

THE  
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OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

---

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NOVEMBER, 1902, TO APRIL, 1903, INCLUSIVE

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TORONTO  
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1903

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FORTUNE'S HILL VIRNA SHEARD

Commences in this Issue

THE  
**CANADIAN**  
**MAGAZINE**

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**T**HE Christmas Number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be enclosed in a special cover symbolic of "Advancing Civilization," done in several colours. It will be illustrated in colour, and will from every standpoint be a notable issue. Chief among the features are:—

**A Christmas Message:** The Service of Womanhood, by Ian Maclaren, in which this great divine writes of the work done by the great Christian women of the past centuries, by the mothers of great men, and by the home-makers generally. He will outline the influence upon the world of "what we call with unconscious irony "woman's weakness."

**Realism and Religious Painting,** by John Henry Hughes, is a discussion of the work of the most renowned of modern illustrators of the life of the Saviour. The illustrations for this article will include reproductions in colour of the following famous paintings: The Entombment, by Titian; The Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci; Christ in the House of His Parents, by Sir J. E. Millais; The Supper at Emmaus, by A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret; Four Incidents in the Life of Christ, by J. J. Tissot; Christ Before Pilate, by Mihaly Munkacsy. The idea of the article is to show the differing conceptions of the Man of Galilee.

**A Canadian Landscape Artist,** by Katherine Hale. This deals with the work of Homer Watson, and will be illustrated with four reproductions in colour of four typical paintings. These reproductions will be a striking evidence of the triumphs now being made by the engraver and the printer.

**The Acting Manager,** by Philip Marche, is a story of banking life—something new in the line of Canadian fiction, which will be found to be decidedly entertaining. It will be illustrated by Fergus Kyle.

**The Gossamer Thread,** a Christmas Story, by Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, one of the talented Roberts family, will be found to be worthy of the occasion and the writer.

**Will Novel-Reading Cease?** by Bernard McEvoy, will deal with some recent remarkable opinions on this subject by Jules

Verne, James Lane Allen, William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland, Hamilton W. Mabie and John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. McEvoy's knowledge of writing, of books and of public tendencies, justify his examination of this subject for the benefit of Canadian readers.

**Forsworn**, by Theodore Roberts, is a poem worthy of special mention. It will be illustrated by C. W. Goode.

**Shakespeare's Use of Birds** will be the second in Allan King's series of five articles on the great poet and dramatist. These articles are part of a scheme to supply our readers with articles for "Home Study."

**Andromeda**, a Christmas Story, by Alix John, author of "The Black Hawk." This will be illustrated by William Beatty.

**Astronomy** has been dealt with in three previous numbers, by Elsie A. Dent. The fourth and last paper will appear in December.

**Fortune's Hill**, by Virna Sheard. The second instalment of this six-part story will appear in December, with a full-page drawing by C. W. Jefferys.

**Geordie's Homecoming**, by Newton McTavish, is a tale which describes the return of an old Scotch weaver's son who has been serving the Empire in South Africa.

**Christmas Women's Sphere** will be illustrated with about twenty drawings. These will include a number of suggestions for Christmas presents which may be made by female hands.

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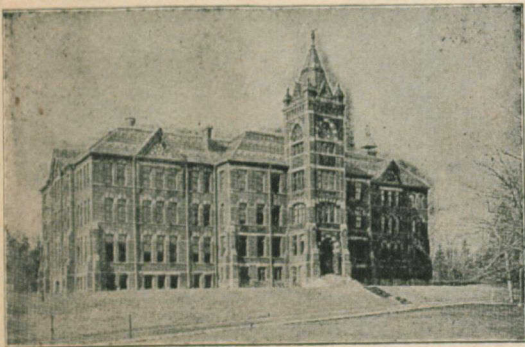
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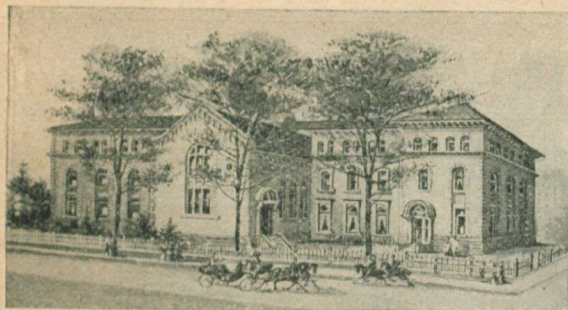
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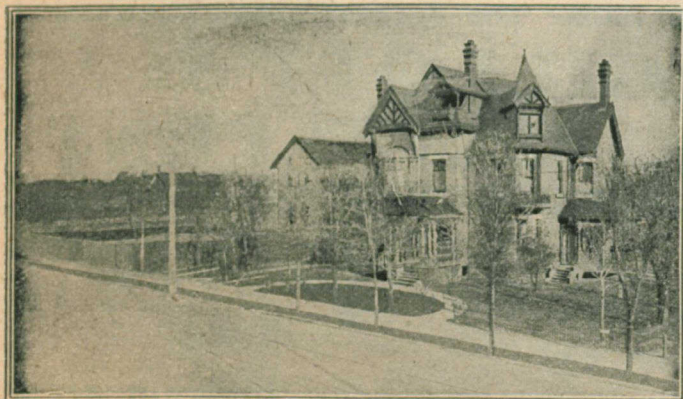
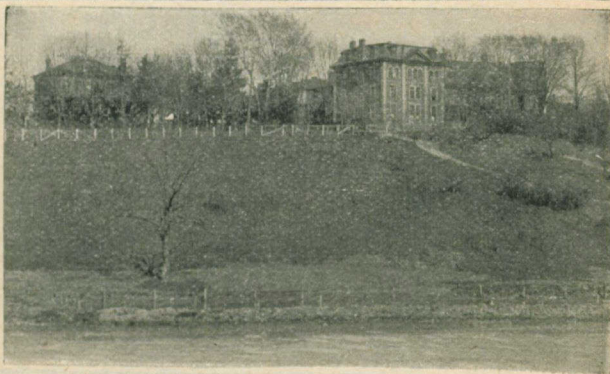
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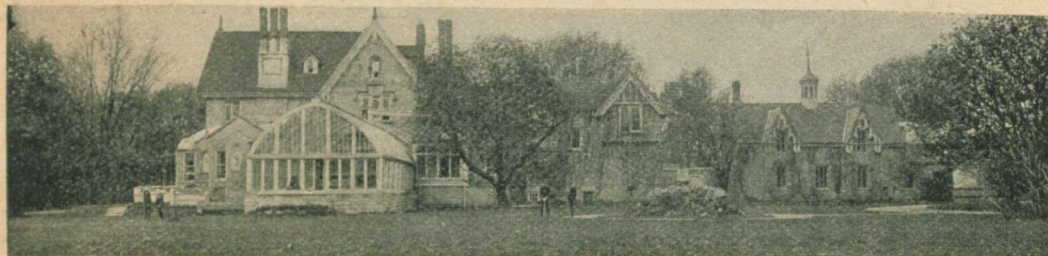
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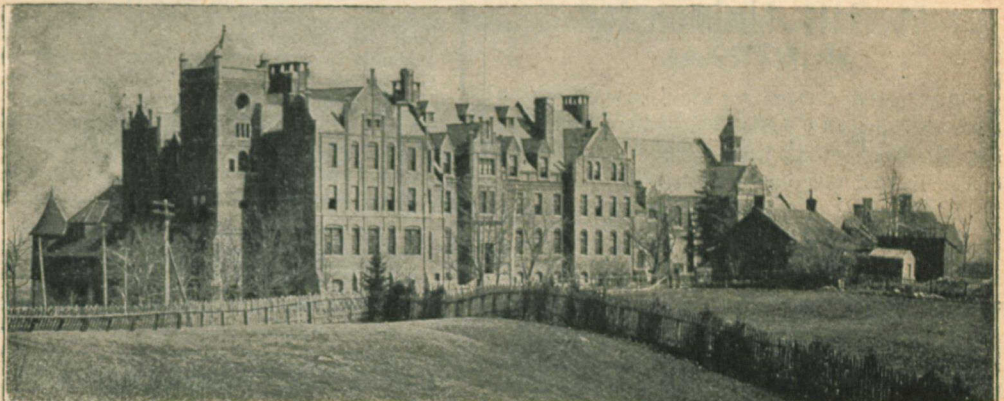
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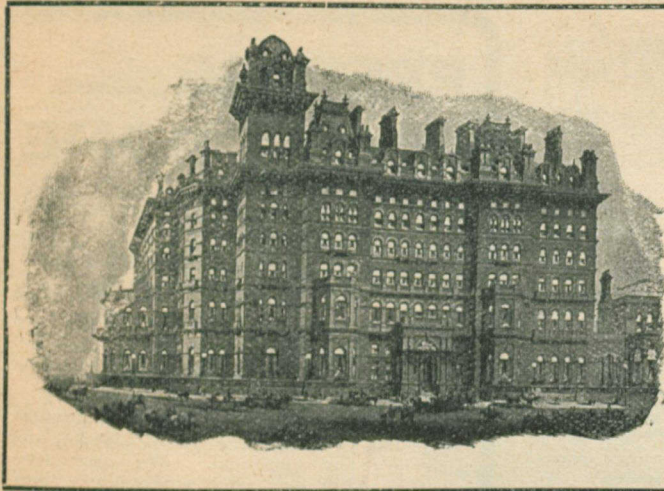
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Insurance in Force Dec. 31st, 1901, - - -	13,058,777.61
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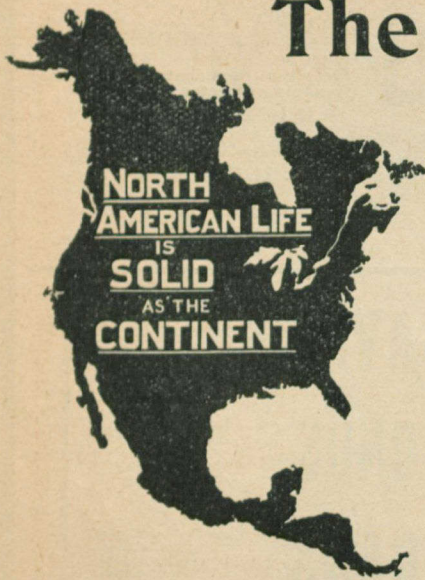
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Past five years	\$1,040,065 64	\$848,622 48	\$191,443 16
Past ten years	\$1,701,879 82	\$1,488,118 48	\$213,761 34
Since Company was organized, 1870	\$2,227,926 07	\$2,182,471 88	\$45,454 19

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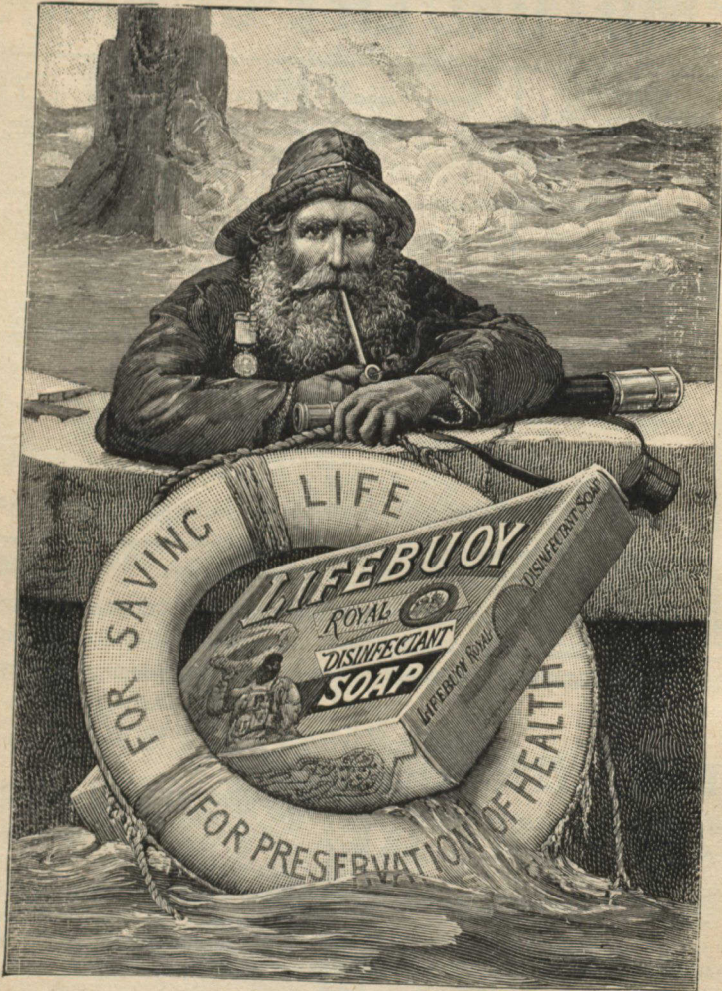
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THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XX

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1902

No. 1

## A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN THE ROCKIES

*By Julia W. Henshaw, author of "British Columbia Up-to-Date,"  
"Why Not, Sweetheart?" etc.*

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell;  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her  
stores unroll'd.

—Byron.

IT is claimed that mountains are pre-eminently restful. No doubt they are soothing to nerves racked and tortured by the din of city life. The solemn, silent grandeur of the Rocky Mountains does calm with an infinite peace.

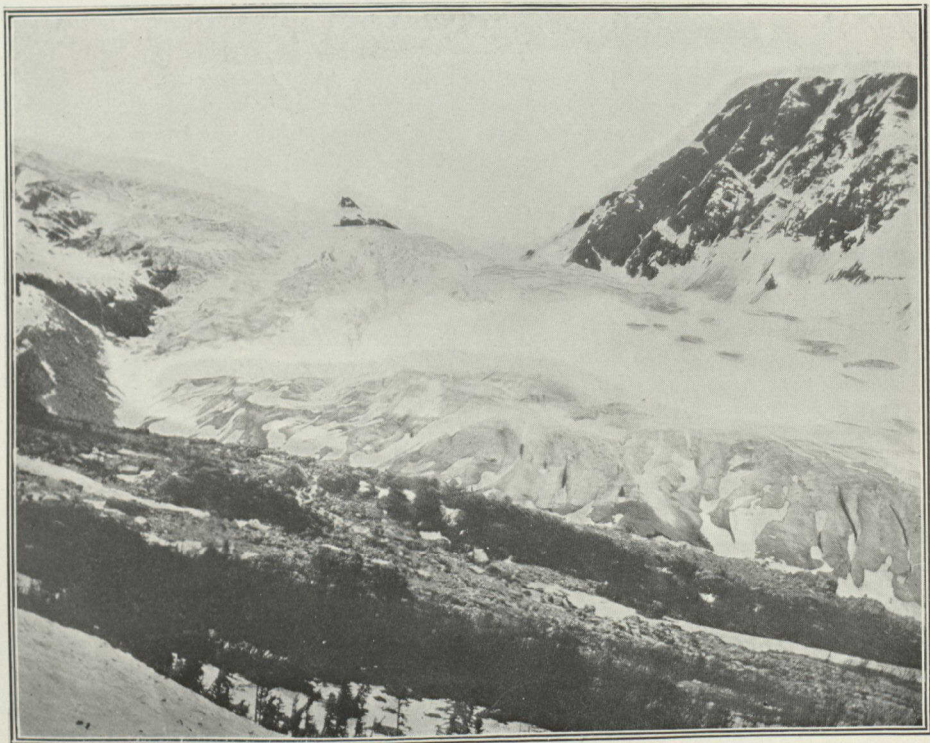
Yet, if you go to Field, in British Columbia, that charming spot cleft right into the heart of the Rockies, where a cluster of houses stand built on a plateau in the valley of the Kicking Horse, surrounded north, east, south and west by massive, crinulated towers—then perhaps you will agree with me that, though the glorious serenity of such stupendous bastions of rock is most restful, still, the Rocky Mountains are too entralling, too imposing, too ever-changing, to allow us to long remain inert beneath their wondrous shadows. The

shifting lights that fall full from a cloudless sky upon the gaunt bare ramparts of those giant hills, so aptly named the "Rockies," and show us in bold relief broad streaks of white and yellow, patches of rich red, brown, purple and ultramarine, deep-cut fissures where indigo shadows nestle densely dark, and pointed cones whose apexes are wreathed with a wisp of snow—these shifting lights, I claim, arouse admiration too entrancing to be easily set at rest. They first excite our sense of the beautiful, then arrest our attention—we ponder—we unconsciously start on a train of lofty thought, inspired by their up-stretching peaks.

Then turn to the other side of the picture. Between thick fir trees you catch a glimpse of some wide-spreading glacier, gleaming green as an emerald in the sun, its merciless ice-spurs cloaked with a soft snow mantle, its supernal purity bespeaking the whiteness of the soul of a little child. Can you look on such a scene—and rest? Do you not rather feel that God's pulpit is up there on the massive crags? Do you not hear the Gospel of Nature



THE AUTHOR AND HER INDIAN PONY



IN THE ROCKIES—A WIDE-SPREADING GLACIER

preached anew from the perfect hills?

It is the Divine Lesson taught by Nature as it left the hand of the Creator. The level world has been marred by man, by sin, by sorrow, by suffering. The mountains are ever pure, and sweet, and holy; steadfast and calm above all strife; untainted by time; unspotted by humanity. This is the secret of their unresting restfulness. They teach humility to the soul of man.

Not long ago I stayed for a time at the Mount Stephen House at Field, a centre for mountaineering, fishing, shooting and photography that is second to none in the region. From a woman's point of view it is an especially fascinating place. If you are an expert climber, there are ascents well worthy of your alpen-stock and ice-pick; mountains whose lower limbs are clothed with skirts of deep green fir trees, and whose stony faces look down upon you from a height of ten and eleven thousand feet. Tucked in

between these lofty and up-shooting peaks lie many glaciers, immense snow-fields, and out-stretching *névés*, dazzlingly white, seductively radiant in the sunshine.

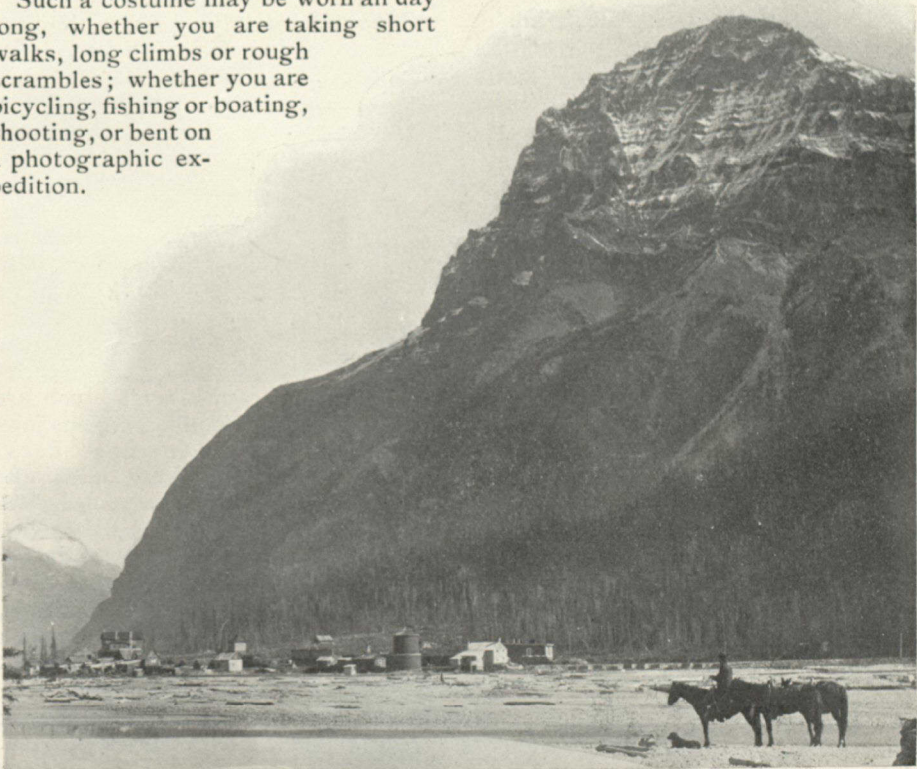
The first ascent of Mount Stephen by a lady was made on July 21st, 1900, by Miss Vaux, of Philadelphia, and since then two other ladies, Miss Cunningham and Miss Barker, have shared with her the honour of scaling this fine peak. To the average man-mountaineer Stephen presents few serious difficulties, but it is quite the stiffest climb ever accomplished by a woman in the Rocky Mountains. Of course, there are a number of smaller ascents in the vicinity of Field, which any lady stout of heart, steady of nerve, and sure of foot, arrayed in sensible climbing costume, may successfully attempt—the Emerald Group, Wapta Peak, Mount Field, and a dozen others.

I am frequently asked questions regarding the sort of clothes a woman should wear on such expeditions, and,

after several years of practical experience amongst the Rockies and Selkirks of British Columbia, I would most unhesitatingly say to any of my sex who may contemplate a summer tour amid these glorious mountains, that the only feasible and suitable costume to wear consists of a short skirt, falling about eight inches off the ground, made of some light-weight, dust-coloured, woollen material, and a saque coat to match, cut loose; a cotton or flannel blouse, according to the weather; tan spat-puttees, or gaiters; thick-soled, laced tan shoes, with a few hobnails in them; and a wide-brimmed straw or a soft felt hat. For hot days a coat and skirt made of galatea, or strong brown holland, are desirable; and, if preferred, a pair of high laced boots may be substituted for the shoes and gaiters. A short riding-habit skirt is also necessary; with this any blouse may be worn.

Such a costume may be worn all day long, whether you are taking short walks, long climbs or rough scrambles; whether you are bicycling, fishing or boating, shooting, or bent on a photographic expedition.

Of course, there are women who do not shine as stars in the Alpine firmament, it is not their *métier* to "bear mid snow and ice a banner with that strange device *Excelsior*;" they prefer to follow the beaten trails, to ascend but the lower slopes of the greater hills, and gaze from thence enraptured upon the eternal monuments of rock upraised in sheer escarpment to heaven. For such there is no more delightful spot than Field. As I previously remarked, of difficult climbs there are plenty—Mount Chancellor, Cathedral Mountain, Mount Vaux, and Mount Mollison—it is a paradise for the true mountaineer; but for more modest folk there are joyous paths that lead through balsam-pine-scented forests, up and up, zig-zagging across the breast of the slopes, now lost in a dense mass of white-stemmed cotton-woods and up-



THE VILLAGE OF FIELD AND MOUNT STEPHEN



IN THE ROCKIES—DIFFICULT CLIMBS NEAR FIELD

right firs, now skirting the brink of some fern-dressed canyon, the bed of a brawling, ice-born stream, and again leading over more open lands, prairie-like, flower-decked, sun-steeped, peaceful and beautiful.

These prairies, lying above the timber line, sometimes on the top of a shoulder of absolutely barren rock, and at the base of vast bare bluffs, are veritable gardens of wild flowers that grow luxuriantly amid a short scrub-growth of blue-leaved, high-bush barberry, gray lichens, and masses of false heather. White mountain lilies, purple asters, yellow arnica, and scarlet painter's-brush are set like precious jewels in these flats, saturated with the warmth of summer sunbeams. Below, down into the valley, pines and firs, hemlocks, tamarack, spruce and poplars stretch in restful green—above, the grey cliffs are banded with strangely symmetrical stripes of red and ochre, their round



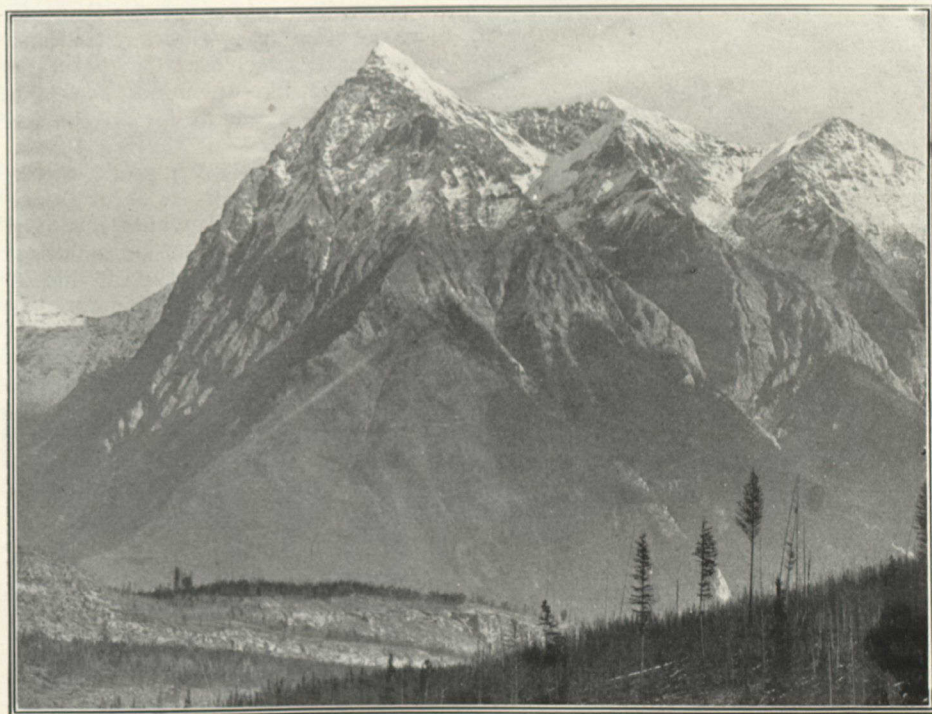
A LOFTY PEAK



heads crisp-etched against a cloudless, cobalt sky.

To stroll along the trail on the mountain side, opposite the hotel, up to the Summit, some three thousand feet, and see the extensive view down the valley of the Kicking Horse River from a shoulder of Mount Field; to walk to the Natural Bridge, a distance of about three miles, where a tunnelled rock spans completely the boiling

dred feet. Here rare and perfect specimens of trilobite are to be found, and from this point a glorious view is obtained clear across the *col* between Mount Field and Mount Burgess up the famous Yoho valley. This valley, recently discovered, and which has only just been opened up to the world, is reached by means of a capital road that runs through the forest from Field to Emerald Lake, a distance of seven



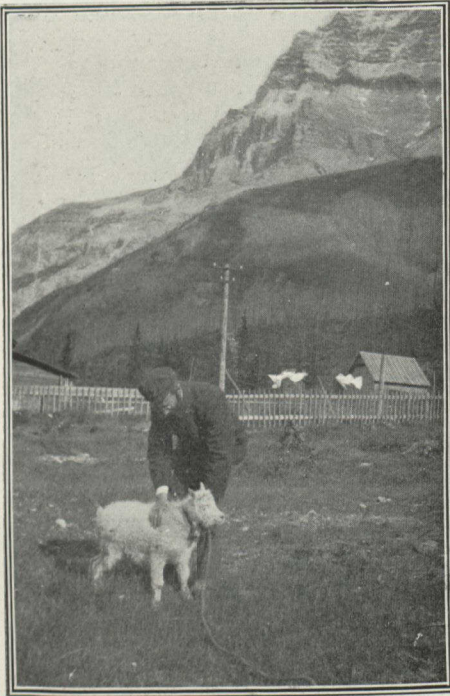
IN THE ROCKIES—THE CHANCELLOR—DIFFICULT OF ASCENT

waters of the Wapta River; these are delightful and easy walks, and quite within the power of any woman. Not a trail about Field but is picturesque, with ferns and flowers underfoot, exquisite green growths overhead, and all around the matchless panorama of the Rocky Mountains.

Another excellent path leads over a shoulder of Mount Stephen and brings you to a fossil-bed, a rock slide of shale and slate lying against the mountain-side for a vertical distance of five hun-

and a half miles, and from thence on by a good trail nine miles long, built up over the Summit. This finally brings the traveller along the far eastern slopes of the hill to where the great Takakkaw Falls, the highest cataract in America, drops over the rocks with one mighty bound of twelve hundred feet from the glacier heights above, down into the narrow, rock-walled canyon below.

Photography in the Rocky Mountains should become an art. Modern



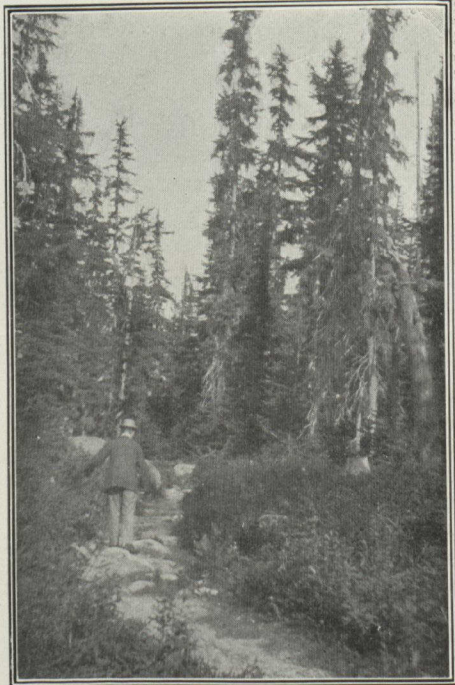
A WHITE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT IN CAPTIVITY AT FIELD

science has given us the best of cameras and kodaks. At such points as Field, Nature offers us unrivalled scenery to work upon. The fast-flowing Kicking Horse River, the lakes lying like a chain of sapphires and emeralds of the purest water upon the bosoms of the hills; the grand old mountain-monarchs drawing their snow-mantles closely around their superb shoulders, and holding erect their stately ice-crowned heads; the glaciers clinging to the upper slopes between the castellated ranges, and clasping the rocks with their sparkling fingers; cataracts, water-falls, cliffs and canyons, each and all combined, afford an unlimited variety of subjects.

One morning, having spent the night in camp at the log cabin at Emerald Lake, I started off soon after sunrise to ride through the woods, and incidentally to shoot whatever game might chance to come my way. It was heavenly to smell the fresh unbreathed air of

the forest, sweetly laden with the scent of the balsam-pines. My mount, a sturdy little Indian pony, plodded steadily on, oblivious alike of word or whip. He knew those trails, cut deep into the tangled woods, far better than I, for was he not bred and born among them? The gnarled root had never grown that would trip his wary hoofs, nor the loose avalanche shale been discovered that could make him stumble on the precipitous hillsides. Across the sheen-like surface of the Emerald Lake the pine trees threw reflections, perfect as themselves. Overhead the sky was blue, like unwinking eyes of a doll. It was a day fit for the gods—and sport.

I had strapped my gun (a seven-pound Remington with a short stock, and such a one as I would strongly counsel any woman bent on shooting small game to use) to the off-side of my saddle, and was jogging complacently along the trail, more hungry—I must confess—for the beauties of Na-



A JOYOUS PATH

ture, than athirst after the blood of beasts and birds, when the soft whir-r-r of wings in the underbrush betrayed the whereabouts of blue grouse. In a twinkling I was off the pony's back, and having tethered him to a tree, was creeping quietly through the bush. Bang! bang! and a splendid brace fell to my "right-and-left," the third, a fine old veteran, sailing away with outstretched wings and an angry s-w-i-s-h.

Another similar experience, and I returned to camp for breakfast about nine o'clock, a bag of five plump grouse swinging from the pommel of my saddle.

There is plenty of excellent shooting in the neighbourhood of Field, but you must seek it in the right directions, and at the right seasons. For a woman who can climb, there is plenty of goat and bear to be had in the Beaverfoot district to the southwest, but such hunting of big game entails great physical exertion and endurance. Ruffed and blue grouse, ptarmigan and duck afford easy sport within the reach of anyone who is a fairly good shot. Fishing, too, in the vicinity of Field is admirable, mountain and rainbow trout

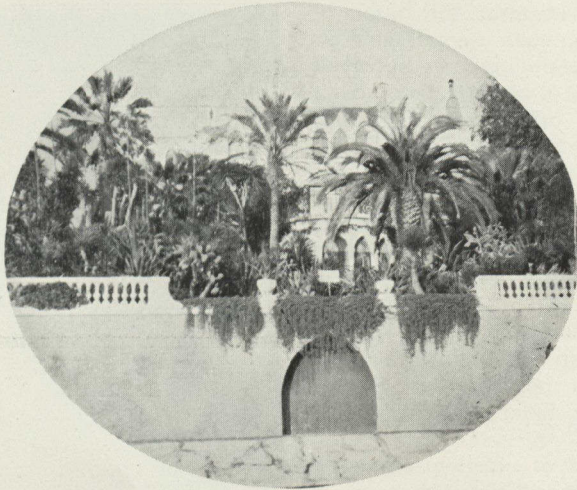


BANG! BANG!

being very plentiful in the lakes and some of the creeks.



A LOG CABIN IN THE ROCKIES



AN ITALIAN PALACE

## “MY BRIDAL TRIP”

*By Albert R. Carman*

IT was Marc Stewart who called it “my bridal trip.” Marc Stewart is the man with the ethical judgment in our set. He is the vault in which are deposited our approved standards of honour and conduct. Whenever any one of us is in doubt as to whether he should take a favour at the hands of Mr. A., with whom his firm has business relations, or a weekly cup of “five o'clock tea” from the fairer hands of young Mrs. B., in whose sentimental past he was an “also ran,” he consults Marc Stewart—with a non-committal air, however, which is intended to convey to Mr. Stewart the impression that it matters little what he says on the subject. But it does. Yet not one of us would take his judgment on anything of importance. Like a professional conscience-keeper, he is insulated from the sordid currents of earth. His choicest business conceits could be published as a new and valuable list of “Don'ts.” But when we have had dinner, and escaped into the world of smoke-rings, and vaguely daring politics, and more daring sociology, and

touch-and-go literary appreciation, and delicate moral problems, we all long for Marc Stewart. He is so unpractical, so superior to conditions, so stimulating to the conscience in fields where that organ can do little real harm.

Thus it came about quite naturally that I told him one night all about my experience with the Campbells on their wedding trip; and he summed it up as being, in reality, “my bridal trip,” and not Jack Campbell's at all.

It began one evening at Cannes. I was staying at a large “pension” there, and was feeling rather lonely; for there was no one else at the “pension” except a German family, a solitary Russian, and a group of English people abroad for the first time. English people must take two or three trips abroad before they become companionable to strangers whose hereditary burying-place they do not know. I had been walking on the Croisette until sunset, when that chill falls on the Riviera air which drives all the world in to “five o'clock tea,” and now I was sitting before the coal fire

reading some old English papers, when a bustle announced the arrival of strangers. I listened to hear what language they spoke, and there came in a man's voice—

"Well, I guess we'd better see the rooms, hadn't we, Millie?"

"Americans!" I assured myself. "I'll go right out and shake hands." I had not lived with Americans in the same house since I left Avignon, and I was eager for their instant and democratic friendliness. They might be a trifle emphatic and somewhat uncertain in their art criticism, but they were warm-blooded animals and they spoke my language. So I stepped into the office and saw—Jack Campbell, with four lady tourists in the back-ground. Jack was seeking information of the landlady.

"Est-ce possible," he was saying, with a mighty and deliberate emphasis, as if utterance were pain. "D'avoir une lampe au lieu de la bougie?"

The four looked at him admiringly, as if he had surpassed their highest expectation; and then the landlady flung back her answer.

"Par-dong?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"She says that it will cost you half-a-franc a day extra," I ventured to put in, at the same time holding out my hand to him.

"Why! Hello, Barton!" he cried. "You here?" And prompt, chattering introductions followed. There was, of course, the new Mrs. Campbell. I had known of her, but had never seen her before. Then there was Miss Bertram, of Albany, and the Misses Wilson, of Buffalo. My eyes rested with grateful pleasure upon them. They were four perfect copies

of the North American woman in Europe—a short, plain skirt of a grayish effect; boots, utilitarian and roomy, but not gratuitously ugly; a round felt hat, tied with ribbon and skewered with a quill; a frank, happy eye, and a face of intertwined confidence and curiosity.

"This is not a meeting," said I, bubbling over, "but a rescue. I have been dying of loneliness. The man Friday, you know, had savages about him who were ready to take him right into their confidence—into their digestive apparatuses, indeed. But I—"—and I laughed—"I haven't had a heart-to-heart talk in two weeks."

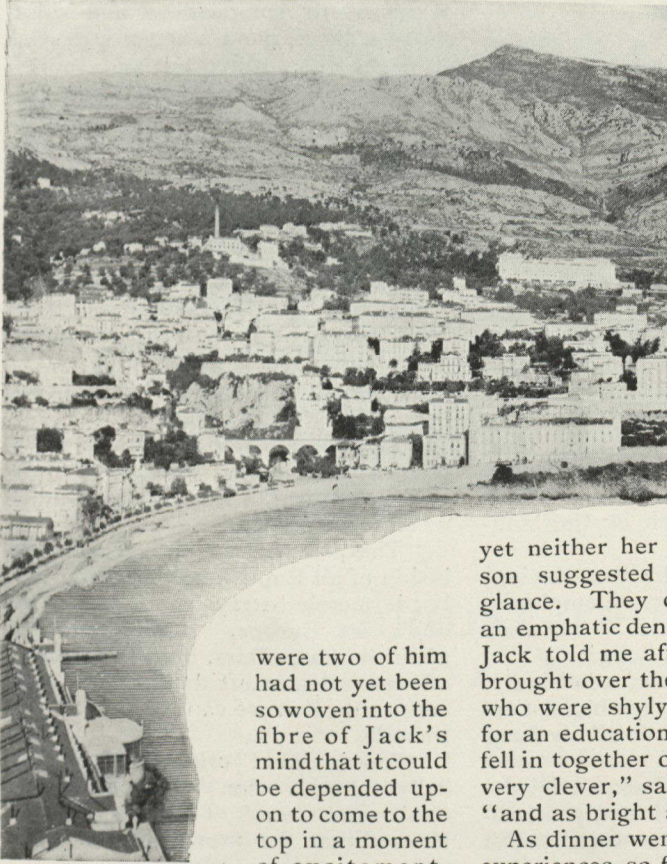
"Well, if you want to be dined off of, you stick to us," said Jack grimly. "The continent of Europe has lived off us since we landed."

"That," I assured him, "is the delusion of all English-speaking tourists, but it merely betrays the fact that we don't see Europe. Europe is busy about its own affairs, but a body-guard of personal servants dance about us so constantly that we can hardly see past them."

"That's right!" cried Jack emphatically. "But I don't want them—we don't want them." That belated "we" showed that the knowledge that there



STREET SCENE IN THE ITALIAN QUARTER OF NICE



MONTE CARLO—  
WEST END

were two of him had not yet been so woven into the fibre of Jack's mind that it could be depended upon to come to the top in a moment of excitement. His wedding trip was only some four weeks old, you must remember.

The "we" reminded him, too, that the ladies were waiting for their rooms.

"Nous desirons," Jack began, laboriously, to the landlady—

"Let Mr. Barton talk to her," his bride broke in nervously.

Jack smiled feebly and waved his hand at me to begin; whereat I took instructions from the four ladies, and bargained for three rooms "full south," with lamps and attendance included, wine at table for two and tea for three. One wanted an egg with her "petit déjeuner," which was to cost her "vingt-cinq centimes" extra.

At dinner we were all very chatty—at least, as far as the fish. Then the

bride became *dis-traité*. Miss Bertram, the Albany member of the party, was a very self-possessed and bright-tongued lady who mixed her red wine with water like a practised hand and showed casually in her conversation that this was by no means her first visit to Europe. I almost wrote "young lady" in speaking of her, and I am not sure that it would have been wrong;

yet neither her manner nor her person suggested youth to your first glance. They did suggest, however, an emphatic denial of even middle-age. Jack told me afterwards that she had brought over the two Miss Wilsons—who were shyly and gravely young—for an educational trip, and that they fell in together on shipboard. "She's very clever," said Jack impressively, "and as bright as a dollar."

As dinner went on, Jack told of his experiences so far, and Miss Bertram, ranking me in flattering fashion as an old traveller like herself, endorsed them with—"You know how that goes on, Mr. Barton"—or—"Yes; and this case was remarkable, Mr. Barton; for they did so-and-so, which, as you know, is *very* unusual."

But Mrs. Jack Campbell was silent. She had sweet, deep, almost bottomless eyes, but rays of trouble and nervousness and pain shot across them while we talked. Yet Jack perpetually pulled himself up, and turned to her with—"Don't you remember that, Millie?" or "And you thought, Millie, that I should have given it to him?"

"It would never do," Miss Bertram would say with firm wisdom at this. "That is not the way to treat such people." And we all felt that Miss Bertram had been treating "such people" wisely throughout a long life.



MONTE CARLO—EAST END

Mrs. Campbell got through dinner before the rest of us, and said that she thought she must go, as she was very tired. Jack slapped his napkin down to go too, but she protested earnestly. He was not through, and it was sheer nonsense for him to come with her. She was only going to her room. He sat in perplexed, shame-faced indecision. Plainly he wanted to go with her and comfort her in some foolish "lovers' laney" fashion; but he had the grace to be ashamed of it. "Now, you stay," she said emphatically as she got up; but he took the words to mean "Come," and sprang up and went off with her. As they passed down the table on the other side, she looked at us; and there was a budding content and a timid pride on her face. Jack did not look at us, but there was apology in the bend of his neck.

For a few moments after they went nothing was said; and then we got to coldly comparing the Pitti with the Dresden galleries. We were all ashamed of the exhibition that two sane people had made of themselves. "All" is, perhaps, incorrect; for Miss

Alice Wilson said presently to her sister, *sotto voce*, "I am glad he had sense enough to go with her;" but, when I looked at her, she blushed furiously. It was as if I had caught her knowing something which a maiden should not have known.

We saw no more of the bridal couple that evening, and Miss Bertram and I were each conscious that the other thought them very silly—though, of course, we said nothing. I found it a great comfort to talk to Miss Bertram after my two weeks' exile from companionableness, but was conscious towards the close of the evening that she was very positive in her opinions, that she took more interest in the conversation when she was talking herself, and that she was limited in her interests. Still she could appreciate a humorous turn of expression, and she did not chill the sociability of the occasion with pointed reticence.

Next morning all was sunshine again with our party—just as it had been for a week overhead. So we walked down to the "*place*" on the sea-front and watched the Cannes fishermen and

their women-folk mending their nets, and declined numerous invitations to "make a promenade in a boat" at a "ver' cheap" fee; and then the bride was struck with the romantic appearance of the old town, and wanted to climb Mont Chevalier, on the side of which it rests.

Miss Bertram thought it was hardly worth while—Grasse was so much more quaint; and, of course, we would see Grasse before we left.

"You are tired," said Jack to Miss Bertram, looking at her benevolently.

"Perhaps," she admitted. "But then one really must conserve one's strength in Europe."

"Baedeker says there is a fine view from the top of Mont Chevalier," hazarded the bride; and then, with forced ecstasy—"and those climbing streets do look so romantic."

"Don't they!" cried one of the Miss Wilsons, obviously going to the support of the bride.

"Yes, they do," agreed Jack, with a new enthusiasm. But the bride was not satisfied. She seemed to resent his agreement with her, now that it came after Miss Wilson's adhesion. The unworthy thought flashed into my mind that she must be jealous of Miss Wilson. But that was too absurd. Jack was positively sickening in his open devotion to his peevish little wife, who now was for going back to the "pension." She had not thought that she was so tired as she was. And Jack was as solicitous as a mother with a first baby. It ended with the bridal pair going gloomily off to the "pension," while the rest of us sat on the "Croisette" until luncheon.

That afternoon was bright and breezy, and Miss Bertram hit upon a capital idea. We would ride down to the Cape at the end of the Croisette on the funny one-horse tram, and there get a sailing boat to take us over to Ile Sainte Marguerite, on which was the prison of "the Man with the Iron Mask." Capital! We were all for it. But Jack fell a little gloomy as he walked with me down to the tram.

"I don't know," he said, frowning, "quite what's the matter with Millie."

"What a pity Marc Stewart's not here," I put in, when he laughed hollowly.

"She's a good little soul," he said, "and she wouldn't hurt any one's feelings for the world; but sometimes she don't make it quite comfortable for Miss Bertram and her party." He stopped; but as I said nothing, he went on—"Now they're travelling alone—got no man with them—and I sort o' feel that I should do what I can for them. They're Americans—well, I count Canadians as Americans over here—and Millie and I are both here—our family thus is complete—I don't know whether you follow my idea or not, but I feel as if we were, in a sense, hosts of these three ladies, they having attached themselves to our family party. So I think we should be extra nice to them—both of us, you know. Well"—and he paused—"Millie won't. She seems to want me to be downright ugly to them." He was plainly talking to himself now more than to me. I felt that the whole subject was too deep for my comprehension, so I still said nothing. Marc Stewart would have mapped out a plan of conduct for Jack, warranted to cover the most unexpected developments.

There were not too many seats on the tram, so Jack allotted them, putting Miss Bertram out in front, where finally he was compelled to stand beside her. I stood on the back platform, and saw the storm gather in the bride's eyes as she watched them. Then a bare-footed sailor ran and jumped on, and, breathing garlic on me, tried to get my promise that we would hire his sailing-boat when we got to the Cape. Finally he thrust a dirty business-card into my hand, and fell to joking with a rival trotting alongside in the dust.

As we got off the tram a hand touched my arm, and a sweet voice said—"Who do you think, Mr. Barton, the Man with the Iron Mask was?"

I would never have known the voice,



if I had not turned and looked into the deep eyes of the bride. It must have been thus that she spoke to Jack in their courtship days. I gave out, without thinking, the common opinion that he was a twin brother of the French King.

"That's what I think," she said with excited enthusiasm. "It seems so reasonable. Else why should they have taken such pains to keep the people from knowing who he was?"

"Why, indeed!" I echoed. What red, smooth lips she had! No wonder that Jack—

"Mr. Barton agrees with me," she announced, as we joined the group with its ring of bargaining sailors. "He says that the Man with the Mask was the King's brother."

This was rather a positive rendering of my remark, but what matter! With such eyes proclaiming me an ally, I would have stood for the theory that the moon is made of green cheese.

"Nonsense!" Jack exploded at me. "Why Miss Bertram here knocked that theory into a cocked hat coming over on the train."

"I don't think that Mrs. Campbell was quite convinced," put in Miss Bertram sweetly.

"Indeed, I wasn't," said the glowing bride; "and now that Mr. Barton is with me"—with such a look at me as a lady of a tournament might have turned on a knight with her colours—"I shall see the King's brother in every corner of that prison."

"Have you seen the papers lately discovered at Paris on the subject?" I asked Miss Bertram. It is a poor cause that cannot be bolstered up with a more recent document than the other side knows about.

"I've read M. —'s work," she shot back. I had not even heard of it, and I cannot now remember the name of the author to put it down here. But the bride was looking at me, and eager expectation had slightly parted her Cupid's bow of a mouth. How could I disappoint her!

"Oh, that!" I said, with a polite

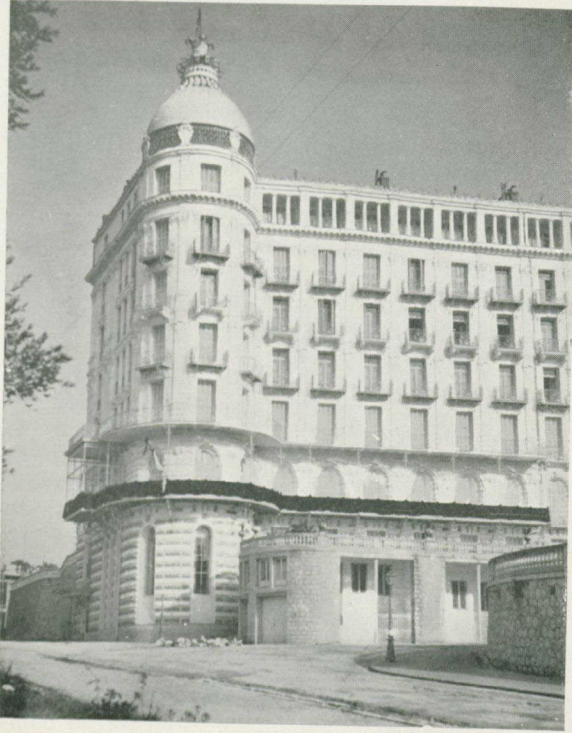
contempt. "That is old. No, I mean the letters of an attaché of the Court who saw the Man without his Mask—"

"No," said Miss Bertram, and her eye was full of suspicion.

"Well," I went on largely, "they are regarded as settling the controversy."

"Oh!" she said. But the bride came nearer to me, and pointing a slender finger at the pile of gray on the green side of the Ile, said—"I shall enjoy going over it so much more for knowing that it really was the King's wronged brother." Jack was at the boat head. "Come along! Come along!" he was saying impatiently, but his bride was inclined to linger. I thought she did not know that the boat was ready, so wrapped up was she in the romance of the floating Ile and the massed gray prison; but when she finally went and Jack said to her—"I'm afraid you will have to sit on the side now, Millie, for being so late"—she flashed back at him—"Yes; I heard you urging the others to take the stern seats." This made us all feel as comfortable as if we had got into some one else's chairs at a concert, and the bride and I meekly took seats on opposite sides of the little craft. But in a moment she came over to me with—"I'm going to sit next you, and you must tell me more about the Mysterious Prisoner." Everybody looked at me at this, and I thought there was an "Et tu, Brute!" expression on Jack's face. How silly newly-married people can be! So he sat down and talked loudly and incessantly to the three other ladies. As for the bride, it seemed to me that she talked with great spirit when it did not interfere with her hearing everything that the others said. Still, at times, she seemed to hang upon my words, and to drink them in greedily with her big, deep eyes until I wished that the other folks would not disturb us so with their chatter.

On the island it was Mrs. Campbell with me and Jack with the three others all over the rambling old fortress of Richelieu's building, and if any one



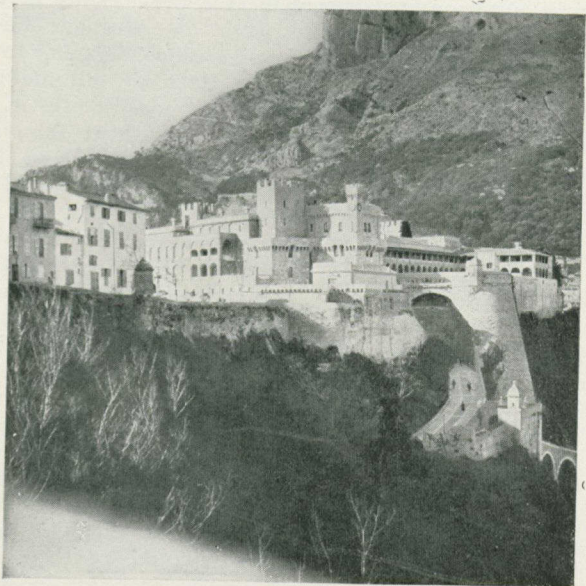
QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOTEL NEAR NICE—THE BLACK BUNTING MARKS HER FAVOURITE GALLERY

Jack, but when I poked him up he was only monosyllabic. And the way he looked at "Millie"! And the way she kept her tremulous lips together and looked at the darkening shape of *Ile Sainte Marguerite*! Why are newly-married people ever let out of their cages?

Yet I felt for Jack. He had only wanted to do the decent thing by the three ladies whom fortune had made, in a sense, his guests, and he had really paid his bride the high compliment of taking her promptly into the closest family unity with himself. She was no longer a stranger to be paid court to, but a Campbell to join with him in presenting a kindly and winning front to all the world. Of course, he must give the best places—the first attentions—to his guests. I was sure that Marc Stewart would have said so. The child would not see it—

was entirely content with the arrangement, it must have been Miss Bertram. Still the poor little bride fought hard to make me believe that she had ears only for my shamefully padded accounts of the "Mask," and eyes chiefly for the rose-tinted grandeur of the Maritime Alps as they shouldered up behind Cannes and the Riviera coast. But she always knew where Jack was, and was in a torment if she did not know what he was saying.

We were a silent party going home, though Miss Bertram and I put together enough conversation to keep us from being confessed accessories to a lovers' quarrel. It was too stupid of



MONACO—PALACE OF THE PRINCE

Just then she raised her fathomless eyes to mine, and they were so full of misery, and then she made so brave an effort to smile happily as if to say—"Aren't we having a good time?"—that I said, in my haste, and to myself of course—"Jack is a fool to think of anything else but how always to see to the bottom of those wells of love."

Next morning it was plain that Jack was forgiven—but on trial. He pointedly avoided putting himself anywhere near enough to the three ladies to be talked to. Mrs. Campbell was nervously cordial with them, though there was hostility in her eye which her best efforts could not cover. Jack was as patently uncomfortable as a man is in the presence of a person whom he knows, but does not speak to; and all the while his gregarious nature called to him to join the chatting group and be gay. In sheer pity I joined his restless solitude, and in his misery he never thought of the light he had seen me in yesterday. I was no longer an incipient lover of his wife, but an old friend who, with certain reservations, might be made to serve as a confidant.

"I wish those three old hens would go on," he said to me irritably.

"What!" I cried.

"Well, there's only one of them who's really old," he admitted, as if with reluctance, "but they get on my nerves when they're always about."

"They are very nice girls, I think," I felt compelled to say.

"Nice enough, I suppose," he granted grudgingly. "Yes, they are nice," he added, almost instantly, his conscience pricking him, "but they are—too—ubiquitous, you know." And he growled what he thought was a laugh.

"We're going down to the Croisette," Mrs. Campbell called to us, which I took for a hint for us to come too. But Jack didn't move.

"All right," he said guardedly.

"We may be down after a while."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"We can go now," I said in low tones.

"They don't want us," he grunted. I was still more astonished at this after having heard his wife call to him; but

I took his gloomy society for as long as I could stand it and then led the way to the Croisette. We found them promenading slowly in the January sunshine, the bride laughing and talking gaily in the midst of the three. As we approached, she looked at Jack as if thanking him for something; yet she seemed hardly glad that we had come. She kept the girls together, and they walked on ahead, leaving us to follow. Jack seemed to have the key to this behaviour, but he said nothing.

Resolutely I broke the combination at the end of the walk—I was tired of masculine grumps—and we all got chatting together. Miss Bertram took advantage of the occasion to ask Jack if he was ready to go to Grasse that afternoon as they had planned. They were going on to Nice the next day; and it was that afternoon or never.

"I suppose so," said Jack, with a shifting smile, looking quickly at his wife. But she was looking steadily out to sea.

"Well, we had better start right after dejeuner," continued Miss Bertram. "You will come, Mr. Barton?" turning to me.

"No-o, thank you!" I said. "I have been to Grasse several times, and I don't need any more perfumery."

"I said the other day," remarked the bride incisively, "that I would rather go up Mont Chevalier."

Jack lost hold of his temper. It had been tugging at the rein all morning. "That's nonsense, Millie," he said testily. "Grasse is the place to see, and besides, we have promised to go."

"Well, you go," she said, looking at him with wide open eyes. "I never thought to keep you home. You go with Miss Bertram and the young ladies. But I shall go up Mont Chevalier instead. Perhaps"—and she turned to me with the fascinating, excited face of yesterday—"if you have nothing to do this afternoon, you might like to make the climb too."

"I should be delighted," I said—though I had doubts of it.

"Very well," exploded Jack. "We'll divide the party this afternoon. Miss

Bertram and I will get along all right"—and he broadsided both of us with his anger. For just a moment the bride flinched pitifully; but then she saw a smile on Miss Bertram's rather hard face, and she steadied herself.

"You will be sorry, Mrs. Campbell," Miss Bertram said pleasantly. That was her revenge for the unpleasant position the young bride had put her in.

"I think not," said the bride; and she looked at me as if to say that I was the person who was to keep her from being sorry. Jack looked at me, too, with a "You wouldn't?" expression in his eyes; and then a "Hang you! Do what you like" one.

We all talked so much and so loudly at "dejeuner" that the English family were plainly confirmed in their settled opinion as to the vulgarity of Americans; and I found myself wishing that some of our people had the cultured English capacity for keeping their emotions to themselves. Now an English Jack and Jill would not have behaved like certain uncomfortable people whom I would not name.

After "dejeuner" Jack and his harem hurried off to the train for Grasse, while Mrs. Jack and I walked moodily down to the public square, whence we would commence the ascent of the winding streets of Mont Chevalier. I shall not attempt an account of that afternoon. Mrs. Jack was every kind of a person but herself. She was chatty, she was silent, she was radiant and ecstatic, she was depressed and almost tearful. I could hardly keep at times from touching her cheek or resting a hand on her shoulder in comfort, and the next moment I could not be sufficiently thankful that I had not done so. For if at one time she seemed to invite it, in a moment she was daring me with a hysteric eye to so much as pity her. And if she was in a fever of helpless fury and desperately restrained hysteria, I was tormented with a fearful wonder over what was to happen next.

I would like to know how much of Mont Chevalier she saw. We wound

up the narrow, Moorish streets, with their gray houses piled one on the other and scorning to make room for even the dark lanes which occasionally broke through their lower stories. We paced the stone ramparts about the mediæval church, and went up on the ancient watch-tower which commands a view of the sea out to the Lerins, west to the massed Esterels and east to the headland of Antibes. And she commented on everything—rejoiced in the romance of the town clinging to its mountain-side, bearing the marks of the Moor on the duller gray of the Middle Age—breathed deep over the wide view and let her eyes shine with the beauty of it. But that she was thinking of it for a moment, I could not be sure.

Yet that night she could match wonder for wonder with the pilgrims from Grasse. Had they seen Moorish doorways, so had she; and "Mr. Barton" had told her such a thrilling Moorish tale. Had they a wide view, so had she; and "Mr. Barton" had made it all seem so real as she stood on a tower built to watch for pirates, and he had described how they used to creep in along the winding coast. I grew positively sick of "Mr. Barton" while the contest in "wonders" went on. They produced their scent-bottles which they had bought at the factory in Grasse, and this nearly floored her; but Jack had the inspiration to put into her lap at this moment the finest assortment of perfumery in the party which he had bought for her on the sly. This did "floor" her. She examined it quite in silence; and entirely forgot to mention that I had bought her a very pretty bit of porcelain at the factory situated conveniently—for tired tourists—on the very top of Mont Chevalier.

The next day we all went on to Nice and set out to find a "pension" there. The relations between the party were fair to middling, but they hung upon the touch of a hair-trigger. Jack plainly had his doubts of me, and Mrs. Jack as plainly suspected that Jack was likely to be cordial again to those

awful girls at the first opportunity. Still that prize box of perfumery, purchased on his own initiative, had done wonders.

For a while we thought that we could not all get into the same "pension," and we began to feel the coming of a new sense of relief. But luck was against us. We found an admirable place which could accommodate us all; so we all said how delightful it was, and took our old places over the powder magazine. I think it was something about the arrangement of the rooms that caused the trouble. Jack wanted to give the best to Miss Bertram instead of keeping it for himself, never thinking that it was not for himself at all, but for Mrs. Jack that he would have kept it; and, as a result, I found myself walking down the Promenade des Anglais with a vivacious, deep-eyed, tense-nerved Mrs. Jack at my side. I had threatened to balk at the arrangement, recalling my experience of the day before, but the bride would not permit it. She so liked my intimate knowledge of these Riviera people; she had come abroad to learn, and she wanted to go about with some one who could teach her. Then I made everything so interesting, it seemed; and so, with those eyes in which one could drown himself so blissfully turned on me, I went off happily—and Jack went down town alone on business. He was beginning to learn wisdom.

But we were all together at dinner; and Jack could no more help being genial than he could help breathing—so it was I who sat out in the white moonlight that night with the bride, and told her why it was that I was not a married man. She was full of sympathy. Her voice was softer and more sibilant than the breaking of the baby Mediterranean breakers on the gravel beach, and her eyes were liquid with pity. I thought at the time that at last she had forgotten Jack—unworthy Jack. What man could be worthy? But I doubted it when we went in and she went right up to him, without even a question in her face as to where he

had been, and shone on him with a fulness of love I had not seen yet, as if she wished to comfort him for the pain he would have suffered in losing her, if he had lost her. Then she looked at me. If her soul could have spoken, it would have said—"Jack, be good to Mr. Barton; for he has not that other me whom he might have had."

But Jack—he had only been married four weeks, you must remember—did not see this. He knew of no reason for being good to me, and thought he knew a very good one for being the opposite; so he pointedly refused my invitation to a cigar, and told the bride that he and the others had been planning to run over to Monte Carlo the next day. This was enough to turn the Monte Carlo trip into a temporary writ of separation; and the bride and I did the Casino and the Gardens, and the old town of Monaco and all the rest of it, pretty generally together.

But there is no need to tell the story over and over again in different settings. We came back to Nice and went on to Mentone; we escaped from that consumptive sanitarium, and drove to San Remo—and there I had my eyes opened.

Miss Alice Wilson threatened to divide the happy party. She said that she had read a lot of stories about San Remo, and did not think she would be ready to go on when Mr. and Mrs. Campbell would want to. Mrs. Campbell said that she had no doubt that San Remo was a very delightful place, but that their time was limited. Then Miss Bertram set in to argue Miss Alice out of her nonsensical notion. She assured us after a little that they would go on when we were ready—that it was only a silly, novel-born whim that Alice had got—she had no more time to waste at an insignificant little place than any of the rest of us had. She did not want to be harsh with Alice but she was really only a child yet; and she (Miss Bertram) was responsible for the conducting of the party. Alice's father would expect her to see to it that the girls made good use of their time.

The bride said nothing to this. But I caught her telling Alice out on the veranda that, as she was paying the money for the trip, she should stick up for herself and see what she wanted to. Mrs. Jack went on to say that she was sure San Remo was worth a week or two, but, of course, they could not spare it. Mr. Campbell had to get back to business.

Then I took a hand in—not that I wanted the party to stay together, but simply because I enjoy playing at discussion with the Feminine. If I had met Lady Macbeth I should have reasoned with her against ambition—provided she was not too square-featured, and would have listened to me with attentive, fawn-like eyes. It is not that I can recall any great success in turning women from their purposes, but simply that I liked the trying. They do not crash into your theories with a jagged fact, or weary you with long and intricate counter-reasoning. They listen to you with appreciative comments, and wonder flatteringly when you thought it all out, and then—do as they intended. But what matters it? You have had the joy of unopposed exposition.

So I took Miss Wilson in hand.

"San Remo," I said, "is, no doubt, very interesting, but nothing to Florence and Genoa and Pisa and Rome. You must plan your trip with a due sense of proportion."

She looked at me sideways out of her eyes for a full half minute, as if wondering what to say. No, it was hardly that—she seemed to be wondering how much I could understand.

"Are you going on—with the Campbells?" she then asked.

"Oh!—eh—I suppose so," I said, wondering at the question.

She was looking at me closely again, and there was a doubtful smile just behind her eyes. "You shouldn't," she said then, shaking her head at me.

What did the child mean? I'm afraid there was rude astonishment in my face. Did her novel-filled mind imagine that I was in danger of an intrigue with Mrs. Campbell? How

ridiculous! Yet I felt myself colouring.

"That suspicion of yours," I said directly—intuition tells with women—"is as absurd as it is unworthy of you."

She smiled broadly now. "I never had such a suspicion," she said. Plainly she was amused at me.

"What do you mean, then?" I asked with some indignation.

"Mr. Barton," she said, becoming serious, "if you were going on your wedding tour, would you want three or four girls along?"

"No," I said. "I'm not a Turk."

"You know what I mean," she said, annoyance at my perversity crossing her face. "I mean 'men' in your case."

"Well?" I asked.

"Well; that's what poor Mrs. Campbell is enduring all this time; and I'm going to stop it. But," she cried in alarm, "don't tell Miss Bertram why I am staying here. You won't, will you?"

So that was it. "But," I began, "it's so very absurd of her. Campbell thinks there's no one in the world like her—"

"Of course," said Miss Wilson impatiently. "He loves her, and she knows it. If she didn't, she'd never act as she does. She'd pretend then for all she was worth that she was perfectly satisfied. But, knowing that he loves her, the way he acts makes her miserable."

I looked at this shy young thing in the tail of her teens. What a deal she seemed to know about love! But did she know? As for me, in my wisdom, I hardly knew what she meant.

"The way he acts," I quoted doubtfully. "Do you mean that he is too silly over her? I certainly think he is, but I thought she was jealous of his merely polite attentions to others."

There was the amused look back on her face. No one had looked at me so since my school-teacher laughed at me floundering through my reading lesson.

"It is the polite attentions to us others that is the trouble," said Miss

Wilson. "She is used to monopolizing those attentions; and she doesn't like to suddenly lose them altogether."

"But she doesn't," I protested.

"No. She gets most of them yet. But she wants them all," was this young girl's answer. Then she blushed. Again she was confessing to a knowledge which she suspected that I thought unmaidenly.

"Would you act that way?" I asked brazenly.

She did not answer at once; and again I could see that she was considering my capacity for the reception of truth. It was not that she did not know; but was it prudent to tell me? Finally she decided in favour of my enlightenment.

"Yes," she said. "I would. If I had a husband, I would not want him to show that he knew there were any other women in the world. I would want to be always first—always everything." She paused—a little breathless; but it was plain that she could say more.

"But after marriage," I began—

"Especially after marriage, I should think," she said gravely. "Before marriage, a girl is as free as a man. After marriage, it must be his attentions—or none."

"Mrs. Campbell," I said irrelevantly, "let me take her to Mont Chevalier."

"Yes, but that was torture to her," said this plain-spoken person with great earnestness.

"Oh!" I said simply; but the irony of it was wasted.

"She knows," went on the young girl, with her eyes on the wide sea, "that there can never be any substitute for her husband's respect. But"—suddenly breaking off—"you know all this as well as I do, and you are only pretending to tease me."

"Indeed, and I do not," I answered truthfully. "And I should like an answer to one more question. If you three stay here, why should not I go on?"

"You must do as you think best," she said stiffly. She had opened her soul enough to a scoffer.


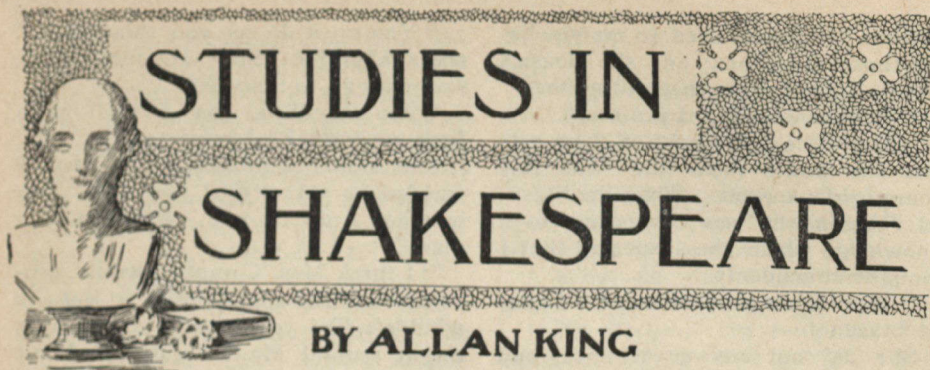
"Are you afraid that I shall make Jack miserable?" I persisted.

She smiled contemptuously, and I was led to say: "Oh! you don't care whether I do or not. He is only a man."

"I think Mrs. Campbell would prevent that," she said quietly. "But she wouldn't like you about. Something might remind Mr. Campbell of Mont Chevalier, and then he would be irritated, you know, and—well—you'll have to think it out for yourself," she suddenly flashed at me and went in.

The next day we four saw the Campbells off by train to Genoa, and a gayer party never shouted farewells to one another and good wishes for pleasant journeying. Then Miss Alice showed us all the places she had read of in San Remo, and let me learn incidentally several other things about women which are not to be read of at all. It was only Miss Bertram who kept me from following up this study to—well, to the ship-side anyway. But when we left Pisa for Rome, Miss B. told me that they were going to stay with a friend of hers there, and that she was sorry that there would be no room for me in the house. And she was right—it turned out that there was not even room for me in the drawing-room of an evening, and they never seemed to know their plans a day ahead.

So I sought consolation from Marc Stewart, and he said that I did not need it, for I had already had "my bridal trip." But I think that, for once, he was misled by appearances. A certain slim girl who once had a passion for San Remo, knows better; she knows that I was only a pawn in Mrs. Jack's game. And sometimes I wonder if she thinks I am ever to have a "bridal trip." But I shall have to go to a higher authority than Marc Stewart to learn that.



# STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

BY ALLAN KING

## I—HIS USE OF BIRDS

THESE papers were prepared chiefly for the young reader and for those beginning the study of literature, with the purpose of pointing out the great store of information and of pleasure to be derived from a careful and systematic study of Shakespeare's works. A cursory reading of his plays will afford only a very temporary pleasure. The reader who reads his plays as he would read most modern novels, will find himself in the situation of the child who, trying to catch the summer shower in his outstretched hands, discovers that it has nearly all run through his fingers.

The student of Shakespeare, as he proceeds with his work, will be reminded of a stately palace, noble in design and perfect in symmetry. On a closer examination of it he will find that each stone is a work of art in itself, of a curious and cunning workmanship, and differing from each other stone in design and structure. In order to grasp the secret of the grandeur, and symmetry, and beauty of the structure, he must pull it to pieces and study it carefully in detail. He will find, however, that in the very act of pulling it to pieces and studying it carefully in detail he is best performing the work of reconstruction.

Some day he will find that he has erected for himself an Aladdin's palace, towering and beautiful, perfect in every part—no, not perfect in every part. The earnest student will find that he

has not penetrated to the very heart of the builder's secret, that the clue to the complete interpretation of his works was buried with Shakespeare, and he will fully appreciate the words of the poet who said in another connection:

"Ah, who will lift that wand of magic power,  
And the lost clue regain,  
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,  
Unfinished must remain."

Eckermann, in his "Conversations of Goethe," tells of a conversation about Shakespeare in which he says "Goethe then showed me a very interesting English work, which illustrated all Shakespeare in copper plates. Each page embraced in six small designs one piece, with some verses written underneath, so that the leading idea and the most important situations of each work were brought before the eyes. All these immortal tragedies and comedies thus passed before the mind like processions of masks. It is even terrifying, said Goethe, to look through these little pictures. Thus are we first made to feel the infinite wealth and grandeur of Shakespeare. There is no motive in human life which he has not exhibited and expressed."

He has laid the birds and the insects and the flowers under contribution to illustrate and explain his characters and their surroundings. A very earnest but somewhat amusing discussion has been carried on over the question of whether or not Shakespeare had a scientific knowledge of nature. A



writer in an English magazine argued through some thirty pages that he had only the scrappiest knowledge of natural history; and a member of a Natural History society in Ireland, in a book on the insects of Shakespeare, pronounced his knowledge of natural history to be singularly exact. Does it matter at all whether he was or was not a "scientific naturalist? If the student wishes to know the length of a bird's wing, the colour of its plumage, its migratory habits, or whether it is a song or game bird, or if he should wish to know about flowers, how and where they grow, are there not text books without number where he can get the required information to the last detail?

In the plays of Shakespeare the student will, however, find the birds in a setting in which he will not find them in the text books. He mentions about forty birds in his plays, and it is a somewhat curious fact, and perhaps in a measure illustrates the extent to which he has in many ways been imitated by later English poets, that they have not added a dozen to the number used by him.

The raven and the crow are pre-eminently his birds of ill-omen. Lady Macbeth, almost immediately after hearing that the King was to lodge at her husband's castle, and at the moment that the thought comes to her mind that he will be in their power, utters the following:

"The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements." (Act I, sc. 5.)

After the murder of Duncan has been accomplished, Macbeth makes up his mind to plunge still deeper into crime and to put Banquo and his son Fleance out of the way. He gives Lady Macbeth a hint of his intention—tells her that a deed of dreadful note is to be done. She asks him "what's to be done?" Macbeth answers:—

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling  
night;  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale; light thickens and the

*crow*  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and  
drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys do  
rouse.

Thou marvellest at my words: but hold thee  
still;

Things bad begun make strong themselves  
by ill." (Act III, sc. 2.)

And after the banquet has been broken up by Macbeth's vision of Banquo's ghost, and Lady Macbeth (the fear being upon her that in his madness he may disclose even more of their crimes than he has already done) said to the guests:

"At once good-night;  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once." (Act III, sc. 4.)

And here again this wonderful woman gives an exhibition of the iron nerve which she possessed. Fresh from the horror of the banquet scene where Macbeth all but disclosed his share in the murders of the King and Banquo, and not knowing what further act of folly he may be guilty of, she, in a fit of momentary excitement, asks the guests to go at once. In response to the courteously-worded leave-taking of Lennox, who says "Good-night, and better health attend his Majesty," she immediately gains control of herself and fulfils all the demands of courtesy. She is again the high-bred and kindly hostess and one can almost hear the level and kindly tones in which she says a kind good-night to all. But Macbeth is still a prey to his fears and the ghosts, and rooks and magpies chase each other through his brain. Still seeing the ghost he says:

"It will have blood; they say, blood will have  
blood;  
Stones have been known to move and trees  
to speak;

Augurs and understood relations have  
By magot-pies, and choughs and rooks  
brought forth

The secretest of man's blood." (Act III, sc. 4.)

*Titus Andronicus* is a play which many of Shakespeare's commentators would like to see struck from his list of

plays. It reeks with blood. Every evil passion to which man is heir finds expression in the play. The perusal of it gives one a sickening sensation. You feel that you have been decoyed into supping with the devil and that you were not supplied with a long-handled spoon.

One remark as to the authorship of the play may be ventured upon here, and that is, that the raven flies in this play oftener than in any other of his plays, and there is a strong family resemblance between them and the Macbeth ravens.

In the third scene of the Second Act, Demetrius and Chiron come upon their mother, Tamora, in the forest, in company with Bassanius and Lavinia, just after these two have been pointing out to her in somewhat vigorous language the evil course which she has been pursuing. Tamora, in answer to her son's question, "Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan?" answers as follows :

"Have I not reason, think you, to look pale? These two have 'ticed me hither to this place: A barren detested vale, you see it is; The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe: Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven: And when they showed me this abhorred pit, They told me, here, at dead time of the night, A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes, Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins, Would make such fearful and confused cries As any mortal body hearing it Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly."

And Lavinia, when she finds herself in the hands of Demetrius and Chiron, appeals first to Tamora. When she finds her pitiless, she appeals in turn to Demetrius and Chiron to spare her. Finding them both as unrelenting as their mother, and giving up hope of rescue she, partly soliloquizing and partly in appeal, says:

"'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark; Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now! The lion moved with pity did endure To have his princely paws pared all away: Some say that ravens foster forlorn children, The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!"  
(Act II, sc. 3.)

But the raven in this play carries us through such scenes of deviltry that we will not follow him farther.

But perhaps there is no passage in his plays where the raven is used with more effect than in *Othello*. Iago, with devilish ingenuity and skill, proceeded from innuendo to the specific instance of the lost handkerchief which, in Othello's excited state carried conviction to his mind, and to rivet it beyond the possibility of chance Iago returns to it again and again. In the first scene of the Fourth Act he says:

Her honour is an essence that's not seen:  
They have it very oft that have it not:

But for the handkerchief—

OTHELLO.—By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.

Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all—

One of the most amusing scenes in Shakespeare is set forth in Act III, s. 1. of the first part of *Henry IV*. Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer and Glendower, are met to consider ways and means to carry on the rebellion which they are about to raise against King Henry IV. Glendower is full of the superstition, which to this day seems to be in the atmosphere of his own Welsh mountains, and full to the very brim with a sense of his own importance. Hotspur, although he was impetuous, was clear-headed and practical, and he lost patience with Glendower when he persisted in telling him that at his nativity the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets, and that at his birth the frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward.

Glendower, pursuing the boasting strain, said:

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOT.—Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for them?

GLEND.—Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.

HOT.—And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil by telling truth; tell truth and shame the devil."

Some further discussion took place between Percy and Glendower, when Mortimer, wishing to preserve the peace between them, says:

"Fie, Cousin Percy, how you cross my father! HOTSPUR.—I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-winged griffin and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
He held me last night at least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys: I cried 'hum,' and  
'well, go to';

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me  
In any summer house in Christendom."

In the *Winter's Tale*, when Leontes has imposed upon Antigonus the duty of casting his child "to some remote and desert place quite out of our dominions, and that there thou leave it, without more mercy to its own protection and favour of the climate." Antigonus, having in his mind the same trait of the ravens, which Lavinia had when she says that "Some say that ravens foster forlorn children," accepts the hated task.

ANT.—I swear to do this, though a present death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe,  
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
Casting their savageness aside, have done  
Like offices of pity. (Act II, sc. 3.)

Henry V. is said to have been Shakespeare's ideal King and, to enhance the glory to the English at the battle of Agincourt, he puts into the mouth of Grandpre, one of the French lords, a description of the English army which should in the chance of battle, other things being equal, have given the victory to the French. Looking over the English host he points out their pitiable condition:

"Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favoredly become the morning field;

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand, and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,

The gum down-roking from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit  
Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless:

And their executors the knavish crows  
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour."

(Act IV, sc. 2.)

In the play of *King Henry VI*, third part, the career of the ill-starred monarch Richard III, is foreshadowed by King Henry when he is informed by Richard III, then Duke of Gloucester, that he has killed his son for his presumption.

"Had'st thou been killed when first thou did'st presume,

Thou had'st not lived to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye—  
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,  
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou was't born.  
The owl shrieked at thy birth,—an evil sign;  
The night crow cried, aboding luckless time;  
Dogs howled, and hideous tempests shook  
down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree."

(Act V, sc. 6.)

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III, scene 2, Juliet in speaking of Romeo uses the raven to express entirely opposite opinions of her lover. It is the afternoon of her wedding-day, and she is in the garden thinking and saying that she longs for his coming:

"Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Before Romeo reaches her, however, he encounters her cousin Tybalt, who forces a fight upon him in the public street, and Tybalt is slain—an episode in the old Capulet-Montagu feud—which is reported to Juliet before Romeo reaches her. Her first impulse is to denounce her lover, and she pours out hot bitter words against him:

"O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feathered raven; wolfish-ravens lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!  
O, nature, what had'st thou to do in hell,  
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?  
Was ever book containing such vile matter  
So fairly bound?"

But better thoughts of Romeo come to her after she has given voice to her passion, which the nurse finds out to her cost, when presuming upon what she has heard Juliet just say—she exclaims:

"There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
Shame come to Romeo!"  
JUL.—"Blistered be thy tongue  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be  
crowned  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O what a beast was I to chide at him!"

In *Much Ado About Nothing*, Bal-  
thasar sings that very pretty song be-  
ginning—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot in sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never."

But Benedick does not like the singer's voice and does not hesitate to say so:

"And he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night raven, come what plague could have come after it."  
(Act II, sc. 3.)

In the same play Beatrice and Benedick are having a fling at each other, in which Beatrice has clearly the best of the encounter.

BENE.—Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEAT.—A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood I am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENE.—God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall escape a predestinate scratched face.

BEAT.—Scratching could not make it worse an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BENE.—Well, you are a rare parrot teacher.

BEAT.—A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

BENE.—I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.  
(Act I, sc. 1.)

In *The Tempest*, Caliban coming into the presence of Prospero and Ariel, in one of his evil moods, salutes them in characteristic fashion:

"As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed  
With raven's feathers from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye  
And blister you all o'er!"  
(Act I, sc. 2.)

The owl is largely in evidence, sometimes in the tragedies and occasionally in the comedies. Lady Macbeth, in the last scene of the first act of the play, in answer to Macbeth's question: "If we should fail?" answers:

"We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail."

And then she tells him what her part in the carrying out of the crime is to be:

"When Duncan is asleep—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard  
journey  
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only."

And then the understanding is arrived at that Macbeth is to commit the murder with the chamberlains' daggers, and leave them all bloody in their bed,

so that it may appear to the inmates of the castle and to the public that the King's own guards murdered him.

Lady Macbeth is waiting in the court of the castle the re-entrance of Macbeth, who is even now about the deed. Her nerves are strung to the highest tension. She is playing a desperate game for a high stake. Everything hangs upon the success of the plot. She felt the necessity of taking some of the wine which she gave the guards. She drops into a soliloquy:

"That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire.  
Hark! Peace!

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugged their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die."

MACB. (within)—Who's there? What, ho!

LADY MACBETH—Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed

Confound us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready.

He could not miss 'em.

Had he not resembled my father as he slept I had done't.

(Enter Macbeth). My husband!

MACBETH—I have done the deed. Did'st thou not hear a noise?

LADY M.—I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. (Act II, sc. 2.)

And in the witches' cauldron the second witch contributes as her offering to make the charm firm and good—

"Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and *owlet's* wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell broth boil and bubble."

(Act IV, sc. 1.)

In the second part of *King Henry VII.* the Duchess of Gloucester consults Bolingbroke, a conjurer, and Margery Jourdain, a witch, as to the course she should pursue, and the fate of her enemies in the intrigues which were being carried on amongst the noblemen in Henry's Court. Bolingbroke is a master of his art, as shown by his speech in answer to the Duchess's request, that the ceremonies of the witchcraft be proceeded with at once:

BOLINGBROKE.—Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech owls cry and ban-dogs howl,

And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise  
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

(Act I, sc. 4.)

King Lear, when his daughter Goneril misuses him, and asks that he cut down his train of attendants from one hundred to fifty, leaves her home in anger, and proceeds to test the hospitality of her sister Regan, with the fullest confidence that he will be received with open arms. Regan will not see him, sends excuses, and when he forces his way into her presence, he is advised by her to return to Goneril and submit to her terms. It began to dawn upon the old King, that his court jester was right, when taking advantage of the privilege of his class, he practically told him that he played the fool in dividing his kingdom between his two daughters, reserving nothing for himself but what their charity was willing to afford him. From the bitterness of his heart he answers Regan:

"Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!" (Act II, sc. 4.)



# The Harbour Lights of Home

By Jean Blewett

FLATTERY is bad for children and fools, for the thought that some one has a great opinion of them causes them to have a great opinion of themselves. Fred Harrison no longer belonged to the first class, and he would have deeply resented being relegated to the second, but truth is truth, and Fred was anything but a wise boy. There was some excuse for him. His mother was only a memory, and his father's sister, who, on the death of his mother, had come to the farm to cheer and help through the trying time, had the mistaken idea that to be good to a child you must give it everything it cries for. She brought Fred up. Had he been her own child she could not have loved him better. He was the brightness and the warmth of her life, even while he was the tyrant who ruled her, and worried her, and got his way with her on every occasion, and if at twenty he was as conceited and selfish as he was handsome and clever there is small wonder.

The father loved the boy well, but he was a self-contained, quiet man, little given to display of affection. He was disappointed in Fred, there was no denying the fact. Here was the boy twenty years old, and taking no more interest in the farm—as good a hundred acres as lay in Kent County, that garden of the Province of Ontario—than if it were not his birthright. Mr. Harrison could count up a score of neighbours whose sturdy sons had taken to farming as a matter of course. It was a good life, a free and independent life; why could not that good-looking, good-for-nothing boy, with the smiling dark eyes of his dead mother, take to it? Why need he throw on airs, and talk of going out

into the world and making a name and place for himself? Name and place, indeed! His name was Fred Harrison, an honest name, and his place was on the homestead. Fred was a fool, and Mary Harrison, the weak-minded, loving spinster, was more than a trifle to blame.

Mary did not think her boy vain or foolish when he mapped out a great future for himself. In her eyes he was a lad of promise. She did not wonder that he rebelled against the commonplace life on the farm. When he spoke of leaving, her heart contracted with a sharp pain, but she owned to herself that he was right. He had talents which fitted him for any field. She would not have him hide his light under a bushel. Still, when he came to her one day at sunset to say that he had fully made up his mind, and was starting for a western city next morning, her face went white.

"The place will be lonesome as the grave without you," she said tremulously, as a vision of the years, the whole twenty years of her sojourn in her brother's house flashed before her. "And so soon, dear, so soon! Couldn't you put it off a while?"

"Not a day," he answered. "I've got an offer, and must close with it at once. Come and help me get my things together."

He turned to go to his room, but she did not follow him on the instant. "So soon!" She repeated the words over and over, pressing her hand to her bosom as though in pain.

"Come on," he cried with some im-

patience, "we'll never get through if we don't get a hustle on." Then noting the tears on her cheeks, "Now don't go making a fuss, Aunt Mary; I'm not the first chap that has gone out in the world to do for himself."

"The world is a big place," she answered wistfully, "a big place. I could find it in my heart to wish you were just a common, ordinary boy, instead of—of what you are," with a fond admiring glance.

Fred liked—nay loved, for though selfish and spoiled he had a heart—his aunt at all times, but never so well as when she spoke in this strain. "What!" he cried, with his winning smile, "rather have me follow the plough than follow the path to wealth and honour."

She sighed; the path of glory might lead him a long long way from home. Then she looked at him, and her eyes brightened. His handsome, determined face, his clever, intellectual, noble face, she told herself, was that face of a man who would make his mark, surely make his mark.

"I declare," she cried, "I'm 'most as ambitious for you as you are for yourself. How long before you'll come back?"

"When I've made my pile. You know what these country louts say of me, that I've got the big head, that I'm only going off because I'm too lazy to work—and all that. Well, I'll convince 'em to the contrary. When I come back to this corner of the earth I'll be a rich man, and a great one. Money alone won't satisfy me, I want to be known and—and honoured."

"Bless the boy!" cried Aunt Mary, and would have taken him to her bosom only that he eluded her. "I'll live to be proud of him yet; he'll be an honour to the name."

It did not cost Fred much to say good-bye to the old farmhouse, or to the couple who walked to the gate with him, and stood looking after him with eyes which shone with unshed tears.

"The Lord keep him, the bright, ambitious boy," murmured Aunt Mary.

"Now, the Lord be good to a young fool!" this from the father.

How they both missed him! All day Aunt Mary listened for his step and his whistle; the house, nay, the whole world, seemed so still.

When, at the end of the first year, they had not heard from him for some months, Aunt Mary made up her mind that he was coming home on a visit, and made great preparations. When he failed to put in an appearance she told herself, her brother, and the neighbours that she had been a foolish old woman to dream that a lad could make his fortune in a short twelvemonth.

"He is more apt to waste what he took with him than to make a fortune. Don't you be silly enough to go on building air-castles on that young man's prospects," said Mr. Harrison, giving her hand an affectionate pat. "You always thought more of him than he deserved."

"I can't bear you to talk like that," she cried; "he was good to me—in his way."

"Yes, in his way"; the old man's voice was sad—"and a poor kind of way it was. He took all the good out of you he could get, took all the good out of me he could get, and what did he give us back?"

"I wish you wouldn't say such things," she pleaded. "It's natural for young folks to think of themselves. If he was a bit thoughtless, what of it? And if he is too busy now making a name for himself to write as often as we'd like to hear, what of it?"

"The neighbours say he ought to be ashamed of himself,"—Mr. Harrison may have enjoyed hearing the loyal woman's defence of the absent, "neglecting us shamefully."

Aunt Mary smiled. There was pride and triumph in that smile. "My day for answering the neighbours is coming. When he arrives home, rich as all creation and a member of Parliament, maybe, or senator, or councillor—no, councillor isn't good enough—to boot, then I'll pay attention to the neighbours, and not before. It'll do

me a world of good to crow over them. I—I hope it isn't wicked of me, but I do enjoy thinking over what I'm going to say to those that have picked at my boy for nothing in the world, only that he's so much smarter than their boys."

"And if he comes home poor and of no account, what'll you find to say then?" asked her brother, giving her a sharp glance.

She winced. "Oh, I couldn't stand that at all!" she answered quickly. "I'm awfully ambitious for him; you don't know, you can't. A mother has notions a father never guesses of, and I'm just like his mother. I'm not afraid. Fred said he'd come back a man to be proud of, and I'm as certain in my own mind he will, as though I saw his carriage coming up the drive, and him wearing his silk hat and shaking his pretty curls. Go 'long, you and your Job's comforting—I wish you had my faith in him."

"It may be that pride of yours helped to get all sorts of fool notions in his head," he grumbled. "A woman with ambitions for herself, or somebody else, is pretty sure to make a mess of things."

Aunt Mary refused to be cast down. All through the long months of the second year she kept her love, her hope, and, above all, her pride. But she was homesick for the wanderer. She had not been well of late, and the hours of enforced idleness were spent in the room at the head of the stair—the room which held Fred's bed and old-fashioned bureau, and such of his belongings as he had left behind. Here she sat and dreamed her day-dreams; here she kneeled beside the bed, praying for Fred's safe return. The old do not shed tears easily, but often the white counterpane was wet where her head had bowed. Her heart would not still its longing.

And one day, when crimson and golden October was on the world, the hero came. Aunt Mary's eyes were dim, but they could never mistake that slender figure. There was no carriage at the gate—what was it she had boast-

ed to her brother, and to the neighbours, one and all?

Yet, it was Fred. His step was not so jaunty, nor his head so high as when he went out the lane almost two and a half years ago, but she knew him, as far as she could see him, and was off to meet him as fast as her old feet could carry her.

Rich! honoured! great! what did she care? He was her own boy, her own boy—the same old Fred—no, not the same. She knew that as soon as they were close enough together to fold their arms about each other. This was a boy who had learned his lesson, and found out by experience that love of self leads to many pit-falls.

"I, I'm a failure, Aunt Mary," he said, putting back her kindly face that he might feast his eyes on it. "The biggest failure you ever saw in all your born days, that's what I am."

Then and there Aunt Mary made a bonfire of her pride and ambition, a bonfire that glowed and flamed in her fond and foolish heart, and lighted her eyes and brought the shine to her face. Oh, these glorious illuminations!

"It doesn't matter," she whispered, laughing and crying together. "You are here, and that is enough. As for being a failure—"

"What's that about failure?" broke in a cheery voice, "'tis failure that makes the man sometimes." If Fred had come home a success that man with the iron-grey hair and stern face would never have hurried out to meet him, never have given him that look of love and welcome. "Glad to see you home, boy."

Fred laid his arm on his father's shoulder. "And home to stay, dad," he said, "the farm is good enough for me."

There was a break in his voice which neither the aunt nor the father pretended to notice.

"To-morrow's Thanksgiving," said the latter, "and we'll keep it in a manner good to see. Pumpkin pies, doughnuts, turkey, eh, boy?" giving Fred a punch in the ribs. "Get your appetite up. Your aunt hasn't taken a



bit of comfort out of cooking since you left—nor out of anything else for that matter."

Not much sentiment in the greeting, but they looked into each other's faces and felt nearer of heart than they had felt since the days when one was a child.

"It seems like old times," said Aunt Mary that night as she potted about Fred's room, putting things to rights, "exactly like old times. I'm making believe to myself that you're a little chap in a white nightie again. Come and kneel here by the bed and say your prayers. No, don't hang back. You may have forgotten to say them sometimes when you were away off among strangers, I daresay you have, but now you're back to old ways. That's it, that's it; now pop into bed, and I'll tuck the covers around you. Sakes alive! you needn't be so modest as all that. There," laughing softly to

herself, "I'm looking out of the window. When you're in, say 'ready,' like you used to say when we played hide-and-seek."

"You're the best woman in the world," he cried, as she finished her labour of love, and laid her cheek to his, "the very best. I've never loved you half enough, but I will, I will."

He was only a boy, and if he put his arms about her and cried on her bosom it was only natural. "Do you know," he went on, "I seem to have had a bad dream and wakened up—"

"Right here in your father's house," she broke in. "Right here in your old aunt's arms. God has been good to us all—if I had a voice I'd sing the doxology till I was hoarse. Good-night, dear, home is the place to rest in, home is the place to feel safe in and grow strong in. Home," pushing the curls back and kissing his forehead, "is the sweetest spot this side of heaven."

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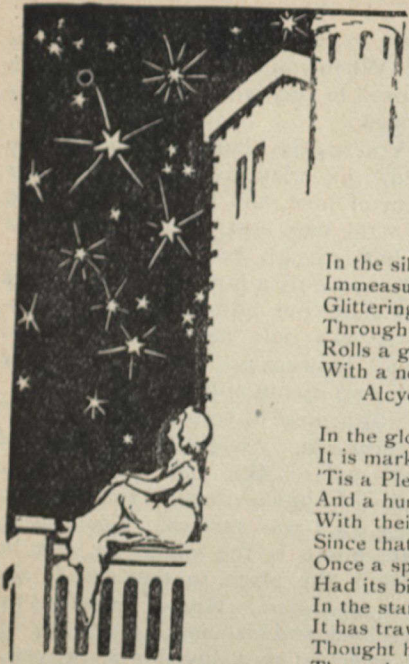
## A SETTLER'S GRAVE, LAKE OF BAYS, MUSKOKA

FAR on the outflung headland thou dost lie  
 Silent and lone, the lonelier for thy kin;  
 Here they have railed thy rotting tombstone in,  
 And here a thousand times they pass thee by.

Theirs the unwistful, unillumined eye,  
 To whom the earth is earth, who never win  
 A whisper'd word from Heaven when suns begin,  
 But toil and sleep;—these live, and thou dost die!

Or is it death to leave the ways of men  
 And lie upon the headland with no sound  
 Save for the brooding love that covers glen  
 And lake and forest in its vast profound,  
 While the gulls shrill their secrets to thy breast  
 And on the boughs above the redbirds nest?

*G. Herbert Clarke*



# OUR AUTUMN NIGHT SKIES

THIRD PAPER

By ELSIE A. DENT

In the silent depth of space,  
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,  
Glittering with a silver flame  
Through Eternity,  
Rolls a great and burning star  
With a noble name,  
Alcyone.

In the glorious chart of heaven  
It is marked the first of seven;  
'Tis a Pleiad:  
And a hundred years of earth  
With their long-forgotten deeds have come and gone,  
Since that tiny point of light,  
Once a splendour fierce and bright,  
Had its birth  
In the star we gaze upon.  
It has travelled all that time—  
Thought has not a swifter flight—  
Through a region where no faintest gust  
Of life comes ever, but the power of Night  
Dwells stupendous and sublime,  
Limitless and void and lonely.

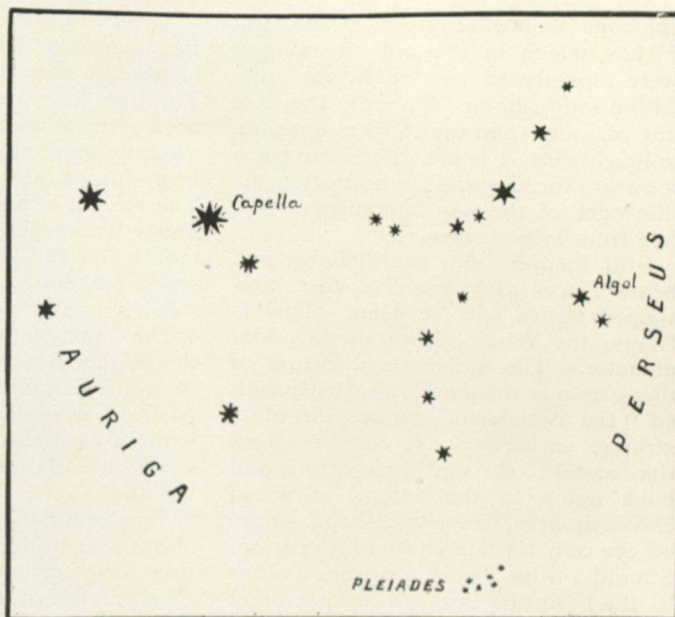
—Lampman.

IN the eastern evening skies—glittering, twinkling, shimmering, as only Tennyson can describe them, “like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid”—shine the ever lovely Pleiades. This group has from the earliest times been looked upon with peculiar regard—indeed veneration—by all nations. Centuries before the existence of calendars or of time-pieces save the sun, or of astronomical instruments save the horizon, the risings and settings of the “Seven Sisters” were phenomena observed by the ancients with an interest so keen that no modern observer can form any conception of it. To the soldier, the mariner, the merchant and the husbandman, the rising of the Pleiades with the sun heralded the approach of spring and the opening of navigation. To these men the genial influences of the returning sun meant the breaking up of dreary camps, the awakening of commerce, the mellowing of the soil and the clothing of hill and vale with verdure. This

is probably the meaning of the reference in the book of Job to “the sweet influences of the Pleiades.” Indeed, all primitive peoples seem to have had a special reverence for the little group. The Druids, the Mexicans and the Peruvians, amongst others, connected it in some mysterious manner with the souls of the departed, and every November, when the cluster was passing overhead at midnight, ceremonies were held in honour of the dead and of the Pleiades, ceremonies which eventually became the Christian commemoration of All Saints’ Day. Six stars are usually visible to the naked eye, and on a fine, clear moonless night a dozen may be counted. A three-inch telescope, however, finds about ninety, and the camera more than two thousand. The group forms part of the Constellation of Taurus, the Bull, now not far above the horizon, the fine red star Aldebaran in the eye of the Bull being very conspicuous. The seven brightest stars of the Pleiades were named in honour of the

seven daughters of Atlas, all of whom had gods for their suitors save one, Merope, who so far forgot her state as to wed a mortal, for which reason her star shines with a dim and obscured lustre among those of her sisters. The brightest star in the cluster is Alcyone, the subject of Lampman's fine poem.

The lovely white star which has been skirting the tree-tops on the north-eastern horizon during the autumn evenings, Capella, is now mounting toward the zenith. Auriga, the Waggoner or Charioteer, is a fine constellation to examine with a glass, as it contains some pretty clusters which come into view where the unassisted eye sees only misty-looking little spots. The gem of the constellation is, of course, Capella, a star whose composition, the spectroscope tells us, is closely allied to that of our sun, but so much larger is it that if it were placed as near the earth as is the sun, its splendour alone would overpower us, as we should be blinded by a light sixty times greater than that to which we are accustomed. According to a very high authority, Capella is twenty-nine "light years" from the earth. That means that the creamy light by which we see the star has been twenty-nine years travelling through space to our vision, and that should anything occur this evening to blot Capella from the face of the sky, terrestrial star-gazers would be ignorant of the fact until 1931, when there would suddenly cease to be the faintest gleam of light to mark Capella's former place in the heavens.



AURIGA, THE PLEIADES AND PERSEUS

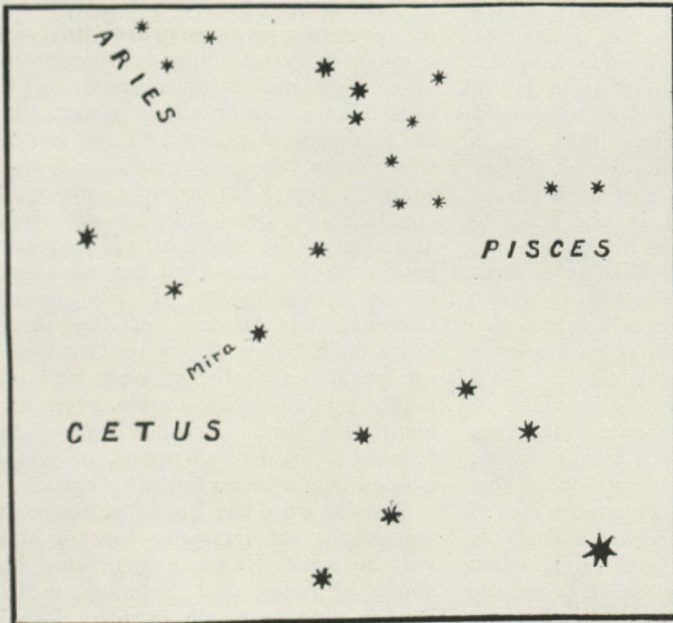
Another interesting feature about Capella is this—that, although no telescope has ever revealed the fact, we know it to be a binary. The wonderful spectroscope alone proves this, and shows that the revolving companions lie about eight million miles apart. Their light is so commingled, however, that no telescope at present in use is able to separate the components.

Aries, the Ram, a most important constellation, lies a little to the south and west of the Pleiades. Three stars in a crooked line form the most prominent components of the group. Gamma, the faintest of the three, lies a little below the other two which are parallel with the horizon, and is a lovely golden-white double, even in a small telescope. Aries is believed to represent the ram in quest of whose golden fleece Jason led the Argonauts.

Not far from the Pleiades, but to the westward, an irregular line of stars will be noticed sweeping around just south of Aries and Pegasus, with a branch running north into the domain of Andromeda. This is the incon-

spicuous constellation of Pisces, the Fishes, which in the old engravings were represented as tied by the tails with a long ribbon. Though they are not of more than the third magnitude in brightness, it is not difficult to trace the stars forming the configuration, as this part of the sky is comparatively free from bright stars.

Still further from the Pleiades and below Pisces and Aries, a vast kite-shaped figure will be seen. This is Cetus, the Whale, Andromeda's sea-monster. The interesting feature of this group is the star Mira, justly called "the Wonderful" on account of its strange variability. It changes from the second to the ninth magnitude and back again to the second in about eleven months, and is visible to the naked eye only three months of its period. Should a tithe of such a variation occur in the light and heat-giving power of our own sun, the lovely fertile planet upon which we dwell would, by the alternate action of fierce frost and heat as we do not know them, be rendered as bare of life as a meteorite in less than a year.



ARIES, PISCES AND CETUS

West of Cetus and directly south of Pegasus lies Aquarius, the Water-bearer, a very ancient constellation. Through long centuries Aquarius has been represented on the charts as a gigantic man pouring a river of water from an urn into the mouth of a fish. The stream of water is indicated by a lovely wavy line of stars, and the mouth of the fish by the splendid star Fomalhaut, a word which means "fish's mouth."

The Constellation of Pisces Australis, the mighty Southern Fish, is not well seen in Canadian latitudes, but its position is indicated by Fomalhaut, which rides across the southern sky in splendid isolation during the autumn months.

To the west of Aquarius, and just above the horizon, lies the Constellation of Capricornus, the Sea-goat. One account of its origin is that Bacchus was feasting on the banks of the Nile one day when the giant Typhon appeared and so frightened him that he changed himself into a goat and plunged into the river, where he remained so long that the part of his

body which was under water took on the shape of a fish. Alpha ( $\alpha$ ) is a naked-eye double, and Beta ( $\beta$ ) a lovely opera-glass double; the larger star is golden-yellow and its companion bright blue. The stars in this constellation are all dimmed at present by comparison with the splendid visitor who has made his abode among them for the last eight months—the planet Jupiter.

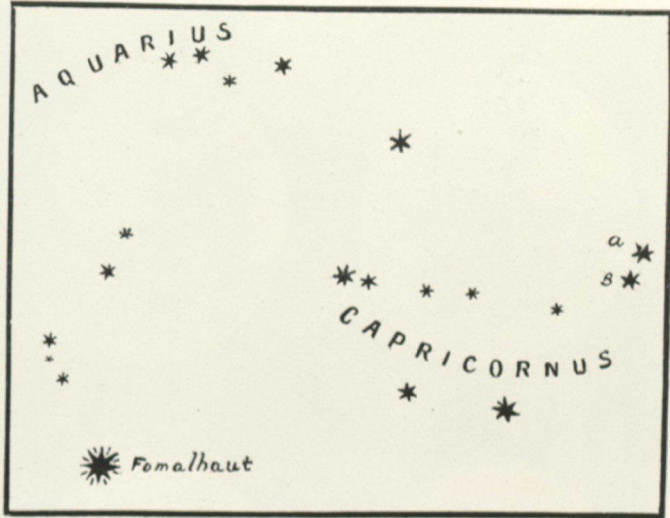
About half-way between Capricornus and Lyra, and quite near the

western horizon, three stars in a straight line seem to form a celestial pointer to Vega. The middle one we already know, the bright star Altair. The three stars are the most prominent features of the Constellation of Aquila, the Eagle.

Near by will be noticed a little diamond-shaped group known as Delphinus, the Dolphin. Arion, a famous lyric poet and musician, while journeying from Sicily to Corinth, was beset by the sailors on board the ship, who had resolved to murder him for his gold. Unable to move them from their intention, he begged a last favour—permission to play a tune on his instrument, and this being granted, he played so wild and plaintive a melody that the dolphins sporting in the sea were attracted by the sweet strains. Seeing this, he leaped overboard, when one of them caught and carried him safely home. This story we know must be true, because up there on the sky is *the identical dolphin*. If, however, there be some sceptical reader to whom this evidence is not convincing, he may call it by another name, "Job's Coffin," the origin of which he will find to be an interesting topic of research for his leisure hours.

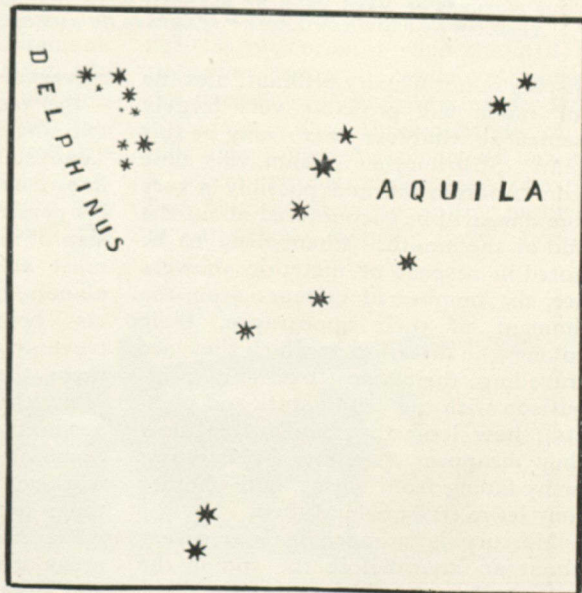
NOVEMBER PREDICTIONS

The moon will be full on the 15th and new on the 29th of the month.

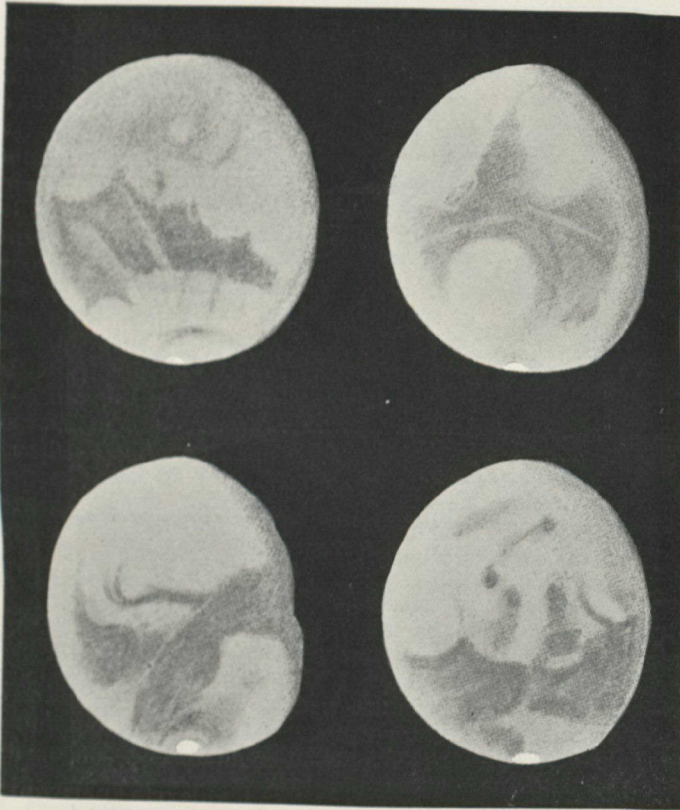


AQUARIUS AND CAPRICORNUS

In the course of the year the orbit of the earth cuts through or nearly touches upon the paths of many systems of meteors. One such system from Perseus was passed when the August meteors were seen. Another, but from the Constellation of Leo, will be passed about the 13th of this month. This



AQUILA AND DELPHINUS



FOUR PICTURES OF MARS MADE BY BARNARD WITH THE GREAT LICK TELESCOPE—FROM NEWCOMB'S "ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY"

display is not usually brilliant, and the full moon will probably very largely neutralize whatever there may be this year. Still another stream, this time from Andromeda, and possibly a very fine one, will be encountered about the end of the month. Phenomena to be noted in respect of meteoric showers are, the number of meteors seen, the moment of their appearance, their colour, the direction in which they are travelling, their size (that is, in comparison with the bright stars and planets), how long they are visible, how they disappear (whether by bursting or by fading from sight), and whether they leave trails behind them.

Mercury is a morning star, rising about an hour before the sun in the east-south-east, and may be seen about the 4th at daybreak, a little north of the point where the sun will rise.

Mars is a morning star, and may be seen rising in Leo in the east-north-east about one o'clock a.m. Mars is probably the planet most like the earth in physical conditions, there being evidence of the existence of air, land, water, and clouds as well as snow and ice. The first edition of the *Palace of Art* contained the lines which have become famous as a description of some of the wonders revealed by the telescope:

She saw the snowy  
poles of moonless  
Mars,  
That marvellous  
round of milky  
light  
Below Orion, etc.

"Moonless  
Mars" was quite

correct so far as was known at that time—the year 1832. In 1877, however, two tiny satellites were discovered, but Tennyson had already withdrawn the lines from the poem in the course of his persistent and always artistic revision of his work. Mars is perhaps the most attentively observed of all the planets, the markings known as "canals" being the subject of heated controversy among men who have made them the subject of years of study. Many theories have been advanced to account for these peculiar features. Some observers believe them to be the work of intelligent beings who use them for the purposes of irrigation, while others think they are caused by areas of vegetation bordering on rivers and streams, themselves too narrow to be seen from the earth. Many other explanations are offered.



PHOTO BY GALBRAITH & CO.

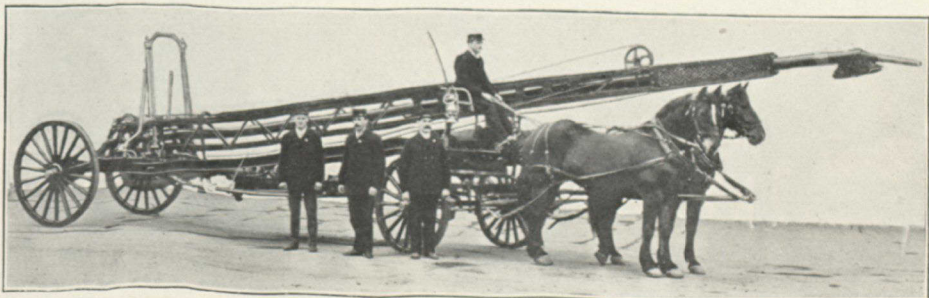
TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF THREE CHEMICAL ENGINES

## THE FIRE-FIGHTERS OF TORONTO

*By Charles Lewis Shaw*

THERE was a clang—clang—clang above the buzz and clatter of Yonge street—not the alarum bell we remember in our early days calling the whole community to wild excitement, but a business-like announcement of a “fire.” Through its measured strokes, however, there were the tremulous notes of danger and appeal and the voices of the street seemed to soften. A slight shade of anxiety came into the faces of men and women, the

street cars stopped, the drivers of vehicles grew watchful, and the door of the fire-hall flew open and at full gallop down the street rushed the fire-fighters of Toronto,—and the bell in the tower clanged on while we counted the strokes. ’Twas only a few seconds since some one, three-quarters of a mile away, opened a small, red box on a street corner and caused nearly two hundred men to spring actively to attention, lashed forty horses



TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF TWO WATER TOWERS



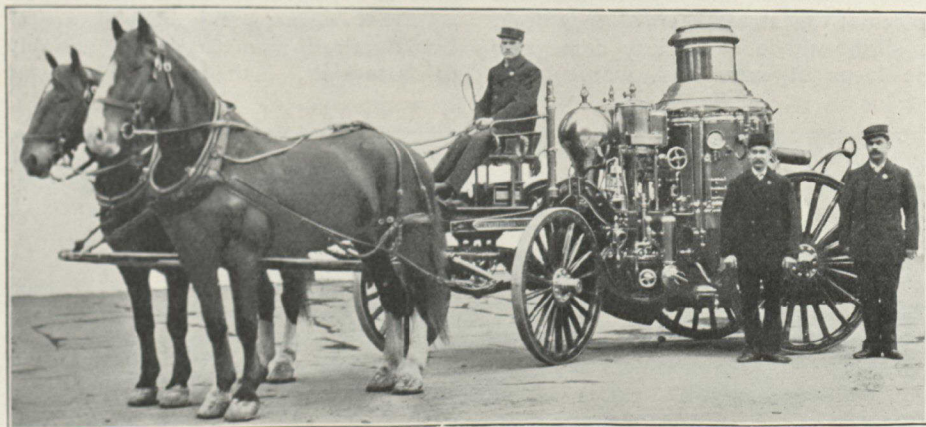
"THE CHEMICAL ENGINE WAS FIRST AND CAME FURIOUSLY ALONG"

bounding into harness and sent twenty steam engines, hose-reels, salvage waggons, and chemical extinguishers from the north, east and west, at full speed through the crowded streets towards the point telegraphed from the little, red box on the street

that covered the ground quickly and fanned the fire under the boiler into fierce flame, while the smoke belched forth from the funnel, the long-ladder truck swayed ominously as its horses swung around a corner, but there was a man at the brake and con-

corner. A general alarm had been sounded.

Down Toronto's narrow main thoroughfare, crowded with the vehicles of the noon-day traffic, impassable in its centre through the succession of street cars on the dual tracks, down the lane of people lining the pavements, the iron-shod horses crash along the asphalt at full gallop while the gongs ring out their warning signals to those ahead. The chemical engine was first and came furiously along. The powerful horses on the steam fire-engine steadied down into a long, easy lope



TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF FIVE ENGINES

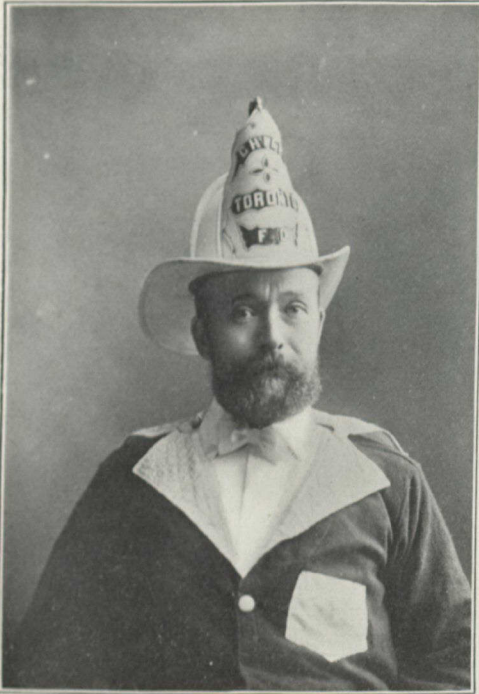




FROM A PAINTING AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH

FIGHTING A FIRE ON A WINTRY DAY

This picture shows the use of a "water tower," one of the latest additions to fire-fighting appliances. The water is supplied to it by two engines stationed at the nearest hydrants. It pours an immense stream into the upper stories of tall buildings, requires no wall for its support, and carries no attendants into dangerous positions.

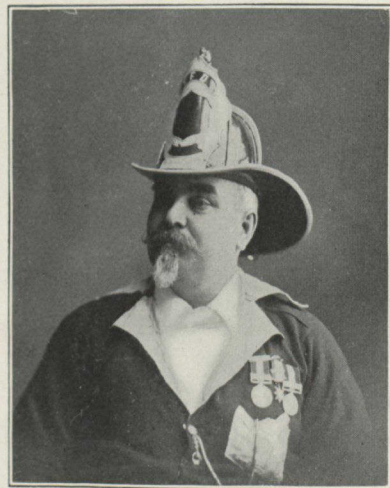


TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—THE CHIEF

trolling wheel that was prepared, and on they rushed where smoke could now be seen coming from one of the many-storied buildings of the wholesale quarter. That was all we saw in a minute of time, but in that minute we could see the most essential part of the practical working of a system, what years of effort, organization and science have almost perfected — speed.

The man from the country, my companion, was affected, as who is not by the warning challenge of the bells, the swirl of movement, the fever of fight against nature's fiercest destroyer of the works of man, inherent in us all and deeply marked on the strong faces of the fire-fighters that swept by us. He said, "Let us see it!" and we went. He little thought, none of us do, of the detail necessary to bring about a system that can call assistance from a point half a mile away to destroy a danger affecting not only the progress of a great business or the welfare of an hundred individuals but

the prosperity of a large city, for the crowded places of the world are becoming more crowded. He little thought, few of us do, that the highest order of intelligence and activity in both man and beast are necessary to protect us from the destruction of that which we have builded by intelligence and activity. Sometimes the forces of nature arise in their wrath and show how puny, after all, are the brains and efforts of man, and a Chicago is a heap of ashes or an island a mass of seething lava; but, except under extraordinary natural conditions, the resourcefulness of the human intellect is capable of coping with the preservation of its works as with their construction. From the ever-present danger of fire that intellect has builded up not only a defence as to financial loss that has made fire insurance one of the most potent factors in the money markets of civilization, but also a system which has practically minimized the dangers of fire to an extent that householders will not rise from their beds to watch the progress of a burning building a block away. During the year 1901, the Fire Department of Toronto responded to 655 alarms, and an idea of the immu-



A NOTED FOREMAN

ity from financial loss can be had from the report of the Fire Department for that year setting forth that :

Total loss by fire has been.....	\$ 122,126 53
With total insurance of.....	1,079,626 00
Insurance paid.....	113,014 53
Losses over insurance paid....	2,950 00
Losses on contents with no insurance.....	4,830 00
Losses on buildings with no insurance.....	1,332 00
Number of fires confined to the buildings in which they originated.....	522
Number of fires extending beyond the buildings in which they originated.....	2
Number of fires in brick and stone buildings	244
Number of fires in frame buildings.....	275
Number of fires other than building fires..	113

Strange it must have seemed to the man from the country, this fire-fighting in the city, with its narrow streets, its closely-clinging buildings with their storey-tiered heights, tortuous stairways, and draught-producing elevator shafts. And we clung close to the ropes strung across the street and watched the business-like activity of the firemen, strove to understand the seemingly unintelligible commands of the chiefs and foremen, and wondered at that peculiar fighting feeling that comes into the breast of man when the elements are at war. Didn't Burns write the greatest war-song of all time in a thunderstorm ?

The smoke burst in continuous clouds from the uppermost windows, a flash of light leaped through the darkling mass, the angry crackling of the flames within could be heard. The mesmerism of the crowd around us with minds all set in forceful intensity on one thought, the panting of the fire-engines that seemed to beat in unison to the throbbing of your



PHOTO BY GALBRAITH & CO.

TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—CENTRAL STATION, LOMBARD ST.

own heart—all these things were impressive.

“It looks like a bad one,” was whispered in my ear, and I saw the fingers of my companion clench and unclench, and a fierce fork of flame shot out through one of the windows past

and seemingly quenching the stream of water bursting through it. Blacker and blacker, and denser and denser grew the smoke. "There's chemicals in there," said a bystander, and a vague uneasiness came, but the fascination of battle was upon us. What if there were chemicals, nitro-glycerine, gunpowder, and lyddite, we would watch the battle, for was not our own kind fearlessly facing it to the teeth, blinded by smoke, tortured by heat, groping through the smoke-darkened passages of the unknown building to deal a blow at the heart of the destroyer? We would see it through with that dull British curiosity that wants to know even if it costs us our lives—that curiosity that has bleached the shores of the Seven Seas with the bones of our race and marked the trail of civilization through the jungles of India and the deserts of Africa. But more than that curious curiosity that mayhap is only animal, is the desire, also distinctively British, to see the fight through to a finish.

The trumpeted voice of a chief was heard. Another line of hose was quickly run out, a ladder was thrown up, two men quickly ascended with the branch pipe and disappeared through a window vomiting forth dark fumes of fire. The other side of the building had now become a mass of scorching flame, while foot by foot the firemen fought it. There was a roaring rattle, the stamp of horses' feet, a lane was hastily made through the crowd and the first of the reserve engines came tearing into position. The flames rolled higher, the roar and crackling of the fire became continuous. The crowd became silent in the face of the now awe-inspiring sight. The angry streaks of flame burst out from window after window licking savagely at the empty air. There was a shout that was half a scream from an hundred throats, "There's some one at the window!" And through the smoke the face of a woman, a janitor's wife possibly, or somebody wishing to save some household god, had taken a desperate chance with death to rescue it, and had

tarried too long. There was a restless movement in the crowd and the breathing of the men around us came thick and fast, there was an hysterical scream from a girl onlooker, some raving blasphemy from a drunken drayman who strove to get under the restraining rope, past the policeman, in a maniacal desire to rescue a woman. Whiskey had not altogether destroyed the man in him yet. The silence accentuated by the crackling of the fire became painful in its intensity, and strong men quivered and moaned in the intensity of feeling. There was a short, quick command; a ladder seemed to spring aloft, and before it touched the window-sill the dishevelled head of a woman could be seen on the shoulder of a fireman. She had fainted; and before the echo of the hysterical roar had died away she was on the ground and a doctor was bending over her in the ambulance driving hastily away in the direction of an hospital. The fire-fighters fight on, stream after stream is poured from every point of vantage, from aerial ladder, from roofs, from neighbouring buildings, from the outside and inside of the fire-stricken warehouse as yet untouched by flame. The battle has been fought for an hour and the issue is still in doubt. But the smoke-be-grimed fire-fighters fight on, the engines pant unweariedly, the fire-chiefs' voices are hoarser, the clothing of their men are bedraggled and stained, and their faces smirched with the marks of the fray, but on they fight—for is not the safety of the commercial centre of Toronto at stake? They have forgotten that they are merely paid hirelings, the outcome of commercial progress. They are men fighting the fiercest fiend of nature to a finish. And the finish is not far off. The flames become less and less, and the water pours ceaselessly from a dozen nozzles closer and closer into the very heart of the fire, the salvage corps cease dragging bales and boxes and furniture from the building, the merchandise rescued is carefully tarpaulined and guards placed, and a restless, swaying motion comes into the densely packed crowd. The

firemen still work doggedly, for victory is in sight. The current of people slowly sets the other way, some of the engines and trucks return to their stations, the smoke of the smouldering building becomes less and less, the frameless windows no longer belch forth flame—the fire, as far as I and my companion are concerned, is over, and except for recuperation of men, horses and appliances, the watchfulness of a special detail of men and official reports is over as far as the firemen are concerned. The fire is no longer of supreme interest to anyone except owners and underwriters. To the firemen it was all in the day's work, and to the rest of us it was merely an exciting battle in which man had been victorious.

"Let us see how the wheels go round," said the man from the country who couldn't dismiss from his mind the impressions of the fire with the ease of the urban mind. And we saw the fire-halls of Toronto the next day.

There are sixteen fire stations, and at this time in the Department, fully manned and equipped, are the following apparatus:

- 5 Steam fire engines.
- 1 65-foot Champion water tower.
- 1 85-foot aerial turn-table hook and ladder truck and portable water tower combined.
- 1 65-foot aerial turn-table hook and ladder truck.
- 5 Hook and ladder trucks.
- 2 Four-wheeled, two-horse chemical engines.
- 1 Four-wheeled, two-horse combination hose and chemical engine.
- 14 Two-horse hose waggons, with fire extinguishers attached to each.
- 2 Hose carts.
- 1 Salvage waggon with 4,320 square feet of rubber covers.
- 1 Supply waggon.

#### SLEIGHS.

- 5 Hook and ladder truck sleighs.
- 12 Two-horse hose sleighs.
- 4 One-horse hose sleighs.

#### IN RESERVE.

- 1 Hook and ladder truck.
- 1 Hook and ladder truck sleigh.

1 Four-wheeled hose carriage.

1 Four-wheeled, two-horse chemical engine.

#### HORSES.

There are now in the Department 64 horses.

We took the statement of the Chief of the Department for the above, and went to one of the down-town stations and saw something of the way the wheels of the well-ordered machinery of fire-protection did go round.

"Horses," said one of the firemen, throwing open a door that had mystical springs and mechanism attached to it, "are as different as human beings," and the intelligent eyes of a magnificent horse looked inquiringly at us from his stall at the end of the main hall containing the engines and hose reels. "Now that one took only a few lessons to learn the whole business. Others are too nervous for the job, and again some are too stupid. Most of 'em when they get right down to it seem to enjoy an alarm. Sort of varies the monotony, same as with us. You see, the moment a call is telegraphed in from a box, through the way we've got these wires fixed to the electric current, it throws his door open, gives him a touch with the whip, his halter-rope drops off in his bound forward, and it doesn't take him many lessons to know that he has to stop under the harness at the reel or engine. By this time a gong rung by the same alarm from the box has wakened the boys upstairs and they come sliding down the pole, a spring is touched, the harness falls on the horse's back, a clasp is sprung on the collar, and in a fraction of a minute from the time the alarm was sounded at the box uptown the driver has the reins, the men are in their places on the engine, the horses jump out into the street, and the boys finish putting on their service tugs. That's all there's to it," he said in a deprecatory sort of way as if he were sorry to disappoint us in not having something startling to tell. "You see what with electricity nowadays, that alarm at the box sets the whole thing agoing and does everything, ex-

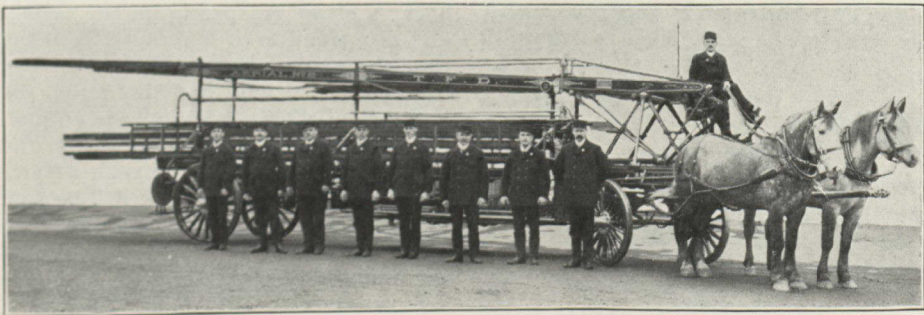


TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—ONE OF FOURTEEN TWO-HORSE HOSE WAGGONS

cept clasp the horse-collar and drive the truck. We and the horses get into the trick, kind o' natural-like. It's surprising how soon you can find yourself on that ladder-truck after you're accustomed. When that bell sounds it sounds sort o' different to hearin' the wife yell up the stairs, 'John, breakfast's ready.' You lie down with half your clothes on kind of expectin' that if you don't get up just about that time that there may be several breakfasts that won't be ready later on. A fellow must unconscious-like think of the tinkle of the bloomin' thing in his sleep, for if he has been hard worked for a time he finds himself pullin' on his fire-boots, goin' like the mill-tail of sin on top of a truck two blocks away drifting out of a dream about home and mother twenty years ago. It's kind o' surprisin' at first, but you

get used to it." "Pretty dangerous work, isn't it sometimes?" said the man from the country with the hunger of his kind for the sensational. A perplexed look came into the fireman's face at the inquiry. "Well, yes, I suppose it could be reckoned so sometimes, but I guess that's what we're hired for."

The stalwart, impassive-looking fire-fighter did not know, perhaps, that in the homely phraseology of modern commercialism he had given voice to the sentiment of Nelson in his historic signal flung from the masthead of the *Victory* at Trafalgar and sounded the same note, the keynote of the life of Britain's greatest soldier, "I have only done my duty, my Lords," when thanked by King, Lords and Commons for a victory which changed the history of the world. We saw the firemen in the



TORONTO FIRE-FIGHTERS—AERIAL LADDER TRUCK, NO. 2

parade on Labour Day, and as the athletic, square-shouldered outfit came marching through the crowded street looking the manly men they are, there was no loud acclaim or chaffing banter. I have seen the little, lean fair-haired soldiers of Turkey parade the streets of Constantinople after a hard campaign, marching midst the blare of trumpets, disturbing the phlegm of the Oriental onlooker with the memory of their dashing daring in the Balkans. I have watched the sun-marked, careworn faces of the British troops returning from the toil and bloodshed of the Soudan parading before the Khedive of Egypt midst the plaudits of the motley crowds of Cairo. I have seen the veteran Zouaves of Algiers swing along the boulevards of Paris midst the enthusiastic yells of the volatile mob.

I have walked beside the procession of fever-stricken men that staggered home from Santiago through the sympathetic cheering of a New York crowd. Regiment after regiment of British troops fresh from the front after daily battling with the Boers have passed me by in the crowds that welcomed their return, but somehow or other I thought the quiet murmur that followed the progress of the fire-fighters of Toronto down Yonge Street in the Labour Day parade was the deepest, the greatest, the most significant reception of all. For, through the crowd swept the thought of the five firemen who had fallen a few weeks before, not for the flags and traditions of a nation inflamed by destructive, selfish or vain-glorious lust, but simply and nobly—for Duty.

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 MY LITTLE SWEETHEART

MY little sweetheart has eyes of blue,  
 Clustering ringlets of flaxen hue,  
 Lips like cherries, teeth like pearls,  
 Brightest and bonniest girl of girls.  
 The dimples play in her rippling smile  
 At hide-and-seeK, with witching guile ;  
 Clearer the bird-song, brighter the day,  
 When little sweetheart passes my way.

My little sweetheart, to thee I pay  
 My fervent homage of love to-day.  
 All I have, ask, it is thine,  
 Be it product of ocean or mine,  
 Or fabric rich from some Eastern land.  
 My Queen art thou, speak thy command.  
 Nothing but dolly?—'tis plain to see,  
 That little sweetheart is only three.

*James F. B. Belford*

# The Ways <sup>of the</sup> Woodcock



By C. W. Nash



THE time has passed never to return when a good day's woodcock shooting could be had in Ontario; for this, the best of our game birds, seems to be upon the verge of extinction. Until about ten or fifteen years ago a fair shot, with good spaniels, could, in most parts of our Province, be reasonably sure of making a bag of from six to eight brace of cock in a day. In these days a man is lucky who gets that number in an entire season. The blame for the excessive destruction of woodcock cannot, however, be justly laid upon our shoulders. In the old days when July and August shooting was legal, undoubtedly a good many birds were killed which would have been better left until later in the season, but I do not think that the amount of summer shooting done here had an appreciable effect upon their numbers.

In summer woodcock are distributed over a wide area, their breeding range extending over the northern and middle tiers of the United States east of the ninety-seventh degree of longitude, Nova Scotia, the greater part of New Brunswick, the southern portions of Quebec and Ontario and the south-eastern corner of Manitoba. In the winter they are concentrated in the Southern States, particularly in Louisiana and Georgia. It is in these States that the excessive destruction takes place. No protection whatever is there afforded the birds, nor is any restriction placed upon the sale or shipment of them. They are netted, trapped and slaughtered in every possible way in order to supply the demand for them

by epicures in the cities of the North, where a high price is always obtainable for them. Vast numbers are occasionally destroyed in their winter quarters by the cold storms which occur in these regions towards spring.

The woodcock is an early migrant, the first usually arriving in Southern Ontario about the last week in March, the main flight reaching us in April. After their arrival here they must sometimes endure sharp frosts and a shortage of food. At such times they probably find sufficient insects to maintain life by turning over dead leaves and by probing the mud around protected springs which never freeze. As soon as the frost goes out of the ground the earthworms, which form the staple food of the woodcock, work up to the surface and then the birds find food in sufficient abundance to satisfy their voracious appetite, and this, by the way, is no easy matter, for a six-ounce woodcock will eat about eight ounces of worms every day.

It is not often that a woodcock may be observed in the act of feeding because, for the most part, they feed at night. During the daylight hours they are to be found only in thick cover where it is quite impossible to steal upon them without being heard or seen. Sitting still in a woodcock cover in summer, when the mosquito crop is abundant and deer flies are both numerous and persistent, is a species of martyrdom no man can endure. I have, however, on several occasions, more by good luck than good management, been fortunate enough to see the



birds feeding in their own haunts and once kept a wing-tipped bird loose in the garden for some time.

In the summer and early autumn the woodcock probe the rich black muck of the swales, oozy banks of streams and the loose soil of the cornfields for their favourite earthworms, leaving as evidence of their presence a good show of borings in the ground. These "borings," if fresh, are to the initiated sportsman an almost certain sign that there are birds either upon the ground or not far off. If he is wise in "the ways of woodcock" and knows his ground the rest will be comparatively easy.

When a woodcock bores for worm its manner and method is the very reverse of that assumed when energetically and fussily turning over the autumn leaves. Its boring operations are carried out sedately and with great deliberation as if the bird was then engaged in the real serious business of its life. When on good feeding ground it walks quietly along, turning its head from side to side apparently listening and watching intently; then it stops for a second quite still as if its attention had been arrested by some sign. Suddenly its long beak is driven into the moist earth and, by a series of thrusts, is buried to its base. In this position it may remain for a moment, or the beak may be immediately withdrawn and again quickly driven into the ground close to the former boring. This may be repeated until five or six borings have been made in a space no larger than a man's hand. At other

times only one or two borings will be made without moving. Sometimes I think a small worm is captured and swallowed while the beak is still in the ground. At other times the worm is pulled out and absorbed as it reaches the surface. A single bird will make an astonishing number of borings in a night, so that if no rain falls to obliterate old borings, a piece of ground which only holds one or two birds will in a few days be so bored over as to give an uninitiated sportsman the idea that he has struck a perfect bonanza.

I doubt if there is any form of animal life more wonderfully adapted to its surroundings than is the woodcock. Its colour so perfectly harmonizes with the ground on which it rests that it is but very rarely seen sitting. Its large, dark, liquid eyes enable it to see perfectly in the dark covers it haunts by day and in the twilight when it flies in search of feeding ground. Being set far back and near the top of the bird's head they are protected from injury when the beak is thrust into the



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

A WOODCOCK AT SUNSET

ground, while at the same time the woodcock is able to see everything that goes on around it. Its beak is long and so shaped that it can be easily driven into the soil, and it is furnished with a system of nerves with which it can discover its proper prey as far as it can reach underground. The upper mandible of the beak, too, is quite flexible and can be opened from the tip half way up, leaving the base closed; this peculiarity does not seem to have been noticed by sportsmen or

cock could be a songster, yet it has some claims to be considered a musician. At any rate, the male when inspired by love does produce a song which is superior to that of many of our birds which are classed as warblers. As soon as the frost has quite left the ground and the season's food supply is assured, the male woodcock goes a-wooing, and it is then that his love-song comes trembling and vibrating to our ears through the misty atmosphere of a spring evening. No



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

A WOODCOCK BORING IN MARSHY GROUND

writers on ornithology, but can easily be tested. If the back of the head of a woodcock be pressed with the thumb just where the neck is inserted, the forward part of the upper mandible will open and curve upward, evidently being controlled by the muscles of the neck. This enables the bird to grasp a worm whilst the beak is inserted to its base in the soft ground and explains its ability to perform what has to most people seemed an impossible feat.

Judging from appearances only, one would hardly imagine that the wood-

accurate idea of any bird's song can ever be given by any form of words, and the woodcock's song is no exception. The bird commences his serenade on the ground by uttering a loud call several times. This call note is very much like that of the night-hawk. After a few moments he rises, producing as he does so the whistle of the wings so familiar to sportsmen. Up he goes in wide circles, until having attained the desired height (about fifty feet), the whistling of the wings stops and the song commences. This he continues as he descends in an erratic

zigzag course, until he is about fifteen feet from the ground, when the song ceases and the bird flies rapidly but silently in a straight line to near the spot he rose from, where no doubt the female for whose pleasure the proceedings were taken is awaiting him. In a short time the ground note will be uttered and continued until the bird is again inspired to repeat his aerial evolutions and song. This is kept up from early twilight until after dark every evening during the courtship and laying season. For the remainder of the year the only sound we hear produced by the birds is the peculiar whistle of their wings as they are flushed from covert.

After having mated, a loose nest is built, or, more properly speaking, put together on the ground in a dry place near the edge of the woods, frequently at some distance from any swamp or creek, and in it are deposited usually four eggs of a yellowish earthy colour, covered with dark brown blotches. As soon as the young are hatched they leave the nest, and follow their mother to the nearest stream or swamp having the necessary black, rich, oozy loam in which they love to bore. In such localities they remain together until the young are well able to fly, which generally happens about the first week in June, though on one occasion I found a family together on the first of July. The young ones in this brood were, however, able to fly sufficiently well to keep out of the way of my spaniel. It has been frequently stated by reliable observers that the female woodcock (both European and American), when disturbed with her young will transport one or more of them to some place of safety. Her method of doing this is to grasp the little one between her thighs close up to her body, and so holding it fly off and deposit it where she believes it safe from danger. I am sorry to say that though I have frequently put them up for the purpose of seeing this done, I have so far been unsuccessful, the female invariably fluttering off and counterfeiting injury to herself like a quail, and the young hid-

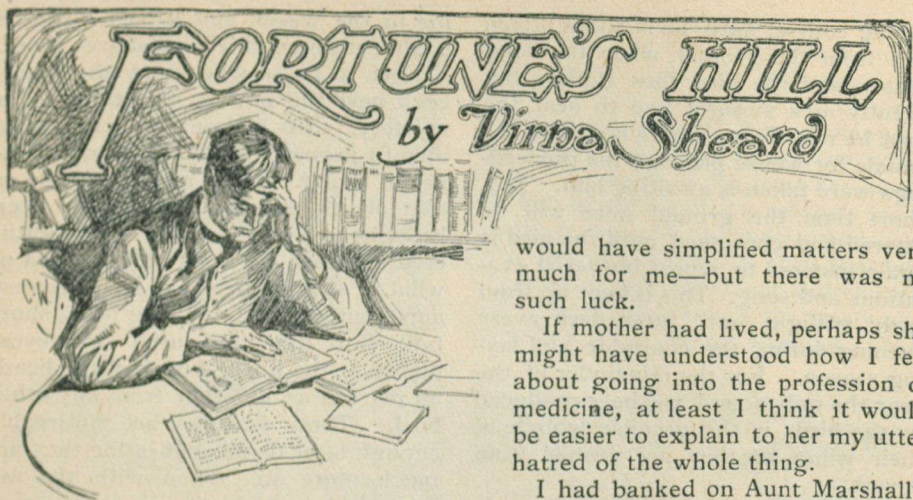
ing in the weeds and leaves, where it is almost impossible to discover them.

Even to those who know the woodcock best the bird is something of a mystery. No person has ever been able to properly study its whole manner of living. Here and there one or two of its peculiar traits have been brought to light, and the whole gathered together gives us only an idea of what a strange being it is. Its very appearance is odd, the long beak, short tail, short legs, and large dark eyes, placed at the top and back of the head, all mark it as different from any other bird. These features are noticeable enough after death, but in life they are much more so. Then with the tail erect and spread out, wings drooping and head drawn back, so that the bill is carried in a horizontal position, its carriage is more remarkable than ever. The wing-tipped bird I kept in my garden always assumed this attitude when approached or alarmed, and ran off jerking its tail as the common gallinule does when swimming. When not excited the birds carry their tails closed and their wings tucked up, as in the illustration of woodcock boring.

At times woodcock turn up in rather unexpected places. On one occasion I found several in some short rushes a hundred yards or more from any cover. Many times I have found them in gardens about old manure, and I have shot them from among standing wheat and from a field of potatoes.

The telegraph wires seem to be particularly fatal to this bird; instances almost without number have come to my knowledge of woodcock having been found dead under them. This seems rather strange in view of the fact that they inhabit the densest covert and are able to thread their way through the tangled branches with marvellous celerity.

Woodcock vary a good deal in size, the females being rather the largest. A fair average bird will weigh about six and one-half ounces. I have shot them weighing from five ounces to seven ounces and three-quarters, the latter weight being rarely exceeded.



"What merit to be dropped on Fortune's Hill,  
The honour is to mount it."

#### CHAPTER I—BEING EDWARD DARRYL'S POINT OF VIEW

THE fiat has gone forth that I am to begin the study of medicine in the fall. A Fate that has always dangled over my head like—what's his name's sword—has fallen, and I really think that I am more comfortable than before. One must accept a finality. There never was any use arguing it out with the Governor. When he makes up his mind, the Medes and Persians are not in it with him, and on this point it was made up and set in the cement of unalterable resolution the hour I was born. He has that seventh-son superstition ingrained into the very fibre of his being.

I am a seventh son, it is needless to add, and in direct sequence. With Wordsworth's little maid I can say, "We are seven," though three of us in the churchyard lie. According to tradition, they died before they were old enough to be named, but while their entrances and exits were made so long ago they still influence my destiny. Of course, we're really eight because there's Dolly. If Doll had only had the grace to be sandwiched in somewhere—say after Bob or Douglas—instead of bringing up the rear, it

would have simplified matters very much for me—but there was no such luck.

If mother had lived, perhaps she might have understood how I felt about going into the profession of medicine, at least I think it would be easier to explain to her my utter hatred of the whole thing.

I had banked on Aunt Marshall's support, as she is usually a bulwark of defence for the weakest party, but after wavering in the balance for days she finally chipped in her opinion with the majority, agreeing unreservedly that I was created for the purpose of bestowing lustre on the time-honoured name by tacking an M.D. to it.

Aunt Marshall is my father's eldest sister and is the keeper of the archives of the house of Darryl,—so to speak. She knows its past and present, forecasts its future, and is personally acquainted with each branch of the family tree down to the last twig.

Furthermore, she is believed to be the one individual alive who has unravelled the mysteries pertaining to the flying beasts upon its crest and seal, and she even claims to have pierced the gloom surrounding its pre-historic founder. Be that as it may, it is easy to see she is a heavyweight.

Of course, I've told the Governor at different times that he's trying to fit a round peg into a square hole; that I would go out of my way every day in the week to avoid running across any form of suffering; that the sights and sounds incidental to pain have always created within me an indescribable feeling which I am desperately sure would handicap a physician's usefulness. That darkened rooms, vile smelling drugs and plasters, and the whole woeful paraphernalia are my abomina-

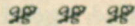
tion, and that the abnormal in nature is to me wholly without charm.

I have also embroidered upon these facts sundry references to the splendid out-of-door occupations a fellow might go in for: mining, surveying, engineering or following the sea, but he is possessed of the petrified opinion that I would be wasted in any of these fields of usefulness, and he seems to think me obstinate and somewhat ungrateful. Indeed, there are several quotations from King Lear which I have learned to dread, and also a certain story which the whole family administer as a sort of tonic to create in me an appetite for the profession of medicine. The narrative relates to a great, great grandfather of ours (who was also a seventh son), and who achieved knight-hood after rising as on pinions to the giddy height of being surgeon-extraordinary to one of the Georges—I've forgotten which one, but it's immaterial.

Even Dolly trots that long-departed relative back from the land of shades, and holds him up to me as a type of everything I should desire to be, and it's simply because he was such a ter-

rible old swell, and was seen cheek by jowl with the King on different occasions. The absurd part of it is that Doll usually poses as a rabid little democrat and is forever talking equality, fraternity and the rest of it. I suppose she does it just to take the opposite side and to keep things from stagnating, which they might do, if we were all such double-dyed conservatives as the Governor.

The dear old Governor! I'm afraid in his heart he is rather bothered about me, though it's impossible to say how I got that idea, for he doesn't show it any. Nevertheless, I'm positive he does feel cut up about my utter disinclination to fall in with his plans, and wishes it were a bit easier for both of us. He knows that I have it in me to be a good sailor; that I'd rather be a farmer on a back concession and trail all day in the sun and wind after a freshly turned furrow, than knock around in hospitals and addle what brains I have with exams. and lectures. But it doesn't shake him any. He takes my objections as he takes a stiff fence when he's out riding and he never turns a hair.



## CHAPTER II—SOME REFLECTIONS OF DAVID TRENT

IT is the most glorious day, and in the most glorious month of the year,—for October is the month of months in Canada. The train seems to be flying through a painted country where all the vivid colours hold high carnival. When we get a sharp early frost, such as came last week, it turns the soft maples into bouquets of pink and crimson, regular geranium shades, and there's not a leaf on any elm whatever but looks as though King Midas had touched it. The woods along the track rejoice in every tint that any palette ever held from vermilion to lichen grey.

The masses of bracken and underbrush show bronze green or russet, and the birches are silver white and dull gold, while over everything is the blue of a sky that never seems so blue as

on these splendid fall days. All the stump fences hereabout are things of beauty, for the wild creepers that cling to them have turned rose-red and brown, and in the corners of the rail fences that go zig-zagging about the fallow fields there are clumps of flaming sumach trees, and many little purple asters. It seems the only sad-coloured things in all the land are the sand cliffs we pass now and again with their deserted swallow nests. Yes, it is a good month in a good country, and I have no desire to spend my life in any other. Here is surely a rich enough heritage for any man; and even when he pitches tent in a city, a short journey will take him to the open.

What a day to be on the tramp with a gun over my shoulder and Pat at my heels! There was a bit of hoar-

frost last night, if I'm not mistaken,—enough to put an edge on the air and string one's nerves up to the right point for straight shooting.

Every black squirrel for miles around has donned his winter coat ere this, and he will be over-saucy and well-conditioned from much high living. Even so, I'm not fond of bringing down the small furred beasts, and alas! all big game has many moons since moved far up into the North.

The birds are still with us though, and the quail are plentiful this year. Back some miles behind the town I know a stubble field where you can hear them calling any hour in the day from dawn to dusk—"Bob-White, Bob-White"—and I like the sound. Down on the river bank, too, below the land stacked with its rusted corn, away past the old Tannery, there are any number, for they find good cover under the knotted wild-grape vines and thick coarse grasses. Poor little beggars, we've been pretty rough on them in the past, Pat and I, but we've cried off at last, and hand over our share of the brown beauties to any shot that is good enough to take them.

I have come to a dividing line where the old happy, careless life is behind and a life of strenuous endeavour is before. Well, I have had my share of fair days, of idle pleasant days filled in with the simple gladness of living. Now all that is changed, for I have started into a race, and there is a goal awaiting me if I have strength to reach it.

Since that day of Fate a year ago I have known that I must beat my way on to the one kind of work that I could do best in the world of workers. I have loved the forge always, and thought in time to take my father's place there—for I learned the trade in many odd hours when nothing of greater interest claimed attention. It seemed reasonable and right that by-and-by I should help my father and go into the forge, though he is more ambitious and would never take this for granted.

"Wait," he'd say often, "wait, my

lad, till your mind settles itself into shape. Read your books and put in your days as it pleases you best, Dave—a man has but one youth. There's a lot to be learnt in the woods and fields by those who see, ay! and on the water. The smithy will wait till you come to it."

He can't say he was not taken at his word. I have certainly loafed pretty systematically since my school days ended. We know every foot of country for twenty miles around Grandville, Pat and I, while the wild duck could tell tales of our peregrinations over the marshes at the head of the Lake.

But things take a sharp turn with one sometimes. Something happens to render life as it has been—impossible; and it was so with me. For over a year I have been blindly struggling to find my way—a month ago I found it.

When I told my father that I had resolved to take up the study of medicine he was working by the great anvil in the centre of the forge. Dropping the hammer he drew one hand over his forehead, throwing back the heavy locks of hair, as is his way when any sudden thought comes to him. Then he smiled down at me (he is still a good four inches taller than I) and held out his hand:—

"I knew you'd find yourself, Dave," he said, "so I let you bide in quiet. You'll make a fine doctor. A man needs steady nerves, a wise head and a tender heart for that calling, and you've got them, lad."

He thinks I have anyway, and, perhaps, to be credited with virtues gives one a greater desire for their possession.

We had a long talk together after this was settled, and strangely enough he spoke of my mother, and I learned more of her than I have ever known, for she died at my birth and has been only a dream-mother to me.

It seems she was an English girl left by unhappy chance quite alone in the world. She came to America as governess to a family living at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, my father's old home. He met her at the meetings of

the Brethren, a small religious body simple as Quakers, to which they both belonged. They loved each other and were married, afterwards coming to this little town on Lake Ontario to start life together. He tells me she was of another station than himself, her father having been an army officer in India, where he won the Victoria Cross. He was killed shortly afterwards in one of the hill battles—of which England hears so little—and the Cross was brought home by a comrade to whom he had entrusted it for his daughter. It is now mine, and I look at it often with strange feelings, in a way as a Catholic might look at his relics, for it is a holy thing, I think, and in another way as a king might look at his heirlooms.

The wonder of my mother having loved him holds my father yet, and when he speaks of her it is in a tone indescribable. But love has a fashion as old as time of bridging gulfs, even those as deep as the social one between them, and, moreover, these Plymouth Brethren do not regard things as the world does.

It does not seem strange to me that he should have won any woman, for though he is but a blacksmith, he is magnificent to look at. He carries his sixty years to-day as though they were forty-five, and his strength is still a marvel. He comes of a race of seafaring folk, and has their tastes and habits, though he has always been fond of books, and in his own way has read much and learned many things. This he has done, he says, that he might be the more worthy of my mother. His temperament is thoughtful and deeply religious, as was hers, I fancy, but it has not been reflected in me. No; things material and not spiritual have given me my chiefest joy so far. The golden Jerusalem of unchanging felicity is less alluring to my mind than this green and brown old earth, with its rough weather and fair weather, its white winters, its days of blue sky and yellow sunlight, and its nights of silver-gray shadows—though doubtless it is an unhallowed thought.

It has been dull work always—going to the Sabbath meetings. Even as a child I used to kick my rebellious small heels against the seats and long to be away from the solemn prayers and exhortations. There was none of the beauty of ritual about the service, and the chapel where it was held made the eye ache with the bareness and unsightliness of it. Added to this, those of the elect were in one portion of the building, while the others sat apart—and I was of the others.

It seemed like the final separation of the sheep and the goats to me, and my boyish mind troubled much over it. Yet I was never constrained to cast in my lot with the sheep, nor felt I was one of them, seeing that I loved not all the things they loved.

Of late my father has usually gone alone to the meetings, for he is wise, and does not try to compel one into the paths of righteousness. Still I reproach myself now that I am leaving home for not having made a greater effort to go his way. Perhaps I took advantage of all the liberty he gave me, and in following my own will forgot his desires.

We are making up time by the way the train is speeding. At this rate the city should be reached by noon.

By Jove! There is young Darryl at the end of the car. I might have recognized the back of that head earlier, as it is decidedly the handsomest one I know.

I fancy he is a good sort of fellow, though he is never very cordial to me.

Possibly he still resents a certain knock-out blow he brought upon himself one day in the college grounds. It happened long enough ago for us both to have forgotten it, only it was the kind of trivial thing you don't forget, unfortunately. I've always rather liked him since, for it's queer how you *are* inclined to like a chap after having thoroughly settled a score with him and taken his measure, as well as letting him take yours.

At the least I admire him and that easy charming manner of his. He must have been born with it, for it

would take more years than he has lived to acquire it in such perfection. However, I have reason to know that below the surface he is high-strung and mettlesome enough.

I wonder if he ever thinks of a certain spring evening, more than a year past, when his cousin and he took refuge at the forge. A storm drove them in, though perhaps they might have stopped anyway in passing, as Miss Darryl's horse had loosened a shoe. My father had gone home, and so I, happening to be there, made the shoe fast. I cannot remember a more dreadful thunderstorm, or one that darkened the sky and blew up from across the Lake more suddenly. Two men upon the highroad a quarter of a mile beyond us were killed outright, and a great oak, known to the whole countryside, was struck and torn in two. The horses within the smithy quivered with fright, and for a while we had some trouble to quiet them.

Darryl thought there might be danger when there was so much metal about, and would have crossed to the house, but his cousin laughingly refused to go through the rain to another shelter.

After we barred the door she stood looking out with intense interest through the little square window, nor could we persuade her to leave it. I confess a terror held me lest some bolt might strike through the small opening, for her fearlessness was almost a defiance—a challenge to the storm. Yet as I watched her standing there with her slight figure and eager, uplifted face lit vividly by the strange electric light, that feeling passed and an odd fancy took its place—a fancy that she was the very spirit of the gale, the heart and centre of it—the one living thing it had no power to harm. So unreal do things become to us at times. I had not thought before that it was possible for a girl to have such courage—no, nor that one could be so beautiful. Her hair is of an auburn, flecked with gold, and her eyes have a blueness one sees now and again in the flames of the forge fire.

I have known little of women, for there has never been one about my home since I remember. Old Jack Bowlby, a disabled sailor my father befriended, has cooked for us and kept the place tidy as the cabin of a ship for many a year.

Certainly, I do know the women who attend the Brethren meetings, and they are middle-aged and sad-looking for the most part. Then again, I often meet girls from the town who are out blackberrying or picnicking, but Pat and I take small notice when they pass, though they are pretty enough some of them.

But now I knew I had never seen anyone like this cousin of young Darryl's—Margaret, he called her.

Once she turned suddenly from the window and gave a little quick laugh.

"Why, I believe one could actually read by this lightning, Teddy," she said.

"I'm too abominably uncomfortable to want to read," he answered, "but no doubt one could. It's a regular illumination."

There was a worn book of my father's lying on a bench, and I handed it to her.

"You may try," I said.

She opened the book, and I saw by the next flash the wondering look her face wore.

"Why!" she exclaimed, this is a copy of 'Les Miserables,' and—in the original!"

"Yes," I answered stiffly, for I was angered at the surprise she felt that we should possess the book. "My father says it ought not to be read in the English; that it is as bad to read a translation of Hugo as it would be to look at a picture by one of the masters through blue glasses."

"Does he say so?" she said. "Well, I agree with him." Then presently—"It must have been your father I saw at the forge door the other day when I rode by with my uncle. A tall man with great shoulders and heavy iron-grey hair. He looked as strong as Jean Valjean himself."

"That was my father," I said, "and,



yes—I think perhaps that he, too, could have lifted the cart from old Fauchelavant as Father Madeline did."

When the rain had almost ceased and they mounted to go, she leaned down from her horse and held out her hand to me.

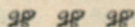
"Thank you, for having given us shelter, Mr. Trent," she said. "A storm like this is a strange thing to watch, is it not? I shall not forget it."

"Nor I," I answered.

After they rode away I loosened Pat and we went out together, tramping over the wet fields and through the storm-wrecked country for many miles, and the tempest of the afternoon seemed to rage within me and beat down

all gladness and content. The careless, happy-go-lucky life was struck out of me that day as surely as the life had been struck out of the two men upon the road by the forge when the lightning found them.

The face of Margaret Darryl was before my eyes, turn which way I would, and I heard nothing but the sound of her voice, though I could have shot myself for the very folly of it. Still when at last we made our way home through the darkness I had settled the matter, and knew that if I would gain even the shadow of joy in this world, I must win my way to other heights, let the climbing cost what it might.



### CHAPTER III—AS EDWARD DARRYL SAW IT

TAKE it all in all, things are not as bad as I thought they would be. It strikes me a fellow might put in a tolerably jolly winter here in town, even if he had to attend lectures and all that sort of thing and grind at books during odd times. Of necessity I'll have to get through the exams. in the spring some way. The family would be thoroughly disgusted if I didn't, and the Governor made it pretty clear how *he* would act in the event of my failing.

"Have as good a time as ever you can, Ted," he said, encouragingly, when we parted at the train, "only stow enough information away during the term to pass your examinations when April comes; I shall *expect* it, you know."

It was quite evident from the expression in his eye that he would—and I think it will be expedient to stow the information. Anyway, and in spite of the fact that he is bent upon making a doctor out of me against my will, I really want to do him credit, for he's always been awfully good to all of us, the Governor, and this is actually the first time I've had to do anything that was really objectionable—which makes it the harder.

There is another thing—they settled

it at home that I had better board in one of the places where the other fellows live, instead of going to Aunt Marshall, or camping with Uncle Felix, as I fully intended to. The city is fairly swarming with our relatives, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that I should stop with some of them as we have always been in the habit of doing. I'm sure there'd be no harm in it. We have them yearly in relays down at Grandville. Moreover, I've had a most cordial invitation from Mrs. Travers, my cousin, and as Margaret Darryl, another cousin, is staying there it would have been no end of fun—but the Governor vetoed that.

"Lodge where the other medical students do, Teddy," he said, "and you'll find you'll come out better in the end."

Possibly he's right—but it is an uncomfortable arrangement. Still, I fancy I shall see enough of my kinspeople; they will ask me round now and then, it's more than likely.

In the meantime I'm under cover in an old-fashioned house a few blocks from the Medical School. I thought it advisable to be close by, as they tell me there are lectures as early as eight o'clock a.m. At St. John's College

they evidently hold fast to the bird and worm proverb, though eight o'clock seems unnecessarily early for any worm not suffering from insomnia.

There are three other fellows stopping here, one third and two fourth year men, but they haven't taken much notice of me so far. At least, the fourths haven't. I discovered some time ago that the graduating class, when recognizing a freshman's existence at all, usually regard him as a being in an exceedingly low stage of evolution, and examine him with a mild curiosity just as one might fancy Darwin would have poked at and turned over a jelly-fish, and said musingly—"strange creature—brainless—invertebrate—almost totally nerveless—and yet a link in the chain of creation."

These three address each other with easy familiarity as "Sullivan," "Barton," and "Jimsy."

Jimsy appears to have lost his other name, but it does not trouble him any. Even Mrs. Tupper, the landlady, calls him "Mr. Jimsy," and it sounds quite right, for he is one of the kind of fellows that always does get called something short and pleasant.

He is a splendid all-round athlete, and an awfully jolly, friendly little chap, though his own mother could hardly consider him handsome.

Indeed his face seems to have been made rather hurriedly, for the features have an elementary, unfinished sort of look. The combination isn't so bad though, and undoubtedly it expresses the essence of good temper.

Barton and Sullivan are simply insufferable. They are eternally "parading their brains," as Jimsy calls it, and at the table tipping each other points on surgery, which, to my mind, is in execrable taste. Now and again, as by an effort, they observe that I am present, and then one of them says, "Kindly pass the salt, Freshie," or, "I say, Freshie, will you just run and shut the door?" or else, "Please carry out that beast of a cat, Darryl; she's always coming in." At which times I do with as much grace as I can what-

ever the occasion seems to demand.

But if I happen to ask a question relating to school affairs, they smile with aggravating condescension and tell me that I will have to keep my eyes open if I want to get my little coppersworth of what's going on—all of which I find exceedingly annoying; still, short of moving out, there is really no remedy for it.

Jimsy came into my room last night to enliven me with a little music on his mandolin (he belongs to a mandolin club, though it is impossible to say why), and I was going on to him about the way the fourths act.

He doesn't think anything of it, strange to say, and quite sides with them.

"Great Cæsar, Darryl," he said, "what under the canopy do you expect? Surely nothing has happened to ruffle you *yet*. They're pretty decent, I think—not a patch on the grads. that were here when I was young. *They were* a set, if you like. I often wonder I pulled through that first year, my son."

Then, after reminding me that music hath charms to soothe, etc., etc., he twanged a light accompaniment upon the stringed instrument and sang this ditty, at least if he didn't exactly sing he made a cheerful noise. The time was all that could be desired and very marked, but there was a scarcity of tune about it. Anyway, it sounded atrocious. The words, which he claims are original, went like this:—

"The Freshman of to-day  
Has it all his own sweet way,  
As any final fellow now can tell.  
He every night reposes  
On a bed of thornless roses,  
And his little life goes merrily and well.

But when we were freshmen, Oh!  
List ye to my tale of woe:  
We walked in wisdom's most unpleasant  
ways.

You can bet the fourth year men  
Kept us under water then,  
And they only let us up on certain days."

After he had insisted on my hearing this thing a few times, he went on to tell me that the "elevations" (ac-

cording to him an annual function of all properly regulated medical colleges) had fallen off terribly. He regarded this as most deplorable, and said that in days of old the theatre always used to be the scene of a gloriously gory battle between the finals and freshies on elevating days, so much so, indeed, that the janitor went round with a basket after the fray and gathered up the fragments of anatomy that strewed the place. You could go to him and select any particular member of your body that was missing, though Jimsy said he lost a thumb one year and never got it back, and he didn't know who was wearing it now. I observe that he is certainly part of a thumb short.

Now while the past may have been quite all that it is painted, the present welcome extended to new students is sufficiently stimulating for the ordinary follower of Æsculapius. I know they wrenched the buttons off my coat and otherwise made a wreck of it while bearing me skyward, and a second year fellow got his arm dislocated in the same scrimmage. After it had been pulled in by a couple of fourths (some of them standing on him to hold him down during the operation) he was coolly marched over to the hospital to have it bandaged and to get a glass of wine to stiffen him up a bit.

It made me feel positively ill, though the rest took it as a joke and proceeded to elevate the other first-year men as though nothing unusual had happened.

It was at that particular moment that Trent rose to the top. Trent comes from Grandville, and is a blacksmith's son, and so it struck me as rather cheeky of him to go into Medicine, but certainly that day he did act splendidly. You would take him for a gentleman born, if you didn't know. He has all the manner and appearance of one, and his clothes fit—at least you never think anything about them. I have noticed, as a rule, that class of people look all right in their working garments, but wretchedly uncomfortable in any others.

The freshies, particularly those from the wilds, incline to snuff colour or butternut hues, varying the monotony with a pepper-and-salt design. Some few of the thirds, like Jimsy, are sporty in their tastes and delight in plaid suits and ties sprinkled freely with a horse-shoe pattern, while the finals go round in professional blacks that give them the appearance of lively undertakers, but Trent wears a rough tweed that seems to belong to him in the same way that the bark belongs to a tree.

The Governor was always running across him about the country, and considers him a good blacksmith spoiled. In his opinion his father—who is another Elihu Burritt, and a regular old character—has brought him up absurdly and totally unfitted him for his sphere in life.

Dad has no great fondness for young Trent either, for he hates to be thwarted in anything, and he set his whole heart upon buying an Irish setter that always follows this fellow around, a remarkably fine dog with all the points and a beautiful head. Of course, he could have bought just as fine a setter at any of the Bench Shows, but only this particular dog would do. The Governor is like that. So after he had thought the matter over and quite made up his mind what he would give, he stopped Trent one day and offered a good round price for the animal.

He said that Trent looked at him coolly for a moment, then back at the dog, then back at him again, and finally said most insolently, "I'd rather shoot Pat than sell him," after which he turned on his heel and strode down the road, without so much as touching his hat.

My father thinks he is completely ruined, and that it was a mistake sending him to King's College at Kingsbridge, where he went at the same time I did, instead of to the public school in town. I suppose this might be called a form of class prejudice, and that it will eventually die out in a new country. Still, it dies rather hard. The boys at King's snubbed

Trent all round at first, but he is such a thorough sport that he won them over, and they put him on all the teams.

He boxes uncommonly well, too, I remember, and was credited with having the finest biceps in college, which shows that blacksmithing as a pastime isn't half such a bad thing.

To return. After that man got his arm pulled in, Trent, who had been on the outside of it all, took off his coat and walked up over the backs of the seats to where the row was going on at the top of the theatre—"There has been enough of this," he said, in a voice that rang clearly through the confusion. "There has been quite enough of this, you fellows—it's going to be stopped. *Fun* is one thing and *rowdyism* is another."

There was a decided pause, and then a man in the centre of the swaying mass—one who was apparently leader of the ring—called back with suspicious politeness, "Ah! and what's your name, may I ask?"

"Trent," he answered. "David Trent, and that you may have a quiet time to grow acquainted with it, I will remove you from your friends."

And he did. I never saw anything like the way he unloosened that man

out of the knot of struggling humanity, and, lifting him around the body, carried him down over the backs of the seats and deposited him, in spite of mad resistance, on the other side of the door. It was done in a moment, and by sheer strength of body and force of will. Then Trent turned his back to the door and kept it shut.

The men above halted in absolute astonishment after Mallon—that's his name—had been torn as by a cyclone from their midst. There was a paralyzing swiftness about the action that took their breath, but when they regained it they broke into a ringing howl, for they are quick enough to see anything really fine, so Jimsy says. He was in the thick of the fray himself, I may add.

"Three threes for Trent!" they yelled. "Good boy, freshie! More power to you! Good boy! good boy!" with variations on the same theme till the windows fairly rattled. Then, while their enthusiasm was at white heat, they rushed down, seized Trent, and carried him through the building on their shoulders.

It was just as well it ended that way, for it certainly was a wild and batty row, and for a while no fellow's life was safe.

TO BE CONTINUED

## ADVERSITY'S REWARD

IT quite often falls out,  
 When the mob's angry shout  
 Fills the street with bewildering turmoil,  
 That reflecting men see  
 What a genius may be  
 In the victim they're seeking to spoil.

Does not this go to show  
 That the heaviest blow  
 Ever dealt by the arm of mischance,  
 Is directed for good?  
 But I swear, by the rood,  
 It does not appear so at first glance.

Peter Johnson

# THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY

*By Norman Patterson*

OF all the unsettled issues between Canada and the United States the Alaskan boundary is the least satisfactory. It has reached a stage where no immediate solution appears probable. Although the relations between the two countries are friendly in the diplomatic sense, and no angry controversy on any subject seems to impend, the fact remains that on this question the United States Government holds out no prospect of accepting any of those mutually acceptable methods of terminating disputes that suggest themselves to civilized countries in times of profound peace.

The cause of this is not far to seek. The controversies over the Canadian boundary which have arisen from time to time since the insane Treaty of 1783, have invariably resulted in victories for the United States. The Republic has come to look upon it as an established conclusion that when territory is claimed by the United States on this continent the claim must be allowed. The Treaty of 1783 I have ventured to call insane. It is not alone insane from the standpoint of to-day. It was so regarded at the time by those who possessed a grain of foresight. Even France sent a confidential agent to London to offer a friendly warning and remonstrance against giving away so much territory. But Richard Oswald, the British agent at Paris who arranged the groundwork of the Treaty with Franklin, was the fitting instrument of the folly and incapacity of the Administration which selected him. He was, at least, logical. He thought the whole, rather than the half, of Canada should be ceded. The British Government, however, decided to retain the northern portion of Canada and let the west go, and even in retaining the north the Treaty was so loosely drawn as to give rise, later on, to the Maine boundary dispute. The Ashburton Treaty finally disposed of that in the

way we all know. Lord Ashburton was a worthy successor to Oswald. Then came the Oregon question, and the enormous concessions in that region. Then by an absurd form of arbitration the British allowed the Island of San Juan to slip from their possession, and now we are face to face with the claims of the United States on our Northern Pacific coast. Precedents encourage the Washington authorities to hold out even against the kind of arbitration advocated by themselves and imposed on Great Britain a few years ago in the Venezuela imbroglio.

It is unnecessary here to review the circumstances of the Alaska boundary case in detail. The salient facts are familiar to most of us. The dispute arises out of the terms of the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825, since the United States in purchasing Alaska from Russia acquired all the rights conceded by Great Britain and possessed by Russia under that Treaty. In a remote, little known and sparsely peopled region like that claims of possession are easily set up, lightly resisted, if resisted at all, and finally grow into substantial demands, obstinately contended for until the national pride is aroused.

It is sometimes said that if the gold deposits of the Canadian Yukon had not turned out to be so rich we never would have had the Alaskan boundary dispute in its present acute form. But this is a mistake. It is the unwavering policy of the United States to claim, and if possible secure, by hook or by crook, every additional inch of territory in North America which may be obtained either by chance, by the indulgent weakness of the rightful owners, or, where feasible, by a little gentle buccaneering. The aim is never lost sight of. If some intrepid explorer from the Republic ultimately locates the North Pole the Stars and Stripes

will at once be hoisted, a republic of ice set up, and a northern boundary dispute provided for Canada.

Now, the average agent of British diplomacy does not understand this. He proceeds on the assumption that the rules of diplomacy, the code of international law, and the facts of the case will evolve a settlement of any dispute whatsoever, provided, of course, that the disputants are two Powers on the friendliest terms, each prepared to contend stoutly for undoubted rights, but not anxious to block a settlement on minor points. But the United States will consciously concede nothing. Having found this policy work well during a hundred years, they are loath to abandon it. Always in the past confronted by Englishmen who were poorly equipped in knowledge of American questions as compared with the native American, the victories secured by Washington diplomats were comparatively easy. To-day the situation is changed. The trained Canadian public man is being put forward by Great Britain to conduct negotiations on American questions affecting Canadian interests, and the result is—no progress. The Reciprocity Treaty of 1874, the Fisheries Convention of 1888, the unfinished Treaty of Quebec are all illustrations of this. At some stage or other of the proceedings the traditional attitude of the United States asserts itself: Give me all or I will refuse to do business.

Under these conditions the policy of Canada on the Alaskan boundary dispute becomes at once difficult and delicate. There should, naturally, be no loss of temper, no fear of delay, no untimely concession in order to speed a settlement. One temporary and useful task to which individual Canadians can set themselves, is the enlightenment of intelligent opinion on this continent and in Great Britain respecting the merits of the question. Writers in the United States from time to time dilate upon the weak points of our case and the strong points of theirs. This is a wise and proper proceeding on their part. But it imposes upon qualified

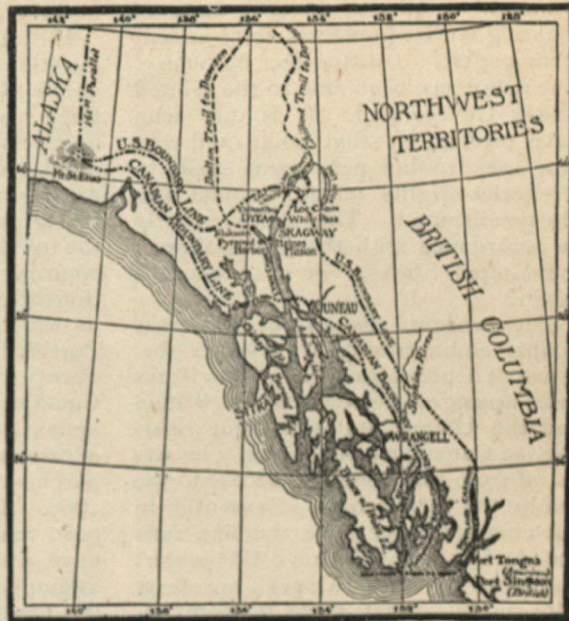
Canadians the duty of keeping ever in the forefront the essential truths on which our case is based. By declining to arbitrate—because that is what it virtually amounts to—the Washington authorities are setting a precedent most dangerous for themselves. Something will occur to drive this conclusion home to the shrewd politicians who control the situation in the United States, and if Canada's case is kept well before the public eye—as we may rest assured our Government will keep it in the official channels—an opportunity to renew the negotiations under more favourable auspices may occur later on.

The recent paper, therefore, by Thomas Hodgins, K.C., in the *Contemporary Review*, is a valuable contribution to the public discussion of the question. It will command attention because it is fair in tone, displays a mastery of the materials and argues with coherence and force. To gain an adequate idea of the strength of the argument, the whole article itself must be carefully read. But one or two points deserve to be noted, partly because they illustrate more fully than has hitherto been done the basis of the Canadian case, and partly because they meet decisively contentions advanced on the other side.

For example, there is the difficulty of drawing the boundary line correctly, since the names of places used in the Treaty do not correspond to the names employed in the modern map. Mr Hodgins expounds with skill the conditions under which the Treaty with Russia was negotiated, quotes from the instructions to the British Minister at St. Petersburg to show that care was taken to avoid having the strip of foreign territory to extend too far inland, and proves, if proof were needed, that the very difficulty that has arisen was foreseen and provided against. The intention was to give British subjects free access to the sea by the rivers and inlets, but not to give them land lodgment where the rival settlements of Russian and British trading companies would lead to conflict and

perhaps bloodshed. By the present United States contention, Canadians are denied convenient access to their own interior possessions by enlarging the strip of foreign territory so that it runs back from every inlet rather than from the general coast line washed by the Pacific Ocean. Very aptly Mr. Hodgins quotes Mr. Secretary Blaine's diplomatic note of 1890, during the Behring Sea controversy, admitting that the spirit and intent of the Treaty of 1825 contemplated "a strip of land at no point wider than 10 marine leagues running along the Pacific Ocean." It is also clear that he believed that such a strip of land was not designed to cut off British subjects from free access to the sea by those inlets which extend more than ten leagues inland. The free navigation of the rivers being expressly provided for cannot be denied, and the boundary of the inland strip is necessarily conceded to "jump" these rivers. But when long narrow bays or canals are met with, the United States present contention is that the line must not "jump" these, but must follow the sinuosity of the shore. It is by these contradictory interpretations that an appropriation of territory is sought to be effected.

An equally vital point is the attitude of Canada during the time when the United States were acting on their interpretation and assuming control of the territory in dispute. It has been said that Canada failed in vigilance and strenuous protest; in other words, that we practically let the case go by default. Mr. Hodgins shows conclusively that we did not. Canada became a party to the dispute in 1871, when British



THE CONFLICTING BOUNDARY LINES

Showing the two boundary lines as claimed by the United States and Canada. The United States boundary follows the literal meaning of the Russian-United States Treaty of 1867. The Canadian boundary interprets the treaty as meaning the line from headland to headland of the coast. It thus includes in Canadian territory not only Dyea and Skagway, but almost the entire length of Lynn Canal, also Glacier Bay, in which the famous Muir glacier is situated, Juneau, at which the famous Treadwell mine is located, and other important points along the coast at present occupied and controlled by the United States. The United States boundary ascends Portland Channel; the Canadian ascends the northern arm of the Behm Canal.

Columbia joined the Dominion. Appeals were made, at the instance of Canada, to have the boundary defined in 1872, in 1873, in 1874, in 1875, in 1877, and on many occasions since. Both in the early and in the recent stages of the controversy, as Mr. Hodgins points out, we have persistently called attention to our rights and asked for a fair means of determining conflicting claims. The quotations cited from the official correspondence are instructive for they reveal the clearest comprehension, on the part of our Gov-

ernment, of all the possible dangers that might arise (and have since arisen) from neglect to define the boundary. The delay has been due to the United States Government. It is they who have profited by that delay and who now seek to lay permanent claim to territorial rights which Canada has always disputed. This plan is strictly in accordance with the past policy of the United States. Is it to succeed again?

The present position of affairs is doubly embarrassing to Canada, because "a provisional boundary" has been arranged between Great Britain and the United States without reference to Canadian contentions. It cuts us off from that complete access to the sea by the inland bays so essential to our commerce, because the line runs across Lynn Canal above tide-water. One does not care to speak unreservedly on this point, since it seems incredible that British diplomacy should once again, after so many fatal blunders, make a vital concession to despoil us of territory that is ours. The remark of Sir John Macdonald in 1871 recurs to the mind with unpleasant significance: "I stated [to Lord de Grey] that if protection was denied us by England, we might as well go while we had some property left us with which we could make an arrangement with the United States." The affection of Canada for the Empire is even deeper and more sincere than it was thirty years ago. To trifle with it,

however, is hazardous in the extreme.

In the state paper on the boundary question, published by the British Columbia Government, Mr. Alexander Begg has gathered together some telling facts. It is clear from the correspondence between Russia and England, prior to 1825, that no doubt respecting where the line was to run existed in the minds of the diplomatists of either country. The terms of the negotiations leave no doubt as to the direction in which the line was to run. The Portland Channel mentioned in the Treaty of 1825 is not the Portland Canal marked on modern maps. There appear to have been several changes of nomenclature since the United States purchased all the Russian rights in 1867. These changes, it seems, have been made by the United States, and have resulted in confusion when one attempts to apply the exact wording of the Treaty to the islands and waters of the locality as now named. This modern confusion, however, need not affect the original interpretation. British rights, not ceded by treaty or express agreement, remain British rights still. The terms of the Treaty still apply and should be interpreted in the light of common sense, honesty, and such evidence as is available. Because extravagant claims have been asserted and maintained with some success by United States occupation is no reason why the undoubted rights of Canada to her own territory should be abandoned.

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### THE FALSE FRIEND

HE who makes friendship crumble  
 In intrigue's mouldering flame—  
 The heart he swayed by counsel  
 To stop with sudden pain—  
 Is worse than a fiend incarnate  
 Dyed in a brother's blood,  
 Has violated the greatest law  
 Of Heaven's Most High God.

*Peter Johnson*



# IMPERIAL BUGBEARS

*By F. Blake Crofton*

ONE of the bugbears used by enemies and timid friends of Imperial federation to deter us from decisive action is that such federation would involve home-rule parliaments for England, Ireland and Scotland, and that the Irish parliament would be a nucleus and propaganda for disunion. It is true that the action of some Irish politicians in cheering for our enemies and denouncing the Irishmen who fought so splendidly for the Empire has alienated many former friends of home-rule. But Irish separatism is not so widespread as appears upon the surface. Some of the shrewd professional politicians who acclaimed Boer victories must have known that they were dealing a deadly blow to their professed cause, and that, had they enthused with their fellow-Britons over British successes and over the gallantry of Irish regiments and the skill of Irish generals, home-rule would speedily be an accomplished fact. They must have seen that, with home-rule won, the subscriptions of its friends would cease, the pay of the agitators would be stopped, their occupation would be ended, and some of them would have to work. With such gentry home-rule is a means and not an end, a cry and not a cause. In a home-rule parliament the professional politicians would vent their native combativeness on each other, not upon the Saxon.

As a corollary to Imperial federation, home-rule for Ireland would lose its Imperial dangers, however great these may be. The wave of Imperial sentiment which brought on federation would sap, if it did not swamp, disaffection. Irish constituencies would probably cease to elect traitors. And, anyhow, separatists would have to reckon with a more imposing power than heretofore—with Britain reinforced by all the resources of her new partners.

## II

The greatest scarecrow of Canadians who have emerged from their ignoble content and desire a more dignified position in the Empire, is the assumption that the French-Canadians would vote solidly against federation. And so they would, if the only alternative were Independence. As they cannot have a French nationality, they would prefer a semi-French one. In this they would feel less dwarfed; their language, their manners and customs, would have a better chance of surviving, than if they formed a comparatively insignificant Province in a vast English-speaking Empire or Republic. Some of them have even a hope of dominating in an independent Canada through their wonderful fecundity and by fostering immigration from France. To this end French-Canadians would probably be willing to bear the enormously increased expenses of an independent Canada. But, once convinced that annexation to the American Republic, and not Independence, is the alternative, there is reason to hope that French-Canadians would vote for assuming their burdens in the Empire. At Washington the public documents would not be published in French as well as English, as they are at Ottawa, and deputies could not speak in either language at their option in Congress, as they can in the Dominion Parliament. During his recent visit to France Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared that French-Canadians who desired the conservation of their language should oppose annexation. In American politics they could never hold the balance of power as they do in Canada. Under annexation some of their rights might be jeopardized; under Imperial federation they will all be guaranteed. The constitution of the late League, which everyone joining it signed, provided that "no scheme of federation should interfere with the existing rights

of Local Parliaments as regards local affairs," in spite of which declaration demagogues are constantly telling them that "imperialisme" would involve the total loss of their autonomy.

There is little doubt that the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec would favour Imperial federation as against annexation. "Between a close union with the United States and a closer union with England," said *La Minerve*, some years ago, commenting on a speech of the Archbishop of Halifax, "Mgr. O'Brien would rather lean to the latter. And we believe that this sentiment would be that of the episcopate in general. Every time that the country has found itself obliged to make a similar choice (*s'est trouvé dans cette alternative*), we have seen the bishops reject friendship and close fellowship with America. This is what they did in 1775, and what they did again in 1867, when they recommended Confederation as a safeguard against annexation. We must believe that they are convinced, in their care and foresight as pastors, that the danger for us, for our religious and national interests, is not from the side of England but from the side of the United States." In the Republic, too, the episcopate would lose a little of its dignity and precedence.

It is true that *La Verité*, supposed to be a clerical organ, declared recently that French-Canadians, if pressed to decide, would prefer annexation to Imperial federation; while another French-Canadian paper threatened that the latter can only be attained by civil war. But these are either the opinions of a few individuals, or merely "bluffs," which should be boldly "called." The champion anti-Imperialist of the French-Canadians, M. Bourassa, says in his "Great Britain and Canada" (Montreal, 1902): "It is towards Independence that we should naturally drift; and, beyond doubt, to the French-Canadian element, this solution would prove most acceptable" (page 47). But he had observed shortly before, "I say that we are not ripe for Independence."

In a plebiscite on the policy of federating the Empire, the vote of the French would depend chiefly upon the alternative which they thought would be chosen by their more numerous compatriots who speak English. This, I take it, would be the crux of the situation—would British-Canadians declare, or could they be induced to declare, with sufficient clearness, whether, if they should decline the obligations of a partnership in the Empire, it would not be for a costly and precarious independence, but to form States of the great English-speaking Republic?

### III

"The creation of an Imperial parliament with Colonial representatives would impair the jurisdiction of our Dominion Parliament and deprive us of our autonomy." This is a bugbear that looks formidable only to the uninitiated. No Imperialist of note has proposed to curtail the home-rule of the great colonies, or to limit the jurisdiction of their parliaments. The pronouncement of the Imperial Federation League upon this point has been quoted above. The jurisdiction of our Dominion Parliament might indeed be nominally restricted if the federating partners should decide to raise their Imperial contributions by a uniform discrimination against foreign imports (if this were thought possible); but this arrangement could not be made without the consent of Canada, which would very likely prefer to provide her contribution in some other way.

### IV

"Representation should of course accompany any regular annual contributions, and no scheme of Imperial representation and taxation has been proposed." The better-read of the "stay-as-you-ares" modify this assertion by putting the word "feasible" or "practicable" before the word "scheme"—for many such schemes have been proposed, more than one of them (like Howe's) in Canada. The evolution of a satisfactory constitution will probably involve the careful study

of many unsatisfactory ones. And the more expert architects, the statesmen whose thoughts and ambitions are above parochial politics, have not yet sent in their designs. I wish they would do so, but they may argue that a company, before setting up its machinery, should make sure of its capital.

## V

Another scarecrow is that Canada's joining a federation of the Empire would irritate the United States. That it would irritate those citizens of the Republic who think they own this hemisphere is quite likely; but it is not our fault that they are so irritable. It certainly would be, incidentally, a notice to the Monroe Doctrine to quit the northern half of this continent, but this incidental notice would be cheerfully accepted by all Americans who understand the objects and the limits of that "doctrine," and who intelligently love their country. And to have this question finally settled would make for peace. But, nevertheless, some President might impertinently attempt to restrict the sovereign rights of the Empire on its own North American territory. I refuse to believe it likely that there will be, for generations to come, enough unprincipled demagogues to induce even a jingo President to adopt this insensate course. Awful and disastrous it would probably be now; awful and disastrous it certainly would be after the federation of the Empire. To admit such a probability is to admit that the Norse sagas are more prophetic than the Revelation—that it is Ragnarok that is coming on the earth, and not the Millennium.

## VI

"But we shall involve ourselves in the European wars of Britain which we may not approve." In answer to this I shall not dwell on the meanness of expecting Britain to defend us if we are not reciprocally to defend Britain. We are now liable to attack and to the destruction of our commerce in all Britain's European wars, and this without a vote for their estoppel.

"And we shall be encouraging militarism." If by this vague expression the spirit or the love of war be meant, my expectation is different. It is love of peace and not of war that has mainly led me to be an Imperialist. Millions for defence, not a soldier for aggression, should be the motto of our federation. Our representatives should sternly oppose all encroachment and expansion—unless possibly to effect the freedom of the oppressed or persecuted. With a unified Empire, and the alliance or friendly neutrality of the great kindred Republic, we could dominate the world and dictate arbitration and peace.

## VII

"Stir and a limb will fall off, move and the Empire will tumble to pieces! The more haste the worse speed. The British Constitution is the result of evolution not revolution." Not altogether so. Bold and decisive action was taken by Langton, by de Montfort, by Hampden and Cromwell, by the seven bishops, and by others. There are tides in the affairs of nations as well as of men that must be taken at the flood. Empire-builders should seize the psychological moments for action. To shape events and "to take occasion by the hand" are the highest proofs of statesmanship. It may prove more dangerous to sleep and drift than to wake and decide. In the waiting period Canada and Britain may have an angry difference, perhaps because Britain's support in some matter may not be prompt or strong enough, and that because Canada is not represented or inadequately contributing. Then the worst may happen—Canada and the Empire may part in anger.

That fearless and far-sighted Nova Scotian statesman, Joseph Howe, in 1866 clearly showed the dangers of our present status, and outlined a scheme for general defence and colonial representation and contribution.

"But suppose," he argued, "this policy propounded and the appeal made, and that the result is a determined negative. Even in that case it would be wise to make it, because the public conscience of the Mother Country would then be clear, and the hands of her statesmen free,

to deal with the whole question of national defence, in its broadest outlines or in its bearing on the case of any single Province or group of Provinces. . . . But I will not for a moment do my fellow colonists the injustice to suspect that they will decline a fair compromise of a question which involves at once their own protection and the consolidation and security of the Empire. At all events if there are any communities of British origin anywhere who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain who and where they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation *now*, in a season of tranquillity—when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality."

### VIII

A more real danger to any practical movement towards federation would be that if either Canadian party endorsed

it, the other party would unhappily be likely to oppose it. But this danger could be averted by referring the decision to the people in some form of a plebiscite, such as I have elsewhere suggested.

But no imaginary or avoidable perils should blind us to the advantages of a co-ordinate status, a higher prestige and an increased self-respect; of greater security and prompter Imperial aid; of expanding interests, a wider horizon, and the educative effects thereof; of manfully paying our shot and reciprocating benefits received; of practising the golden rule, and doing to the other nations of the Empire what we hope they will do to us; of making the greatest civilizing agency on earth more powerful and more permanent.

## THE BALANCING BURGLAR

*By Albert E. King*

THE winter of 189— was the busiest one on record in our line, and the house in which I held the important position of accountant did an immense trade. I had the reputation, if my friends are to be believed, of being an accurate bookkeeper. This does not alter the fact, however, that at ten o'clock one cold, wintry night I was still straining my eyesight, worrying my brain and imperilling my eternal salvation in a vain endeavour to find two cents. For a week, during and after office hours, I had hunted for this difference; a petty thing, but essential to my balance. I had made every imaginable re-check, and taken out a dozen different balance sheets, all with the same result. Two cents haunted me day and night; walking, eating, sleeping I could not shake it off. Naturally even tempered, I was fast becoming irritable, and could barely muster up a smile at my wife's offer to give me two cents "to straighten the old thing out."

Our warehouse was situated on one of those old streets which bisect the lower part of the city of Montreal near the harbour. It was an ancient thoroughfare, lined on either side by substantial gray-stone buildings, so narrow that each structure seemed to lean affectionately towards its neighbour opposite; the whole giving one the impression that the first merchants of Canada's metropolis were loath to encroach with their wares upon the slope of historic Mount Royal; a crooked old street, which would lead one to believe that the pioneer roadbuilders went around an obstacle rather than remove it.

I had been alone in the office, which was in the back part of the warehouse, from about nine o'clock. At that time one of the younger office hands, who had come back after tea, took his departure for the night. Not his final departure, however, for he had forgotten his tobacco and returned for it shortly afterwards. I unlocked the

door to let him in, relieved my mind with some comments about his stupidity as we looked for the tobacco, and locked the door again after he went out. I had come back to the office on this particular night determined to find those two cents or break something internally. It was half-past ten; I had found nothing and my stock of patience was well-nigh exhausted. In fact, I had reached that stage when the wise man goes home and to bed. I got thinking in a desultory sort of manner about one thing or another, my environments being suited to undisturbed meditation; not a sound came from the deserted street without, not even the ticking of a clock within. Gradually my mind reverted to the books lying open before me. "D—— it!" I ejaculated, as I straightened up my stool, "where in thunder can those blooming two cents be!"

"You won't catch any fish if you swear, old man," came in a deep bass voice out of the silence I had broken, as a heavy hand grasped my shoulder.

I didn't quite flop—the hand from behind keeping me firm on my seat—but I never again want to experience a shock like the one I felt at that moment. A cold wave ran up and down my spinal column, and great beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead. Turning my head mechanically, the barrel of a revolver, held in the hand of a man over whose face a cynical, half-amused smile was playing, met my startled vision. In an instant the actions of my whole life passed before my mind in vivid, kaleidoscopic rapidity; every transgression standing out in appalling prominence. A pair of dark eyes looked down at me as their owner remarked:

"Well, have you said your prayers?"

"I'm not through yet," I managed to murmur. "Would you mind moving that gun a little farther away? It disturbs me."

"Not so bad," he remarked, as one eye wandered in a peculiar, indepen-

dent sort of manner around the office, while the other remained focused on me. "Perhaps, if you took that big chair over there you would feel more to home."

The mention of home suggested my wife, and I pictured her in widow's weeds. Then I mentally decided to give the stranger the whole establishment rather than have Mrs. King assume a garb so unbecoming and mournful. I took the seat as directed, while he got up on the stool, dangling the revolver with apparent carelessness between his knees, and all the time watching me as if to note the effect of his uninvited presence on my nerves.

"I dropped in quite accidentally," he said at last. "Just come in after the young fellow. I would have sent in my card, but then you wouldn't have known me. Don't generally as a rule send in a card ahead, though I sometimes leave one. Owe you an apology I suppose?"

While he was speaking I had an opportunity of looking him over. He was a big man, fully six feet in height, and of good proportions. A well-trimmed black beard gave him an air of mature respectability which seemed to fit him, but a cynical expression about the mouth detracted somewhat from the favourable impression which his facial picture would otherwise convey. He wore a Persian lamb cap and an overcoat with collar and cuffs of the same fur, such as officers of the Montreal police force assume during the winter months, and, as likely as not, the average policeman would have saluted him as a superior on a dimly-lighted street.

"Don't trouble about an apology," I answered; "the question is, what do you want?"

"Well, since you ask, I want a whole lot of things I don't expect to get. The class of goods you carry here are a little too heavy to be conveniently moved, but, if you don't mind, I'll explore that——," and he pointed to the safe which stood, with door wide open, in a corner of the office.

I told him that it was not worth his time; that the safe contained nothing but books and papers, a few postage stamps, and, perhaps, a dollar or two in change, adding that he did not look like a person who would stoop to such small things.

"I generally play for bigger stakes," he admitted with an air of importance, "but I am not too proud to accept small contributions on an off-night like this. You just pull out the drawers and I'll superintend the job."

To remonstrate would have been useless; to refuse, imprudent. I have a reputation for discretion which I would not like to lose, especially under such circumstances, so I immediately produced the contents of the safe from which my visitor selected \$2.73 in cash and \$1.12 in postage stamps, telling me that "I could keep the balance for my trouble." The balance, by the way, was not negotiable.

"The weight of this swag won't tire me," he sighed. "Have you any money on your clothes?"

I thanked my lucky stars that I had very little money and no jewellery, unless a cheap watch which had been loaned me while my own was being repaired came under the latter heading. At the same time I had a decided dislike to hand over what little I possessed. It goes against human nature to be held up. I had not half liked the idea of presenting him with the contents of my employer's safe, but I had a deep-rooted objection to emptying my own pockets for his benefit, and I told him so.

"Now, don't be squeamish, old man, and, above all, don't be foolish," was his cool advice. "You will find it far nicer to go through your own clothes than to have me do it." And he looked at me in a manner that is most persuasive when backed by a big man with a six-shooter.

I hesitated a while—a very little while—and then turned my pockets inside out, which operation made him richer by eighty-three cents.

"Your watch," he suggested. I gave it to him. He looked at it, turned

it over a few times, and handed it back with the laconic remark, "Thanks."

"Sit down," he said, as he mounted the stool once more. "Do you know," he continued after a short pause, during which he took another view of the surroundings, and I noticed for the first time that half of the little finger of his left hand was missing—"I would be inclined to give you back your eighty-three cents if the money market wasn't so deuced tight. The stringency is something fearful, and I am actually hard up for cash these times—money all tied up, you know, by inconsiderate capitalists in such a manner that I really can't get at it. Don't believe I could realize \$10,000 in a week. If things weren't so deucedly rotten I would give you back your stuff, 'pon my word I would."

"Never mind the eighty-three cents or your word, either," I replied, for I was in bad humour and could not appreciate the generous feelings he found it necessary to smother. "Seeing there is nothing else around here you want that you can carry, suppose you go?"

"Don't be inhospitable, old fellow," he rejoined in an injured tone. "I kind of like your company, you're not a bad sort of a chap, and I really hate to part with you." He looked at me in a friendly way, and I began to think that the appearance of the watch had touched his heart. He was certainly relenting, whatever the cause.

"You remind me of an old pal of mine," he continued, and I felt duly flattered—"as good a fellow as ever wore shoe leather—dead now—and this place brings back the old office. Good old times until I got too gay. Trotted too fast. Don't get too gay, don't trot too fast, it doesn't pay in the long run. Bah! what is the use in grunting; no good weeping over what can't be fixed."

He started towards the door. Stopping midway, he turned as if suddenly recollecting something. "I tell you what I'll do," he said; "I'll find that two cents or give you back the dough—stamps and all!"

Two cents had worried me for a week, but I can solemnly swear not for the last quarter of an hour. I looked at him in amazement, at a loss to decide whether he was serious or only jesting. He read my thoughts.

"No, I'm not guying; I think I remember a thing or two about balances. Come on," he ordered, turning towards the books, "it is getting late, and if we don't find that difference in half an hour I'm a Jonah! What is it, short or over?"

"Over," I replied. I was now at his side eager to see the outcome of this new phase of his character.

"Your figures?" he inquired, pointing at the balance sheet. I nodded assent. "Bad," he remarked. "Threes and fives too much alike, sevens and nines worse. That's where your difference is, sure."

"Perhaps," I admitted.

"Sure," he reiterated. "Now we'll compare each amount on your sheet ending with a five or a nine with your ledger. Look out for this one!"

We started the comparison, he calling off the amounts and I comparing with ledger, as he looked over my shoulder. We had worked about ten minutes without any results when he called out \$358.49. "Right," I answered. "Try again," he suggested; "that last figure looks mightily like a nine, but it may be one of your sevens."

I checked the ledger addition three times—seven was right. There, right under my nose, where it had been all week, the error of two cents stood out so plainly that I wondered how I had passed it over so often; and here was my burglar, with a matter-of-fact smile, putting on the overcoat which he had removed when we started the comparison.

I looked at him and laughed outright at the ridiculousness of the situation. "You're feeling better now," he said, as he broke into a mild sort of laugh himself. "Well, so am I. You see, I have earned \$4.68, which is somewhat of a new sensation. Suppose I hung out my shingle as account-

ant, etc., do you think I could make it go in Montreal?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "You have a very peculiar way of introducing yourself, and a rather unpleasant method of collecting your fees in advance."

"I would merely have to change the *modus operandi*," he replied; "the result would be the same if—"

That is as far as he got. A tremendous knocking at the door, which threatened to wreck the block, accompanied by the sound of voices, cut him short. His features, which had relaxed into an expression of positive pleasure, became fiercely set.

"See who it is, but let no one in," he commanded.

I opened the office door and soon distinguished the party demanding admittance as my brother Jack and three of his fellow-members of the Trampers' Snowshoe Club. A hearty lot of healthy athletes—a bad combination for a burglar or anyone else to tackle.

"My brother and three friends," I said, returning to my companion.

"All right," he answered. "I won't harm them. Just you call out that it is O.K., and I'll open the door for them. The key is in the lock, isn't it?"

For a moment I did not know what to do. I was certainly possessed of a number of conflicting emotions and in a state of utter indecision. Again he helped me—and himself—out. "Here," he said, handing me the revolver. "Holler 'all right!' or they'll wake the village."

I did exactly as I was told to do. "All right! stop that rumpus and we'll open the door," I shouted.

"Good night," said my visitor. "You stay here."

With this he walked towards the door, turned the bolt, and admitted the quartette.

"Your brother's inside, just closing up," I heard him remark in an agreeable way. They entered with glances of polite curiosity at the stranger, who let them pass and then made his exit without any undignified haste.

"Who is his job-lots?" asked the irreverent Jack. "New hand?"

Spying the revolver, which was lying on the desk, he continued, greatly to my relief, "Well, you were pretty well guarded to-night. A body-guard and a gun; gun is only an ornament, however; not loaded. Out of stock, I suppose?" He handed me the deadly weapon. I took a good long look at it. It certainly was not loaded, and no doubt, was out of stock.

"Wake up!" said Tom Taylor, in that heavy voice of his. "A person would think you had never seen that thing before. Who was the chap let us in?"

"He? Don't you know him? His

name is Smith. He's a recent acquaintance of mine who is quite an artist at finding balances. He gave me a hand to-night and we found my two cents."

"Good," said Jack; "you can treat on the head of it."

I borrowed a dollar from Jack and treated on the way home, and the boys were somewhat amazed at the proportions of my dose.

It was many moons after before I ventured to relate my experience of the night, as somehow I did not consider that I had played a very heroic part in the evening's drama.

As to the Balancing Burglar, I have never heard of him since.

## THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE

*By N. De Bertrand Lugrin*

IT was at one of the many N.W.M.P. stations along the Yukon, and gold had been discovered in the hills a mile back from the river. There had been the usual rush at first, but the crowd of new-comers had thinned until now only a hundred or two remained. These had built for themselves the usual log houses and the usual wood-founded tents. There were two streets without sidewalks, a half-dozen shops, two lodging houses and two saloons that did a thriving business before the church was opened, since then one of them had been closed. The church was a large canvas tent with a board floor, a small folding organ and a reading desk.

Howard Phillips had charge of the church. He had come to the Yukon three years before, and had been an earnest, indefatigable worker. It was at the church that his wife Margaret met John Gilmore again.

It was a Sunday in late July—a hot day without a breath of wind. The dust lay warm and thick in the streets of the little town, and back on the hills the grass was parched and brown. In-

side the tent it was close, though there were only a score of men and two women scattered about the benches. Phillips stood grave and tall in his white surplice at the reading desk, and his wife sat at the organ, her face pale and her hair in little damp golden tendrils about her forehead. The clergyman talked earnestly, his eyes looking through the opening of the tent to the ribbon of a river and the glimpse of blue sky, and his sermon was like the hills on the other side of the water, far above and beyond his hearers. The score of men sat stolidly staring at the sweet face behind the organ, they heard nothing of the sermon, saw nothing of the preacher; there were only three white women in camp, and Phillip's wife was young and lovely as a dream.

Presently there was a heavy tramp- ing without and a dozen of the police entered, their spurs clinking as they walked. They sat down as near the back as they could. Mrs. Phillips, who had been resting her head in her hand, looked up languidly. The lieutenant who came in last was Gilmore. Her



eyes met his and she swayed a little on the box that served her as a seat. Gilmore himself started up as though to go to her, but sank back instantly. No one noticed the little by-play. The clergyman talked steadily on, and the other men kept their eyes on the yellow head that was bent above the organ.

At length they rose to sing and the girl's sweet young voice carried the hymn alone at first; gradually, however, one by one the men shyly took up the air until at last quite a volume of melody filled the tent. The beautiful face at the organ looked up as the last words were sung,

"And with the morn, those angel faces  
smile,  
That I have loved long since and lost  
awhile,"

and the lieutenant rose suddenly and walked from the tent.

That night Mrs. Phillips walked by the river alone; their cabin was a mile from the others. Her husband had gone to visit a man who was dying in one of the huts at the foot of the hills. It was difficult to find a path among the thick growth by the river, but at last, a bit footsore and weary, the girl sat down upon a log near the bank and clasping her hands in her lap gazed with young and sadly patient eyes into the rushing, turbulent stream. Her thoughts were far away from the North, far away from her present life. It was five years ago in Montreal and she was a girl again. It was a still, moonless night, and the lanterns swayed in the trees in the park. Down by the river it was cool. She was tired with dancing, and she and John Gilmore had come to the bank and were standing looking over the singing waters of the St. Lawrence. Gilmore had arrived from England early in May, and during all the long, sweet months of the summer they had been friends. To-night the man had asked for something more than friendship. She remembered it all so well. The light from a lantern fell slanting across his face. His eyes were very bright and eager as he spoke, and he was smiling.

But his words struck the girl as sharply as a blow. She had not known, she had not thought, she had only been wonderfully happy without looking any farther than the present.

"I have promised to marry Howard Phillips when he comes home from the West," she told him, and the Englishman's face went very white, and the smile slowly left his lips. He took her hands tightly in his and kissed them one after the other, and then he went away, and until this morning at the service in the canvas church she had not seen him again.

She leaned over and broke off a bit of dried birch from the log on which she sat and flung it into the river smiling to see it whirl about in the eddies and then go racing down stream. "Like life on the sea of chance," said the clergyman's wife aloud, and just then someone stepped over the log beside her.

"Mrs. Phillips," Gilmore's well-known voice addressed the girl.

She stood up, smiling her beautiful young smile, and held out her hand.

"Mr. Gilmore."

He took her fingers tightly and dropped them.

"I was surprised at service this morning;" the girl's voice had a weary note in it, but it was the same sweet young voice he remembered. "We have been here a week and I have not seen you before, never guessed that you might be here, especially in this capacity."

The man laughed a laugh that woke old, hushed memories.

"For five years I have been leading a wandering-Jew sort of an existence. And you?"

"Oh, I," she laughed her soft, low laugh, "I have been in camps compared to which this is a paradise," she said. "Missionaries cannot be choosers, Mr. Gilmore."

She looked past him to the river and shut her eyes suddenly. How calm and quiet he was, so different from the hot-eyed, white-faced lover who had bade her "good-bye" five years ago. Perhaps he had forgotten.

"You won't think me presuming for having followed you here?" the lieutenant's voice shook a little. "I have known you were at the camp ever since you came, though I was up river until to-day."

"Surely there is no presumption." Mrs. Phillips laughed lightly. "We are old friends, are we not?"

She smiled up at him happily. Somehow her face seemed to have grown younger all of a sudden. Something in his eyes, however, made her drop her own. She began to link and un-link her fingers. He remembered with a start that it was a little nervous habit of hers.

"If you will let me still be your friend—yours and your husband's—" began Gilmore.

"I would be very glad." Again she held out her hand and the man took it. It was a frail little hand and very white.

"You know, Mrs. Phillips," he began hesitatingly. "This is not the sort of life a delicate woman should lead."

"I am used to it," she said. She put her head on one side in the childish way he remembered, "and Howard is so careful, so very big and careful."

"Your husband," Gilmore's voice was very grave, "is in great danger here."

The girl's face grew troubled. "Do you really think so?" she asked. "I have been afraid lately. You see Howard is very bitter against the saloon men and the gambling houses. It was his evidence that hanged young Fisher up on the Skeena, and it was through him that Mears and Fisher's place was closed."

"They are ugly men both of them." Gilmore was relieved to know that she understood and that his words had not startled her. "But as long as there is nothing outwardly bad the police can do nothing."

"Mr. Phillips will not take halfway measures," the girl said, laughing again. "He is so very earnest, so very, very high-principled, quite beyond us ordinary people."

"But it endangers you." Gilmore struck his stick sharply against his riding boot.

"I am not afraid," said the little lady quietly. There was gentle rebuke in her voice.

"Your cabin is not far from here?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes, a mile nearly," the girl smiled. "Howard was up at Red Hill with a sick man and I was lonely. I often walk by myself."

"Will you let me walk with you to-night?" he asked, bending down.

"I will let you take me home," she replied. "For I have been gone an hour, and if Howard returns and finds me missing he will rouse the whole camp."

They were very merry as they walked back. Gilmore talked incessantly and interestingly and the girl's laugh rang out every moment. They heard a whistle up the river and they went over close to the bank and stopped. A steamer was rushing down with the stream, a cloud of sparks from her smoke-stack making a starry sky of the shadows above the water.

"Ohè," called Gilmore, and the girl echoed "Ohè." The passengers on the boat heard them and shouted back. Some one was playing a guitar on deck and singing.

"Oh, oh, do you hear it?" cried Mrs. Phillips, her voice thrilling with delight. "They are singing the old boating song:

'Row, brothers, row, the stream flows fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.'

Her voice joined in with the music from the boat.

"It is like a night on the St. Lawrence," Gilmore said dreamily.

They stayed by the bank until the sound of the rhythmic beating of the water against the paddle-wheels had grown faint as an echo and then they took up the journey home.

At the open door Phillips was standing, a candle sputtered behind him on the table, he was holding his hands over his eyes and peering out into the shadows. He saw them coming and

hurried to meet them. He took his wife almost roughly in his arms and kissed her fiercely.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "Darling, darling, you have frightened me."

With a hot face Mrs. Phillips released herself.

"Was I so long?" she asked, then "Howard, this is Lieutenant Gilmore. I used to know him long ago in Montreal."

The clergyman held out his hand frankly. "I am glad to meet you," he said cordially, then after a little pause and an earnest scrutiny of the other's face, "very, very glad. I must thank you for bringing this truant wife of mine home," he went on.

He put his arm around the girl and kept Gilmore's hand and all three entered the tiny house. They sat on the covered packing boxes and the tall clergyman, a very bright light in his eyes, chatted gaily, quite unlike the solemn preacher of the morning.

"I am so glad that your station is here," he told Gilmore. "You will be like a bit of her old life to Mrs. Phillips, a bit of her old happy life, eh, Margaret?" he smiled a little wistfully into the beautiful face opposite him.

The girl smiled, too, a very happy smile. "Where is the child?" she asked.

Gilmore started.

"Margaret means the little Indian maid to whom we have given a home in return for the valuable services she renders in fetching the water and washing up for us." Again the clergyman smiled, and this time the wistfulness was more evident.

"I wish I could make tea," Mrs. Phillips looked up at Gilmore suddenly and laughed a little, "but the fire takes an hour to start." She leaned forward and nodded at the lieutenant, "Do you remember when I used to make tea for you in the pavilion by the river?"

"Do I remember?" Gilmore's voice broke in the middle of a gay laugh. "What sunsets those were, so red that year and the river all glistening crimson and gold!"

"And afterwards when we went in the boats and the moon was high! Ah," the girl lifted her hand and bent her head, "I can hear the band playing now and the laughter and song wafted out over the water." She, too, laughed the happy little laugh with the catch in it.

The tall clergyman smilingly looked from one to the other, "I think I can start the fire in less than an hour," he said, and he rose and went softly from the room.

Neither of the two noticed him. Gilmore has drawn his seat nearer Margaret and was recalling a long-ago dance in the pavilion, and Margaret was linking and unlinking her fingers and laughing a throbbing, childish laugh.

That was the beginning of many long evenings that these three spent together—the tall, thin, ascetic-faced young priest, the great broad-shouldered policeman and the fair-haired, beautiful young wife. The days were warm and the nights cool and sweet. Every day and sometimes twice or thrice a day they would go down to meet the up-and-down steamers, laden with eager men and women "going in" or tired men and women "coming out."

"Shall we put her on board?" Phillips would ask sometimes, nodding laughingly to the lieutenant. "Shall we put her on board and send her where she belongs?"

And Mrs. Phillips would shake her head in mock indignation and slipping her hand through her husband's arm would say, "This is where she belongs."

Phillips was very popular in the camp; among the hundred miners there were only two who were his enemies. Fisher and Mears, the saloon men whom he had driven out of business, hated him. More than once they had threatened that unless he left the camp they would shoot him. But early in August both men went to Green Valleys on Waggon Creek, and the clergyman, absorbed in his work, forgot all about them. He loved his calling, he loved the North, he loved

the people to whom he ministered, and he never dreamed that his great thoughts were as far above the rough miners as the stars are above the sea.

Unknown to them Gilmore had constituted himself guardian of the minister's little household, and never by word or sign could Phillips or his wife guess that the lieutenant was anything more than the cheery, honest friend of both husband and wife. If sometimes they wondered a little at Gilmore for always refusing to remain or call in the clergyman's absence, they laid it to his instinctive sense of old-world propriety, and laughed a little at the survival in the soldier of that which they had learned to outgrow. Among the policemen Gilmore was always the quiet, self-contained officer with a great many letters to write and a great many visits to make to the minister's cabin. There came a time, however, when the cord of the soldier's self-control snapped suddenly. He looked into Margaret's eyes one night as she sang to the two men at the cabin door, and he knew that he must go away if he would keep silence.

It was one evening in late September, Gilmore came to the clergyman's cabin and found Margaret alone.

"Will you let me come in?" he asked, and she set the door wide and smiled a welcome. She was frailer than ever, her little hands were like snowflakes against the black of her gown. She lit the candle on the table, and they sat down on the covered boxes side by side.

"You have never come to see me like this before." Mrs. Phillips looked at him with a little smile. "Have you some news, then?"

The man was not looking at her, he held his head in his two hands and his elbows on his knees. "It was necessary that I should come to-night if I came at all," he said slowly.

The girl started, and bending towards him touched his arm lightly. "Is there any trouble?" she asked. "You carry both your revolvers. Are you going on the river?"

"All the men have gone to N— until to-morrow," he replied. "I am the only one left at the station, and I am leaving to-morrow."

"For long?" she asked a little hurriedly.

"I cannot tell." He muttered the words.

The girl was silent a moment then she leaned nearer him.

"John," she asked quietly. It was the first time she had called him so since five years before. "John, where are you going?"

The man drew down his hands and turned a haggard face to her. "I am going up to get my discharge," he said. "I have resigned and am returning to England next month."

"Oh!" The little expressionless sound fluttered from the girl's lips, and she started back from him, her face very white. "Why?" she asked. "Why do you go?"

"Do you need to ask me, Margaret?" He turned round to her, resting one hand on the wall behind him and holding the other clenched upon his knee. He leaned down a little, his eyes bright with pain upon her face. "I have been with the Mounted Police for four years," he went on a little quickly. "When you were at Winnipeg I was at a prairie station; when you went West to Vancouver Island I was in Victoria on furlough; when you went to the Stikine I was at the post twenty miles away, and when you came here—" he paused and swallowed hard once or twice, "I thought I could trust myself." His voice was harsh. "But I knew after that first meeting there by the river that I was not brave enough after all. I have stayed as long as I could." The girl kept her hands in her lap and gazed before her with a stonily white face. "For you," the man continued softly and hurriedly, "this friendship of ours is as the friendship of a sister for a brother. I know that. Nay, do not turn from me, Margaret; you know I would kill my love if I could. There, I have told you all—perhaps at the cost of your re-

spect for me. I—I shall go now." He stood up stiffly.

The girl spoke with her eyes still straight before her.

"I—I thought—I hoped you had forgotten," she said. "Now, since you have told me, it is best, of course, that you should go." She stood up, too, and held out her hand. "We shall miss you, my husband and I," she went on evenly. "Sometimes when I—we have been with you, I have forgotten that this is the North and the river out there the Yukon. It has seemed that we—you and I—and my husband were back again by the St. Lawrence, that the roses were clambering over the arbour door and the grapes ripening in the sun." She paused a little, then went on slowly and a little dreamily. "But there are the blue and white mountain blossoms out here on the hills, and the ferns are sweet, still"—she looked up at him, and her eyes were very dry and bright—"still you will think of me—of us, when you are among the sunshine and the flowers down there, I loved them so."

The man watched her, his lip tight in his teeth.

"I will say goodbye now," she said gently, evenly; "before Howard returns, he might not understand—about everything."

Outside the rain had begun to fall and the wind was blowing wailingly. The minister's tall black form walked slowly up and paused before the cabin window. His face was white, but he was smiling happily, expectantly. He lifted his hand to rap on the glass, then dropped it suddenly, and his face turned whiter.

The two within were facing one another. He could see the pallor of his wife's cheeks and the dull hopelessness in Gilmore's eyes.

"Margaret," the latter was saying, "before I go I want you to forgive me for having spoken of my love again. You, pure and spotless, loving your husband, cannot know the suffering it costs me to hold a rein upon myself as I have been doing through the summer.

A little more, I think, and I would have gone mad. I tell you this to let you know why it is imperative that I should go where there is no chance of my meeting you again." He swallowed once or twice and his voice was steady as he finished. "Can you forgive me?" he asked.

The girl brought back her eyes from their rapt gaze into vacancy and lifted them to his face. One moment she looked at him, then she caught her breath and let it go in a long quivering sob.

"Forgive you—Oh heaven," she said, and hid her face in her hands.

A sudden thrill of despairing joy touched the man.

"Margaret," he cried, "Margaret, can it be—is it true?" he went closer to her, bending down to her, "Sweetheart, sweetheart—"

Phillips leaned forward, his breath coming painfully through his white lips. But his wife dropped her hands and lifted her head high, while her eyes were darkly bright and piteously brave.

"Oh," she said quietly and firmly to the man who bent to her. "Go, and God be with you, John."

She folded her hands on her bosom, the soldier held out his arms for one brief second, his yearning soul in his eyes, and then he turned from her and flinging open the door went out into the night.

Phillips stood quite still for a long time, then with a start he roused himself and walked slowly, heavily into the cabin. His wife leaned against the wall. She looked up at him dully, her young beauty suddenly grown old, her hands, cold and white, at her sides.

"You are late," she said. She picked up the candle and went into the other room. Her husband followed her, drew her into his arms, putting back the soft hair from her face.

"Poor little girl," he said. "Poor little weary girl. This is a very bitter world for you."

He laid her on the bed, kneeling a moment beside her. She kissed him quietly and turned from him with her face to the wall.

The minister rose to his feet, and going into the next room barred the windows and doors. Then he returned and sat down beside his wife. She had closed her eyes and was lying, her hands tightly clenched at her sides. He gathered the rigid little fingers in his; she did not move. Five minutes passed, a half hour, an hour. Presently he leaned down and kissed the unconscious brow, then rose and went on tiptoe to the front room. He had put out the candle and now took down one of the top bars of the window and peered out into the night. He replaced it hurriedly. There was a group of men standing directly in front of the cabin. The moon had come out from behind a pile of clouds, and he could see that two of the men wore masks and that of the others four were Indians and three white men. The clergyman stood still, he was smiling a little. Over and over in his ears he could hear his wife's voice as she bade Gilmore leave her, and before his eyes in the dark room her lovely white despairing face seemed to look upon him. He reached for his revolver and felt the cartridges.

Suddenly a shot rang out sharply and the glass of the window splintered and fell at his feet. He drew back a little and turned his head toward the back room. All was still, he could hear his wife's deep breathing. The little Indian girl, however, came running into the room talking Chinook very fast, and feeling for Phillips with trembling hands.

Another shot and the falling glass.

"Howard, are you there?" It was his wife's voice. "Are you hurt?"

"No, darling, come to me." He took her in his arms. "Are you afraid, Margaret?"

"No, I am not frightened. Have you fired upon them?"

"I have only three cartridges, dear; I will save them until necessary. These shots will rouse the police soon."

"All the police are at N—," his wife whispered the words.

"Oh! oh!" the minister staggered a little; "all of them, Margaret?"

"All but John Gilmore, and he may have gone."

Suddenly a dozen shots rang out, and they could hear the dull thud of the bullets in the heavy logs, one of them, finding a chink, had whistled across the room and lodged in the wall on the opposite side.

And now the whole cabin trembled under the force of a heavy blow upon the door.

"It cannot be long before the miners at the north cabins hear this and come to help us," Phillips told his wife hurriedly. "And even if they do break the door, I have three shots."

The little Indian girl lay moaning upon the floor. Margaret left her husband and went to her, bending down and putting her arm about the shivering child. "My dear, they only want Mr. Phillips and me," she told her soothingly. "They will not hurt you at all."

Again a blow upon the door, and then a sudden and surprising silence, abruptly broken by a cool steady voice that those within recognized at once.

"Fisher and Mears, I know you both and the rest of you, the four Siwashes and the three men from Waggon Creek. What do you want here? In the name of the law lay down your arms."

"We have no quarrel with you, lieutenant," a burly voice broke in; "it's that sneaking, lying, white-faced priest we're after, him as gave the evidence against Fisher's brother that hanged him this spring, him as robs honest men of their victuals and drink."

"Come now, Mears," again Gilmore's voice quiet and cool; "you know the law here. You shall hang for this every one of you unless you lay down your guns and go home quietly."

"The police are at N—," Fisher's thin, gentlemanly voice broke in. "You cannot frighten us, lieutenant, and we have our boat in readiness on the Yukon. Stand from the door or your death be on your own head."

There was a shot. Phillips, watching through the chink, saw one of the In-

dians fall, then another shot rang from Fisher's rifle, and they heard Gilmore swear quietly and his revolver drop to the ground.

"Now will you stand from the door?" Mears cried loudly. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, says the parson's book. If he wasn't such a damned snivelling coward he'd come out here and face the music instead of letting an honest man die in his cursed stead."

Suddenly, before he could finish speaking, the bolt of the door was drawn and the bar dropped, and there in the light of the sickly moon the minister stood, his black cassock falling in straight folds about him, his white face uplifted. Gilmore was leaning against the house, his right arm hung useless at his side, with his left hand he fumbled in his belt for his remaining revolver. For an instant the soldier turned his eyes to the priest.

"For heaven's sake, go back," he

said. "I can hold these devils off until help comes."

But it was too late even if the clergyman had meant to go. Four shots rang out simultaneously, and Phillips fell. Gilmore raised his revolver and fired after the retreating forms, then knelt beside the still figure of the clergyman.

"Bring a light," he called to the weeping Indian girl.

Margaret lit the candle and came to the door, and knelt on the opposite side of her husband.

The dying man opened his eyes and smiled into his wife's face. She handed the candle to the soldier, and leaning over put her arms about the minister.

"I love you so much better than anything else in the world," the dying man whispered, "God bless you, faithful one." Then he looked into Gilmore's eyes. "It was a weary, weary life for her," he whispered, and so died.

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## THE ONE UNCHANGING

WHEN all the weight of all the world's despair,  
 All sobs that ever shook the midnight air,  
 Press heavily against the labouring heart  
 And death and pain loom darkly everywhere;

When one great grief brings home all other grief,  
 And careless joy is driven like a leaf  
 Before the wind of bitterness and tears,  
 While far behind fades sunshine all too brief;

Then, then how small the things that yesterday  
 Had power to move with gladness or dismay,—  
 Love, only Love maintains his fixed estate  
 In that dark hour that severs soul from clay!

*Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald*

# WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By  
M. Maclean Helliwell

## AUTUMN

Brook song, and bird song,  
Blending on the air;  
Golden-rod and asters  
Blooming everywhere.  
Ceres and Pomona,  
Both are busy now,  
With the corn and fruitage,  
Bending on the bough.

Wind song, and cricket song,  
Breaking into trills;  
Haze of Indian summer  
Lying on the hills.  
Autumn heaps the measure  
Of fruit and golden grain;  
With here a gleam of sunshine,  
And there a dash of rain.

—G. W. Shipman

OF late it has become the custom amongst certain writers to cry out without ceasing that the dear old days of home-making and home-keeping are passing forever; that the once popular song, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home," has gone quite out of fashion, since it voices a sentiment no longer cherished of the human heart; and that, in short, men and women no longer delight in gathering their children around them as twilight falls, to bask contentedly in the cheerful blaze of their own hearth fires, but that they now prefer to live always more or less in the public eye, flocking to hotels and apartment houses where sacred privacy is a thing unknown.

Should such a condition of affairs be becoming as universal as these lachrymose writers would have us think, there would, indeed, be ample cause for tears. But we do not believe a word of it, since, if the evidence of one's own eyes is to be trusted, never was

such general interest being manifested in house-building and house-furnishing as at the present time, nor, indeed, were so many inducements to become householders ever before offered to men.

Many of the leading periodicals of the day devote a certain space in each issue to this subject, publishing plans for dwellings of every imaginable style and price, and offering helpful hints and suggestions regarding interior and exterior decoration, to all who dwell in houses made with hands. Nay, further than this, there are magazines devoted exclusively to these things, magazines evidently desired of the people, since from the people comes their support.

Nor is this surprising. Deep down in the heart of every normal man—and woman—lies an intense longing for a home of his own, a local habitation sacred to him and his alone, where the weary toiler or the gay trifler may, when even falls, find rest for his feet and solace for his soul—the impregnable Englishman's castle, where none may enter save through the courtesy of the master.

Boarding-houses may flourish, it is true, and hotels be always crowded—what then? They afford but temporary shelter for the transient bird of passage or make-shift housing for the indolent minority or the discontented few who, restless and unstable as water, are here to-day and there to-morrow.

Man's desire for a home of his own wherein he may reign acknowledged lord and master, if not absolute monarch at least joint-sovereign with one who seldom questions his authority, is a primeval instinct too deeply rooted to be up-torn by any passing enthusiasm



over model apartment-houses or labour-saving flats whose hapless occupants are in perpetual bondage to the omnipotent janitor, who not only stands guard at the gates of entrance and exit, but—oh, hardest to be endured—holds fast the key of the furnace-room.

First food, then shelter, has been the order of man's needs in every age and clime.

From the rough hut of the naked savage to the luxurious palace of the pampered prince is a far cry, but the instinct that prompted the building of the one is the instinct that impelled the erection of the other—the innate desire to provide shelter not only for oneself but for one's cherished Lares and Penates.

To be able to build him a house and get him a wife is the ambition that spurs on to greater effort the lagging energy of many a young masculine toiler, while in almost every European country it is the custom for each maiden to possess a large chest, into which from her earliest youth she puts away



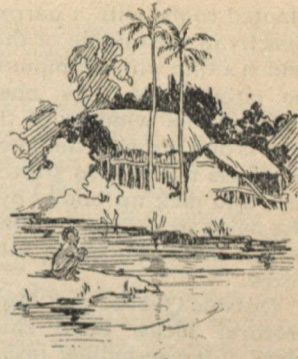
THE OMNIPOTENT JANITOR

various articles towards the furnishing of her future home—a custom not entirely confined to the girls of Europe, by the way.

In the distant days when man was beset on every hand with dangers known and unknown, his dominant desire in building his house was to secure in the shortest possible time the strongest possible shelter. Therefore his dwelling-place was a thing of utility rather than of beauty, a material exponent of the dictum of the omniscient Bacon, who declared that "houses were built to live in and not to look upon."

Now, however, that pioneer days are past and we are enjoying that ease

which, we are told, is the lovely result of forgotten toil, man requires more of the roof which shelters him than that it should be strong and water-proof. It must be



THE PRIMITIVE HOUSE

trimmed and adorned, that in its beauty and utility may meet in triumph. A house, then, is no longer what the makers of dictionaries would persuade us to believe it—a mere "building for dwelling in;" it must have an individuality of its own, must express character, and bear even upon its outside walls the impress of the taste and culture of its occupant, so that men pausing to gaze upon it may be led to exclaim in the ecstatic words of the enraptured Miranda: "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple!" Besides being characteristic it must moreover be *artistic*—though just precisely what that elastic word implies it is rather difficult to say—for in these enlightened days to be artistic is to be everything desirable, and that which is not artistic, be it a broom-handle or a Pullman car, has no excuse for being.

It is only in the Province of Quebec and the wilds of Muskoka that the prim little Noah's-ark houses of a generation ago still find a place, curious little affairs of straight walls and

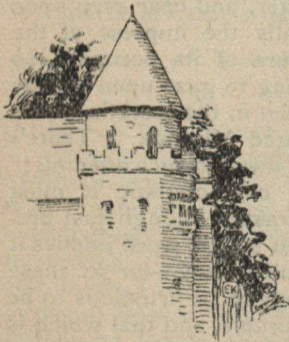


THE NOAH'S ARK

slanted roofs, with a narrow little door exactly in the middle of the front, over which a thin window mounts stiff guard on either side. As one looks out through the window of the train that whirls one through the lower Province, one feels tempted to stretch out a long arm and pick up bodily by the back of the neck, or rather the rim of the roof, one of these ridiculous little toy structures.

Outside Quebec and Muskoka architectural ideas have changed. One class of house-builder insists upon verandahs large and roomy, and if one is hampered by narrowness of frontage, room-space must be sacrificed to the imperative demands of a spacious piazza.

Another class demands before all else imposing towers, round or square as fancy may dictate, with Norman roofs and aggressive bay-windows, so that one frequently discovers in a quiet



THE FORTRESS HOUSE

side street a row of modern houses whose brick-fronts present the threatening appearance of a miniature fortress and whose narrow doors are almost lost from view by heavy overhanging battlements. He who is of a more peaceable turn of mind rejects bellicose towers and turrets for oriel windows, quaint gables, leaded panes, and low roofs finished off with "artistic" green shingles. Thus in happy satisfaction he builds him a modern "cottage," Queen Anne in front, at least, he flatters himself. If, indeed, it be *Mary Anne* at the back, as his jealous neighbours maliciously suggest, what matters that?—The world at large sees but the front, and of what moment is the opinion of the grocery-boy or the criticism of the ash-man?

Without doubt these are the days of evolution in house-building. Old architectural traditions are being daily overthrown; new ideas, some impracticable and preposterous, some excellent and valuable, are continually being advanced and tested. Everywhere in this, as in everything else, the potent influence of Modern Thought can be discerned.

Whether out of all this mixture of old and new, this curious medley of ideas good, bad, and indifferent, there shall emerge at last a characteristic, permanent Canadian architecture, it is, of course, impossible to say.

One thing, at least, is evident. Men are beginning to realize that it is indeed well for the old order to change, that out of good may come better, and that the four walls that make one's Home are more than a mere mass of bricks and mortar—they are the outward, visible expression of the invisible mind of the builder and occupant, for a man may be known by his house as surely as by his companions.

It is the intention of the Editor of "Woman's Sphere" to trace from time to time in these pages the changes that modern ideas have wrought in house-building and house-furnishing, and to show in what way the several rooms that go to make the dwelling-place of Miss Dolly of to-day differ from those in which Mistress Dorothy of yesterday lived and loved, and mourned and died.

The question of fuel supply for the fast-approaching winter still continues to be of absorbing and disquieting interest to every housekeeper—in the



THE QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE

cities at least. Denizens of the country, surrounded by our splendid Canadian woods, are, of course, independent of obstinate, underpaid strikers and obdurate, avaricious mine-owners; but the effects of the coal strike in Pennsylvania, which at the time that the CANADIAN MAGAZINE goes to press is still in full force, will be so far-reaching and so tremendously disastrous that the attention of every thinking woman cannot but be aroused—even though her individual coal-cellar should chance, providentially for her, to be stored with the precious "black diamonds." And speaking of jewels reminds one that the ever-alert novelty man has already realized out of the present crisis by placing upon the market attractive little stick-pins composed of a shining "nugget" of coal set in gold, timely souvenirs which find a ready sale.

But to return to the serious side of the question. Is it not a rather regrettable state of affairs that with the vast extent and resources of this Dominion we should be so entirely at the mercy of a foreign country in so vital a matter as that of our daily fuel supply? One is almost inclined to fear that the difficulty is not so much a lack of material resources as it is lack of confidence in our own home products. Therefore, if the distressing circumstances in which thousands of Canadian householders now find themselves serve to awaken them to a realization of our too great dependence upon the country to the south of us for many of the necessities of our existence, the experience, hard though it be, will not have come in vain. It is not a question of coal alone. Too many Canadian women labour under the erroneous impression that no good thing can come out of their own country, and that to be well-dressed, for instance, and properly "set up," their clothes and accessories *must* be of American (meaning United States) manufacture. Some time ago a special committee of the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto undertook to look into this matter, and to inform themselves ex-

actly as to the variety and quality of the materials turned out by their own countrymen.

Samples of Canadian cloth, gloves, etc., were obtained, and it was discovered that a woman could be as well-dressed in every way as the most fastidious taste could demand, and yet be "Canadian" from head to heels. The idea possessed by some women that the only good shoes made on this continent are those manufactured south of "the Line," is simply preposterous. Ontario footwear can compete with that of any country, while the excellence of the Canadian homespuns that come from the Province of Quebec is too well known to require mention.

Of course it is only right that there should be some interchange of commerce between the various countries of the world, but surely it is not unreasonable to expect that Canadian women should in all cases give the preference to Canadian products. With encouragement, the present "good" of our home industries will rapidly become not only *better* but *best*; without encouragement what can be expected but *bad* and *worse*!

While we would rather not be dependent upon our American cousins for our daily material needs, we gratefully acknowledge that we are frequently very glad to borrow their ideas and follow their suggestions. Therefore we openly and cheerfully declare that those Canadians who dwell in cities really could not do anything better than to form and get into immediate working order such an organization as The Watch and Ward Society of Boston, whose object, as defined in the society's by-laws, is "the promotion of public morality and the removal of corrupting agencies." One has only to glance at the posters that adorn many of our city fences to feel the need for such a society, while the fact that when a play, founded upon the elevating story of the attempted escape from justice of the notorious Biddle brothers, was presented in one of our

cities recently, the theatre was crowded to the doors, proves conclusively that the moral sense of the general public is sadly blunted. A highly satisfactory advertisement for this play, calculated to whet the appetite of those who delight in details of crime and criminals, was the revolver used by one of the criminals, and other "authentic souvenirs" of the original case. These were displayed in a shop window.

The Watch and Ward Society above referred to would speedily have consigned to limbo these interesting relics. "We consider it an imperative duty," says their agent, "to visit the cheaper theatres frequently, to criticize the entertainment, and report objectionable portions to the proprietor, who cheerfully cuts out all we complain of, and we take pleasure in saying that he also co-operates with us, making his own lists of objectionable passages for elimination. These entertainments have also been generally more free from objection in the past year than ever before, some of them entirely unobjectionable in character and of a high degree of professional excellence."

The agent further states with regard to the miscellaneous work of the society: "Over seventy cases have been investigated during the past year, and an account of the investigations recorded. We have caused bill posters to be removed from the streets and pictures from windows, and one from an electric car on a road forty miles from Boston. We have in the work of the society visited thirty-nine cities and towns during the past year."

The society has also effectually suppressed the open sale of immoral literature in Boston and other cities of New England, where highly objectionable books were being sold in appalling numbers.

Truly in such work as this one's energies are well expended.

The number of women employed in the principal Japanese industries and their proportion in relation to the masculine hand labour was, in 1900, as

follows: Silk spinning, 107,348, 93 per cent. of the men; cotton spinning, 53,053, 79 per cent. of the men; matches, 11,385, 69 per cent. of the men; cotton weaving, 10,656, 86 per cent. of the men; tobacco, 7,874, 72 per cent. of the men; matting, 1,641, 59 per cent. of the men.

●

TWO

I am two women, though the world at large  
Knows me for one—the woman you see  
here:  
Impulsive, thoughtless, thoughtful, weak, and  
strong,  
Impatient, faulty—yet by some held dear  
Because she loves them, and because her  
ways  
Have grown familiar to their blame or praise.

The other woman wears a diadem.  
She dwelleth only in my lover's eyes.  
No others see her crown—'tis not for them.  
She is a queen all beautiful and wise—  
The woman he believes me!  
On my knee  
I pray that I may yet that woman be!

—Kate Whiting Patch

●

A WOMAN'S "NO"

She answered, "No." It gave me pain;  
But did she mean the sweet disdain  
That made her lustrous eyes more bright?  
I knew, if not thy chosen knight,  
Thy love for her could never wane.  
Awhile I brooded, hapless swain!  
And then for solace was I fain;  
Had I a rival in her sight?  
She answered "No."

Still liked I not my love's refrain.  
A thought! I'd make it fit my strain!  
Again, unto my heart's delight,  
I strove to put the question right:  
"Sweet, must I always sue in vain?"  
She answered, "No."

—S. M. Peck

●

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!  
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,  
That, in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named  
themselves a star.

—Byron

# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

AT a public gathering in Toronto the other day an Anglican clergyman declared that our children were

SINGING  
THE OLD  
SONG.

growing up devils instead of men, owing to the absence of religious and moral training in our schools. The man who

would make such a statement can be credited with neither judgment nor common sense. The Canadian boys of to-day are as good as those of past days, perhaps better. The home and the Sunday-school are just as effective as ever, and they are giving all the necessary religious training. To re-introduce religious teaching into the public schools would be a retrograde step, not a reform. It would relieve the homes of a duty and the Sunday-schools of all their purpose. It would be substituting a poor agent for two good agents. Secular teachers can never be religious teachers. To attempt to make them perform a dual duty would lead to disaster.

It is said that King Edward is not enamoured of modern journals and journalists because of their tendency to gossip. The Court officials take their cue from the King and are also inimical to the gentlemen of the press. An

THE KING  
AND  
THE PRESS.

instance of this occurred in connection with the Coronation. The Earl-Marshal sent an invitation to the prominent newspapers for one representative's presence in the Abbey. His Mightiness desired each publisher to send him the name of the "individual" who would represent the journal, and also a guarantee of his good conduct during the performance of the ceremony. To say that there was some wrath displayed in

journalistic circles in London is to put it mildly.

This attitude of the King explains, of course, the conduct of certain officials connected with Rideau Hall. It is quite the fashion, don't you know, to keep the press on the level of the hackmen and railway-carriage porters.

Journalism seems to have great difficulty in struggling towards recognition as a profession. So long as the men in it are untrained, without academic standing, and without any code of ethics or conduct, the profession must remain a minor one. Nevertheless, the standing of newspaper men would be much higher if the deference to caste were less powerful.

The trustees of Queen's University have blundered and trailed the good name of that institution in the dust.

This dozen of estimable gentlemen have had imposed upon them, by the death of the lamented Principal

Grant, the duty of electing a new head for the University. They met in secret conclave, and decided to proffer their laurel wreath to an estimable clergyman in the city of Montreal. Two or three busybodies told them he would accept it, and they did not trouble to verify the statements. They fell into the trap and their scalps are to-day floating at the belt of the proud clergyman of Montreal. They now have a position to offer which has been refused, rejected and scorned. They thought that what they had to offer was a crown of diadems; behold! one has called a tin bauble and bade them offer to others less worthy than he. The trustees should take sum-

mary vengeance on some person or persons unknown who instigated and advised a proceeding which led to such an inglorious result.

It is probable that the banks will, during the forthcoming session of Parliament, ask for an amendment to the banking law which will enable them to issue notes against a certain portion of their reserve.

In financial circles reserve is claimed to be of nearly equal strength with capital. Therefore, the bankers claim that notes may safely be issued against 25 or 50 per cent. of it. At present they may issue notes only to the extent of their paid-up, unimpaired capital.

There is a need for more currency. During the second week of October nearly every bank, with the exception of the Bank of Montreal, had issued all its notes and was still unable to satisfy the business necessities of its customers. The great movement in grain drew vast quantities of our circulation to the Northwest and there was not sufficient left to satisfy the general requirements of business in the other portions of Canada.

Of course, another way out of the difficulty, perhaps, would be to forbid the loaning of Canadian bank money in the United States during the months of October and November, the period when most currency is required in this country. The high rate obtainable for call loans in New York during the past few weeks, has drawn many millions of Canadian money to that centre. About fifty millions of our money has been loaned there, on the average, during the past few weeks, and this at a time when the money was in greatest demand by legitimate Canadian interests.

The most interesting topic of the last few weeks has been that of the relation of labour to capital. The spectacle of the head of a great nation vainly endeavouring to end an industrial struggle is not a usual one. This struggle

has been of keen interest to many Canadians, especially in Ontario, owing to the fact that 140,000 miners in the anthracite regions of the

United States have been idle for six months with the result that Ontario, which receives nearly all

her supply of hard coal from that region, is being forced to pay from \$10 to \$20 a ton for anthracite coal which usually sells from \$4.50 to \$6.50. The suffering which, in Ontario, will be the direct result of the prolongation of the strike, will not be great. The Province contains large quantities of firewood, and it is being rapidly marketed at good prices. The people in the towns and cities will pay more for fuel, but the farmer will reap the benefit.

But this huge strike, and the inability of President Roosevelt or of Congress to point a way to a settlement, brings up the whole question of the relation of labour to capital. During the past hundred years, the labour unions of Great Britain have won victory after victory, and have materially improved the position of the workingman without any corresponding injury to the capitalists. The labour unions of Australia and New Zealand have during more recent years gone even farther than those of Great Britain, and made the labouring man a greater political and industrial power. In the United States and Canada, organized labour has been strong and aggressive, and won many bloodless victories. The progress made towards a better social condition in all these countries has been very notable, and has been accomplished, until recent years at least, with little permanent detriment to capitalistic interests.

It is questionable, however, if the present tendency is not to press reforms too far. In Australia the labour legislation has been so advanced that progress has been arrested. Capitalistic interests are becoming frightened at this "class" legislation made at the instance of the labour leaders, and are migrating from the colony. Many Australian capitalists are leaving for

South Africa, it is said, and people are wondering if the colonies under the Southern Cross are not likely to suffer materially for the reputation which they have made for themselves as advanced communities. In Great Britain also, it is claimed, the labour unions have so tied up industrial development with rules and regulations that many lines of British manufactures cannot successfully be sold in the markets of the world. The United States has suffered least among the Anglo-Saxon nations, and has made considerable headway in selling manufactured articles to the nations. During the past year, however, this progress has been somewhat checked by the continued rise in wages and the shortening of the hours of labour. Canadian manufactures sent abroad may be subject to the same disadvantage—a high cost of production, if the labour unions continue their aggressiveness for shorter hours and higher wages.

A country managed entirely in the interests of the labouring men would be as unsuccessful as a country managed entirely for its capitalists! The sense of proportion in regulation must be preserved and lasting reforms must be gradual. This is one of the lessons which organized labour must learn. It is to be hoped that the learning will be done without disastrous conflict and without civil war. The indications in the United States point to an imminent conflict between capital and labour which will be disastrous to both. It is to be hoped that Canada will not be involved in any such struggle if it occurs.

At the recent meeting of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress at Berlin a resolution was passed advising union men to keep out of the militia. This was no doubt passed with a view of weakening the force which must be called out to preserve property and order during strikes. It could not have been prompted by any other than a narrow-minded and unpatriotic purpose and is sufficient to make any thinking man view organized labour as a selfish and dangerous factor in our national life. Apparently the leaders

of organized labour here are as socialistic, as bigoted and as narrow as their most bitter opponent could paint them. That labouring men generally are less faulty than their leaders is quite certain, and is a sufficient basis for the hope that, after all, the resolutions passed by the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress have little weight and less force. The leaders who frame the resolutions are aliens and the rank and file are mostly honest and patriotic citizens. Some day the labour unions will drive these aliens from their ranks—at least, there is a hope that this will occur.

Already a protest has been made by certain labour organizations which are attempting to form another Dominion Trades and Labour Congress which will be purely national. The movement may not be successful, but it is valuable as a protest and because it indicates that light has already penetrated to the minds of some of the working-men.

Great Britain seems to have the bonus fever. The bacillus of this disease arrived in England about the time of the advent of one J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York Hooley. (Of course, everybody knows Hooley, who gave the gold communion service to Westminster Abbey, and Morgan, who gave the electric lighting plant for the same institution.) This bonus bacillus was carefully planted at Downing Street, and the fever has spread very far. As a result, the Cunard Steamship Line is to get from the British taxpayer a cash bonus of \$750,000 a year for twenty years, and a loan of sufficient money at  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. per annum to build two twenty-four knot steamers. This loan is to be repaid by annual payments extending over twenty years.

The Cunard Company agrees to remain a purely British undertaking and not permit foreigners to hold office, shares or vessels. The Company's shares are for sale in the open market, and there apparently is nothing to pre-

vent Morgan & Co. or Bargain & Co., of New York, buying these shares in the name of John Piccadilly, Strand, London, E.C., England. Therefore, it is by no means clear that the British Government will get what it bargained for.

All the British Government receives is a possible chance to turn these merchantmen into naval vessels in the event of a great war in which they would be useful. And even this is a flimsy gain. Supposing the United States was to announce war with England, and two Cunarders were in United States waters, how could the Cunard people deliver the goods?

Again, this bonus is given to a line of vessels plying between a British port and a foreign port, not between two ports of the Empire. If they really desired to throw away some money, why did they not bonus a line of vessels from Liverpool to Halifax, two Imperial ports? For years Canada has been endeavouring in a half-hearted way to get a fast Atlantic service. Low-priced men were tried, but they could not finance the scheme. High-priced people were consulted, but the bonus required seemed too great. If, however, the British Government had added this \$750,000 bonus and the interest on the \$12,500,000 loan to the amount which Canada could pay, a splendid line of twenty-knot passenger steamers could have been secured, owned and controlled by Britishers and Canadians, and plying between Imperial ports. Surely here is justification for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's refusal to hand the control of our militia over to the War Office, or to promise a contribution to the cost of the Imperial navy.

If the British Government had said that it would grant no bonuses whatever, we would have had little room for criticism. But when a bonus is to be given, we have a just ground of complaint that it should go to a line which has, as one of its termini, the city of New York.

In other words, the British Government is willing to give, say, \$15,000,000 to subsidize a line between Liverpool and New York, and nothing, so far as can

be learned, to subsidize a line between Liverpool and Halifax. This is peculiar Imperialism on the part of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain.



Canada has lost a notable figure by the death of Sir John Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons. Being in the Civil Service since 1868, and in the Clerk's chair since 1880, he had an opportunity to study closely the procedure of Parliament and the working of the Canadian Constitution. This opportunity he turned to good advantage, and his "Parliamentary Procedure," and his various books on the Constitution were the standard works for parliamentarians, politicians and students of constitutional history. To have achieved so much was enough to make his career notable.

But Sir John did more. He assisted in the foundation of the Royal Society, and has always been the foremost of its supporters. True, he kept that Society conservative and exclusive, but who can say that these were faults or virtues? He wrote articles for the leading magazines and reviews, and though there was little of romance or imagination in his character, he did much to popularize Canadian history at home and abroad. His twelve articles in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* on "The Makers of the Dominion of Canada" attracted attention everywhere in this country. His "Story of Canada," in the Story of the Nations Series is the standard popular history of the Dominion abroad.

Sir John was a firm believer in Canadian literature as a nation-making influence. He wrote "Canada's Intellectual Strength and Weakness" to show what had been done and to indicate what might be expected. For this work he was not pre-eminently fitted because he was not a stylist nor very patient with rivals. Nevertheless he did as much as any other Canadian to place our native literature on a firm foundation.

*John A. Cooper*





## BOOK REVIEWS

DONOVAN PASHA

ONE has been for so many years accustomed to associate Sir Gilbert Parker's books with Canadian scenes and Canadian types of character, that a book with Egypt as foreground and background is almost a surprise.\* The author says that having written under inspiration of Australia, of Canada, of Jersey—each a portion of the Empire with traditions of its own—he visited Egypt in 1880, and resolved that one day when he could study the country at leisure he would take that land of mystery and charm as a new theme. "The years went by," he says, "and four times visiting Egypt, at last I began to write of her. That is now five years ago. From time to time the stories which I offer in this volume were given forth. It is likely that the old Anglo-Egyptian and the historical student may find some anachronisms and other things to criticize; but the anachronisms are deliberate, and even as in writing of Canada and Australia, which I know very well, I have here, perhaps, sacrificed superficial exactness while trying to give the more intimate meaning and spirit." These tales, he adds, are the *avant courier* to a novel of Egyptian life, on which he has been working for some years. The microscopic critic, who finds his opportunities in allusions slightly astray or in split infinitives is disarmed by such frankness. There is really nothing more to be said about the absolute fidelity of Sir Gilbert Parker's Egyptian pictures. What concerns the reader most is the art, and whether—this is

\* Donovan Pasha and Some People of Egypt. By Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

an intensely practical age—the book possesses the interest and charm which so many have found in the author's previous works. That point can be disposed of briefly. Many of the tales centre round Donovan, the Englishman with an Irish name, who becomes the confidential secretary of the Khedive in the times, not so long ago, when Gordon was living, when the Soudan was unconquered, when slavery, cruelty, bribery and every kind of civil wrong flourished in the land. One discerns no falling off in the dramatic power and vivid charm displayed so easily by this author. To use a commonplace but perfectly accurate phrase the stories one and all are delightful.

3

### MR. YOUNG'S MEMOIRS

It is a complaint as old as the hills, so to speak, that in Canada our stock of political memoirs, biographies, letters and so forth is far too scanty. Where, for example, are the letters and papers of Sir Allan MacNab, of Sir John Rose, of Sir George Cartier, of Sir Leonard Tilley, of Sir Antoine Dorion? Treasured up for another generation, which will not be so well fitted as we are to weigh, test, examine and compare? Let us, however, be thankful for what we have, and greet with some gratitude a work like that just written by Hon. James Young, of Galt.\* Mr. Young has been for years, either as a journalist, a member of Parliament, or a politician, in comparative retirement with leisure to

\*Public Men and Public Life in Canada. Being Recollections of Parliament and the Press. By James Young. Toronto: William Briggs.

think, a sound observer of current politics. His more active labours in connection with public affairs extend back to pre-Confederation days, and his matured judgment on the events of that period has all the advantage and insight of contemporary knowledge. It is not easy in a short space to particularize, but his narrative of the events leading up to the B.N.A. Act of 1867 will always be prized by students of our history for its moderation, fairness and the authority imparted by personal testimony. Mr. Young wisely lays stress on so familiar a fact in our political career that its true significance is apt to be forgotten. The union of Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Geo. Brown was an example which the party strife so characteristic of our time is in danger of obscuring. It was on the part of both men, and especially on Mr. Brown's part, an immense political sacrifice. Neither ever served the State better than when he joined forces, braved misunderstanding and indignant attack, and co-operated loyally to lay the foundations of the Dominion. Mr. Young's estimate of the older personal forces in Canada—Brown, Macdonald, Mackenzie, Sandfield Macdonald and others—are valuable. His description of the famous Detroit convention of 1865, which he attended, illumines an interesting episode that had some far-reaching effects in our commercial policy and our subsequent relations with the United States. Throughout the pages of these readable memoirs one comes continually upon some statement which throws light on events that are read in different ways by different people. In respect to Mr. Brown's retirement from the Coalition Ministry, for instance, Mr. Young, while giving the various causes, avowed and unavowed, that prompted it, inclines to the opinion that incompatibility of disposition between the two great leaders was the chief reason. This, no doubt, posterity will view as the true one. Another incident, not so well known, is the original quarrel—apart from divergences of party and tempera-

ment—between Brown and Macdonald. The session of 1856 was stormy, rendered fiercer by Attorney-General Macdonald's attack upon Mr. Brown's connection with the Kingston Penitentiary Commission of 1849 when, as a member and secretary of it, he had, according to his accuser, "falsified evidence, suborned perjured evidence, pardoned convicts and pardoned murderers in order that they might give evidence against" the superintendent. This charge was afterwards disproved and withdrawn, but the personal relations of the two men were never afterwards really cordial. As we know from Mr. Pope's *Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald* they had been enemies previous to the formation of the Coalition Ministry, and that writing a quarter of a century afterwards Sir John Macdonald confessed "we acted together, dined at public places together, played euchre in crossing the Atlantic and went into society in England together. And yet on the day after he resigned we resumed our old positions and ceased to speak." Mr. Young's book will be found full of very interesting political material. The only quarrel which a reasonable critic can have with it, is the lack of an index.



#### FISKE'S NEW FRANCE

The posthumous work by the late John Fiske, the historian, has lately appeared\* and adds another volume to those already in existence by other writers on the great duel between France and England for the possession of the North American continent. Mr. Fiske was a conscientious student of the sources of history and he possessed the rare faculty of grouping his materials and discarding non-essentials so skilfully that his treatise on an old theme has all the freshness of a new narrative. His researches are utilized in such a way as to leave no trace of the dry-as-dust investigator, and yet you are made aware through-

\*New France and New England. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

out that the author is not basing his work on other men's labours. The style, too, is clear and graceful, and the taking of Quebec, the striking scene in the whole drama, is related with such force and realism as to challenge comparison with the lengthier account by Parkman. The really new part of the book to the average Canadian reader is that relating to New England, its political and religious development during the period dealt with, and its hostile relations with New France. The book is issued as the author left it, except that a few pages were added to one chapter in accordance with a memorandum found among the papers. It is a fitting conclusion to the life work of an able and accomplished man.

#### MRS. SHEARD'S NOVEL

Virna Sheard's "Maid of Many Moods,"\* which was first published in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has been published in book form in the United States and England, illustrated in colour. This in itself is a rare compliment to a Canadian writer. The artist has done fairly well in his representations of the dress and scenery of Shakespeare's day, and has added something to the author's portrayal of the Elizabethan heroine. Deb is a taking person, gentle, winsome, darling. Everyone who makes her acquaintance in the dainty pages of this volume will fall in love with her.

#### ROBERT BARR'S STORIES

Robert Barr is a great story-teller. He takes the impossible and the improbable and invests it with the air of reality. He romances, and does it with a wit and humour which is irresistible. His tales of the young James V of Scotland, published under the title "A Prince of Good Fellows,"† are

\* "A Maid of Many Moods," by Virna Sheard. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† "A Prince of Good Fellows," by Robert Barr. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

loosely strung together, but they make one grand moving picture. As a collection of stirring stories, this volume is unexcelled by that of any other Canadian writer.

#### AN ARTISTIC GIFT-BOOK

One of the first Christmas books to make its appearance is a short story by Paul Leicester Ford, entitled "Wanted: a Chaperon."\* The heroine, a young girl from the country, is visiting a wealthy aunt in New York, is invited out to dinner, goes to a wrong address, and is entertained by a bachelor. The mistake leads to amusing developments and complications. The special illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, are printed in colours, and each page has a coloured border. The volume is thus a unique gem of the printer's art, as artistic a production as has ever been offered to the public of this continent.

#### MORE CONFESSIONS

On the whole, "The Confessions of a Wife,"† by Mary Adams, is a striking book. It delineates with apparent truth and insight the mind of a woman who tortures herself with misgivings of a growing estrangement from her husband, which finally ends in separation. Her feelings are depicted with some vividness, and the mood of a wife who believes that her lover's passion has cooled, but who, from delicacy of temperament, refrains from seeking frank reconciliation at the proper moment, is, at all events, an interesting study in married misery.

#### TALES FOR THE YOUNG

"The King's Story Book"‡ is one of the evidences of a coronation year. It is a collection of historical stories from English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs

\* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡ Toronto: Morang & Co.

from the Conquest to William IV. It is intended as a suitable Christmas present for the young and is admirably conceived. The selections are from the works of Lord Lytton, Charles Macfarlane, Sir Walter Scott, John Galt, Miss Shelley, Miss Manning, Kingsley, Shakespeare, Thackeray and others who have touched historical subjects. The score of illustrations are helpful. The editor, G. Laurence Gomme, has edited several historical works and other books of reading for young people.

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Stillman Gott"\* is a New England "David Harum," with much the same sense of humour, and with a similar fund of stock sayings. Gott is a bachelor, living on a small farm, doing good in his quiet way, and steadily accumulating wealth. He befriends a young man who goes to Boston, acquires a reputation in journalism, and enters the employ of one of the large institutions now so common in all lines of industry. This young man's love-story forms a considerable part of the work. But behind all is the picture of village life, the fishermen, the farmers, the church, the town-meeting, the sorrows and the joys. And chief among the villagers is Stillman Gott, dispenser of charity and homely wisdom. It is a story which goes straight to the heart, though somewhat lacking in literary excellence.

Morang & Co. have brought out a Canadian edition of Bradley's "The Fight with France for North America," first issued about two years ago. One misses the excellent illustrations of the English edition; in fact, the lack of illustrations makes the real difference between the two editions, for the price is the same.

"Flower Legends and Other Poems," by Alma Frances McCollum, marks the advent of another poet. Children and flowers are the theme of this new sing-

er, whose verses are more wholesome in theme than elegant in language and form. They scarcely rank higher than newspaper verse.

The third annual report of the Canadian Forestry Association is being issued from Ottawa. It is worth examination.

Newspaper verse is not often collected into book form, but "Village Verse Story," by Crawford C. Slack, is an exception. (Printed by the press of the *Athens Reporter*.)

Among the new books to be issued at once by William Briggs are "The Two Vanrevels," by Booth Tarkington, an Indiana Story; "The Needle's Eye," by Florence M. Kingsley, author of "Titus;" "Joe's Paradise," by Marshall Saunders, the Canadian author of "Beautiful Joe;" Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart," an attractive story of child life, by George Madden Martin; "The Whaleman's Wife," by F. T. Bullen, the famous writer of sea stories; and "The Man from Glen-garry," by Ralph Connor.

Henty's three new books for the Christmas season of 1902 are: "With Kitchener in the Soudan," "With the British Legion," and "The Treasure of the Incas."

"The Four Feathers," by A. E. W. Mason, which was completed last month in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*, has been published in England and the United States in book form. The critics give it high praise. The Canadian edition is under the guidance of the Morang Co.

Colonel Henderson, who is writing the official history of the Boer War in seven volumes, will have the first volume ready in three months. It will discuss the events immediately antecedent to the war, the topography of the country, the forces engaged and the military operations down to December 14th, 1899.

Morang & Co. promise soon the biography of Lord Dufferin by Mr. Black, the official and probably more

\* "Stillman Gott," by Edwin Day Sibley. Toronto: William Briggs.

elaborate life by Sir Alfred Lyall not being ready for a year or more.

There is always much secret and unwritten history in the lives of diplomats, as those who read that interesting book, "Shifting Scenes," by Sir Edward Malet, are aware, and they, as well as others, will welcome the autobiography of that noted British diplomatist, Sir Henry Layard. It records his experiences down to his appointment as Ambassador to Spain, and there are supplementary chapters on his parliamentary career by Sir Arthur Otway.

Justin McCarthy is carrying back his English History to the beginning of the 18th century by writing the "Reign of Queen Anne," which will shortly appear, and which with the same author's "Four Georges" and "Our Own Times" will form a practically continuous narrative of two centuries of British political history.

That industrious and talented man of letters, Mr. Andrew Lang, has several books coming out this autumn, any one of which would tax the literary resources of the average author. These include the second volume of his "History of Scotland," 1546-1600, a work entitled "James VI and the Gowrie Mystery;" an effort to clear the memory of that monarch from at least one reproach, and a new novel entitled "The Disentanglers."

"The Thrall of Leif the Lucky, a Story of Viking Days,"\* by O. A. Liljencrantz, must be read most carefully to be appreciated thoroughly, but when read the reader will come to the conclusion that his earnest perusal of its pages has not been labour in vain. Leif Ericsson's character tells of the truest manliness and the most patient, heroic self-sacrifice. The whole story is most attractive.

"The Strollers,"† Frederick Isham's latest work, is a story which is as interesting as it is instructive, as pleas-

ing as it is piquant. One of the principal characters is Barnes, the manager of the strolling players, also the heavy father, the stage carpenter, advance agent, bill poster, and proprietor. He is wrapped up in his adopted daughter Constance, who is the child of a noted English actress married to a French nobleman, who had taken a technical advantage afforded by the French law to annul his marriage. The story is well written.

A new issue in the "Men of Letters" series will be Adam Smith, by F. W. Hirst.

Humanity needs a new sensation in scientific discovery, and now that Marconi's air messages have passed the experimental stage, the next surprise will probably be air ships. If so, young Canada will call across to a friend in England, "I'll be there in a minute," and leave accordingly. A book called "The Dominion of the Air," by Rev. J. M. Bacon, is therefore quite in order, and Cassels announce its early appearance.

The journal of Edward Williams, who was the companion of Byron and Shelley in 1821 and 1822, and who embarked with the latter on the fatal voyage off the coast of Italy, is about to be published. The manuscript is much faded in parts from its immersion in the water. The journal in its entirety has never seen the light before.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co., of New York, are issuing "The Jewish Encyclopedia" in twelve large 8vo volumes of nearly 8,000 double-column pages. They claim that it is the work of over 400 of the world's leading scholars. The first two volumes are now ready and show much care in the editing, illustrating and printing. The work is so vast in its conception and so monumental in its performance that it is difficult to find language in which to describe it. It will be indispensable to a well-stocked library. It will no doubt be a work of enduring authority.

\* Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

† Toronto: McLeod & Allen.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## A JOKE ON THE CANADIANS

A GOOD story on themselves is being told by two well-known young men who were with the coronation contingent in England.

The twain were strolling about the city taking in the sights when the desire for a bath became so strong that they went in search of some place in which they could have a dip. They came to a large building on which were inscribed the words "Bath House," and they were overjoyed that their search was so soon over.

They proceeded to the entrance and rang the bell. They were met by a servant in livery, but at that moment one of the Canucks concluded that a change of underwear would be the right thing. Instead of entering they went and made the purchase. On returning to the building they proceeded to a side entrance and were greeted by another man in livery who called:

"What are you fellows doing here?"

They replied that they desired to have a bath. The servant gazed with a surprised look for a moment and then gave them the merry ha! ha!

They were incensed at this and asked in angry tones to be taken where they could have their dip. Their tormentor, instead of replying, called some others in the same uniform as himself, and all appeared to enjoy the joke immensely.

Afterwards the servant told the Canadians that the building was not a bath house.

"Well," said one of the khaki heroes, "what does b-a-t-h-house spell if it does not spell Bath House?"

The servant explained the building was not a place for bathing, but the city home of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Canadians were considerably taken down, but after being directed to the place they wanted to reach they

soon recovered their good humour and laughed heartily over their mistake.

## ANECDOTES

Mr. Cecil Rhodes was once traveling in a special train over the Beira line. In the very heart of the fever-haunted belt the train stopped at a small station to take in water. Rhodes' secretary noticed a man who had been dismissed from the De Beers mine nearly three years before. When the train was in motion again he mentioned it to Rhodes. For a moment the latter was silent. Then, pulling the alarm signal, he ordered the train to stop, and put back to the last halting-place. Ten minutes later the discharged employee was before him.

"This is no place for a white man to be," said Rhodes. "Don't you know that you're a goner, for the fever will be sure to wipe you off?"

"Fever is no worse than starvation," was the sad rejoinder, "and I have all but starved since I lost my billet at De Beers. I suppose I shall die in this swamp, but I don't seem able to find any other job."

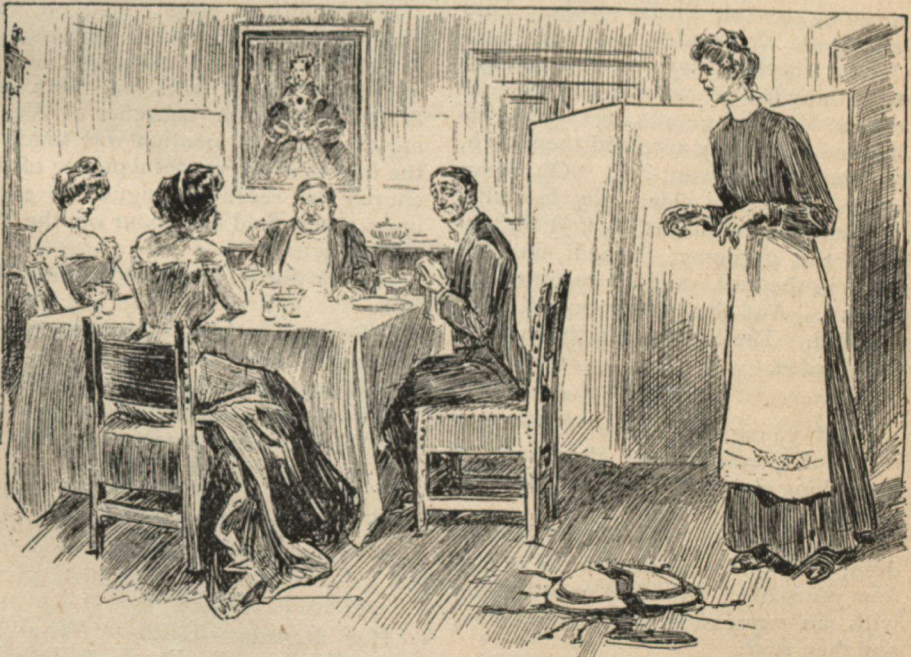
"No, no, I can see to that," said Rhodes, in his gruff, hearty way. "I shall make the people at Beira send up another man to take your place, and then you go up to Salisbury, and give this note to my agent there. He will let you have a bit of farm, and advance some cash to work it, and I wish you the best of luck in your new start."

Lord Roberts is generally known as a man of infinite tact, yet on one occasion he "put his foot in it" to such an extent as to reduce half a hundred persons to roars of laughter. This (says "B. P.") was when as a subaltern in India he was invited by his commanding officer to a dinner.

As the station was a hill one, there were plenty of grass widows present, their husbands having sent them up from the plains to escape the great heat. Lieut. Roberts being seated next to a very pretty young lady, remarked casually, "Your husband is not in this room, is he?" "No," came the expected reply, if uttered with an unexpected catch. "Awfully hard luck on us poor beggars!" remarked the future Field Marshal, "the way we have to work and drill this hot weather. The hills are delightful after the heat of the plains." The conversation drifted from one subject to another, but, though he tried his utmost to make himself agreeable, his pretty neighbour grew more and more depressed, till Lord Roberts, bethinking himself of her soldier husband, whom he thought on duty at some plain station, said sympathetically, "I expect you would enjoy yourself if only your husband could be here?" "I should, in-

deed," she replied plaintively, her eyes filling with tears. "Well, suppose we forget him. Let us live in the present, so don't think any more of his grilling down below." The young subaltern was amazed at what then happened. "How dare you!" she cried hysterically; "how dare you say such a thing!" So saying, she rose and followed the other ladies, Lord Roberts' discomfiture being further increased by the merriment of his brother officers, his commanding officer remarking consolingly, "You have succeeded in making a champion idiot of yourself, Roberts. That lady's husband has been dead only a little over a year."

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff writes in the new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* on the late Lord Derby, and recalls one or two anecdotes which will bear reprinting. The late Lord Arthur Russell once said to him, after



FERGUSON (THE POLITEST MAN IN THE WORLD)—"When you go back, Nora, please ask the cook if there is any cold meat in the house. (*Exit Nora*). TO THE COMPANY: I beg you to excuse our maid. These accidents happen to her somewhat overfrequently. She was bred, I believe, a dairymaid, but had to leave that employment because of her inability to handle the cows without breaking off their horns. —*N. Y. Life*.

he had been buying some property in Southern England, "So you still believe in land, Lord Derby?" "Hang it," he replied, "a fellow must believe in something!" It was to the same companion that he said, when looking for a book at Knowsley, and passing his candle along the shelves he came to the poems of William Morris, "If I had known that he was going to turn Socialist I wouldn't have gone to the expense of binding him in red morocco!"

In the Cairo winter season two calls were and are obligatory to every self-respecting tourist; you must leave cards on Lord Cromer and on the British General commanding the army of occupation, and write your name in their "books." A third call became fashionable among lady tourists when an attractive, eligible bachelor was Sirdar of the Egyptian army. A bold mother and daughter just arrived ferreted their way one bright January morning to the Sirdar's villa. They got inside the garden and were wondering whether they had the courage to get any farther, when a dark-skinned man in his shirt sleeves looked up from his hoe and curtly accosted them with, "What do you want?" "Oh, we've come," said the elder lady fearfully, "to call on the Sirdar." "Well," replied the gardener, "you'll find the book in the hall," and he resumed his hoeing. And that was about all they did find. The Sirdar was the man in the garden.

Most youngsters have their own ideas of greatness, as they have of everything else that comes within their reach.

Lord Wolseley, who is fond of children, was once introduced to a boy four years old. The child gazed at him with an expression half-incredulous, and then said:

"Are you the Lord Wolseley that fought in the battles?"

"Yes, I was in a good many battles," said Wolseley.

The youngster looked at him in wondering silence, and then said:

"Let's hear you holler!"

#### THE ART OF HER

The form of Beryl Berryman shook with suppressed emotion. Her head swayed until her perfumed tresses brushed Geoffrey Gordon's face.

"Tell me that it is not true, Geoffrey," anxiously inquired the maid.

"That what is not true?"

"That dreadful report about you."

"What on earth was it?"

"I heard that you er—er—are a coward."

"Ah, Beryl, I'll die for you!"

"Yes, I know; but——"

"But what?"

"They say that you dare not kiss a girl for fear of microbes."

"Beryl!"

"Geoffrey!"

#### A CHINAMAN'S JOKE

A committee once called on Wu Ting-fang, the ex-Chinese Ambassador to the United States, to request him to address a society connected with one of the fashionable churches of Washington. Casual mention was made of the fact that the youthful pastor of the church had recently resigned to enter upon a new field of labour on the Pacific Coast.

"Why did he resign?" asked Mr. Wu.

"Because he had received a call to another church," was the reply.

"What salary did you pay him?"

"Four thousand dollars."

"What is his present salary?"

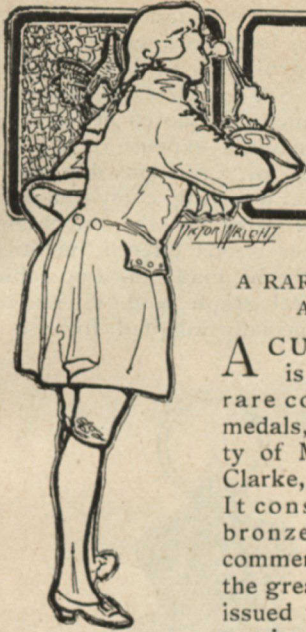
"Eight thousand dollars."

"Ah!" said the disciple of Confucius; "a very loud call!"

#### NOT SHE

Her Reason.—Edith—"Why did you refuse him?" Ethel—"He has a past." Edith—"But he can blot it out." Ethel—"Perhaps; but he can't use me for a blotter."—*Puck.*





## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



A RARE DECORATION

A CURIOSITY is found in a rare collection of medals, the property of Major Peter Clarke, of Toronto. It consists of the bronze decoration commemorative of the great Napoleon issued to his companions in arms (under direction in

his will) at his death. The inscriptions on it, the design can be seen from the cut, are:

“Compagnes de 1792 a 1815.”

A ses compagnons de gloire sa der-  
niere pensee.

St. Helene,  
5 Mai,  
1821.

There is no doubt that Napoleon's last thought was of his companions in arms and of “what might have been.” Nevertheless the cruel despot, even with eternity before him, appears to have had no thought for the fatherless and widow, made so by his insatiate ambition, lust of conquest and of power.

### WIRELESSNESS FOR EVERYONE.

The following account of what the company formed to exploit the Armstrong-Orling patents promises the public is offered for what it is worth. The London *Electrical Review*, which rarely misses an event of importance in its field, has apparently been outdone in this instance by the *Westminster Gazette*, from which we quote.

Last fall Messrs. Armstrong and Orling made some public experiments or demonstrations with their wireless electrical apparatus, exchanging telephone and telegraph messages across a field, lighting a lamp, and controlling the movements of a torpedo at a distance of five hundred yards, the current, it was said, being conducted through the ground from transmitter to receiver. The current employed was generated in an ordinary carbon and zinc battery, then led through a transmitter concealed in a cigar box, and thence the electrical impulses travelled with no other conductor than the earth to the receiver concealed in a similar box at the end of a large field, several hundred yards long.

The *Westminster Gazette* now reports that the Armstrong-Orling Company has issued a catalogue and price-list of its wares, a perusal of which suggests the possibility of everyone being enabled to buy at a very moderate price a handy wireless telegraph or telephone apparatus for private installation and use, and it would appear that it will be the simplest matter in the world to connect all the rooms of a house, or one's house and office, by telephone at the shortest notice, without having to recur to the services of the telephone company.

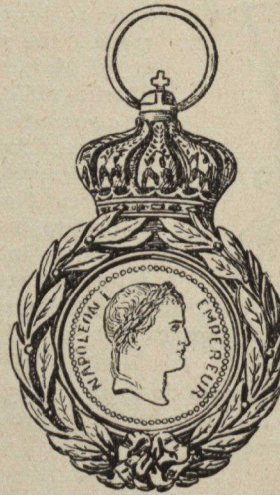
“The inventors are now able,” the *Westminster Gazette* says, “to telegraph or telephone through the ground without any special installation, without any poles of a certain height, and, of course, without wires, to a distance of fully five miles, and by the time the company is in working order they expect to sell apparatus wherewith anyone will be able to telegraph or to telephone from anywhere to any desir-

ed spot within a distance of at least twenty miles. The ground is used as a conductor; all that is needed is to connect in one's room the transmitter or receiver by means of a short wire with the nearest gas or water pipe which will carry the current from or to the earth—and all is ready for establishing instant telegraphic or telephonic communication. Walls and houses form no obstacle whatever for the electrical impulses in Messrs. Armstrong and Orling's system. It is only when

signals over short distances are quoted £10, and for long distances £15, while a further royalty of £1 is chargeable per annum. A complete telephone for short distances is quoted at only £4, which is the initial expense, and a further royalty of £1 is payable every year. What a saving compared with the present rates for the telephone! Among other goods offered, mention should lastly be made of a portable, combined telegraph and telephone, which is specially adapted for use in



OBVERSE SIDE



REVERSE SIDE

NAPOLEON'S LAST GIFT TO HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS

telegraphing at a greater distance than twenty miles that Messrs. Armstrong and Orling are still forced to avail themselves of the air as a conductor, similarly to Signor Marconi, employing high poles and relays in connection with the sending and receiving instruments."

The *Westminster Gazette*, also quotes from the price-list already mentioned the charges that will be made for wireless telegraph and telephone apparatus: "The spaces for the prices of 'relays' are still left blank, to be filled up later; but transmitters for sending Morse

the army and navy. An illustration shows how this apparatus is carried about and worked. The telephone arrangement, it is claimed, will carry speech through the ground distinctly for two miles. Beyond that distance communication will have to be established by means of the telegraph appliance, and by the use of the Morse code. The price for this portable telegraph and telephone is ten guineas, and the usual £1 royalty is further payable every year."

"Verily, a programme of amazing promise!"

# EVERYBODY

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AT

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MOST PERFECT MADE.



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# Pressed Hard

Coffee's  
Weight  
On  
Old Age.

When prominent people realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

Mr. C. C. Wright, superintendent of public schools in North Carolina, says:—

“My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that ‘weak all over’ feeling and sick stomach.

“Some time ago, I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country, and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum Food Coffee. I was so pleased with it that, after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal; the whole family were so well pleased with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

“I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother’s condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us.

“I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing.”

Avoid Imitations

The original Soap Powder

**JAMES PYLE'S**  
PEARLINE  
WASHING  
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THE GREAT INVENTION  
FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE  
WITHOUT INJURY TO THE  
SKIN, COLOR OR HANDS.  
NEW YORK.

**JAMES PYLE'S**  
PEARLINE  
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FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE  
WITHOUT INJURY TO THE  
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## From the Field Comes

### Man's Natural Food

**G**ROWING WHEAT acquires from the earth and air all the properties of nutrition that are known, and, strangely enough, gathers those properties more nearly in the **proper proportion** for the perfect nourishment of the human system than does any other grain. If you remove from the whole wheat such properties as make teeth, bone, nerves, brain, muscle, you have **unnatural food**, which tends to unnatural conditions, poor teeth, loss of nerve and brain power, impaired strength.

#### SHREDDED WHEAT

is the **Natural Food**, for it embodies every one of the natural nutritive properties of wheat, and in the same proportions as Nature stored them in the grain.

*Drop a Postal for our Cook Book containing 262 Receipts for preparing and serving healthful dishes.*

## THE NATURAL FOOD CO.

32 Church Street, TORONTO

Shredded Wheat for Sale by all Grocers.

GOLD MEDAL Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.) 1900

# NEAVE'S FOOD



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**FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED**

Market Place, Ashbourne, Feb. 1, 1896.

MESSRS. R. J. NEAVE & CO.

Gentlemen.—Enclosed I am sending you a photo of our girl twins—seven months old. They have been fed on your Food since being nine days old, and have never had an hour's illness all the time. They are perfect in temper, and the admiration of the town for their healthy appearance. Many mothers have specially called to ask Mrs. Lee how she feeds them. I thought you would like to see some fruits of your excellent Food for Infants.

I remain, yours sincerely, (Signed) J. C. LEE.

**USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY**

Manufacturers—**JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO.**, Fordingbridge  
England

Wholesale Agents—**LYMAN BROS. & CO.**, Limited, Toronto and Montreal



GOOD THINGS TO EAT

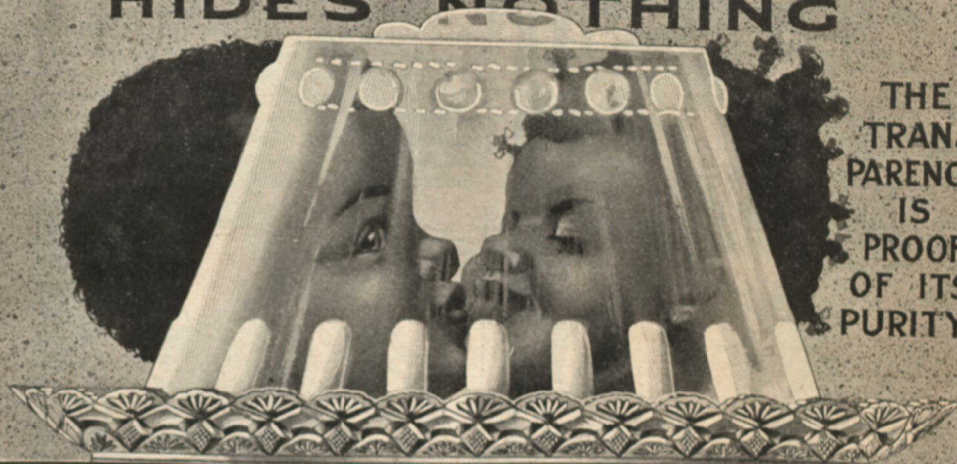
**Bow Park Pickles**

and

**Cream Cheese**

**SHUTTLEWORTH & HARRIS**  
BRANTFORD, CANADA

# KNOX'S GELATINE HIDES NOTHING



THE  
TRANSPARENCY  
IS  
PROOF  
OF ITS  
PURITY

**IS TRANSPARENT BECAUSE IT IS PURE  
IT IS ODORLESS BECAUSE IT IS PURE**

Cloudy and smelling gelatines are not pure. Can you see through your old kind?  
Does it smell as you dissolve it?

## Knox's Gelatine

Pleases the Palate and does not try the digestion. It is the most suitable of all desserts for children and people who use their brains.

Full directions in my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," which **I will mail FREE FOR A LABEL**, if you will send your grocer's name or a 2-cent stamp. Buy a package from your grocer, cut off label (or signature), and send it, with grocer's name, and I will mail the book immediately. For 5c. in stamps, a full pint sample; for 15c. a full 2-quart package (two for 25c.) which will make two quarts (half gallon) of jelly, and contains pink color for fancy desserts.

You are sure to be good natured when you have rounded off a dinner with one of the dainty desserts which good housewives make of KNOX'S GELATINE, which **has reached the largest sale of any gelatine in America**. Remember that Knox's is granulated—measures in a spoon, like sugar, and makes a pint more jelly than any other package of equal size.

**KNOX is always spelled K-N-O-X**

Beware of the brands that imitate my name.

**CHARLES B. KNOX**

**69 Knox Avenue, JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.**

# NESTLÉ'S FOOD



Where There is  
a Baby  
There Should be  
NESTLÉ'S FOOD

For more than 35 years Nestlé's Food has been the favorite of the intelligent physicians, and a household word the world over.

Nestlé's Food makes vigorous, healthy children, and keeps them so. It is readily digested and assimilated—and its nutritious effects are almost immediately noticed.

Nestlé's Food is purity itself and requires the addition of water only (no milk) to prepare it for use.

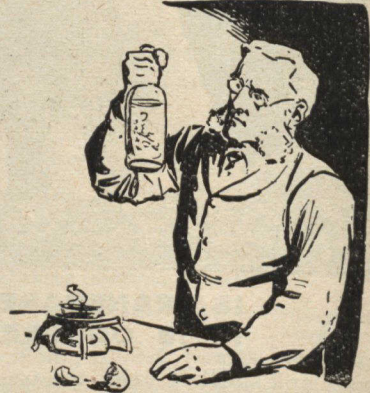
We will send a sample of this nourishing food containing enough for several meals, and our book for mothers, free on request.

LEEMING, MILES & CO.  
1651 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

## A Test Experiment

Peculiar Power Possessed by a New Medicine.

Of new discoveries there is no end, but one of the most recent, most remarkable, and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people, is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but is a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit salts, pure pepsin and bismuth.



These remedies are combined in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and will preserve their good qualities indefinitely, whereas all liquid medicines rapidly lose whatever good qualities they may have had as soon as uncorked and exposed to the air.

This preparation is called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and it is claimed that one of these tablets or lozenges will digest from 300 to 3,000 times its own weight of meat, eggs and other wholesome food. And this claim has been proven by actual experiments in the following manner:—A hard boiled egg cut into small pieces was placed in a bottle containing warm water heated to ninety-eight degrees (or blood heat), one of these Tablets was then placed in the bottle and the proper temperature maintained for three hours and a half, at the end of which time the egg was as completely digested as it would have been in a healthy stomach. This experiment was undertaken to demonstrate that what it would do in the bottle it would also do in the stomach, hence its unquestionable value in the cure of dyspepsia and weak digestion. Very few people are free from some form of indigestion, but scarcely two will have the same symptoms. Some will suffer most from distress after eating, bloating from gas in the stomach and bowels, others have acid dyspepsia or heartburn, others palpitation or headaches, sleeplessness, pains in chest and under shoulder blades, extreme nervousness as in nervous dyspepsia, but they all have same cause, failure to properly digest what is eaten. The stomach must have rest and assistance, and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets give it both, by digesting the food for it, and in a short time it is restored to its normal action and vigor. At same time the Tablets are so harmless that a child can take them with benefit. This new preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as for instance, the following:—

"After using only one package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets I have received such great and unexpected benefit that I wish to express my sincere gratitude. In fact it has been six months since I took the package, and I have not had one particle of distress or difficulty since. And all this in the face of the fact that the best doctors I consulted told me my case was Chronic Dyspepsia and absolutely incurable as I had suffered twenty-five years. I distributed half a dozen packages among my friends here who are very anxious to try this remedy.

MRS. SARAH A. SKEELS,  
Lynnville, Jasper Co., Mo.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full-sized packages.



Well Dressed  
Women know that

# Priestley's Fabrics

In Plain and  
Fancy  
Weaves

Occupy the largest place in  
contributing to perfection in  
style in dress.



BROADCLOTHS  
VOILES  
CREPE DE CHINE  
SERGES  
POPLINS  
EUDORAS  
CASHMERES  
SATINES  
SOLEILS  
BIARRITZ  
BROCADES  
CREPOLINES  
MIGNONETTE  
FIGURED CREPE DE CHINE  
FIGURED ALPACAS  
SILK BROCATELLES  
CREPONS  
GRENADINES  
CRISPINE

For Sale by all First-class  
Dry Goods Stores

TRADE MARK — Varnished Board on  
which goods are rolled

# WB ERECT FORM CORSETS



**T**HE Long Hip Erect Form is the original Long Hip Corset. It was introduced by us. It has set the mode in corset styles. The Long Hip gives that deep graceful dip, rounds off the hips into sinuous curves, takes all strain from the abdomen and chest and places it upon the hips and back muscles. Absolutely hygienic. The only corset for the new styles skirts.

**Erect Form 989 at \$1.00**      **Erect Form 992 at \$1.50**  
**Erect Form 711 at \$2.00**      **Erect Form 713 at \$4.00**

There are numerous other models of the Erect Form Corset. All dealers sell the Erect Form. If yours cannot supply you send his name and price direct to

**WEINGARTEN BROS.,** *Makers*

377-379 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, DEPT. CANADIAN  
 LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORSETS IN THE WORLD



# LEADAM'S SHOE TREES



When you want to enjoy absolute immunity from foot trouble, you'll educate yourself to using **Leadam's Shoe Trees**. They add life to shoe-wear and add comfort to shoe-life. **The leverage does it.** The tree slips snugly into position, takes the curl out of the toe, flattens the sole and keeps out hard ridges. Takes stiffness out of wet shoes. Ask your dealer for Leadam's Shoe Tree—the name's on every pair. Don't be "roped in" with substitutes. Money back any time. Booklet tree, Leadam's Shoe Trees for men and women, per pair \$1.00. For sale by **W. H. STEWART, 2295 St. Catherine St., Montreal** **SLATER SHOE CO., 225 St. James St., Montreal**

## A FULL LINE OF W. B. CORSETS IS CARRIED IN TORONTO ONLY BY THE T. EATON CO., Limited

**I Can Sell Your Farm**  
no matter where it is. Send description, state price and learn how. Est. '96. Highest references. Offices in 14 cities.  
**W. M. Ostrander, 1947 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia**



**For \$1.00** I offer as complete a course of Physical Culture as has ever been mailed for \$20.

**PHYSICAL CULTURE SIMPLIFIED**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Just published by the author.

**Prof. ANTHONY BARKER**

This book is finely bound in cloth. The system of instruction it includes is illustrated with 54 full-page half-tones from LIFE—covers every condition—is thoroughly explanatory. A result of 15 years' practical experience. Follow instructions outlined and never pay another doctor's bill.

Sent postpaid for \$1. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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1164 Broadway, Room 38, New York.

**LADIES** to do piece-work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to **ROYAL CO., Desk C. M., 34 Monroe street, Chicago.**

**INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**  
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

**BEST REPEATING SHOT GUN ONLY \$15.75**

Sportsmen write: "Spencer best gun in the world." No more after present lot sold. Original slide lever gun made of best forged steel, finest figured twist steel barrel. Double extractors. Take down system. Six shots in 3 seconds. Strongest repeater made. Send \$5; gun sent C. O. D., balance \$10.75 and expressage; examination allowed. **F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway, N. Y.**



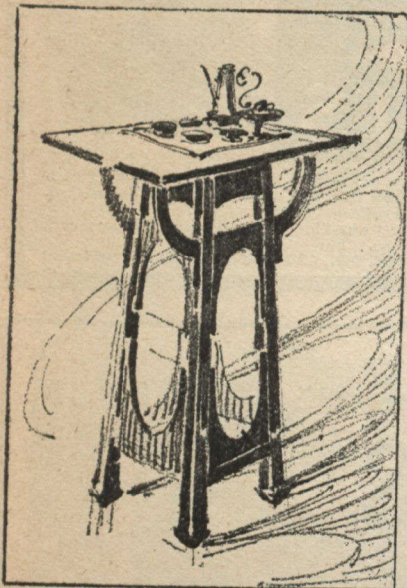
# USE ONLY COATED PAPER

There are Imitations, but No Substitutes

The Illustrated portion of this Magazine is printed on Red Seal Coated Book

MADE BY **RITCHIE & RAMSAY**  
TORONTO

# DONEGAL RUGS



The fact that King Edward has had his yacht, and the Queen her private apartments, carpeted with these famous Irish rugs, has brought their great beauty of color and design prominently before the fashionable world. These rugs have almost entirely superseded the Oriental rugs in up-to-date furnishing schemes. Their chief advantage over other rugs is in the fact that they are made to order, and the designs and colors are made to harmonize with the other appointments of the room.

Scotch art squares are also gaining in favor, on account of their handsome designs and colors and their excellent wearing qualities.

We are prepared to submit designs and color schemes in these two lines. We invite correspondence from intending refurnishers. Our facilities are unexcelled for doing the entire furnishing and decorating of homes anywhere in Canada.

Individuality and beauty of design characterize all our productions in hand-made Furniture.

**CASTLE & SON**  
Decorators and Furnishers, MONTREAL, Que.

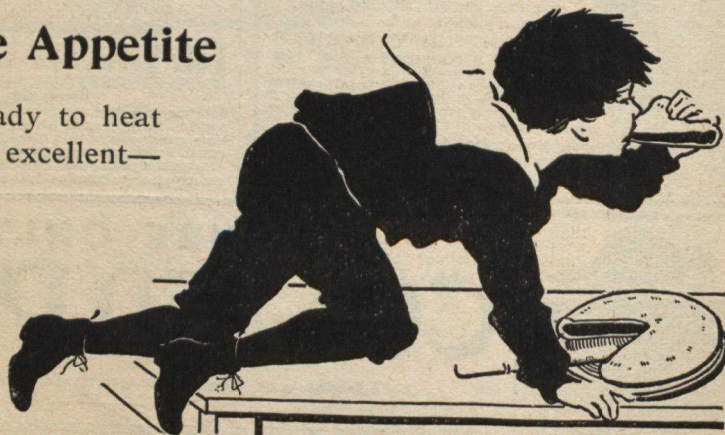
## Clark's Mince = Meat

### Tempts the Appetite

Sold in tins ready to heat and serve—and excellent—

### Clark's Plum Pudding

is another labor-saving Christmas delicacy.



## WM. CLARK, Manufacturer, MONTREAL

Manufacturer of Clark's Delicious Pork and Beans

**The MARSHALL  
SANITARY MATTRESS**

*The only  
VENTILATED  
Mattress Made*



HEALTH  
COMFORT  
AND DURABILITY

**The Finest Mattress in the World  
at any price.**  
Always comfortable—never sags or  
gets hard.

**THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS CO.**  
Phone Main 4533      259 King St. West, TORONTO

J.A.N.      PAT. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

**WILLIAMS'  
SHAVING  
STICK**

Indispensable to every  
gentleman who shaves.

Combines in the  
highest possible degree,  
Luxury,  
Elegance,  
Convenience.

*Price, Twenty-five Cents, of all Druggists.*

**The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct.**  
LONDON    PARIS    DRESDEN    SYDNEY

**Ram  
Lal's  
TEA**

to its price. It comes only in sealed packages.

A pure Indian Tea of finest quality, the aroma, fragrance and strength of which is positively beyond comparison—of course it costs more by the pound than many others—but lovers of good tea will never object



*The Great  
Canadian People*

are loud in their  
praise of

**“SOUVENIR”  
STOVES AND RANGES**

They are now in use in hundreds  
of thousands of homes.

They are sold everywhere.

Ask your dealer about them.

They are THE BEST.

MANUFACTURED BY

**The Gurney-Tilden Co.**

HAMILTON - CANADA Limited

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 55 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 *hauton* (a patient):—"As you young 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.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

**NO SPAVINS**

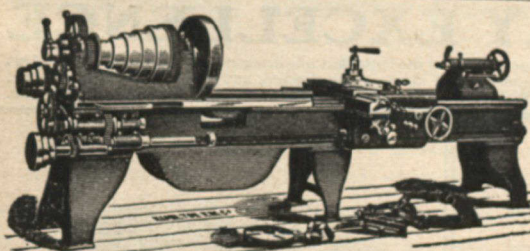
The worst possible spavin can be cured in 45 minutes. Ringbones, Curbs and Splints just as quick. Not painful and never has failed. Detailed information about this new method sent free to horse owners.

Write today. Ask for pamphlet No. 221

Fleming Bros., Chemists, 36 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.



Design-tal after Bathing. A luxury after shaving. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25c. (Samples free.) GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.



Correspondence Solicited.

Send for Catalogue.

**John Bertram & Sons**

Dundas, Ontario, Canada.

EQUIPMENTS FOR  
Ship Yards, Boiler Shops,  
Locomotive Shops, Car Shops  
Machine Shops, etc.,

Consisting of Machine Tools for  
working Iron, Steel or Brass.



IF  
I WERE  
A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,  
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

**APIOL & STEEL  
for Ladies PILLS**

A REMEDY FOR ALL  
AILMENTS. Superseding Bitter  
Apple, Pil Cochia, Pennyroyal, etc.  
Order of all Chemists, or post free  
for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS,  
LIMITED, TORONTO.

OR  
MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

**APIOL & STEEL  
for Ladies PILLS**

# THE DENSMORE TYPEWRITER

**NEW MODELS  
No. 4 and No. 5**

TAKE ADVANCED GROUND  
BALL-BEARING THROUGHOUT  
BOOKLET FREE

DENSMORE TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
309 Broadway, New York

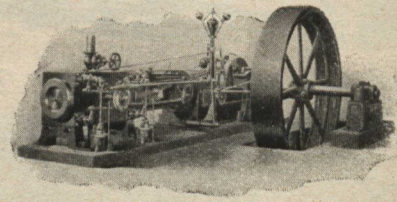
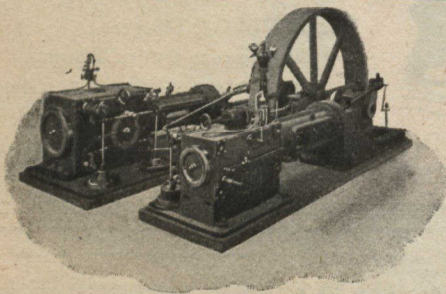


**Canadian Typewriter Company**

45 Adelaide Street East, TORONTO

## PRESENT-DAY EXCELLENCE

Is secured to every purchaser of our Steam Power Equipment, by the facts that our designs embody New Century ideas in Engineering, our shops are fitted for quick, economical and thorough production, and we contract for the design, construction and installation of complete plants. Write for prices and information. Inquiries promptly answered.



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WORKS:  
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**SHERBROOKE**  
QUEBEC

**The JENCKES  
MACHINE  
COMPANY.**

BRANCH OFFICES:  
Toronto  
Montreal  
Halifax, N.S.  
Rossland and  
Greenwood, B.C.



# Please Tell Me a Friend Who Needs Help

**No Money is Wanted—I Simply Wish to Send Him My Book**

**M**AGAZINE readers are in general intelligent. I address you because I appeal to intelligence. And because you—like all others—have friends who get sick.

I ask you for their names—that is all. I ask it as an act of humanity. A postal card is sufficient. Just tell me which book to send.

I will send it—and more. I will mail with it an order that any druggist will recognize. It will authorize the druggist to furnish the sick one six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He may take it a month at my risk.

If it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay that druggist myself.

I will leave the decision to the one who is sick.



I mean just what I say. I am addressing people who can't be reached by deceit. And most of those who read this are honest; I am counting on that.

I will do as I promise, invariably and gladly. I have done so for years. I have furnished my treatment to hundreds of thousands on those terms. My records show that 39 out of each 40 pay for the treatment, because it succeeds. When it fails, not a penny is wanted. Your druggist collects from me.



You may wonder why I do this, and I'll tell you.

One reason is that I have so perfected my Restorative that it does not often fail.

Another is the absolute faith within me, that all which is required in almost any case—no matter how difficult—is a test by the sick one. How could I better secure that test than by saying:—"Here are six bottles of my Restorative—use it 30 days. If it cures, pay your druggist \$5.50; if it fails, the loss is mine"?

This remedy alone strengthens the *inside* nerves. Those are not the nerves that others doctor—the nerves of feeling and of motion. I strengthen the inner nerve system which alone operates the vital organs of the body. I don't treat the organs, for that is an error. But I bring back the nerve power which makes all vital organs act. You will know that I am right, when you read my book, and you'll know why common treatments fail.

The final reason for my offer is this: I want those who need help to have it. I

Simply state which book  
you want, and address

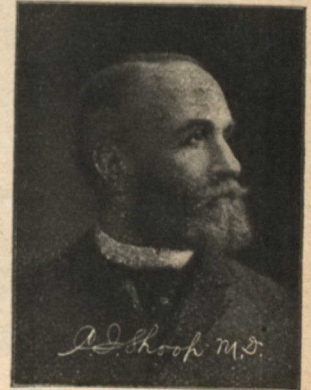
**DR. SHOOP, Box 25  
Racine, Wis.**

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.  
Book No. 2 on the Heart.  
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.  
Book No. 4 for Women.  
Book No. 5 for Men.  
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

wish to offer that help on conditions so fair that none may neglect it.

Will you—for a friend's sake—tell me somebody whom other remedies don't cure?

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.



ANTISEPTIC.                      EMOLLIENT.  
REFRESHING.

# CALVERT'S CARBOLIC



# TOILET SOAP

(Contains 10 per cent. Carbolic).

Most refreshing and agreeable for Bath or Toilet use, prevents infection, and has a healthy and beneficial effect on the skin and complexion.

6d. tablets and 1/6 (3-tab.) boxes at Chemists, Grocers, Stores, &c.

**F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester.**

**GIVEN  
AWAY**



**A HANDSOME WATCH  
GIVEN AWAY.**

You can obtain one of our handsome Watches without cost, if you sell 20 cases of our Perfume at 5c. each among your friends, and send us the One Dollar thus received. We are distributing these Watches simply to advertise our business. There is no misrepresentation or humbug about this—so if you wish to secure one of our Watches, all we ask is that when you received it you will show it to your friends. Thousands are receiving watches from us and are delighted with them. This is a grand opportunity to get a handsome Watch, without paying a cent. We give a beautiful Watch as a present to anyone who sells 20 cases of our Perfume at 5c. each and remits us \$1.00 for same. Send your name and address and we will mail you the Perfume postpaid. When sold, send us the \$1.00, and we will forward you the handsome Gold laid Watch. We trust you and take back all you cannot sell. No catch-words in this advertisement. We mean just what we say. You require no capital while working for us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Address, PERSIAN CO., Box 180, New York City.



**HALL'S  
VEGETABLE SICILIAN  
HAIR RENEWER**

Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and glossy.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send to R. P. HALL & CO., Nassau, N. H.

**L. BABAYAN & CO.**



The Only Direct Importers of High-grade

**ORIENTAL RUGS**

From Turkey, Persia, India

Rugs, Artistic Oriental Draperies, Curtains, Portiers, Embroideries, Oriental Jewellery, Moorish Lamps, Carved Eastern Furniture, Ladies' Silk Shawls and Kimonas, etc., etc.

People come from all over Canada to visit our Oriental Art Rooms and inspect our most elegant collection of rare and antique Oriental Rugs.

If you cannot reach us, write to us and we will pay the most careful attention to your mail orders. We will send you Rugs of any description on approbation if desired. Our Fall importations are arriving every week and prices lowest in America.

**L. BABAYAN & CO.,**

40 King Street East (Opposite the King Edward Hotel) = = TORONTO, ONT.



OXFORD

PURE

WOOL

# Autumn

Now is the time for buying heavier clothing—heavier suits—heavier costumes.

A homespun suit is always stylish, comfortable and durable.

Oxford Homespuns and Friezes are particularly so—for ladies or gentlemen.

They possess high-class quality, richness of design, great durability, appealing strongly to particular dressers.

See that your tailor uses Oxfords. Be sure. It's worth while.

**Oxford Manfg. Co.**

SOLE MAKERS *Limited*

Oxford, Nova Scotia

**NISBET & AULD, Toronto**

*Selling Agents for Toronto and West.*

# CORRECT CORSETS

ARE INSEPARABLY LINKED  
WITH GOOD FORMS.

ROYAL  
WORCESTER  
and  
BON TON  
CORSETS  
ARE ALWAYS  
CORRECT.



Send  
for  
*THE ROYAL  
BLUE BOOK.*

Handsomely pictured.

THE SUN NEVER SETS  
ON ROYAL WORCESTER  
CORSETS.

Sold all over the World.  
DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

**Royal Worcester Corset Co.**  
Worcester, Mass.

186 Market St., 840 Broadway,  
Chicago, Ill. New York.


# THE NATURAL AND ONLY GENUINE CARLSBAD SALT

(IN CRYSTALS OR POWDER) is prepared from and contains all the constituents of the famous

## "SPRUDEL SPRING" at CARLSBAD

the water of which is largely prescribed in cases of CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH, HYPERÆMIA of the LIVER, GALL-STONES, DIABETES, RENAL CALCULI, GOUT, and DISEASES of the SPLEEN, etc.

The **CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT** in *Powder* has the great advantage in not being affected by change of temperature or exposure to the atmosphere, and therefore in this form is the most reliable and best adapted for export.

 To avoid imitations, see that the wrapper round each bottle bears the signature of the  
SOLE AGENTS;

## INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,

EAST PAUL'S WHARF, 26 Upper Thames St., London, E.C., England.  
And at Liverpool and Bristol.

Can be obtained at all Drug Stores

# English Table Cutlery

Bread Forks

Fish Slicers

Nut Crackers

Cheese Eaters

Cake Knives

Pie Servers

Oyster Forks

# Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

COR. KING AND VICTORIA STREETS

TORONTO

# PAPETERIES

FINEST LINE EVER SHOWN

Artistic Boxes

Paper, Envelopes, Latest Shapes

Organdie Vellum and

Bond Papers

Newest Fashionable Shades

FOUNTAIN PENS

Paul E. Wirt

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Strathcona, Etc.

All makes Repaired

The **Brown Bros. Limited**

51-53 Wellington St. West

TORONTO

SOMETHING NEW!

## SOZODONT Tooth Powder



New Style Can put up in a box. Price, 25 cents.

The taste, fragrance and fineness of this strictly pure vegetable Powder makes it easily the superior of any tooth powder on the market. When used in connection with Sozodont (liquid) it makes an ideal dentifrice.

Both together in the Large Size, price 75c. At all stores or by mail for the price.

HALL & RUCKEL, N. Y.

(Reduced from Full Size.)

Dainty Confection

# A. JOYCE

Phillips Square, MONTREAL.

**ESTABLISHED 1861**

Fine Chocolates  
Bonbons and Candy  
Maple Sugar Cream  
for shipment

Imported Fancy Boxes,  
Baskets and Favors

Wedding Cakes  
Fancy Reception Cakes  
and Pastry

Cold Meats  
Entremets

Ice Cream, Etc.  
Mottos and Crackers

**28**  
YEARS' SUCCESS  
AS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY  
FOR  
**Coughs, Colds**  
Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza  
Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness  
HAS MADE

# Owbridge's Lung Tonic

an absolute necessity in every household.  
**DO NOT EXPERIMENT**  
with new and untried remedies. It is  
too much of a risk to neglect a cold  
which may rapidly develop into  
**Bronchitis, Pneumonia or  
Consumption**  
Prepared by  
**W. T. Owbridge, Hull, Eng.**  
and sold by all Chemists  
50c., \$1.00 a bot.

## Read this Testimonial

### LETTER FROM REV. JOHN BAILEY

4 Garfield Terrace,  
Cannon Road, Ramsgate.

My dear Sir—

I shall be most pleased for you to use my Testimonial as to the value of your Lung Tonic in any way you think proper. As a public speaker and singer, I always find it invaluable for clearing the voice. It acts like magic on my children for Throat and Chest Complaints, and I have known it to save life when given up by three physicians.

You are welcome to make known this testimony.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BAILEY, Pastor.

Open the gates  
as high as  
the sky  
and let the  
Trade Marks  
all pass by

**THE YOUNG BRIDE**

will be doubly delighted with your gift of silverware if it bears this trade mark. It is a guarantee of quality. Unless it has this well-known brand she cannot be sure that you have given her a gift which she may safely show to her best informed friends. Besides she knows that this trade mark of the **STANDARD SILVER COMPANY, Limited**, means that the designs are in keeping with modern art.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



*An  
Exquisite  
Calendar  
in the  
ART  
of  
OLD  
JAPAN  
for  
6 Cents*



# OLD JAPAN

Old Japan has an art all its own. Rich in color effects—unique—oriental. You will have a superb type of perfect Japanese panel decoration in our Calendar of Old Japan, 8 inches wide, 37 inches long, ready for hanging.

The Calendar is yours for just 6 cents in stamps.

Worth more than that in anybody's art collection.

We offer it as a token of the excellence of

## Pabst Malt Extract The Best Tonic

and you will find our Calendar of Old Japan worthy of the name and fame of its maker.

The "Best" Tonic is good to give and good to take—a nerve builder and blood maker—has no equal where one needs a building up to health.

Send three 2-cent stamps, and you will receive the prettiest and most decorative art calendar of the year.

Address  
**PABST EXTRACT DEPARTMENT  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.**



## For Wedding or Holiday Gifts



The pleasure of giving is enhanced by a knowledge that the gift is the best of its kind. The standard Cutlery of the world is

### “Rodgers Cutlery”

**JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Sheffield, CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY**

THE REPRESENTATIVE  
PIANO  
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# Nordheimer

PIANO

HEAD OFFICE  
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THE NORDHEIMER  
PIANO & MUSIC CO. LIMITED

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**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S  
TEETHING  
POWDERS**



**WARNING.**—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S  
TEETHING POWDERS.**

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road,  
HOXTON, LONDON, ENG.

## Don't Buy an Experiment

The “Triton” Marine Gasoline Motors are manufactured by a firm which has made a specialty of marine gasoline engines for years, and they are the Simplest, Safest and Most Reliable Motors on the Market.

From 1½ to 100 Horse Power.

Engines in successful operation from Halifax to Vancouver.

Send for Testimonials.

**HAMILTON MODEL WORKS**  
258 Catherine Street North, HAMILTON, ONT.





**GREY HAIR IS DETRIMENTAL** to the woman of society—makes her look years older than she is. Why suffer greyness when it can be restored to its former rich hue whether it was blonde, brown, auburn or black, by the

**ROSE NATURAL-COLOR COMPOUND.**

This wonderful preparation is positively not a dye—it is a milky white liquid which restores by nourishment—helps Nature to refill the color sacs at the root of the hair so that it gradually returns to its youthful shade. You can only realize its wonderful qualities by giving it a fair trial. \$1.00, at drug stores; prepaid to any address on receipt of price by proprietors—

**The ROSE TOILET CO., Limited**  
Parlors—9 Toronto Street TORONTO

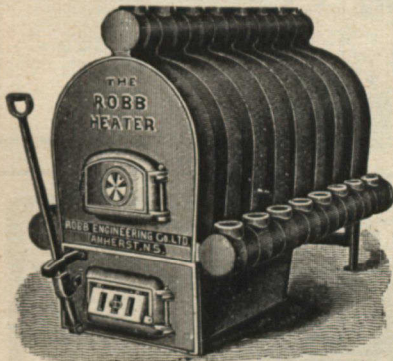
Send your name and address on post card for Rose's Booklet on the Hair (free).

WE MANUFACTURE  
**PARQUET  
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and send designs and prices  
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application.

**The Elliott & Son Co.,**  
Limited,  
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# A Self-Cleaning Heater



Soot and ashes cannot collect on the heating surfaces of the Robb Hot-Water Heater.

Other forms of hot-water heaters require frequent cleaning, but usually are not properly attended to.

A heater that is clean all the time heats quicker and uses less fuel than one that is clean only part of the time.

**ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited**

AMHERST, N.S.

THE GENTLEWOMAN'S PERFUME

# SUPREMA VIOLET

THAT PECULIAR ODOR OF FRESH CUT VIOLETS.

*Stearns* CANADIAN LABORATORY  
PERFUMER WINDSOR, ONT.

SEND 10¢ FOR A SAMPLE  
 MENTION THE NAME OF YOUR DRUGGIST & THIS PAPER

A SUMMER SKETCH  
 IS A DELIGHT TO ALL WHO USE

## WINSOR & NEWTON'S

Oil Colors, Water Colors, Etc.

The greatest artist color makers in the world. Ask your dealer.

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THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.**  
**FOR NERVOUS DYSPESIA**  
 HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC.  
 FREE SAMPLES K. D. C. AND PILLS. Write for them.  
 K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

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Purest and Best for Table and Dairy  
 No adulteration. Never cakes.

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# ENGLISH BREAKFAST BACON

THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE

For Sale by all Leading Grocers


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This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.

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to all sending impressions of their hands, full name and age. A few things about your life told free, or a test reading to interest you in the great science of Palmistry. Your "character analyzed." Learn what is in store for you. Your joys, sorrows, gains, losses, love affairs, can all be told by LaSeer. To take impressions, remove the chimney from a lamp, turn down the burner, light the wick and move a sheet of writing paper back and forth in the smoke, so it will not burn, until well blackened. Place sheet on table and press hands lightly on smoked side, marking around hands and fingers with pencil. Repeat with other hand. Repeat until every line shows clearly. Now spray or run alcohol or spirits over impressions to set them. Let dry and fold carefully. To secure this free sketch, send 10c. for booklet on Palmistry and full information about readings by mail and correspondence course in Palmistry. Address LaSeer, Pres. Nat'l Inst. Palmistry, 110 Houseman Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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What would it be worth to you to be able to read the future, to learn what fate has in store for you, to foresee the dangers that beset you and how to avoid them? You can learn just what your future contains, absolutely FREE of charge, if you write to Prof. Edison, "The Wizard of the Stars," and ask him to send the horoscope of your life, as revealed by Astrology. He is the only practical astrologer of these. What he tells you will be the TRUTH, and may help to improve your whole life. Send sex, date of birth and 2c. stamp for postage and horoscope will be sent by return mail, absolutely FREE.

Address **PROF. EDISON,**  
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Result of a Single Shot from a .303 SAVAGE Expanding Bullet.

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Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the

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**Absolutely Safe, Strongest Shooter, Flattest Trajectory.**

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Constructed to shoot **Six Different Cartridges.**

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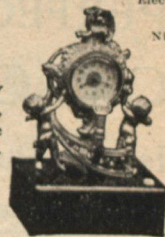
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Over 100 new ideas for Xmas gifts for man or woman, boy or girl—things useful, novel, ornamental—charming little clocks, night lamps, electric candelabra with flower shades, portable electric lights, electric walking canes and cigar lighters, ornaments for banquet table, boudoir or study.

Write today—your name and address on a postal.

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Electric Clock  
with  
Night Light.




## THE REASON

the *MARGUERITE* Cigar has the largest sale in Canada is because it's the best 10c. cigar in the Dominion, and therefore the most popular.

The "*Karnak Cigarette*," crimped, no paste, is fast displacing older goods.


Both these Celebrated Brands are Manufactured by

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**COCOA**

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**HYGIENIC COCOA**

COWAN'S  
PERFECTION  
COCOA

Maple Leaf Label

Is the Purest and Best.

The Daintiest Confections are

COWAN'S

Chocolate Cream Bars,  
Chocolate Ginger, Etc.,

AND

COWAN'S

Swiss Milk Chocolate,  
A New and Delightful Sweetmeat.

*Drawn for Canadian Magazine*

**WHITE TOPAZ DIAMONDS**

**DEFY THE EXPERTS**

Topaz Diamonds are the nearest approach to genuine Diamonds ever discovered. They have all the fire, life, lustre, colors, brilliancy of old mine stones, and will stand acids, heats, alkali, etc. In fact, they can be washed and cleaned the same as ordinary diamonds, and so nearly do they resemble them that Government experts have been deceived.

**GREAT SPECIAL SALE**

\$1.00



\$1.00

\$1.00



\$1.00

GENTLEMEN'S BELCHER RING

Set with brilliant 2-karat stone, full of fire; mounting is solid gold filled and stone cut the same as a diamond. Seems to be worth \$175.00. Actually worth \$6.00. If ordered at once, price by mail is \$1.00. POSTAGE PAID.

1-KARAT TIFFANY LADIES' RING

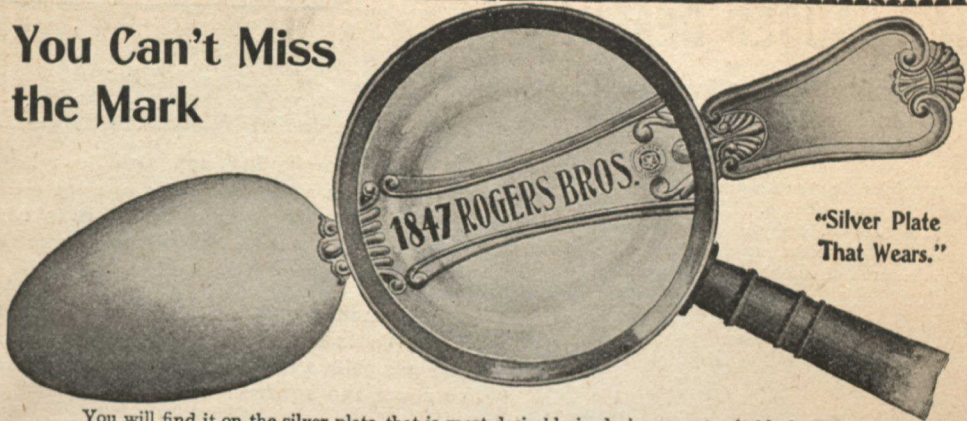
An exact representation of a \$75 Engagement Ring. Stones are beautifully cut and all blue white. Mounting is solid gold filled and guaranteed to wear for years. Send us one dollar currency or money order and you will be delighted with the beauty of this ring. Finger measurement may be given by using a piece of string or paper.

We guarantee Topaz Diamonds to retain their brilliancy forever and the mountings to give perfect satisfaction. Address all mail orders to

**TOPAZ DIAMOND CO.,**

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You Can't Miss  
the Mark



"Silver Plate  
That Wears."

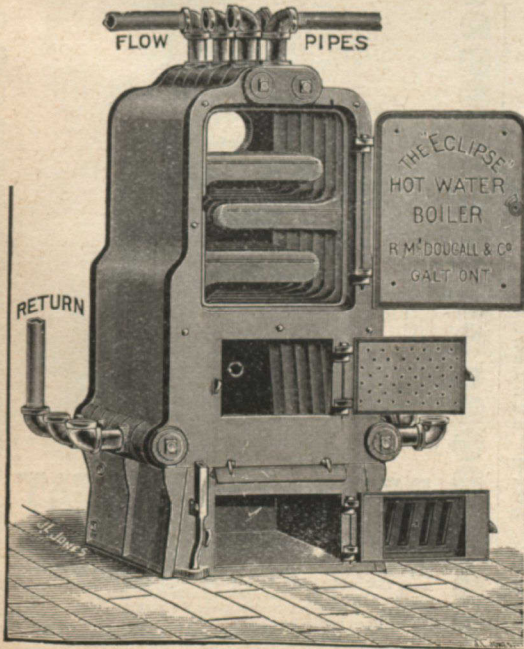
You will find it on the silver plate that is most desirable in design, most suitable in style. This stamp is a sign of old-fashioned, enduring honesty in the materials and making—new-fashioned energy and good taste in the finish. In selecting Spoons, Knives, Forks, etc., make sure each piece is stamped.

**"1847 Rogers Bros."**

The first question from the lips of a person wise in silver handicraft will invariably be—"Is it 1847 ware?" If it is, it is all right. *Send for Catalogue No. 270*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY,  
successors to

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, Meriden, Conn. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.  
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE.



## The Eclipse Hot Water Boiler

Eminently adapted for the economical consumption of **SOFT** or Bituminous **COAL** as Fuel. Wood can also be used to good advantage.

**Easily Cleaned and Managed.**

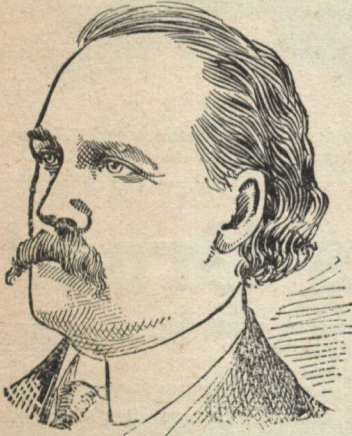
Is there anything in this for you? If so, we have a lot of particulars which are yours for the asking.

**The R. McDougall Co.**  
Limited  
Galt \_\_\_\_\_ Canada

## WHAT CAUSES DEAFNESS

**The Principal Cause is Curable, but Generally Overlooked.**

Many things may cause deafness, and very often it is difficult to trace a cause. Some people inherit deafness. Acute diseases, like scarlet fever, sometimes cause deafness. But by far the most common cause of loss of hearing is catarrh of the head and throat.



A prominent specialist on ear troubles gives as his opinion that nine out of ten cases of deafness is traced to throat trouble; this is probably overstated, but it is certainly true that more than half of all cases of poor hearing were caused by catarrh.

The catarrhal secretion in the nose and throat finds its way into the Eustachian tube, and by clogging it up very soon affects the hearing, and the hardening of the secretion makes the loss of hearing permanent, unless the catarrh which caused the trouble is cured.

Those who are hard of hearing may think this a little far fetched, but any one at all observant must have noticed how a hard cold in the head will affect the hearing, and that catarrh if long neglected will certainly impair the sense of hearing and ultimately cause deafness.

If the nose and throat are kept clear and free from the unhealthy secretions of catarrh, the hearing will at once greatly improve, and anyone suffering from deafness and catarrh can satisfy themselves on this point by using a fifty cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a new catarrh cure, which in the past year has won the approval of thousands of catarrh sufferers, as well as physicians, because it is in convenient form to use, contains no cocaine or opiate, and is as safe and pleasant for children as for their elders.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is a wholesome combination of Blood root, Guaiacol, Eucalyptol and similar antiseptics, and they cure catarrh and catarrhal deafness by action upon the blood and mucous membrane of the nose and throat.

As one physician aptly expresses it:—"You do not have to draw upon the imagination to discover whether you are getting benefit from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; improvement and relief are apparent from the first tablet taken."

All druggists sell and recommend them. They cost but fifty cents for full-sized package, and any catarrh sufferer who has wasted time and money on sprays, salves and powders, will appreciate to the full the merit of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.



**IF YOU** are having any trouble with the finish on your floors, or are not entirely pleased with their appearance, it is certain you have not used Liquid Granite, the finest floor finish ever introduced.

If you cannot procure it of your dealer send us 75 cents and we will ship you by express, charges paid, a can of Liquid Granite sufficient to cover 150 square feet.

Finished samples of wood and instructive pamphlet on the care of natural wood floors sent free for the asking.

**Berry Brothers, Limited**  
VARNISH MANUFACTURERS

Chicago      Boston      Baltimore      Philadelphia  
New York      Cincinnati      St. Louis      San Francisco

Factory and Main Office—Detroit.



## DON'T BE TOO FAT

Don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 1171 W. Main St., Battle Creek, Michigan, for a free trial package of a treatment that will reduce your weight to normal without diet or drugs. The treatment is perfectly safe, natural and scientific. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment.




**UPHELD  
AS  
CANADA'S  
FINEST  
FOOD PRODUCTS**

Upton's Jams  
Upton's Jellies  
Upton's Orange Marmalade.  
Upton's Clarified Clover  
and Honey  
Upton's Maple Syrup  
Upton's Grated Horse Radish.

PUT UP BY  
**THE T. UPTON CO., Limited**  
HAMILTON, CANADA



# E. B. EDDY'S



# PARLOR

# MATCHES

Don't be deceived  
or induced to  
experiment with  
inferior Brands

**OUR**  
Brands are as follows:

"KING EDWARD"  
1000<sup>s</sup>

"HEADLIGHT"  
500<sup>s</sup>

"EAGLE"  
100<sup>s</sup> and 200<sup>s</sup>

"VICTORIA"

"LITTLE COMET"

Are the Surest and Only Reliable Parlor Matches that  
can be bought. No Sulphur. No Disagreeable Fumes.

TRY THE NEW BRANDS

"KING EDWARD"

AND

"HEADLIGHT"

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

# Personal to Subscribers!

## As a Beacon Light

**VITÆ-ORE** points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease toward the rocks and shoals of **Chronic Invalidism**, port your helm ere it be too late, take heed of the message of **Hope** and **Safety** which it flashes to you; **stop drifting** about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin the proper treatment immediately and reach the goal you are seeking by the route **so many have traveled with success**. Every person who has used **Vitæ-Ore** is willing to act as a **pilot** for you, each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice, **follow the light** and be cured as



they have. **Can you afford to disregard it?** Hundreds of readers of this magazine have accepted this offer since it first appeared, and are now either enjoying **perfect health** or rapidly traveling the road to it. Every reader who is ailing should send for a package and allow the Company to demonstrate, at its own risk and expense, that **Vitæ-Ore** is the best medicine on earth for the afflicted. Every reader of this magazine who has some friend or relative ailing should inform him or her of this offer and give them a chance to accept it. This offer is a special one made to **subscribers** of this magazine and their **friends and relatives**, whom the subscriber can recommend as honest and trustworthy.

### READ OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

**WE WILL SEND** to every subscriber or reader of **THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE** or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE**, by mail, **postpaid**, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read this over again carefully**, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before**. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamantite rock-like substance—mineral—**Ore**—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as **Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility**, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach every case with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

**Vitæ-Ore** will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this magazine, if you will give it a trial. **Send for a \$1 package at our risk**. You have nothing to lose but the two-cent stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, **write us so and there is no harm done**. **We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit**. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. **We mean just what we say** in the above announcement, and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this magazine, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. You must not write on a postal card. Address **Theo. Noel, Geologist, Toronto, Ont.**

**THEO. NOEL, Geologist,**

**101 York Street,**

**TORONTO, ONT.**

## Sectional Filing Cabinets

### ONE SECTION

or a dozen—all one kind, or each different, depending upon the **exact needs of to-day**. No figuring ahead for future wants. No big expense for a large Cabinet that you are not sure you will ever need. As you need more filing space for any system, simply get **just that one section**, lift off the cornice on the cabinet you have and put it on, replace your cornice, and your Cabinet is complete. All sections are interchangeable.

Send for Catalog No. 227.

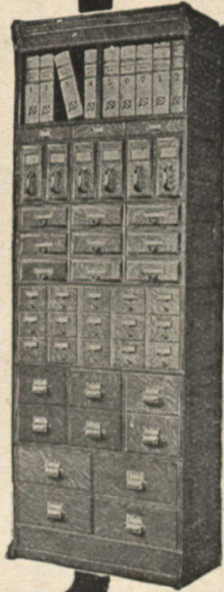
**The Office Specialty Manufacturing Co.**

LIMITED

77 Bay St., Toronto

FACTORIES:

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Thousands of happy homes are fitted with the New Improved

## Hartshorn SHADE ROLLERS

Is your home among them? A roller that is made to last, to make window shades last, to give no trouble. **Tacks Abolished by patent holders.** Springs of finest Steel. Unbreakable brackets. Shades hang evenly and work smoothly. Reputable dealers sell them. See that the label bears this autograph signature:

*Stewart Hartshorn*

Wood Rollers.

Tin Rollers.



**SIMMONS CHAINS**

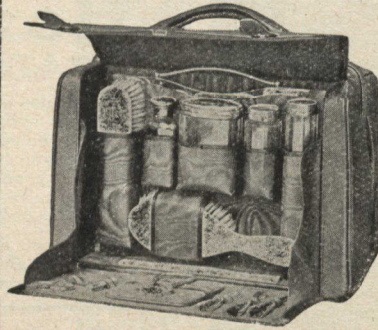
No other watch chains in the world are so universally known or so widely worn by so many people

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or Winter, our  
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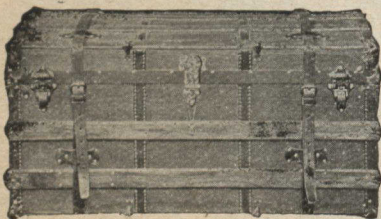
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**DRESSING BAGS**  
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Prices from \$12.00 to \$75.00.

Our  
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**No. 11**  
issued about  
November 15  
will show  
all the latest  
styles in  
**Leather Goods**  
for the  
**Holiday**  
**Season**



**DRESS TRUNKS**

From \$15.00 to \$38.00



**DEEP CLUB BAG**

No. 985, 18 in., \$10.00; 20 in., \$11.00.

Other lines from \$3.50 to \$20.00.

**THE JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.**

Limited

105 King Street West, TORONTO

## CANADIAN BIG GAME

**T**HE time for the turning of the leaf will soon have come; the velvet on the antler is peeling in long strips, leaving a clean horn the color of buckskin. Then the law will permit the shooting of the moose, caribou and deer—and wouldn't you care for a head or two yourself?

Well, why not try Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, or some other of the sisterhood of the Canadian Provinces? By such a choice you would probably be successful beyond your expectations, as many others have been.

Ontario has thrown open her jealously guarded big game preserves, the shooting of moose, caribou and deer being now permitted from October 15th to November 15th north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Mattawa to Port Arthur, a region enormous in extent and carrying a heavy stock of game.

Manitoba is as noted for its moose as for its duck and chicken, and those who can spare the time may ensure a successful hunt by visiting the Prairie Province. Beyond lie the Territories and British Columbia, with their hundreds of thousands of square miles of plain, forest and mountain, offering unsurpassed hunting for moose, elk, blacktail, sheep, goat and grizzly.

For further information write to any officer or agent of the

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ROBT. KERR,  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
MONTREAL

C. E. E. USSHER,  
General Passenger Agent,  
MONTREAL



# ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

## Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool

CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY

IONIAN, New, Twin Screws, 10,000 Tons

**BAVARIAN**, Twin Screws, 10,375 Tons  
**CORINTHIAN**, - - - 8,000 Tons  
**PRETORIAN**, - - - 6,100 Tons

**TUNISIAN**, Twin Screws, 10,575 Tons  
**SICILIAN**, - - - 7,500 Tons  
**PARISIAN**, - - - 5,500 Tons

These fine new steamers, or others of the fleet, sail **Weekly** to Liverpool from Montreal, calling at Londonderry. The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels. Cuisine is unsurpassed.

The hour of sailing is arranged to make connection with trains arriving from the West and South. No expense for transfer.

The distance is shorter than from any American port, and the rates of passage very reasonable.

For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, TORONTO  
 or H. & A. ALLAN, MONTREAL

1902

### PROPOSED SAILINGS No. 18

1902

Corrected October 3rd.

FROM LIVERPOOL.	STEAMERS.	FROM MONTREAL.	FROM QUEBEC.
9 Oct.	<b>BAVARIAN</b> .....	Sat. 25 Oct. 5 a.m.	25 Oct. 10 p.m.
16 "	<b>TUNISIAN</b> .....	Sat. 1 Nov. 5 a.m.	1 Nov. 10 p.m.
23 "	<b>CORINTHIAN</b> .....	Sat. 8 " 5 a.m.	8 " 4 p.m.
30 "	<b>PRETORIAN</b> .....	Sat. 15 " 5 a.m.	15 " 2 p.m.

Passengers go on board the previous evening.

Steamers will sail from Quebec after arrival of G.T.R. and C.P.R. trains, which leave Montreal at 8 a.m. and 8.30 a.m., respectively.

### ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX.

WINTER SERVICE

FROM LIVERPOOL,		FROM ST. JOHN.	FROM HALIFAX.
6 Nov.	<b>PARISIAN</b> .....	Sat. 22 Nov.	Mon. 24 Nov.
13 "	<b>BAVARIAN</b> .....	Sat. 29 "	Mon. 1 Dec.
20 "	<b>TUNISIAN</b> .....	Sat. 6 Dec.	Mon. 8 "
27 "	<b>CORINTHIAN</b> .....	Sat. 13 "	Mon. 15 "
4 Dec.	<b>PRETORIAN</b> .....	Sat. 20 "	Mon. 22 "
11 "	<b>PARISIAN</b> .....	Sat. 27 "	Mon. 29 "
18 "	<b>BAVARIAN</b> .....	Sat. 3 Jan.	Mon. 5 Jan.
25 "	<b>LAURENTIAN</b> .....	Sat. 10 "	Mon. 12 "

Steamers sail from Halifax after arrival of C.P.R. train, which leaves Montreal at 8 p.m. Sunday.

**TUNISIAN** passed Instrahull August 8th, 3.40 p.m., and arrived at Rimouski August 14th, 10.40 p.m., 6 days, 7 hours, adding 4 hours, 30 minutes difference in time. Time of passage, 6 days, 11 hours, 30 minutes.

**BAVARIAN** is a twin steamer to **TUNISIAN** (10,376 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Rimouski to Merville, 6 days, 15 hours.

**PARISIAN** sailed from Rimouski Sunday, Oct. 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Merville Sunday, Oct. 27th, 7.30 a.m.

Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 16 hours, 50 minutes.

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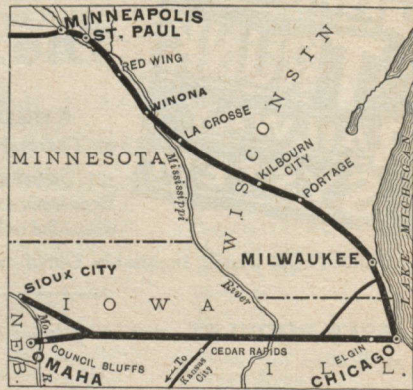
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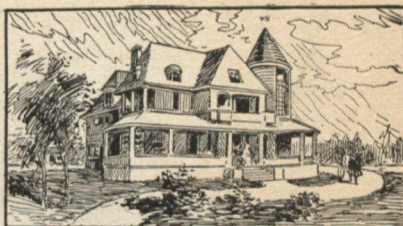
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VANCOUVER—Sat., Jan. 10th, 7.30 a.m.  
NEW ENGLAND—Sat., Jan. 17th, 1 p.m.  
CAMBROMAN—Sat., Jan. 31st, 12 noon.

COMMONWEALTH—Sat., Feb. 14th, 12 noon  
VANCOUVER—Sat. Feb. 21st, 5 p.m.  
NEW ENGLAND—Sat., Feb. 28th, 11 a.m.  
CAMBROMAN—Sat., March 14th, 11 a.m.  
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THE BEST NATURAL WATER. TAKE IT FOR AN APERIENT FOR CONSTIPATION.

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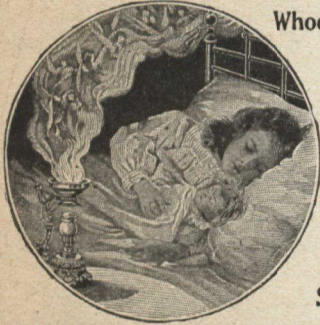
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Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

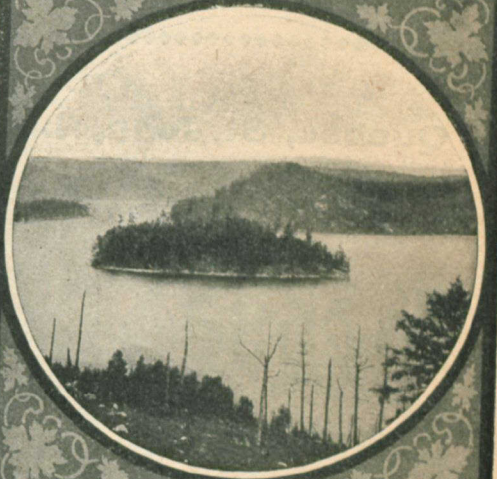
All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health; better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

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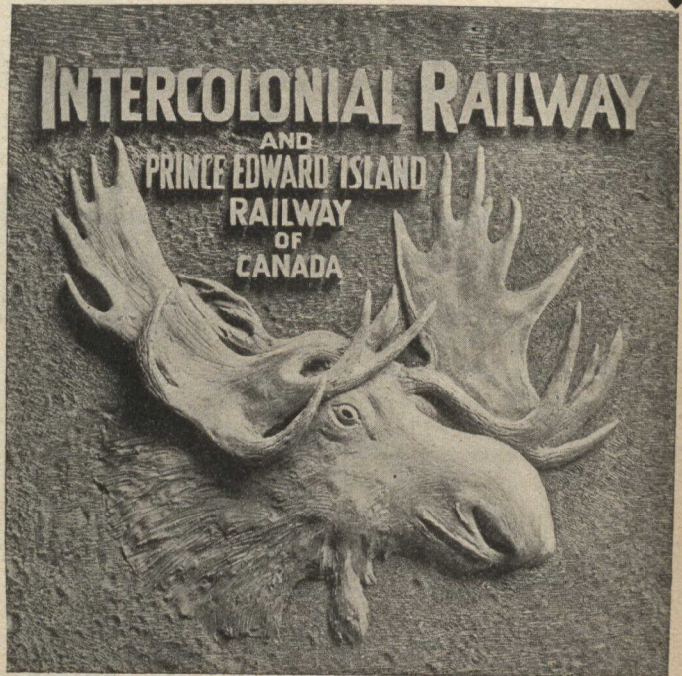
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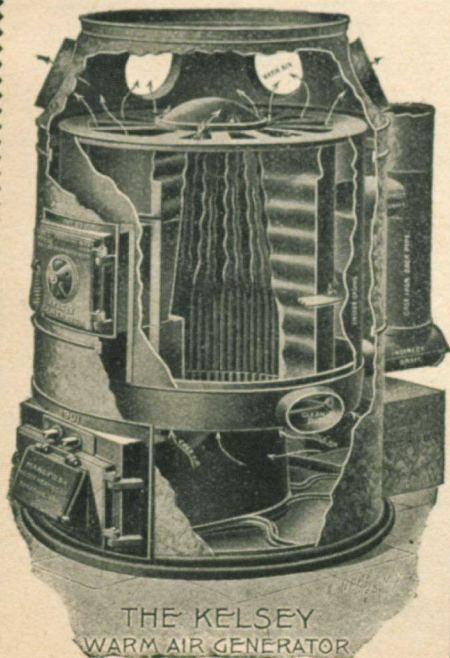
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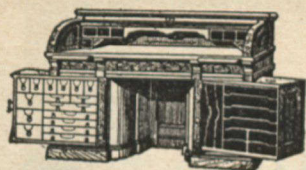
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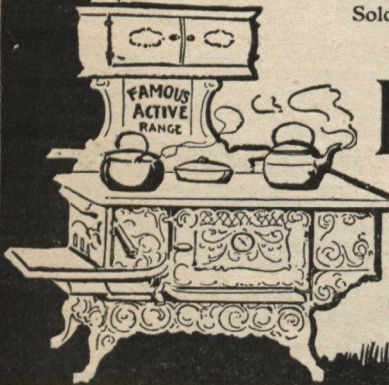
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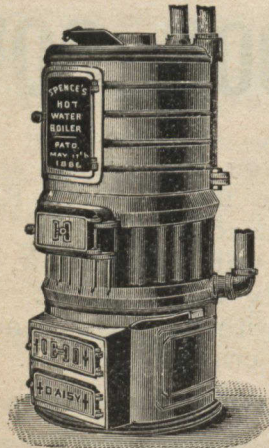
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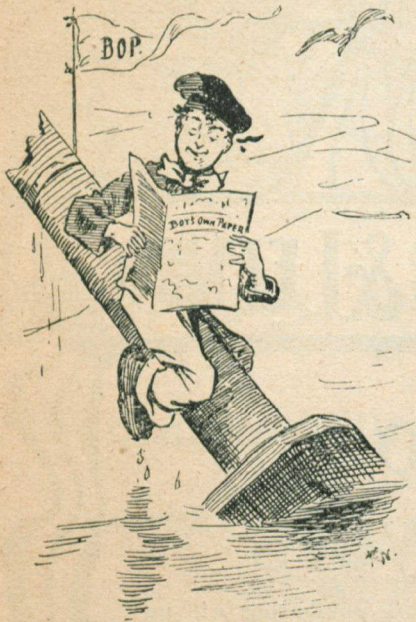
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