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# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY

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JUNE 1904

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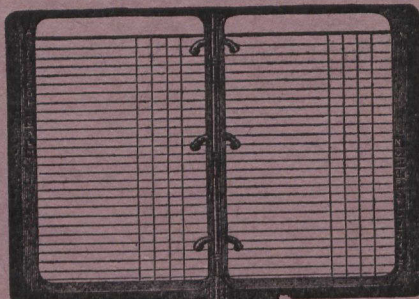
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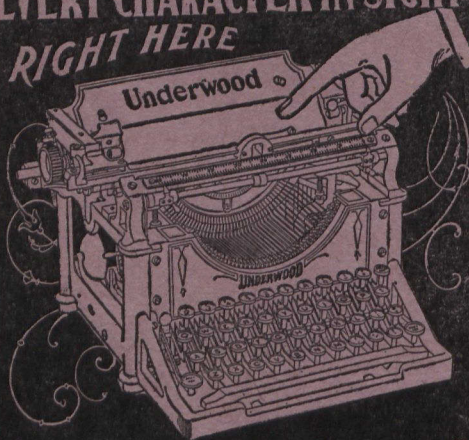
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# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. IV.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1904

No. 6

## THE STEWARD OF CRÉ

BY MALCOLM WEETHEE SPARROW

### IV.—*Continued.*

AND my uncle; what of him? was this his work? If so, then certainly he had become a master of the art. But why should he turn brigand? I asked myself the question several times, and in trying to account for it, found myself in the greatest quandary. The mystery was more than I could solve, and not wishing to trust my imagination to any great extent, I ascribed the present state of affairs to the mental derangement of which I had been led to believe my uncle suffered.

I found a box in a corner of the cell, and sitting down upon it, tried to collect my thoughts. The struggle with my captors had left me out of breath, and being both heated and excited, my thoughts came in a whirl. I was in a rage for Mademoiselle de Catinac, and chagrined over my defeat in the Emperor's mission. Mon Dieu! Perhaps my uncle had turned Royalist, and my capture was due to my adventure into France as His Majesty's agent. As the thought occurred I tore open the lining of my waistcoat, and removed the despatches. They were in cipher, on tissue paper. I could not make them out, but remembering the Emperor's advice to destroy them if I got into trouble, and not knowing what my present predicament might mean, I tore the despatches into bits and swallowed them. Then refreshing my memory with the words

"the first of March, at Cannes," which I had been instructed to deliver, should the despatches have to be destroyed, I resolved that General Moncey should hear them, if I had to crawl through a knot-hole to make my escape.

You may be sure the thought of escape occurred many times, but to no avail. The walls of my cell were of solid masonry, the door was of heavy oak, the window was grated with thick bars of iron, and there were no knot-holes.

Having thus settled the matter with regard to myself, my thoughts reverted to Mademoiselle de Catinac, whom I feared had been badly treated. Her plight among these rascals might be even worse than mine, and the very thought of it was maddening. Could I have gained my freedom and a good sword, I should have attacked this whole motley band of desperadoes single handed, for her sake, nor would I have hesitated to challenge my uncle, good swordsman that he was; and I should have secured mademoiselle's liberty, too, or perhaps been killed in the attempt. I railed at everything in general, and at my uncle in particular. For a man of his wealth and good standing, it was a dastardly business to be in, and I was sorry I had kept aloof from him so many years. Perhaps my influence would have prevented such a disgraceful state of affairs. I certainly should have thwarted such a policy, even though his

wounds had made him imbecile enough to adopt it. More than once I took myself to task for the selfish way in which I had acted toward him.

While these thoughts recurred, time flitted by, until I perceived by the fading light at my window, that night was at hand. Finally I was left in utter darkness, and the stillness which prevailed was almost unbearable. To one who has become accustomed to the booming of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the blare of bugles, and the fierce demoniac battle yells of desperate soldiers, absolute stillness is an awful thing to endure. The least sound made my scalp tingle. Now I am no coward, as my cross and my scar will testify, but being extremely nervous, I was annoyed by the little noises, which, under ordinary circumstances, I probably would not have noticed. At one time it was the squeal of a rat; at another, the scampering of mice, and through it all the monotonous drip, drip, drip of water from the damp walls. It was growing colder, and as my blood cooled down, I began to pace about my narrow cell to keep warm. I suffered most from the pangs of hunger. I could never go very long beyond my regular meal time without bringing on a miserable headache, and I began to dread the result of fasting.

After a while, and it seemed a very long while, I heard footsteps approaching my door. Then a key was inserted into the lock, and as the door swung open the light from a lantern was flashed into the cell.

"Come forth, you!" cried a gruff voice. "And don't be a fool either, or you may get yourself shot. Monsieur le Baron wants you in the library; though if I had my way about it, *pardieu*, I'd end your music here. You will perhaps remember me."

The fellow held the lantern nearer his face. It was Leloup, and there was an expression in his eyes which made me uneasy. I wondered if I were not among madmen, but endeavored to conceal the feelings of alarm which now possessed me.

I was in hopes the rascal had brought food, and when I found that he had not, my hunger being great, I ventured to remind him that I had not tasted food since we were

at Le Chien d'Or. His response was to the effect that it was his business to take me to the baron, after which, if it were monsieur's pleasure that I should have food, there would be those who would supply it forthwith. But he cautioned me against taking any satisfaction out of this, for it was his belief that I would soon be where food was not required.

Without further parley he bade me precede him, and placed his pistol against my head, as a reminder that resistance would be dangerous. I therefore concluded that it would be well to follow his instructions, and immediately started in the direction he desired.

I was conducted up several flights of stairs, and through as many corridors, all of which were lighted, and finally ushered into a brilliantly illumined apartment.

I had good reason to remember this room. It was the one in which my uncle and I usually discussed our matters of difference, and it was here that we had had our final altercation. It was the old gentleman's study, and I remembered that one of the panels opposite me was the entrance to a secret passage which ran underground from the chateau to the river. When a boy I had several times explored this, and knew all about it. After a sweeping glance around the luxurious apartment, my gaze rested upon a man seated at a writing desk, with his back towards me. In a moment, having finished writing, he dusted the paper with sand, then turned toward me.

Mon Dieu! it was Montluc.

For a moment I was dazed with astonishment. As I stood staring, he waved his hand for Leloup to leave the room. His expression of authority, and Leloup's immediate acquiescence almost stupefied me. It was several moments before I recovered sufficiently to speak, then—

"Montluc!" I cried. "What devil's work is this? Why are you here? Where is my uncle? What does this all mean?"

His smile was so tantalizing, that I could have throttled him.

"Pray calm yourself, my dear du Morney," said he, in an amiable tone. "You ask



your questions so rapidly that I am overwhelmed. Pray be seated.

I took a seat reluctantly, with my gaze riveted upon his face, which wore the most disagreeable smile I ever beheld, since it was at once cunning and devilish. I recalled what he had said about my uncle being dead, and began to surmise that there was indeed some truth in the matter.

"What is the meaning of this?" I demanded, "and where is Mademoiselle de Catinac?"

Instead of answering, he rose to his feet, picked up a pistol from the desk, walked to the door through which I had entered, locked it, then resumed his seat and laid down the pistol within easy reach.

He had changed his clothes, and instead of the mud-bespattered riding suit, he wore a fashionable coat of brown material, a pale blue embroidered waistcoat, with breeches to match, white silk stockings, and black slippers with silver buckles. He wore a black stock *a la mode*, and a delicate lace cravat in which sparkled a diamond of considerable value. I had never seen him with his hat off, and now I observed a shrewd, calculating brow, and a closely cropped head of hair. The shape of his head did not please me; it was too broad at the ears, too low at the forehead, too high at the back, and too full at the base, where it joined a thick neck. His eyes were small, black, cruel and close together. His nose was aquiline, his mouth petulant, and lascivious, his chin broad and prominent, and his jaw heavy near the throat. He had a fashion of biting his teeth so that the masseter muscles contracted rapidly. Taken altogether he was fairly good looking, and yet a dangerous rogue.

While he was locking the door, I glanced hurriedly about the room, and was pleased to find many things which were familiar to me. Upon the wall to my right hung the portrait of myself which Monsieur Gérard had painted shortly before that wretched quarrel with my uncle. I gazed upon it with considerable interest, and could not help remarking that seven years ago I was rather a pleasant-looking youngster. Time, however, had wrought its change; nevertheless,

there were the same brown eyes, the same dark hair, the same prominent nose and chin, and the same full, though rather compressed lips, which were reflected whenever I peered into a mirror. I was glad to find the portrait there, since it evidenced my uncle's affection. Near it was one of my aunt Héléne, painted since I last saw her, and as I beheld the gentle countenance, and recalled her many kindnesses, in spite of my predicament, a lump rose up in my throat and my eyes filled with tears.

A further survey of the room disclosed an easel, supporting a shield upon which several swords and daggers had been arranged as souvenirs of my uncle's campaigns. One, a jewel-hilted cimeter, had been presented by Napoleon while in Egypt. Another, a heavy cavalry sabre, served as a relic of Marengo. Another, a beautifully shaped sword, such as is carried by a General of Division, recalled the battles of Austerlitz, Wagram and Salamanca. And still another of a more ancient pattern, commemorated a sub-lieutenant's service at the battle of Arcole. There was yet another sword, but I could not recollect having seen it before, and as it was a long, straight, heavy cavalry sabre, such as is used by the Cuirassiers, I judged from what I had learned of Montluc, that it belonged to him. The furnishings and decorations of the apartment had not been altered in the least. The panelled walls and ceiling, the heavy oak wainscoting and the several candelabras were quite unchanged; the well-filled bookcases, the pictures, the writing desk, and the easy chair, for which my uncle had a great fondness, were just as I had seen them last, and I was glad to find in its old place over the mantelpiece, the family coat of arms with the motto, *Nil Desperandum*.

I have always taken pride in the armorial bearings of our house, since they date from the time of Henry of Navarre, and hint of the stock whence we sprung; but never did our motto seem so much to me as at that moment. It was like a voice from the dead, and I am sure the noble Chevalier du Morney, who adopted it, must have been in many a trying predicament himself, to have learned the inspiring magic of this *cri de*

*guerre*. For me it served as an incentive, and with an enthusiasm borne of hope, I originated a plan of escape which needed only a favorable opportunity to prove successful.

V.

You may be sure my observations were made in much less time than it takes to record them. Montluc was not many minutes resuming his seat, and I was in such a turmoil of foreboding that I had little time for anything beyond the present aspect of affairs.

That my uncle had been foully dealt with; that Montluc had attempted to usurp my inheritance; that soon I might be in even a worse situation, were presentiments which I could not turn aside, and the mystery of it all was more than I could solve. Nevertheless, I was not without hope, and ready for the first favorable opportunity to set my plan working.

Considering the fact, however, that I was unarmed, and locked in a room with a desperado, at whose elbow lay a loaded pistol, and who would hesitate at nothing, my chances of escape were small indeed. Never before was I so completely at anyone's mercy, and Montluc, as if realizing the fact, sat, with complacent smile, eyeing me as a cat would a mouse.

"Monsieur du Morney," said he, presently, "it was unwise of you to return to France."

"Have I interrupted some of your rascality?" I asked with virulence.

"You have put yourself in my way," he answered, petulantly, "and I am undecided how to dispose of you."

"Were you so nonplussed before disposing of monsieur my uncle?" I retorted with a sneer.

He shrugged his shoulders and allowed his features to light up with a smile that would have done justice to Satan himself. He was apparently acting his true character now, and he seemed the most complete villain imaginable. I hope I may be forgiven for misjudging my uncle.

"Monsieur le Baron died very suddenly," he replied, doggedly.

"At your hands, or at the hands of Leloup?" was my savage rejoinder.

"The Emperor's downfall affected him greatly," said Montluc, calmly. "Monsieur le Baron committed suicide by taking poison."

"Suicide, indeed!" I cried. "Monsieur, my uncle may have died from poison, as you say, but I am satisfied that it was administered to him by as great a rascal as ever lived."

His eyes flashed fire at me, and his brows lowered into a scowl. For a moment we eyed each other defiantly, then, to my surprise, he resumed his old position of leaning back with hands clasped behind his head and feet stretched out. Apparently his temper was not hard to control.

"The temptation was great, monsieur," he admitted, "but—"

"The treachery was greater," I interrupted.

It was with difficulty that I restrained the impulse to seize a dagger, and then and there avenge my uncle's death. Only the presence of that loaded pistol on the desk at Montluc's elbow prevented me.

"As you please, monsieur," was my captor's unmollified reply. "At any rate, Monsieur le Baron is out of the way. When he died I took the precaution to suppress all news of his death, and assisted by Leloup, placed his body in the family vault at night time, that the secret might never be known. Since then I have continued here as if nothing had happened."

He told this with the self-complacent garrulity of an egotist, and appeared to believe that he had done a clever thing.

"But what right had you here in the first place?" I asked, with no little curiosity.

"I was Monsieur le Baron's steward," he answered, with a show of pride. "Since your uncle's recovery from the wounds received at Salamanca, he has been a recluse, and has not shown himself to anyone but me. His mind has been so affected that I have had to transact his entire business for him, and the people understood it. Under these circumstances I conceived the plan of securing the baron's riches for myself. It

is a game of chance, monsieur, but I shall play my cards to win beyond a doubt."

"You certainly have been dealt a good hand," I remarked, somewhat awed by his extraordinary sang-froid, "and thus far you seem to have played it well. But since you have taken me into the game, the probability is that I hold the ace."

"Your ace cannot possibly win, monsieur. I hold two cards which you cannot beat, and which will place you at a great disadvantage."

"But you admit that yours is a game of chance?"

"Yes, with the chances in my favor. Bear in mind, monsieur, that I have about me men who will do my bidding. The old servants are gone. I could not trust them, so I substituted those whom I knew to be trustworthy. Leloup is my overseer. A word from me and your life will not be worth a sou."

"An excellent card, monsieur, I must admit. Still I am not without hope that my ace will win."

"Impossible. On the other hand, I took the trouble to read the semaphores this morning, and I learned that a man of your description, landed a few days ago at Cannes, with despatches from Elba to the Bonapartists in Paris. I am of the belief that you are the man. I have not studied that portrait up there for nothing. I knew you the moment you entered the Inn of the Golden Fleece. You have not changed much, barring that scar upon your face, and that does you credit. A word from me will place you in the hands of the police. Your execution will no doubt be the consequence."

Mon Dieu! the semaphores! So my presence in France had been telegraphed to Paris. D'André was indeed a wise watch dog, and had many a sharp detective in his service. Had the King trusted to his Minister of Police his downfall in all probability would not have been recorded. But I thought little of the King. At that moment I was too greatly exercised over my own safety. Escape now seemed out of the question, and yet I decided to brave out the situation as far as possible.

"My ace is a better card than you think, monsieur," I ventured to remark. "It is

not likely that you would run the risk of an exposure by handing me over to the police."

"You would denounce me, eh?"

"Most assuredly. I wonder that you ask the question."

"In that case then I have but one card against your ace. But it is a good one, nevertheless, and yet one which I would rather not play myself."

"Another murder, I presume."

"Call it what you will, monsieur, but I shall play on the principle that dead men tell no tales."

"In that case then, your card wins. My ace is useless against the hand of a cowardly assassin."

"Take care monsieur!" he cried, fiercely, drawing his feet back and slapping his hands upon his knees, "you are at my mercy, and your bravado may do you harm."

"You are a cowardly rascal, nevertheless," I answered, with an assumption of sang-froid which I did not feel.

"Tonnerre de Dieu!" he cried, springing to his feet with clinched hands and savage countenance.

He was in a temper now, and this was what I wanted, since whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. He stood for a moment trembling with rage. Then he began to pace the floor in front of the desk, with hands behind him and with head bent forward. I have seen the Emperor do the same thing, and I remember that a great many men in those days got into the habit of patterning after him.

Montluc passed back and forth, growing more absorbed each moment. I was not slow to observe that the desk was situated in the middle of one end of the room, and the room was wide. Montluc began by moving only a short distance from the desk, but as his thought deepened he gradually got further away and nearer the walls. He seemed to have forgotten everything but that which was passing through his mind; even my presence; even the pistol upon the desk. My pulses began to throb violently. My plan was formed. I was alert, yet apparently listless, and I trembled with suppressed excitement.

Beside the window was a small table upon

which sat a decanter of brandy and glasses. This table was farther from the desk than I. Presently Montluc stepped to the table, and, with his back toward me, took up a glass and filled it from the decanter. That was the moment of his undoing. There lay the pistol upon the desk and I was nearer it than he. In an instant I was on my feet. Never did a tiger spring more lithely than I. The distance between me and the desk was cleared in two bounds, and just as Montluc turned to see what had happened, I levelled the pistol at his head.

"I think my ace will win," I exclaimed, throwing one leg over a corner of the desk, and smiling at him in exultant spirits.

The sudden change of affairs almost caused his collapse.

"Sapristi!" he gasped, and then stood trembling with the glass of brandy still in his hand, and the color of his face changing to a sickly yellow.

But his sang-froid returned immediately, and as a faint smile stole into his countenance to soften the hard lines about his mouth, he held the glass before him, shrugged his shoulders and elevated his brows.

"Have I your permission, monsieur?" he asked, with mock courtesy.

"Drink, if you like, *mon bravo*," I answered. "But if you call out or endeavor in any way to signal to your bandit crew, your life will be the penalty."

"Your health then, monsieur," said he, with mock suavity and tossed off the brandy at a gulp.

"Try another," said I, jocosely, "it may restore your color."

"Humph!" he muttered, looking askance at me. Then putting down the glass he faced me defiantly.

"Well, Monsieur Montluc, what do you think of my ace now?" said I, gloating over his discomfiture. "Shall we play further?"

"Yes," he answered, a little excited from the sudden energy of a new thought; "the game is not yet finished."

He raised his fingers to his lips as if to whistle. I caught the idea, and drew back the hammer of my pistol.

"Make the slightest signal," I cried,

"and I'll send your villainous soul to hell!" He dropped his hand, shrugged deeply, and then smiled.

"And yet the game is not finished," he remarked, doggedly.

"Well," said I, "it is your lead."

There was more energy in his reply than I expected.

"If you are not a coward," he hissed, with a venomous expression of countenance, "you will put down that pistol and take one of these swords; then we shall settle this matter at once and forever."

I was a good swordsman in those days, and had every confidence in myself, so I did not hesitate to accept the challenge.

"I am at your service," I replied, "and I give you the first choice of weapons."

"Good," he cried, and immediately stepping to the shield, took down his own sword and a dagger.

"It is worth while," he added. "A pretty woman and the baron's riches. But first of all, monsieur, tell me on your sacred honor if you are the only obstacle I shall have to meet?"

"I am sole heir," I cried, "if that is what you mean, and you need not fear a vendetta. If you survive me, justice will be your only obstacle."

"Good again," he exclaimed, exultantly. "As for Justice, she is as likely to favor me as anyone else. After I have disposed of you, monsieur, I shall bribe Justice, or else defy her."

"But what of de Carbonneau?" I asked.

"Ah, de Carbonneau," he exclaimed, quickly, and looked over at the desk. "That reminds me; I must have your signature."

"To what, pray?"

"I have written Monsieur de Carbonneau, requesting him to bring all documents to the chateau. But this is to be over your own signature. Now, monsieur," said he, "pray be good enough to sign the paper which you will find beside you."

I could not help laughing.

"Your audacity is superb," I cried, merrily. "But really, monsieur, I must beg to be excused."

For a moment he eyed me with an ex-

pression which hinted of indecision; then shrugging his shoulders, he stepped a pace nearer.

"Oh, very well," said he, indifferently, "it does not much matter. The signature of Monsieur le Baron will suffice. I write it very well. I wonder I did not think of that before. Now, look you; the door is locked, and no one will interrupt us."

"But if you are killed?" I asked.

For answer he pointed to the panel which hid the secret passage.

"No one knows of that," said he. "It will be your only means of escape."

"But what of mademoiselle?"

"She is safe and comfortable. No harm shall come to her. If you live, which is not likely, your wits will tell you what to do for her. There is a squadron of hussars quartered at the village."

"I perceive that you still have some sense of honor left," I answered, at the same time seizing a dagger and the heavy sabre which my uncle had carried at Morengo. Then placing the pistol upon the desk, I turned to give Montluc attention.

We moved the furniture out of the way, and pulled off our coats and waistcoats. In another moment the fight began.

I have been in some desperate engagements, but I think none of them was equal to this, unless it was at Borodino, where I received this sabre cut across my face. There was a great object in view, and each was determined to kill the other. The hope of helping Mademoiselle de Catinac gave me strength, and I fought as I had never fought in my life. It was not an incident of parry and thrust, as with rapiers, but the regular cavalry exercise of guard, cut, parry, thrust, slash, feint, and our heavy sabres clattered and rang, and hissed, and flashed fire in a manner which I shall never forget.

Montluc was a good swordsman, with a strong wrist, and had the advantage in a sabre three inches longer than mine. But I soon discovered that I knew some tricks of which he was ignorant, and as the fight progressed I gained confidence. Whether it was due to a righteous Providence, or my own fierce energy, I do not know, but it was not long before I was master of the situation, and it gave my opponent all he could do to resist my desperate onslaught.

I touched him twice upon the shoulder, and drew blood. Then the point of his blade pricked me in the right arm. Twice he struck at me with his dagger, but I parried both cuts beautifully. I crowded him, and he gave way a step, then another, and another until I had him cornered. His eyes were glaring like a demon's; his breath came thick and fast; the moisture rolled down his face in rivulets, and his shirt was soon saturated with blood and perspiration. He was at my mercy.

"Ah, ah, Monsieur Montluc!" I cried, triumphantly, "I have you now, and I think my ace will yet win."

His answer was to lunge at me with sudden fury, which served to tire him the more. His heated condition was telling on him severely. I was heated myself, and my clothing was soon wringing wet, yet the clatter of our weapons rang smartly through the room.

"It is nearly time," said I, to myself, "and I can do it."

But at that moment he struck my dagger from my grasp, and laid open the back of my hand. The pain angered me, and I determined to end the matter. Finally I made a feint which he did not understand, and as he attempted to parry, I drove my point above his guard and lunged as one would with a rapier. My sabre went through him nearly to the hilt. He dropped his sword and dagger, and with one hand clutching at his side, went reeling about the room like a man drunk with wine, grasping desperately with his right hand at things which came in his way, while an expression of extreme agony settled upon his face. Finally he lunged at a heavy curtain which draped one of the windows, tore it from its fastenings, and fell in a heap beneath it. Instantly I sprang to the secret passage and escaped. Hurrying to the barracks I secured a squad of Hussars and went back to the rescue. Madame de Cré could tell you what a gallant I was in capturing all those bandits and in setting her at liberty. The next day I found my uncle's old notary, Monsieur de Corbonneau, and told him of what had happened. Leaving matters in his hands, I continued my journey to Paris.

## BRANTFORD'S PROGRESS EXPLAINED

**I**N the rich, agricultural country which surrounds Brantford, and which was settled and developed by a fine class of industrious people, lay the immediate market for infant industries. Enterprising men saw the opportunities, and small shops were opened to cater to this home market. The farmers came for their farm implements, and as the land became cleared and settled, and machinery assumed a more and more important place in the work of preparing the soil and planting and harvesting the crops, the demand for the products of the shops was ever increasing.

The Brantford spirit met the demand. At the same time the genius for mechanical appliances, and for specialization and perfected organization, which was converting small shops of a few men laboring with their hands into establishments of many employees using machinery, was sweeping over the land. The movement was very apparent in Brantford, where enlargements of shops and factories were constantly being made, and where even extensive enlargements were not sufficient, but entirely new sites were chosen and old plants abandoned for new and more commodious works, which should give scope to the ever growing trade of energetic, progressive, up-to-date manufacturers.

Hence the frequent reference one hears made to "the old Buck Stove Works," "the old Cockshutt Plough Works," etc. It simply means that one firm after another has, through enormously increased trade, been compelled to secure new premises and erect new factories to meet that trade. Some of these magnificent new factories are shown by photographs specially secured to illustrate the importance of these factories. Some interior views are also given. From these it will be seen that Brantford factories are models in equipment, and justly the pride of the citizens.

### THE SPLENDID HOME MARKET.

From the immediate home market provided through the development of the fertile land on all sides of the growing city, a market with which the manufacturers were in closest touch, alive to its needs and quick to cater to them, there grew up the modern factories with their immense output resulting from the perfected machinery of modern industry.

To supply the articles required in the home markets was little different from supplying similar needs in other markets. Beginning with the farmers of Brant County it was easy to extend out to adjacent counties and then over the whole of Ontario. From this to other provinces, and especially to our great West with its enormous and rapid development, was but a step. Even our own Dominion was not large enough, and as if by magic, the former little Brantford shops, making a few rough implements for friendly farmers, have grown into immense factories sending out their products to the markets of the world.

A large part of this "magic" is the Brantford spirit. It is that alertness to the needs of a community which grasps an opportunity with alacrity and with the business acumen which compels success, grasps it in time and carries it through with unflagging industry.

A noteworthy point about the Brantford captains of industry is that they are native-born, and are the descendants of families who have had large places in giving Brantford that beginning which has resulted in such good fruits. The city's factories have grown, and these Canadian sons have kept pace with Canadian progress, making Brantford factories one of the best illustrations of our expansion. The growth has been steady but wonderfully expansive.

## SUPERIOR MANUFACTURES.

The products of the Brantford factories speak for themselves. The manufacturer is always improving his specialty; he is never content with something merely good. It must be better. It must be the best that the brains and skill of men can produce. That this spirit has succeeded in carrying many Brantford products to the very highest stage of perfection is very freely admitted on all sides. Among consumers there are myriads of people who will have only the Brantford brand of a particular article, and even competing manufacturers cannot deny the exceedingly high grade of the products sent out from this industrial centre.

So superior are some of these products that only recently a Brantford firm carried off the highest prize in competition with the world. A good instance of this world-wide superiority is the success of the Goold, Shapley & Muir Company in a windmill test before the Royal Agricultural Society. A prize was offered to the mill which should best meet the conditions laid down by the Society. Twenty-one windmill manufacturers from all parts of the world, including fourteen large American firms, entered the competition. In a very severe test of sixty days of ten hours each, the Brantford firm headed the list. In the words of the award, "The mill exhibited by Messrs. Goold, Shapley & Muir Co., is clearly ahead of all others in nearly every point and easily takes the first prize."

Just such triumphs have made Brantford famous. This reputation, together with other numerous advantages, are fast making Brantford a Mecca for other manufacturers.

## OTHER MANUFACTURERS ATTRACTED.

The reasons assigned by the Buffalo firm of Pratt & Letchworth for establishing their Malleable Iron Works in Brantford are that it was "a good manufacturing town and had good shipping facilities." The first reason expanded, really means that there was an immediate sale for their products among the manufacturers already established there. To a firm producing malleable iron in its various forms, it is as important to be surrounded by manufacturers desiring malleable iron

parts as it is for the manufacturer of agricultural implements to be surrounded by people requiring those implements. In this the dependence of manufacturing on agriculture is very evident. Granted good land and men to till it, there is created an immediate demand for the labor-saving machinery which plays so important a part in modern husbandry. Such manufacturers bring others more or less dependent upon them.

There is further inducement to new manufacturers in the selling organizations of established firms and their readiness to allow others to profit by them. The willingness with which established firms take up a new manufacturer desirous of markets for his goods, and assist him to their markets, is proof at once of the practical business sense of Brantford people. For it is an advantage to all concerned, the new manufacturer, the established one, and the city, to have agents who shall handle diversified products all coming from one centre. Advantages in freight, agents' commissions and prestige, are all secured at once; and to be put in touch with established markets at a minimum of expense is an advantage which only the co-operation and liberal spirit of older firms can secure. The city's gain through this co-operation is not inconsiderable, for a city's reputation is a strong feature in selling goods. Brantford's reputation in this respect is splendid. It is said that the city is better known abroad than some of our much larger cities. "Made in Brantford," it is claimed, is a guarantee of excellence the world around. Specific instances are every day verifying this high claim.

## LABOR AND LABOR MARKET.

The Brantford labor market is said to be good for the reason that a skilled mechanic is not dependent upon one firm for employment if there be any dissatisfaction.

In 1902 there were 3,870 employees, while in 1903 this number had risen to 4,570, an increase of 700. In 1902 the wages paid amounted to \$1,506,000, while in 1903 they amounted to \$1,742,000, an increase of \$236,000. How great the demand for labor is will be seen from the fact that there are in Brantford 12 factories, each of which employs from 100 to 700 operatives.

### TRANSPORTATION.

The city is served by two lines of steam railway—the Grand Trunk and the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo. The traffic returns given below show the amount of their joint business.

#### THE GRAND TRUNK MAIN LINE.

But the Brantford people have not been content with their railway service. In the matter of freights they made no complaint, but they objected to the fact that Brantford was not readily enough accessible from the passengers' standpoint. In this arose the agitation to have their city placed on the main line.

To the ordinary individual it seems a remarkable agitation. Cities cannot be moved bodily, and it is usually about as difficult to induce a railway to alter its system so that a particular city shall benefit by it. When such a change also involves immensely increased expenditure through the natural obstacles to be overcome, the request becomes even more remarkable.

Nevertheless, the importance of the city, and the persistence of the enterprising citizens who, among other concessions, contributed \$57,000 of the expense, has served to accomplish this remarkable feat. The entire arrangements for the change are almost complete and Brantford seems now to be assured of the main line service of the Grand Trunk, which, it is expected, will be very soon in operation.

Already there are direct passenger trains to and from Toronto, covering the entire distance in two hours' time.

#### ELECTRICAL ROADS AND POWER LINES.

Besides the Grand Trunk and T. H. & B., Brantford is to have local service in new electrical lines. The Grand Valley Railway, connecting Brantford and Paris, is already opened; and several other lines, such as the Port Dover-Brantford Railway, are projected. With the development of this phase of transportation, this active, industrial city, surrounded by a rich, agricultural country, is certain to be soon a centre of electrical lines.

A matter which will undoubtedly hasten

this movement is the present-day extension of the development and transmission of electrical energy.

Cheap power is one of the great features of industrial development. No body of citizens is more alive to the facts than the Brantfordites, who have on foot a movement to secure electrical power from Niagara Falls. The customary energy of these people will not be long in making this new undertaking an established fact. They promise to be among the first of our cities to receive the service when the power is available.

#### GAS AND OIL FIELDS.

The fuel problem seems to be pretty certain of solution in still another way, for both crude petroleum and natural gas, especially the latter, have been found. Last year a contract was signed for the delivery of gas within the city, the piping from Adacliff to be completed within a year from the signing of the contract. A large number of wells have been sunk, and the city seems assured at an early date of a plentiful supply of natural gas for both fuel and illuminating purposes.

The Cockshutt Plow Co. has sunk a number of wells on their new factory premises, and with such success that they have secured sufficient quantities to enable them to apply the gas in the operation of their plant.

In some of the wells sunk there have been such indications of oil as to warrant high hopes in future discoveries which are being prosecuted in the true Brantford spirit.

#### TELEPHONE CITY.

The name Telephone City has been applied to Brantford by people intimately acquainted with the relations of the inventor Bell to that city. Since the invention of the Bell Telephone, many outsiders have neither been aware of the name nor the reason for it.

From 1870 to 1881 Mr. A. Melville Bell lived on Tutela Heights in the house shown. Within these years the telephone was experimented with and perfected by Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, his father's house being used as one end of the telephone line.

Among the labor-saving devices of the age, the place of the telephone is unique. It is not entitled to be classed with inventions which increase the product of manual labor



or which harness the forces of nature, but it does make communication easy and efficient. It has advantages over the telegraph in the conversation it makes possible, whether the distance be small or great. In an age which appreciates the value of time, and which is notable for its many wonderful inventions, the telephone is entitled to a most distinguished place. In fact, it has come into such general use that the people of to-day are apt to be surprised when reminded of the fact that thirty years ago it was looked upon as a scientific plaything. A very large portion of the town people use the telephone in many ways, and telephone services are fast being installed throughout the rural districts.

With regard to the place of the speaking telephone in modern life, the *Engineering Magazine* says: "Aside from printing and the railroad, it should perhaps rank as the greatest single invention."

Renowned as Brantford justly is on so many other scores, it is certainly a great additional source of pride to have been the home and field of experiment of one of the greatest living inventors in an age so remarkable for perfected mechanical devices.

#### FINANCE.—TRADE AND COMMERCE.

It is difficult to present in figures the actual importance of this industrial city. Our system of statistics is not yet so complete as to permit of anything like a perfect presentation.

From the municipal authorities it is found that the assessment is \$8,093,590, and that the population for the present year is 18,510.

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| City Assets, Dec. 31st, 1903.....                       | \$1,387,699.45 |
| City Liabilities, Dec. 31st, 1903.....                  | 1,175,103.22   |
| Surplus, Dec. 31st, 1903.....                           | 212,596.23     |
| Debenture Indebtedness, General.....                    | 960,829.50     |
| Debenture Indebtedness, Local Improvement....           | 197,318.11     |
| Accumulated Sinking Fund.....                           | 268,838.87     |
| Annual Interest Charge, General.....                    | 38,591.32      |
| Annual Interest Charge, Local Improvement....           | 9,026.67       |
| Cash Receipts, 1903.....                                | 303,765.01     |
| Cash Payments, 1903.....                                | 303,492.78     |
| Annual Sinking Fund Requirement, General....            | 18,501.08      |
| Annual Sinking Fund Requirement, Local Improvement..... | 6,480.65       |

Some idea of the volume of business is had from the following reports of the Board of Trade:

#### TRAFFIC RETURNS FOR CALENDAR YEAR.

|                             | 1900    | 1901    | 1902    | 1903    |
|-----------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Freight carried out.....    | 49,388  | 55,950  | 72,123  | 75,885  |
| Freight brought in.....     | 148,692 | 162,280 | 188,565 | 213,034 |
| Passengers carried out..... | 83,916  | 98,503  | 105,530 | 114,657 |

#### POST OFFICE RETURNS.

|  | 1901        | 1902        | 1903        |
|--|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Revenue from sale of Postage Stamps..... | \$29,903.00 | \$32,152.00 | \$34,415.00 |
| Money Orders Issued.....                 | 33,981.07   | 42,411.52   | 51,382.00   |
| Money Orders Paid.....                   | 225,863.67  | 231,473.41  | 252,804.00  |
| Postal Notes Issued.....                 | 2,862.89    | 3,122.44    | 4,465.00    |
| Postal Notes Paid.....                   | 10,671.02   | 11,472.27   | 12,903.00   |

It will be noticed that in every item that can show progress there is a decided increase in the figures of each succeeding year.

The best indication from statistics of Brantford's place among Canadian cities is found in the amount of manufactured exports. The last report shows the city to be third on the list, Montreal and Toronto alone of Canadian cities surpassing Brantford.

#### VARIED INDUSTRIES.

It is impossible to give here in detail all the manufactures and products shipped from Brantford. A few of the most important manufactures are agricultural implements, engines, stoves, malleable iron, ploughs, wagons and carriages, binder twine, woolens, biscuits, windmills and machinery of all sorts.

The following is a list of the leading firms, with the nature of their manufactures:

#### MANUFACTURERS IN THE CITY OF BRANTFORD.

- Adams Wagon Works Co.—Wagons.
- Blacker Brick Co.—Bricks.
- Brantford Hosiery Co., Limited.
- Brantford Screw Co.
- Bixel Brewing and Malting Co.—Lager Beer.
- Brantford Box Co.—Boxes.
- Brantford Carriage Co.—Carriages.
- Brantford Stoneware Co.—Stoneware.
- Brantford Starch Manufacturing Co.—Starch.
- Buck Stove Co., Limited, The William—Stoves and Furnaces.
- Brantford Cordage Co.—Binder Twine.
- Cockshutt Plow Co.—Agricultural Implements.
- Fair, T. J. & Co.—Cigars.
- Farmers' Binder Twine Co.—Binder Twine.
- Fox Bros., Pork Packers.
- Gardner, H. B.—Cigars.
- Goold, Shapley & Muir Co.—Windmills, Grinders, Bee-Keepers' Supplies, etc.
- Halloran, M. K.—Cigars.
- Ham & Nott Co.—Spring Mattresses, Refrigerators, etc.
- Ker & Goodwin.—Machinists.

Massey-Harris Co., Limited.—Agricultural Implements.  
 Matthews & Co., Limited, G. S., Pork Packers.  
 Mitchell, C. J.—Bicycles.  
 Ott, John—Tannery.  
 Pelee Island Wine Co.—Wines.  
 Paterson, The Wm. & Son Co., Limited.—Biscuits and Confectionery.  
 Pratt & Letchworth Co.—Malleable Iron.  
 Rouse & Co.—Machinists.  
 Simpson Manufacturing Co.—Carriages.  
 Slingsby Manufacturing Co.—Woollens.  
 Spence, A. & Sons.—Carriages.  
 Schultz Bros. Co., Limited.—Planing Mills.  
 Scarfe & Co.—Varnishes.  
 Telephone Stoves, Limited.  
 Verity Plow Co.—Plows, etc.  
 Waterous Engine Works Co.—Iron Machinery.  
 Waterous, J. E.—Nails.  
 Workman & Co.—Bricks.  
 Wood Bros.—Flour.  
 Westbrook & Hacker.—Brewers.

## HOMES.

That the people have not been unappreciative of these and of the charms of home life, is clearly seen in the number of fine residences which are found in the best residential districts. In fact, hundreds of substantial, if unpretentious, homes are found scattered all over the city, and it is probable that a larger percentage of people own their own homes in Brantford than is the case in any other city in the Dominion.

The home of Mr. Verity, which is just completed, is one of the newest and most modern of the city's homes.

## EDUCATION.

The public school system is in charge of a staff of competent teachers, the Collegiate Institute and the special classes in manual training and domestic science supplementing the work commenced in the primary schools.

The Ontario Institute for the Blind is also to be found in Brantford. In it is given instruction in general education with special attention to such branches of practical work as are best adapted to the limitations of those deprived of sight.

The two splendid journals which receive a news service seldom found outside the large centres, and the presence of a Board of Trade whose influence is felt throughout the empire, fitly represent the mental activity which keeps Brantford to the fore.

The large market in the centre of the city and the splendid array of stores with their varied wares, indicate the city's appreciation of the necessary and material side of life. The rich agricultural country and the manufacturing centres of the world are alike called on to contribute to the needs and wants of the prosperous citizens.

In every phase of Brantford life the prosperity resulting from industrial supremacy beams forth.

The Library just completed is well calculated to fix a high standard in architecture, whether in public or private buildings. The interior decorations promise, when finished, to correspond to the very high order of the exterior. Altogether, it will be, within its class, one of our finest public buildings.

The thousands of tons of flour, grain and live stock which go out from Brantford, together with smaller shipments of vegetables, cheese and apples, prove the city's claim to be a centre of agricultural, horticultural and dairying activity, as well as a manufacturing centre.

## MUNICIPAL BRANTFORD.

The situation of the city on the picturesque Grand River with a delightful country surrounding, while fine parks and shaded streets abound within the limits, make Brantford one of the best of Canadian places of residence.

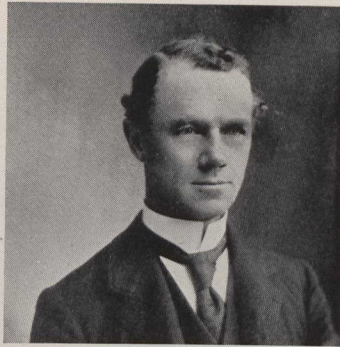
The interest taken by the citizens in beautifying their parks and in providing good streets and good roads is another evidence of the Brantford spirit. In all there are five parks of different sizes and merits. Victoria Park, in the centre of which stands the Brant monument and on which face the new Carnegie Public Library and the Court House, with the Y.W.C.A. and Victoria Hall at one corner, is the most central.

Jubilee Park, overlooking a wide sweep of the Grand River, is one of the prettiest of the city's many pretty breathing places. Here, in close proximity to the armories, was erected the memorial to the Brantford soldiers who fell in the South African war.

A splendid fire department, an electric street railway, and a system of water-works and sewerage complete the needs of the modern city.



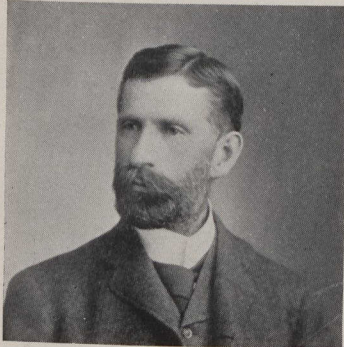
MAYOR M. C. HALLORAN.



C. H. WATEROUS.



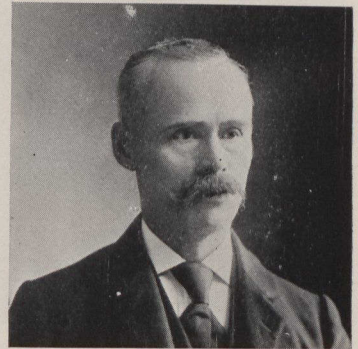
J. H. PRESTON, M.P.P.



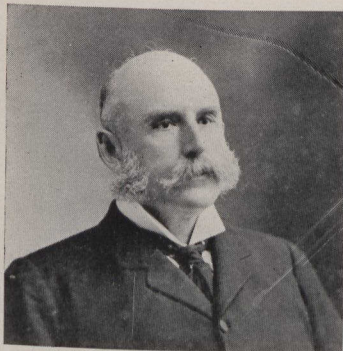
W. F. COCKSHUTT.



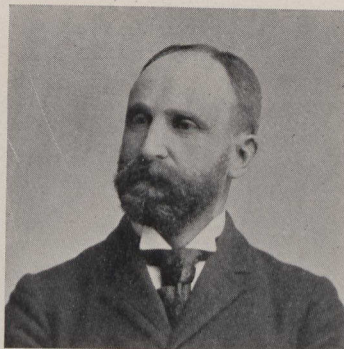
HARRY COCKSHUTT.



C. B. HEYD, M.P.



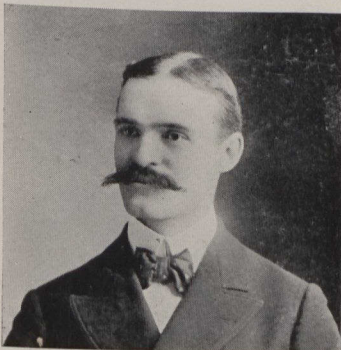
DR. DIGBY.



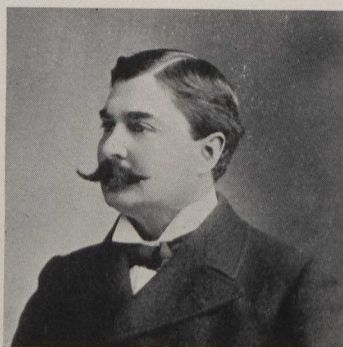
E. L. GOOLD.



JOHN MUIR.



LLOYD HARRIS.

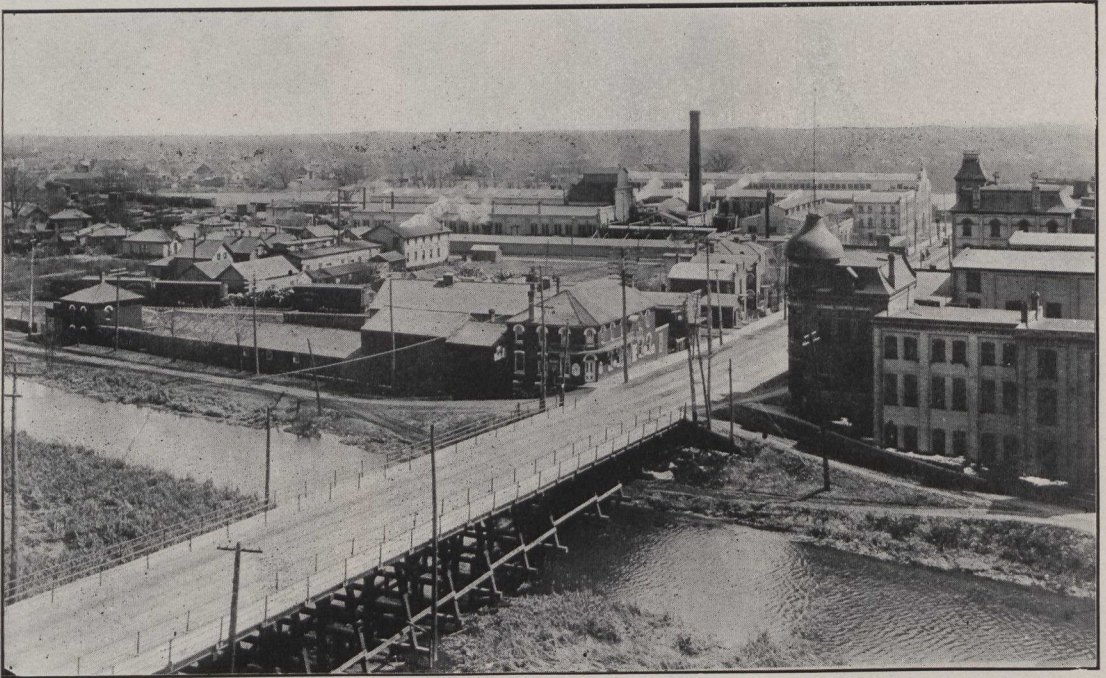


G. P. BUCK.



W. J. VERITY.

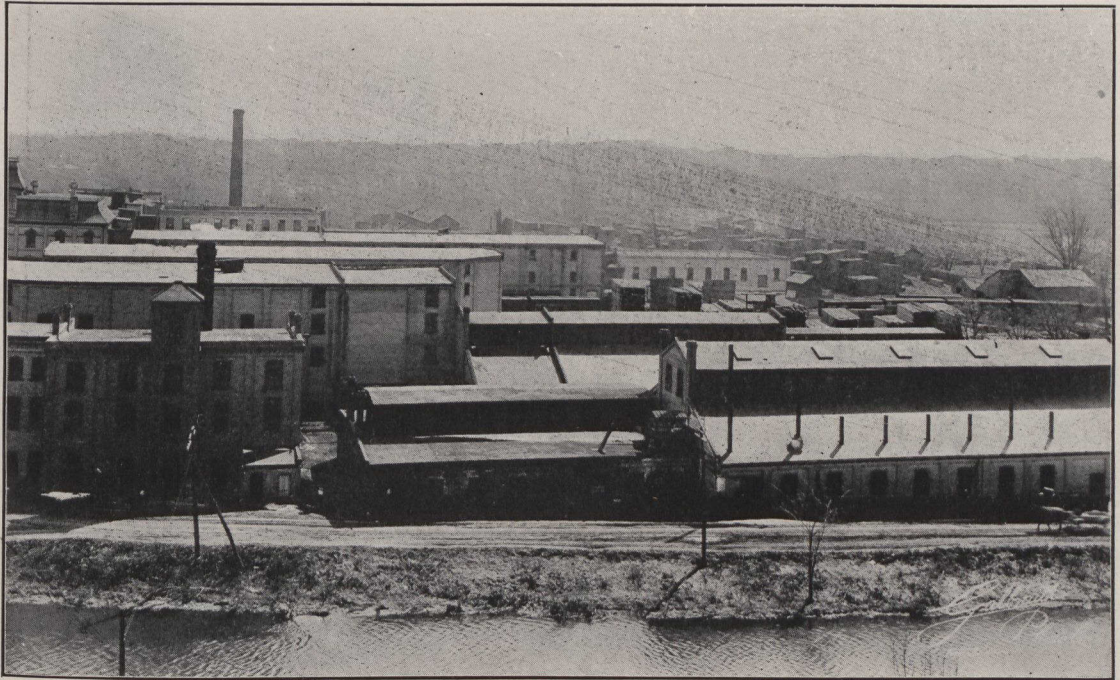
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF BRANTFORD



FACTORY DISTRICT—BRANTFORD.



COLBORNE STREET—BRANTFORD.



FACTORY DISTRICT—BRANTFORD.



EMPLOYEES LEAVING WATEROUS ENGINE CO. AND MASSEY-HARRIS CO.—BRANTFORD.



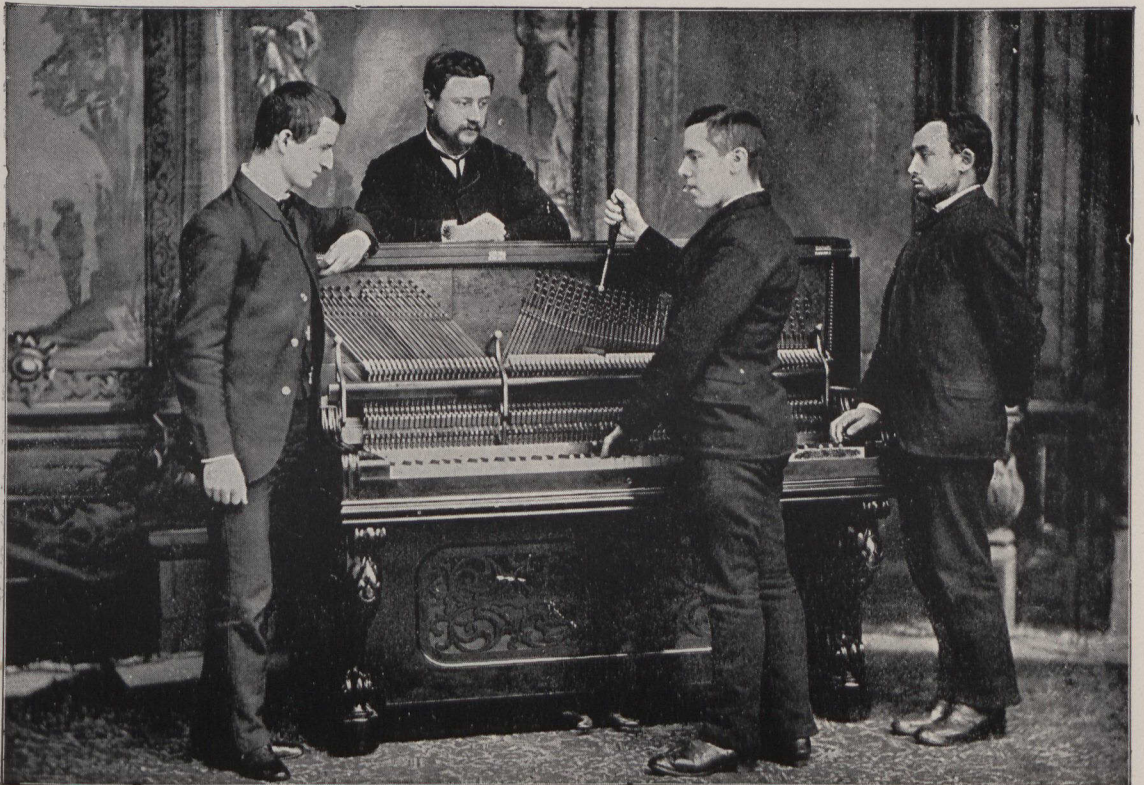
CENTRAL SCHOOL—BRANTFORD.



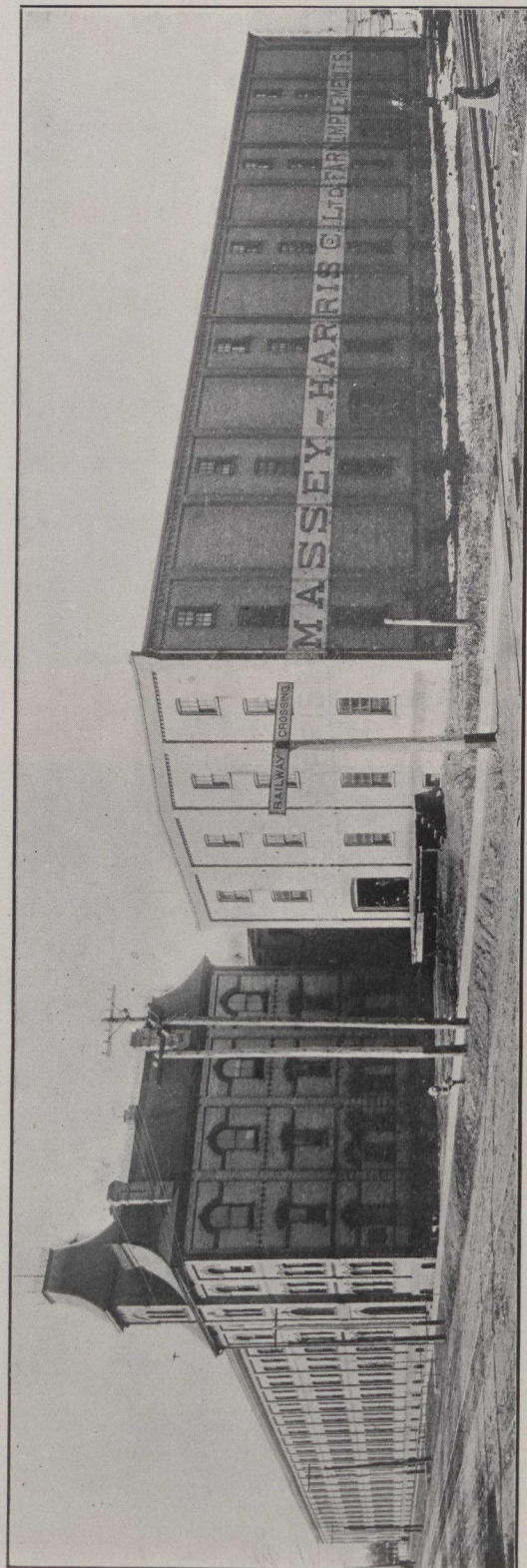
HOSPITAL—BRANTFORD.



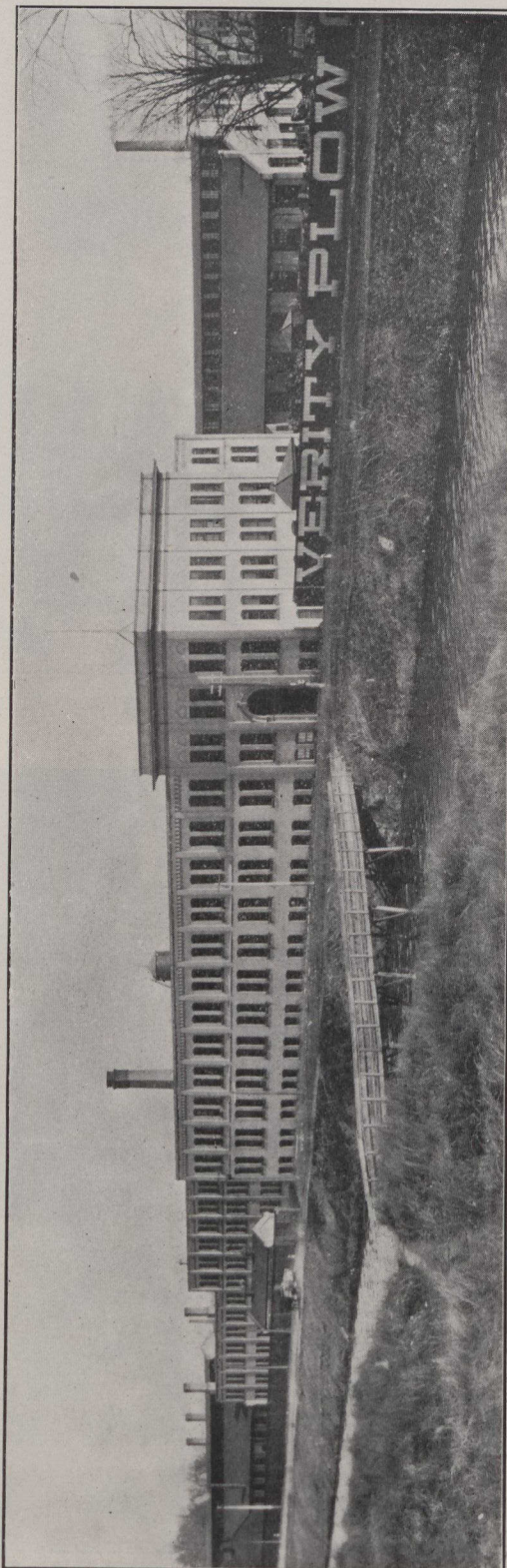
INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND—BRANTFORD.



PIANO TUNING CLASS, ONTARIO INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND—BRANTFORD.

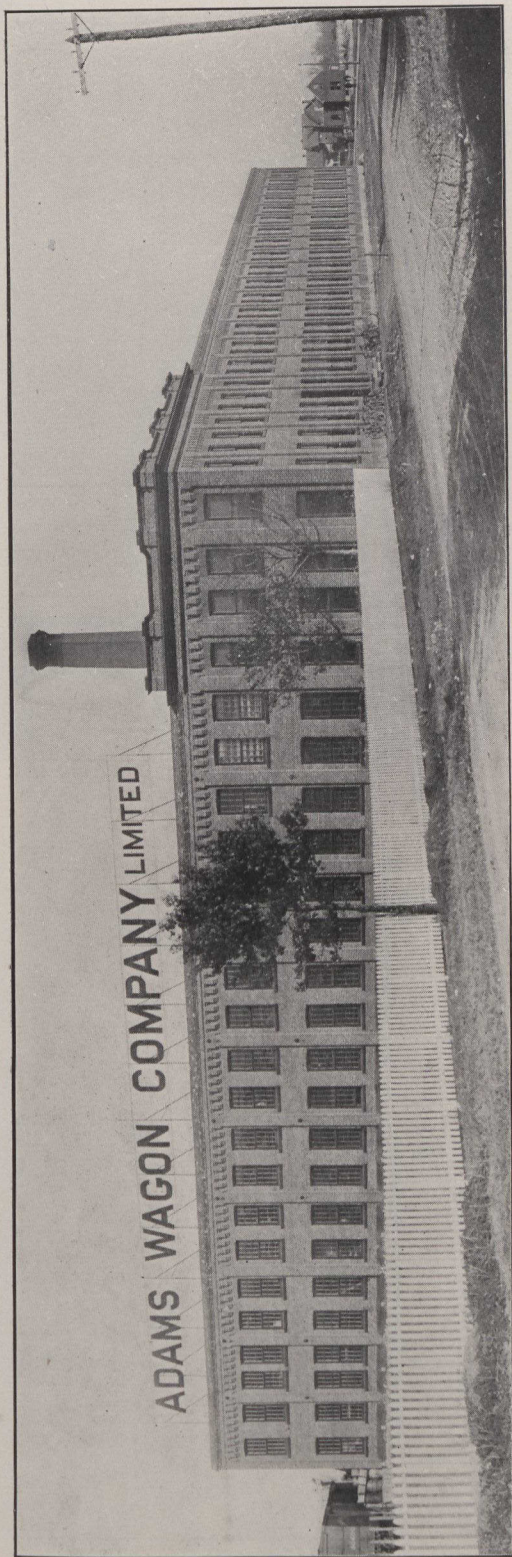


MASSEY-HARRIS CO.—BRANTFORD.

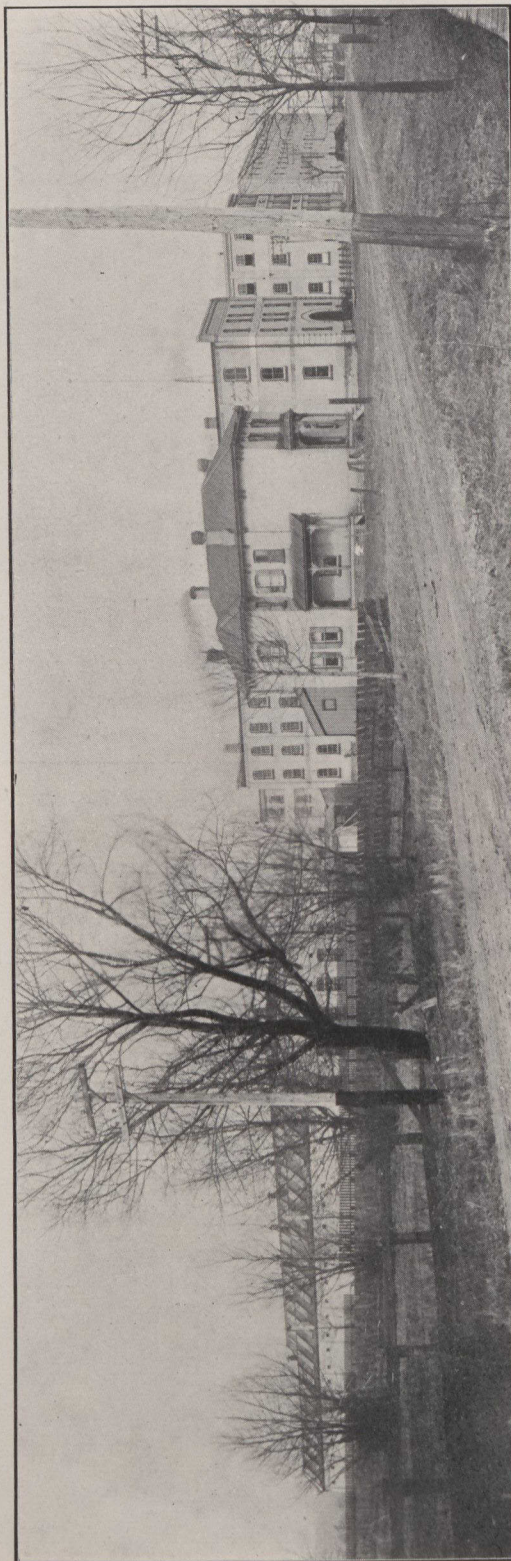


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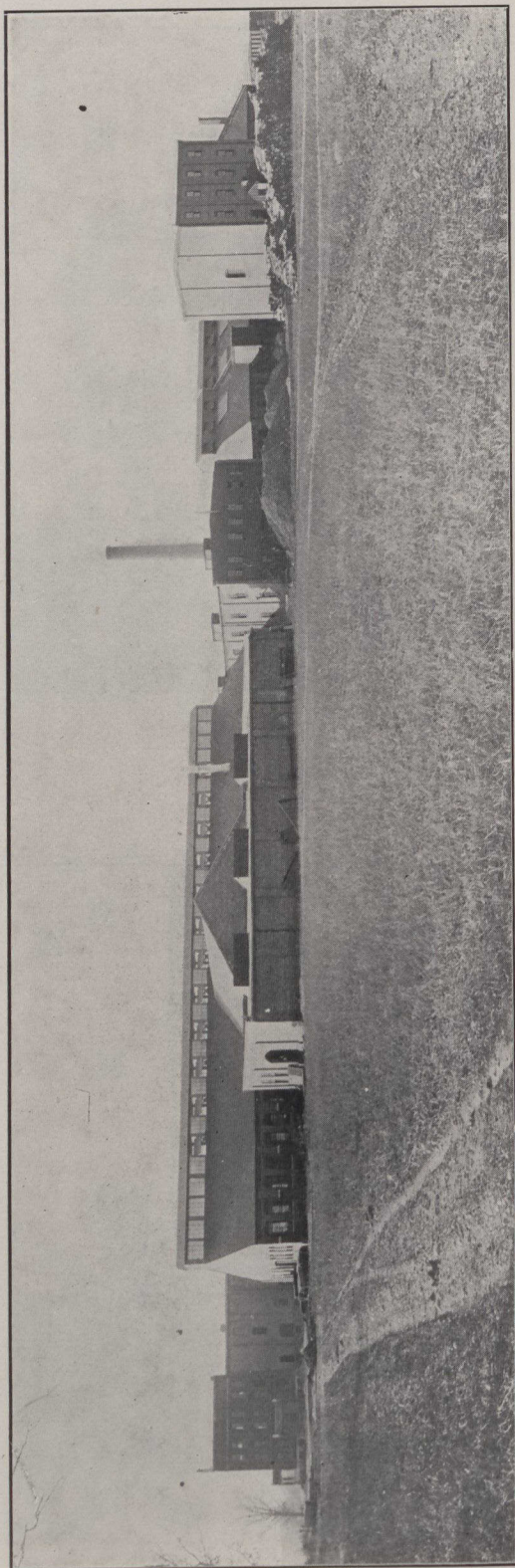
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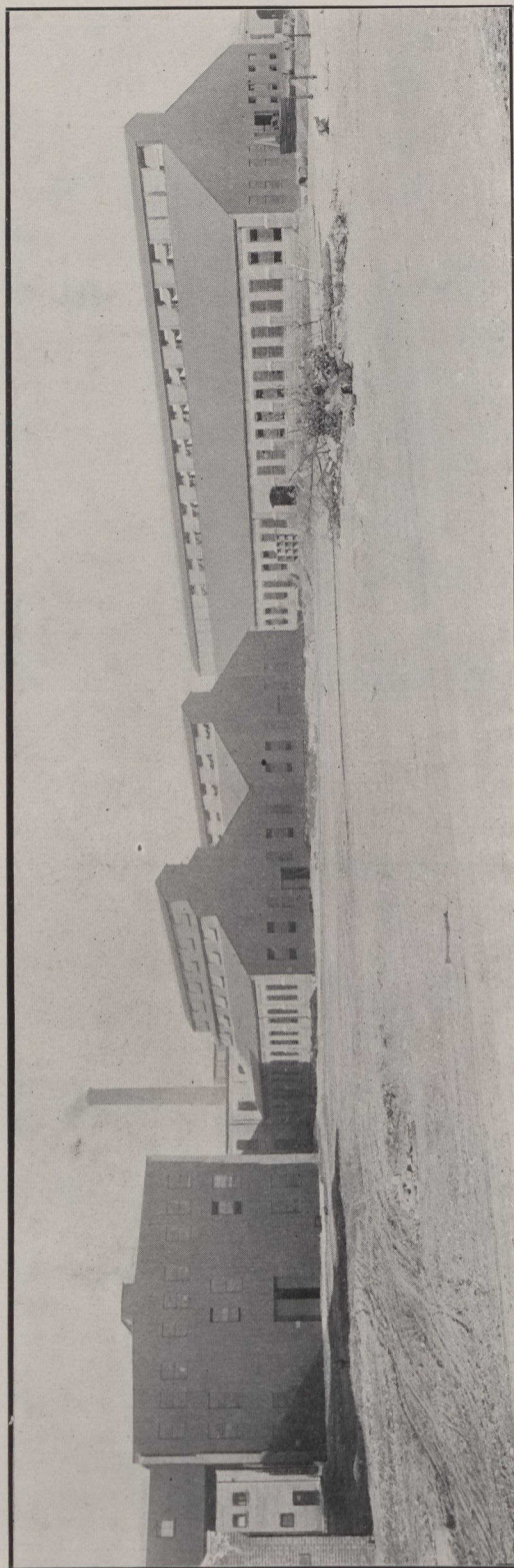
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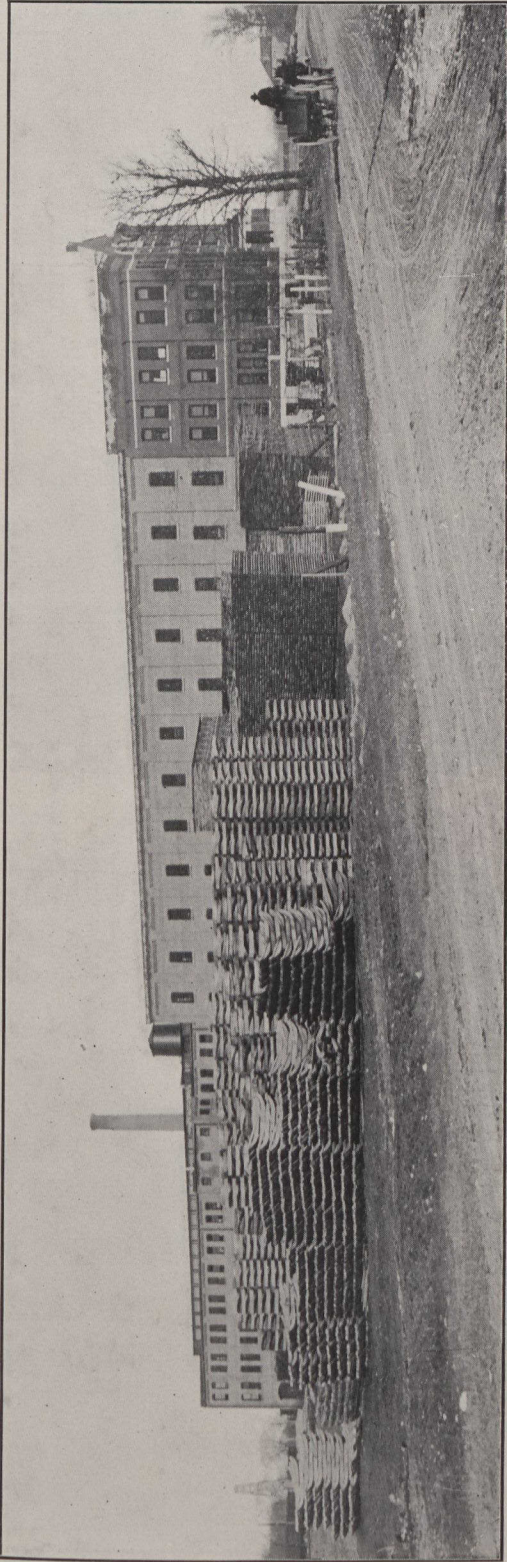
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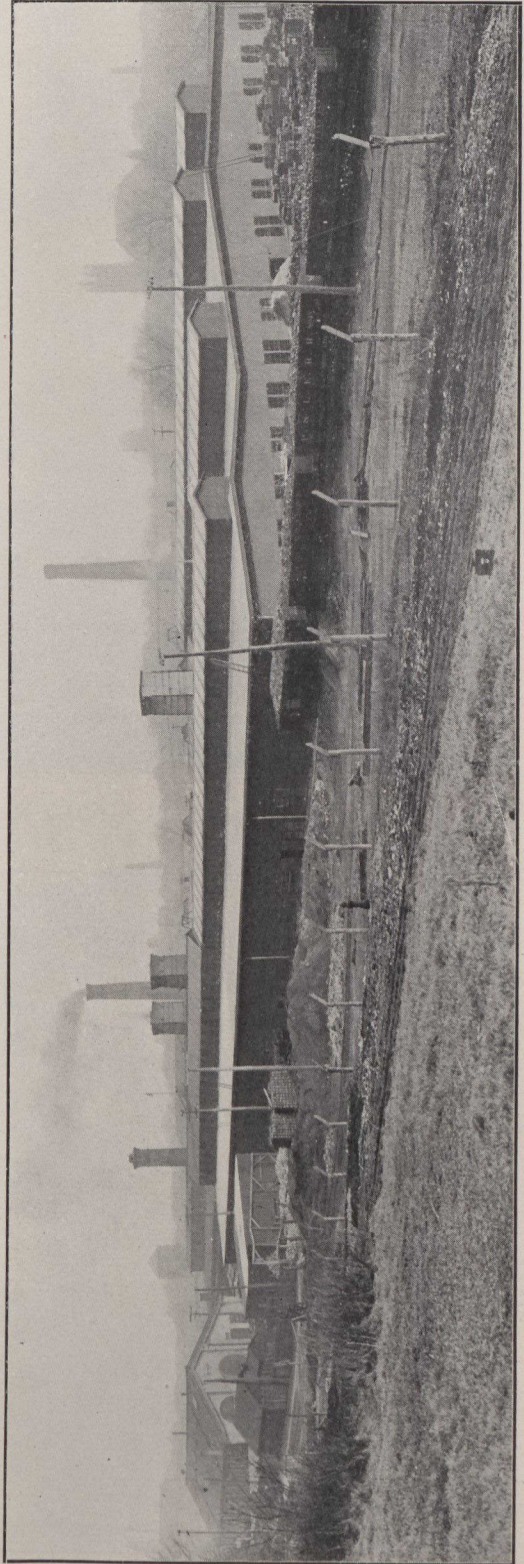
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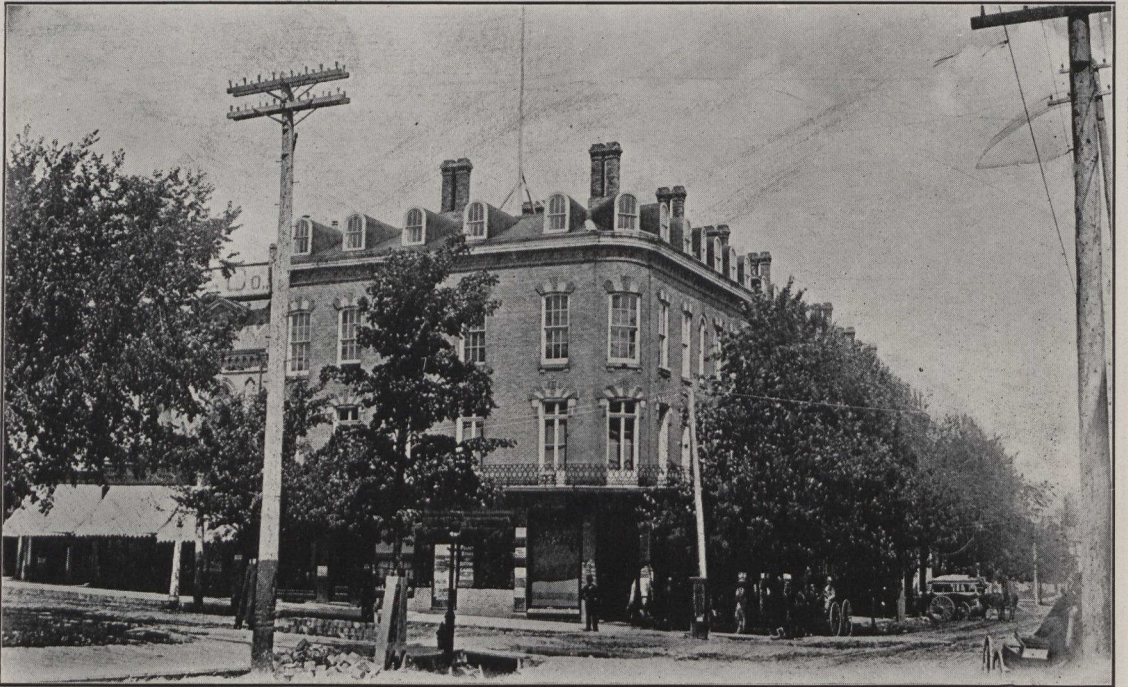


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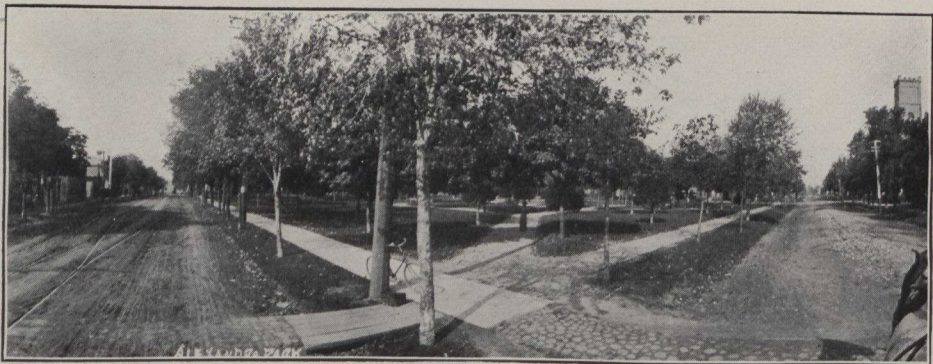
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# THE WOOING OF POTTS, B.A.

By HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE

MISS ANN saw him before he got into the yard, and she marched straight out to the kitchen, untied the big white bull-dog from the leg of the kitchen table, then marched straight back to the front door. He was a dapper little man, with side whiskers, and he was coming briskly up the path with a bundle of samples under his arm.

"You needn't be comin' in here," cried Miss Ann, shrilly. "I ain't a-wantin' nothin' to-day."

Potts, Book Agent, stopped short at sight of the bull-dog and the queer, thin little woman in the blue sunbonnet and checkered apron. Most decidedly it was the ugliest bull-dog he had ever seen, and most politely he doffed his hat and bowed.

"It's a fine day, ma'am," he began.

"Well, I ain't a-sayin' 'tain't, be I?"

"Pardon me, ma'am—a—no, of course not. I won't take a moment of your time, ma'am, but I have here—"

"I ain't a-wantin' nothin' to-day," cried Miss Ann, a little louder than before.

"Jus' so, ma'am, jus' so. It's a book I'd like you to look at before I go—a—interesting, instructive, and inspiring, bound in half morocco, half-tone illustrations, snow-white paper, large clear type—'Story of the Boer War,' and all the—"

"I ain't a-wantin' nothin' to-day, ain't I a-tellin' you?"

"A—any china-glue, furniture polish, pins, needles, thread, yarn—?"

Miss Ann's lips came together in a straight line, and her whole face bulged with indignation as she fumbled at the knot on the dog's collar. The little agent was by this time backing and bowing gatewards, and no sooner was the dog loose than he faced about and ran for his life.

"Sic'm! Prinney, sic'm! Put'm out, that's a good dog! He! he! he!"

Over the gate went the samples and after

them the dapper little man with a reckless abandon that might have won applause in a circus ring.

"He! he! he!" Then the door slammed.

Potts, Book Agent, swore softly to himself and pulled his whiskers as he went down the hill into the village. His pride was hurt, for, though Potts had a habit, on occasion, of running himself down, he was a living exponent of the fact that self-depreciation is but the most flagrant form of conceit. Just to think of being chased out of a yard by an old woman who would not know the difference between a brief and an affidavit!

He had studied law in his younger days, Potts had, but there was no money in it for him. He had figured in only one criminal case and the fellow had sworn to kill him when he got out; Potts quit after that and drifted about doing things. He had nothing when he started, had made nothing in the passing of the years, and had nothing now, so that he considered he had held his own pretty well. Such a knock-about, grab-what-you-can sort of life was scarcely conducive to the development of the higher ethical standards, and when Potts got angry he was never bothered with scruples.

That was why he listened so attentively to all the stories he heard in the village about the queerness and fabulous wealth of Miss Ann C. F. Henny, mistress of the big house with the wall around it up on the hill. That was why, also, he took a walk in the meadows that evening and smoked seven pipes of tobacco.

If Potts had not started back to his lodgings by way of the river bank; if Miss Henny had not happened to be down in the lower pasture looking for her cow; if the said cow had not got out of the pasture and crossed the river; if Potts had not manfully waded over and brought the cow back—if all this had not happened, Potts, Book Agent,

might have smoked his pipe to no purpose and the mistress of the river property would have had no occasion for being grateful. But all this did happen, and Miss Henny was grateful. So grateful was she and, in fact, such a revulsion of feeling did she experience, and so polite was the little agent withal that she invited him to call, which so delighted him that she set the visit definitely for the following evening.

Potts chuckled all the way to the village, and when he got there sent a letter to a friend of his in the city.

"Up against a cinch for fair, Skinny, old boy," he wrote. "There's a couple thousand in it if we work it right; old woman's a plum, dead easy. Be sure you dig up those papers. Chuck everything and get here right away quick. Tra-la. Potts."

Now, Miss Ann was an unclaimed blessing of forty-five plus, with a great respect for married men. Ever since her sister, Elizabeth E., had married the minister and left her to live alone in the big house with the white bull-dog and a two-barrelled gun which had never been loaded, she had felt inexpressibly lonely. But then, nobody knew that, and nobody would have cared if they had known it; people laughed at her.

It was this state of affairs that made her so susceptible to the friendly overtures of the little agent, and she was sorry now that she had set the dog on him. He was only trying to make an honest living after all, and Miss Ann's own life had been too full of hard bumps to drive from her heart all sympathy with the struggles of others. It was much better to sell things from door to door than to steal at any rate, and Miss Ann made up her mind to buy his book when he called this time.

Potts had finished his third glass of raspberry vinegar and was munching at his fourth cookie.

"Yes, ma'am, you're right there; it is a free life, in fact, I would not be making an erroneous statement were I to say it's a very free life. Here one day; somewhere else the next day; always meeting new people and—a—dogs, ma'am."

"Ah, sir, you bean't a-holdin' no bad feelin's, be you?"

"Tah! not a bit of it, ma'am, not at all. It's all in the business, you know, quite all in the business, I assure you."

"As I was sayin' to myself jest afore you knocked: 'Ann C. F. Henny,' says I, 'he's tryin' to make his livin' honest, an' you ought to be 'shamed to hev' gone an' done it.'"

The agent's comfortable smile smoothed away into gravity, and he leaned forward earnestly as he spoke.

"My dear Miss Henny, you cannot imagine how it grieves me to hear you thus accusing yourself. What if I was surprised when you set Prinney to chase me out? What if I was even dumbfounded at the injustice of it? We'll say nothing about that. I merely said to myself: 'She has been worried and pestered of late by agents unworthy of her patronage and she does not know that I—Ah madam!'"

His voice suddenly broke, and he bowed his face in his hands. Miss Ann gasped:

"Fer the land's sakes!"

"I—beg your pardon, Miss Henny," said Potts, slowly wiping his eyes. "It's my nerves, and sometimes when I think of my poor brother—" His voice faltered again. Miss Ann's wrinkled face softened and she nodded her head in sympathy.

"When did he die, sir?"

Potts looked up. "He didn't die at all, ma'am. Alas! it might have been better if he had. Poor old Thomas!"

"Land! sir, was his name Thomas? Why I once had a brother an' his name was Thomas. He died."

"O—h," nodded Potts in his turn. "That is something we all must do, Miss Henny, and as my old Sunday-school teacher used to say, we can never tell the day or the hour. We thought my brother was on his last legs when they came to take him away to prison."

Miss Ann sat up in her chair with a jerk, her thin, sharp face stiff with horror.

"Nay, nay, ma'am," hastened Potts, "you will not misjudge him when I tell you that he had worked himself ill in trying to pay off a debt of honor. His partner in business, Miss Henny, had run the firm into bankruptcy and absconded with several thou-

sand dollars of trust moneys. My brother was not to blame, but he undertook to pay everything if they would only give him time—if they would only give him time," repeated Potts, gazing sadly at a spot on the carpet.

"That was jest real nice o' him, wasn't it," said Miss Ann, reassured that she was not sitting in the presence of the brother of a criminal.

"He worked and slaved, Miss Henny, as never man worked and slaved before. He and his family gave up the pretty little home where they had been so happy and contented, and went to live in a hovel. His wife, poor thing, took in washing, and even little Annie, who was not more than eight years old, trudged about selling odds and ends. Then Thomas took sick with the gripe," said Potts.

"Poor man," murmured Miss Henny.

"Can I ever forget the day the officers came to take him off?" continued Potts, in a burst of tragic eloquence. "Can I ever forget the dumb anguish of the wife, or the little girl, the tears streaming down her pale baby face, beseeching them not to take her papa to jail? Ah, ma'am, it was a sad, sad day!"

"Land o' Goshen! You bean't a-goin' to tell me they took 'im?" cried Miss Ann, leaning forward eagerly.

Potts sniffed sorrowfully and wagged his head in melancholly emphasis.

"There is no mercy in this cold-hearted world, Miss Henny. I threatened, I pleaded, I did everything, but to no purpose. I was studying for the law at the time and my means were limited, but I did what I could; it was not enough. They took him." Potts stopped here for a gulp or two.

"They took 'im," said Miss Henny, in an awed whisper.

"They took him," went on Potts. "My duty lay clear before me, and I gave up my legal aspirations, resigned all my manhood's ambitions, turned my back on the brilliant career before me, and started out to earn what I might selling books, for I had made a vow to my brother not to rest till I had paid off every cent of his debt of honor. That is why, dear madam, you see me in my

present occupation. That is why—. There now, I should not have told you all this; my tongue has run away with me as usual, but it is so seldom one meets with a real friend—" He smiled sadly and looked up to find his listener gazing at him in admiration that was shining through her tears.

"Jest to think! Jest to think I sic'd the dog on *you!*" Potts made a great sweep of his arm in deprecation. "Ef I ever marry a man, Mr. Potts, it'll be a man like you, Mr. Potts." Potts started violently. "As I al'ays used to say to Lib—that's my sister as married the minister—as I al'ays used to say to Lib: 'Lib,' says I, 'there's them as says all men is liars, but don't you go fer to set store by that. There's honest men,' says I, an' men as'd give the shirt off their back to their brother,' says I. An' there is," concluded Miss Ann, triumphantly.

"And there is," echoed Potts, softly.

"An' them's the kind a body should help," said Miss Ann. "How much o' that there debt is there left?"

The directness of the question staggered Potts.

"A—er—two thousand dollars," said he, hastily. "Yes, that's it, two thousand dollars, Miss Henny."

Miss Ann thoughtfully scratched the point of her chin.

"You see, Miss Henny, it's all owed to one man, J. Pierpont Skinner, an' he says he won't let my brother out till he gets the money and—and he holds a note against poor Thomas and—a—when I saw 'im get off the train here this afternoon, I could hardly keep from running up and choking him!" finished Potts, fiercely.

"Where? Here? Now?" Miss Ann jumped to her feet in excitement. "Go an' get 'im!" she cried. "Go an' get 'im, an' we'll get that there note."

Tears of gratitude were in the agent's eyes as he said good-night. "I'll bring him up to-morrow," said he.

Long after everybody else was asleep, Potts was still sitting on the hotel veranda, his arm-chair comfortably tilted back against the wall. He was smoking his pipe again.

The loungers about the station platform the following afternoon had something more

than the arrival of the mail to interest them; a tall, lanky individual in a red vest stepped off the train.

"All aboard for the Daly House!" yelled the driver of the democrat at the end of the platform, with a keen eye for business. The stranger climbed into the rig, and ten minutes later was bending over the hotel register.

"Mr. Potts, sir? Gone out, sir," said the clerk. "Been out since mornin'. No, didn't say when he'd be back. No, didn't say where he was goin'. No, didn't leave no message."

It was almost night-fall when Potts put in an appearance.

"Why, hello there, Skin!"

J. Pierpont Skinner stretched his legs a little farther across the veranda, but was much too comfortable to bother moving as Potts came quickly down the board walk.

"When'd you get here?"

"'Way next May," drawled J. Pierpont, sarcastically. "Where the Sam Hill you been keeping yourself?" he growled.

One of Potts' small eyes went out in a knot of wrinkles, and one side of Potts' wide mouth lifted expressively to assist the wink. Then he burst out into a laugh; he was feeling particularly well pleased with himself, was Potts. He had done a good day's work that afternoon.

"Come on in and have something," he cried, slapping the other on the shoulder, "and then we'll take a little stroll. Fine night for a stroll, Skinny, old boy, in fact a very fine night for a stroll, e—h Skin? Huh! Huh! Huh! Huh!"

Skinner unwound his long legs and followed into the bar. Not long afterward they were both sitting on the river bank.

"Well?" J. Pierpont was dropping pebbles into the water.

"Now just hold your horses for a minute," cried Potts, boisterously. "Skin, you're the most impatient duffer—"

"Aw cut it, Pottsy. If you'd quit a big deal in the city to come down here and hang about a forsaken burg like this for a whole bloomin' afternoon—"

"You oughtn't 've done it then, Skin."

"What?"

"I say you oughtn't 've done it. Why didn't you wire you had something on and couldn't come?"

"Didn't you tell me to chuck everything? Then, what the—"

"Now, I want you to understand 'fore we go any farther," said Potts, wetting his lips, "this is *my* graft. It was my graft in the first place, it's my graft now, and it's going to be my graft in the future—my graft entirely," said Potts, with a gesture of supreme satisfaction.

J. Pierpont stopped dropping pebbles into the water.

"Say! look here, Pottsy, what're you tryin' to get through you, anyway?"

"Well, just this, there's nothin' doing."

"*What?*"

"Nothin' doing," repeated Potts, smiling affably. "You can go home just as soon as you like, Skin."

"WHAT?"

"Sorry, Skin, but you know—a—what is it and what is not is not," said Potts, serenely.

J. Pierpont's gaze drifted away into the sunset colorings in the west as he absorbed this bit of ambiguous philosophy. His eyelids narrowed ever so little and the shadow of a smile flickered across his thin lips and was gone.

"Pottsy, you *are* a bird and no mistake," he began. "In all the time I've knowed you this is the first time I've knowed you to fall down on a job like this—old woman, too. Oh, Pottsy, Pottsy!" He turned from the sunset and shook his head in sorrowful contemplation.

Potts pulled his whiskers. If there was anything he could not stand it was this tone of opprobrious condescension; it was a nasty slur, and slurs hurt when one did not make them oneself.

"Shut up!" he said, coldly. "Think I'm a fool?"

"Old woman, too! Oh, Pottsy, Pottsy!" said J. Pierpont, in sad reiteration.

"I tell you—!"

"Why, I'll bet she chased you out of the house with a broomstick," taunted Skinner. "I'll bet you didn't say three words of your tale of woe before she—"

"Didn't I?" interrupted Potts, excitedly. "Didn't I, though?" That's all you know about it, then." Another of those shadowy smiles flickered off at the corners of the thin lips. "Tain't that, Skin," continued Potts, dropping into a conciliatory tone, "tain't that. You see, things 've gone a little different to what I was thinking, and—a—well, fact is, I'm going to marry the old woman."

If Potts had said he had swallowed an elephant for supper and was going to eat another one before bed-time, J. Pierpont would not have stared half so hard. Potts nerved himself for a terrific explosion of mirth, but Skinner was as grave as a judge.

"You're sure you've given this your most serious consideration—quite sure you're not making a mistake?"

"Quite," said Potts.

"Nice home?" Skinner asked, with a far-away look in his eyes.

"Nice home," said Potts.

"You'll be very rich?"

"Very rich," murmured Potts, contentedly.

Skinner reached over and shook hands, and then they went back to the hotel and had a drink, and after that they had more drinks.

J. Pierpont was up bright and early in the morning, went out for a walk, and got back just before Potts had finished sleeping off the effects of the previous evening. They walked arm-in-arm to the station after dinner.

"Awfully sorry, old man," Potts said, as they paced the platform. "I hope your deal in town'll not be affected by this little jaunt down here, and of course you understand, Skin, I didn't know how things were going to turn when I sent for you."

"I understand, Pottsy."

"A—here's the price of your fare down and back, Skin, and a trifle over to pay for your time. It's only twenty-five bucks, I know, but it's every cent I've got on me. Now, that's all right, don't you go thanking me; I don't want you to think I'm trying to 'Jew' you out of anything, that's all. It was my graft all along—you quite see it was my graft, don't you?"

"Cert'nly, Pottsy, cert'nly," said J. Pier-

pont, heartily. "I was a little sore at first, of course, but, as you said, what is is and what is not is not." He stuffed the money in his vest with a broad smile of satisfaction.

"And when we're nicely settled, Skin, old boy," said Potts, cordially, as the other swung aboard the train, "you must come down and visit us and we'll have a high old time. You'll come, won't you?"

"Mebbe I will," said J. Pierpont. Then the train pulled out and a moment later disappeared around a curve up the track.

Never before had Potts felt so proud of himself; never before had he managed things so well. He had expected a row with Skinner, but he had got rid of him in fine style. He had done some hard thinking on the hotel veranda after his interview with Miss Ann. She had said if she ever married a man it would be a man like Potts. Well, why shouldn't he marry her and become proprietor of acres of valuable property, several thousands in the bank, and a home into the bargain? No reason in the world. The old woman would die before long and then everything would be lovely. So Potts, Book Agent, had gone a-wooing, and Potts, of course, had won. He fairly strutted as he went up the hill in the evening to see his sweetheart.

About Miss Ann's manner as she opened the door there was an air of mystery that did not escape him; and when she presently trotted over to the sideboard, took a paper out of a drawer, and stood in front of him smiling and holding it behind her back, he was puzzled.

"Jest open your hand an' shet your eyes an' I'll give you somethin' to make you wise," she chirruped.

In grinning wonder Potts did as he was told, and the paper was placed in his hand. When his glance fell upon it he gave a sudden start and his face went white as a sheet.

"The note! The note!" cackled Miss Henny, in high glee. "Ain't it jest fine—two thousand dollars! An' I made *sech* a bargain! Mr. Skinner, he come here early this mornin' an' sed as he'd heerd I was a friend o' yours an' he'd give me the note fer one thousand dollars—one thousand, mind

you, jest half. He's sech a fine man, an' that polite! An' I knowed you'd be that surprised an' glad. He! he! An' now your brother an' his family. My land, though! seems like I must go loony when I think o' how your brother an' his family—Land o' Goshen!"

Potts yanked at his whiskers, and fumed and sputtered and stamped up and down the floor in his rage.

"Hang my brother and his family! D'you hear? *Ha—ng!* my brother and his family! You're a nice one, you are! You're a pretty one, I must say! Nice way you've gone and treated me, ain't it!" he cried savagely, running over and shaking his fist in front of her long nose. "You—you silly old skallywag, you!"

At the first outburst Miss Ann had collapsed into a rocker and her face had gone

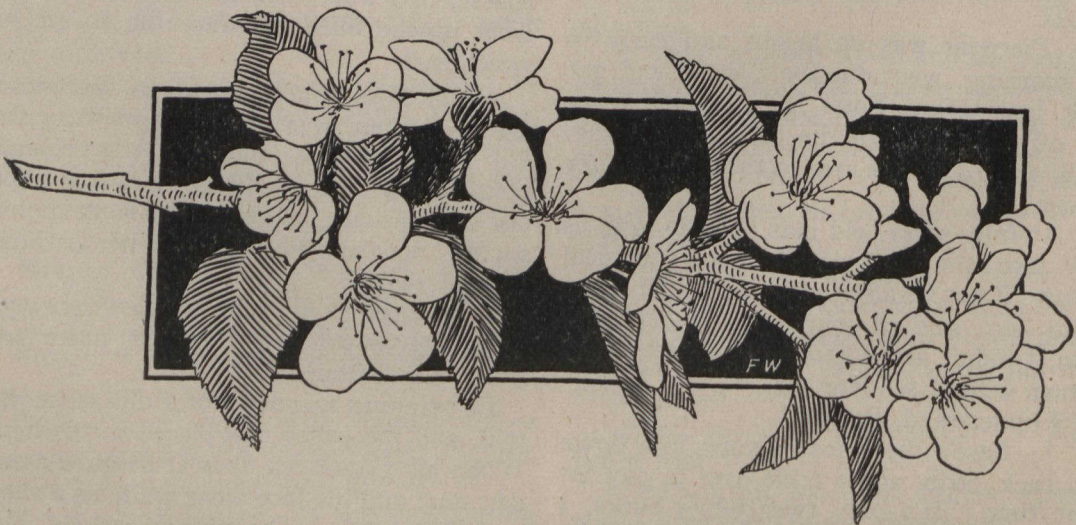
the color of old piano keys, but now spots of red burned in her cheeks and her eyes snapped dangerously. With a screech she bounded out of the rocker, wildly waving her arms about.

"You dare call me sech names in my own house, you good-fer-nothin' jackanapes! I'll learn you!" She chased him into a corner and made a grab for his whiskers.

"Ann! Ann! Oh, my dear Ann! Forgive me!" wailed Potts.

"Don't you be Annin' me, sir! I ain't a-goin' to be your dear Ann—marry a blackguard like you? Git out o' here 'fore I thump the life out o' you! Here Prinney, Prinney, Prinney!—Where under the sun's that there dog?—Here Prinney, Prinney, Prinney!"

"Lord!" panted Potts, as he leaned against the gate. "Oh Lord!"





# GLIMPSES OF GREAT EDITORS

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

IT seems an incongruity, almost, to speak of a great editor; it is an anomaly, certainly, to find an eminent one. For he is a mole-like fellow, is your modern magazine editor, working always in the dark, burrowing unseen in his search for talent, and cropping out only now and then in a foot-note or an announcement. The result is that the great, unthinking public is apt to forget him and the fact of his existence, accepting his offerings in as off-hand a manner as they would mushrooms from the lap of mother-earth herself, little dreaming of the potent and patient man who labors so strenuously behind the scenes.

And the editor, as a rule, does not object to this popular attitude. Publicity, in the refracted glare of which he has probably blinked for the past forty years or so, now holds out no charm to him, and he is content with an eminence that is essentially vicarious. What the editor does object to, however, is the false picture of him which tradition seemed to have stamped indelibly on the minds of a too thoughtless reading world. We all know him, that traditional editor. He is cynical, soured, and surly-looking, laboring in his shirt-sleeves beside his scissors and paste-pot, with a dab of printer's-ink on his nose, and a line of printer's devils at his heels. He is always endowed with a hair-trigger temper; he has a tendency to eject youthful poets by way of the elevator-shaft, and glories in frightening demure little pink-bonneted authoresses into going out of his sanctum backwards. And his desk always seems piled up with an untidy heap of manuscripts, which run over onto the floor and into the waste-paper basket, like a great pot of over-boiling rice. He is a discourager of literature in general, and he is never happier, apparently, than when rejecting manuscripts and when repelling contributors.

This is all very picturesque, but all very

false. For to-day the magazine editor is the Prime Minister in the kingdom of letters. And as such he is worthy of more studious notice and more judicious appreciation. It is he who originates our literary resuscitations; it is he who starts the ball of a belletristic renaissance amoving; it is he who creates historical revivals—such as the Napoleonic and the Poe movements—and causes his rivals to swing into line, while the back-wash of the movement itself ripples down through all the weekly and daily press and flurries the surface of half a hemisphere. He is the master of the works, who discourages and represses here, and encourages and abets there, who is both the disciple and the apostle of genius, whose duty it is to develop the young and the inexperienced, to have an eye on the deserving needy and impecunious, to wear a spur for the indolent, and to provide an opening for the ambitious. The audience he speaks to is all but unlimited; sometimes it is counted in tens of thousands; sometimes it is even a million. It may be said that he is moulded by the times; and yet it is as equally true that the times are moulded by him. If he keeps his finger on the pulse of the public, if he keeps his ear to the ground, he still keeps his eyes on the light that leads always onward and upward, remembering that he is the torch-bearer of culture and taste, the leader in things both artistic and literary.

The old happy-go-lucky, *laissez faire*, traditional shirt-sleeve editor is a type that no longer exists, at least not in metropolitan journalism. Orderliness, routine, system, that is the cry of the day. One has only to glance down into the stately press-rooms of the *New York Herald*—to say nothing of their luxuriously-fitted offices—to realize that disorder and squalor are no longer the hand-maidens of journalistic success. Believe it or not, but in the *New York Evening Post's* offices you may not to-day so

much as smoke a cigarette without ejection, prompt and relentless.

So in this talk about a few great editors I have met with, I put the editors of the *Century Magazine* first, for a two-fold reason. My first reason for doing this is the fact that the *Century*, above and before all others, must be reckoned as one of the world's great magazines. It, above all others, has clung with undeviating editorial rectitude to all that is best in literature and art. With it there had been no fawning and no pandering to the fashion of the moment. At a time when editors, like financiers, have caught the trick of "watering their stock," the *Century*, it seems to me, has done more than any other magazine to give what is wholly and purely good. It's tone has always been moral; its attitude has always been dignified. It has made no concessions—like an only too well known rival—to the mental mediocrity of the "Matinee Girl," that product of our century, abominable in everything but the attractiveness of her gowns and the innocence of her mind. It has not—like still another rival—allowed the commercial element to creep from its counting-house up into its editorial room and dilute what was once an excellent page of contents into an index of feminized and flaccid pleasantries. The *Century* may not have made phenomenal strides in its circulation through this policy, they may not count their readers by the hundreds of thousands, but I imagine the consciousness of editing the best magazine in America must be a very soothing thing to go to bed with, a very pleasant thought to go to sleep on!

Poets are not popularly believed to be successful men of affairs. Moonlight, lisp-ing waters, moods and dreams, these are the things you at once associate with the poet, not contracts and cheques, telephones and stenographers. Yet the *Century Magazine* is conducted by two poets. One, the managing editor, is Richard Watson Gilder, who wrote the lines which adorned the World's Fair Buildings; the other, the associate editor, is Robert Underwood Johnson, who induced General Grant to write his now famous enough "Memoirs."

The *Century* building is on the north side

of Union Square, overlooking the trees and green spaces of the little park, between the rumble of Fourth Avenue, the rattle and roar of Broadway, and the clangor and crowd of Fourteenth Street. The offices of the magazine are on the third floor, and when you step out of the spacious elevator you find yourself in the possession of a very comely young lady, who inquires whom you would like to see. Then you are passed on to another young lady, equally quiet and dignified, and you begin to feel that perhaps you have made a mistake and are invading the domestic circle of some expatriate oriental nabob, for these silent young ladies you see everywhere, and you are, besides, walking on rug-covered floors of polished wood, and passing under portiere-hung entrances, between walls adorned with many paintings and busts. It is not until the familiar click of half a dozen typewriters falls reassuringly on your ear, that you feel at home once more. For everything about the home of the *Century* is quiet and austere and elegant; disturbingly so, indeed, and even when, at last, you stand face to face with the editors themselves, you see they are very different from the editor as you have before known him. About the two editors of the *Century*, as about their offices, you find a calm that is almost academic—though this, perhaps, is not unnatural, seeing that both editors are men of many degrees, and at the same time men of a courtliness that is most unlooked for, and of a deliberate kindness that is uncalled for—at least in the rush and bustle of New York journalism.

Mr. Gilder might almost be called a small man. He has a pale, clear-cut, nervous and rather worried-looking face. His manner is eminently gentle, but out of the dark-colored aquiline eyes shines a spirit of determination that crops to the surface now and then when the emergency demands it. You wonder at his scholar's stoop, until you realize that he has written well on to a dozen different volumes, outside of his editorial work, which has been both exacting and devious. Yet, although now on the eve of his sixtieth year, Mr. Gilder is by no means an old man. He is an enthusiastic advocate

of golf, and enjoys and has enjoyed the cordial friendship of many of America's most eminent men and women. When Grover Cleveland wants a particularly genial companion for one of his fishing jaunts he invariably calls on the managing editor of the *Century*. Mr. Gilder, I might add, is interested in tenement house reform, is president of the Public Art League, and was a member of the executive committee of the Civil Reform Association, to say nothing of being actively interested in the New York Kindergarten Association. On the whole, you will look far before finding a more wonderfully active man; as admirable as a citizen as he is excellent as an editor and accomplished as a poet.

The associate editor of the *Century*, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, is a tall, studious-looking, sparely-built man, with the eye of the poet and the stoop of the scholar. He has also his full share of the 'Century charm of manner; he also is always interested in his contributors, always ready with encouragement and advice, always kindly, if sometimes severe. He is perhaps best known for his monumental work in connection with the Civil War Series which the Century Company published some time ago—it was, indeed, while first engaged with this work that he prevailed upon General Grant to issue his memoirs. But Mr. Johnson is worthy of notice for one other great thing suggested and accomplished, and that was originating and putting on foot the movement which culminated in the creation of the Yosemite National Park. For his services in the cause of international copyright, too, when secretary of The American Copyright League, he received an honorary degree from Yale, the decoration of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor from France, and that of Cavaliere of the Crown of Italy as well. The three volumes of verse which he has written show a fineness of touch and a vigor of thought that makes one all but lament the fact that so much of Mr. Johnson's time and energy should be expended as a literary middleman, and not as a producer. Mr. Buell, the assistant editor of the *Century*, collaborated with Mr. Johnson in the

production of the Century Company's Civil War Series.

The editor of *Harper's Magazine* wields his blue pencil in precisely the same spot where reigned his predecessors before the middle of the last century. But the seeking out of the editor of this magazine is very like Blondin's search for King Richard. That huge and now, perhaps, slightly obsolete-looking building bearing the familiar sign "Harper & Brothers" stands on Franklin Square, not far below Brooklyn Bridge, in the heart of the oldest quarter of New York City. The general upward trend of the publishing houses has left "The Harpers" in apparent forlorn isolation at the tail end of Manhattan Island, though I must confess that reasons more substantial than sentimental have been given for their clinging to their commodious and comfortable enough old home.

As you go up the broad stairs entering the historic old building on Pearl Street, you are tempted to pause on your way and soliloquize on the many famous men who have climbed those same steps. You remember that the list must include all the great lights of the last century, and you will sigh a little, perhaps, over the changes of ruthless Time. And feeling you are walking on hallowed ground, you step up into the huge rotunda, widely circled by its bold sweep of desks and busy sub-editors and agents and stenographers, and ask an altogether irreverent office-boy if it would be possible to see Mr. Alden, the editor of the *Magazine*, and you must be careful to state just which editor and which magazine, for since the absorption of *The North American Review*, of *The Metropolitan*, of *Golf*, and of others that are being absorbed, in all probability even as I write, that one rambling roof shelters a very colony of managing editors and their publications.

It is at this point that your pilgrimage begins. It's very like mountain climbing and a day at the Eden Musee Maze rolled into one. "Harpers & Brothers" evidently appreciate this fact, for they always keep a staff of small guides on hand in the rotunda—agile youths, but not with alpen-stocks—who lead you through a devious line of

fenced-off offices and partitioned-off sanctums, out through two iron-plated doorways, across a sort of open-air steel draw-bridge, up a mediæval-looking winding stairway to the top of a little turret, down a dark hall, through another heavy door, then still one more. Once there, your guide deposits you safely in the hands of a second office-boy, who takes your card and gives you a chair, and disappears into a shabby, wooden-partitioned little cubby-hole. And this grimy, cramped, dusty-looking cubby-hole in the south-east corner of that particular floor is worthy of especial notice. It looks very much like a rural ice-cream parlor sadly in need of a house-cleaning. Yet in that little cubby-hole sits and reigns Henry Mills Alden, the veteran editor of one of America's most successful and most ancient magazines.

The old pilot of that vast enterprise is a fine, big, rugged, wary, grizzle-bearded, Carlylean-looking man, almost three-score and ten years of age, himself a thinker and an author, as keenly in touch with every advance of modern science as he is with the latest whim of the literary world. As he sits back in his old chair, smoking cigars suspiciously yellow of hue, slow of speech, yet merry of eye, it is impossible not to realize the innate geniality and kindliness and simplicity of the man behind the reticence of the scholar and the aloofness of the official. In fact, all these great editors seem to have adopted the doctrine of a splendid simplicity. They have, of course, seen and known too many of the shams and pretensions of this life not to have their reserves of caution and cynicism at hand, until they have at least faced and tried "the enemy." But when once the field is clear, and "the enemy" is understood, there is a manly directness of dealing between editor and writer that is as refreshing as it is rare in circles which have any pretensions toward the artistic.

The last time business took me to Mr. Alden's little ice-cream parlor of an office, I was in a hurry, and felt put out about having to wait twenty long minutes before being admitted to the sanctum. What made it worse, from where I sat I could not avoid

seeing a rather tired-faced, short, stout-bodied old gentleman talking and laughing immoderately with the editor-in-chief. As he got up to go, he wheeled round to the window, and stood full in the light. Then I could see plainly enough it was William Dean Howells, very white of hair, very weary-looking, very worn and old compared to any of the portraits of him which we see published from time to time. But as I heard that hearty, genuine laugh, which betokened the Man to his very boots, I felt humble; and as I looked after the worn, white-haired old author as he walked slowly away—let me whisper it to you—I was not altogether unhappy even to sit in the same cane-bottomed chair where he had sat a minute before.

The offices of *Scribner's Magazine* take up the third floor of that admirably symmetrical and unostentatiously beautiful structure known as the Scribner Building, standing on what is fast becoming America's most remarkable and most handsome thoroughfare, Fifth Avenue, little more than a stone's throw from Madison Square Park. The offices themselves are airily commodious and luxuriously carpeted—another blow at the solar plexus of Tradition—and but for the busy and significant song of the many typewriters and the general business-like click with which the cogs of editorial industry here revolve, you might imagine you were on your way to an afternoon tea or a studio musicale.

The den of Mr. Edward L. Burlingame, the managing-editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, for all mere appearances would enlighten you, might just as well be the office of a railway president or a prime minister. This gentleman has been with the Scribners for almost a quarter of a century now, and to him is largely due the credit of making *Scribner's Magazine* one of the most popular, if not the most popular, of the better class of American magazines. Whenever I see this dark, straight-shouldered, brisk man, I cannot resist recalling Browning's lines from "Memorabilia":

"Ah, once did you see Shelley plain,  
And did he stop and speak to you?"

Only in this case it was not Shelley, but Stevenson. Anyone who has read Graham Balfour's admirable but somewhat priggish Life of "R. L. S.," will recall the meeting of these two men, Burlingame and Stevenson, when the latter was on his way from Bournemouth to Saranac Lake, in that forlorn and belated pilgrimage quest for health. That first meeting was little more than a business meeting, but for all time thereafter Robert Louis Stevenson and the Editor of *Scribner's Magazine* were friends; and who would not be willing and ready to bow down in all meekness to any one whom Stevenson in his time had once been drawn to and had once admired?

There have been many changes in the editorial offices of *McClure's Magazine*; and the past four years have seen no less than four different persons filling the editorial chair. But the one unpassing spirit which pervades that wonderful and vital young magazine is the spirit of Mr. Samuel Sidney McClure, or "S. S. McClure," to use the more familiar and accepted form. Although he has created and still manages a magazine that is characteristically and essentially American, Mr. McClure is an Irishman, hailing from the county of Antrim. And, being Irish, he does not lack that ready sympathy for all that is ruggedly sentimental, fresh, appealing to the heart, an impulsive and emotional temperament, which is Hibernian through and through. And perhaps in this partly lies the secret of the success of his magazine. Beyond this, too, he has a faculty for forestalling literary movements which amounts, as has been well said, to "editorial clairvoyance." And no magazine has "fathered" a greater number of young and promising writers than has *McClure's*.

There are many more well-known magazines and many more well-known editors; and I should like nothing better than to tell

of them each in turn. But I fear I have all but browsed to the end of my tether-rope, though, remembering the many eminent men of the editorial world whom I have not yet even mentioned, I am sorely tempted to linger and tell of the bewildering activity of Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, who, besides being an editor of "*The Bookman*," and a professor at Columbia, is also engaged in editing an encyclopedia, in contributing reviews to a New York newspaper, in writing special articles for two different magazines, and in bringing out a book or two of his own. I should like to tell about Earl Hooker Eaton, the young managing-editor of the American Press Association, the largest and wealthiest editorial syndicate in existence, which counts its readers, not by thousands, or tens of thousands, but by millions; and of R. K. Munkittrick, the whole-souled and ever affable editor of *Judge*, the most American of American humorous publications, yet edited, incongruously enough, by an Englishman—for such is Mr. Munkittrick. And one is tempted to dwell on *The Smart Set* and its novel methods, and the luxuriousness of its offices; on the migration of *Ainslee's* from the lower town to the dignity of a well-deserved Fifth Avenue office (which seems to be the ultimate reward of merit); and on that shrewd young Philadelphia editor, George Lorimer, of the *Evening Post*, whose "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," has brought him both sudden fame and sudden fortune. And there are strange things about magazines themselves and the queerness of their ways, and the mysteries of their inside operation, which it seems a hardship to be forced to repress. But, after all, perhaps the doctrine of silence is best, for the editor has it always in his power, both summarily and drastically, to punish any recreant contributor who betrays the secrets of the guild to the outsider. *Quod bene notandum!*

# SPRING DAYS IN CANADA

By E. M. GOSS

WHAT native-born Canadian has not felt the thrill of our glorious spring days when the woods are awakening from the intense stillness of winter? The wild and delicate spring wind, the dripping sound of waterfalls, the crash of



SKUNK CABBAGE.

Photo by A. S. Goss.

the ice in the river, the first call of the blue-bird and a flash of blue as a flock of them flutters across an open space in the valley, tinged with green where the snow has melted, or the exultant call of the song sparrow, perched on a wire by the railway track, which curves through wood and field and forms a road from which we can view their beauties.

Just now these woods show an endless variety of shades and colors, from the slim, white birch, hardly yet tinged with green, to the rich red of the dogwood and willows glowing in deepest yellow. Between them peep bushes of pussy-willows, their soft, grey catkins pushing out into the warm air, soft, grey shadows.

No, there is nothing like our beautiful, pulsating, throbbing Canadian spring, with its vivid contrasts: its first flower, called by a merciless public "Skunk Cabbage," rearing its delicate, purple spathes up through the ice and snow. We have snowshoed and skated all winter, have felt the steely exhilarations of a December moonlight and the dreariness of a January thaw, now, with a burst of song, spring greets us and unlocks its rivers and streams. Let us leave the murk of the city and return to our old-time haunts and mark the glorious resurrection which is taking place around us. We may not find anything new to add to the great store of nature knowledge, but may gain something, that will, in the telling, freshen up tired brains, weary of endless books, or fill tired hearts with the longing to know more of its wonder.

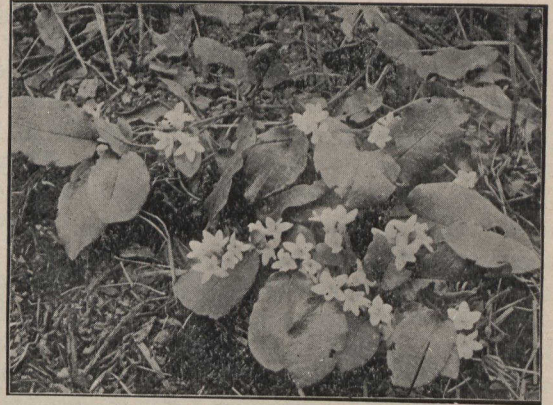
A few miles from the city there rises from the valley a crescent-shaped hill, facing the south, so that it gets the sun from morning till night. Here we always find our first Hepatica, wrapped in silver grey. They stir within us such a passion of worship for the Maker of the beautiful, as we brush aside the dead leaves, redolent of the moist, black earth, and uncover the furry-stemmed blos-



HEPATICA

Photo by A. S. Goss.

soms, delicately pure against the dead brown. They are part of the blue-bird's first tender call, and forever associated in our hearts with the first thrill of spring. The Hepatica is so typically Canadian, coming up when the snow yet lies in the valleys and the ground is so hard you would wonder how they ever pierced through it. The flowers are pink, white and blue, while in the hollows, where it is shady, they are a deep purple. They have a faint fragrance, holding the essence of spring, a suggestion



TRAILING ARBUTUS

Photo by A. S. Goss.

long, narrow, reddish-brown leaves and the stem with its tiny cluster of buds, appear first. In the sunlight these unfold their exquisite pink-veined petals. Later they are so numerous, that the bottom of the hill where they get the most sun, is covered with them. They are wide open in the sunshine but at nightfall, or when plucked and taken away, they droop and close again.

But none of these compare in fragrance with our Trailing Arbutus. Old Country people find fault with our early flowers for their lack of perfume, but nothing could be more fragrant than the spicy sweetness of



BLOODROOT

Photo by A. S. Goss.

of damp earth mingled with a subtle perfume all their own.

Close by, a thick, yellowish blade is pushing up through the earth. A little later, as it grows higher and greener, it uncurls and we find the folded bud of the Bloodroot inside. The pure, white petals with their yellow centres, unfold under the first warm sun. They are so fragile that the petals drop off at a touch. The stem, exuding a reddish juice, gives it its name. Another delicate flower grows near, the Canadian Spring Beauty. The



VIOLETS

Photo by A. S. Goss

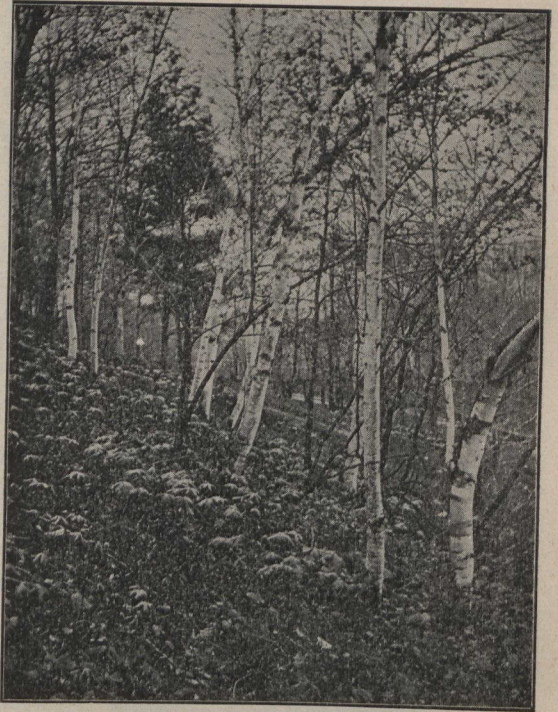
the "Mayflower," pink, like the inner lining of a shell, growing half under the woody, fibrous stem and covered by their own coarse leaves, which came up last fall, remained green all winter, and now, slightly brown and withered, protect the dainty petals. They are generally found in the vicinity of pine trees and the buds are formed a long while before they blossom.

We have explored the hillside and noted what buds are forming; the Trillium which grows up curled in its leaves and unfolds somewhat as the Bloodroot, the vivid green of the despised Leek, the Fern leaves, and every tiny sprout. They are all so wonderful, but as yet we can only conjecture what they are. Now we pause and try to distinguish the sounds all along the valley. How alive the air is, how different from the hush of the winter snow. It is just the edge of spring in the city. They will scoff at our talk of



A HYLA POOL

Photo by J. A. Munro



A CAMP OF MANDRAKES

Photo by A. S. Goss.

flowers. Even here there are patches of snow in the hollows, and the river is rushing down, its whirling, brown waters splashed with foam, leaping over dams, swirling around bridges till it dashes into the lake. The blessed green of the grass is dotted with black pools, from which comes a sound which is inexplicably mingled with the fragrance of our first Hepatica. It seems part of the atmosphere so that you do not distinguish it at first in the medley, but when you do, you cannot get away from it. It is the whistle of the Hyla, the different notes of the individuals forming a continual chorus. It takes you back to the first time you heard it, to the first spring when you learned its meaning. Seated in the sun on a pile of freshly cut logs, we close our eyes and the song steals into our hearts to ring again in our ears when far from the green valley. Suddenly a discordant note rends the air and a Kingfisher swings over the river. We are awakened, and then we hear the call of the Nuthatch, and presently see them making their spiral ascent up the tree, outlined in blue-grey against the gleam-



ing wet bark. The harsh call of the crow, our companion in winter walks, but louder now as though presuming on the season, and only once a Meadow Lark. Its haunting, twilight-hour call pierces the air, its fragrant sweetness, half pleasure, half pain, but thrilling with the promise of spring.

These are only a few of the advance guard, the bird orchestra will not be complete for a month yet, but every week the year takes leaps and bounds, until the nooks in the hill are white with Bloodroot: the Hepatica petals are falling and the green leaves pushing up. Nature's shower has

begun; every day there is a new arrival until the flowers all come in a rush. Our old grass-grown road which winds up the side of the hill, is strewn with purple violets. At its edge grows the Adder's Tongue, big beds of spotted leaves, and here and there a nodding, yellow blossom, with long protruding brown stamens. The side of the hill is a mass of white Trilliums and beneath an aisle of birch trees, which have just donned a delicate mantle of green, is a camp of Mandrakes, their wax buds folded under the umbrella leaves, which have sprung up in a night to crown the spring.

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## MY SHIPMATE

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Down in a dim sea-garden  
 Slumbers the body of one  
 Who dreams of the sheltered pastures,  
 And the friendly touch of the sun.

Shadows come to his feet,  
 And sand to his sightless eyes;  
 But his heart is North and inland  
 Under the changing skies.

He dreams, in his dim sea-garden,  
 Of gardens where roses blow.  
 He sees, through the cedar thickets,  
 The vanishing sunset's glow.

I think that his spirit, awake,  
 Rises and flies, and stirs  
 (Like the wings of a woodland bird)  
 The dusk of the homeland firs.

I think that he comes—a shade,  
 Drawn in by his sad desire,  
 And haunts the familiar room,  
 And stands by the blazing fire.

Draw close! The crouching lilacs  
 Scrape wet on the misty pane.  
 The fire is red. The night is black.  
 And my shipmate is home again.

Fredericton, N.B., Canada.

# THE "OTHER SIDE" OF HORTICULTURE

OBSERVATIONS FROM EXPERIENCE

BY ERLE WHITE

THE "Simpler Life" is in the air. Through suburban residence it has passed right out into the country. Even owners of city mansions retreat to a lodge in the wilderness or to an isolated villa on the sea-shore. The latest literature teems with the varied expression of the idea; nature study, and health through physical culture, claim large places in public attention.

In this atmosphere, the coupling of the country home with a livelihood from the soil was an easy step. Rash enthusiasts and shrewd calculators have not failed to foster the movement. Much of the present literature on the subject would convert the country into a paradise where every desire of the new conception of life is realized. The soil is sweet, and full of free gold to be had for the mere working.

The earlier literature, recently revived, creates and sustains a very agreeable impression. Thoreau and Warner turned their experiences into delightful reading, the obstacles, in their treatment, only adding to the delights. True, their pecuniary returns do not satisfy this practical age; but "Farmer John" Burroughs has demonstrated the pleasures and the profits in combination.

The possibilities in the raising of luscious fruits and fresh vegetables has appealed to many cramped city dwellers who had never given the country a thought so long as a country livelihood spelled "farming." A good many have already responded to the appeal, while a great many more are only awaiting a favorable opportunity to do so. "Far-away fields are green," and, to the fanciful uninitiated, I would show some colors not quite so alluring. For I have tried horticulture, in fact am now in my third season, and I know very intimately quite a

number of others who have ventured upon that calling.

Rather poor health and the assurance of physicians that I could not hope for improvement while continuing a sedentary city life, led me to make the experiment. The necessary work of this new occupation was to provide an incentive to the much-needed outdoor life and exercise.

Returning in March from a business trip abroad, I settled on the outskirts of a delightfully situated little village, where opportune circumstances opened the way to my entrance on horticulture. Being on the ground early, I had time to look into the social life of the community. An *entree* through the usual channels was not difficult, and I was much surprised at the number of cultured women of thirty or thereabouts whom I met. But there were no men. Everywhere this was evident. Larger opportunities had drained the village of its best types of masculinity. The result was social stagnation. Before this had grown intolerably dull, the warmth of spring brought relief in the commencement of gardening operations. Ploughing was a diversion. Indeed it proved a much greater one than I had imagined in my desire for novelty, for the horse with which I was to begin was city-bred. High as is that recommendation in certain circumstances, it scarcely applies when you wish to learn to plough. We were to learn together, and the first furrow was to be ploughed up against a row of fruit trees. Did you ever plough? Do you know what flights, what heights and depths a plough in inexperienced hands is capable of? Add a well-fed horse which you must guide with the lines around your back, your hands being occupied with the plough-handles; let him tear into it with a

plunge, rear when you stop him, or dart in between the trees when, for a second, you change your hand from the plough-handle to the line to suggest a little closer proximity to the row of trees; and remember all the while that the slightest touch of the plough-handles will throw your plough entirely out or sink it to unthinkable depths. Keep in mind that the pace is better than 2.30, and picture that first furrow along those broken and barkless trees! Imagine my feelings when I turned round to survey it, and, raising my eyes, beheld the old farm hands lined along the fence in grim and solemn silence!

I finally learned to plough—with a wheel and a driver for the first two furrows. It actually became a genuine pleasure to turn up the fresh earth with its sweet odor.

Other operations followed, of which the planting and cultivating are among the most pleasant to the neophyte. I mean cultivating with a horse, for I can no more recommend the hoe than did Charles Dudley Warner, not even in the Thoreau homeopathic doses.

To watch your fruits and vegetables grow and mature, and to pull them fresh for your culinary department or for immediate consumption, are certainly fine pleasures. That they are fruits of your toil does not in any wise detract from your appreciation. It really adds to it, and adds a great deal. They are doubly good to you, in their freshness, and in the appetite you cultivate in cultivating them. You find a parallel to Thoreau's wood, which warmed him first in the cutting and again in the burning.

The great drawback to horticulture lies in the marketing. If the cultivation grows monotonous, the marketing is simply horrible, murderous. To strip your choicest fruits from tree or vine in order to convert them into so many dollars and cents, is most abominable. Of course some one must do it; but the question for you is whether you wish to earn a living by slaughtering these sweet, innocent children of your careful rearing.

In other lines of commerce the trafficking is not so direct, not so personal, as is the despoiling of your trees. Besides, the

natural pride you would feel in a few trees or beds, and the relish with which you would eat their products, are both crushed out by the excess about you. Nausea and contempt supplant them.

Further, unless you are a shrewd calculator, not only is your pleasure destroyed, but your pocket is little expanded, that is to say, little expanded for the monotonous, petty labor that your effort has cost. Of course there is money made in fruit, and in truck; but the percentage of those who get anything over a living, if they get that, is probably quite as small as it is in the case of those who engage in any other business—said to be less than ten per cent. Quite as much careful management and enterprise are required. So that those who now gain a fairly independent living by working for some one else with regular hours and a set task will do well to pause before embarking on an undertaking which very certainly demands the same business acumen as is required of their present employers, and which yields relatively smaller returns.

Cultivation is not sufficiently understood, nor is the marketing yet completely enough systematized and organized, to warrant any high hopes for small capital backed by mediocre business ability. The returns will not repay, on a small scale, the still necessary individual investigation. The single subject of spraying, with its multitudinous phases, is alone enough to rack, if not wreck, the ordinary brain. The fluctuating market which brings you high prices one year and nothing the next, or a good profit for the first few baskets, while the bulk of your product rots for a market, or, when marketed, results in deficits through calls on you to cover express or other charges, is a most bewildering and disheartening proposition.

There are, of course, wise ones who can tell you how to avoid all these difficulties. They are ready to "put you on to a sure thing." When you have seen these oracles fail a few times, you will be more ready to agree that the business is not as certain as current ideas would lead you to believe.

Moreover, if you are of a nervous temperament, you will not find the occupation

conducive to health, especially when the work has lost its novelty and become a monotonous routine. More particularly is this true when you see your hopes of necessary pecuniary compensation crushed out in a glutted or "busted" market.

If you can live in the country, by all means do so. The city is going out into the country, and soon it will be possible to enjoy there most of the advantages of the city with none of the disadvantages. But do so as commuter, suburbanite, or "agriculturist," as Mr. Bryan defines—a man who makes his money in the city and spends it in the country. In this capacity you will enjoy your fruits and vegetables, your flowers and your view, and the cutting of your half-acre of lawn which you will then have time to use as a further means of

recreation. You will get just enough change and exercise to be good for you. As a small horticulturist, you would get too much exercise of a decidedly monotonous nature, and the income would not warrant your hiring help to take your place while you play tennis, go boating, or indulge in some other form of exhilarating exercise. Besides, you very probably could not get the occasional man, even if you could afford to pay him. The manufacturer has no monopoly of the labor problem.

In view of all these considerations, permit me to advise from first-hand knowledge, that you pause before giving up your livelihood in the city to try for one in the country. It is a very pretty idea, but not more pretty than hazardous.

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## THE QUIET LAND

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

Into the land of sleep  
 Slowly, when sinks the sun,  
 Out of the garish streets of day  
 We wander one by one.

Here are the hopes that drooped,  
 Seeming to fail in the strife;  
 Now in our eyes they gaze, and smile  
 With word of endless life.

Here are the homes we planned,—  
 Cottage, palace, and hall,  
 Waiting the tread of our welcome feet  
 Behind the dream-built wall.

Out of the streets of day  
 Slowly, when sinks the sun,  
 Into the quiet land of sleep,  
 We wander one by one.

## THE BRITISH-FRENCH TREATY

CITIZENS of Canada have evinced considerable pleasure over the news of a recent territorial arrangement between Great Britain and France. From public announcements it is inferred that a possible cause of national friction has been materially obviated and a renewed impetus given to international relations between great powers. It might also auger well for the world's peace as a guarantee against the precipitation of a world-wide crisis in the course of the present Russo-Japanese war. No greater calamity could occur than the influence of the great nations for other than the preservation of neutral interests during the progress of this historical dispute. There is now good assurance that with France and Great Britain a policy of non-intervention will be pursued.

An analysis of the agreement as regards North America suggests for Canada, at least, a pleasanter prospect than hitherto enjoyed. It appears that a portion at least of what has been a prolonged vexation in recent decades—"the French Shore" question of Newfoundland—has been finally adjudicated. By a barter of privileges in more remote areas of influence we secure the withdrawal of the French territorial claim on the mainland of Newfoundland. The sovereignty of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon remain with France. The islands, however, have not played so serious a part in the maritime dispute as the adjacent shore. The people of Newfoundland are now quite freed from an incubus which has seriously hampered their chief business—that of coast fishing—for nearly a century. It has been shown many times that even the presence of these exclusive French privileges presented a great barrier to confederation with the Dominion. The present outcome may lead to the completion of federation and the accomplishment of a United British North America.

Just at present it appears that the bent of Newfoundland politics is against the project of union with the Dominion. The terms upon which they would discuss federation are in excess of what the Dominion would normally grant. Subsidies are hard matters to properly apportion, and most of all the submission of local policy to the will of a vastly greater number, is an unpalatable dose for the semi-independent island colony to swallow. But in the interests of greater Canada, federation should come speedily.

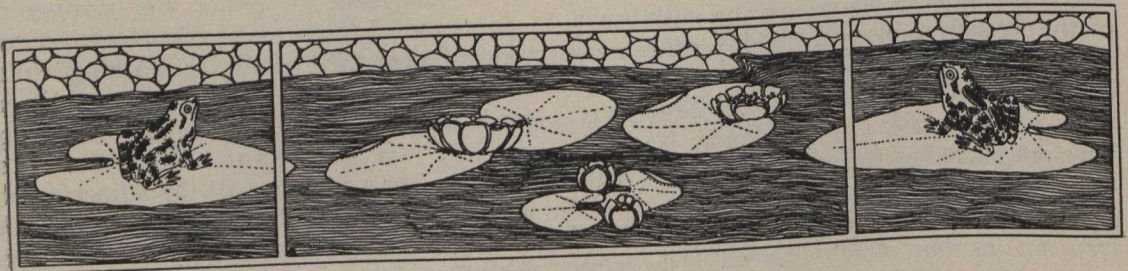
Two factors are at work to urge this conclusion. The far-reaching claw of the American Eagle is keen to grasp this little piece of territory for her own. Trade inducements and various favors have been extended to the colonies, which the mainland cannot obtain. Anything that favors the legitimate expansion of the Dominion's enterprises, unless the profits be shovelled into the coffers of American corporations, is quietly but sternly combatted by our ambitious neighbors. So much for the Americans. For Canada the fact is important; Newfoundland lies directly in the pathway of St. Lawrence navigation and ocean-going commerce. This seemingly bleak, barren, storm-beaten isle has a far-reaching value, if only its relationship to the mainland were made uniform. Finally, this important island controls the sovereignty of the Labrador coast and in a measure all the adjacent fishing grounds. St. John's city, being the port of call, has an enormous business connected with the fishing trade on the Newfoundland banks. The almost monopoly of the ocean fisheries is the treasured prize of the islanders, hence their jealousy of the "French Shore." The fact that this major portion of their industry would pass under Dominion control with federation, is worthy of fair treatment. No wonder they are reluctant of Dominion interference.

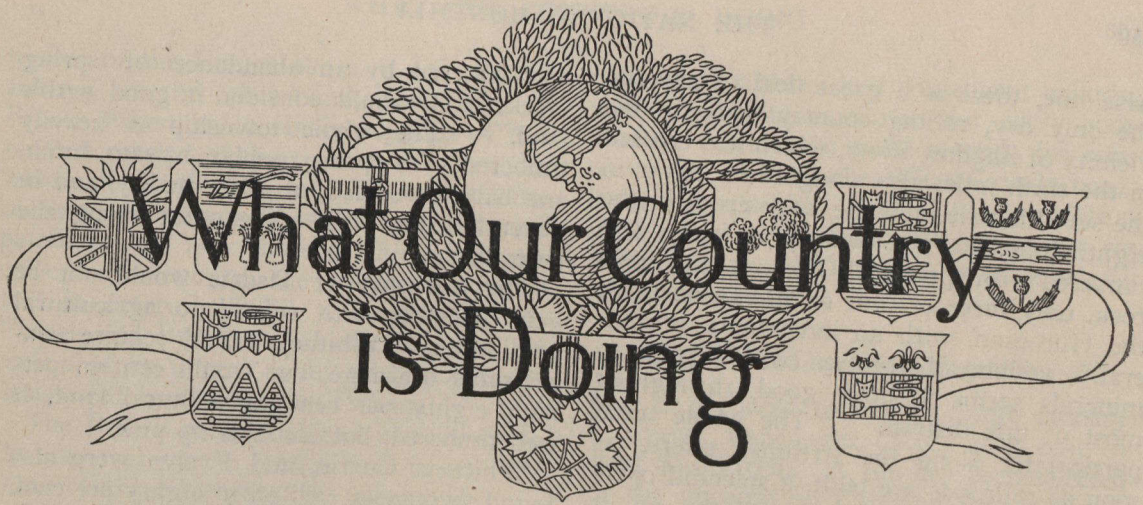
The control of the Labrador coast is be-

coming more and more important. Labrador is a long, narrow strip over which the Dominion should have control. The hinterland of Labrador is an area of problematical importance. From what meagre information surveying parties and explorers have furnished, it may soon be better known, by virtue of mineral and forest resources, hitherto inaccessible and unknown. It is becoming apparent that the great north-east territory lying between Labrador and Hudson Bay may be extremely valuable in the near future. The growing encroachments of the American fishermen, and their cool poaching in the neighboring waters, make it necessary for the Dominion to watch her own. It is notable that enterprise and men will always move where money can be made. It is being more clearly shown that many valuable assets of "Our Lady of the Snows" lie in the regions far north, and there are many who are willing to gain a share of them.

From these considerations it is manifest that the Dominion can well afford to extend

more liberal inducements to her sister colony, and thus remove the sole remaining barrier to the rounding off of confederation. Liberal provision ought to be made to complete the unity of British North America, and thereby remove one more vantage ground for American interference with our rights; for it is plain that just as long as Newfoundland remains a crown colony, so long will American diplomacy work against our interests within our sister colony's sphere of influence. We certainly should look to a favorable ground for unity and meet our sister colony half way. In the meantime good feeling might be promoted, seeing that a great part of the former irritation is already removed. We hope that a wider diplomacy will, in the near future, remove all that remains. The French papers may glory in a good bargain and losing nothing, but if *they* lose nothing, they forget that North America does gain in the further unifying of British sentiment and a further guarantee of peace.





### Resources of Northern Ontario

THE report of the Crown Lands Department for 1903 contains some important information with regard to the resources of Northern Ontario. This will be of special interest in connection with the proposed transcontinental railway which will pass through the partly explored, and wholly unsettled northern part of the province. This line will probably be joined by the Temiscaming and Northern, which will be completed this year as far north as New Liskeard.

The difficulties confronting the new line resemble, though perhaps to a less extent, those encountered years ago by the Canadian Pacific. Although the main issue is a solution of the transportation problem, no less important is the selection of a route with reference to the possibilities of the country through which it passes.

With regard to that section lying on the boundary between Algoma and Nipissing, running twelve miles north from the 120th mile north of Lake Huron, and eastward some forty miles, "all the country, except that in the vicinity of Black River, and along the centre of the east meridian touched by this survey, is level or undulating, the remainder being rolling land. No lakes of any large extent were crossed by the lines, and the large swamps shown in the accompanying field-notes are doubtless in a measure due to the unusual rain-fall. A normal season may reduce these areas by a con-

siderable extent. The soil in general is good clay, and clay loam, fully seventy-five per cent. being capable of being converted into farm land. The timber consists of spruce, poplar, tamarac (chiefly dead), balsam, balm of Gilead, birch, and Banksian pine, in about the above order of predominance. This, in the valleys of the larger rivers, is of good quality, but in parts remote from streams, is usually of too small growth to be valuable for lumber. Large quantities of pulpwood will eventually be obtained from this region, unless it is swept by fire before becoming accessible. No indications of economic minerals were here met with." This region is well watered, and possesses numerous water powers.

Commencing at the 114th mile post on the district line between Algoma and Nipissing, lines were run south and east. "West of Night Hawk Lake the base line runs through a fairly level country, with a few ridges of Huronian rock. There are some large areas of low land that are quite wet, but when opened up and drained there would be a considerable percentage of agricultural land. East from Night Hawk Lake to the sixth mile is good agricultural land, with deep clay loam and clay soil. This is well timbered with spruce, balsam, poplar, white birch, and cedar, from six inches to fifteen inches in diameter."

A survey of the base line and two meridians west of Abitibi Lake, District of Nipissing, shows that "on the meridian which runs from the twenty-fourth mile post on

base line, there is a great deal of swamp, the only dry, rolling country being in the vicinity of Shallow River, which was crossed in the sixth mile, also along Black River in the seventh mile, and the large creek in the eighth mile." The country is fairly well timbered with spruce. "There is very little rock, only three or four small exposures of the Huronian, with no indications of mineral." This observation with regard to minerals seems to hold good throughout most of this district. "The whole tract, particularly along the streams, offers, as soon as railroads are built, a splendid opening to the settler. Nearly all the soil is arable. The low-lying portions appear to be local in extent, and could be drained at a reasonable cost.

With regard to the country south-west of Lake Abitibi, "the general surface of the land is from level to rolling, and is not to any great extent broken." Hills and rocky ridges form a very small percentage of the total area.

The survey of the district lying south and west of Lake Nepigon, in Thunder Bay District, shows that "the country is heavily timbered with large birch, spruce, poplar, tamarac, Banksian pine, and in places, cedar. These averaged from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. The same timber continued south for thirteen miles. There is no soil, from the north boundary of the township of Dorion north for about fourteen miles, fit for cultivation, the surface being mostly decomposed red sandstone, from which fire has destroyed the vegetable mould. From this north to Nonwatin Lake the soil is rich but stony. From Nonwatin to McIntyre Bay the land improves very much, there being considerable areas of rich, sandy loam and white clay in the valleys." It is estimated that about thirty per cent. of the land in this district is good.

The townships of Coulson and Wilkie, in Nipissing District, were found to be in general level, with soil, clay and clay loam, Wilkie being the better township. Both would require drainage to be of value. The township of Walker, same district, "consists chiefly of rolling clay loam, broken near the river by deep ravines, and well drained

and watered by an abundance of spring creeks. I would consider it good arable land." The whole township is heavily timbered with spruce, poplar, balsam, birch, and balm of Gilead, of good quality, and in general large, with some cedar along the river banks.

The township of Tisdale would not be very valuable with regard to agricultural possibilities. Whitney would require considerable drainage, but would contain perhaps eighty per cent. agricultural land, is well timbered, but contains no pine.

Whitney, Currie, and Evelyn were also found to possess well on to eighty per cent. of arable land, some parts requiring drainage. Milligan township was found to be poor. James, Barber, and Auld, also in Nipissing, were surveyed and found to contain a fair proportion of good land.

With regard to the township of Innes, District of Thunder Bay, it was estimated "that over forty per cent. of the township is suitable for farming." No economic minerals were found. Timber is plentiful, with the exception of pine.

Nearly the same observations apply to the townships of Potts and Richardson, except that the latter contains little or no saleable timber.

The climate and other conditions were everywhere found to be favorable to settlement and to agriculture. Game was plentiful, and timber abundant, especially pulpwood.

### The French Shore

GENERAL satisfaction is reported to be felt by Newfoundlanders over the recent settlement of the French shore question. The terms of the Anglo-French colonial treaty, signed in London on April 8th, are familiar to most of our readers. By this treaty a number of mutual concessions were made, touching French and English possessions on four continents.

The agreement provides the following solution for the Newfoundland question: (1) France renounces her rights to the French shore, with the exception of cleaning and drying fish on the shore. (2) France retains the right of fishing in the territorial



waters of the French shore. (3) France secures, on the other hand, the right of French fishermen to obtain supplies of bait on that coast, and the right to fish in those waters for both cod and lobsters. Ship-owners and sailors whose interests are impaired by the new state of things will receive an indemnity, the amount of which will be determined by a commission of French and British naval officers, with the option of an appeal to an arbitrator to be designated by the Hague Tribunal.

The British press is almost unanimous in its approval of the treaty, and in its estimate of the advantages to be gained.

It is well known that the French fisheries are becoming less profitable year by year. This is, in part, owing to the distance at which many of the vessels operate, and partly to the enforcement of the Bait Act of 1886. This fact leads to the belief that France has been holding on for an indemnity. However this may be, French occupation has long been a source of deep annoyance to the Newfoundlander, who has been constantly compelled to take a back seat to questions of privilege. For a distance of eight hundred miles along the coast, both settler and fisherman have been subjected to exasperating restrictions and petty annoyances, which have resulted in a general sense of the injustice of the situation.

It now seems likely that France will gradually relinquish her remaining claims upon a territory which is no longer a source of profit.

#### The Question of Immigration

THE question frequently presents itself, can Canada afford to close the door to any respectable would-be citizen? There seems to be an inclination on the part of a certain class to oppose the entrance of skilled mechanics and laborers, in spite of the fact that skilled and unskilled labor are wanted in almost every branch of trade. It is quite possible that a sudden, large influx of mechanics and workingmen might cause a slight temporary disturbance of the labor market at a given point, but this condition would soon adjust itself, as it has in the past, and the resulting benefit from in-

creased population, and consequent enlargement of the home market for every commodity, would soon make amends for temporary inconvenience. What Canada needs is the population. Who that population shall be is an important question; but we cannot very well afford to practise wholesale discrimination.

#### A New Industry for Vancouver

IT is proposed to erect a large tannery near Vancouver, B.C., at a cost of about \$1,000,000. A site has been selected for the purpose on Capilano flats. Water can be obtained here by gravity, providing cheap power, and an abundant supply for other purposes. English capital is said to be backing the enterprise, which has excellent prospects for success.

British Columbia hides are said to be of superior quality and thickness. The climate is supposed to have something to do with this. The cattle, being able to live in the open nearly all winter, experience a thickening of the skin to resist the cold and wet.

Experiments which have been carried on for some time back, have proved the fact that British Columbia hemlock bark is equal to the best California oak bark for tanning purposes.

The factory, which will employ some three hundred hands, independent of those employed in the tallow factory, will also be of great advantage to farmers and cattle men.

The large export trade which has been built up in this product in California seems to justify the expectation that similar success will attend the British Columbia enterprise.

#### Beet Sugar in Ontario

ALTHOUGH the beet sugar industry has not been sufficiently profitable to furnish a dividend for the shareholders of the Ontario Sugar Company, of Berlin, there was yet a tendency to regard the future hopefully. The company had proven to its own satisfaction that beet sugar could be manufactured at a profit, and a fair start had been made.

Pure granulated sugar to the amount of 246.6 pounds per ton of material had been obtained, and a total for the year of 7,000,000 pounds of high grade sugar.

Beet raising to supply this demand would be of great profit to the farmer. For example, seventeen acres devoted to beets, on which some \$700 was expended, could be reckoned on to bring in over \$1,000.

The provincial government has wisely continued the bounties for another year, as there is no reason to doubt that the industry will be as successful here as elsewhere when the initial difficulties have been overcome.

### NOTES

In the last seven years Great Britain's exports of manufactured articles increased 26 per cent., those of the United States 47 per cent., and those of Canada 107 per cent.

The customs revenue for the nine months ending Feb. 29th, was \$26,604,012, an increase of \$3,169,969 over the same period last year.

In view of the discussion regarding Canadian winter ports, it is interesting to note that, during the past unusually severe winter, large cargo steamers of the Dominion Coal Company left Louisburg thrice weekly.

Toronto will have electric power from Niagara Falls in a few months from date. The Electrical Development Company of Ontario is reported to have purchased the right of way for nearly the whole distance to Toronto. Work in fencing and erecting poles will be rapidly pushed forward.

"It is a crime against Canada's progress to say that hundreds of workmen, trusting to the promises of Canadian manufacturers, arrive in a destitute condition. Both skilled and unskilled labor is wanted in almost every line of industry. Immigrants willing to work have a much brighter future here than in the Motherland."

Marked improvement has taken place in British Columbia mining during the last three or four years, in the direction of facilitating reduction, and the cheapening of processes. The result is shown in the fact that low grade properties, which had previously been abandoned, can now be worked at a profit.

Restrictions have been placed on American vessels loading at Canadian ports for the Yukon, with a view to encouraging the transfer of the Canadian Yukon trade from American to British bottoms. This will be accomplished by collecting customs duties from all foreign vessels loading Canadian goods for transport to Dawson by way of St. Michael and the lower Yukon route.

The Director of Experimental Farms is credited with the statement that his department has obtained an apple tree which will withstand the rigors of the Manitoba and North-West winters. It has resulted from the crossing of the Duchess variety with a crab, and, although the fruit will not be large, it will be admirably adapted for domestic use. In the course of a couple of years it is hoped to have a supply for distribution.

"Our acquiescence in the interposition of the great unsettled area between Eastern and Western Canada is due to the obstinacy of the old idea that the country is a barren waste. It is nothing of the sort. . . . It is not as rich or as accessible a region as the prairies, yet it has resources of great value. It will afford enormous supplies of pulpwood; its peat fields may prove a valuable source of fuel; it has excellent water powers; there is promise of mineral wealth; some portions of it promise to be suitable for agriculture; the climate is far less severe than is generally supposed. Decidedly it is a country which can sustain a population, and produce much wealth. Were it to be peopled by several hundred thousand Canadians, our national future would be infinitely more secure."—Sir Sandford Fleming.

## POINT OF VIEW

### Municipal Ownership

CHICAGO is in favor of municipal ownership. The vote at the last election made that plain. Nor is Chicago alone in this matter. In Europe, particularly in England and Scotland, many cities have put the system to the test. Has it been a success? Opinion is divided on that point. In some places at least the results have been very satisfactory, the low cost and the efficiency of the service providing strong arguments for the advocates of the change.

Whatever may be the proper remedy, it is quite apparent to most people that many private companies are giving poor service and charging well for it. Their policy seems to be to secure extensive franchises and then to exploit only the best paying portions. Also to charge "as much as the traffic will stand," and for these high rates to give as little accommodation as a long-suffering public will accept. It is needless to give instances. Every one who ever travels, or who even reads, knows something of the greed of transportation companies. Yet so necessary are the facilities of travel provided by these companies that the travelling public is very meek with them. Indeed, individually, it is futile or expensive, or both, to be otherwise; while collectively we do not seem to be able to elect representatives who will only concede these valuable franchises on conditions adequately protecting the public, and who will then compel the private company to live up to the conditions.

The evils of private ownership of "public utilities" are apparent enough. Will those of public ownership be less? A part of that answer depends on the integrity and business ability of the men elected to carry out the change; that, in turn, depends upon the electors.

There is no doubt about the value of the franchises. There is no doubt that there is

money made in operating them properly. The question is: can our towns and cities successfully handle such business? There is a strong desire to test the matter further, and, provided cheap and efficient service is the desideratum, it would be surprising if the results obtained were not better under municipal than under private ownership.

### A Navy for Canada

THE necessity for Canada to put her defences into a state of real efficiency is beginning to be more fully recognized.

Canada is singularly deficient with regard to naval protection. This has been, to some extent, owing to a false idea of economy. At present we are depending almost entirely on Great Britain to defend our coast-wise interests, with the exception of a few small vessels engaged in the fisheries service. Even though not anticipating events of an international character, should we not contribute a share in the matter of protecting our own shores, thereby placing ourselves in a position to lend assistance to the British fleet? Our interests are to a very large extent those of Great Britain, and whatever is injurious to British prestige is an injury to ours.

The fact that we cannot afford to maintain a large navy is no proof that we should not make some appropriation for naval defence.

The interest shown in the matter by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries promises well for our prospects in this direction. It is intimated that a request will be made for a couple of British war cruisers on which to train Canadian sailors.

Canada already possesses a small nucleus for a navy, consisting of some sixteen steamers and a number of cutters, carrying in all 424 officers and men. The most of these are at present employed in the fisheries, coast, buoy, and lighthouse services.

# Insurance

## The Importance of Life Insurance

IT would seem that the importance of life insurance had been so frequently demonstrated that nothing further along that line could possibly be presented. And yet many men with a full realization of what it signifies to those dependent upon them to be without the protection afforded by life insurance continue to put off obtaining such insurance which they know they ought to have. Day passes into day and they continue uninsured. Death lurks in the pot, it stalks abroad in the land; friends and business associates fall before it; and still they halt before insuring themselves against the certainty of dying some day. The life insurance agent is treated with scant courtesy and many men meet death without having been insured. Procrastination is frequently the moving cause of non-insurance; and in the face of the uncertainty of life the importance of the procurement of a life insurance policy is here urged once more. It cannot be done too quickly.—*The Independent*.

## Canadians Favor Canadian Companies

THE Abstract of Life Insurance in Canada for 1903 is full of information of interest to those who are desirous of seeing the Canadian business secured by home companies. Of the fifty-two companies licensed to carry on business in Canada, twenty-two are Canadian, fifteen are British and fifteen American. Of these, five British and four American companies have ceased to do new business. There are thus in active operation as many Canadian companies as there are British and American companies combined.

It is quite as noteworthy that, while some American and British companies are deliberately dropping out of the race, others are being forced out. Canadian companies are forging ahead. From the Abstract it appears that of the 178,964 policies new and taken up, Canadian companies had 80,927, nearly one-half of the total number. The significance of these figures is seen when it is known that the distribution of the year's policies shows an increase of 24,372 for Canadian companies, while both the British

and the American companies show a decrease, the British a small, the American companies a large one.

In the amount of policies new and taken up, the showing of Canadian companies is even better. Out of \$91,577,805, Canadian companies secured \$55,170,604, or nearly 85 per cent. of the year's new business. From these figures it is evident that Canadians intend to do their own business. The Canadian Insurance companies have the proper qualifications, and the Canadian public is not slow in appreciating the fact.

This confidence of the people in their own companies is a strong factor in the building up of a new country. Just now it must be a matter of satisfaction to true Canadians that an American company can no longer boast of a larger Canadian business than that of any other company doing business in Canada. The figures for 1903 show a Canadian company now in the lead. From this out, Canadian companies will increase that lead and Canada will profit by it.

## Women and Insurance

FOR a long time there was a heavy disability clause aimed at the sex. Now this has all been done away with, and women are insured on exactly the same terms as men. The Canadian Order of Workmen is the latest to admit women on an equal basis with men. The change came about through a study of statistics which revealed the fact that, everything considered, women are as good if not better risks than men. Their habits are better, and they are not so much exposed to accidents.

In consequence of the change, and of the more general recognition of the value of insurance both for wives and in the case of women who are self-supporting and on whom others may depend, the amount of insurance carried by women to-day is enormously increased. In some instances, such as that of Mrs. Leland Stanford, of California, the amount of policies carried is over a million dollars. The popular stage women of the day, such as Maxine Elliott, Miss Maud Adams, and Mrs. Leslie Carter, have \$10,000, \$25,000, and \$50,000, respectively, on their lives.

# Correspondence

## Quebec, an All-the-Year-Round Port

To the Editor of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY.

**I**N your issue of March you have given a series of beautiful views in and around Quebec, and I am sure no Canadian can look upon them without a feeling of pride arising in his or her heart, that in this fair Dominion of ours we have the finest scenery on the American continent.

In a brief paragraph you mentioned that a vessel had left the port of Quebec as late as Dec. 6, 1903, and made a splendid run down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and incidentally mentioned what might be the result if heavy ice-breakers were used to keep the channel clear.

I am more than pleased to see your Monthly drawing attention to this most important winter port. I have hoped for years that some one of authority would draw public attention to Quebec as a possible winter port. With the improved ice-breakers which are now made, and which can still be much improved, there is, I believe, no great reason why vessels should not pass to and from Quebec all winter at their pleasure.

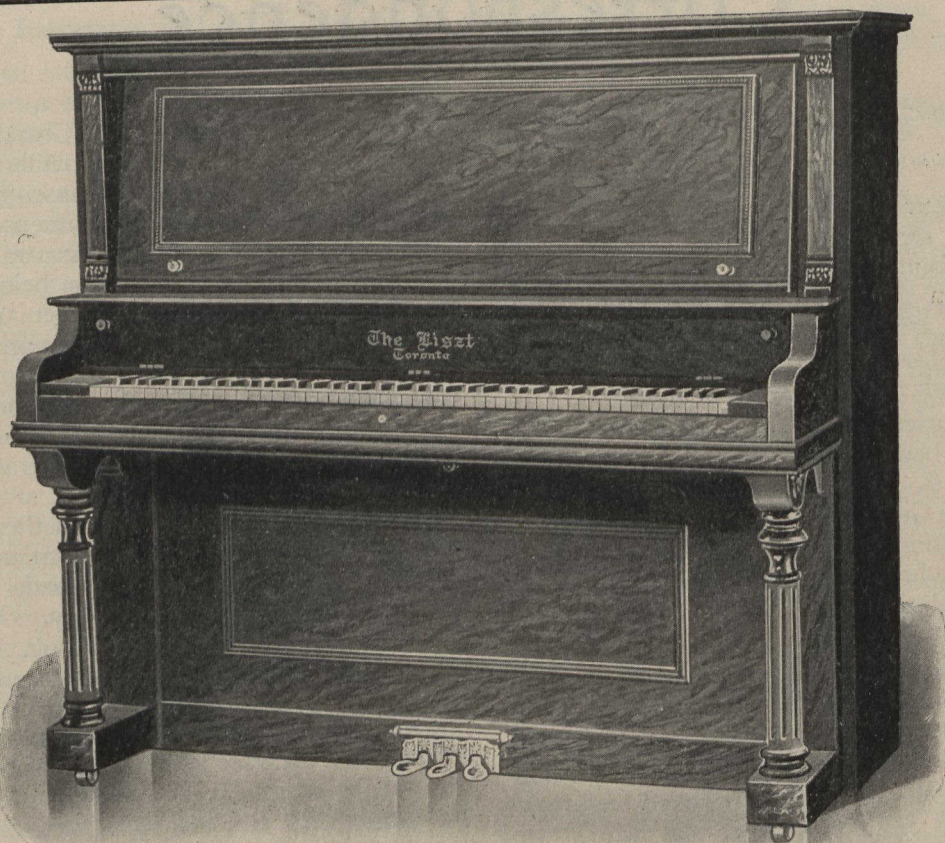
The City of Quebec, assisted by the Dominion Government, could not do better than make arrangements for next fall, and have in readiness one or two (even more if thought expedient) first-class, up-to-date ice-breakers, and start them agoing when the ice begins to form, and by skimming along near the sides of the river, keep the ice from forming; the outward flow of the mighty St. Lawrence would carry the broken ice out to the ocean. Keep the ice-breakers going night and day if necessary, up one side and down the other. If this is practicable (and who will say that it is not), the results would be an enormous increase in the shipping trade of Quebec, the city waking up to her true destiny, and becoming one of the great, if not the greatest, shipping centres on the continent of America.

The Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways, will not be the only transcontinental lines required to handle the immense traffic of the Dominion. The great central plains of our immense West are now being filled up, the enormous traffic in lumber and pulp is but in its infancy, and the through carrying trade between Europe and the Orient will keep increasing by leaps and bounds as rates are lowed and the facilities for handling this profitable through traffic are increased.

I would like to impress upon the members of Parliament and the citizens of Canada, one and all, that Canada is on but the threshold of her destiny. To-day we are about six millions of people, but we are destined to increase at an immense rate. In a few years our population will be doubled, in a few years more it will be trebled, and the vast increase of commercial life will be surging east and west, demanding the shortest and easiest route to the seaboard.

Knowledge is power; a large number of the manufacturers came west last year, and the West was a revelation to them. Aye, as men born and raised in the East they had not the slightest conception of the vastness of the West. And if the manufacturer, from a business standpoint, thought it necessary to come west and see for himself, what can we say to those members of the Senate and House of Commons who have never been west of Ottawa. There should be this one important item insisted on, that all members of the House should travel to the Pacific Ocean at the country's expense, and then they would be in a position to have some grasp of the immense country they are legislating for, and lay down broad lines of policy to meet the requirements of the teeming millions that will soon be populating the Dominion.

All aboard for Quebec. The S.S. Parisian sails promptly from Quebec, February 14th, 1905, at 3 p.m.



## THE LISZT

STYLE—A.

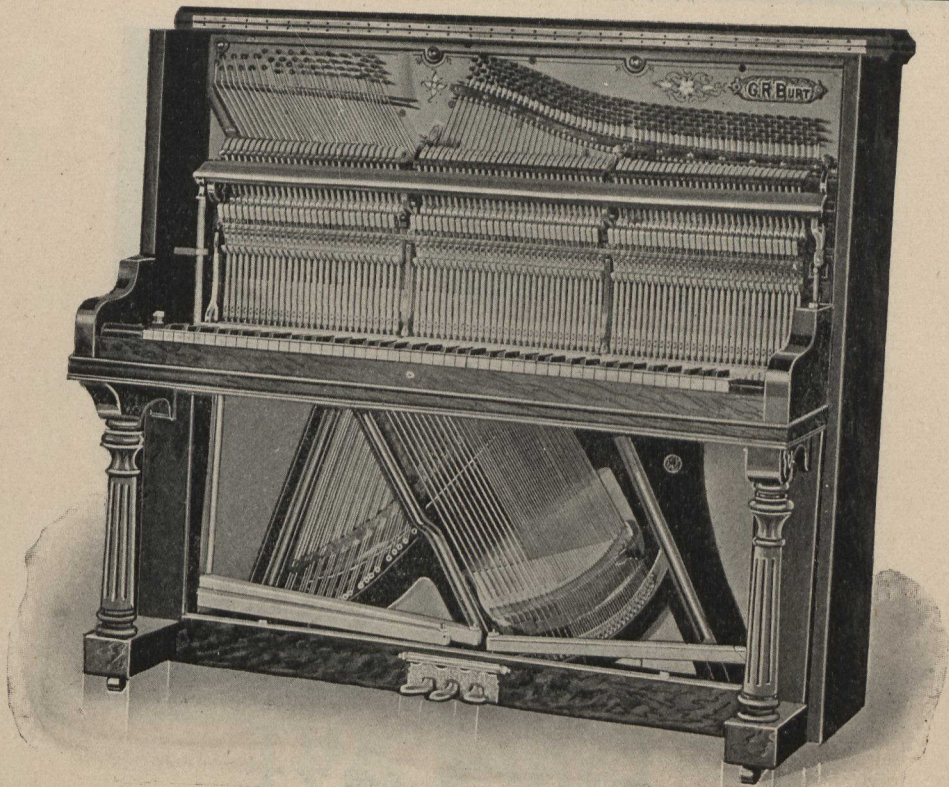
There is one characteristic of the LISZT PIANO which stands out prominently, that is tone ; it appeals with singular eloquence to the refined and musical. It admits of every possible shade of expression, and charms the ear with its delightfully rich, full quality.

It is an instrument representing the embodiment of the latest modern thought in piano construction.

The case design, reflecting an artistic colonial spirit, delights the eye of the refined, and it is the ambition of the company to maintain a high degree of excellence in beauty of design.

In Mahogany or Walnut, overstrung scale, 7 1-3 octaves, three strings, repeating action with brass flange, three pedals, double fall-board, patent noiseless pedal action, full desk.

Length, 5 ft. 3 in. ; width, 2 ft. 2 1-2 in. ; height, 4 ft. 8 in.



## THE LISZT

SHOWING ACTION

Showing the action with hammers and keys in position. They are of the very best Canadian make, possessing all the latest modern improvements.

The action embodies the full brass flange.

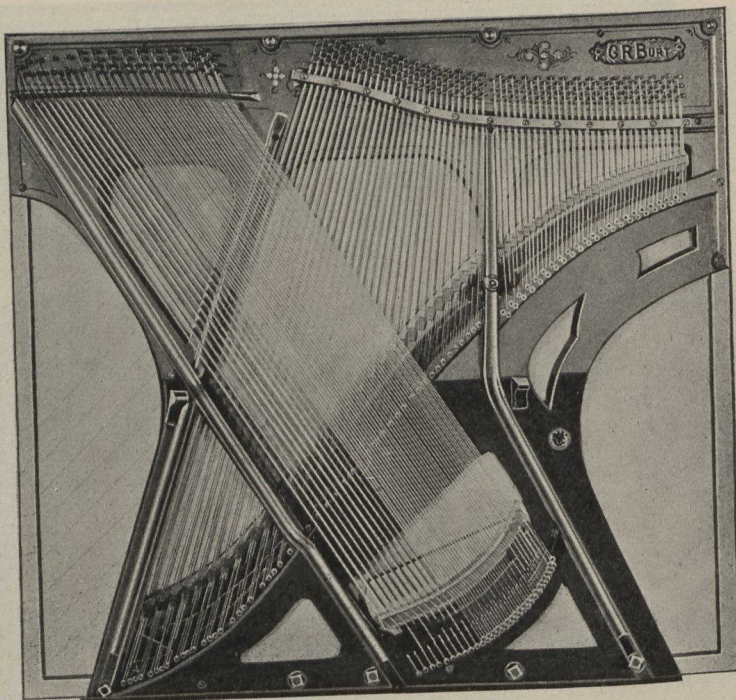
The hammers are of the best German felt.

The keys are made of the best ivory and the sharps are of ebony.

The pedal action used in this piano is a patent, non-squeakable, spring action, which obviates that disagreeable noise so often found in pianos.

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**The Liszt Piano Co.**  
190 Wright Ave. - - TORONTO, ONT.



## THE LISZT

SHOWING FRAME

The frame, with heavy iron plate bolted to back, and with strings in position, also showing iron support for key bottom.

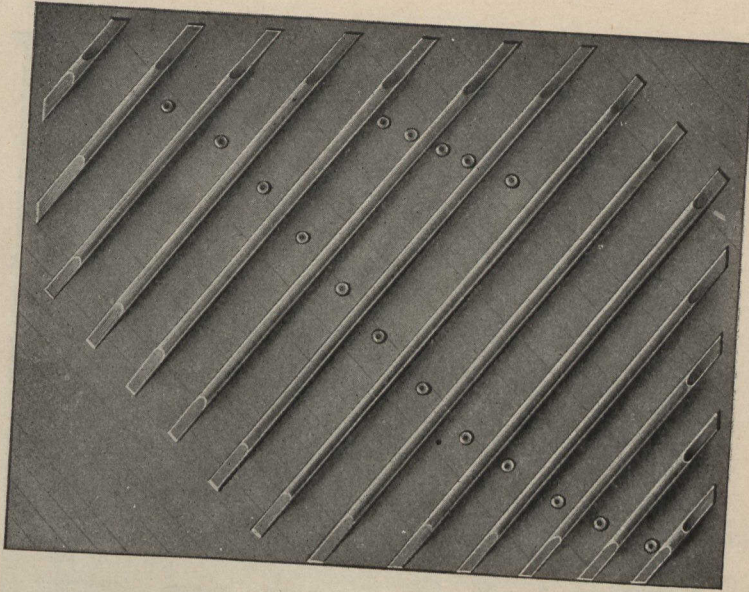
The metal plate used in our pianos is braced with a view to equal distribution of the immense strain of the strings, so that one part of the plate is not bearing more than its proportion. The improved scale ribs of iron cast on plate ensure a beautifully clear treble.

The strings are of the very best German music wire, and wound with copper in bass section.

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**The Liszt Piano Co.**  
 190 Wright Ave. - - TORONTO, ONT.

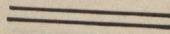




## THE LISZT

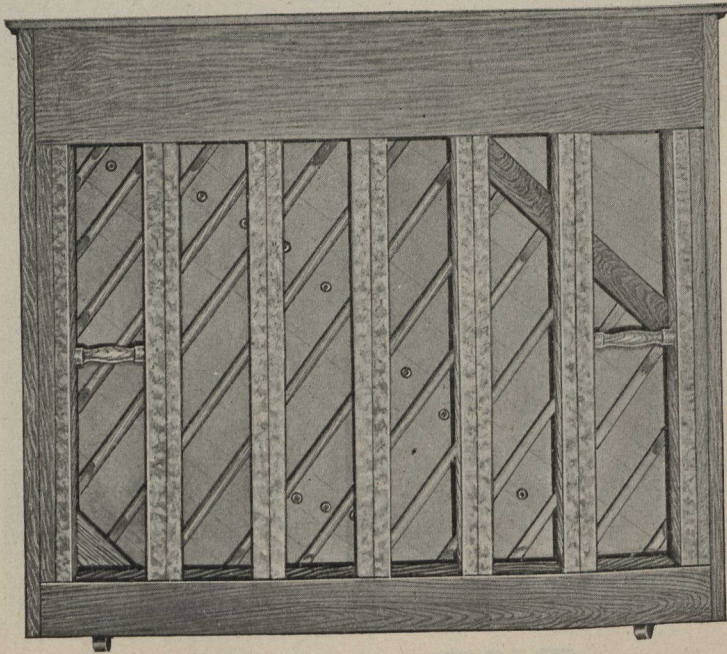
SHOWING SOUNDING BOARD

The scientific ribbing of the sounding board is one of the essentials in pianoforte construction. The very best of spruce is used in our board, and both ribs and board are graduated with scientific accuracy, so as to give the required resonance at the proper point.



**The Liszt Piano Co.**

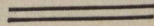
190 Wright Ave. - - TORONTO, ONT.



## THE LISZT

SHOWING BACK

The back is made of the best hardwood and oil finished, the wrest plank or tuning pin block is glued together with layers of hard rock maple crossbanded, which thus renders splitting of wood or loosening of tuning pin an impossibility, and ensures its remaining well in tune.



**The Liszt Piano Co.**

**190 Wright Ave. - - TORONTO, ONT.**

SAN FRANCISCO, FEB. 18, 1904.

GEORGE R. BURT, Esq.,  
126 JOHN STREET,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

MY DEAR MR. BURT:

Replying to your letter of recent date, the Liszt Piano I purchased from you has given excellent service and it is a pleasure for me to recommend your instruments. The touch of our piano is both light and responsive, while the tone is not only rich and pure but pleasing and sympathetic. Your Pianos are well made throughout and I feel assured it is only a question of a short time when your instruments are recognized by the Canadian Public as being among the best pianos made in the Dominion.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Very truly, yours,

LOUIS CONTURIE.

*(A leading musician)*

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# 12<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

**TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31st, 1903**

To Members :

TORONTO, February 29th, 1904.

The management have much pleasure in presenting the Twelfth Annual Statement for the year ending December 31st, 1903, which shows the continued growth of the Company.  
Cash paid withdrawing members amounted to \$768,063.43, an increase over the previous year of \$31,715.37.  
The Assets have been increased by over half a million dollars—\$515,841.25, and now stand at \$2,087,977.03.  
\$10,000.00 has been transferred from the surplus profits to the Reserve Fund, which now amounts to \$65,000.00.  
The new business written, also the increase in membership, was larger in amount than any previous year.  
The Directors are determined that the greatest carefulness and economy shall be practised in the management so as to ensure the continuance of the unequalled success which has attended the operation of the Company.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

### ASSETS

|   |                       |
|---|-----------------------|
| Mortgage Loans on Real Estate                 | \$730,796 13          |
| Real Estate                                   | 844,832 68            |
| Municipal Debentures and Stocks               | 190,758 75            |
| Loans on Company's Stock                      | 95,828 45             |
| Accrued Interest                              | 5,920 02              |
| Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc. | 3,345 82              |
| Accounts Receivable                           | 945 99                |
| Furniture and Fixtures                        | 8,343 26              |
| The Molsons Bank                              | 201,735 25            |
| Cash on Hand                                  | 5,470 68              |
| <b>Total Assets</b>                           | <b>\$2,087,977 03</b> |

### LIABILITIES

|                                 |                       |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Capital Stock Paid In           | \$1,717,256 48        |
| Dividends Credited              | 47,504 34             |
| Amount Due on Uncompleted Loans | 708 56                |
| Borrowers' Sinking Fund         | 47,938 65             |
| Mortgages Assumed for Members   | 10,100 00             |
| Reserve Fund                    | 65,000 00             |
| Contingent Account              | 199,469 00            |
| <b>Total Liabilities</b>        | <b>\$2,087,977 03</b> |

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company**, and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

TORONTO, February 15th, 1904.

THOMAS G. HAND, }  
G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

### Results of Systematic Savings

| Date.           | Total Assets.       | Cash Paid Members. | Reserve Fund.    |
|-----------------|---------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Dec. 31st, 1893 | \$17,725.86         | \$3,548.51         |                  |
| " " 1894        | 68,643.14           | 15,993.59          |                  |
| " " 1895        | 174,608.04          | 43,656.88          | \$1,000.00       |
| " " 1896        | 288,248.97          | 89,339.27          | 2,000.00         |
| " " 1897        | 469,109.92          | 96,894.88          | 13,000.00        |
| " " 1898        | 540,394.91          | 247,691.87         | 18,000.00        |
| " " 1899        | 732,834.27          | 220,852.70         | 25,000.00        |
| " " 1900        | 1,002,480.89        | 298,977.95         | 40,000.00        |
| " " 1901        | 1,282,808.26        | 513,355.37         | 45,000.00        |
| " " 1902        | 1,572,135.78        | 736,348.06         | 55,000.00        |
| " " <b>1903</b> | <b>2,087,977.03</b> | <b>768,063.43</b>  | <b>65,000.00</b> |

### General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.

R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

V. ROBIN, Treasurer.

E. BURT, Supervisor.

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Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1855  
Head Office, Montreal

|                    |                |
|--------------------|----------------|
| Capital Authorized | \$5,000,000.00 |
| Capital, (paid up) | 3,000,000.00   |
| Reserve Fund,      | 2,850,000.00   |

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WM. MOLSON MACPHERSON, President. S. H. EWING, Vice-President.  
W. M. Ramsay, J. P. Cleghorn, H. Markland Molson, Lt.-Col. F. C. Henshaw, Wm. C. McIntyre, JAMES ELLIOT, General Manager.  
A. D. DURNFORD, Chief Inspector and Supr. of Branches.  
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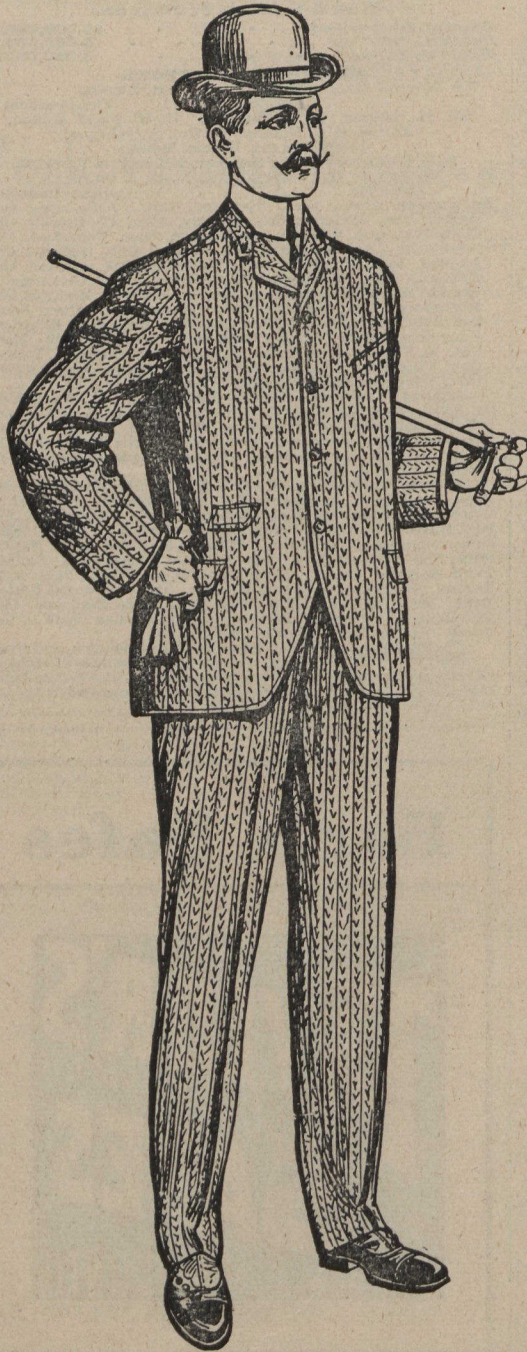
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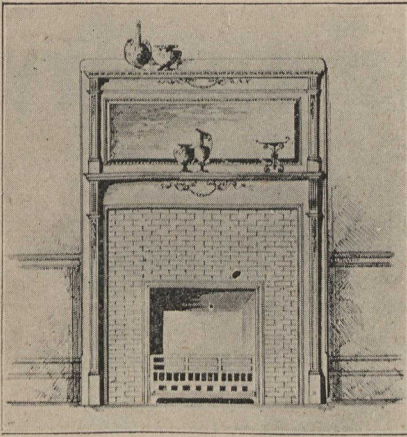
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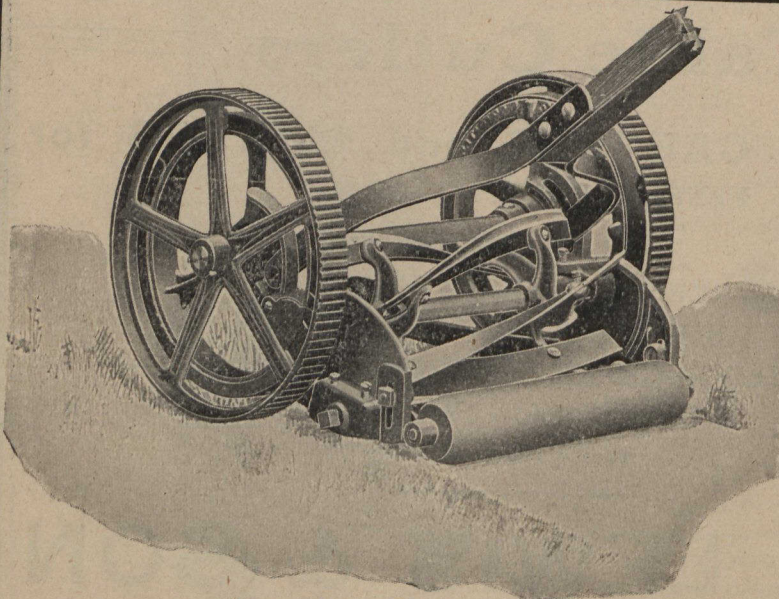
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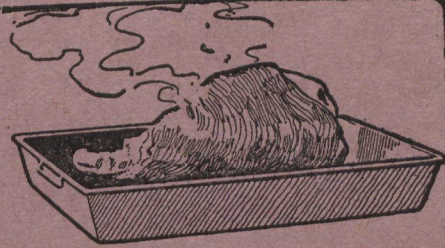
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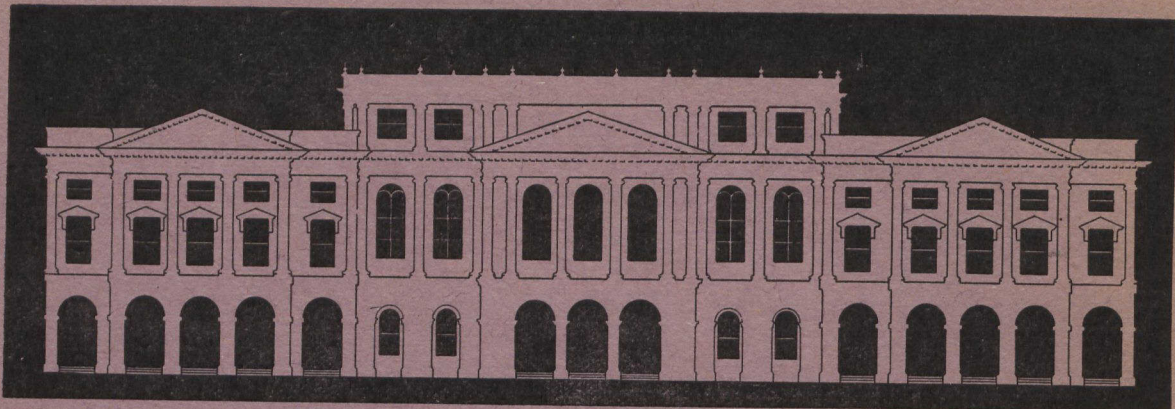
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