to be proud of her living sons; but she holds even dearer the memory of her dead. Every town, every county, cherishes traditions of its old families, its first settlers; of the pioneer missionary, the minister who gave half his scanty income to redeem the slave; the adventurous sea captain whose life reads like one of Smollett's novels, the man who settled half a county, the evangelist who stirred the souls of men, the founder of the first academy, the man who first resisted the insolence of office, the loyalist who lost all for the flag. Nova Scotia has a hero, and a hero-worship. His effigy in bronze stands beside the Province building in which many of his triumphs were won; but he hardly needs such a monument. You will meet many an old man whose eye will brighten and his face light up when he tells you that he once saw "Joe Howe" and held his horse for him. No man born in British America ever won such affection as this great tribune of the Plebs, our faulty, great-hearted, magnetic, far-sighted, eloquent statesman. The very sons of those who stoned him built his sepulchre. Nova Scotia has also given one far-known name to literature, Haliburton; he remains our only humorist. De Mille, a New Brunswicker, wrote all his novels here. The first man to bridge the Atlantic with a line of steamers was a Halifax merchant, Samuel Cunard. A great fleet still bears his name. One single county, Pictou, has given Canada five college presidents: Dawson to McGill, Grant and Gordon to Queen's, and Ross and Forrest to Dalhousie. Can any other county in Canada make such a boast? Is it an accident that the present Minister of Finance and the Leader of the Opposition are both Nova Scotians? Count the leaders in our political life since Confederation, the honours won by Nova Scotians in academic life, and you will not contest the claim of the little seaboard Province to be considered the brain of Canada.



# Can the United States Hold South America?

From the London (England) *Outlook*

**B**EHIND President Castro's antics and the abortive receivership of San Domingo, behind each and every South American "complication," "Can the United States Hold South America?" that and nothing less, is the ultimate question propounded. The Americans themselves answer it perhaps too confidently. With them the Monroe doctrine is less a policy than a religion. It has come down to them with all the binding sanctity of a tradition in a country where traditions are few and therefore devoutly held. They subscribe to it with that passionate fanaticism which men and nations reserve not for their convictions but for their instincts. That in itself is a danger. There is always some risk when a formula becomes a fetish and a political proposition is transmuted into a national prepossession; and the risk is all the greater in a country like America, where the educated classes have more or less surrendered their functions of criticism and leadership; where middle-class opinion, left pretty much to its own devices, is the operative political force, and where minorities monastically hold their peace. In such a country it is not difficult for a policy to take rank as a revealed dogma whose foundations it becomes almost impious to examine. Such, in effect, has been the case with the Monroe doctrine, and its transference from the sphere of politics to that of faith lies near the root of its indefiniteness and of the want of clear thinking which is displayed by its defenders. Only a few years ago, for instance, Americans spoke and thought of the Monroe doctrine as a protection against "the burden of militarism"; they regarded it as a sort of self-acting barrier against European "aggression"; the idea had hardly occurred to them that they might one day be called upon to fight for it. Now, however, they are realising that their determination to

enforce it must ultimately affect the Americas as the retention of Alsace-Lorraine has affected Europe; and, realising it, they at once and with remarkable intensity begin the building of a powerful fleet. That, to be sure, is only common-sense. Americans cannot issue what is essentially a challenge to all Europe without the force, if necessary, to oppose all Europe.

The broadest definition of the Monroe doctrine is that no European power shall be permitted to colonise North or South America, that the present foreign holdings on and around the continent shall neither be increased nor transferred, and that any punishment inflicted upon a South American republic must be such as the United States approves, and must never take the form of permanent seizure of the offending State's territory. There are two points connected with all this that Americans have yet to decide. First of all, are they prepared to maintain order and "decency" throughout the regions from which they exclude Europe? Hitherto they have admitted no liability whatever for the outrages, disorders and financial crookedness of the half-caste republics under their patronage. Mr. Roosevelt is aware that if any European power were to claim a similar irresponsible suzerainty over even the most worthless portion of Africa, it would be instantaneously challenged, and it offends his sense of dignity and justice that the United States should be playing in South America the part of the dog in the manger. But he has not so far succeeded in winning over the Senate to his way of thinking, and the immensely vital question of whether the Monroe doctrine implies duties as well as confers privileges has still to be answered. And even when this is disposed of, there will remain unsolved a yet graver problem. How far does the Monroe doctrine extend? Do the Americans intend it to be operative from the Rio

Grande to Cape Horn? Would a European settlement of Patagonia be considered by them just as much a cause for war as a European settlement of Mexico? Has the Monroe doctrine, in short, any limitations, or does it apply indiscriminately to the whole of that vast continent of which the Americans occupy but a fraction?

If the Americans answer, as we suspect they will, that the Monroe doctrine includes the whole of both the Americas and their adjacent islands, and if they deny that it carries with it any responsibilities, we can only hope, by way of reply, that they understand what they are about. For what is South America? It is something more than "a land of revolutions." It is almost the only part of the world's surface that has escaped the modern rage for colonisation. It is the last and most tempting field for the reception of overcrowded Europe—colossal, sparsely populated, much of it almost unexplored, inhabitable by Caucasians, its interior easily accessible by water, its soil of seemingly exhaustless fertility, its mineral wealth barely tapped. Such is the prize that is dangled before a world whose ceaseless endeavour it is to lower the social pressure by emigration and secure for her traders easy access to fresh and, above all, exclusive markets. To us it seems part of the inevitable evolution of things that a congested Europe should one day fling itself upon South

America as it already has upon Africa and China. On the one side put the implacable loyalty of Americans to their famous policy, and on the other put the ever-growing necessity for European expansion, the military spirit of the continent, the extraordinary inducements offered by South America, and the unrest that broods over the country from Patagonia to Panama—and you have a situation which it will take a miracle to preserve intact for another twenty years. Moreover, it is a situation that has taken on a new intensity since the American plunge into Imperialism. While demanding the open door in China the Americans are closing it in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico; and the final economic menace of the Monroe doctrine is its foreshadowing of a preferential position throughout South America. Equality in the old world and monopoly in the new is perhaps too abrupt a summary of the American ambition, but it accurately indicates the direction in which that ambition is tending. We are not quite sure that the Americans comprehend the dangers that confront or may confront them. They are shielded from realities by their geographical, and still more by their intellectual isolation, by a self-sufficiency of ultra-British comprehensiveness, by their ecstatic devotion to the Monroe doctrine, and by a belief in American invincibility for which they hold their past to be sufficient warrant.

## Natural History Notes in Northern British Columbia

By REV. J. H. KEEN.

A GOOD deal of attention is just now being directed to Northern British Columbia in connection with the new transcontinental railway. The following notes, therefore, made during last year, may have an interest for others besides students of natural history. The notes all refer to the immediate neighbourhood of Metlakatla—an Indian village situated

on the sea coast at the southern end of the Tsimshian Peninsula—where the writer resides.

January 18th, 1904.—Ground frozen hard and covered with snow. Oregon robins (residents) frequent along beach. Also black-headed Turnstones. Ducks of various kinds common in harbour.

January 23rd.—Counted over thirty Or-

egon robins along beach. Probably driven from woods by severe weather.

March 5th.—Ground still frozen hard. Ducks numerous. No trace of vegetable growth yet, except of grass in very sheltered places.

March 13th.—Snow in woods still somewhat deep. On hills very deep. Oolachans reported to have appeared in the Naas River. Also herrings at Japs' Point, five miles distant. Hard frost every night; slight thaw of surface during day. An eagle was seen to kill a gull on the beach to-day. No spring birds yet.

March 18th.—Hard night frosts continue. Days sunny. A few Lapland longspurs on the village green. Indians away gathering and drying herring spawn. No vegetable growth yet.

March 19th.—First arrival of common robins.

March 25th.—Ground continues frozen, only grass and gooseberry bushes showing signs of growth.

March 29th.—First thaw and rain after eight weeks' continuous frost.

April 2nd.—Six inches of snow fell last night. Saw first bumble-bee. No ducks in harbour. All attracted by the herring spawn outside. Common robins quite numerous now.

April 11th.—Grass faintly green. Gooseberries in tiny leaf. Rhubarb two inches high. Cow parsnip beginning to show.

April 13th.—First butterfly of season—a small tortoise-shell.

April 14th.—First flock of sandpipers. Also first humming bird of season. Two swans shot on Salt Lake last night. First dandelion blossom observed.

April 15th.—First swallow (white-bellied).

April 16th.—First frogs active. Vegetation has made rapid strides during last few days. Grass now green, though short. Berry bushes in small leaf.

April 18th.—Indians fishing with spoon bait for spring salmon. Only a few caught. Weather mild and pleasant.

April 19th.—Savanna sparrows appear in flocks.

April 22nd.—Surprised two young deer whilst walking on hill at back of village.

April 26th.—Village green now studded

with dandelion blossoms. Gooseberry bushes in blossom and frequented by numerous humming birds. Indians busy preparing their gardens for potatoes.

April 29th.—Pulled first rhubarb of season to-day. Two humming birds picked up dying—possibly with cold. Frequent hailstorms lately, with sunshine between them. Cold winds.

May 2nd.—First golden-crowned sparrows appeared.

May 4th.—First orange-crowned warbler.

May 7th.—Newts and leeches active in pond. First flock of sandhill cranes seen passing overhead.

May 10th.—First osprey appeared.

May 17th.—Cherry trees in small leaf. Nights still cold.

May 21st.—Slight fall of snow on hills last night—none near sea level.

May 22nd.—Summer warbler and black-capped warbler first observed.

June 24th.—Very wet and chilly of late. Fire needed in house all day to-day. Raspberry canes showing but few leaves as yet. Salmon fishing should have begun on River Skeena a week ago, but season is very late.

June 29th.—Vegetation about at its best. Salmon run has begun on Skeena River, but no fishing, as Indians are on strike.

July 5th.—Snow still remaining on even low hills. Saw goatsucker skimming over village—the first observed in this region during a residence of fifteen years.

July 27th.—Young birds appearing. Shoals of small fish (smelts?) appear in harbour. The children scoop them up in buckets. Weather very unsettled—only an occasional warm day.

August 1st.—Not a butterfly to be seen. Humming birds still here. Live bat brought to me to-day.

August 5th.—Some small blue butterflies observed. Also four species of dragon fly.

August 6th.—Wolves reported common of late.

August 17th.—Weather fine and warm with occasional tendency to fog. Elderberries turning red. Frogs of all sizes very numerous at night.

August 27th.—Water and shore birds beginning to return from their breeding

haunts. A single humming bird seen to-day—most having left for the south. Snow still visible on highest mountains.

September 9th.—Weather of late very wet with only an occasional fine day. Several flocks of wild geese passing south. Raspberries now at their best, but crop poor.

September 20th.—A snow-white diver seen in harbour during last few days. Large flocks of sandhill cranes passing southwards.

October 1st.—Flushed twelve snipe (Wilson's) from one spot in marsh to-day. Saw one specimen of a mourning dove. Golden plover and other shore birds numerous.

October 7th.—Slight white frosts of late at night; warm, sunny days. Indians now busy harvesting their potatoes.

October 21st.—Leaves falling. Vegetation looking brown and weather-beaten. Almost constant rain lately, with gales.

November 3rd.—Fresh falls of snow on all the higher hills. None at a lower level yet. A coot shot in harbour to-day.

November 13th.—Snow has all disappeared except from highest hills.

December 9th.—Weather still quite mild. Kingfishers still here. Gnome owl shot here to-day. Ducks and grebes still numerous in harbour. Also snipe in marsh.

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## June Morning

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

THE white throat sings in the pointed fir,  
 In the orchard branches the robins stir.  
 The whip-poor-will, by the hidden spring,  
 Volleys his 'plaint where the shadows cling.

Across the pastures the first lights sweep,  
 Driving the mists like dreamland sheep;  
 Over the twisted fence, and away,  
 They huddle and stream to the gates of day.

From the farm-house windows the blinds are drawn.  
 The hives gleam white on the shaded lawn.  
 The chimney, red in the golden air,  
 Offers its breath like an azure prayer.

The mare in the paddock trots to the gate.  
 The blue cock-pigeon coos to his mate.  
 Under the eaves, with tremulous wing,  
 The martins flutter, and dart, and cling.

The mild cows nose at the laggard bars.  
 The dew-wet clover tops flash like stars.  
 A door unlatches and, dainty and fair,  
 Marjorie sniffs at the morning air.



# Current Events Abroad.

EARLY in May a phase of the war that became gravely acute was the question of international neutrality. The use made by Admiral Rojestvensky of the ports of the French possessions in Indo-China occasioned intense resentment in Japan. Here was an enemy contemplating hostile operations against Japanese territory and using neighbouring ports of another supposedly neutral country in order to facilitate his purpose. What it truly means may be more easily appreciated by reversing the shield. Had a Japanese fleet made its way round the world for the purpose of attacking France, let us say, what would the French people think and say if it had been helped and cheered at every British port of call and, finally, was permitted to use ports in the British Isles in order to prepare for its attack on the shores of France?

Frenchmen in such a case would regard Britain's neutrality as a somewhat dubious thing to say the least of it. Yet, this is precisely what has been done by France in favour of Russia and against Japan, whether wilfully or not makes very little difference so far as practical results are concerned. It may be admitted that Russia's ally has been placed in a difficult position. It does appear that the Russian admiral received something stronger than hints that his room was preferable to his company. But he appears to be a law unto himself. As an English seaman said, there are three parties to this war, Russia, Japan and Rojestvensky. If we are to believe St. Petersburg he paid no more attention to telegrams from there than intimations from the Governor of Indo-China. It was a case similar to that depicted in *Punch* some years ago, where the little policeman sternly asks the husky, six-foot suspect to move on, and when the loafer refuses to do so the bobby philo-

sophically responds, "Well, stay where you are." The French authorities in the East have been unwilling to bring *force majeure* to bear on their sorely-beset ally, and yet by not doing so they have entailed dangers of a peculiarly grave kind.

That Japan is bound to be the ruling power of the East and mistress of the Pacific scarcely admits of question. The quality of seamanship her officers and men have shown are a guarantee of her predominance sooner or later on the eastern shores of Asia. French interests in that quarter are not inconsiderable. Indo-China alone comprises 120,000 square miles of territory, and whatever material value it may have for France it is highly prized. Avowed hostility on the part of Japan would make it very difficult to hold it, even if France could maintain the command of the sea. The northern boundary of Assam is China, and it may be taken for granted that Japanese influence will be powerful henceforth throughout the whole of the Middle Kingdom. Three or four regiments of Japanese troops operating from Chinese territory could march to the sea almost without opposition. It is unquestionably bad policy, therefore, for France to offend Japan.

The situation was complex in more respects than one. If it could be shown that France was aiding and abetting Russia it would be an act of war, and Japan would be justified in calling upon her ally, Great Britain, to implement her treaty obligations. The London *Times* warned France in a friendly, but firm way; of the risks and dangers involved in a hesitating, half-hearted enforcement of her neutrality obligations. The situation was critical enough for a few days to affect the barometer of the stock market, but the

final departure of the Russian admiral outside French territorial waters relieved the strain.

There will be a number of questions of international law clamouring for settlement when peace comes. The duties of neutrals will be one of them, and another will be the legitimacy of the practice of sowing the sea with floating mines to the danger of navigators generally. A fixed mine is a known quantity. Its position can be set down on a map. When the necessity for its menace disappears it can be removed. A mine, however, which is cast into the sea at the mercy of wind and wave may occasion damage and the sacrifice of innocent lives many miles from the forbidden areas and scenes of conflict. It is to be hoped that some frightful catastrophe will not call the attention of the civilised world to the devilry of this form of warfare, which both combatants have practised.

At the time of writing the two Russian admirals have joined forces and their combined fleets form a quite imposing and formidable armada. It is being pointed out that it overtops any force that Admiral Togo may bring to bear against it. Are we sure that we know the full extent of the Japanese fleet? There has been a significant silence as to what became of the Russian ships sunk in the harbour of Port Arthur. Will the Russians find a number of the vessels which were formerly their pride and a part of their naval pomp arrayed in the blazing battle line of their enemies? Another thing of no small meaning is the activity displayed by Japan since the war began in the building of torpedo boats. The first crippling blow administered to Russia at the very dawn of



ON TOUR  
(Tangier, March 31)

KAISER WILHELM (as the Moor of Potsdam) sings:—  
“‘UNTER DEN LINDEN’—ALWAYS AT HOME,  
‘UNDER THE LIME-LIGHT’ WHEREVER I ROAM!”

Bernard Partridge, one of *Punch's* clever cartoonists, has thus hit off the Kaiser's characteristic method of keeping himself well to the front in the world's politics.

the conflict was inflicted by the Japanese torpedo boats. The experience of their deadly effectiveness set the Japanese navy yards feverishly to work to construct more. It is understood that twenty-five were thus constructed, vessels with over 30 knots speed and capable of discharging their torpedo against an objective at a distance of over half a mile. Twenty-five of these vessels filled with crews which regard self-immolation as the fine flower of patriotism, would be a source of fearful danger to the best flotilla that ever breasted the waves. We are on the eve of the most destructive sea-battle the world has ever seen.

## CHURCH AND WEALTH



WOULDN'T IT BE EMBARRASSING TO SOME OF OUR  
PROMINENT CITIZENS?

"Wait a Minute! How Did You Make that Dollar?"

—Chicago Tribune

The relations between Sweden and Norway do not improve. There is, indeed, a steady drifting apart which is ominous. There is, indeed, no organic connection between them except that supplied by the monarchy. Each has its own legislature, and Norway claims that each should have the right of saying what its foreign relations shall be. Union and divergent foreign policies seem to be utterly inconsistent, although in 1903 a plan was proposed and adopted which professed to solve the insoluble. Sweden desired, however, that the Foreign Minister should possess a veto over the consular appointments of the Norwegian Parliament. The Norwegians repudiate such authority, and if they go on and appoint consuls who do not recognise the Foreign Minister of the united kingdoms a very serious situation will be created. The famous Norwegian novelist, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, has warned his countrymen of the possible effects of disunion. He reminds them that Russia, having failed to get perennial access to the ocean in the Far East, will again turn her attention to

European projects having that end in view. She has before now cast envious eyes at the Norwegian coast with its numerous harbours, and will be all the more inclined to do so again should she find Norway weakened either by mere isolation or by war with her yoke-mate in the Scandinavian union. The English-speaking peoples have a real admiration for both these northern peoples. They are a fine, wholesome, hardy, courageous, industrious northern race, making the most out of their somewhat unpromising heritage. The Nansen expedition towards the pole showed what splendid stuff the Norwegian is made of, and the feeling of everyone who read that story of daring persistence and true brotherhood was that the Viking spirit still lives, and that such a race is capable of great things. This estimate is sustained in the story of the Swedish and Norwegian immigrants who come to America.

In South Africa a measure of self-government has been conceded. It is true that it is not extensive, but it is doubtless the beginning of the granting of full powers. So far as can be learned from the press the wounds of the late war are healing rapidly. The number of British troops in the whole of South Africa six months ago was given as less than 53,000, and the number is said to be steadily diminishing. Sir Alfred Milner has resigned his post but his work and policy are being firmly and wisely carried on.

Lord Cromer's annual report is a revelation in the art of resuscitating dead nations. What more convincing proof could we have of the triumph of civil government than the statement that from Alexandria or Cairo to Fashoda the trav-

eller can proceed with perfect safety, unarmed and unaccompanied! That means that peace, order, and unhindered and unvexed industry prevails in a region which for hundreds of years has been the scene of unrepressed violence and lawlessness. The public revenues of the Soudan, he tells us, have risen from the £35,000 that it was in 1898, to £576,000 last year. Lord Cromer is engaged in a work that, when the history of Egypt is considered, may well kindle the imagination.

The general election in Great Britain is not far off. The Government would probably have finished its second term comfortably, but Mr. Chamberlain's agitation administered a mortal wound. Those who take the view that he was merely looking for something to freshen the party programme will have difficulty in reconciling it with the facts of the case. There can be little doubt he is thoroughly convinced that the tie between the mother country and the colonies needs strengthening, and that the interlacing of commercial interests is the surest and

## RUSSIA AND JAPAN



IT IS  
Count Cassini says that "Russia's position in the Far East must be recognised."—*New York Evening Mail*

most enduring way of accomplishing that purpose. Whether he is right or wrong it is hardly fair to question his motives, and whatever may become of his projects he will be remembered in the future as having first called attention to the need of a greater solidarity of the Empire.

*John A. Ewan.*

## Simplicity

BY W. SHERWOOD FOX

THOU seekest me in the lily's argent bell,  
Which, gently swung by rocking zephyrs, tolls  
The short white life away—a knell to souls  
Of calmer ear than thine. Not there I dwell!

Thou seek'st me in the clear dew-tear that fell  
From Night's grieved eyes when Day declined and died;  
Or in the artless sunbeam-motes that hide  
When shades approach. Not here, nor there, my cell!

Serene I live within a maiden's breast  
Unheaved for cares without her little sphere.  
Her placid brow's the lily of thy quest;  
The lucid dew, her unaffected tear;  
The motes, her eyes bedimmed with sad unrest  
Should ill invade. O Seeker, find me here!



### THE BRIDE

“MID breath of orange flowers  
 And shimmer of satin and lace  
 With June sun or April showers,  
 Or winter's kiss on her face.  
 She comes! let the wide world greet her,  
 And wish her long days, and fair,  
 For there's nothing we know that's  
 sweeter  
 Nor lovelier anywhere.  
 Ring out the bells in triumph,  
 Sing, white-robed singers, in tune,  
 For the bride who weds in December,  
 For the bride who weds in June,  
 Fling open the rose-hung portal,  
 Set the gate of happiness wide,  
 If the whole world loves the lover  
 It kisses the feet of the bride.”

—Lady Gay.

### THE MONTH OF CONFETTI

GOLF may flourish in the Autumn and hockey may be the nation's pride during January and February; but June is reserved for the bride, and man is expected to retire gallantly to the background and appear only as usher or as a wholly insignificant bridegroom. The newspapers of the land, from the metropolitan daily to the country weekly, blos-

som as the rose with paragraphs of duchesse satin, shower bouquets carried by the bride and her fair attendants, while pearl sunbursts gleam in every column. The gray crepe de chine of the bride's mother rivals in rustling splendour the black peau de soie with touches of heliotrope worn by “his” maternal parent. Such is “woman's sphere” in the bridal month of June, and every good wish attend the Canadian maidens who, in 1905, elect to change their names at the season when “if ever come perfect days.”

### THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

THE next annual meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada will be held in Charlottetown, P.E.I., from June 28th to July 5th, when it is expected a large number of delegates will be present. Hospitality is offered to all duly elected delegates, and special rates at hotels and boarding-houses have been arranged for any others who attend. The programme is varied and interesting, and as usual a number of social functions have been arranged.

The Local Councils in British Columbia have been given charge of the Women's Department of the coming Dominion Exhibition, and committees are at work preparing the prize list, and making other arrangements.

Her Excellency the Countess Grey in her reply to the address of welcome presented to her by the Toronto Local Council expressed her warm appreciation of the National Council, and her faith in the great possibility for national good that is contained in this federation of women's societies. Lady Grey has ac-

cepted the Honorary Presidency, and in her reply she spoke of her willingness to help the Council in its work in any way she could.

Three other societies have applied for federation with the Toronto Local Council lately, which will bring up the number of societies in that Council to 31. These three societies are the Needlework Guild, the Girls' Home, and the Ontario Nurses' Association.

The President, Mrs. Thomson, of St. John, N.B., and the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, have lately been the guests of the National Council of Women of the United States in Washington for the week of their triennial meetings. As the National Council of Women of Holland was holding its annual meetings in Amsterdam at the same time, a cablegram of greeting was sent in the name of Canada and the United States to the sister Council of Holland.

The Countess of Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, has lately been visiting several of the National Council in Europe, all of which she found engaged in much good work. One of the latest, that of Hungary, has already a large membership. The Councils in France and Norway are making strong efforts to suppress the awful White Slave Traffic.

#### MORE FRENZIED FINANCE

IT really makes one's head ache to read the artless prattle about economy in certain articles for the benefit of the house-keeping sex. In "Nancy's First House-keeping," a modern magazine writer tells just how she and "Jim" began to lead the simple life in their own little home. In a playful fashion this grown-up writer declares—"and we did have such warm arguments." But the following item of information is, perhaps, the gem of the collection:

"As the cool weather came on a bare floor was chilly in the morning, so we collected green and white rags from all our friends, and had a rag rug woven, which cost us four dollars and a half, and was very pretty and effective, and wore well."

Think of the pure bliss of collecting green and white rags from your friends, and thereby having a bedroom carpet for less than five dollars! Some of us may feel a little shy about asking the members of our social circle for rags of any hue, but Nancy was a lady of courage and resource.

It is a relief to be informed that when this worthy couple entertained, the adjective "simple" might still be applied. Nancy confidently remarks, "We never invited more than two people at the same time to dinner, and there was very little extra expense. Saving became a hobby with us, and we enjoyed planning how to save five cents here or a penny there more than any extravagance. . . . I was always scheming for economical ways of doing things and hunting for cheap dishes." Great is economy, and it should prevail! But in the meantime it would be pleasant to have occasionally more than two guests for dinner. However, if they only pinch and save for a score of years, after Nancy and Jim have passed the Osler line they may be rewarded by feeling free to invite as many as four dear friends to share the roast. Hunting for cheap dishes sounds like an exciting business, but the reader is conscious of a thrill of sympathy for Jim. Cakes without eggs, and bread crumb puddings flavoured with warm water and vanilla fell to his lot, no doubt, and one is left to hope that he was sometimes asked to dine at the club, even if Nancy were obliged to spend a lonely evening given up to the contemplation of further economy.

#### THE AMBASSADOR

IN the May number of Sir George Newnes' latest journalistic venture, "The Grand Magazine," there is an interesting article on "The American Ambassador," by Mr. David Hales, in the course of which he pays a graceful tribute to the wife of the representative at St. James. To those who imagine that such a position is one of luxurious ease the following paragraphs may prove surprising:—

"No mention of our diplomatic corps would be complete without some reference

to the loyal work done by women in furthering the amity of nations. The real Ambassador to a foreign country is often the wife, who carries through on her broad shoulders the laborious social functions necessary at all foreign courts. They are more than mere wives, they are help-meets in the labours of their husbands. Many a rough edge has been smoothed, many a momentary friction soothed, by feminine touch. Gallantry hardly allows us to recall a few facts to prove that this has not always been the case. The training now obtained by our representatives at various courts through promotion from secretaryships upwards has helped the wife as much as it has helped the husband, and one no longer hears stories of the *gaucheries* of Ministers' wives, which were very frequent some years ago. Rumour has it that one American Ambassadors made an undying reputation for herself by asking a Princess 'Who made your teeth?' in the presence of a few hangers-on of the court. These kindly friends were not slow, of course, to give currency to such a delicious bit of gossip, and it was not long before the Ambassador sought another post. Perhaps it was only rumour and had no basis in fact. We can take it for what it is worth.

"The social duties of an Ambassadors are what she wishes them to be. That is to say, she can limit them or extend them, after the regulation functions have been attended to. The whole matter depends upon the purse, and, since the wife usually holds the purse-strings, it is left to her to decide whether 'dash' is justified on economic grounds. If her husband happens to be sent to a court where the previous diplomat's wife has been the recognised social leader, nothing remains except to uphold tradition, which means lavish expenditure and incursions upon capital. In such a case the limitation of entertainment breeds unpopularity—a bugbear in the lives of Ambassador and wife."



#### A MODERN PHILOSOPHER

IN "A Knight Errant of the Intellectual Life," Mr. William James, of Harvard University, gives an interesting analysis of Professor Thomas Davidson,

a great Scottish-American who spent most of his life in a cottage in the Adirondacks. The "maxims" of the eccentric philosopher are worth reading, especially this group:

"Associate with the noblest people you can find; read the best books; live with the mighty. But learn to be happy alone."



#### A WIZARD IN THE GARDEN

THE world of science, the advanced students of horticulture, and just the plain, everyday gardeners have been greatly aroused by the discoveries and inventions of Mr. Burbank, who seems to be able to work all manner of magic with fruits and flowers. Here are a few of his wonderful achievements, according to "The Century":—

"Perhaps the most important is that which makes it possible to reclaim deserts, not by irrigation but by means of the desert itself—the desert and its cactus, its heat and its sun. For a period of over ten years he has worked with the utmost persistence and skill until at last he has developed a cactus plant which will convert the desert into a garden. He has made the cactus thornless. . . More than this, he has made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive on the hot desert, but it will grow with marvellous fecundity when irrigated or when planted in a richer soil. But this is not all of the marvel. He has bred this dreaded scourge of the desert, this pariah among plants, until it has become the producer of a delightful, nutritious food for man and beast—until, in his estimation, considering the unused areas of the world where it will thrive, it will afford food for twice the people now upon the earth. The flavour of its fruit is something quite unknown to the tongue before—a combination of the flavours of half a dozen fruits, suggesting to some a pineapple, to some a melon, to some a peach, to some an apricot, but still wholly without definition or identification. It is full of nutrients too. Mr. Burbank has also freed roses, blackberries, raspberries and gooseberries from thorns by the same process of selection. On the Gulf of Mexico, where fruit trees start into growth early and are subjected to late

spring frosts, the peach, nectarine, and plum, became problematical crops. Mr. Burbank determined to breed the fruit to fit the climate, not only sturdy and prolific, but frost-resisting. Now, after years have elapsed, he has produced fruit trees of these types that will withstand absolute freezing in bud and flower. The foliage and petals may be stiff with ice, yet when the warm sun has come again the leaves show no sign of the deadly blight of the frost. How shall we estimate, even in dollars, what such a feat as this means to the world? Some of his experiments with poppies have been very successful. He turned yellow ones into bright scarlet ones; he produced a new race of poppies, and developed wholly new forms, having enormous size, greatly enhanced beauty of colour, improved lasting qualities, and perpetual blooming powers. He has so far transformed the ordinary poppy that it measures fully ten inches across. The plumcot, a combination of the common American wild plum, a Japanese plum, and the common apricot, produced a fruit unknown to the world before, with a delicious flavour unlike either of its ancestors."

Mr. Burbank certainly seems to have gone far towards restoring the Garden of Eden when he has freed roses from thorns and has produced fruit trees that will defy the frost, although covered with ice. The story of what he has done reads more like a fairy tale than any sober twentieth century experiments. Of course, the ultra-conservative people who are given to weeding in the old-fashioned garden will begin to wonder if the rose without a thorn will smell as sweet as its prickly



MISS VIOLA ALLEN

A famous actress who was educated in Canada

predecessor. They may even sympathise with the California clergyman who invited Mr. Burbank to attend church that he might listen to a sermon on the new scientific experiments. He accepted the invitation, and was forced to "listen to an address violently denouncing him as a foe to God and man, one who was interrupting the well-ordered course of plant life, destroying forces and functions long established and sacred, reducing the vegetable life of the world to a condition at once unnatural and abnormal." The unfortunate floral reformer as he listened to the discourse must have realised that not all the science in the world can destroy the briers of a community slow to recognise its benefactors.

*Jean Graham*

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## MILLIONAIRES' GIFTS



LOWLY but surely there is arising a feeling against the economic system which produces millionaires. It is stated that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given away about \$150,000,000, and still has \$300,000,000 left. There must be something radically wrong in a civilisation which allows a man to accumulate in less than one lifetime, the enormous amount of wealth represented by the figures \$450,000,000. There must be something inequitable and unjust in a state of industrialism which allows men like Carnegie, Rockefeller, Strathcona, and Macdonald to amass millions when a large percentage of the population of this continent is in actual want.

That these men make good use of their money after having obtained it, is no answer to the charge against the system. It should not be necessary to have the universities dependent for their creation and maintenance upon the whim of a Rockefeller. It should not be necessary that the growth of public libraries in America should be dependent upon the caprices of a Carnegie. It should not be necessary that the educational reforms and advancements of Canada should be the results of the fad (however excellent) of a tobacco manufacturer. The ideal of civilisation should be equality, must be equality, of opportunity, of enjoyment and of progress.

It is pleasant to note that some university professors doubt the advisability of accepting the doles to aged professors for which Mr. Carnegie has just set aside \$10,000,000. It is encouraging to see that some cities have refused Mr. Carnegie's gift of a public library building for each. It is delightful to watch the discussion which has arisen over the \$100,000 donation of John D. Rockefeller to the American Board of Foreign Missions. It will be a happy day for social progress when the

people refuse to touch the gifts of the millionaires. Most of these men have earned their money by illegal methods. Andrew Carnegie is the modern representative of the buccaners of the middle ages. John D. Rockefeller has been one of the most pernicious influences of the present generation. They are the grand moguls of modern stock gambling.

All millionaires have not been buccaners and corruptionists. There are rich men who have made their wealth slowly and fairly. These, however, are not a very numerous class. The man who starts out in life without capital and amasses several millions has usually either employed unjust methods or has unduly profited by an economic system which is supported by corruption, intrigue, and special legislation. The wealthy manufacturer who has never put his ownership into a joint stock company, the wealthy retailer who has built up a business which is national, the fortunate inventor of an article which comes into general use, the shrewd buyer and seller of real estate—these are examples of rich men who may also be honest and fair. All those who manipulate stocks, bonds, franchises and those whose wealth is created by special legislation or tariffs are in the other class. If they are not guilty as individuals, they are guilty as citizens. When the public ceases to pay them honour and praise, when it refuses to receive their conscience-salving gifts, when it frowns sternly upon all the precedent injustice which is necessary to create such men—when this occurs, there will be greater hope in the minds of those who have set themselves to study the diseases of modern industrialism.



## DOLLAR CONVERSATION

AT a meeting of university men in Toronto not long ago, a gentleman advanced as a reason for forming a

university club that he was anxious to meet his fellow-men in some place where the conversation would not be confined entirely to "The Almighty Dollar." The art of polite conversation seems to have degenerated among men to a discussion of the ways and means of making money. The thousands which John Smith made out of a railway charter, the millions made by a land company organised by friends of a cabinet minister, the vast profits made from a monopoly at the expense of the public, these are the topics discussed whenever men of wealth and ambition gather. Every second man in the larger centres has a scheme—and too often it is a scheme to get money from the public without giving honest value in return.

In a young country such as Canada it is manifestly necessary that there should be considerable discussion of new enterprises. New railways, new lines of manufacture, new public services of one kind and another are being created in large numbers. The wealth of the country is not yet turned into capital; it is an undeveloped wealth. Moreover, the population is growing by immigration, and wherever there is a country which is in such a state of development, there is bound to be great commercial and industrial activity.

It may not be unwise, however, to point out that there are other things in life even in Canada which require discussion. There are moral, social, and educational features of our civilisation which require careful consideration at the hands of thinking citizens. These features are apt to be overlooked if men allow themselves to be engrossed in the pursuit of wealth. Further, the effect on the individual is not beneficial. The best citizen of a country is not the most successful gatherer of wealth; but rather the man who takes an interest in commerce, in art, in literature, in government, and in all the social activities of his time. Commercialism if pursued selfishly and narrowly must warp the individual as a citizen. It destroys that broad sympathy



"IT REVOLTS ME, BUT I DO IT"—Life

for the uplifting of the race, the nation and mankind which distinguishes the realist from the materialist.

There are men who neglect their own affairs to discuss public affairs. This is not necessary, and is seldom praiseworthy. A man owes something to himself and his family and something to the material progress of his community. He must not neglect his own share of the national production. He must not be a drone. Occasionally a man is called to public service as an educationist, a judge, or as a parliamentarian, and obliged to devote the major portion of his time to the public service. If he is especially fitted for some public work of this kind, he should cheerfully sacrifice his personal commercial ambitions. Such a call does not come to many. Most men are called to live the life of a successful but unknown citizen—performing our duties as best we can in a quiet, unostentatious manner, but never sacrificing principle or culture in a mad rush after the mere material comforts of life.

#### LIFE INSURANCE INVESTMENTS

THE revelations in connection with the Equitable Life in New York, bring home to Canadians the necessity of exercising great care in the selection of a company. The Equitable Life has a very large amount of assets, and it was but



L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A.  
Managing Director North American Life, Toronto

natural that men interested in large flotations should seek to control the investments of the company. For example, a certain group of capitalists are desirous of floating the stock and bonds of a new company to the extent of twenty-five million dollars. If through their influence on the board of such a company as the Equitable, they could have that company take five or ten millions of the stock, it would be of considerable benefit to them. This kind of struggle for the control of large institutions is proceeding all the time.

Another danger in the management of large companies such as this is that the company is so wealthy, that extravagant expenditures seem to be of little moment. It is said that one of the directors of the Equitable gave a dinner to the French Minister to the United States, and spent nearly a quarter of a million on the event. This was charged up to advertising. Even in Canada there are one or two companies which are extravagantly managed, if the

criticism of their competitors is well founded.

The general lesson of the recent revelations is that Canadians will find it advantageous to patronise home life insurance companies. Our laws and regulations are stricter, and our managers are less likely to be found plunging into doubtful investments. Last year, of the twenty million dollars of new business written in Canada, six and a half millions were written by United States companies. It is said that there are in this country nearly eleven thousand Equitable Life policyholders, with twenty-two million dollars of policies. These holders are, in a measure, safeguarded by deposits with the Canadian Government, but, after all, this is a comparatively small asset. The common practice among Canadian companies with regard to investments is less daring than that in vogue in the United States, and this is the greater safeguard. The conservatism, capacity and integrity of Canadian boards and

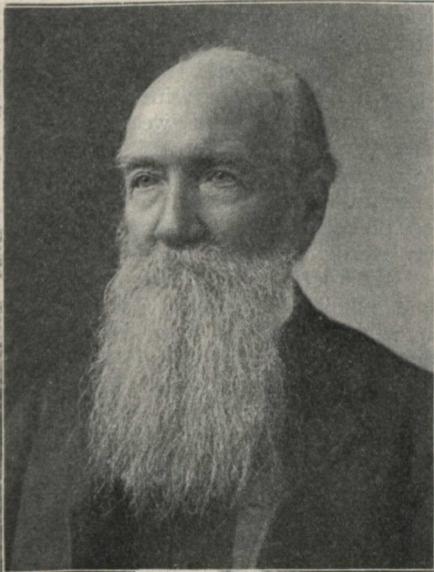


DAVID DEXTER  
President and Managing Director of the Federal Life  
Hamilton

managers is the greatest security which policyholders can have.

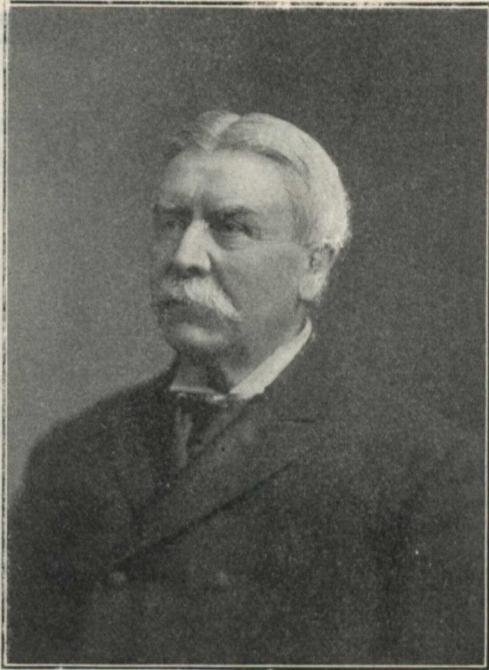
Life insurance should not be taken blindly. Every man holding a policy should carefully study the insurance reports and scrutinise so far as he can the relation between the premium income and the expenses of administration. If he asks a few questions occasionally of the head office it may not be amiss. These companies should be kept aware of the interest which their policyholders are taking in the records. If the policyholders become careless and indifferent, abuses and extravagance may creep in. At the close of 1904, the various "old line" companies had in force 656,891 policies, amounting to \$587,873,767. The annual premiums amounted to \$20,000,000. The business is enormous and the public has a great stake in the matter. It behooves all public-minded citizens to see that no practices grow up which will jeopardise the safety of life insurance securities. Any inclination towards speculation should meet with stern public disapproval.

It is a question whether the fraternal societies will continue to divide the field



ROBERT MELVIN

President Mutual Life, Waterloo



J. K. MACDONALD

Managing Director Confederation Life, Toronto

with the "line" companies. At one time it looked as if these societies would be swept away because of incompetent management and inadequate rates. The latter have been raised, and the former improved, and such fraternal societies as have pulled through are temporarily improved. They can only continue by the sympathy and activity of their present members. If these keep up the supply of new members without cost, these societies will continue to hold their own. The "line" companies pay a high percentage to agents for services which the societies secure free, or almost so. This is an advantage, but the question of permanency of the system is an important one. Perhaps in the end, the societies will give a small commission and the "line" companies will reduce their present costly percentages. Some of the latter are keeping this percentage well within bounds; others again pay as high as fifty and seventy-five per cent. of the first premium.

*John A. Cooper.*

# About New Books.

## PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM\*

IN the introductory chapter to his condensed life of Chatham, Frederic Harrison states that in eight centuries Britain has known but four creative statesmen. "William the Conqueror made all England an organic nation. Edward the First conceived and founded Great Britain. Cromwell made the United Kingdom and founded our Sea Power. Chatham made the Colonial System and was the founder of the Empire."

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, may be truly regarded as the first Imperialist, and as the founder of a British Canada. His policy, when he first became a minister, was to destroy the colonies of France and "to plant on their ruins a still vaster British Empire." To accomplish this he set himself to crush the French naval power and the French naval bases. The conquest of Canada and the occupation of the Mississippi valley made him the father of both the United States and Canada. "This is the part of his policy which produced the greatest and most abiding effects upon the face of the world. He saw from the first the vast possibilities of the American continent." In 1759 and 1760 he accomplished his purpose, and transferred the northern half of the American continent from the French to the English crown. "The hand that did the deed was the hand of Wolfe. But the voice that bade it be done—the eye that saw its future possibilities—the brain which conceived it, was the voice, the eye, the brain of Pitt."

Because of these things, no student of Canadian history may neglect the study of Chatham's career. He was the eighteenth century prototype of Disraeli and Rhodes and Chamberlain. He felt that

"colonies meant exclusive commerce, and the monopoly of trade meant wealth, and commercial wealth meant national strength." He was a Protectionist, and believed in Preferential duties within the Empire—and at this point he parted company with Edmund Burke, who was a Free Trader.

Goldwin Smith speaks somewhat sarcastically of this in his political history, "The United Kingdom." He says: "His grand aim was to humble France, strip her of her colonies, and destroy her commerce, thereby, as he and the traders of that day believed, making British commerce flourish." And again: "Pitt, his city worshippers said, had made commerce flourish by war." To create a fictitious prosperity by the destruction of a rival marine and by war expenditure was possible. To create permanent prosperity by the destruction of wealth was not. England and France were the natural customers of each other."

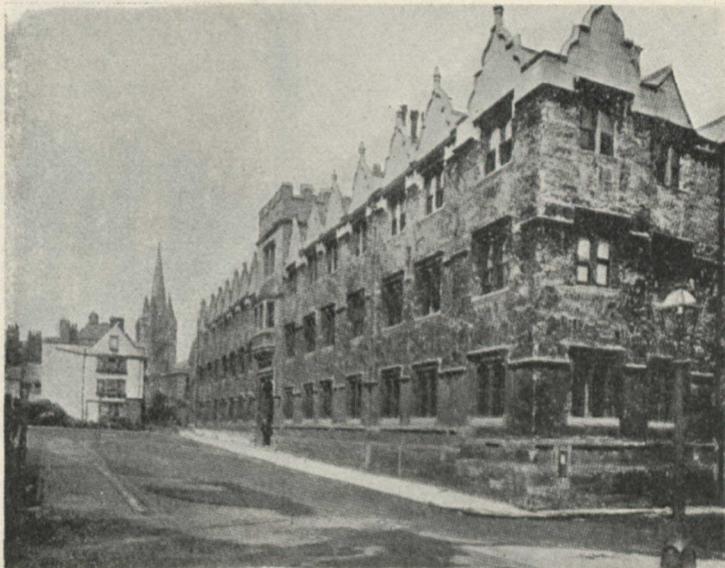
Of the man himself, much may be said in praise and much in blame. He was a combination of weakness and strength and, in his later years, the weakness predominated. He was, perhaps, the greatest orator that has ever trod the floors of Parliament. His art was somewhat overdone. A wit declared that he was "the Cicero and the Roscius of his age in one." His enemy, Horace Walpole, said that he was equal to Garrick. Macaulay says that "on the stage he would have been the finest Brutus or Coriolanus ever seen." He was passionate, thrilling, impressive. Lord Waldegrave stated: "He has an eye as significant as his words." His latest biographer believes that all contemporary evidence bears out the decisive judgment of Charles Butler that, quite apart from his eloquence there was in the speeches of Chatham that which made men feel there was

\*"Chatham," by Frederic Harrison. English Statesmen Series. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Morang & Co.

"something in him finer than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator." The man's moral power dominated his hearers. Moreover, his speeches in Parliament were actions rather than orations—the words of a master of statecraft rather than those of a mere literary rhetorician. "It was not parliamentary eloquence, such as was that of his

son, of his son's rivals, of Fox, or Sheridan, or Burke. From the first, the words of William Pitt were the strokes of a man of action, of the fighting man, of the leader of men, of the statesman. We need no longer regret that the words have not been recorded. It was the man, not the words, which mastered the nation."

The finishing of his career is such as to induce to tears. Worn out by continual attacks of gout which had troubled him from youth, he broke down. His arrogance became unbearable; his fits of dejection and debility deprived him of the power to fight his enemies. He thundered only in fits and starts. He ceased to be a ruler and was unable to withstand the encroachments of George III. Just before the end, his spirit and brain rallied. America was being oppressed. The greatest blunder in British history was about to be committed. Chatham stood forth alone, without a party or a group to support him, and faced the prejudice of the ruling class, the insolence of unscrupulous ministers and the arrogance of a bigoted king. In May, 1774, when war was breaking out in New England, he again appeared in Parliament and made an impassioned protest against the taxation



ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD

From "Historic Sites and Scenes of England"

of the colonist. Three years later he came again, wrapped in flannels, and supported upon crutches, and he cried, "You may ravage—you cannot conquer; it is impossible, you cannot conquer the Americans." He made an address which must ever be memorable. In the following year, after Yorktown, he again appeared to protest against the dismemberment of the Empire—and fell to rise no more.

Mr. Harrison has done his work well. He has given little praise and little blame. He has painted the man as he is able to picture him, looking back over the pages of the past, and has not neglected a single spot or blemish. What the man was, what the man did, are great enough to permit his biographer to marshal all his mistakes and weaknesses. However numerous, these cannot extinguish the eternal greatness of him who was the first great exponent of the Empire.



#### THE LABRADOR PEOPLE

A GREAT interest is now being taken in the people of the Labrador coast, and much has been done recently to improve their position. Mr. Norman Duncan's novel, "Dr. Luke of the Lab-



BURIAL PLACE OF WILLIAM PENN, CHALFONT ST. GILES  
From "Historic Sites and Scenes of England"

rador," gives a thrilling picture of the simple life of these deep-sea fisher folk, and it is a wonderfully dramatic tale.

Since its appearance, three new books have been issued, giving further information. In "The Harvest of the Sea,"\* Dr. W. T. Grenfell, who has spent twenty years in medical missionary work among these people, tells the story of the fisherman. It is in two parts, the autobiographies of a North Sea and a Newfoundland fisherman. Through these two men, Dr. Grenfell tells the experiences through which he has passed, or which he has seen. The horrible conditions which prevailed before the coming of the mission and hospital ships are graphically described, and the gradual improvements that have been made are indicated in a plain, straightforward manner. The illustrations are delightful.

"Dr. Grenfell's Parish,"† by Norman Duncan, tells nearly the same story from a different standpoint. Of this book, the author says: "Its purpose is to spread the knowledge of the work of Dr. Wilfred T.

\*The Harvest of the Sea by Wilfred T. Grenfell. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00; illustrated.

†Dr. Grenfell's Parish, by Norman Duncan. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00; illustrated.

Grenfell, of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, at work on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador; and to describe the character and condition of the folk whom he seeks to help. . . . Other men have been moved to heroic deeds by the same high motive, but the professional round, I fancy, is quite out of the common; indeed, it

may be that in all the world there is not another of the sort. No one can read this sympathetic account of a great work without feeling that he would like to aid it, following the lead of such philanthropists as Lord Strathcona. It is pleasant to know that, though these people are not citizens of this country, a Canadian has used his brilliant pen to assist in the glorious work. Norman Duncan is not without the splendid unselfishness which distinguishes Dr. Grenfell.

"The Lure of the Labrador Wild,"‡ by Dillon Wallace, is the story of the exploring expedition conducted by the courageous but unfortunate Leonidas Hubbard, Jr. This young man desired to explore almost the only unexplored portion of the continent, to get into a really wild country and have some of the experiences of the men who explored and opened up America. When a lad on a Michigan farm he had been entranced by the tales of such men as Boone and Crockett. Later, when he became a magazine writer, he visited the Hudson's Bay and Lake St. John regions. His desire was then to visit Eastern Labrador in the region of Hamilton Inlet, where no man

‡The Lure of the Labrador Wild, by Dillon Wallace. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Illustrated.

had been before him. He desired to visit the Nenonot or Nascaupée Indians, and the haunts of the caribou. Hubbard and his party, of whom the author was one, left New York in June, 1903, and sailed north from St. John's a few days later on the mail steamer sent out by the Newfoundland government. They landed at Indian Harbour on July 7th, and from there proceeded to Rigolet, where there is a Hudson's Bay Co. post. But the story is a long one, and pathetic. When they got to using pieces of blanket for moccasins, and to eating boiled caribou hide picked up in deserted camps, the tale becomes sad, even ghastly. When the author was rescued late in a bitter October, he was clad in drawers and stocking feet, with the remnants of a pair of trousers about his hips and without a hat. Assistance reached Hubbard too late—the wilds had claimed him. This book—the latest contribution to the geography of Labrador—was bought with a price; but it is always so, what is worth while, demands a part or the whole of some one's life, perhaps the lives of many.



#### HISTORIC ENGLAND

ANY Canadian traveller visiting England should obtain from the Great Western Railway Company their illustrated book on the Historic Sites and Scenes of England. The descriptive matter is delightful, and the information is valuable. In fact, it is a model railway guide book which has been especially prepared for American visitors. It contains a good map and an adequate hotel list.



#### BOOK NOTES

E. W. Hornung has gone to Australia for the original of his new book "Stingaree," which will be ready soon. Stingaree is a man of mystery and a bush-ranger of many and fascinating accomplishments. His urbanity, his steely nerve, his unflinching resource, his passion for music, his attention to dress, his keen sense of humour, his appreciation of the dramatic situation, combine to make him an outlaw of a highly original kind.



ERNEST WILLIAM HORNUNG  
Author of "Stingaree"

"Rose of the World" is the title of a new novel by Agnes and Egerton Castle, authors of "The Pride of Jennico," etc. Mr. Castle comes from a family in which, on both sides, there are traditions of literary and philosophical pursuits. Mrs. Castle, on the other hand, knows of no writers among her ancestors, though in her own generation she can find two, and of distinction. Her sister, Mrs. Francis Blundell (under the nom de plume "M. E. Francis"), is the author of many novels, and a little play by her and Mr. Sydney Valentine, *The Widow Woos*, based on one of her short stories, was acted recently at the Haymarket. Another sister, Miss Elinor Sweetman, has already published some notable books of verse. Mrs. Egerton Castle passed her childhood in an Irish country house. After a few years spent abroad with her family for the cultivation of art and languages, she was married on the threshold of her first season. Mr. Castle, on the contrary, an only son, spent all his first youth (albeit he comes from purely English stock) in Paris. Returning to England at the age of sixteen, he began hard work at science, first at Glasgow Uni-



EGERTON AND AGNES CASTLE

versity and later at Trinity, Cambridge. After taking his degree, a sudden change of tastes took him to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, whence, being over the regulation age, he had to pass into a West India regiment. This he accepted in the hope of a transfer, a hope which the cast-iron rules of the War Office concerning age limits never permitted to be realised. Then, out of conceit of the army as a profession, no doubt also in view of his coming marriage, he threw up his commission, and in the course of time found his true vocation to be that of a man of letters. For many years he was on the staff of the old *Saturday Review*, but he gradually relinquished journalistic occupation for the novel and the romance.

Annie H. Woodruff, a Canadian living in Chicago, began her literary experiences with some verses published in the *Presbyterian Review*. She was born and, until 1899, lived at St. David's, Ont. She has written a number of short stories and sketches, and last year Stokes, of New York, issued a child's story from her pen under the title "Betty and Bob." It is a wholesome tale, and fit to place in the hands of any child, teaching as it does nobility, truthfulness and unselfishness. It is also full of the love of the country—trees, wild flowers, insects, birds and animals. It is marred in a few places by unnecessarily large words and heavy phrases, but otherwise is commendable. The photographs used as illustrations were taken by the author herself in the Niagara peninsula.

Any student of Canadian history who desires to know what articles, pamphlets, and volumes have been issued during 1904, and so to discover what he has

missed, should examine the "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada for the year 1904." This is the ninth year of publication and the editors, Professor Wrong and Librarian Langton, are to be congratulated. There is no more valuable single volume published in this country, and it is doubtful if there are any to compare with it in regard to the time and ability spent upon its production. This year it is issued in cloth only, price \$1.50, by Morang & Co., Toronto, for the University of Toronto.

"Children of the Earth," by Annie Robertson MacFarlane, is not mentioned in "A Bibliography of Canadian Fiction." Yet it is a Nova Scotian story written by a Canadian, and published in 1886 by Henry Holt & Co., New York. At the time of its publication this lady was doing regular literary work in New York. She has since married and taken up her residence in Montreal. The women in the story are very much like the women in "Return," just published the other day. They are bright, clever, frank, unconventional—a pair of self-contained, self-satisfied mortals. The men are strong characters also. The theme is the question whether a woman should marry the imperfect man she loves, or the more perfect man whom she trusts and respects.



ANNIE HELENA WOODRUFF  
Author of "Betty and Bob"  
Photograph by Poole, St. Catharines



# Idle Moments.

## TRODDEN HARD

Three thousand years or more ago  
King Solomon, both sage and bard,  
Observed a fact he noted thus:  
"The way of the transgressor's hard."

The question why is oft discussed,  
But this solution seems complete:  
The sinner's way is hard because  
It's trodden by so many feet.  
—Father Tabb, in *Smart Set*.

## HOW I GREW OLD IN A DAY

UNTIL that day I had looked upon myself as a young man. It is true I was not adolescent. But it is just as true that not a grey hair could be found mingled with my sunset glow. I arose in the morning a young man of the 20th century, I

crept to rest at night bearing the sorrows of six thousand years.

In the morning I met an aged man who had a tale to tell about another man to me unknown. I asked him how many winters the other man had watched the "Great Orion sinking slowly to the West," or words to that effect. He of the hoary locks looked me over and slowly said:—"Well, he is a man in middle life—about your age."

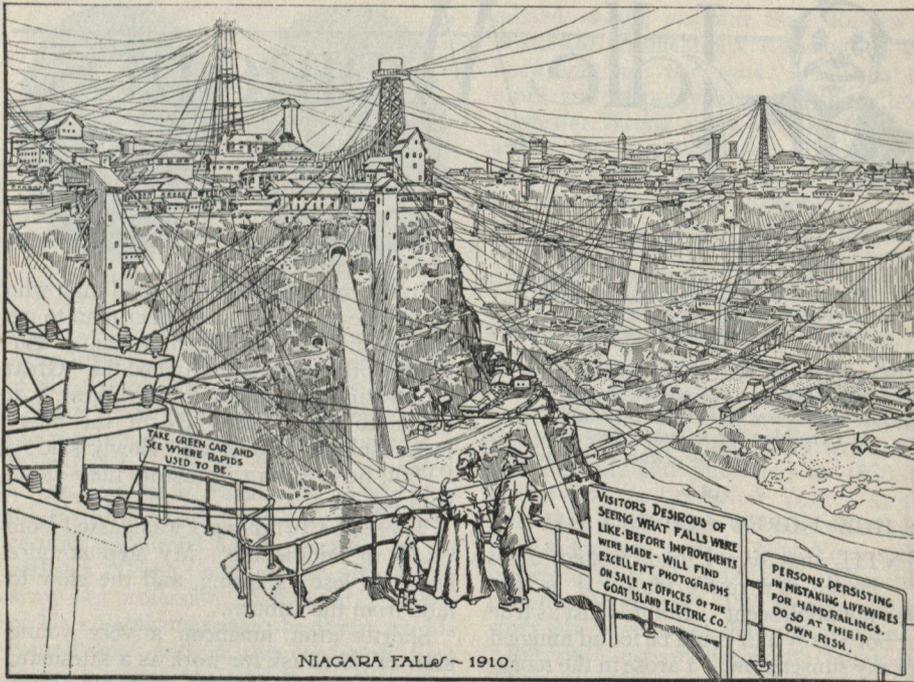
There in a twinkling I was passed from youth to middle life. My step at once began to lose its spring, and the glow to fade from the auburn.

Shortly after luncheon a very young man called to ask for work as a salesman. He told me of another man in his native



## A MATTER OF HABIT

LADY (engaging new cook)—"One thing more. I always like my servants to dress quietly."  
APPLICANT—"Oh, there won't be any trouble about that, Ma'm. I've got a quiet taste myself."—*Punch*.



NIAGARA FALLS IN 1910—*New York Life*

The utilisation of Niagara Falls for electric purposes is proceeding so fast that it would seem that all the natural beauty of the historic spot will be destroyed if further work proceeds.

town who could do better work than he could, "but," he said by way of explanation, "he is an old man, thirty-five years at least."

And there, before I had comfortably settled down to middle life I was jostled into old age. My step lost its spring, and the glow died out of the auburn, giving place to the silvery sheen.

But it was reserved for a little five-year-old maiden that evening to pass me on from old age into that proud and coveted post of the oldest inhabitant.

"Father, who came next after Adam and Eve?"

"Cain and Abel."

"Yes, that is right. And who came next?"

"Seth, I suppose."

"And who came after Seth?"

"Oh, a whole lot of people. I do not remember their names."

"Well, I will tell you, father. Adam and Eve came first, then Cain and Abel,

then Seth, and then—I suppose you came."

*C. B. Keenleyside.*

#### IN THE SPRING

"Can't I go out in the back yard and play in the garden, mamma?"

"Certainly not, child. You must stay in and study your nature books."—*Life.*

#### THE MILL CREEK PHILOSOPHER

The summer girl is known by the number of resorts she haunts.

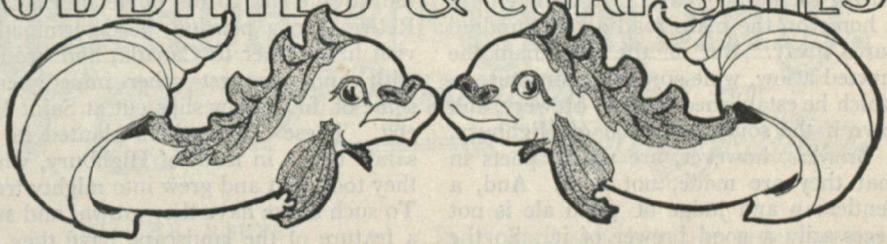
It is human to be unreasonable. It is folly to attempt to give a reason for it.

It is a strenuous and a popular statesman who wins a victory over his forgettery of promises.

Worth makes the man, but not always his success.

True charity never cools because of its constant activity.—*Selected.*

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



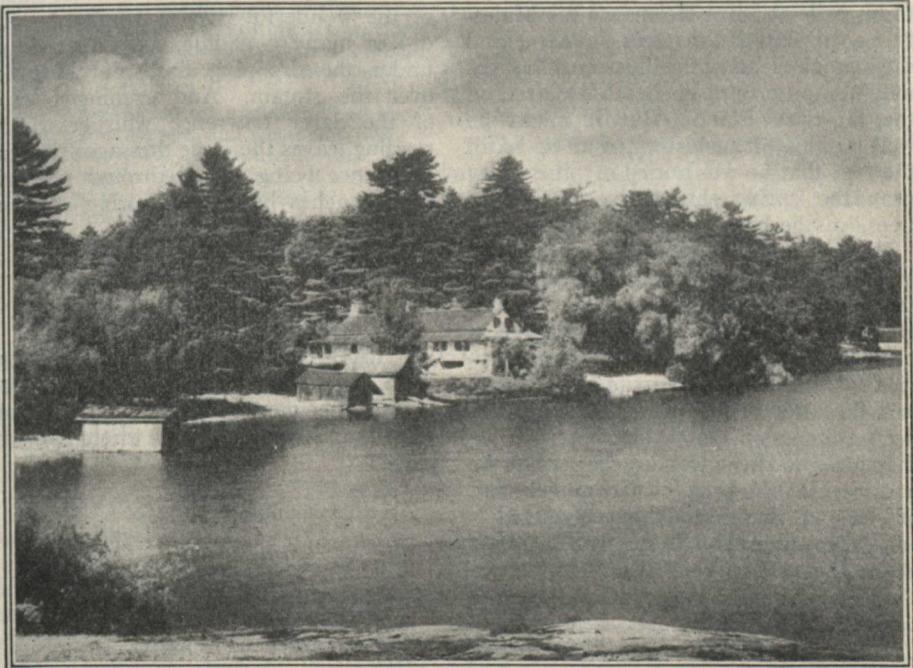
## "THE WILLOWS"

**E**VEN in these days of wireless telegraphy and submarine cables, it is a far cry from Saint Helena in the South Atlantic to Brockville on the Saint Lawrence. Yet, more than half a century ago, long before these modern developments of science, the cry passed from one Saint to the other, and the message was about none other than the famous and unsaintly Napoleon. And this was how it came about.

Brockville nestles at the foot of the Thousand Islands of the Saint Lawrence—the most beautiful river in the world.

No skies more blue! No air more sweet! No foliage more green! No waters more clear and smiling! Little wonder, then, that many gentry from the old land came to make their homes on its banks in the long ago, as our wealthy cousins to the south of us are doing in such numbers to-day.

A retired officer of the East India Company—James Sabine by name—came from London with his family in the early forties, and settled on the bank of the river about two miles above the then small village of Brockville. The spot was a picturesque one, known as the "swift water,"



X

THE WILLOWS NEAR BROCKVILLE

These grew from sprouts taken from beside Napoleon's St. Helena grave

and has lost none of its brilliant charm during the fading years. Mr. Sabine built a home on the main road a few hundred yards away. But on the river bank he erected a low, wide-spreading structure in which he established a small brewery, and gave it the sounding name of Highbury.

Brewers, however, are unlike poets in that they are made, not born. And, a gentleman and judge of good ale is not necessarily a good brewer of it. So the business was not a success, and there was no trust at hand to take over the plant and do with water what the projector had expected to do with malt.

At this juncture of events the homestead went up in smoke one night—also no doubt, as the business did, from lack of water—and Mr. Sabine moved his worms and coppers out of Highbury, and put his family and silver in. Adapting the building to residential purposes by the addition of roomy verandahs, he transformed the erstwhile brewery into an ideal river home, which it might still be to-day but for the ravages of time.

Now, it is well known, and need not be recounted here, how Napoleon was taken to his exile at Saint Helena on his Majesty's good ship *Bellerophon* in 1815, and the various events of the illustrious Frenchman's sojourn until his death occurred on the far-away island. But it might be well for this bit of history, that we recall the fact that he was buried in "the valley near the spring shaded by the willow trees," as he himself had directed.

When the *Bellerophon* bore the vanquished Eagle to his eyry of exile, amongst the gentlemen midshipmen serving on His Majesty's ship was young Sabine, a brother of the lad in the East India service. Naturally, the mission of his ship and the attending circumstances made a deep impression upon the boy. It is, therefore, no great wonder that, when he had risen to the rank of a commissioned officer, and his ship touched at Saint Helena when returning from the far East about the year 1850, Lieutenant Sabine should have visited the tomb, now empty, but still shaded by the over-arching trees. Cutting several slips from the tree as mementos of the place, and preserving their vitality by immersion of an end in

water, our former midshipmite came at the voyage-end to his home in England. Retiring on a pension, he determined to visit his brother in Canada, and brought with him, amongst other impedimenta, some of his willow slips cut at Saint Helena. These the brothers planted in the sandy beach in front of Highbury, where they took root and grew into mighty trees. To such a size have they grown, and such a feature of the landscape have they become, that they have not only overshadowed the old house, but have quite blotting out even its ancient name by their insistent presence. The place is known, and has been for a generation past, as "The Willows." It is the local Mecca for artistic colourists and kodak snappers, as the most picturesque "bit" hereabouts. The accompanying picture gives a fair idea of the place. But it must be seen in our glorious summer-time standing out against the background of dark pines, and with the brilliant Canadian sun bringing out the masses and details of colour and light and shade, to appreciate the romantic beauty of the spot.

And in the moonlight, the silvery sheen of the wonderful river is rippled by the dip of many a paddle, as canoes linger under the drooping limbs, arching far over the stream. And evening breezes of the Saint Lawrence whisper to the rustling leaves the same messages that are perchance being sighed through the willow branches beside the spring at Saint Helena.

*William Frederick Jackson.*



A CURIOUS ACCOUNT

A LADY, who recently returned from London, England, furnishes this unique specimen of accounts. This was handed to her by a cabby whom she employed:

Arfada.....	2s. 6d.
Agetinovemomeagin.....	2s. 6d.
A.....	6d.
	<hr/>
	5s. 6d.
Being translated this means:	
Half a day.....	2s. 6d.
Getting of them home again.....	2s. 6d.
Hay.....	6d.
	<hr/>
	5s. 6d.

# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —  
Business Men.

## THE C.P.R. ROUTE



CORRESPONDENT commenting upon the article "Canadian vs. United States Engineers," in the April CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the accompanying chart, says:

"In the article on the Railway Engineering and Survey of the C.P.R. and G.T.R. there is a profile sketch of the route surveyed by the Canadian, as compared with that of the American engineers, showing a much more level line for the former.

A few years ago I chanced on a confirmation of this, as well as the reason for the change of route; although at the time I did not know that two sets of engineers had been employed.

When in British Columbia in 1897, I met one of the linemen employed on the C.P.R. survey through the mountainous section, who in the course of a very interesting account of the difficulties met with and overcome, stated that they could all have been avoided just as well as not.

It seems the American engineers had the map of the first survey, and when they went over the Crow's Nest Pass route, it was unhesitatingly condemned. Why? Because it was too easy; there was not enough work for them in this route. So they hunted up the Kicking Horse Pass, got all the work they wanted, and we fools of Canadians paid the bills."

It has generally been understood that the Crow's Nest Pass Route was rejected by the Government because of its proximity to the International Boundary. Perhaps another correspondent can give proof of this.



## THE COPPER BOUNTY

LAST month, there was published in this department a defence of the British Columbia request for a bounty on copper ore. It is interesting to note that such a leading class journal as *The Canadian Mining Review* declares against a bounty on any kind of ore production.

In its April issue it has an article on the lead ore situation, and in its remarks this sentence appears:

"The *Review* is also insistent in taking the ground that any industry dependent for its existence upon the supply of Government aid, either in the shape of bounties or duties, had better be left to die a natural death, inasmuch as its prolonged existence is at the expense of the rest of the community, and inasmuch also as no amount of artificial feeding can make the infant strong and lusty."



## THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

IN a recent address to the Young Men's League in Montreal, Mr. C. M. Hays, First Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Pacific, stated that it would take 500 men three years, if they worked all the time, to produce enough cross ties to lay the new transcontinental railway, and that when it is completed it will require 20,000 men to operate and maintain it.

"The problem you must determine is how Canada may enjoy those benefits which increased transportation will bring," remarked Mr. Hays, "and yet so enact laws that you will retain the good-will of railway corporations, and also the good-will of investors. The good-will of investors must be held so that they will not be reluctant to place their capital in railroad enterprises. This is a problem with which England and the United States are wrestling. I leave it to you for consideration, but it is well to remember that railroads, like all other great commercial enterprises, must be allowed in all countries the privileges of earning a reasonable return on the money invested in them. It is well to remember, also, that out of every dollar received from traffic, both passenger and freight, seventy cents are paid back to the country in wages, cost of maintenance and other expenses. This must be paid back

before a company can pay dividends to shareholders."

In reference to finances, Mr. Hays said: "We must look to England for our additional facilities. Investors in Great Britain must view railroad possibilities in Canada with favour if we are to get further securities for the construction of new roads and branches."



#### THE B.C. GOLD MINES

THE mining situation in British Columbia is slowly improving. At one time Rosslund stood to be abandoned. Ore paying less than \$20 a ton could not be profitably treated with the methods then in vogue, and it was found that the average Kootenay gold ore carried less than that amount of metal per ton. Only the rich ore paid its way. Then improvements in production and treatment were made, and \$12 ore came to be profitable. Further improvements followed and now \$9 ore is successfully handled. It is hoped that within ten years \$6 ore will be made to pay, and then permanent prosperity will be assured.

In the meantime an agitation is being carried on for the reduction or abolition of the two per cent. provincial tax. British Columbia as a Province has been under great expense and every available means of taxation had to be used. It was necessary to tax the mines as much as they would stand. The result, however, has been disastrous and the Province will have to consider whether the maintenance of this impost is not detrimental to its best interests.



#### RAILWAY DISCRIMINATION

EVERY discussion of railway rates reveals the existence of a policy of systematic discrimination, says the *Toronto Globe* (May 1st). There is no evidence of corporate discrimination such as gave the Standard Oil Company its monopoly in the United States, but there is a complete disregard of ordinary business rules in an effort to secure all the traffic will bear. Freight is classified and rates are adjusted with this end in view. In every schedule of freight classification there are a few items in which the differ-

ent charges are sustained and justified on commercial grounds. The goods on which higher rates are levied are more bulky, or otherwise entail greater outlay on the part of the carrying corporation. These occasional and almost isolated instances are always cited by railway experts when attacks are made on their rates and classifications. In the recent discussion at Ottawa it was shown that Michigan farmers were shipping cattle to the seaboard for twenty-two cents per cwt., while Canadian farmers between Windsor and London were paying twenty-five cents per cwt. for the shorter haul over the same line. Similar discriminations were said to exist with regard to apples and other commodities. The contrast is made all the more striking by the fact that the Canadians are heavily taxed for bonuses to these lines, while the people of Michigan pay them nothing but the freight and passenger rates. The evil is further aggravated by the heavy taxation of railways in Michigan and the comparatively light imposts in Canada.

Other discriminations were cited in the debate. It costs three and one-half cents per cwt. more to ship cattle one hundred miles in Ontario than to ship them two hundred and ninety miles in Michigan. Grain rates to the seaboard are from two to five cents higher from Canadian points than from American points. Farmers at Morrisburg and other points along the St. Lawrence pay eight and one-quarter cents on wheat to Montreal, the same rate as from Detroit. An interesting contrast is the import rate of twenty-six cents per cwt. on first-class freight at Toronto, and the export rate of forty cents. Evidently our import tariff lessens the bearing power of the traffic. If we had an equally stiff export tariff there would not be so much left for the railways. . . . A strong commission, with liberal authority, and not hampered by the courts, might work some improvement. But it would be over-sanguine to expect extensive improvements from any plan less drastic than the assumption of public control over highways. This is a change far too radical for the present standards of public spirit and the existing state of popular opinion.

MUCH



IN A  
LITTLE COMPASS

**"MUCH IN LITTLE."**

THE OLD LATIN MOTTO, "MULTUM IN PARVO," HAS PROVED TRUE THROUGH ALL AGES.

IT IS PARTICULARLY APPLICABLE TO AN ARTICLE OF FOOD WHICH CONTAINS STRENGTH--IN A CONDENSED FORM--OF FORTY TIMES ITS OWN BULK.

IT TELLS YOU EXACTLY.

**WHAT "BOVRIL" IS**

AND WHEN YOU GET A FOOD WHICH TONES UP, STRENGTHENS AND NOURISHES THE SYSTEM; WHICH IS AS DELICATELY FLAVORED AND AS PALATABLE AS IS BOVRIL, YOU THEN REALIZE WHAT IS MEANT BY THIS PHRASE WHEN USED IN CONNECTION WITH FOOD PRODUCTS.

**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 further.



ASK FOR

**Labatt's**

(LONDON)

**Ostermoor**



**\$15.00**

**\$15.00**

Why not learn about the Ostermoor even if you don't want a mattress now?

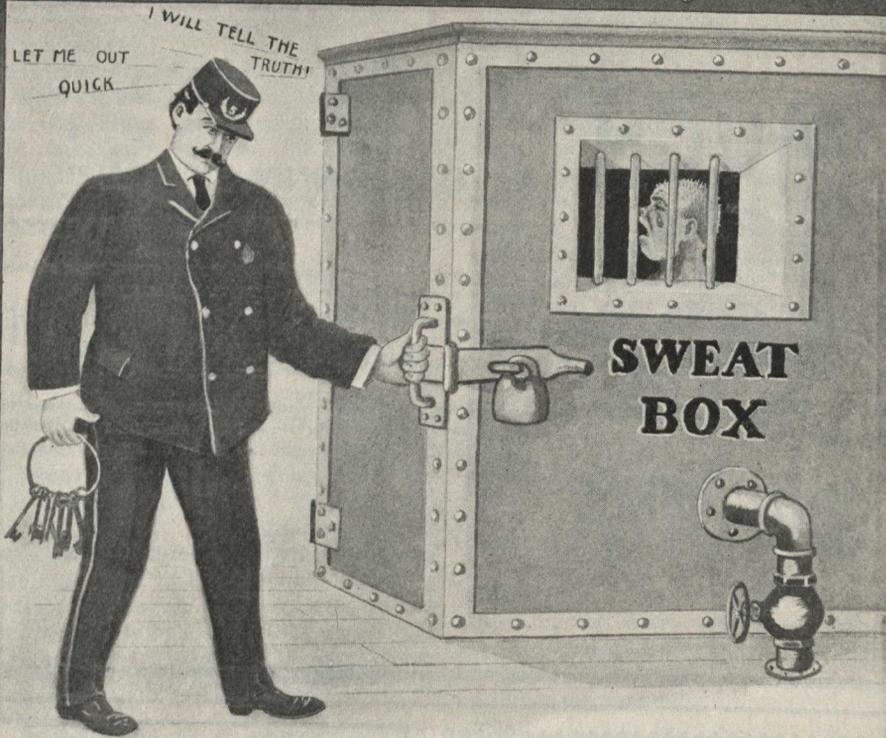
Send a postal card for our "Test of Time" booklet and name of Agent in your town. Booklet describes the manufacture of the Ostermoor Mattress and sets forth our extraordinary guarantees of satisfaction.

**THE Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd.**

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg



## Truth will Come Out Under Pressure

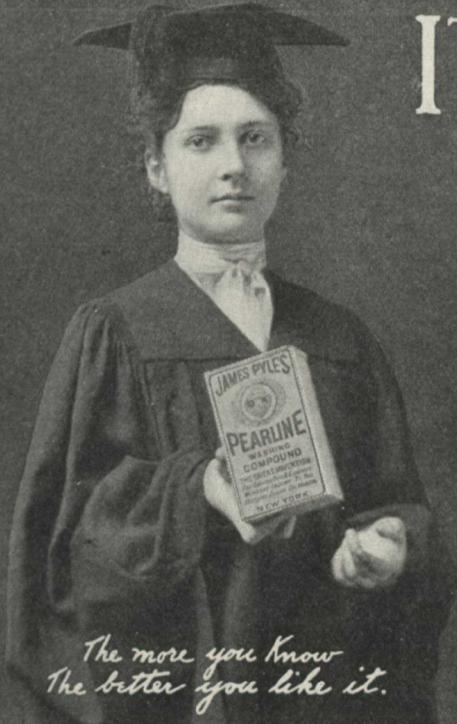
Some (many) men and women lie to themselves — "Coffee doesn't hurt me" — smother over the daily wound, charge the aches and ills and growing disease to this or that but stick to the coffee.

Old Dame Nature strikes back a little harder each week. She is patient under the daily attacks of coffee, but she will keep hitting harder and harder until nervous prostration or worse appears.

The **truth will come out** when you finally conclude to test it and leave off coffee 10 days and use

# POSTUM

"There's a Reason"



*The more you know  
The better you like it.*

# IT ISN'T THE USE OF CLOTHES

that makes them old before their time; it's the rubbing and straining on a washboard—getting the dirt out by main strength.

# PEARLINE

THE IMPROVED SOAP is in powdered form for your convenience. As it washes without rubbing, it saves the worst of the wear.

PEARLINE ENJOYS THE LARGEST SALE AMONG  
**Intelligent Women**

5159

# WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(A LA QUINA DU PEROU)

is a palatable Tonic Wine, representing a chemical combination of pure Oporto Wine and Extract of Cinchona Bark—the fibrifuge properties of which are well known to the medical profession—making it a most invaluable adjuvant in the treatment of Anaemia, Chlorosis, General Debility, and all cases of Over-worked Body and Brain.

**BIG BOTTLE, - - \$1.00**  
**SIX BOTTLES, - - \$5.00**

ALL DRUGGISTS

EVERYWHERE



HIGHEST GRADE  
*Yildiz*  
MAGNUMS  
PURE EGYPTIAN  
*Cigarettes.*

# Dr. Deimel Underwear

**C**ATCHING COLD is an indication of an impaired activity of the skin, and occurs most frequently with people of weakened capillary circulation, the result of wearing woolen undergarments.

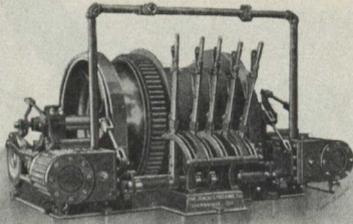
Such affections as catarrh, bronchitis and pneumonia are traceable to the same predisposing cause. The retention of waste material, attending the wearing of woollens next the skin, gives rise to inflammatory diseases of internal organs, including Bright's disease.

A change to the Dr. Deimel Underwear is usually followed by immediate results for the better. The skin, heretofore covered with a clammy layer of unabsorbed perspiration and debris, assumes a normally dry and elastic condition. It is, so to speak, toned up. Exposure is not felt so much, nor is it followed by attacks of cold; catarrhal and rheumatic tendencies disappear and the danger of pneumonia is greatly lessened. Within a short time the wearer wonders at the marvelous change for the better which has taken place in his general health, and is surprised that he ever could have worn woolen underwear.

Free Booklet and Samples of Fabric by addressing

Deimel Linen-Mesh Co., 2202 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Can.

New York San Francisco Washington Brooklyn Baltimore London



☐ Wherever there is a Cableway there should be one of our Special Cableway Hoists.

☐ Without it the equipment of no Open Mine or Quarry is as good as it might be.

☐ Why? Because, after careful investigation of the conditions, it was designed especially for this service by one of the foremost experts on Mining Machinery in America.

☐ The cut shown above will give you a very fair idea of this Hoist.

☐ The larger Drum is for raising the load; the smaller concave Drum alongside it is for operating the Carriage on the Cable.

☐ The Engine is equipped with Link Motion; both Drums are of the Friction Type and both are provided with powerful brakes as well. All Operating Levers are brought to the front and neatly assembled in a Quadrant.

☐ The strong point of this Hoist is the rapid handling of a heavy load. It would make money for you by saving time.

☐ We should be glad to come to you in person or by mail with full particulars.

**THE JENCKES MACHINE Co.**  
LIMITED

50 LANSDOWNE ST. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

# BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS,

FOR  
GOUT,  
RHEUMATISM,  
SCIATICA,  
LUMBAGO,  
NEURALGIA.

The Excruciating Pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills. Sure, safe and effectual.

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal and Toronto.  
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

Ask your grocer for

## Windsor Salt

the good cook's standby,  
the housewife's favorite,  
the one salt that is absolutely pure.

## FREE FOR SIX MONTHS

THE MINING HERALD. Leading Mining and financial paper, giving valuable information on mining and oil industries, principal companies, best dividend paying stocks, and showing how immense profits may be made on absolutely safe investments. Write for it to-day. A. L. WISNER & CO., 32 Broadway, New York.

## CLARK'S Pork and Beans

When Pork and Beans is mentioned one naturally thinks of "Clark's," as no other is in the same class. 5c. and 10c. tins.

W. CLARK, Mfr., Montreal

# PRIESTLEYS'

## Lustres, Mohairs and Sicilliennes

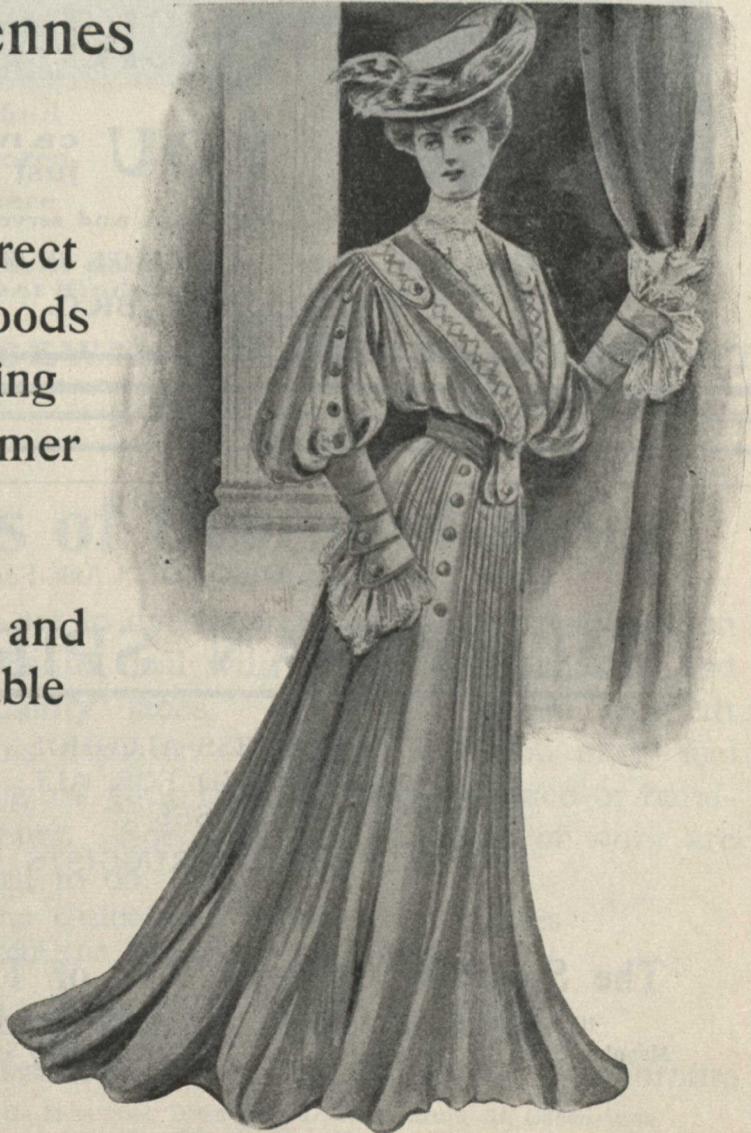
The correct  
Dress Goods  
for Spring  
and Summer



Durable and  
Serviceable



FOR SALE AT  
ALL THE  
LEADING  
DRY GOODS  
STORES  
THROUGHOUT  
THE  
DOMINION



*"Master thinks I'm a dandy  
at mixing cocktails."*



**CLUB  
COCKTAILS**

**YOU** can do it  
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROS.**

HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

When Requiring "ALCOHOL" Ask For

## COLUMNIAN SPIRITS

IT IS AN ODORLESS ALCOHOL  
AND CAN BE USED FOR ALL  
EXTERNAL PURPOSES  
FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Manufactured by

**The Standard Chemical Co. of Toronto**

HEAD OFFICE  
Manning Chambers, Toronto

EASTERN OFFICE  
290 St. James St., Montreal

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been recognized as maintaining the

## Highest Standard of Excellence

among Family Sewing-Machines and is NOW SOLD AT LOWER PRICES, quality considered, than any other. Whether you propose the purchase of a machine or not there is much to interest most women at any Singer Store—and all are cordially invited.

By this Sign  
you may know  
and will find  
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Everywhere



These Machines  
are never sold  
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Only from Maker  
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A small payment down, the rest at convenient intervals.  
Three different kinds and a wide range of prices to suit.

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**SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY**

At Singer Stores in every city.

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THERE is art in dyeing and cleaning, especially when one comes to deal with handsome costumes and delicate and dainty laces. We have attained to great success in this finer art of dyeing, and you may feel safe in sending us your choicest pieces of lace or hand-somest garments. Specialists at this kind of work are given the work to do.

- Our customers include the best families
- from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

**R. PARKER & CO.**

Dyers and Cleaners

787-791 Yonge St., Toronto

BRANCHES—Montreal, Hamilton, London, Galt, St. Catharines,  
Woodstock, Brantford.

# THE RUSSELL

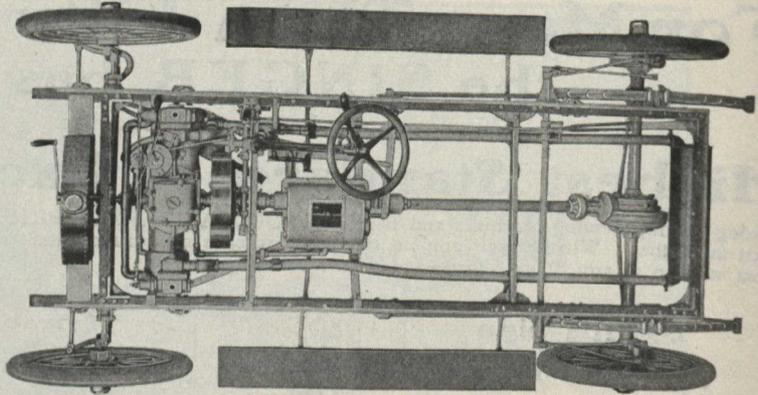
The new touring car, designed to overcome the road conditions of Canada, has unusually good power—is luxuriously upholstered and appointed.

“The Russell” is no experiment. It has been thoroughly tested on all typical roads.

**SPECIFICATIONS**—12 to 14 horse power, double cylinder opposed engine—situated under the bonnet in front, driving through a slide gear transmission with three speeds forward and one reverse. Bevel gear drive direct to rear axle. 90 inch wheel base. Wheels 30 x 3½ inches. Gasoline capacity for two hundred miles. Body of handsome design, with side entrance tonneau, which is also easily detachable so as to be used for runabout purposes. Color—ultramarine blue body with light running gear.

**EQUIPMENT**—Two oil lamps, tail lamp, horn. Price, \$1,500

**CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LIMITED**  
Automobile Corner, Bay and Temperance Streets, - TORONTO



# IT IS BACK TO BICYCLES



IT should be back to Bicycles with everyone who ever rode a wheel—for these particular wheels this year are so far ahead of their predecessors that it would be realizing new pleasures and new and luxurious comforts in the joy of living to ride any of them.

Cleveland Massey-Harris  
Brantford Welland-Vale

The wheels that are equipped with the Hygienic Cushion Frame, the new Morrow Coaster Brake and the Sills proposition from that of four

Handle Bar—improvements that make wheeling an entirely different years ago.

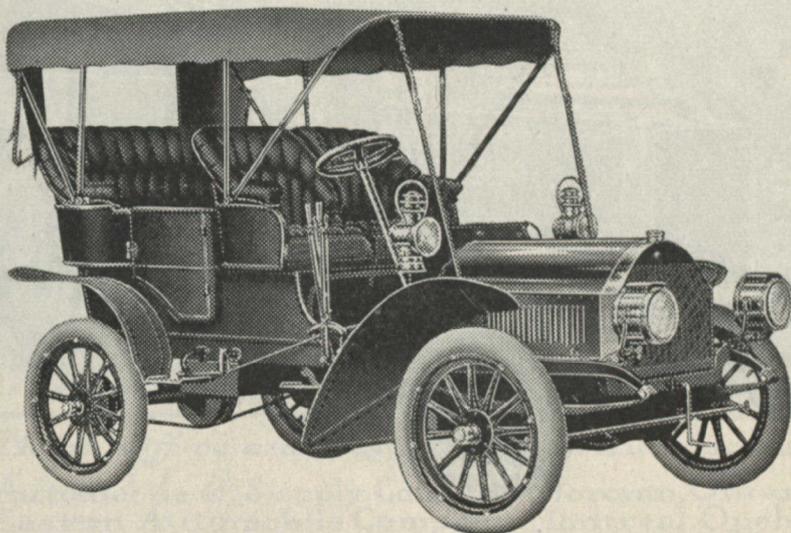
No breakdowns—every road a smooth road—more speed and less work—no jarring or vibration—better material—better workmanship. :: :: ::

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MAKERS WORLD'S BEST BICYCLES  
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# STEVENS-DURYEA

## 1905 TOURING CAR



**T**HE STEVENS-DURYEA is better and more favorably known than any other Automobile in Canada.

It is particularly suited to Canadian Roads—combines power and staying power with absolute simple control.

Four Cylinders—a Motor of 20 horse power—three Speeds, forward and reverse—seats five passengers.

Write for New Catalogue.

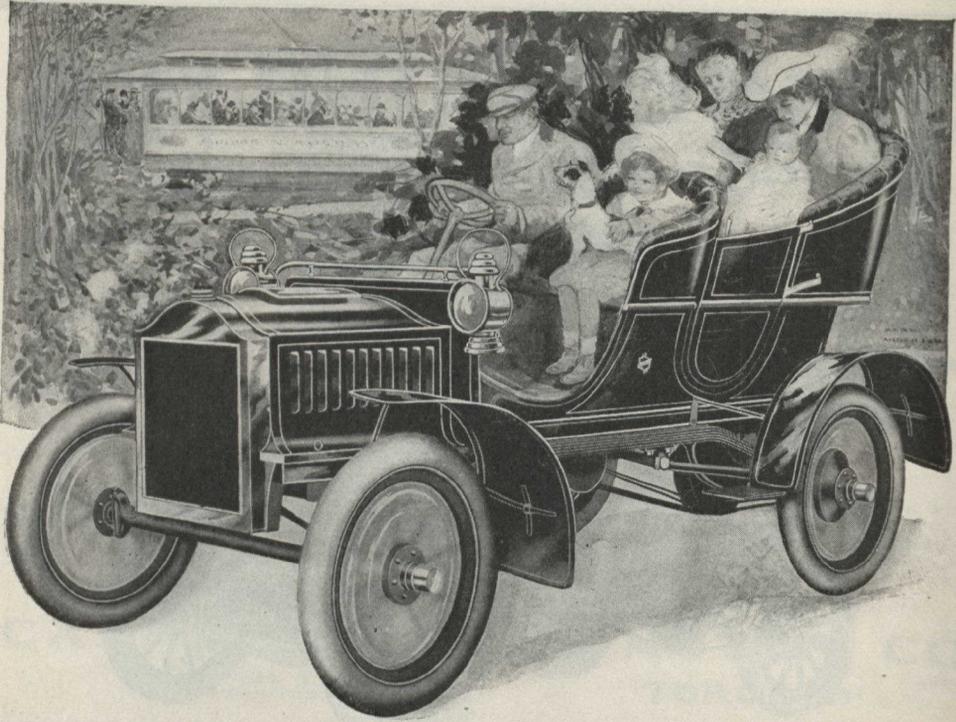
### STEVENS-DURYEA

Manufactured by The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co.

SOLE CANADIAN AGENTS

**CANADA CYCLE AND MOTOR CO.**  
TORONTO

LIMITED



*A Trolley Car that Needs no Track—the*

# OLDSMOBILE

has demonstrated by dependable service its possibilities as a car for family comfort as well as public utility. What is more healthful and enjoyable than to be out from the hot, over-crowded "trolley", in the fresh, exhilarating open, with speed and power at your instant touch, and with *nothing to watch but the road?* Life has new meaning to you, and the Oldsmobile a new place in your affections.

You find in our line the car you want, at the right price and with the quality you have a right to expect.

Standard Runabout,	7 h. p.,	\$650	Touring Car, 20 h. p., (2 cyl.)	\$1,400
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			Ten Passenger Wagonette	\$2,200

All prices f. o. b. Factory. Our handsome new catalogue "A" free on request.

## Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

*Member of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers*

Drawing by Karl Anderson  
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# Rambler

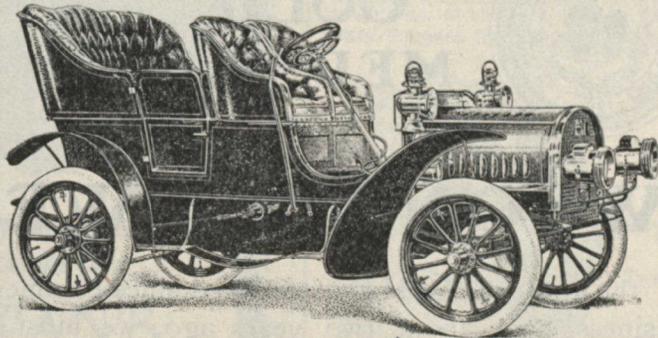


The enjoyment of it is not confined to the hours when the men of the household are free; *women and children can use it meanwhile.* ¶ The operation is by one lever, pedals and a throttle attached to the steering wheel. ¶ The hand that steers is the hand that controls. ¶ Ignition is automatic. ¶ The working parts are readily accessible, and so simple that adjustments can be made *without the help of a mechanic.* ¶ It is never necessary to crawl under the machine.

*Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.*

Automobile & Supply Company, Toronto, Ontario.  
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**SURREY, TYPE ONE**

16 to 18 horse power, \$1350.

Other models \$750, \$850, \$2000 and \$3000. Full information on request.





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FOR

*Infants, Invalids  
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
admirably adapted to the  
wants of infants."

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GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
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Neave's Food is regularly  
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**GOLD  
MEDALS  
FOR**



## HEWSON PURE WOOL TWEEDS

Of the three Gold Medals received since commencing business here about two years ago, we most prize the latest—a special award from the Charlottetown Exhibition Commission. Hewson Tweeds for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Boys' wear are unexcelled. Insist on being supplied with the genuine.

MADE ONLY BY

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited, Amherst, N.S.



**COWAN'S**



Such dainty and delicate Confections are

**COWAN'S**  
**SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,**  
**CHOCOLATE CREAM BARS,**  
**CHOCOLATE WAFERS, Etc.**

**A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER**  
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S**  
**ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

**PURIFIES**  
 AS WELL AS  
**Beautifies**  
 the Skin  
 No other cosmetic  
 will do it.



**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

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**\$1.00** for 500 neatly printed Business Cards, Note Heads, Tickets, Bill Heads, Statements or Envelopes. Price list and samples free.  
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25 years of Paris-London experience enables them to put upon this market the very best and latest styles in Pompadours, Transformation Wigs, Switches, wavy and straight, etc., at the very **Lowest Prices.**

**Gents' Toupees from \$10.00. Wigs from 15.00 up**

Catalogue, 1905,  
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Use **ARMAND'S**  
 Famous  
**Gray Hair Restorer**  
 \$3.00 a Box  
 Two Boxes for \$5.00

Highest Awards  
 Paris-London

**MAIL ORDERS**  
 PROMPTLY  
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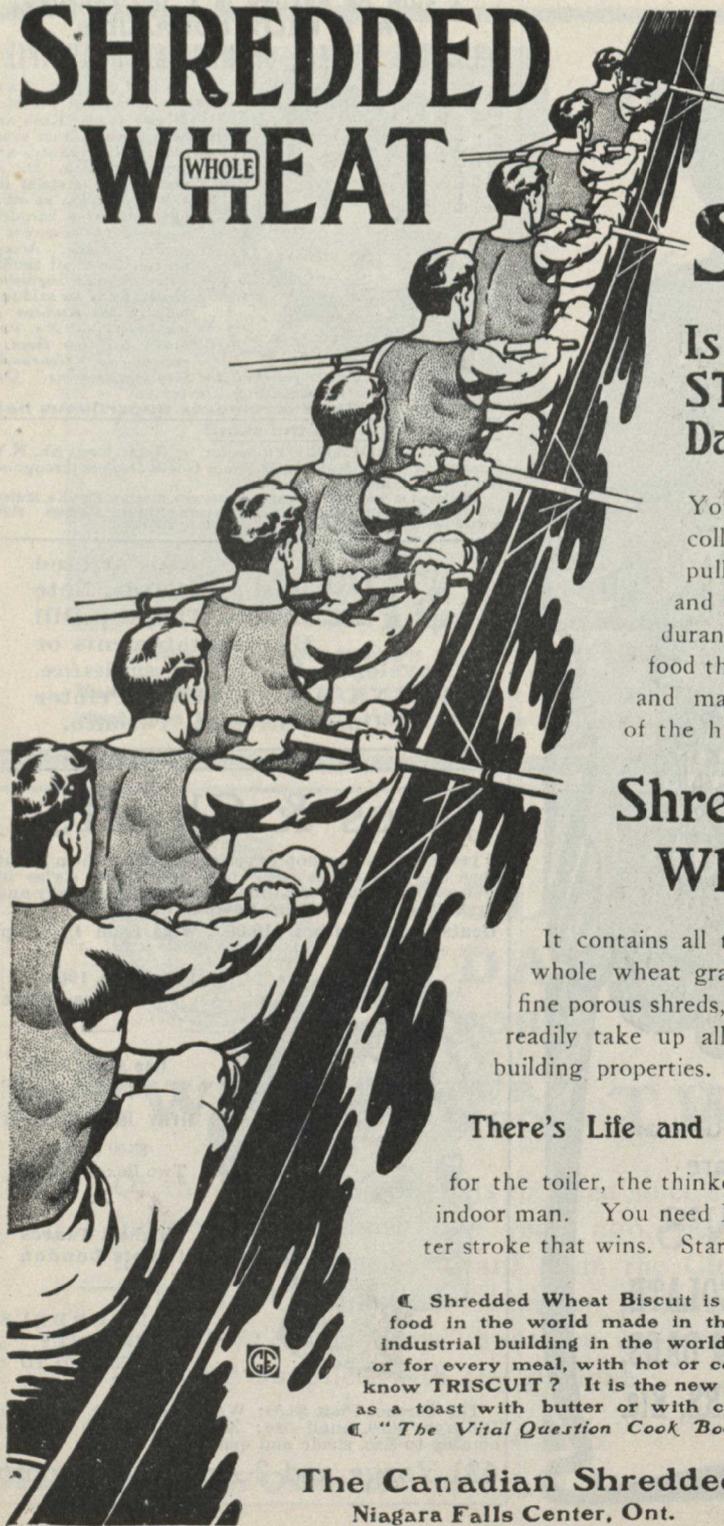


The Coronet Plait \$3.50; Wavy from \$5.50. Parisian Dip from \$4.50, small size; Ear to Ear, from \$8.50, according to size, shade and quality.

**431 Yonge and 2 Ann Sts., Toronto**

# SHREDDED WHEAT

WHOLE



# How's YOUR STROKE?

Is It **STEADY** and  
**STRONG** Every  
Day in the Year?

You are not training for a college regatta. But you must pull an oar in the race of life, and you need the strength and endurance that come from a natural food that is perfectly adapted in form and material to every requirement of the human body. Such a food is

## Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

It contains all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain, cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds, which enable the stomach to readily take up all their strength-giving, body-building properties.

### There's Life and Health in Every Shred

for the toiler, the thinker, the outdoor man and the indoor man. You need Brawn and Brain for the master stroke that wins. Starchy foods do not make them.

☪ Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the purest and cleanest cereal food in the world made in the cleanest and most hygienic industrial building in the world. It is delicious for breakfast, or for every meal, with hot or cold milk or cream. ☪ Do you know TRISCUIT? It is the new Shredded Wheat cracker, eaten as a toast with butter or with cheese, preserves or beverages. ☪ "The Vital Question Cook Book" is sent free. Write to-day.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company  
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Absolute  
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Not  
Bleached.

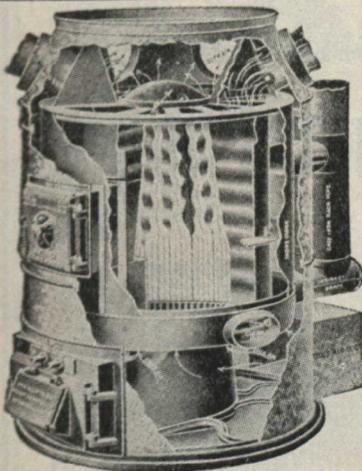
The Symbol



of Quality.

*"Those things called dear,  
are, when justly estimated,  
the cheapest?"*

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• Oak Lake — Manitoba — Canada •



## THE WARM AIR GENERATOR YOU'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT

HEAT MAKERS, FUEL SAVERS—FOR  
THE HOME, CHURCH, SCHOOL

The "Kelsey" is NOT a hot air furnace.  
THE KELSEY SYSTEM furnishes large volumes of pure,  
fresh, warm air rather than a small quantity of hot, dry,  
Scorched Air.

THE KELSEY SYSTEM is most closely allied to INDI-  
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THE KELSEY SYSTEM will give the most EFFICIENT,  
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**26,000 PLEASED "KELSEY" USERS**

**"KELSEY"**  
MADE IN SIX SIZES



DIRECT CONTRACTS MADE—PROPER RESULTS  
GUARANTEED

"Kelsey" specialists superintend their Proper Installation. If interested write for "Kelsey Book-  
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**THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

LIMITED

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

SOLE MAKERS FOR CANADA

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## THE MAN WHO SPENDS

a little time investigating the pedigree of varnish before he permits its use on his woodwork usually gets big interest on the investment.

An indifferent attitude towards varnish is responsible for many a spoiled interior.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH and LIQUID GRANITE gives the highest results in the way of a finish attainable on wood.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years. Use it on general interior woodwork.

For floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds, and front doors, use LIQUID GRANITE. It is the extraordinary wear resisting qualities of LIQUID GRANITE that make it equally valuable for floors and all woodwork where the exposure is severe.

Samples of finished woods and interesting booklets on wood finishing sent free for the asking.



This is the celebrated Toy Wagon that we give away free under certain conditions. Since we introduced it a few years ago it has found its way to all parts of the world and has made thousands of boys and girls happy.

Copy of picture and full particulars sent upon application.

**BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED,**

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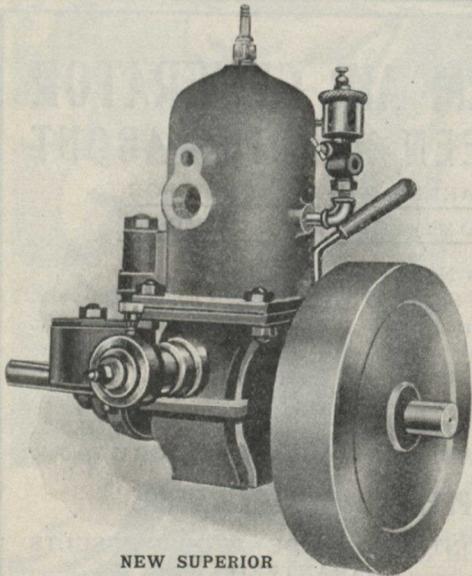
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Canadian Factory, WALKERVILLE, ONT.



NEW SUPERIOR

## HIGH-GRADE GASOLINE ENGINES

2 Cycles, 2 to 8 H.P.

4 Cycles, 6 to 40 H.P.

EASY TO START

SIMPLE TO LEARN

Write for Catalogue and full particulars.

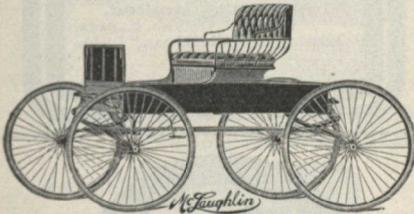
**THE CANADA LAUNCH AND ENGINE WORKS, Limited**

Foot of Carlaw Ave., TORONTO, ONT.

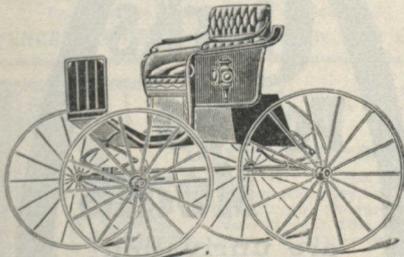
QUALITY COUNTS

# McLAUGHLIN VEHICLES

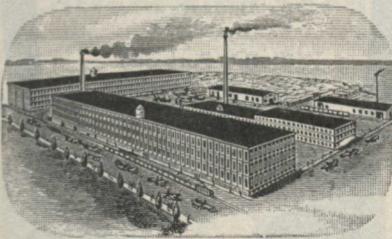
are living creations of the designer's skill, the artist's taste and the manufacturer's triumph in placing before the purchasing public, carriages of the most improved type, enduring qualities and easiest riding properties obtainable on wheels. Catalogue free to intending purchasers. Over 100 different varieties from which to select.



No. 153—Pneumatic Tire Runabout



No. 165—Hyde Park Stanhope  
One of the latest creations. Very stylish and comfortable.



Largest Carriage Factory under the British Flag.  
Capacity—One finished vehicle every 10 minutes.

**McLaughlin Carriage Co.**  
Oshawa, Ont. Limited



## HOMeward BOUND

Put your faith in the reliable

# HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS.

But be sure it is a Hartshorn. The genuine has the script signature of STEWART HARTSHORN on every roller. It is there for your protection.

WOOD ROLLERS.  
TIN ROLLERS.



The Improved Hartshorn requires no tacks.

## This "1900 Junior" BALL-BEARING WASHER FREE



We send it prepaid for a month's actual use. If you then wish to own it, a few cents a week will make it yours; if not, you return it at our expense. No risk to you.

IT DOES YOUR WASHING FOR YOU WHILE YOU SIT ON A CHAIR, IN ONE-TENTH THE TIME, and for less money than you can do it by any other method. The slightest pressure of the hand makes it work.

It makes you as independent on wash day as on any other day. A whole tubful of clothes, no matter how soiled, can be washed in six minutes. The washing of a family of ten can be done in an hour, better, cheaper, cleaner, easier and without work or trouble. A child of 12 can operate it. You scarcely have to wet your hands. It cannot get out of order, and cannot injure the clothes, whether you wash the most delicate fabric or the heaviest blanket.

## No More

Steeping Over a Wash-tub  
Steaming Up the House  
Backaches, Colds or  
Chapped Hands  
Wearing Out of Clothes

Words cannot tell its usefulness: actual use is all that really tells the story of The "1900 Junior" WASHER. Therefore we say again: Send us your name and address and we will ship you the Washer, freight prepaid. Use it for thirty days. If you then are willing to be without it, return it to us, freight charges collect. If you want to own it, our easy payment plan will enable you to do so without missing the money. Do not delay, but write at once, addressing your letter to

**THE BACH SPECIALTY CO.**

Dept. V. 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Careless  
Navigation  
Wrecks Snips  
and  
Careless  
Habits  
Wreck Teeth

Insure against the  
wrecking of the  
teeth by using

Wampole's  
Formolid  
Tooth Paste

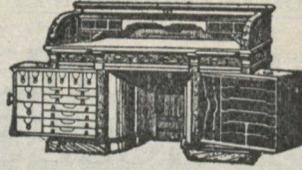
Antiseptic in  
action and  
Delicious  
in Flavor

The toilet equip-  
ment of ladies or  
gentlemen is not  
complete without  
some of it.

Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on  
sale at Drug Stores only

Price, Twenty-five cents (25c.) each

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**Every Device**

necessary to make a desk reliable,  
labor saving, economical, is found  
in those we manufacture. In ma-  
terial and construction, in finish  
and utility, in durability and design  
they lead all other makes. They  
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.  
**Canadian Office & School  
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PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.  
Office, School, Church and Lodge  
Furniture.

**Clark's  
Potted  
Meats**

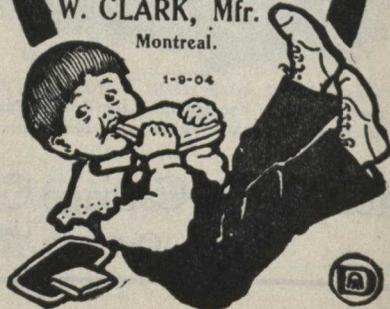
are unrivalled  
For Sandwiches.

Potted Ham, Tongue, Chicken,  
Etc., Etc.

Clark's Pork and  
Beans are delicious  
Try them

W. CLARK, Mfr.  
Montreal.

1-9-04



# SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.  
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND  
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent  
postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING  
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.  
For Samples apply to the Proprietors,  
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City

Many years of careful study among birds produced patent

## Bird Bread

That is why it can be relied upon and why there is such an enormous demand for it. 10c. the pkge., 2 large cakes.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and get free two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (s)

## Cottam Bird Seed

Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers. Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.  
Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.



Dutch Artists & English Painters  
use only the celebrated  
**WINSOR & NEWTON'S**  
Oil and Water Colors  
acknowledged by all the standard in  
the art world. Ask your dealer.  
**A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.**  
Wholesale agents for Canada.

# TWO HANDS



## AND A CAN OF Andrew's Nukote

### WORK WONDERS IN THE HOME

It is the new, up-to-date finish and house beautifier. Stains and finishes in one application, and is so easy to apply that splendid results may be obtained by any inexperienced person. To be used on floors, furniture, picture frames, metal work, iron fences, linoleum and woodwork of all kinds, old or new. Has hundreds of uses in every home. It is made in ten popular wood colors. Is very elastic, spreads easily and is always ready for use.

### WHAT IT DOES

Imitates perfectly any hardwood.  
Hides disfiguring stains, scratches, etc.  
Gives a high lustre, or can be rubbed to a dull finish.  
Works equally well on hard or soft wood.  
Enables one to change a dark piece of furniture, or a floor or woodwork, to a light finish, or vice versa.  
Resists moisture. Dries quickly.  
Flows out well and leaves a hard, durable coat; makes old furniture and floors look new and beautiful.  
Makes house-cleaning easy.

Our illustrated booklet, "What I Did With Nukote," free for the asking. Address Dept. H., Buffalo, N.Y.

## PRATT & LAMBERT

Varnish Makers

New York

Buffalo

Chicago





# Icilma.

Is a natural water that has a marvellous vitalising action on the skin.

**Icilma Water** is the most rapid and painless remedy for styes, sore eyes, children's irritations, chilblains, chaps, nettlerash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema and irritations from heat, riding or weakness.

**Icilma Fluor Cream** contains no grease, and its refreshing and cleansing virtues make the skin healthy, transparent, free from roughness, wrinkles and superfluous hair, and give a lovely clear complexion that needs no powder.

**Icilma Soap** is invaluable for hard or brackish water, and for all skin irritations, and is a revelation of what a complexion and medicinal soap can be.

Their marvellous healing and beautifying powers, their soothing effects when tired, irritated or warm, their absolute harmlessness make **Icilma Water, Cream and Soap** a necessity in every home and to every traveller.

Of all good Chemists  
and Stores.

**ICILMA CO., Ltd.,** LONDON,  
ENGLAND

## The Wabash System

20 BIG CONVENTIONS TO BE HELD IN COLORADO AND CALIFORNIA DURING THIS SUMMER 20

Round trip tickets will be sold from May 1st to September 28th, good to return ninety days from date of sale—rates will be about single first-class fare for the round trip. Good going and returning via all direct routes, with stop over privileges.

This will be a grand opportunity to visit the Pacific Coast at a very low rate and take in the Great (LEWIS & CLARK) Exposition, to be held in Portland, Oregon, June 1st to October 15th. The Wabash is the short and true route to Pacific Coast Points.

For full particulars address

J. A. RICHARDSON, District Passenger Agent  
North-East Corner King and Yonge Streets, TORONTO

# LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



# THE ELLIS

## SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED

### UNDERWEAR

Is made of the finest and cleanest yarns in Silka-teen, Cotton and Wool, on the famous Cooper machines, producing a fabric of remarkable elasticity, insuring a perfect, easy and natural fit. Our all-cotton fabric absorbs perspiration better than linen, and is highly healthful.

Ask your dealer for it and refuse imitations that are "just as good." Send for booklet and sample of fabric. All garments bearing our label are GENUINE SPRING NEEDLE RIB, of which we are sole makers in Canada.

**THE ELLIS MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Limited  
HAMILTON, ONT.



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

## KAY'S FOR WEDDING GIFTS



**I**F you would give something artistic, uncommon and exclusive you will find a wide assortment to pick and choose from awaiting you here. Included are rare designs in

FANCY CHAIRS AND TABLES  
BRIC-A-BRAC CABINETS  
ANTIQUE PEWTER STEINS  
ART POTTERY AND PORCELAIN  
PAINTED CHINA  
CURTAINS IN VARIETY  
ETC. ETC. ETC.

ORIENTAL RUGS  
ORIENTAL FURNITURE  
CASHMER BOWLS AND COFFERS  
BENARES TRAYS  
GRANDFATHER CLOCKS  
TAPESTRY PANELS  
ETC. ETC. ETC.

We Invite Orders and Correspondence from Out of Town Residents.

**JOHN KAY, SON & CO., LIMITED, 36-38 King St. W., Toronto**

# Gerhard Heintzman Ltd Pianos



## GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

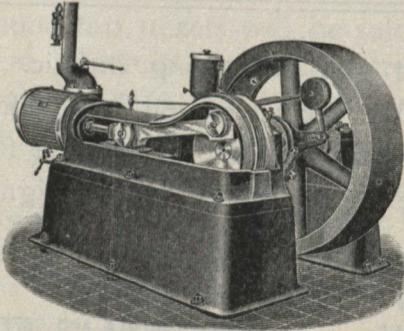
**TONE**—Upon no other pedestal can be reared that work of art, "The Perfect Piano."  
 Upon this pedestal the Gerhard Heintzman Piano looks down upon competition.  
 Sweet as a harp are its notes, and clear as a silvery laugh of childhood. For  
 tone the piano "PAR EXCELLENCE."

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited, 97 Yonge St., TORONTO.

HAMILTON WAREHOUSES—127 KING ST. EAST.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

# Robb-Armstrong Engines



are all fitted with automatic governors and run at regular speed, whether loaded or light.

They use about 25 per cent. less steam than the best grade of engine with throttling governor.

They are built on the interchangeable system and duplicate parts, exact in fit, are kept in stock.

## Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto.  
 Watson Jack & Company, Montreal.  
 J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

# SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK

IT IS ENTITLED

## “MONEY IN BANANAS”

AND IT WILL TELL YOU



How to make money in banana growing.  
How and where bananas grow.  
Their value as a food product.  
How profits from bananas compare with  
farm products raised in the United  
States.

The wonderful possibilities in the banana  
industry for small investors.

How, by a small monthly investment for a few months, you  
may secure a life income.

If you want insurance against poverty, a guarantee of inde-  
pendence in old age, and a life income of from \$100 to  
\$1,000 a year, write us at once for this

## FREE BOOK

You will find it an interesting story about the most remarkable  
opportunity ever offered. Write for it to-day.

A postal saying, “send Money in Bananas,” will do. The book  
will be sent you free by return mail.

### CO-OPERATIVE TROPICAL FRUIT ASSOCIATION

982 Real Estate Trust Building, PHILADELPHIA

# No Argument Will Convince a Woman

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that a flour is all right if she can't make good bread with it. The one argument that wins every woman in favor of ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is, that it never fails to turn out the most beautiful Bread and Cake, and the most crisp and delicious Pastry when used according to the very simple "Royal Household" recipes. That one fact outweighs all the theories of two thousand years.

No other flour has ever made so many intimate friends among Canadian women in so short a time—perhaps it's because "Royal Household" is made by the new electrical process—that makes a wonderful difference in flour.

Your grocer sells "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD," and you can have the recipes by simply sending your name and address to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, Montreal, and *mentioning the name of this paper.*

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

*Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*



"No Better Food."—*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., Etc.*

D. MASSON & CO. { 326 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL  
Agents { 8 Colborne Street, TORONTO

"MEPHISTO"

"PURITY"

BRANDS

# CANNED LOBSTER

Caught in the swift currents and rocky bottom of the Northumberland Straits.

THE HIGHEST TYPE OF PURE CANNED LOBSTER

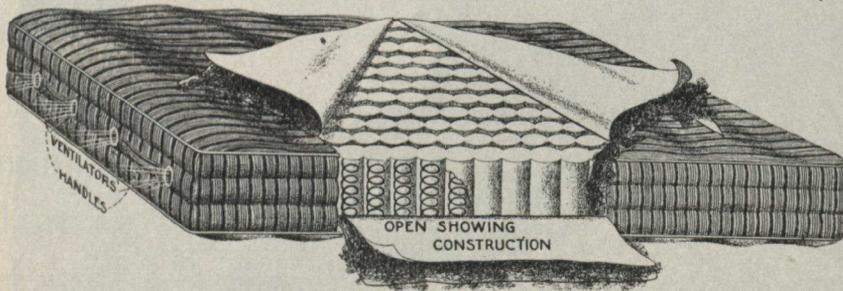
Excellent because of Cleanliness. For the tables of those who discriminate.

FRED. MAGEE

*At All Dealers*

Port Elgin, N.B., Canada

## THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS



A LUXURIOUS RESTING PLACE

THOSE who have tried it agree that it is the most Comfortable and Restful Mattress made. Our enormous increase in sales is accounted for only by the exceptional satisfaction given to the thousands of users by Marshall Mattresses. The peculiar construction consisting of hair and fine steel springs produces a most resilient surface which provides luxurious rest and conforms to the outline of the body, giving healthy support to all parts. The interior is kept wholesome and clean by a circulation of pure fresh air. The springs make it impossible for it to ever sag in the middle or to get hard or lumpy. It is absolutely guaranteed and if not satisfactory your money is returned. When you buy a Marshall you are through with Mattress buying. They last a lifetime without even having to be done over. Ask your Dealer or write us for Free Catalogue.

**THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS CO., Limited**

261 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, CANADA

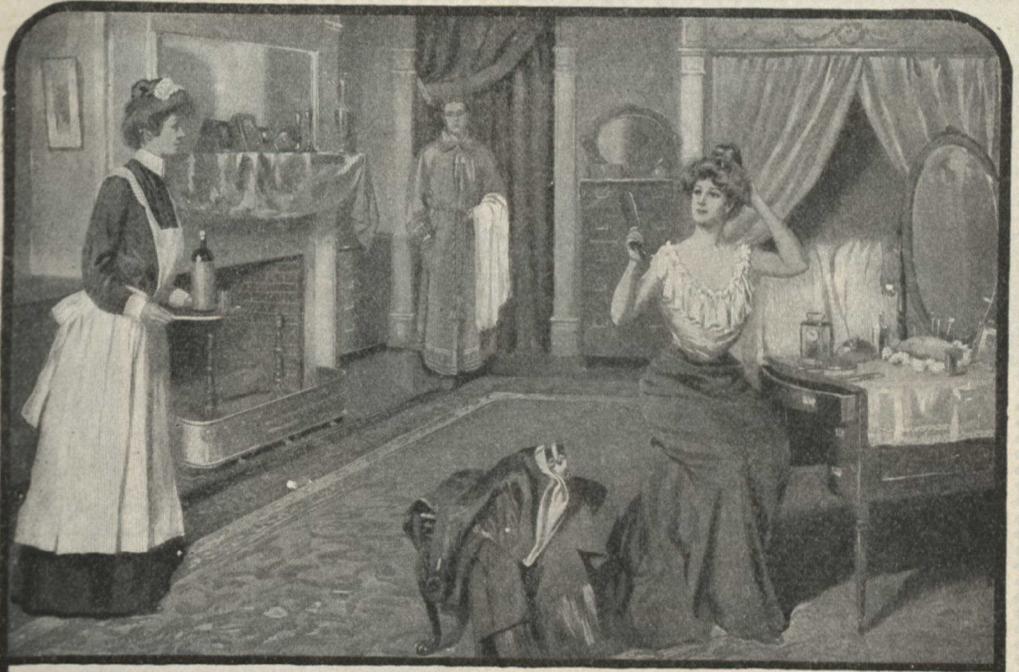
**PRICES**

4 ft. 6 in. wide . . . \$25.00	3 ft. 6 in. wide . . . \$21.00
4 ft. wide . . . . . 23.00	3 ft. wide . . . . . 19.50

All Mattresses 6 ft. 3 in. long.

**TERMS**

Sent prepaid same day money is received. Subject to 30 nights' trial and if not satisfactory Mattress may be returned C.O.D. and money refunded.



Good morning, Carrie. Thank you for bringing the Hunyadi Janos. Always be sure to get **Hunyadi Janos** (full name) and bring two glasses. My husband takes it before breakfast—half a tumbler. It always relieves him of **Constipation** as it does me of biliousness.

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been used the world over;  
For Over 200 Years Rodgers  
of England.

England's Best Cutlers have been engaged  
to manufacture Rodgers Cutlery.

For Over 200 Years the finest tempered  
Sheffield Steel has alone been used in the  
manufacture of Rodgers Cutlery.

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and strength; for its beauty of style and  
usefulness of design.

For Over 200 Years Rodgers Cutlery has  
in the Cottage and Castle, City and Country.

For Over 200 Years Rodgers Cutlery has been used by the Royal House

LOOK CAREFULLY FOR THE ABOVE TRADE MARK

**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited,** CUTLERS TO  
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND HIS MAJESTY

# The Hammond Typewriter



TWENTY YEARS A VISIBLE SUCCESS

FIRST PRIZE at all prominent exhibitions where awards were made according to the merits of machines.

*GOLD MEDAL, St. Louis, 1904*

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO., 13 Bleury Street, MONTREAL



## THE SUN TYPEWRITERS

HAVE NO PEER

We challenge the Manager of any ribbon typewriter on the Canadian market to produce work on his machine equal to the work of the SUN Typewriter under a forfeit of \$100.00 to charity; clearness of lettering and neatness of writing to constitute a standard for adjudging.

The Swiftest Writer—The Strongest Manifold—  
Visible—Polychrome.

No. 2, \$55.00      No. 3, \$95.00

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CENTRAL TYPEWRITER CO.,

12 Yonge St. Arcade, Toronto

All makes of Typewriters and Supplies.

Smith Premier No. 2

The Smith Premier Typewriter is as essential to business correspondence as a postage stamp.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
Syracuse, N. Y.

Branch offices everywhere

POSTAGE 10 CENTS

Old & Valuable Silver

CAN be made to brighten memories of the past without fear of scratch or blemish to the ware, if cleaned with

**ELECTRO SILICON**  
*Silver Polish*

It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new. At grocers and druggists.

Trial quantity for the asking.  
Box postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, Agents.

# The Standard Silver Co. Ltd



IN THE CORNER of this advertisement appears a *fac-simile* of our

TRADE MARK. Every piece of Silverware bearing this stamp carries with it our absolute Guarantee as to quality. The designs are always correct.

THE STANDARD SILVER CO., Limited  
TORONTO, CANADA



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE





**"Rene"**

"RENE" is the only brand of cigars we manufacture, made in one style, one size and one quality, packed in one style of box (50). We sell same at one cash price only. It is the only cigar factory of its kind on the American continent making a specialty of one high-class cigar only.

It is made to suit gentlemen of good taste. The word "RENE" is stamped on each cigar; none others are genuine. Sold everywhere. Manufactured and guaranteed by THE RENE CIGAR CO., Hamilton, Canada.

**JAEGER** PURE WOOL

**UNDERWEAR**

is made in large variety of styles, shapes and qualities; in combination suits and separate garments for women, men, children, in light, medium and heavy weights for all seasons.

GUARANTEED AGAINST SPOILING BY SHRINKAGE



Send for

Illustrated Catalogue No. 2, with illustrations and prices of Dressing Gowns, Shirt Waists and samples of various weights of materials, mailed free.

...ladies' Dressing Gown.

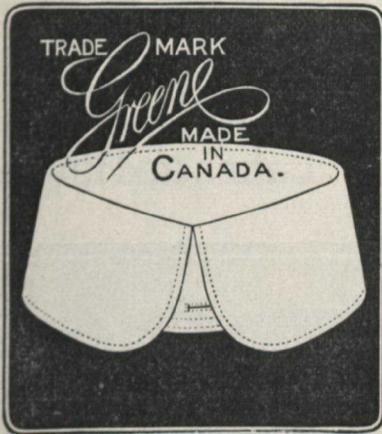
**DR. JAEGER'S** Sanitary SYSTEM Company Limited  
 Woollen  
 2206 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL

no table delicacy is appetizing without this relish!



J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, Canadian Agents

COLLARS OF DISTINGUISHED QUALITY  
 "ABOVE ALL OTHERS"



**SUPERIOR**

MADE IN SEVEN HEIGHTS, VIZ., 1, 1½, 1¾, 2, 2¼, 2½ INCHES.  
 20c. EACH, OR 3 FOR 50c.

ASK YOUR FURNISHERS FOR THIS COLLAR. IF HE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU,  
 WE WILL. SEND US HIS NAME AND THE PRICE.

**THE WILLIAM A. GREENE CO.**  
 LIMITED

CANADA'S ONLY EXCLUSIVE COLLAR MAKERS  
 WATERLOO, ONT.

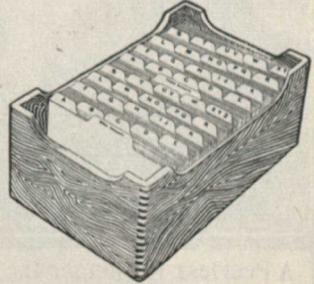


A BARGAIN IN CARD  
 SYSTEM

A BRAIN BOX FOR  
 \$1.50

An Automatic  
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- 1 Oak Tray
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- 1 Set Monthly  
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**ALL FOR \$1.50**

This phenomenal offer is merely made to satisfy  
 the public of the wonderful TIME, TROUBLE  
 AND THOUGHT saving qualities of our Card  
 System. WE MAKE EVERYTHING IN BUSINESS  
 FURNITURE THAT'S USED, IN STEEL AND WOOD.  
 SCHOOL DESKS AND METAL WORK A SPECI-  
 ALTY. Write for Catalog.

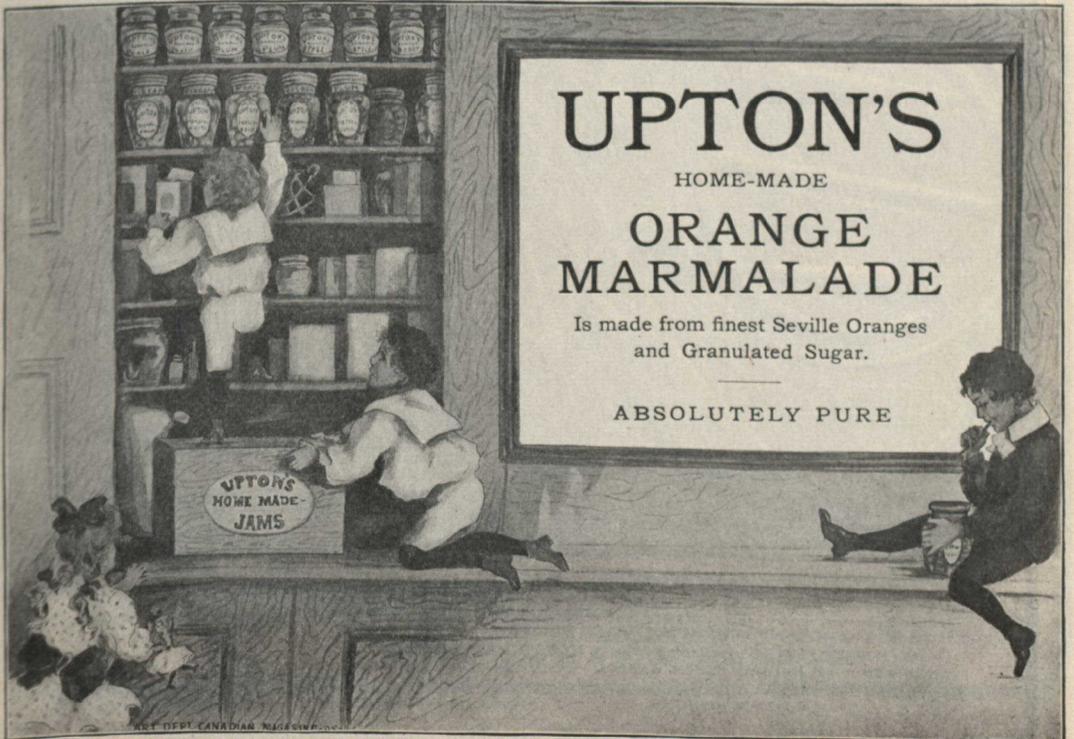
**The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.**

LIMITED

97-105 Wellington St. West, near York St.,

Factories—Newmarket, Ont.

**TORONTO**



**UPTON'S**

HOME-MADE

**ORANGE  
 MARMALADE**

Is made from finest Seville Oranges  
 and Granulated Sugar.

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

# TEMAGAMI



"Half an Hour's Catch — Lady Evelyn Lake"

## A Land of Lakes and Rivers

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

**A Peerless Region for the Tourist,  
Camper, Canoeist, Angler  
and Sportsman.**

A new territory now accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, hay-fever unknown, magnificent canoe trips.

Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book, telling you all about it, sent free on application to

**G. T. BELL,  
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,  
Grand Trunk Railway System,  
Montreal, Can.**



"A String of Beauties — Granite Lake."

**THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY**

**The Steamship Limited**

The "STEAMSHIP LIMITED" between Port Arthur and Winnipeg will commence running on June 4th, and daily thereafter. Connections made at Port Arthur with steamers of the Northern Navigation Company and Canadian Pacific Steamship Line.

Improved passenger service between **WINNIPEG** and Western points including **DAUPHIN, ERWOOD** and **MELFORT**, also to main line points such as **KAMSACK, HUMBOLT** and **ELBOW**.

Through passenger trains will shortly be running to **NORTH BATTLEFORD**.

Tickets from all Railway Ticket Agents. For further information apply to

**R. H. BELL,**  
T.F. & P.A., Board of Trade, Montreal, Que.

**GEO. H. SHAW,**  
Traffic Manager, Winnipeg, Man.

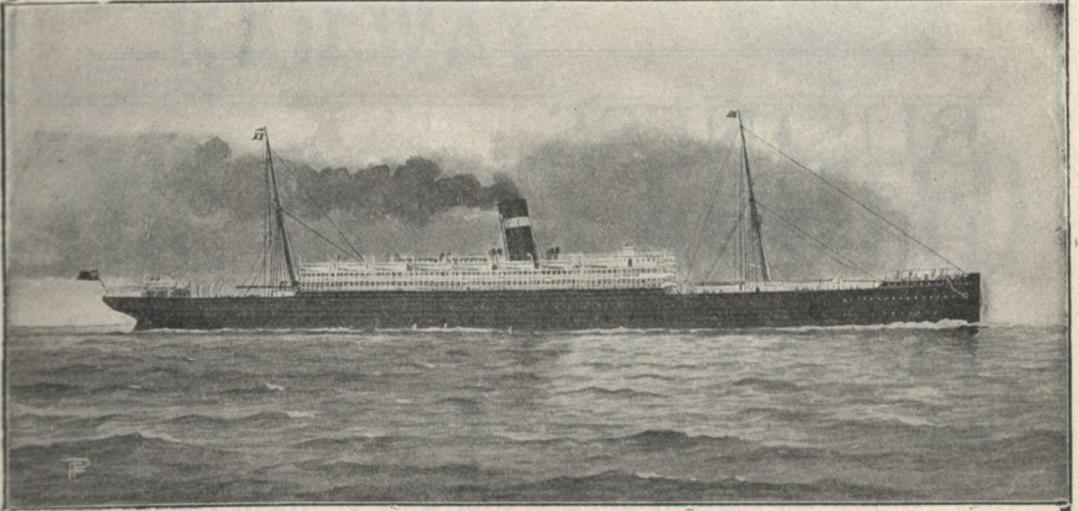
**WM. PHILLIPS,**  
General Eastern Agent, Toronto.

# ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

## TO LIVERPOOL

CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY



New Allan Line Turbine Triple-screw Steamer "Victorian."

**NEW FAST TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS**  
**VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons**                      **VIRGINIAN, 12,000 TONS**

**NEW STEAMERS**  
**TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws**    **BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws**  
**IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws**

These splendid new vessels, the pioneers of the new method of propulsion without noise or vibration and possessing all the luxuries of the highest-class hotel, make their first voyages in April, and, together with the well-known and popular steamers Tunisian and Bavarian, will constitute a weekly service between Montreal, Quebec and Liverpool. The time from Port to Port will average under seven days. With their splendid suites of rooms and cabins on Promenade and Bridge Decks, passengers may enjoy all the luxury of modern travel combined with a panorama of scenery unequalled on any other route.

Average speed 17 knots. Speed on trial trips 19.50 and 19.83 knots.

**1905**

**PROPOSED SAILINGS**

**1905**

From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL	From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From MONTREAL
1 June	BAVARIAN	Friday, 16 June	10 Aug.	TUNISIAN	Friday, 25 Aug.
8 "	VIRGINIAN	" 23 "	17 "	VICTORIAN	" 1 Sept.
15 "	TUNISIAN	" 30 "	24 "	BAVARIAN	" 8 "
22 "	VICTORIAN	" 7 July	31 "	VIRGINIAN	" 15 "
29 "	BAVARIAN	" 14 "	7 Sept.	TUNISIAN	" 22 "
6 July	VIRGINIAN	" 21 "	14 "	VICTORIAN	" 29 "
13 "	TUNISIAN	" 28 "	21 "	BAVARIAN	" 6 Oct.
20 "	VICTORIAN	" 4 Aug.	28 "	VIRGINIAN	" 13 "
27 "	BAVARIAN	" 11 "	5 Oct.	TUNISIAN	" 20 "
3 Aug.	VIRGINIAN	" 18 "	12 "	VICTORIAN	" 27 "

**TUNISIAN** embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

**BAVARIAN** is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes, the fastest on record over this course.

**IONIAN**—Average time of this Steamer between HALIFAX and MOVILLE is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 11 hours, 30 minutes.

**Marconi Wireless Telegraph** on board **Victorian, Virginian, Bavarian and Tunisian**, being at once a convenience and additional safeguard in case of accident.

For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

**H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto**  
**or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal**

# Canadian Pacific

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## BUSINESS, HEALTH or PLEASURE

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If you are contemplating a trip, East or West, North or South, to the Atlantic Seaside or the Pacific Coast, to any quarter of the Globe, it will pay you to favorably consider the advantages offered by the most unique railway system in the world.

**BUSINESS**—It passes through or has access to every City and important Town in the Dominion of Canada.

**HEALTH**—Some of the most renowned health resorts and mineral springs are situated on its lines; with its connections all others are reached.

**PLEASURE**—No grander scenery can be found along the line of any railway.

**ROBERT KERR,**  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
**MONTREAL**

**C. E. E. USSHER,**  
General Passenger Agent,  
**MONTREAL**

**C. B. FOSTER,**  
District Passenger Agent,  
**TORONTO**

*The*  
**INTERCOLONIAL  
 RAILWAY**



**THE OCEAN LIMITED**

COMMENCING JUNE 5, 1905, WILL LEAVE

Daily Except Saturday		Daily Except Sunday	
Montreal . . . . .	19.30	Halifax . . . . .	8.10
Levis . . . . .	24.00	St. John . . . . .	11.00

**WILL ARRIVE**

Daily except Sunday		Daily Except Monday	
St. John . . . . .	17.15	Levis . . . . .	2.40
Halifax . . . . .	20.15	Montreal . . . . .	7.15

The above Time is subject to change

**ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD**  
 BETWEEN  
**WESTERN ONTARIO AND ST. JOHN, HALIFAX, ETC.**  
 SAVING HOURS OF TIME

Through Sleeping Cars between Montreal, St. John and  
 Halifax. Dining Car Service Unequaled. Daylight  
 Views of the Matapedia and Wentworth Valleys.  
 Direct communication with Prince Edward Island.

FOR FARES, TIME TABLES, ETC., WRITE

**GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT**  
**MONCTON, N. B.**

## THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

The Great Illustrated Magazine  
of Travel and Education

150 OR MORE PAGES MONTHLY

Its scope and character are indicated by the following titles of articles that have appeared in recent issues; all profusely illustrated:

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The Americanization of Paris, . . . . .	<i>Alexander Hume Ford</i>
Summer in Winter, . . . . .	<i>Minat J. Savage</i>
Where Blue Met Grey—Poem, . . . . .	<i>Thomas C. Harbaugh</i>
Some Animal Models, . . . . .	<i>Julia D. Cowies</i>
Where Every Prospect Pleases, . . . . .	<i>Kirk Munroe</i>
New England Witchcraft, . . . . .	<i>M. Inlay Taylor</i>
Time Defying Temples, . . . . .	<i>Allen Day</i>
New York From an Air Ship, . . . . .	<i>Bertha Smith</i>
A King on American Soil, . . . . .	<i>T. D. MacGregor</i>
New Zealand, . . . . .	<i>T. E. Donne</i>
The Limited Express—Poem, . . . . .	<i>Nixon Waterman</i>
Tent-life, . . . . .	<i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i>
The Nub End of Canada, . . . . .	<i>Frank Veigh</i>
Corral and Lasso, . . . . .	<i>Minnie J. Reynolds</i>
Santo Domingo, . . . . .	<i>Frederick A. Ober</i>

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FOREIGN COUNTRIES \$1.50.

Can be obtained of newsdealers, or by addressing

GEORGE H. DANIELS, Publisher,

Room No. 147 7 East 42d Street, New York.

## IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO LOOK AFTER YOUR HEALTH

AND there is nothing like a sea voyage on a comfortable ship, with pleasant people to revive and invigorate your energies and interest. There would be fewer doctors' bills to pay if everybody went to the West Indies each winter on a

### P. & B. STEAMER

A 42 days' passage  
for \$130.00

is a cheap way of escaping doctors' bills.

ASK

R. M. MELVILLE . . . . . Toronto

or

PICKFORD & BLACK - Halifax

# Dominion Line Steamships

WEEKLY SAILINGS

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL  
IN SUMMER

S. S. "CANADA"

S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "DOMINION"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

S. S. "OTTAWA"

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

Per S. S. "KENSINGTON" S. S. "SOUTHWARK" S. S. "VANCOUVER"  
S. S. "OTTAWA" (formerly the White Star Line S. S. "GERMANIC")

To Liverpool, - \$42.50

To London, - \$45.00

AND UPWARDS, ACCORDING TO STEAMER AND BERTH

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.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

CHAS. A. PIPON,  
41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,  
17 St. Sacramento St., MONTREAL, QUE.

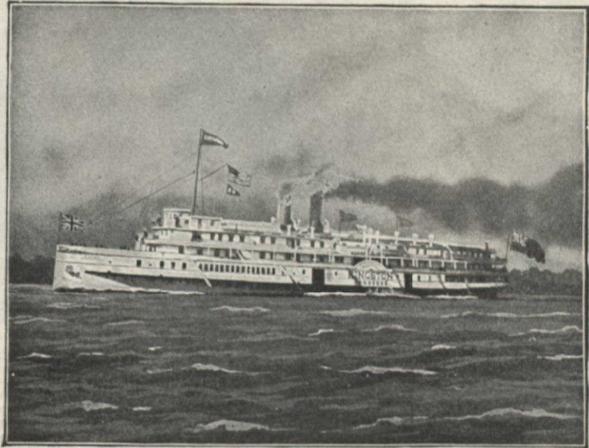
# RICHELIEU AND ONTARIO NAVIGATION COMPANY

AMERICA'S UNRIVALLED SCENIC LINE

Niagara  
to  
the  
Sea

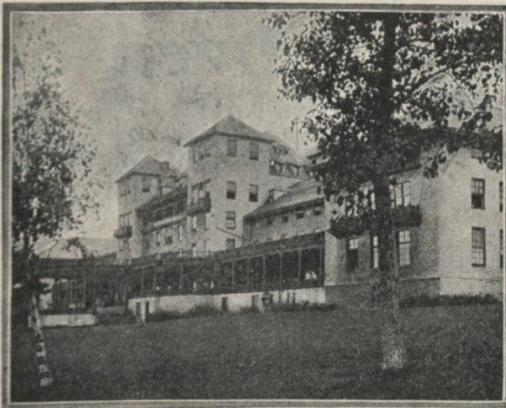
The  
Mag-  
nificent  
New  
Steamers

**"TORONTO"** AND  
**"KINGSTON"**



STEAMER "KINGSTON"

LEAVE TORONTO FOR



MANOIR RICHELIEU, MURRAY BAY, P.Q.

Rochester Kingston  
Clayton  
**1,000 Island  
Ports**

Passing through the Picturesque Scenery of the  
1,000 Islands, and making the descent of all the  
**MARVELLOUS RAPIDS** to

**Montreal  
Quebec**

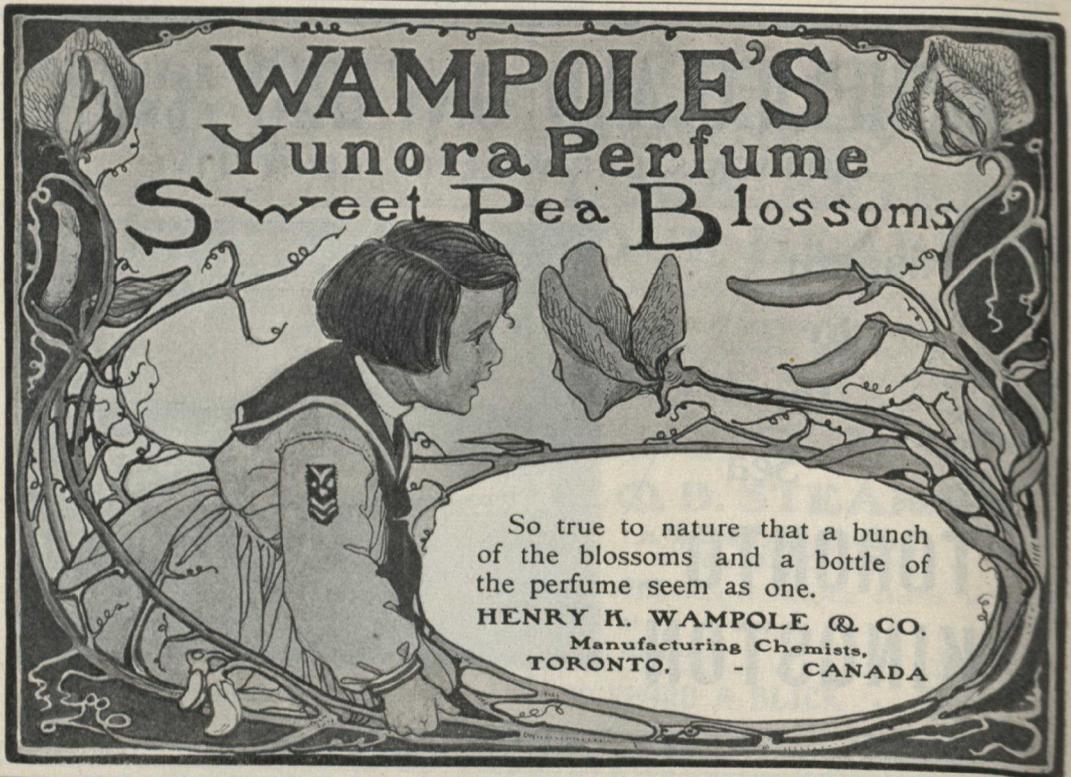
**Murray Bay and Tadousac**  
thence up the far-famed  
**Saguenay River**

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HOTEL TADOUSAC, Tadousac, P.Q.

Two charmingly situated summer hotels owned and operated by this Company  
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So true to nature that a bunch of the blossoms and a bottle of the perfume seem as one.

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Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes

The well and favorably known

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Special cruises to the Tropics, January, February and March, 1906.

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**STANLEY BRENT, Ticket Agent**

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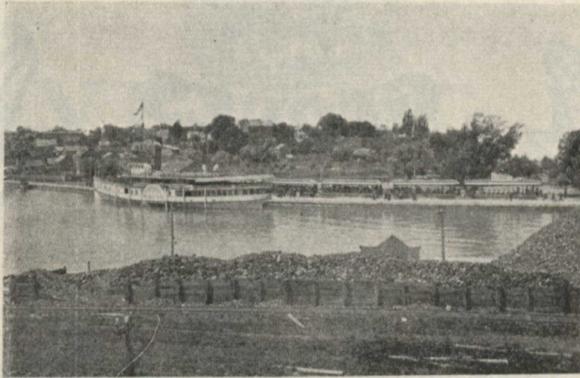
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NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y., AND BUFFALO**

Magnificent Steamers "GARDEN CITY" and "LAKESIDE" leave Geddes Wharf, Toronto, four times daily for Port Dalhousie, making close connections with our Electric Cars for Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Buffalo.

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**AMERICA'S GRANDEST SUMMER RESORT**

NESTLED AMONG THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO, WITH ITS WILD, ROMANTIC SCENERY, PURE, BRACING AIR, EXCELLENT FISHING AND HUNTING, AND BEAUTIFUL CANOE TRIPS—THE LAND OF LAKES AND ISLANDS. HAY-FEVER UNKNOWN.

**The Royal Muskoka Hotel** A comfortable, luxurious, modern hotel, with cool wide verandas; every room open to the fragrant pines. Unexcelled cuisine. Golf, Tennis, Bathing.

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## Perrin Gloves for Ladies and Gentlemen

fit much better than other Gloves—fit perfectly—because in cutting them out the grain of the kid or leather is placed so as to stretch correctly when the Glove is on.

While this entails waste it is the only way to secure a perfect fit.

If you want a stylish, well fitting Glove ask your dealer for a **PERRIN.** D

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The Niagara-Toronto Route Connecting

## TORONTO, NIAGARA FALLS AND BUFFALO

and all points South, East and West

	B	A	C	B	A	C	B
Lv. TORONTO .....		A.M. 7 30	A.M. 9.00	A.M. 11.00	P.M. 2.00	P.M. 3.45	P.M. 5.15
Ar. NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE .....		9.40	11.15	1.15	4 15	6.00	7.30
Ar. QUEENSTON .....		10.05	12.05 pm	2.00	4.45	6.45	8.15
Ar. LEWISTON .....		10.15	11.45	1.45	5.00	6.30	8.00
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. LEWISTON .....	A.M. 7.55	A.M. 10.30	P.M. 12.15	P.M. 2.00	P.M. 6.00	P.M. 7.45	.....
Lv. QUEENSTON .....	7.35	10.05	12 00 n'n	1.45	5 30	7.30	.....
Lv. NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE .....	8.15	11.00	12.45	2.25	6.20	8.10	.....
Ar. TORONTO .....	10.30	1.15	3.00	4.45	8.30	10.30	.....
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

A In effect May 15th to October 14th, inclusive. (Sunday excepted).

B In effect May 29th to September 23rd, inclusive. do

C In effect June 12th to September 9th, inclusive. do

### CONNECTIONS

At Lewiston, with New York Central and Hudson River Railroad and Great Gorge Route.

At Niagara-on-the-Lake, with Michigan Central Railroad.

At Queenston, with International Railroad Company.

At Toronto, from same wharf, with R. & O. Company's Steamers, Canadian Pacific Railway and Grand Trunk System.

Write for Free Booklet.

**B. W. FOLGER, Manager, Toronto, Canada**

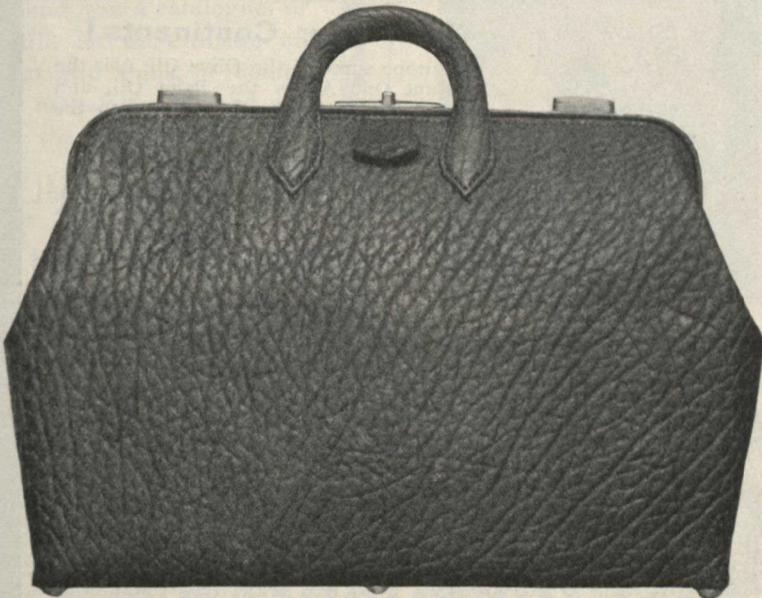
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## BULL SEA LION

IS THE FINEST AND SMARTEST LEATHER EVER USED IN A

# TRAVELING BAG

If you have a [present to make, or want something really fine for personal use, buy one of these bags.



SAMPLE OF THE LEATHER USED SENT FREE

We make this bag in three sizes for men—16 inch, \$20.00; 18 inch, \$23.00; 20 inch, \$28.00; also in Ladies' Bags at \$11.00, \$13.00, \$16.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, and in Suit Cases at \$30.00.

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**Leather Goods Co., Limited**  
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**Cotton Seed**  
**Oil.**

**From Four Continents!**

Europe supplies the Olive Oil, Asia the  
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exclusion of animal fats, in



**Baby's Own**  
**Soap**

The result is a soap which is a real  
skin food—supplying in a most dainty  
form the oil needed to keep the skin  
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**FOUR GENERATIONS** of Canadians have  
found Baby's Own the best Soap  
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OUR ILLUSTRATION—shows a cotton  
picker at work in Georgia, U.S.A.

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THE BEST EQUIPPED ART AND ENGRAVING  
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**TORONTO ENGRAVING**  
**COMPANY LIMITED**  
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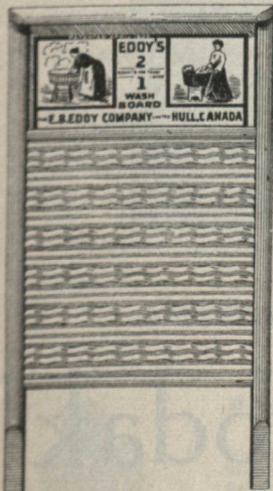
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The universal Perfume  
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genuine.

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Refuse all substitutes.

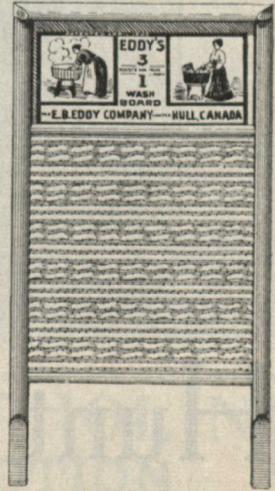


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These are  
the **NEWEST** and **BEST** in  
**WASHBOARDS**

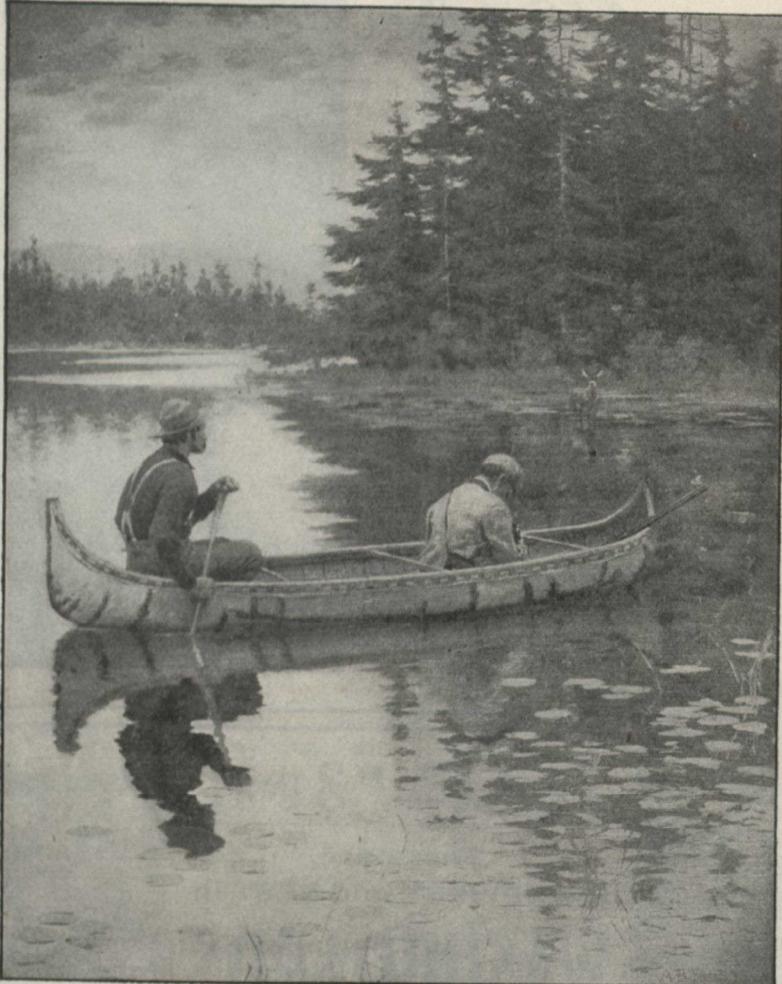
They are scientifically constructed on a new basis. An examination of the crimping of the zinc will convince the most skeptical that in using these Washboards the **very best results** can be obtained with the **least possible labor**.

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OF THESE BRANDS AND GIVE  
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LIMITED  
HULL, CANADA  
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No extravagant claims to mislead intending purchasers. No extravagant testimonials from artists who are bribed for their opinions. No extravagant prices to inflate values. "Dominion" Pianos are made to make music by artists who understand what makes music, and sold by agents who want your good-will, and know they'll get it if you select a "Dominion."

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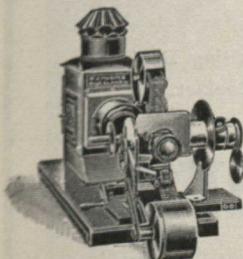


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# SULPHOLINE LOTION

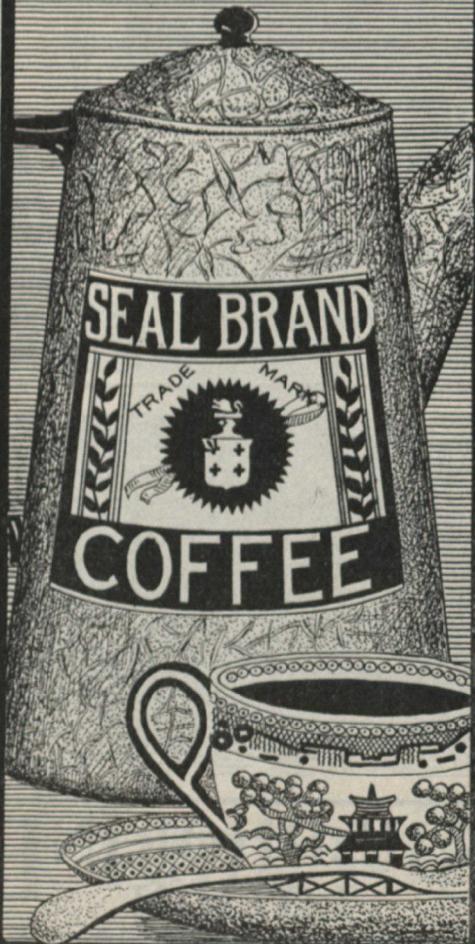
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English.....**  
ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES

Disappear in a few Days  
There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blisters, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

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- WINELIKE CLEARNESS
- APPETIZING FRAGRANCE
- DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR
- THAT'S IT. TRY IT.

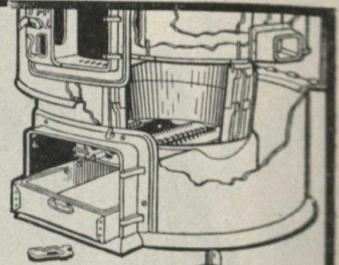


IMPORTED ROASTED AND PACKED BY

**CHASE & SANBORN**  
MONTREAL.

F.B.L.

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# SUNSHINE FURNACE



Sunshine grates never break because they are made of extra heavy bars with thick, short bull-dog teeth—the kind that break clinkers—but never break themselves.

Bars are so thick that not even white heat can twist or warp them.

Teeth are set to squeeze and break clinkers, but coal is squeezed and forced upwards. There is no waste coal in a Sunshine ash tray.

The Sunshine Furnace is the strongest furnace built—it weighs less than any other furnace of equal heating capacity.

Sold by all Enterprising Dealers.

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London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg,  
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TEA SETS ETC. ARE STAMPED -  
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GUARANTEED BY



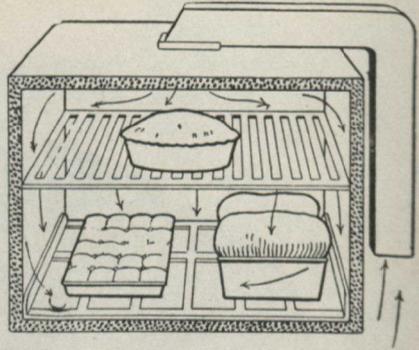
KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, ETC. ARE STAMPED  
WITH THE TRADE MARK:

1847 ROGERS BROS. 

**T**HERE has only been one real improvement in cooking ranges in many years. That improvement is the Imperial Oxford diffusive oven flue.

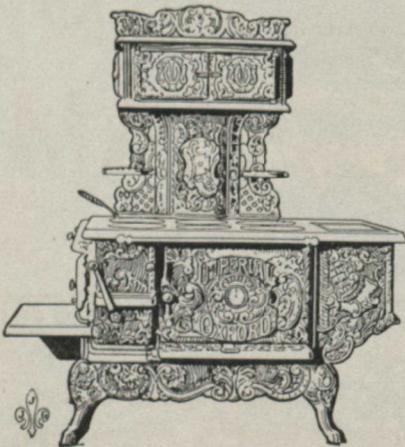
While other makers were adding dampers, racks, door openers and shakers in a vain attempt to make improvements, we studied the heart of the range. We knew that the only improvement you wanted was a better oven. An oven that would help you bake better bread, pies and cakes, roast beef to a turn, retaining its juice and flavor.

Our investigations and experiments produced the oven-heating system of the



## *Imperial Oxford Range*

The important feature of this system is the diffusive flue which draws in fresh air, superheats it and distributes it evenly throughout the oven. The article on the bottom shelf farthest from the fire is getting as much heat on all sides as the article on the top shelf next the fire.



We would like to explain this more fully. If your dealer doesn't handle the Imperial Oxford Range write us for particulars. We will send Catalogue and tell you where you can see the range.

**THE GURNEY FOUNDRY Co.**

Limited

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WINNIPEG  
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**FORM THE HABIT**

*of using regularly, every morning and evening,*

**CALVERT'S  
— CARBOLIC —  
TOOTH POWDER**

*so pleasantly perfumed and agreeable to use.*

It fulfils the first requirement of a satisfactory dentrifice by thoroughly cleaning the teeth and removing tartar or other injurious matter, and also possesses the advantage of definite antiseptic properties.

15, 30 and 45 cents a Tin.

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807 Dorchester St. MONTREAL



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I WERE  
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

**Teaberry**

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentrifice 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 Dentrifice of many years' standing—if you once try it you will use no other.

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**FOR THE TEETH.**



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**F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited**  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



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YOUR FOOD AND YOUR HEALTH

To be healthy requires a proper diet.  
Not merely food—not merely good wholesome food—but a correct proportion of good foods so as to supply the various elements required to keep the complicated mechanism of the body in working order.  
Meat alone won't do—vegetables alone won't do—sweets alone won't do. A proper combination of Nitrogenous matter, carbohydrates, fats and minerals must be absorbed.

## CROWN BRAND SYRUP CORN

supplies a goodly proportion of the requisite carbohydrates in a most palatable form.  
Taken with bread, it is a really invaluable health food—not a fad food.  
Growing children need it—and it is better for them and they like it better than medicine. To older ones it is not less essential and it is just as pleasant.

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OFFICES—MONTREAL, TORONTO      WORKS—CARDINAL, ONT.





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True, he has to pay a small annual premium for 10, 15, 20, or 25 years as he may choose, but at the end of that time he gets all his money back with good interest thereon, and his 10, 15, 20, or 25 years of insurance will have cost him nothing.

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All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

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Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

**Carling's Ale**  
The Ale that's Always Pure



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CANADA'S MOST NEARLY PERFECT INSTRUMENTS

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AS ORDERED IN CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



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For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black. **R. F. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.**

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**INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**  
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

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# GOVT

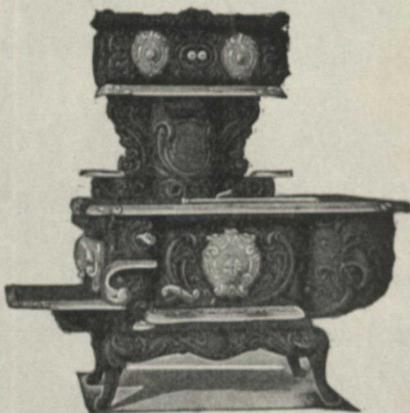
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## "SOUVENIR" RANGE

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In buying a new Stove or Range bear in mind "That the remembrance of quality remains long after the price has been forgotten."



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THE ROYAL CROWN LIMITED. WINNIPEG. CANADA.

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Libby's Good Things add to Good Times  
on every occasion. You can never equal

## **Libby's** Natural Flavor **Food Products**

for wholesomeness—ease of preparation—delicacy of flavor.

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**Your Grocer has them**

Our booklet, "Good Things to Eat," sent free upon request.  
Send five 2c stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

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The Williams Piano will be found in the homes of the cultured and the leading musical colleges throughout Canada.  
The Williams Piano Co., Limited  
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The VANITY BAG  
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Call and see samples  
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Used Round the World  
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For  
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Improper food  
makes them rickety,  
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the scientific food contains just the elements required by Nature to build bright, strong, happy children.

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REQUIRES  
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Try it once and you will  
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