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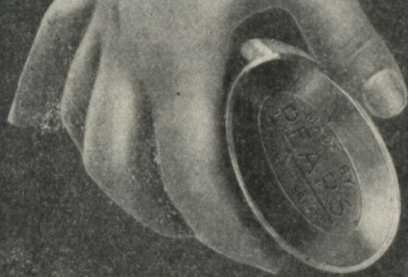
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVIII.

April
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THE MAY NUMBER

THE announcement for the April number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE promised an illustrated article entitled "The Eccentricities of Genius." It was found, however, that to make the reproductions necessary to properly illustrate the article required more time than had been calculated, so the article was held over for the May number.

Another feature of the May number will be the first of a second series of articles by J. E. B. McCready on "When the Dominion was Young." All who read the first series will await the next with much interest. The first article will deal with the Capital as it was just after Confederation.

The fifth article by Dr. Saleeby will deal with "Will and Action."

The number will be replete with stories and well-illustrated articles.

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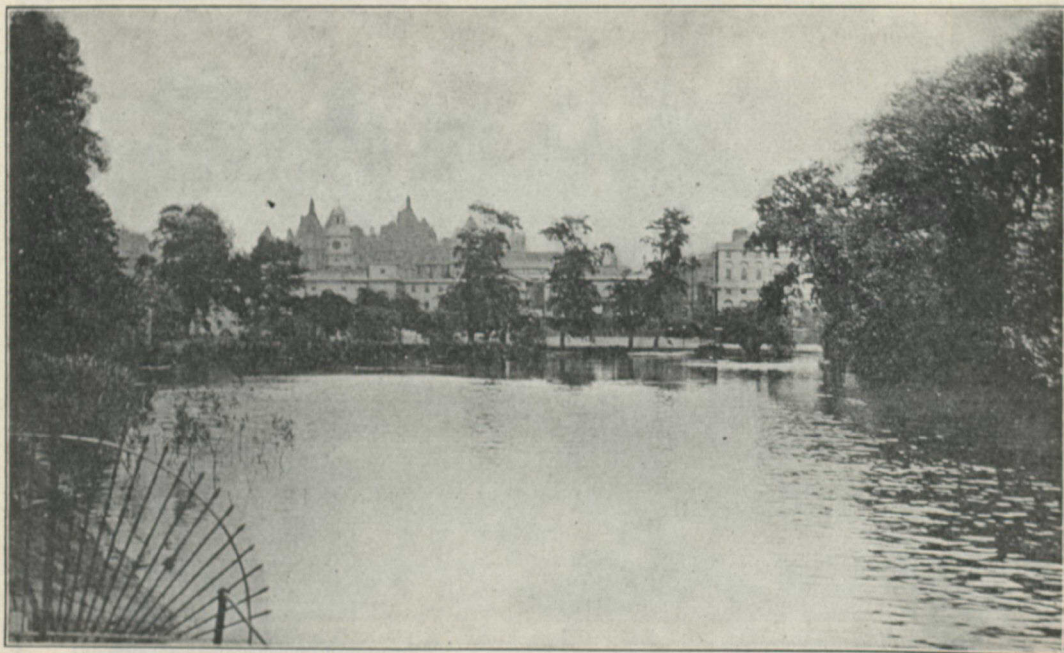
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17, says:—

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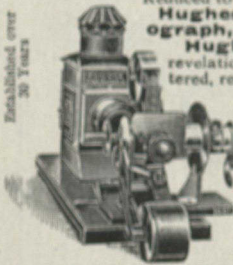
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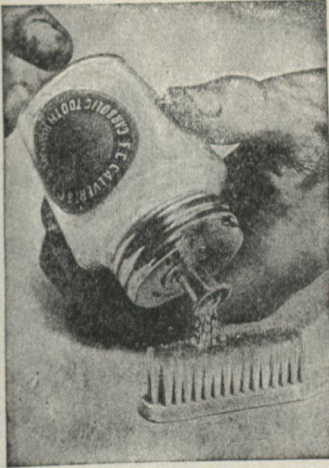
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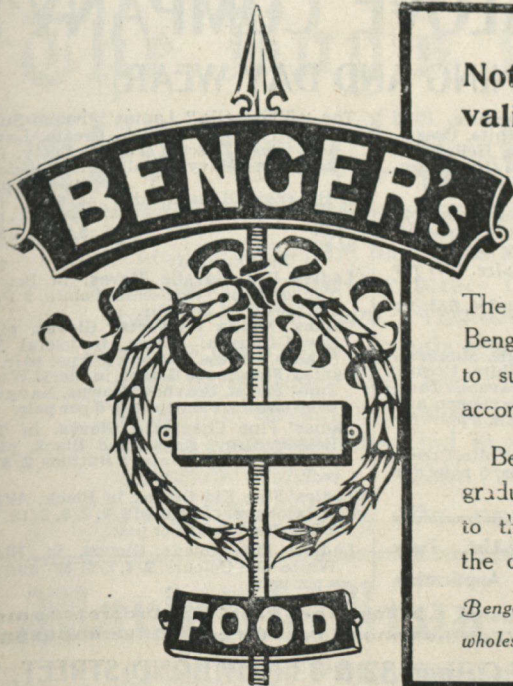


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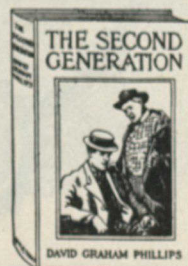
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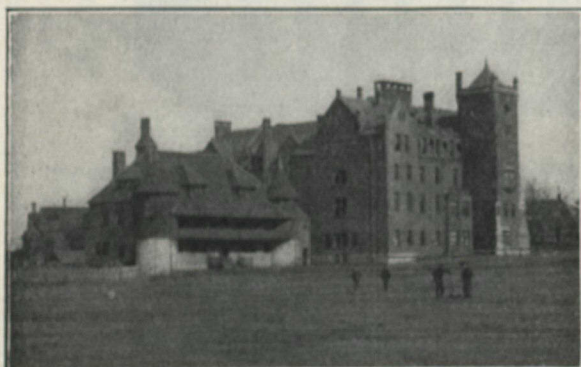
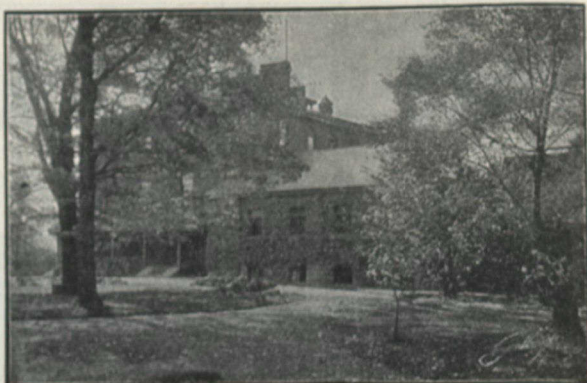
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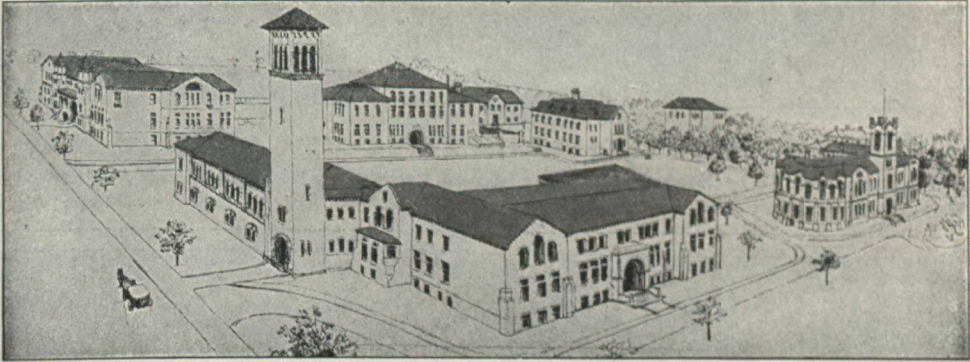
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HON. WILLIAM GIBSON President
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Reserve	2,500,000
Total Assets	29,000,000

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Beaconsfield	Grimsby	Milton	Southampton
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Insurance in Force	\$5,082,075.00	Increase 7%
Cash Income	188,949.82	8%
Total Assets	748,111.83	27%
Government Reserve	488,257.32	24%
Surplus Security for Policyholders	257,854.51	34%

Expenses decreased by 3%

Interest income paid all death losses

87% of Assets are interest bearing

Financial Gain during year	\$53,068.65
Surplus over all liabilities, including capital stock	\$31,142.01

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director
LONDON, ONTARIO

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THE FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE
HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets	- - - -	\$3,293,913 93
Paid to Policyholders in 1905	- -	236,425 35
Assurance written in 1905	- -	3,329,537 08

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President and Managing Director

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Low premiums, high profits to Policyholders, and liberal conditions have given the Great-West Policies a vogue that in 1906 placed the Company second for new business in Canada.

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HOME OFFICE

TORONTO - CANADA

DIRECTORS' REPORT

TO THE POLICYHOLDERS OF THE

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

The Thirty-seventh Annual Report for the year which ended on December 31st, 1906, together with the Financial Statement, is herewith submitted:

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.—The new business for the year amounted to 3,026 policies for \$5,503,547. Adding 43 revived policies for \$52,092, the total new issue and revivals for the year was \$5,555,639. All of this, except \$46,000 written in Newfoundland, was obtained within the Dominion of Canada.

The total amount of business in force was \$46,912,407.58 under 30,986 policies, showing a net addition for the year of \$2,714,453.

INCOME.—The income for the year amounted to \$2,072,423.13, being for premiums, \$1,604,581.74; interest and rents, \$464,646.98; profit from sale of real estate, \$3,194.41.

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS.—The total amount paid to policyholders during the year was \$679,662.20, as follows:—

Death claims, \$327,975.50; matured endowments, \$168,486; purchased policies, \$88,607.47; surplus, \$83,947.55; and annuities, \$10,645.68. While the death claims were somewhat in excess of the previous year, the ratio to the amount expected was only 53%, an extremely favorable experience.

THE EXPENSES AND TAXES were \$338,717.40, being \$10,224.36 less than 1905, and only 16.34% of the total income.

ASSETS.—The cash assets at the close of the year amounted to \$9,900,845.20, made up as follows:

Mortgages, \$5,013,647.45; Debentures and Bonds, \$3,429,025.49; Loans on our own Policies, \$1,129,517.25; Premium Obligations, \$25,786.38; Real Estate, \$900.26; Company's Head Office Building, \$30,875.79; Cash on hand and in the Banks, \$271,092.58; the due and deferred Premiums, less cost of collection, \$286,981.81; and Interest due and accrued, \$197,712.83, bringing the total assets up to \$10,385,539.84, being an increase of \$1,089,447.69 over 1905.

The policy of the Company in regard to investments has been maintained, and it will be observed that nearly all our Assets are invested in mortgages on real estate, Municipal Debentures and Bonds, and loans on policies. Our Debentures and Bonds are taken into account at net cost, though their market value is a sum largely in excess of it.

No losses were made on investments in 1906, and, so far as can be foreseen, none are anticipated.

The balance of real estate acquired by foreclosure in former years was disposed of during the year at a profit; only one small parcel valued at \$900 remains.

Interest payments were again very well met, the amount outstanding at the end of the year being only \$17,056.26. A large portion of this fell due during the closing days of the year, and has since been paid. Some of the arrears are due on Western loans, where borrowers were unable to market their grain. It is to be regretted that the elevator and railway facilities are not adequate to the demands in the West, so as to enable farmers to realize upon their year's crop within a reasonable time after harvest. Great hardship has ensued in many instances from this cause, and it is to be hoped that some measures of relief will be afforded, so as to avoid a recurrence of this misfortune.

In the Province of Ontario all mortgage obligations were extraordinarily well paid, the amount in arrear being but trifling. It is noteworthy also to mention, that on an investment of \$855,911 in the City of Winnipeg, not one dollar of interest was in arrear.

Your Directors took full advantage of the monetary conditions during the year, and were able to invest the funds promptly and at better rates of interest than heretofore. They were fortunate in securing some Municipal Debentures extending over a long period of years, which will realize a very satisfactory return. Mortgage loans were made at rates of interest considerably in excess of those obtainable in recent years, and the result of these favorable investments is shewn in the advance of the average rate earned upon the invested assets, while the benefit therefrom will continue through many years in the future.

The Liabilities were ascertained on the Company's standard of valuation, viz., combined experience table mortality with 4% interest for all business up to January 1st, 1900. From that date to January 1st, 1903, on Institute of Actuaries table of mortality with 3½% interest; and thereafter on the same table with 3% interest. The reserve so computed amounted to \$9,053,332.18, and the total liabilities were \$9,182,161.26, leaving a surplus over all liabilities of \$1,203,378.58. The increase in the surplus over 1905 was \$251,377.46, and the total earnings for the year amounted to \$335,325.01. If our liabilities were computed on the Government standard of valuation, the surplus at the close of the year would have amounted to \$1,552,364.26.

WATERLOO, March 7th, 1907.

R. MELVIN, *President.*

The various reports having been adopted, the retiring Directors, Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, F. C. Bruce, J. Kerr Fiskien and Geo. A. Somerville, were unanimously re-elected. After a number of able and thoughtful addresses had been made by members of the Board, prominent policy-holders, and others, the meeting adjourned.

The Directors met subsequently and re-elected Mr. Robert Melvin, President; Mr. Alfred Hoskin, K.C., First Vice-President; and the Hon. Mr. Justice Britton, Second Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

(Booklets containing full report, comprising lists of securities held, and other interesting and instructive particulars, are being issued, and will in due course be distributed among policy-holders and intending insurers.)

GEO. WEGENAST, *Manager.*

W. H. RIDDELL, *Secretary.*

WATERLOO, March 7th, 1907.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

37th Annual Statement for the Year 1906

INCOME

Premiums, less reinsurance.....	\$1,604,581.74
Interest and Rents	464,646.98
Profit from sale of Real Estate...	3,194.41

\$2,072,423.13

DISBURSEMENTS

Death Claims.....	\$ 327,975.50
Matured Endowments.....	168,486.00
Purchased Policies.....	88,607.47
Surplus	83,947.55
Annuities.....	10,645.68
Expenses, Taxes, &c.....	338,717.40
Balance.....	1,054,043.53

\$2,072,423.13

ASSETS

Mortgages.....	\$ 5,013,647.45
Debentures and Bonds.....	3,429,025.49
Loans on Policies.....	1,129,517.25
Premium Obligations.....	25,786.38
Real Estate.....	900.26
" " Company's Head	
Office.....	30,875.79
Cash in Banks.....	267,552.05
Cash at Head Office.....	3,540.53
Due and Deferred Premiums (net)	286,981.81
Interest and Rents due and accrued.....	197,712.83

\$10,385,539 84

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 4%, 3½% and 3%....	\$ 9,053,332.18
Reserve on lapsed policies liable to revive or surrender.....	3,001.96
Death Claims unadjusted.....	43,683.00
Matured Endowments unadjusted	3,000.00
Present Value of Death Claims payable in instalments.....	45,338.06
Premiums paid in advance.....	13,781.50
Amount due for medical fees ...	6,482.00
Accrued Rents.....	805.00
Credit ledger balances.....	10,367.50
Sundry current accounts.....	2,370.06
Surplus on Company's Valuation Standard	1,203,378.58

\$10,385,539 84

Surplus on Government Standard of Valuation, \$1,552,364.26

GAINS IN 1906

In Income.....	\$ 115,904.22	In Surplus (Company's Standard.	\$ 251,377.46
In Assets.....	1,089,447.69	In Insurance in force.....	2,712,453.00

Audited and found correct, Waterloo, January 24th, 1907

J. M. SCULLY, F.C.A., Auditor

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

<p>ROBERT MELVIN, President</p> <p>GEORGE WEGENAST, Manager</p>	<p>A. HOSKIN, K.C., HON. JUSTICE BRITTON, } Vice-Presidents</p> <p>W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary</p>	
---	---	--

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ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION \$9,400,000

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Executor and Trustee under Will.

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2. Business Management.
3. Prompt Investment of Trust Funds.

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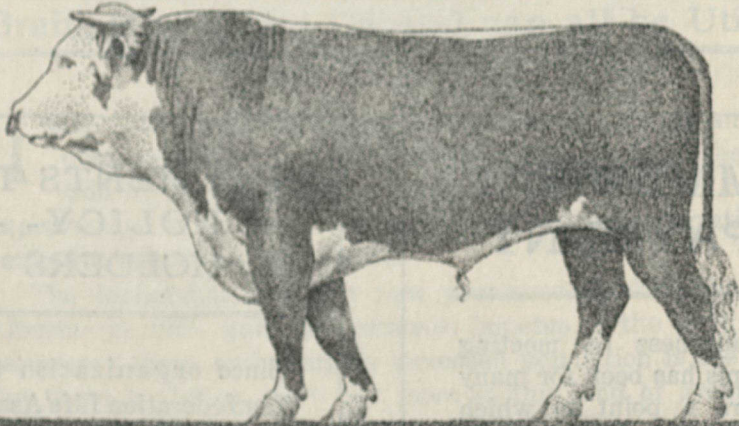
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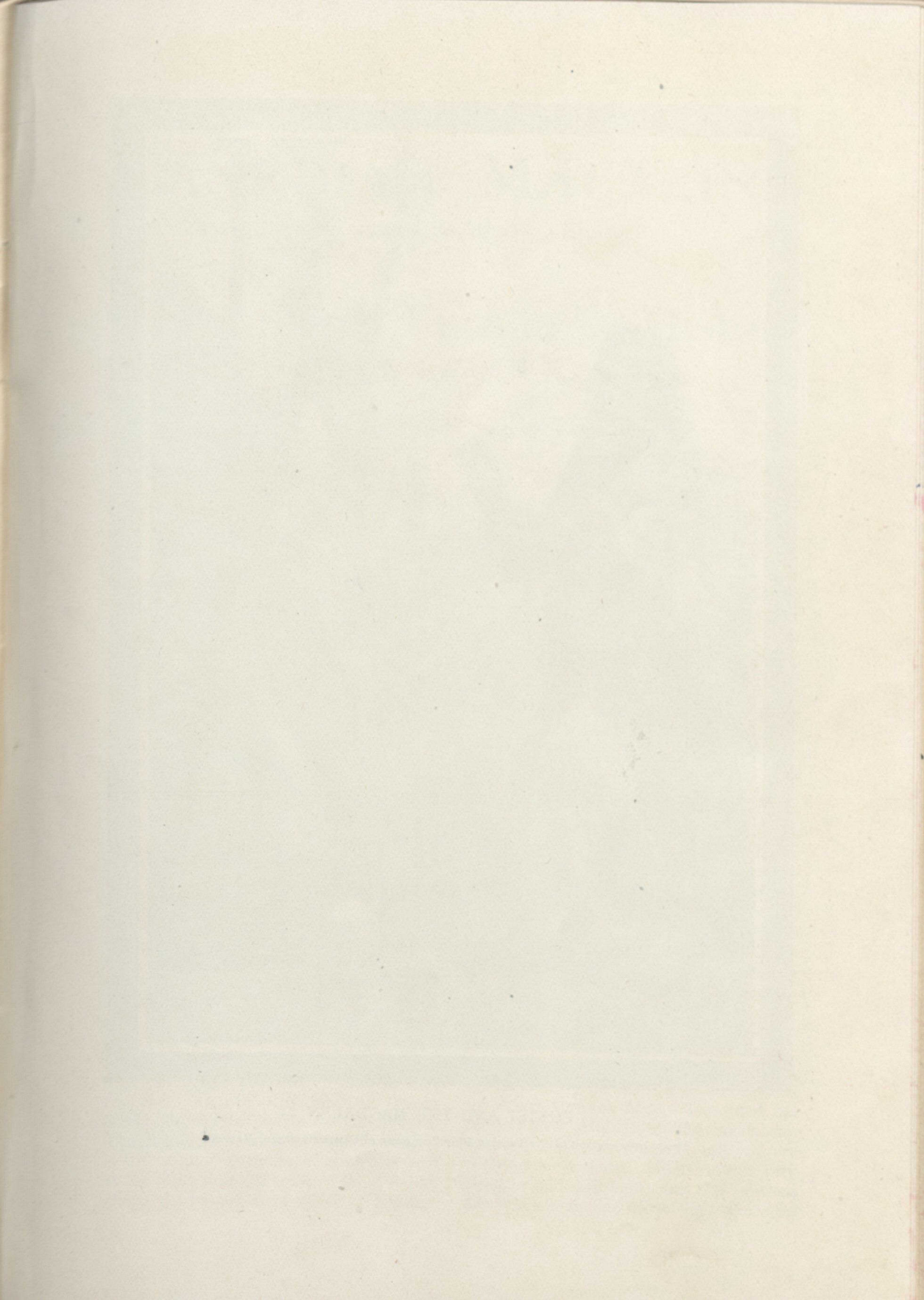
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII

TORONTO, APRIL, 1907

No. 6

Toronto: A Turn in Its History

By

Goldwin Smith.

D.C.L.

A striking picture of contrasts—What was, what is, and what will probably be, with a warning against civic landlordism



THE announcement that manufacturers are going to build a thousand houses for additional hands seems to mark a turning point in the history of Toronto. Is she henceforth to be a residential or a manufacturing city? She can hardly be both, at least in a special degree. Apparently, by this announcement, the die is cast and Toronto is to be a manufacturing city.

It can hardly be said that Toronto has not hitherto in her own line been progressive. When a stranger came to settle in her thirty-four years ago, the population was barely a third of what it is now. Dundas Street, where the newcomer lived, was still rural. Cows pastured on the street. In the neighbourhood there was just society enough to make up a rubber. Rosedale with its fanciful variety of villas was not, nor was St. George Street with its lines of mansions. There was little east of the Don. On Queen's Park rose no massive pile of Parliament Buildings, no bright parterres of flowers met the eye. No new City Hall on Queen Street bespoke the plethora of city finance. The Island now, with its countless villas, is the summer paradise of opulence, and at the same time the scene of those enjoyments the extension of which to the less

wealthy class, the whole family sharing them, is one of the pleasant features of the age. In those days, it is believed, there was on the Island, besides the lighthouse, one solitary bungalow, in which the writer spent an evening with its owner. Three mansions in the characteristically English style, built half a century before, stood, antiquities among mushrooms. Moss Park was the abode of the Allans. The "Palace" had been the abode of the redoubtable Bishop Strachan, but had sunk to a boarding-house. The Grange, the mansion of the Boultons, was haunted by the memories of the Family Compact, interesting, though politically sombre. It had seen the day when a bear attacked a carriage-horse in its garden, when an Indian walked into its mistress's bedroom, and a British officer lost himself in the bush hard by. It had been outside the city, which had grown round it, leaving it, however, with an ample lot, since somewhat curtailed by the taxgatherer.

As a residential city, Toronto has lacked country drives. There are pleasant drives through Moore Park and beyond Forest Hill; but the roads are seldom good. One carriage only you are likely to meet there. High Park is very pleasant and well kept; but it is reached through a long line of trolley street and

a very disagreeable bridge. If the City Council had only kept the lake front for an esplanade! But how can you expect foresight of a council which is always going for re-election? It would be well, however, if the Riverdale Zoo could be transferred to High Park and the poor elephant could be released from his torturing chain.

The circle of the fashionable world in those days was, of course, far narrower than it is now. It would scarcely have supplied numbers for one of those social battues which we call afternoon teas, and into which have expanded the original afternoon teas of England, with their eight or ten people meeting informally for tea, talk, and music. The two heads of society were Mr., afterwards Sir David, Macpherson, and Colonel, afterwards Sir Casimir, Gzowski. It is with a pensive feeling that a survivor of those days looks on the vacant sites where once stood Chestnut Park and The Hall.

With its centres of government, administration, and law, its banks, its agencies of commercial distribution, and its University, Toronto was not only attractive, perhaps as much so as any city on the continent, but was thriving, and seemed assured of increasing prosperity in the future. Pleasant was the picture which it presented to the eye of a visitor coming in over the lake and looking at it with its towers and spires, lit up by the evening sun.

Toronto's citizens were proud of her and were forming plans for her embellishment; an association with that object was on foot. She was becoming a centre of art as well as of government and finance. She had a school of painting, in landscape and portraiture at least, the reputation of which was not confined to her. She had a school of sculpture which had shown its capability. She had a very flourishing school of music. A centre of literature could hardly be formed under our local conditions, much cut off as we were from the field and mart of the great intellectual world. But we had our literary life and good writers more than one.

Now comes a change. The visitor approaching over the lake sees, not the bright city roseate with the evening sun,

but a vast volume of smoke, betokening a change, perhaps an inevitable change, in the destination of our city. Materially the change is for the better. At all events it has come. Commerce must have its way. It has its way with Niagara, turning a wonder and a glory into a "power."

Smoke, besides its disfigurement, is an evil, if, as we are told, it is destroying by corrosion an English cathedral which has defied the waste of ages. But more vital than a change in the atmosphere is a change in the pursuits and character of the people. Manufactures, by enormously increasing production, have been an immense boon to us all. But the same thing can hardly be said without hesitation of factory life. The factory hands in their unions are a class and an interest very much apart, waging an intermittent war, which at present unhappily shows little sign of abatement, with their employers, and under the leadership of men from the other side of the line. This, like other social problems, we hope will work itself out in time. But in the meantime it gives trouble, and not only to the two interests immediately at war. Chicago, Pittsburg, and other manufacturing cities know this too well.

To a residential city manufactures are a special source of trouble, as they break up the domestic service. The girls are allured to the factory by the independence or what they take for such, the companionship, the fixed hours, the evenings and Sundays to themselves, though their life according to the report of those who have explored it is not attractive or high. They can learn nothing that will ever be of use to them as wives or mothers. The want of comfort in the home is probably often the cause of wife-desertion, not less than infidelity on the part of the man. Owing to the failure of domestic service Apartment Houses are rising to the skies. The Apartment House can hardly be as good as a home, particularly for the children.

There is a rush, no doubt, into the cities from other sources. It is a feature of the age, the result partly, perhaps, of the displacement of hands by agricultural machinery, but chiefly of the general restlessness, stimulated perhaps by popular education. It is an unhappy tendency.

In the city living is dearer, the air is not so good. The moral atmosphere is worse for the children. There is not even so much sociability, though there is more rush and excitement. In the country, neighbours know each other; in the city, the nearest neighbours often do not.

We have, moreover, an influx of immigration, some of it very alien and not of the most desirable kind.

We seem to think that an increase of population, whatever its character, must be an increase of wealth and well-being. The population of Toronto has trebled, and the price of some of the chief necessities of life has risen thirty or forty per cent., while house-rent has risen still more. This, no doubt, is from various causes, but it is not identical with well-being, at least to those who are touched by it. Fixed incomes and salaries must have been reduced fully thirty per cent.

The newcomers drawn by the factories will be of the poorer class, and will have to be provided by the taxpayers with their share of the city services, and with an education for their children, the great and growing expense of which, under the arbitrary demands of the school board, has caused a note of warning to be sounded by the Mayor; as well it may, when we have the expenditure on the Trunk Sewer, rendered more inevitable than ever by the increase of the population, in view.

There are probably no means of ascertaining how much of the capital invested in the factories will be resident in the city and contributory to its expenditure.

Our highways, now loaded and blocked with heavy traffic, seem not made for that service. Will not the expense of maintaining them be increased?

Slums, about which there is an alarm, are the dregs and almost inevitable accompaniments of overgrown cities. The bad quarter in St. John's Ward, however, of which we have heard so much, was a

special case in which it would seem the Health Officer might have intervened. Our best course would surely have been to expropriate that area, the houses upon which were almost worthless, and then build the new Library near, as public institutions ought to be, to the City Hall, with a small park. The neighbourhood would then have improved of itself. Instead of this, we have put the Library out of the way, and to make a site for it, pulled down about the most costly mansion in the city.

Proclaim that you are going to provide housing cheap for all who call themselves working men, and you will have a rush into the city which will aggravate the congestion. The municipality cannot go into the business of building and letting houses without manifest danger of abuse. London has pronounced its verdict on policy of this kind. A wiser plan was that endorsed by the Associated Charities, providing the best models and letting trade take its course. I am assured, though I have no means of accurately verifying the statement, that a good many of the artisans of Toronto own their own homes.

There is no use in repining. Our best policy practically seems to be that of supporting the City Council in its effort to locate factories for the future on Ashbridge's Bay, where, at all events, they could hardly annoy us with their smoke. Why was this policy, obvious as it now seems, not adopted before? Because the forecast necessary for the adoption of any policy is not possible with a government, the members of which hold their office by so brief a tenure and must be always thinking of re-election. The occurrence of the present crisis in our fortunes may be salutary, as it practically impresses on us the necessity of exchanging the present system for an expert, stable, and really responsible government.





A MAGNIFICENT GOLDEN-EYE DRAKE

Decoying the Golden-Eye

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

*Personal experiences with this beautiful specie of wild duck,
and incidentally with the gull robber-duck, the goosander*



O well illustrate my subject, let me first of all present the picture of this big, handsome bird. It was taken in a most unnatural position, it always being my aim to photograph the bird in flight or in the water, but of the dozens of good pictures we have got none of them were close enough to show the plumage distinctly. There is a rocky point on the northern shores of Rice Lake, where chub, roach and shiners abound. Here we had often seen a flock of American Golden-Eye ducks busily feeding on the schools of small fish, diving in deep water after them or chasing them almost ashore in the shallows; following them with none of the body submerged save the bill and eyes; half wading, half swimming, throwing up clouds of spray as they dashed hither and thither; then, when the flock was thoroughly satisfied they would wade ashore and sun themselves on the rocks and pebbles. We were determined to picture this bird at six feet. We tried

stone "hides" to conceal ourselves in, but the wary birds swam ashore fifty yards away. Finally, we concealed both machines, made long connections and carried them up the steep bank. There we lay, well hidden behind some young cedars and watched the flock diving and swimming along. About forty of the birds, well gorged with fish, sat dozing on the water directly in front of us; a few then swam and scrambled ashore, and finally one took up a position we had often seen a bird occupy on a bed of shore-driven wild rice straw directly in front of the big camera. I can still hear the clear whistling, flapping and splashing that ensued when the curtain ran down with its metallic clang behind the lens, and the entire flock jumped into the air. The few ashore waddled into the water, and all sped away, whistling as merrily as a crowd of schoolboys. Even if this bird does eat a morning fish, the wild rice and wild celery keep him fair for the table.

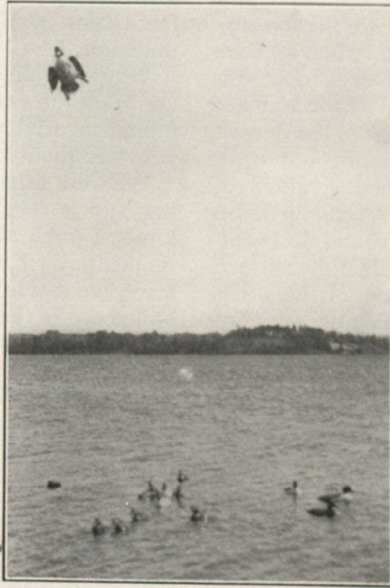
These were October days, crisp and

clear, with golden-yellow rice beds about us and green cedar-clad islands in their midst, while all the shores around were brilliant with the scarlet hues of the autumn. From the "hides" in the rice beds, from the protruding points of the islands, from the deep bays, came a long, continual booming and cracking of guns. Every innocent-looking bit of cover held danger for the whistling flocks. The birds were massed across the entrances of the deep bays, flying from bay to bay and crossing the points en route, skirting the long rice beds amid lake, drawing a steady fire all along the line. They were after gravel, and this needed digestive material was in the most dangerous spots for the birds. Our decoys bobbed in the light waves off a point on the north shore, and we were using the rich high note "quack" to call the birds. We often inserted a "creek," their spring love-making call; but it only aroused curiosity, the passing birds would turn their heads from side to side wondering what "bally fool" of a whistle-wing was seeking a mate these cold fall days. The low "purrit" of the blue-bill often turned them, and a pebble thrown splashing among the decoys, completed the deception. We also had a line passed through an anchor and up to the screw-eye in the breast of a big white decoy, and its answering dives were marvels of attraction.

"Look!" My assistant grasped my arm and whispered shrilly. Unseen, unnoticed, a whistler had swum into the decoys. Diving and feeding, he had entered stealthily, as these birds often do. We pictured him and let him wing away uninjured, as a photographed bird is always safe with us. The wind fell, and

the flight increased as the Indians put out into the calm lake to troll, for now cameras were discarded and the open shell boxes took the place of the film supply boxes. On the still clear air we could hear the musical notes of the merry-wing, as they call this handsome black and white, yellow-eyed, yellow-footed bird in some places on the Atlantic coast. The birds flew straight for the point, and as it is well to never call a sure in-comer, we were silent. With a screeching whistle the big drakes would circle to the wind and fan

over the decoys in easy range. Once we dropped so fine a specimen that I jumped into the canoe and hastily paddled out to kill the poor wounded bird and examine it. It lay on its back stunned, with its reddish-yellow feet uppermost. I placed my hand on the feet to grasp them; there was a rapid muscular pressure from the bird, and down it dived. As far as we have seen, it has not come up yet. Skillful, clever divers they are. I have followed them when they were wounded for an hour at a time on a perfectly clear lake, sitting in the canoe with



SHOT AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. DALE
—A CLEVER PERFORMANCE

gun held to shoulder, ready to fire at the bubbling splash of the head's appearance, and have finally lost the bird. A Missis-sauga duck hunter once said: "Fire when you see them." He was right. They must come up for breath, even if the clever bird only does allow the tip of the bill to be seen while getting it, and a shot from out of range disturbs him in the act. A couple of wasted shots allows one to paddle close enough to end the misery of the wounded bird. It is a matter of sadness to us every fall to think of the poor web-footed ones that escape in sadly wounded condition and linger on as



GOOSANDERS FLYING OUT OF DECOYS

tempting food for mink or fox, duck-hawk, or even crow, and should they pass through these perils there are the freezing nights of November ahead, when all their waning strength will not keep open the rapidly closing icehole. We have watched them coming up from beneath the decoys, when a double shot has rung out while part of the birds were diving, aided by kicking feet and wings. Actually flying under water they emerge and leap into the air with a last kick against the surface. Now comes the strangeness of the whistling noise. Up, up they mount, sounding the notes from the very instant they leave the water, and we can trace them long after the birds are lost to sight by the clear, shrill sound. Again we see them coming as this handsome drake we pictured, straight for the decoys, wings fanning rapidly without the slightest noise. This drake set his broad wings and fell for the decoys just as the camera clicked. Instantly he saw us, swerved on his course and went away down the lake whistling as clear as ever golden-eye did. My only explanation is that the noise is made by the bugle-like windpipe, possible only when the wings are in motion, but which can be stopped at will while in flight. The bird cannot whistle when on water.

We had dropped a dozen birds, fairly well killed, without a miss. It was easy shooting, and we felt good; yes, and we felt confident. I am inclined to think Fritz felt a little puffed up. "Quack, quack," he signalled me—two birds coming in. We put our guns to the shoulder before they were nearly within range, an old and a good habit, too, as the bird is not then startled out of its regular flight by two men bobbing up suddenly before it. With a long, graceful curve they

covered the decoys. "Bang, bang," sang the guns. Along sped the birds. "Bang, bang," with sharp insistence repeated the guns. Unchecked, unharmed, the ducks completed the curve. Unhurried they took up their straight onward flight.

"Ah-tuhyah, bully good shot that," sounded scornfully on our ears, and Hawk, the Indian guide, silently glided around the point.

Why is it that all the fine, clean shots are made unwitnessed, but the miserable flukes invariably occur when the other fellow is about?

We were intensely interested while eating lunch by visiting ducks. Do you know, I think they choose for coming, the moment you have the tin platter on your knee, the cup in one hand and a very soft-boiled egg in the other. Of course, everything goes by the board—butter, soft side down, in the only sandy spot for yards around, and you miss the bird and blame it on the gun, or the cushion, or anything but yourself. I always work it off on my assistant. He is meek; and as we have a rule that only one can get mad in this camp at a time, we wriggle along very nicely. There we sat, two white men, with a redman in the centre for variety, our mouths full, our hands as we were caught in the act of feeding, maintaining uncomfortable positions, like so many scarecrows, all because a couple of whistlers had settled in near the decoys, yet out of range, and were carefully scanning the three odd objects on the shore. We kept up this mutual observation game for two full minutes, then after we had suffered untold pains and cramps, the birds jumped up and flew away, and we resumed our meal gloomily.

When the pipes were going, we spied a large flock of geosanders and their accompanying flock of gulls. The big, richly-coloured drakes, with their red bills and shining red eyes set in a head of velvet green, were diving along in chase of a fleeing school of minnows; down like a

signalled line all the big white birds dived, leaving the lately crowded spot empty. Above the water, rippled by their dive, hung or swung on great wings many white and gray gulls, calling in sharp, insistent notes for those fisher-ducks below to hurry up. Pop-up darts a red and green head with a struggling shiner in the mouth. Like a flash the hovering gull nearest has upset and fallen straight and sure at the fish, snatched the struggling shiner and swallowed it in a trice. A pair of these ducks, seeking to escape the unwelcome gulls, jumped from the water and flew our way, splashing down into the decoys with the wind. These passed rapidly from decoy to decoy, examining these strange birds, and as they were not repulsed, as is their usual fate when they get among the better class of ducks, they settled to oiling and preening themselves, reaching the brilliant red bill back to the oil teat above the tail and deftly oiling it and wiping the oil on to the feathers. Then they dived. I wriggled into the bough-house and seized the camera. They saw me sitting there waiting for

their picture and up they jumped in a cloud of spray, giving me a view of bird and upthrown water in excellent shape. Then the whole flock dived, or flew or swam past, and we took a shot and got a pair with the camera. We do not kill these fish-eaters or any birds that are unfit for the table; so if you should visit me and were unkind enough to kill a crow, I would firmly, but politely, request you to eat it. We should not wilfully, needlessly kill anything in this beautiful world.

Now the perfect day was drawing to a close; the Mississauga had more ducks than he needed. Our last shot at a high overhead duck sent it sweeping in a long angle for the lake, dead ere it touched the water, which it sent splashing high above its rebounding body. So we tied our birds in pairs, tied them in the old-time Indian way (just a pair of wing-feathers knotted through the bills); smoothed down the ruffled plumage of each glossy drake, or modestly clad brown and gray duck, kicked out the last remaining ember, and with half a dozen pictures and a dozen ducks, paddled rapidly homeward.

Love's Whisper

BY DONALD A. FRASER

IT came like the breath of an opening rose,
 Like the fall of a summer shower,
 Sweet'ning and fresh'ning life's weary way
 With its subtle and magic power.

All nature assumed a more glorious tint;
 And the bird's sweetest notes outrang;
 The sun smiled warm, and the breeze blew soft,
 While the brooklet more gaily sang.

And what was the charm that had worked the change
 With a wonder all charms above?
 Oh, listen! I'll tell you the secret true:
 'Twas the first gentle whisper of love.

Uncle Tom's Prototype

By WILLIAM HARRISON

Appendix by J. C. Hamilton

Remarkable story of Lemuel Page, a negro who fled from slavery and for many years lived happily in Canada



AMERICAN Negro Slavery happily no longer exists, but the records of its "inhumanity to man" will echo down the ages to the end of time.

A number of years ago the writer, on a visit to a relative in one of our northern townships, went by stage from the township of Osprey to the town of Collingwood. It was on a beautiful summer day. The road was splendid, and the stage, an open conveyance, was well filled with passengers. Among us was a well-dressed, intellectual-looking, white-headed coloured man of pleasing manners, who entertained the company by his sage and oftentimes witty remarks. To relieve the tedium of the journey one of the passengers suggested that he give us his history, to which he assented. On my arrival home I transmitted the narrative from memory to manuscript. Recently with other old papers I was about to consign it to the flames, but on second thought spared it for a little longer lease of life. It may help to fill a leisure moment.

The story will be given in our fellow-passenger's own words.

"I was born in the State of Vermont. I did not know my parents. My earliest recollections are of a family of the name of Page, who took care of me and treated me kindly. My guardian was a rigid Presbyterian and was, I believe, a good man. When I could not go to church, Mr. Page's mother would take me into her room and teach me by word of mouth many things that are in the Bible, such as, who was the first man, who was the oldest man, and who was the wisest man, giving me at the same time much good advice. A gentleman who lived near by also took much notice of me, and often invited me

to his home, but the young ladies, his daughters, would not suffer me to come near the house, because I was not as white as they were.

"A man of the name of Gould, of York State, used to come occasionally on a visit to the Page family, and as it was my duty to wait on visitors, I was frequently with him, and little chats often took place between us. Gould frequently asked me if I would like to live with him. At first I refused, but by continued kindness and gifts of candies, oranges, etc., I began to listen to him, and finally consented to go. When we arrived at his place I found that it was a hotel. He used me very kindly for several days. Being of a good-natured disposition, I generally contrived to please those on whom I waited, and grew rather fond of the landlord. One day, soon after I began to feel at home in my new quarters, my old master came on a visit to Gould's. He was not long there before I became the subject of their conversation. Gould asked Page if he would turn me over to him. Page said he would do nothing without my consent. I was called in and on considerable coaxing on the part of Gould I was induced to agree to it. The writings were drawn up and signed. In other words, I was sold.

"From that day, to me Gould was an entirely different man. He did not abuse me, but I had to put up with much hardships from my master's family. He set the example of ill-treatment and they followed it. This, however, did not last the whole time that I was at the hotel. A circumstance arose which lessened the rigour with which I was treated to some extent. Gould had several children, some very young and one grown up to manhood. He had also an adopted son called

Lyman Holly, who turned out to be a wild, reckless young fellow. Sometime before I went to live at the hotel Lyman had become connected with a company of smugglers who carried on unlawful operations between the States and Canada a short time before the war of 1812. The authorities of the American government had determined to put a stop to the business. A party of smugglers were discovered and hotly pursued. Among them was Lyman Holly. A toll-gate keeper, seeing a number of men on horseback approaching rapidly and suspecting them to be outlaws in retreat, shut the gate. The smugglers came on with a dash, breaking open the gate. In the melee the gate-keeper was shot and with his dying breath uttered the name of Lyman Holly. The murderer meantime escaped. Detectives were sent in all directions, but the search was unsuccessful.

"The house which was then used by Gould as an hotel was originally built as a residence after the old country fashion, by a gentleman of the last century, whose ideas of architecture were far from modern. The walls and ceilings of the best rooms were covered with panelled oak and finished in antique design. The windows were small and the only way of distinguishing the doors was by the knobs and latches on certain panels. These panels were made movable to make larger or smaller rooms and fitted together so neatly as to be unnoticed by a careless observer.

"Part of my duty, as I was to make myself generally useful, was to wait on the girls in the kitchen, fetch, carry, etc. On one occasion one of the girls sent me for some preserves in a certain cupboard. While I was in the closet, it being dark, I noticed a crack between two of the panels through which a light shone. I had the curiosity to climb up and look through. In the middle of a small room sat a man. On his moving a little the light shone on his face. It was Lyman Holly. Prior to this I had noticed on the roof of the house a skylight, but I could never find out to which of the rooms it conveyed light. The mystery was now unravelled. I determined to say nothing about it, yet I was so excited by the knowledge so ac-

cidental obtained that I scarcely knew what I was doing. One day I incurred the anger of one of the girls who gave me a slap in the mouth. In a passion I said, 'If you don't let me alone I will tell about Lyman Holly.' The girls stared, but thinking it was a childish rage, passed it off with a laugh, and it was forgotten. Some time after a similar burst of passion led to similar results, but its effects were of a more lasting character.

"One or more of Gould's family had been guilty of theft. They had been to the closet previously mentioned, and the jars were lighter in consequence. They were all brought up before the father, myself among the number. By this time guilty or not guilty, if there was any possibility of placing the blame on me, I had to take the responsibility. I was charged with the theft. Gould looked at me and began to prepare the whip. I told him I did not take it. He thought that I was adding falsehood to the crime, and laid hold of me to apply the lash. I felt indignant at being whipped for a crime which, through the teachings of Mr. Page's family, I thoroughly detested, and knew myself to be honest. I also knew that George Gould's eldest son was the criminal, and that I had often remonstrated with him for being guilty in this respect.

"It was not to be wondered at that Gould's family were such as they were. He was horse trader, and perhaps a horse thief, as horses were frequently brought to the stables and their appearance so changed that when they came out they would not be known by their owners. Just as Gould was about to bring down the lash, I could hold no longer and said, 'If you whip me, I will tell where Lyman Holly is.' His arm was staid in a moment. He pretended to be softened by my tears, and began to again question the children. By their contradictory answers he found that I was innocent.

"A day or two afterwards Gould came to me in the garden and asked me what I knew about Lyman Holly. I did not give him any satisfaction. Before he left me he said that if I ever said anything about Lyman Holly that I would never

be seen afterwards. This I dreaded before he threatened, and so did not say much.

"A week after the conversation in the garden I missed Holly from the secret hiding place.

"One day Gould said to me, 'Lemy,' (my name is Lemuel), 'Lemy,' said he, 'how would you like to take the bays and Mr. Jones and me for a trip to Lake Champlain?' Having had much to do with horses, I was rather an expert driver, and the two bays made a splendid team. One of these horses properly belonged to me, as it was left to me by a deceased relative of Gould's on his death-bed, for my care of him during his illness. Gould bought a match for him, and from that day considered both his own. They were sold on this trip, of course, to his advantage.

"When we reached Champlain, I was introduced to my master's oldest son, whose name I had frequently heard mentioned at home. The young man, whom I subsequently learned was a fugitive from justice for the crime of forgery, was in partnership with one Captain Ross, a very wild young fellow, who had robbed his father of a large sum of money, with which he had built the sloop of which he was in command. Captain Ross and young Gould treated me very kindly and seemed to take a great interest in me. When the vessel was loaded they took me to see the sloop. After walking about on deck for a while, Ross took me down into the cabin and amused me by showing me many curiosities. When we went again on deck I found that we were under sail and that the shore was fast disappearing from sight. I began to cry and begged to be set ashore. As bad as the past had been to me, I knew the worst. I dreaded an unknown future among strangers. My grief was so violent that Ross pitied me, and by way of consolation told me that he was not taking me for himself, but for one Col. Bissle in the army, and that I would have a good time. When we landed I was handed over to Col. Bissle. Then I found that I had again been sold as a slave and bought as such. I had often heard of freedom and longed to get there, but all my efforts to free myself

were of no avail. I had no one to help me.

"Col. Bissle, my new master, who at this time was residing in Kentucky, came from Louisiana. He was a large slaveholder and speculator in slaves. His treatment of his recent purchases was oftentimes harsh and cruel. Though I tried to do the best of my ability, many failures brought me many whippings, and my lacerated back and shoulders caused me many a sleepless night.

"About this time war broke out between Great Britain and the United States—the war of 1812. Col. Bissle and his company were ordered to the front. I noticed that the American army were a long time getting together, and when a number were in camp there were perpetual disputes among the officers.

"Quite a large force were now gathered under Izzard, Scott, Brown and other officers and active steps were taken to invade Canada. The Americans, somehow, were very unfortunate, being frequently defeated in their sorties and minor engagements, owing, I think, to their lack of unanimity. I was in camp when a dispute arose between Izzard and Lamond about the order of battle. Lamond charged Izzard with being too slow. The quarrel grew so hot between the two officers that they drew swords, but their aids separated them. Lamond called the other officers aside and asked if they would break or disobey orders. They said, No! Izzard was the superior officer and they would obey him as long as he was in command. Lamond said he would then. He placed his soldiers in proper quarters and left for Washington. There he presented his complaint and promised if promoted to take up his winter quarters in Toronto. He came back Izzard's successor.

"My duty was to take care of the Colonel's marquee or tent, a responsibility not very great when properly attended to. At Buffalo Col. Bissle kept company with one Capt. Camp. They seemed to be very intimate friends and spent their evenings together.

"During this period I had much time to myself, and in talking to others I was often asked where I came from, what relation was I to my master, was I hired or

a slave. I said that I was a slave. They told me that I was in a free State, that my master could not hold me if I did not choose to permit him, but at the same time informed me that there was no use asserting my rights there as they would only send me further back to the slave States to secure me. The knowledge I had obtained I kept to myself, determined to escape across to Canada the first opportunity. Something in my actions, however, made the Colonel suspicious, so to try me he said: 'Lemy, you must get yourself ready to go home.' 'Home!' said I, with the same imprudence which had often brought me into trouble before, 'I have no objections to go home, but it must not be out of York State. Bissle immediately became very angry. That night I was staked at the gambling table and lost. Capt. Camp was now my master, and I was taken from the markee to his house in Buffalo.

"Camp was a man who had many good traits in his character, but treated any neglect of duty with great severity, and I must say that he was as rigorous with his soldiers as he was with me. Colour made no difference with him. I have known him to order soldiers who had been charged with drinking or disorderly conduct up before his own door and unmercifully flogged, he directing the blows. The soldiers used to say that when Capt. Camp got up in the morning cursing and swearing there was no danger, but when he came down from his house whistling and singing, somebody had to take a licking. Most of his cruelty was when he was in a towering passion, when he lost control of himself—then he seemed to glory in severity.

"My fellow-servants were a coloured man named Sam and a boy about my own age—fourteen years—both from the State of Virginia. Sam was a good, kind man; his whole aim seemed to be to please our master, by whom he was well thought of. Bob, on the contrary, was the worst boy I ever met with. He would disobey, lie, run away, be caught again, be severely flogged, and do the same thing again. He really deserved all he got. I could not help pitying him. I had frequently to dress his back, to draw the shirt out of the furrows made by the lash,

clean off the blood and bits of flesh whipped up, and grease the shirt to prevent it sticking to his shoulders. I said to him one day: 'Bob, it is certainly a very strange thing that you act as you do when you might have better times by being better,' and wound up with the remark that I could tell him something if I dare. He promised to keep my secret. I told him I knew of a plan by which he could get entirely away, but he was to promise that in case of failure he would never tell where he got his information. He agreed to it. Then I told him about Canada. Once among the Canadians, I said, and you are free. But, says Bob, they will kill me, master said so. I said he said so to frighten us, but in my heart I was as much scared on that point as he, for we were always taught that the Canadians and the Indians were equally blood-thirsty and that they tomahawked and scalped without mercy every black man.

"A night or two after Bob's back was healed he was missing. Parties were sent out in pursuit, but this time their search was fruitless. In the evening Camp came to me and said that poor Bob was drowned. 'Poor fellow,' said I, 'he should not have run away.' 'He was a very wicked boy,' said Camp. 'I hope that will set a better example.' 'Yes, sir,' said I.

"About this time some of the regiments were ordered to take the field. The Americans now, by additions made recently, were many thousands strong, and orders were sent down from headquarters to invade Canada. Gen. Brown, learning that the British army was divided in three parts, two in camp and one to man the batteries, determined to attack the batteries, rout and destroy those in possession. An attack was made; Camp and his regiment were in the party. The Canadians were ready for us with many guns concealed. When the attacking party was close up they fired. This broke our ranks, and a galling fire from the batteries completed the rout. Camp was neither killed nor wounded. His idea of military tactics was self-preservation, consequently he had posted himself in a position where he was out of danger. It mattered not how thick the bullets flew, he kept me going to and fro as hard as I

could ride with despatches to the officers under his command.

In another part of the field my old master, Col. Bissle, a brave man, made an attack with about a thousand men on an attachment consisting of over a thousand soldiers under the Marquis of Tweeddale, an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington, and gained the victory. During this skirmish Gen. McClure, who rode a beautiful animal, was unhorsed, a cannon ball cutting off both forelegs of the mare. I was ordered to go for the saddle and bridle. As I went, the bullets were flying in all directions. I had unbuckled the saddle and bridle, but while loosing the martingale a rifle ball struck me in the calf of my leg. I dropped the articles and ran, but soon fainted from loss of blood. When I opened my eyes again, I found myself in the hospital with the dead and dying. Fortunately the ball was a spent one, so that its effects were not so serious. After it was cut out I soon regained strength.

"Shortly after I resumed duty, I offended Camp by a trifling neglect. He seized the whip and came at me in a perfect fury. I ran from the tent, passed the guards and made for the woods, my master in hot pursuit. I had reached the picket and was about to pass when the man said, 'Stop! Lemy! Stop! You know I am bound to fire!' I halted. Camp was on me in a minute. My clothes were stripped off, I was tied up by my thumbs to a tree, so that my toes just touched the ground. Camp himself laid on the lash until he wore it up, then he got a waggon whip and laid on until the blood ran down into my boots. I was ready to quit long before he was. As he continued to flog I lost all feeling, each blow seeming like a little stream of warm water poured down my back. This was the hardest beating I ever had, and as the regiment had to remove to another station, I had to ride over rough roads for two weeks, my raw back putting me in continued torment; there was agony in every jolt.

"At this time Gens. Brown and Porter united, and made an attack on Fort Erie. The garrison surrendered after a sturdy resistance. The British were determined to recapture the Fort and made an ad-

vance in three columns, one of which succeeded in scaling the wall, when an explosion took place that blew some of both parties into the air. After the repulse of the British, both armies were for a long time in a state of inactivity. Camp lived in his own house in Buffalo.

"Being a boy of all work, I had to attend to a variety of duties, among others that of cook. Camp on one occasion had a party, to which a number of officers and other guests were invited. Hot cakes were the order of the evening, and Camp was very particular in having them hot from the oven (a dutch oven). I made out pretty well until the last batch. They were called for before I was quite ready. The wood was scarce. I broke up a picket and anything else I could get hold of, but in vain. Camp called again. 'Coming in a minute,' said I, but the minute was long. Out came Camp in a terrible rage. I was ordered down on my knees, the shirt was torn from my back and the lash swinging over my head.

"Since my last whipping, which had been commented on rather severely by his brother officers, my master had become somewhat unpopular. General McClure and others told me that if he tried it again I was to run into the street, and if he followed they would catch him and pound him. I did not run. I knew I did not deserve punishment. I noticed before he brought down the lash that he hesitated. Perhaps he thought when he saw the scars on my back of what he had given me before. I told him that the cause of delay was the want of wood. The charge of laziness was so unjust that I felt my passion rising. I felt like doing something desperate if he persisted in flogging me.

"He suddenly let go of me and went upstairs. Quick as thought I was after him. I heard him ask his wife to come down and plead for Lemy, as he did not want to beat me. When he came down I was kneeling in the same spot waiting. His wife then came down and pleaded for me. Camp said, 'Lem, I do not care to beat you, but you have broken up the party.' One after another of the guests had quietly slipped away. I thought they had left in disgust at his cruelty. After

what I had heard about being in a free State, I began to feel more like a free man; but this usage put Satan into my heart, and I was determined that if there was no other way of escape to shoot him.

"One day I was in the armoury (for Camp was quartermaster). I saw a pair of little pistols. I told Sam that I intended to take them and if Camp laid hands on me I would shoot him. Sam said that I had better let them alone and not talk so foolish. I pretended to take no more notice, but secreted the pistols when Sam was looking another way. The pistols in my possession, my anger still burning and being young in years, I harboured the thought until I resolved to do it. You see, gentlemen, that I have lost a tooth in front. The loss of that tooth saved me from being hanged for murder.

"One day my master's back being turned toward me, I raised the pistol to fire. Sam saw it, and in a moment caught the pistol from my hand, and gave me such a blow in the mouth that I went reeling to the floor. Camp turned round and asked the cause of the noise. Sam said that I had tripped over his foot and fell. I was always thankful that Sam saved me from a dreadful crime and from a dreadful death, for they never had much pity over there for a slave, however he may be driven to it, who breaks the law.

"I now made up my mind to run away whatever might be the consequences. Camp's house was situated on the bank of a river. A short distance apart were gunboats which I did not think safe to pass, so I resolved to go up the river and endeavour to get across to Canada. Having decided on the night, I made preparations for the venture. Something, however, that I had done began to raise suspicion. On the very night I had decided on, Camp came into my room about 11 o'clock to see if all was right. I pretended to be asleep. He passed the light close over my eyes. I lay perfectly still until he went down. Camp's bedroom window was where I could watch it. When the light was out I took my only spare shirt and descended into the street. It was very dark, but I was familiar with the road. I groped my way to the river,

where I knew there was an old log boat, which I got into and silently paddled my way to a canoe that I had often used to go from one gunboat to another. I started for the opposite shore. It was so dark that I lost my way and was in fear of landing on the wrong side. I put my hand over the side of the canoe and found that I was sailing with the current. I then turned the canoe across and rowed until I struck a rock, nearly upset and shipped considerable water. I thought that I would stay there until daylight, but in fear of the river rising, I baled the water out of the boat and made another start.

"My next landing place was on the Canadian shore. As soon as I landed, I felt that I was a free man; at the same time I was frightened half-out of my wits in fear of meeting with bloodthirsty Canadians or other savages. As I glided slowly along I saw a man on horseback. I began to run. He put spurs to his horse, overtook me and asked what I was running for. I pleaded for my life and told him that I did not want to be either tomahawked or scalped. The man gave a great laugh and said he guessed there wasn't much danger. He took me to his home and cared for me until I got something to do.

"Many like myself who had escaped from slavery settled about Chatham; others availed themselves of the liberality of the Canadian Government and took up farms in what then were the backwoods of Canada. Among them was myself. On a farm in the township of Artemesia I have lived, raised my family and prospered."

Amid many friendly nods from those he had entertained by the way, our genial Coloured Fellow-Traveler left us at the town of Collingwood. As the names of nearly all the officers mentioned in this sketch can be traced in American history of the events of the war of 1812, we may suppose that his personal narrative was true.

APPENDIX

Upon reading this interesting tale, we are led to conjecture as to the name and age of the coloured hero.

Many slaves took their master's patronymic, while others adopted that of

some great man, such as Washington or Jefferson, or of a friend who had helped them, or, on marrying, that of the wife's family.

As the boy Lemuel was apparently well treated by his first master, he may, when a freed man, have called himself Lemuel Page.

Perhaps some of his old neighbours in Artemesia may be able to enlighten us as to this.

As to his age and status, he first saw the light in Vermont and was there treated as a slave. By her "Bill of Rights" of 1777, Vermont excluded slavery from her borders, and the census of 1790 shewed but seventeen slaves in this State. Lemuel, no doubt, lived in Vermont after 1777 and could have claimed freedom, but he was probably held in ignorance of his legal status, and removed for a purpose, which will be seen, to New York State.

The Legislature of that State, in 1799, emancipated only the future issue of slaves, males at age of twenty-eight, females at twenty-five years. In 1817,

another Act provided that all slaves in this State should be free on July 4, 1827.

The object of removing Lemuel to New York was, apparently, to take advantage of the state of the law there prior to the last-mentioned day.

We may conjecture that he escaped to Canada probably several years before that, as he was a grown man of intelligence and must have heard of the law of 1817, which would have given him freedom without effort in 1827.

I take it that Lemuel escaped to Upper Canada during the first quarter of last century.

Here he found personal security, and prospered as many of his race have done, including Josiah Henson, of Dresden, the original "Uncle Tom" of fiction, whose story is, in some respects, similar to that of the worthy old Lemuel.

We might also add the name of the late respected Virginian, John M. Tinsley, a free-born mulatto, of Scovill origin on his mother's side, who lived and prospered for more than half a century in Toronto, even to the 110th year of his age.

The Woodland Meadow

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

ENTRANCED beneath the silent, moving sky,
 The long, green meadows move without a sound;
 A breeze soft passes with a butterfly;
 A lonely hawk soars low above the ground;
 The thin cloud-shadows drift upon their noiseless round.

The shapeless wood crowds close along the mead,
 To whisper as the fitful breezes run,
 Till day slow sinks, and lazy mists are freed;
 The moon creeps out, her long, pale flight begun;
 One rampire thrusts up black against the crimson sun.

Worry—the Disease of the Age

By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

Showing that alcohol has no place, use, or purpose in the relief of worry, and that it is always dangerous

IV.—WORRY, DRUGS AND DRINK



T is recorded of certain bees who had an opportunity of making acquaintance with alcohol in the form of fermented honey, that they partook greedily thereof, and thereafter displayed the symptoms of excitement and loss of equilibrium only too often exhibited by creatures whose nervous organisation is even higher than that of the bee. But it is further recorded that no amount of temptation, persuasion, nor yet starvation, would induce those bees again to make adventure with the honeyed poison.

Very different is the case with man. In all times and places he has been susceptible to the charm of drugs that markedly affect the nervous system—drugs of a very definite class. Beyond a doubt the fundamental fact of the human mind upon which the charm of these drugs depends is the fact of self-consciousness, the power of “looking before and after,” which we have already seen to be the first condition of worry. All animals less than man live in and for the present. They may make apparent calculation for the future, but this is sub-conscious or instinctive—not rational. We may say that nervine drugs have no particular purpose or use except for the self-conscious being—man, whose attitude towards them markedly contrasts with that of the bees whom I have cited.

It is certain that men have used alcohol whenever and wherever they have been able to make it, and that the alcoholic strength of the liquids they have consumed has been limited merely by their chemical knowledge. There is clear evidence that alcohol was extensively used

in Egypt six or eight thousand years ago. In these days it has found certain rivals, some of them of very great importance for us. In addition to the drugs which properly belong to the same class as alcohol, there is at least one powerful drug, of unique properties, which is the active principle of tea and coffee, and is daily consumed in all but incredible quantities in every part of the world where it can be obtained. These various drugs must carefully be considered in the course of our study of Worry.

They must be considered because their charm, as we have seen, is for man—the worrying animal—alone, and because it is their influence upon the mind that constitutes their value and their charm. If to alcohol and to the caffeine of tea and coffee we add the nicotine of tobacco and the morphine of opium we find ourselves faced with a series of substances which are daily employed by the overwhelming majority of human beings, and which, though they are not foods, nor in any way necessary to life, play a very large part indeed in modifying the state of men’s minds and tempers and actions—which are, after all, the only interesting things in the whole world. Now if man were no more mentally than even such a wonderful creature as the bee, these drugs, I think it is safe to say, would have no more charm for him than for the bee. But man is a reflecting mind; he can and does conjure up the past and anticipate the future; and in both cases there is the constant risk that his so doing will arouse unpleasant emotions—in a word, that he will worry about the past or the future or both. As long as man is man he will continue to live less in the present than out of the present. Now the drugs which man employs so largely have been wel-

comed by him not on any theoretical nor economic grounds, but simply and solely because he finds that they exercise an influence, which he rightly or wrongly welcomes, upon the emotional tone of his mind. Everyone is familiar with the famous German students' drinking song for a bass voice, the substance of which is the statement that every kind of fear and care and worry vanishes whilst "drinking, drinking, drinking." There you have the facts in a nutshell. There are scores and scores of drugs which exercise marked properties upon the muscles, the nerve ends, the glands, the heart, the lungs, and all the other tissues and organs of the body. There are hosts of drugs which markedly affect, in various ways, the lower levels of the nervous system. But survey mankind from the dawn of civilisation till to-day and from China to Peru—you will not find that any of these drugs has taken a place in his life. The drugs which he wants and has taken good care to obtain are those which affect consciousness—those which modify the emotional tone of his mind, those which banish care and drown sorrow, those which gave him what he values more than any other thing that can be named, the *organic sense of well-being* with which life is worth living, and without which life is worthless.

After what has already been said the reader will not expect me to launch into a general denunciation of all these drugs. Some may say that it is not consonant with human dignity to drink alcohol, smoke tobacco and opium, or sip tea; man should be above the need of modifying his consciousness by these artificial means. This argument may be supported by the general conviction that the use of these drugs has always worked, and still works, a great deal of harm. But, on the other hand, many considerations may be urged and must here be detailed. In the first place, it is certain beyond certainty that neither denunciation, nor warning, nor legislation, nor any other measures whatever will wean mankind as a whole from its addiction to one or other of these drugs. Wherever and whenever they have been obtainable they

have been used. They are more obtainable to-day than ever before, and are more widely used than ever before. The reasonable argument would seem to be that they must serve some human purpose. If their effects were noxious in all respects, they would scarcely have been heard of. The fact of their employment, universal as it is, constitutes a proof of the fact that men find—or seem to find—them more or less useful. Perhaps, then, it will be better for us to recognise these facts, and to ask ourselves whether it is possible to distinguish between one of these drugs and another, to discover whether there is any which is wholly useful, or, at any rate, to arrange them in some sort of scale which will indicate the proportions between the good and the evil that they accomplish.

And, first of all, let us ask ourselves exactly what it is that they do. The word commonly applied to these drugs is *stimulants*, and it is unquestionably true that, for many purposes and on many occasions, men welcome substances which increase the rapidity of their vital processes. Such substances are conspicuously contained in many articles of diet; but when we come to consider the leading case of alcohol, we shall find that the common belief requires criticism. Alcohol is commonly spoken and thought of as a stimulant, and we know, of course, that the first result of its action is to cause an increased rapidity of the pulse, an increased activity of many glands, and a very definite degree of mental excitement. In these respects alcohol is strictly comparable with opium, which plays a corresponding part in the life of an enormous section of mankind. It may be said, in general, that a race employs either alcohol or opium, but not both, for both are not needed. Whether the one or the other be used, however, it is not long before the stage of stimulation or excitement gives place to one which is distinguished by precisely opposite characters. The tide of life now flows more slowly, the various physical functions are depressed, the mind becomes less active, and if a sufficiency of either drug has been taken, sleep or un-

consciousness ensues. If the dose be well calculated, this last stage may not be quickly reached, but the subject will remain for a long period in a state which indicates that he has taken a *sedative*, and not a *stimulant*.

Now no man takes a sedative in order that his pulse may beat more slowly, or in order that the number of his respirations per minute may be reduced. He takes a sedative in order that he may attain that particular state of mind which it is the characteristic of a sedative to produce. Undoubtedly alcohol may be taken at times for its supposed stimulant effect upon the powers of work, but it is indisputable that the action of alcohol and of opium, which has led these drugs to play their part in human life, is their power of producing *peace of mind*. That is why I must consider them here. What men want in all times and places is happiness—conscious and self-conscious happiness. Yet, because they are men, able to look before and after, this state which they desire is constantly threatened by the presence of regrets, fears, and cares, depression and apprehension—in a word, by worry. It has long since been discovered that alcohol and opium are antagonistic to worry. Never yet was the unhappy state of mind that would not yield to an adequate dose of one or other of them. I submit, then, that there is a very grave and very stupid fallacy in the common conception of alcohol in the West or opium in the East as stimulants. *They are taken and used not as stimulants, but as sedatives.*

In order to clear up our views on this subject it is necessary to see whether they are in accord with what is actually known concerning the actions of these drugs on the body. Now, it has been demonstrated in the case of both of them that their stimulation of the body is, so to speak, preliminary and accidental, and that a depression or soothing or sedation of the bodily functions, and with them the mental functions, is their essential character. As everyone knows, opium is very largely used in medicine; more especially nowadays in the form of its chief active principle morphia. But

no doctor thinks of morphia as a stimulant, or uses it as a stimulant. The doctor is aware of its preliminary stimulant action, and takes measures to alleviate or obliterate that action in order that he may obtain the sedative action which is the true character of the drug and which he desires.

Extremely significant, but yet unknown to the public in general, are the similar facts in regard to alcohol. This is a substance of paradoxes; in general, what it does is just the reverse of what it seems to do. It is still called a stimulant, as it was half a century ago. At that time not only was it called a stimulant, but it was widely used as a stimulant by doctors. It was supposed to increase vital activity in all directions, and was used as an aid to the body in its fight against disease of all kinds. But in these days of scientific medicine our whole conception of alcohol has changed. As we have already seen, the public speaks of it as a stimulant, but, in point of fact, uses it as a sedative—uses it because it is able to calm the worrying mind, to banish care, and to bring peace. Similarly, nowadays, the most scientific physicians both speak of alcohol and use it as a sedative. They find, for instance, that when the body temperature tends to become too high in consequence of the excessive activity of the vital processes, alcohol may be of use, for it lowers the temperature. Similarly, it may produce sleep, both in fever and at other times. True, like many other sedatives, it causes a period of preliminary excitement, but that must be shortened or neutralised as far as possible.

If now we turn to the fundamental chemistry of alcohol and opium, we find that it confirms my doctrines as to the true character of these drugs and as to the true explanation of their universal employment. The fundamental fact of the chemistry of the body is the fact of burning, combustion, or oxidation. The more rapidly we burn, the more rapidly we live. Both alcohol and opium have been proved to interfere with oxidation or combustion in the body. They markedly retard the rate at which the oxygen we take in from the air is combined with

the tissues. In the midst of the confusion which reigns as to the classification of drugs, it seems to me that we have here a fundamental, chemical distinction. The drug the net result of which is to increase the rate at which we burn away is essentially a stimulant; the drug the net result of whose action is to diminish the rate at which we burn away is essentially a sedative. For convenience we may apply the term *pseudo-stimulant* to those sedatives, such as alcohol, opium or morphia, which display a preliminary transient stage of stimulation.

Ere we conclude it will be necessary to pronounce judgment upon these substances, and the recent additions to the same group. But before doing so, we must consider the case of *caffeine* (or theine), which is the active principle of tea and coffee, as also of the kola nut and Paraguay tea or Maté, and of some other substances which are similarly employed in various parts of the world. The importance of the subject may be suggested by the fact that of tea alone there is consumed in Great Britain about four million gallons every day. Consider that an ordinary cup of tea contains about a grain of caffeine, and then calculate how many millions of grains of this potent alkaloid daily enter into the blood of the British people. To this add all the caffeine contained in coffee, and it will be evident that the subject is of some practical interest. Now the contrast between alcohol and caffeine very soon suffices to show how foolishly the word stimulant is commonly employed. Caffeine is a true stimulant and has no other action. It has been proved to increase the amount of combustion in the body in whatever dose it be taken; it tends to raise the temperature. Its truly stimulant action is still more conspicuous if we consider the mind, and mind is the only important matter. The larger the dose of opium or alcohol that be taken, the more certainly and rapidly will you sleep; the larger the dose of this true stimulant that be taken, the more certainly and persistently will you keep awake. About fifteen grains of caffeine will entirely abolish both the desire for and the possibility of sleep, for a whole

night and longer, and will make it possible to do hard intellectual work at high speed, and of the best quality possible for the brain in question, during the hours which sleep would otherwise have certainly claimed. These facts will abundantly suffice to show how superficial and stupid is the common application of the same term "stimulant" to drugs so profoundly contracted as alcohol and opium on the one hand, and caffeine on the other. I am tempted to go much further into this question because the distinction which I have demonstrated is not recognised even in text-books that deal with these subjects. And yet it is a fundamental one. What could well be more absurd than to apply one and the same name on the one hand to drugs which in sufficient doses will infallibly arrest consciousness, even in cases of great bodily pain or of violent mental excitement or both; and, on the other hand, to a drug which, in adequate doses, will infallibly prevent that normal recurrence of unconsciousness which we call sleep? Obviously there is no word that can possibly include both sets of drugs, unless it be the word antagonists.

Of nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, it is unfortunately impossible to speak in any such dogmatic fashion. The statements I have made regarding opium, alcohol and caffeine are scientific facts, admitted and recognised by all competent students. There is no dispute about them—a circumstance which makes it the more remarkable, perhaps, that the radical opposition between the sets of facts in the two cases is so commonly ignored. But nicotine appears to act in various fashions upon various persons. For some it appears to be a stimulant, for others a sedative, and the individual differences have not yet been explained. In passing, then, to consider those questions for which all that has been said hitherto is merely preparation, we shall find that it is impossible to lay down the law as might be desired.

These questions, of course, are concerned with the actual as distinguished from the apparent value of the representative drugs which have been considered. Here is this great fact of worry,

fear, regret, apprehension, and grief, which constantly attends upon or threatens the mind of man and against which these and many other drugs are known to operate. Is their use worth while?

Now, if the reader remembers or believes nothing else whatever that I say here on this subject, or that I have said or may say on any other subject anywhere else, I beseech him at least to believe this: *the habitual use of sedatives*—such as alcohol, opium, morphia, sulphonal, trional, veronal, paraldehyde, chloral, and their allies—is to be condemned without qualification as false in principle and fatal in result. It is true that these drugs will one and all relieve worry, banish care, and procure peace of mind, but it is as true that the worry, the care, and the dispeace will return, bringing seven devils with them, and that the latter end of the man who uses them for this purpose is not peace. They are false friends. For every unit of mental unrest that they remove they will inevitably create many such units. They are false in principle because they make no attack whatever upon the cause of the worry. That cause may be ill-health; these drugs will most assuredly aggravate it. That cause may be over-work; these drugs will most assuredly lessen the power of work. That cause may be the loss of the organic sense of well-being, which is the first and only condition of bodily and mental happiness; these drugs will, for the time, by their sedative action arrest those internal sensations which are found displeasing and make men into pessimists, but the after result of their action is invariably to cause these sensations to return more abundantly than ever, demanding a larger and an accelerated second dose of the drug. Worry is curable because it has causes which are removable. In all ages and places, the chief cure adopted by men has been the use of these sedatives, which are no cure, because they do not begin to remove the causes of worry. They merely drown or submerge the worry for a time, as ill weeds may be submerged with water. But when the drug or the water has passed away the ill weeds are found to have grown apace.

In Western countries generally, alcohol is at once the commonest cure for worry, and amongst the most potent of the causes of worry. It is not my concern here to speak in detail of the effect of this and similar drugs upon character, upon the ability to work, or even upon physical health, except in so far as these influence the state of the mind. The great fact is that, ignoring all external considerations, and directing our attention solely to the actions of these drugs upon the body and the mind, we find that their sedative action upon worry is such as to be invariably and necessarily followed by bodily and mental changes of which the product is worry multiplied manifold. If my condemnation of the use of these drugs, in ministering to the mind diseased or distressed, be less unqualified or less vigorous than it might be, the cause is to be found not in my estimate of the facts, but in my defective power of expressing that estimate. I accuse these drugs as irreconcilable foes of human happiness; so essentially detestable that their masquerade as friends of man can scarcely make one detest them more.

Let us turn now from the sedatives to the stimulants, the terms being used not in the common unscientific, but in the uncommon scientific sense. Must caffeine, as represented by tea and coffee, fall under a like condemnation? This would be somewhat paradoxical if it were so, because we have already seen that these two groups of drugs are essentially opposed in their physiological properties. The sedatives we have condemned because they do nothing for the life of the body but are opposed to it. The stimulant, caffeine, on the other hand, as we have seen, favours the life of the body, promotes the processes of combustion on which life depends, increases vitality, and that power to work which is the expression of vitality. Everywhere men find that a cup of tea or coffee is refreshing; it produces renewed vigour; it heightens the sense of organic well-being, the consciousness of fitness and capacity. This is utterly distinct from the action of alcohol or opium in deadening the sense of ill-being. Tea antagon-

ises the sense of ill-being not by deadening one's consciousness of it, but by stirring the sources of vitality and by the positive substitution for it of that sense of well-being which is the index of vitality. Here is a true stimulant—something that favours life. How, then, will its use affect worry and the causes of worry? Is the plan of employing it superior to the plan of employing sedatives or is it even worse?

The answer is, of course, that the plan is immeasurably superior. But before I insist upon this assertion, let me make certain qualifications. In the first place, I recognise that the ideal would be neither to need nor to employ any drugs whatsoever; but here our concern is not with the ideal, but the real. Again, I will admit, of course, that every good thing—except, perhaps, the spiritual goods, like love—depends for its goodness upon a fitness of proportion. The sun is the source and condition of all earthly life, yet men have died of sunstroke. Caffeine is a good thing in its essence because, like sunlight itself, it is a true stimulant in that it favours the essential processes of life; but, like sunlight itself, it is capable of abuse, though the remarkable fact is that it is very difficult to obtain symptoms of abuse even when this drug is employed in large quantities. Tea and coffee have had many hard words said of them. The trouble is that people will not distinguish. Tea, for instance, as commonly understood in this country, is more nearly a decoction than an infusion of the tea leaf, and contains besides the theine or caffeine a very large proportion of tannin or tannic acid. Now the action of this substance upon the body is wholly deleterious; it interferes with the activity of every tissue with which it comes in contact; it markedly interferes with the digestion in at least two ways—first, by tanning many of the proteids of the food, so that, like other forms of leather, they can scarcely be digested at all; and secondly, by interfering with the production of the digestive juices by the walls of the stomach. As long as the present vitiated taste for tea persists, large numbers of people will continue to do themselves great injury by drinking

it; but it is ludicrously unscientific to assume that the evil consequence of drinking improperly made tea are necessarily to be attributed to the valuable caffeine which it contains. If we consider the gigantic amount of tea and coffee that we daily drink and allow for the injurious effects of the tannin which abounds in improperly-made tea—that is to say, in nine-tenths of all tea—we must acquit caffeine of any very deadly properties. There will remain to its credit the many desirable consequences with which everyone is familiar.

I assert, then, that whereas all sedatives are to be condemned in the relief of worry on the ground that they do not attack the causes of worry, on the ground that, in proportion to their immediate potency, they establish a craving for themselves, and on the further ground that their after effects invariably include the production of more worry than was relieved in the first place, the stimulant caffeine, on account of which we consume so much tea and coffee, may be excused, if not justified and applauded. Taken in reasonable quantities, such as very few people desire to exceed, it differs fundamentally from all the sedatives in that it does not produce a need for a continuous increase of the dose. It relieves worry not by a temporary and actually nutritive and fostering submergence of it, but by attacking its causes. The man who is worried because his work is too much for him finds his work facilitated and its accomplishment accelerated under the influence of caffeine. Assuming that his work ought to be done, what better way of dealing with his worry could be conceived? Again, a great deal of worry is caused by defective vitality. The man of radiant health and almost offensive energy, who is "always at it," has no time to worry. He has too many other things to do. Mental unrest afflicts rather those whose vital processes are slower, and especially those whose vital processes are too slow. Under the influence of a true stimulant, such persons may often be tided over a period of threatening depression simply in virtue of the fact that their vital processes—which have become too tardy—are accelerated, with a con-

sequent access of energy and a more due prominence of the organic sense of well-being.

In so far, then, as the subject of these articles is concerned with the use of drugs, we may say that it is necessary first to search below appearances, and to distinguish between drugs that are really sedatives and those that are really stimulants. The sedatives are to be condemned without reserve. This condemnation applies to tobacco in the case of those persons, relatively few, I think, on whom it acts as a true sedative, retarding vital processes; but it is so difficult to find the truth about tobacco that I regret having to mention it at all. On the other

hand, the true nerve stimulant, caffeine—which is in a class by itself—cannot be similarly condemned, but its judicious use may be regarded as justifiable and profitable.

In surveying this article my fear is that any portions of it may have prevented me from throwing into the boldest relief what is by far the most important fact that it contains—the fact that alcohol has no place, use, or purpose, in the relief of worry, and that its so-called use—in this connection, at any rate—is never anything but abuse or misuse, always dangerous, always productive of more evil than it relieves, and only too frequently suicidal.

(The fifth article of this series will appear in the May Canadian Magazine)

Folly

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

COY, sweet, my mistress Folly,
 Enslaving me with glances;
 If 't takes a fool to woo thee,
 A willing fool shall I be.
 Here's a toss: head's up—you win.
 Come Folly, lead your dances.

Coy, faithless, art thou Folly?
 Still come I forth a-wooing;
 Now who would call 't a distress
 To have thee for a mistress;
 One day a kiss beneath the rose,
 The next a lover rueing.

But you live in to-day sweet,
 While Rue lives in to-morrow;
 So, Folly, toss your roses
 Quick, quick, ere this day closes;
 But if my rose be fresh at eve
 We'll half the next day borrow.

Coy, sweet, my mistress Folly,
 If one day with gay laughter
 You mocking should uncrown me,
 And cruelly disown me,
 Fair, fickle Queen, think you 'twould cure,
 Perhaps—till the day after.



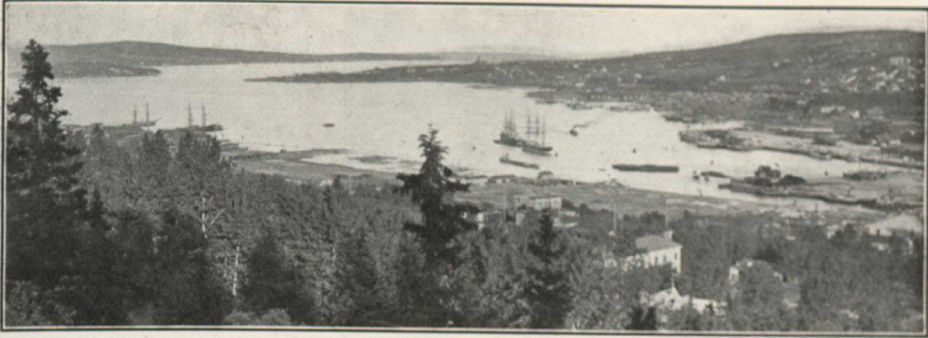
April

APRIL is a fickle lass,
Wayward, grave or smiling,
Trust her not, but let her pass,
Someone she's beguiling.
Vent'rous birds and blossoms know
Oft she scatters frost and snow.

April is a fickle lass,
Gentle and confiding:
See her toy with trees and grass;
Heed not, storms are hiding;
Tears are in her tranquil eye.
Trust her not, but hurry by.

April is a fickle lass,
Changing skies above her;
But the warning's late, alas!
We have learned to love her.
Somehow mortals like to be
Fooled by maidens fair as she.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM



SUNDSVALL, SWEDEN, WHENCE MOST SWEDE GIRL IMMIGRANTS HAIL

Swede Girls for Canadian Homes

By MARY SPAFFORD

*A class of imported "Canadians" whose presence is regarded
in this instance as mutually beneficial*



ANYONE who has witnessed the in-bound ocean liners at Quebec disgorge their steerage passengers, and has observed, mingling in the throng, group after group of immigrant girls whose fair hair, blue-gray eyes and brilliant pink and white complexion proclaim their Swedish origin, might be pardoned for wondering if the "home-land" was to be utterly depleted of its robust young womanhood. A similar speculation lately filled the Swedish government itself with apprehension, and, as a result, the way of the would-be emigrant is not made too easy. There are instances, in fact, where actual measures have been taken by unscrupulous and interested parties to deter the girls from leaving. A case in point is the following, quaintly and graphically narrated by a Swede girl to her Canadian mistress, soon after her arrival:

"One time I remember in Swedish paper, dere vas big word over all de paper, and it say: 'CANADA IS A SLAVE LAND!' Dey tell to us we shall be slaves dere—dat dey do what dey like wid us. And I be so afraid! so afraid!

But I t'inking to myself: 'I shall go and see how she shall have it.' And I vas very afraid when I first come here. I don't know what I shall do. But often you say: 'If you please.' You don't say 'You must.' So I beginning to t'ink it cannot be true. And when I have been here pretty long time, I t'inking dere must be some pretty bad peoples in Sweden."

In the majority of cases, the Swede girls who come to Canada hail from the coast city of Sundsvall. They embark from the seaport of Gothenburg, bedecked with the flowers which their friends have brought as a farewell offering. Landing at Hull, they are hurried by train to Liverpool, where there is often a delay of several days for the American liner. Then comes the steerage, the sea-sickness, the black coffee, the initial pangs of homesickness, the grim bluff of Quebec, looming sombre and gray, the medical inspection, and, lastly, the trip by rail to some place where a Canadian mistress is expecting "a Swede."

One sometimes wonders what actuating motive brings these girls so confid-



TYPICAL SWEDISH MAIDS

ingly to a land concerning the customs, language, and general conditions of which they are almost wholly ignorant. According to their own statement, the servant wage in Sweden is pitifully small. Until recently, in country districts, a domestic received in payment for the roughest kind of work two dollars a month. Lately, owing to a raise in wages, such an one can command three or four dollars a month. In the Swedish towns and cities, well-trained domestics are sometimes fortunate enough to obtain situations with "rich people," as they term it, where they obtain what corresponds to ten dollars a month with us. This state of affairs, coupled with the fact that there is generally a large family of younger brothers and sisters, doubtless incites many of the older girls to seek a betterment of fortune in a new land. Others come, ostensibly, to look for relatives who

sailed for Canada years before, and have been lost sight of. The facility with which these Swedish girls expect to discover their missing friends, reveals their comfortable belief that Canada lies within the compass of a few square miles. Others still (a minority) come for the mere "lark" of the trip, and the adventures it entails; all of which are enveloped in the halo which ever surrounds the unknown. But as the emigration authorities refuse to take girls under seventeen years of age, the majority of them have experienced some of life's subduing realities.

They are appreciative in their appreciation of Canada. "We be glad here all de time," they say. "Never, never sorry—always glad."

There is naturally a prejudice on the part of Canadian housekeepers against unskilled labour, but the exigencies of the modern servant problem have driven

many a one, in sheer desperation, to this extremity, when, contrary to expectation, the venture has not proved so altogether deplorable. The first fortnight following the installation in a family of one of these Swedish girls "just over," constitutes a period of probation for both mistress and maid. At the expiration of that time, if there is satisfaction on each side, the mistress is looked to by the emigration authorities for the amount of the girl's passage money—some thirty-four dollars and odd cents; which sum the girl proceeds to "work out" at the stipulated rate of six dollars a month, it being understood that she shall receive, meantime, such small amounts as shall be required for present necessities, although these sums will be deducted from her subsequent earnings. As soon as the passage money has been paid, a raise in wages is expected, the exact amount of which is



OLIVA

agreed upon by the mistress and maid without the interference of the emigration authorities. Henceforward, the girl is a free agent. If, however, she remains in a place longer than the trial fortnight, she is in duty

although no excessive interchange of civilities can be indulged in at the outset, it does not require a flood of eloquence to indicate a broom and its use, likewise a duster, a dish-pan, and a mop-pail; and it is certainly a much less fatiguing process for a housewife than to perform the tasks herself.

As a rule, the girl is ambitious, quick of comprehension, and she learns our language very rapidly.

"She talks like one windmill!" exclaimed an immigration agent, enthusiastically, in referring to the progress made in a month's time, by a particularly bright *Svensk* girl. It might be mentioned, however, by way of suggestion, that the possession of a good Swedish-English dictionary facilitates matters during the primal stage.

"This is 'knife' in English, Katarina. Knife! Knife!" repeated a Canadian mistress, slowly and distinctly, to a young Swede girl "just over," who was eating

her first solitary meal after her arrival.

"Yes, and dis is 'fork,' was the instantaneous reply, as the article in question was held up before the amazed instructor.

"On ship coming here to, I stand on de

bound to stay until her passage money has been made up. Under similar circumstances, the mistress, on her side, is expected to keep the girl until that length of time has



LINDA

elapsed. A pathetic absence of worldly goods and chattels characterises the outfit of the Swede girl on her arrival in Canada. She comes with her little shiny black valise, or crude home-made box, which holds literally all that she has in the world. She is pale, bewildered, and tired of the long journey; and the poignant barb in the arrow of her first loneliness is the realisation of the immeasurable distance lying between herself and home, a return to which is bounded by years, at least, for by the time her ticket has been "worked out" her wardrobe needs replenishing. Anyway, the cost of a return trip is greater than the special rate allowed coming over.

But the Swede girl is not incapacitated by her homesickness. She unpacks her little store of ornaments, sets up the photographs of father and mother, big brothers and little sisters, each painfully suggestive of dear associations. Then she expects to go to work. And,



KATARINA

kitchen all de day," the young girl explained afterward, "and mark wid de hand and I say: 'What's you call? What's you call?' I never get tired."

It is said



THYRA

to be a disgrace, according to the Swedish code, for a girl to lose her first place (until a reasonable length of time has elapsed), and their attitude certainly indicates a will to work and a desire to please. One of their strong characteristics is neatness; and whatever else the Swede girl may show deficiency in, one accomplishment she has mastered to perfection—the high art of scrubbing. It is sometimes a difficult matter to “head off” one of these young girls “just over” from her evident intention to scrub the house in its entirety, regardless of propriety or moderation. Another attribute which can usually be counted on is strength. However arduous the day’s work, it is an unheard-of thing for them to admit being tired; and any solicitous enquiry to that effect only elicits a disdainful “*Nej*” uttered in the very acme of scorn. They are passionately fond of music, and sing like nightingales about their work. Oftentimes they are very creditable performers on the guitar or mandolin.

Generally speaking, the newly-arrived Swedish girl is good-hearted and polite. After the somewhat brusque and independent manners of our own domestics, the quaint little courtesy and respectful handshake with which all maids of this nationality are wont to acknowledge any trifling favour, come gratefully. One little pleasant-faced Swede known to the writer—Oliva by name—possessed an instinctive politeness which would have graced any rank in life. Her appreciative “t’ank you” greeted everything that could in the remotest degree claim gratitude. On one occasion, when there had been an accident to a tumbler, she came to her mistress with a regretful confession and presented her little purse, begging her to take “pennies” to buy a new one. Needless to say, the “pennies” were not taken.

It would be untrue, as well as contrary to the intention of the writer, to imply that these girls are faultless. The normal Swede girl has a quick temper—a white flash, often excited by the most trivial of causes. But one can always flee the avalanche of foreign invective

(which, though unintelligible, is doubtless of awful import), and a speedy return finds the kitchen beatific with the angelic presence of its inmate. An open flash of temper, soon over, is, however, often preferable to the shabby species sometimes exhibited among domestics of our own nationality, and which was displayed by a certain village maid whom the writer once employed in a case of emergency. The paucity of her capabilities was only equalled by the exceeding badness of their execution. She confided to a neighbour’s maid, over the garden fence, that if “Miss Mary” asked her to wash the dining-room floor on Saturday, she was going to tell her to do it herself. This so impressed the admiring neighbour’s maid that the story gained circulation.

The loyalty which most Swede girls display among themselves with reference to their respective “places” is sometimes almost ludicrous, but it is a satisfaction to a housewife to know that her private household concerns are not being discussed with all the other servants in the community every “afternoon out.” On the contrary, the average Swede girl seems to consider it a point of honour not to gossip about any happenings of a personal nature which may occur in the establishment with which she is connected. A Swede girl named Hilder, for example, is the type of girl (rarely found now-a-days) who would literally be “faithful unto death” in the interests of her mistress. She has remained in the same family ever since she left the home-land, nearly four years ago. Nor has the subject of her leaving been broached on either side during all that time. On one occasion, her mistress had requested her to stay up until she and her husband returned from a social function which would keep them out until very late; adding that she might lie down on the dining-room sofa if she became sleepy. Hilder’s reply was characteristic. She expressed her entire willingness to sit up, notwithstanding the fact that she had to rise early the next morning, and concluded, earnestly: “I would sleep on de floor if Mrs. E— wanted me to.”

Another Canadian housewife had been giving explicit directions to her Swedish domestic whom she was leaving in charge of everything, while she herself went away to the country for a couple of months. Instead of grumbling at the additional work involved, the girl's face fairly shone with interested affection.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Nelson," she said, heartily, at parting. "I hopes you will have *beautiful fun*."

In the average city or country home where the one "general servant" is a time-honoured institution, the strong,

alert Swede girl, able at the outset to shoulder all the rougher parts of the housework, and willing and intelligent enough to subsequently undertake the more complicated branches, is a distinct advantage.

Without doubt, the difficulty in obtaining trained domestics, coupled with the exorbitant wages and privileges demanded, is contributing to increase the patronage of Swede girls "just over." But it is also true that their many good qualities are in themselves an advertisement.



OH, THE TRIALS OF AN EARLY EASTER!

The Woodpecker's Revenge

By HAROLD SANDS

Story of the totem pole as handed down by the Indians of Clayoquot, and the moral it teaches to all men



THIS is the story of the totem pole, told by the Indians of Clayoquot, west coast of Vancouver Island, in their native language, a barbarous tongue, to the Rev. W. J. Stone, and by him translated into English for the recorder, so that it be not lost with the race that is slowly but surely merging with the past. It is a story as old as Eve, yet as new as the last born salmon.

All totems have a history; they are the means by which the Indians hand down their traditions and legends. The totem of the Woodpecker, carved out of whale-bone, was exhibited at the World's Fair at St. Louis, but he who took a chair could not read, nor could he who ran. He who would translate a totem must be of the elect. He must dwell in the wilderness, and his ways must be wise.

Lthekle-mit, the Woodpecker, was an Indian chief, a tyhee of the West Coast, and his home was at Esouwista, a bald patch on the Pacific, lying east of Point Cox, at the entrance to Clayoquot Sound. Fair was his wife, and lovely to behold, and by reason of her beauty came the totem pole and its wondrous story.

Upon this alluring creature the Thunderbird cast eyes, even as David allowed his fancy to wander. The Thunderbird made his home at Houchuklitzit, in Barclay Sound, at the entrance to the far-famed Alberni Canal, still noted for its prolific runs of salmon. It was on the well-remembered occasion when the Eagle, accompanied by his old friend Noo-noo-pitzmik, the Owl, went to visit the Woodpecker and his dear tillicum, the Muschimit, that the shadow of desire passed across the friendship of a thousand years.

Then it was that peace passed from the West Coast.

No sooner had the Thunderbird entered the home of the Woodpecker than he fell a victim to the charms of the woman therein, and immediately he began to lay plans for an elopement. (Among the Indians it is not necessary for the woman to be a consenting party to an elopement; to the victor belongs the spoil—the one who gains her gets her). The Thunderbird compared himself to the Woodpecker, and already he saw the latter's wife installed in his own home at Houchuklitzit.

At the conclusion of a feast which the Woodpecker gave in honour of his guests, the Eagle flapped his wings and at once a terrific thunderstorm arose. (It is the belief of the West Coast Indians that thunder is caused by the Eagle flapping his wings). Esouwista was deluged with hail, large stones falling and killing many of Chief Woodpecker's people. During the excitement the Thunderbird carried off the chief's wife.

When the tribe of the Woodpecker had recovered from their fright they were overwhelmed with shame to think they should have allowed the wife of their chief to be carried off in this disgraceful manner. Calling a council, they sought the advice of the great lawyer, the Snipe (Ai-po-ik). The learned one suggested a plan for the recovery of the woman, which commended itself to the whole tribe.

"Our warriors," said he, "will change themselves into salmon-berries as soon as they reach the home of the Thunderbird. The women, including the wife of the Woodpecker, will come to pick the salmon-berries and the warriors will assume their proper shapes and carry the women away."

When near Houchuklitzit the warriors transformed themselves into red and yellow berries, luscious fruit which charmed the women of the Thunderbird's tribe. But before the latter could pick any berries, the Owl, always wise, discovered the ruse. He called out to the women to beware, and they, becoming alarmed, ran home.

Ai-po-ik was consulted again by the disappointed Woodpecker warriors. This time he advised their becoming salmon. They filled the stream which ran by the Thunderbird's ranch. News of the big run of fish was conveyed to the Thunderbird, and the women went down to catch the salmon. The Owl accompanied the Woodpecker's wife to the stream. The Wise One was still suspicious. The salmon noticed the woman coming with the old man (the Owl). The latter filled his canoe with the fish, and among them was a prime salmon, none other than Lthekle-mit, the Woodpecker, himself.

"Guard well that king salmon," said the Thunderbird to the woman when the Owl exhibited his prize.

When nobody else seemed to be listening the salmon spoke to the woman.

"I am Lthekle-mit, take care of me," it said.

The wife immediately recognised her lord. She rolled up the big salmon in her grass blanket. Again it said:

"Take care of me; take every care of my bone; do not give it to your man."

(The Indians are very particular with regard to the bone of salmon, and, rather than have it destroyed, they will throw

it into the river out of respect to the fish. They contend that the salmon is really their friend, and, as is well known on the Coast, an Indian can catch salmon better than a white man can. Indians will not cut a salmon section-wise nor slit it up the belly. To destroy the backbone would be to disgrace the salmon).

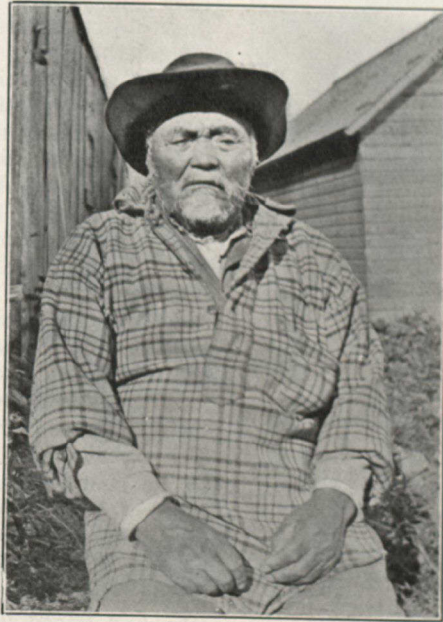
The woman carried her real husband, in the guise of a salmon, into the house, put him on a fine mat, cut him, taking

care of even the blood and saving the offal. The Thunderbird wanted a piece of the fish, but she pleaded that it was really only a small salmon when the bone was cut out, and she wanted it for herself. Kwateat, the Mink, the smartest animal of all because he could lie, drew the Thunderbird's attention away from the woman. He had been speared as a king salmon, too, and placed on the drying rack. He broke the rack, which made the Thunderbird's people angry. They placed him on the floor, which made

his back ache. There he was left all night.

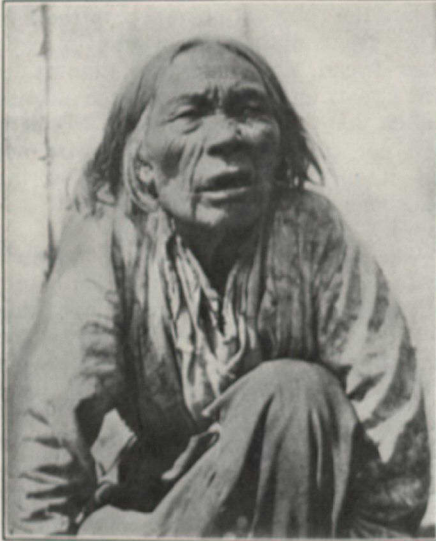
For hours during the night the woman lay awake scheming how she could get away with Lthekle-mit. When day broke he solved the problem for her. In obedience to his command, she bore his backbone to the salt water. Many people were on the beach and several offered to carry the bone for her, but she would let none take it from her. She walked into the sea against the protests of all the Thunderbird's tribe.

The watchers saw her go into the water as far as her waist.



OLD QUISTO, WHO TOLD THE STORY OF THE TOTEM IN HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE

Special photograph for The Canadian Magazine by S. Stone



OLD "AUNT JEANIE," A CENTENARIAN WHOSE ANCESTORS FOUGHT IN THE BATTLES BETWEEN THE "THUNDERBIRD" AND THE "WOODPECKER"

Photograph by Rev. W. J. Stone

Next they saw her bend down into the sea with the bone.

The people then saw two salmon swimming away.

The Woodpecker had recovered his wife.

As the pair swam away they were joined by all the other salmon. Kwateat, the Mink, broke down the house he was in and made for the ocean while all the Thunderbird's people were put in great commotion. The Eagle and his ally, the Owl, greatly chagrined at the turn affairs had taken, immediately brought on a thunderstorm, the Eagle flapping his wings at a furious rate.

But the salmon escaped.

Again the scene is changed to the big beach Esouwista, where Ko-ish-in-mit, the Crow, is cawing loudly over the scene of desolation that the thunderstorm has brought. The Woodpecker returns to find his home destroyed.

A council of war is immediately held. The Snipe suggests that with a whale the Woodpecker could revenge his wrongs and he is sent to Wreck Bay, Ek-toopmit, to request the loan of one.

Once more the Woodpecker's warriors launch forth to battle, and again their objective point is the home of the Thunderbird.

That very morning a right whale was sighted by one of the Eagle's people, who immediately notified the Owl, who was outside the house on his sitting carpet, a cedar plank. The Owl carried the news to the Thunderbird, and Teetska at once flew off to where the whale was, dug his talons into him, but found him stronger to tackle than he had thought. The brothers of the Thunderbird flew to his assistance. Others of the tribe joined them.

When all had their talons in the whale their claws were clinched on the inside. The whale (Tha-kou-in) turned out to be simply a warrior's canoe in the form of a leviathan. Within were the pick of the warriors of the tribe of Lthe-kle-mit, the Woodpecker. The Thunderbird, his brothers, and those braves who had joined in the attack on Tha-kou-in, the Whale, were all drowned.

Thus was the Woodpecker avenged.

This is the story the totem tells and its moral each man may read for himself.

A Springtime Lyric

BY INGLIS MORSE

O BIRD, as wing on wing
 Thou cleavest morning light,
 In all thy wonted plight
 Wilt sing, for ever sing?

Sing to me once again
 The glad old song of earth—
 Of life and lasting worth
 And visions not in vain.

Barry the Bad

By JEAN BLEWETT

Telling how good resolutions battling against inherited weaknesses may in the end prevail



HE red-haired young giant could not call to mind the time he had not borne the name of Barry the Bad, and lived up to it. His father was Mike O'Hallern, called "Mike o' the Bush," to distinguish him from respectable Mike O'Hallern, owner of the finest farm in the settlement. Kitty O'Hallern, his mother, was well and unfavourably known. She was methodical in her habits. All week she busied herself knitting the thick woollen socks worn by the lumbermen in the camps spread out along the great wood bordering the river. Saturday afternoons she walked to Campbell's Corners, sold the result of her labour at the little general store, crossed over to the rough board tavern and began to spend the money without delay. Along about sunset she wended her way homewards, singing Tom Moore's ballads at the top of her sweet but unsteady voice.

Kitty was what her admiring husband called a great figure of a woman, and if the little parson, meeting her on her return trip soon after his arrival in the place, was somewhat discomposed, it is not to be wondered at. He had seen drunken women before, but never one like this creature in short flannel skirt and smock of stout blue jean, with a man's cap on her head and a man's pair of top boots on her feet. If he were still further discomposed when she came to an abrupt halt before him, and ceased her singing long enough to tell what she thought of him, of his doctrine as a means of grace, and to threaten him with what would happen if ever he interfered with her or hers, it is not to be wondered at.

"And this is the mother of Barry, the grim young giant I met last night!" said the parson, and shook his head.

"Don't meddle with the O'Hallerns," was a common saying in the little Durham settlement. They were North of Ireland folk, lawless, vindictive. For years they had been a menace to their neighbours, and made life a burden to such as dared to cross their purposes or give offence. They were commonly hated and feared, despised yet cringed to. For their few supporters they were ready to lay down their lives, for their host of enemies they had craft and cruelty. They stuck at nothing. McAllister, a Highlander, hailing first of all from the sheep farms below Inverness, and last of all from the ambitious Canadian town of Peterborough, found this out when he came to the neighbourhood to take possession of some land he had bought. Dennis O'Hallern, eldest son of the house, held possession, having squatted on it the year previously. He not only refused to vacate, but with lusty words of hate on his lips, and trusty shot-gun in hand, he defied the astonished Scot.

"Good for Dennis!" said Mike o' the Bush.

"A broth of a boy!" said Mike's wife, Kitty.

They were used to intimidating the neighbours; it was a pleasant diversion. But McAllister knew something about feuds and high-handedness himself. He disappeared from the scene with a haste which went far toward convincing the enemy that he was a coward pure and simple. Dennis soon relaxed his vigilance, and went out amongst his cronies to talk over the easy victory. He returned to find the surprise of his life. The Scot was in possession, everything belonging to Dennis was piled up on the highway—everything save the shot-gun. From the barred window McAllister called to him

that if he, or one of his breed, came near the lace whateffer, he would get more of that weapon than was healthy at all, at all.

This was in early spring. Just after harvest McAllister's barn was burned. Next year he stacked his grain. Every stack went up in smoke.

What! Was one red-whiskered, stuttering Scotchman to beard the O'Hallerns in their den?

Only for the daughter of the house there would probably have been murder done. Many times Molly had given the reckless McAllister warning. A friendship, ripening into something warmer, had sprung up between the two. At this crisis the girl faced her family, denounced the cowardly attack on one man, and boldly made known her intention of casting in her lot with the enemy for good and all.

Then spoke Mike o' the Bush with authority: If Molly wanted the man he was hers, no harm should come to him through an O'Hallern. As for the land, it should go to McAllister as Molly's dower.

They let McAllister alone after that, but continued active in other directions. It was a frequent occurrence for some man who had incurred their hatred to find his cattle poisoned, his horses lamed, or his crops destroyed.

In the midst of these things Barry "got converted." To quote his proud mother, Barry heretofore had been the flower o' the flock. He was a tall, lean, broad-shouldered fellow, with hair thick and ruddy, blue eyes, proclaiming him dare-devil; and he had as ugly a jaw as one could wish to see. He was twenty-one when converted, and the event shook the neighbourhood to its foundations, and shattered the pride and hope of his family.

It was a day of bitterness for the O'Hallerns. Barry, six-foot Barry, in response to some powerful influence—certainly not in response to the little parson's eloquence, for he had none—stood up in the log school-house used as a church, stood up, white-faced and dim-eyed, walked deliberately to the altar, and knelt with clasped hands held heavenward.

A hush fell on the people. Nobody

saw Barry for two days afterwards; then he came amongst them with such a light on his face that the faithful said: "A miracle!"

As for the O'Hallerns, they cast him off with one accord.

"The shame of it!" cried Kitty. "There's Dennis and wee Bob, and the others, following in their father's steps in a way to make a man proud, so they are, and Barry, big-feeling, good-looking Barry, joining himself to the canting Methodys, and going to the divil ginerally! The shame of it, indade!"

The father said, with an oath, that a week's religion would last Barry a lifetime. He knew Barry.

Barry, after the manner of men deeply in earnest, had little to say. There were confessions to make, and he made them; reparations to work out, and he worked them out.

"I turned your cattle into your grain," he said to Squire Heath, without lifting his eyes, "and harmed you every way I could. I haven't liked you. I don't like you now. You sent your girl away to school because she—she didn't hate me—but I ask your pardon."

"Glad you're turning over a new leaf," said the squire, with a long and searching glance. "You'll make a man yet. But hearken," holding up a finger, "my opinion is unchanged. I'd rather see my daughter in her coffin than married to an O'Hallern. The badness is bred in the bone."

"I know it; I know it," and big drops of sweat stood on Barry's forehead. "The badness is part and parcel of me. Think you I'll ever feel sure enough of myself to think of one as good and gentle as your girl? All I want is a chance to make up for the past and to keep straight. It's easy for some to be good, 'tisin't for me. The oath slips out; hate flashes up. I knocked a man down last night (the voice had a tremble in it, but the mouth was resolute). I'm afraid of myself, bitterly afraid at times, but, with the help of God, I'm going on."

"Barry," and the old squire grasped his hand, "you'll win out—you've good stuff in you. But get out of the neighbourhood, shake the dust of this place from

your feet, and start afresh in a new place. The influence here —”

“Yes, I’m going,” interrupted Barry, “but I’m coming back (all at once he looked a man, strong, resolute), coming back in God’s good time.”

The place knew Barry no more for years. He went to another county, hired out to the owner of a saw-mill, became foreman, made and saved considerable money. Then that mighty energy of his was directed into another channel. He found his way to Toronto and began his career as a student.

When a year or so later word came to the O’Hallern settlement that Barry had chosen the ministry for a profession, Mike o’ the Bush walked eighteen miles through snow and sleet to have the name of his unnatural son struck from his will. The only word of cheer came from Molly McAllister, who, in a poorly-written scrawl, wished him well, reminded him that he was near and dear to her in spite of all, and begged him not to be ashamed of her when he came to be a gentleman. Barry’s cheeks were wet as he read it. As a student he was a wonder. The knowledge of his own ignorance was a goad which urged him to a pace that astonished everyone. He was handicapped, yet he forged ahead. Anger, revenge, love of friend, hatred of foe, these were bred in his bone. Inherited vices battled with good resolves, battled ceaselessly all the long, hard march toward learning, and grace, and self-control. He stubbornly refused to look back; he was a born conqueror—the eyes and the jaws told that.

Sometimes, not often, he thought of Margaret Heath, but though she was at school in the same city, he made no attempt to see her. Why should he? She had no place in his plans; his life was to be one of hardship and steady self-denial. About the time he had this firmly settled in his mind, he met her. Barry could not remember the time when he had not loved to look at her. He was looking at her now. She smiled, and the thrill which had run through his veins in the old days raced through them again. Barry the minister told himself that she was

something a little lower than the angels, that she had a beautiful soul. Barry the man knew without the telling that she had a slim, round body, rose-leaf skin and eyes that said a thousand things. Knowing so much, he loved her in a very human fashion. But he continued to put all thought of her away. Out of respect to old Squire Heath, and out of respect to something stern and strong in his own nature, he refused to think of Margaret. He knew the task awaiting him. He was going back where Mike o’ the Bush held sway, back where he himself was known as the outcast of old, back where his mother sang Moore’s love songs with maudlin sweetness, back to the shame and the struggle. Why? Because God called him back. It was his to stand and preach to those he had sinned with and sinned against.

The strain, the close confinement, and hard study of his last year told on him. He began to know irritability and despondency, and to find himself in the grasp of dark humours. It was while trying to keep down an unreasonable anger against existing conditions that he found himself one of a group in Queen’s Park on an April afternoon, when bud and leaf and new greenness were making the world lovely.

Young Henderson, dapper and gentlemanly, was beside Margaret Heath. The two were discussing the chief character in a popular book,

“A dastardly fellow,” volunteered Margaret.

“What can you expect? Nobility cannot be acquired; it is an inborn virtue.” Henderson’s tone was didactic. “Show me a man born into an atmosphere of littleness, revenge and scheming, and you show me a man to whom greatness and truth must ever be strangers.”

“Your view is a narrow one.” Barry spoke with emphasis. His own story was not unknown. Exaggerated reports of the prowess of Mike o’ the Bush and singing Kitty had reached many of his fellow-students.

Young Henderson was not a bad fellow at heart, but this ruddy-haired giant had distanced him in his studies; and, more

presumptuous still, had dared to lift his eyes to Margaret Heath. It was not to be borne.

"Excuse me, O'Hallern, nothing personal meant," his tone was insolent. "Wouldn't have expressed myself so freely had I remembered." His smile was more insolent than his tone. "But the fact remains that heredity is stronger than anything save grace, stronger than that sometimes."

He might well say so. The way Barry's right arm shot out was worthy of Mike o' the Bush in his brawniest days. Henderson measured his length on the ground.

"When you want to insult me," cried Barry, with one of the famous O'Hallern oaths, "do it when we're alone!"

A frightened silence fell on the group. Henderson got up slowly, brushed the dust from his clothes, turned with a deferential air to the girls:

"Pardon me for bringing you into such company," he said. "The fellow has given me what I might jokingly call a striking proof of the truth of my theory—to wit, the man who is born a ruffian, stays one."

Barry was not looking at him, but at Margaret. To his excited fancy she typified contempt for him and his, for his ideals and failures, his endeavours and his abasement.

"I beg your pardon," he said thickly, and left them.

Then it was that the devil met him, and led him away into the soft loneliness of the spring twilight to tempt him. What had prayer and fasting wrought? He was no higher for all his striving, all his climbing. Henderson, with his culture, his pride of birth; Henderson, who had all that Barry lacked, and with these, Margaret's love! The desire to crush him flamed up hot and strong. The sap of Barry's genealogical tree tingled in his veins.

Presently a mist crept between him and the daffodil sky, and through it the stars blinked softly. The shadows deepened, the quiet and the stillness of night spread till all the earth was hushed.

Prone on his face lay Barry, battling with instincts which scoffed at repression, with pride, and doubt, and despair.

But he came off conqueror.



The seating capacity of the church, newly erected on Squire Heath's "town-line corner," was taxed to the utmost that Easter Sabbath which saw Barry in its pulpit for the first time. Few of his hearers ever quite forgot the sermon he preached. Barry had not erred in thinking he had received the "call."

Mike o' the Bush sat just inside the door. To show his contempt for the place he found himself in, and for the man who preached, he kept on his peaked cap. Yet he listened with intentness, and when at the close of the service he shuffled away, it might have been noticed that the wicked old eyes under the peaked cap were curiously softened.

Kitty refused to go to the church. "Flaunting his piety in the face o' us!" was her bitter comment.

God gives this good old earth but one Eastertide a year. One is enough, seeing that into it is crowded the sweetness and promise of a twelvemonth. Barry was thinking this as he turned off the highway that Sunday afternoon, and took the short cut through the wood for the spot he had once called home.

The old house, the pine trees straggling down the lane, the broken gate—why, nothing was changed. Would they give him welcome? He meant to lay claim to their affection. He needed it, nay, all at once, he longed for it with a mighty longing. No, he would not knock like a stranger, he would lift the latch in the old way and—

"Oh, Mrs. O'Hallern, try not to shame him! Make it as easy for him as you can. You must love him a little, must be proud of him, surely, surely."

It was Margaret Heath's voice. Barry did not go in, could not, in fact. He leaned against the casement and listened dully to his mother's denunciation.

"Proud of him! Proud of the only hypocrite of my flock! I'm like to be that, Margaret Heath, I am, indade." The scorn in her voice pierced poor Barry's heart. "And the modesty of you to come teaching the mother that bore him how she should carry herself toward him.

You might have saved your breath. 'Tis many a day since Barry has been son of mine."

"He is a grand man, Mrs. O'Hallern, if you only knew —"

Barry waited to hear no more. Gone his elation of soul, gone his emotion of tenderness toward his own. It was a very human Barry, a broken Barry, who took his way down the lane, and leaned his head on the roadside gate. He had known pain and discouragement before, but this wave of homesickness and heart-sickness was more than he could bear. What was that about gathering figs from thistles and grapes from thorns? He was an O'Hallern, and the badness was bred in the bone. Someone laid a hand upon his arm and spoke to him, but he did not lift his head.

"Go away, Margaret," he said, sullenly. "You mean to be kind, but you don't understand. Go away."

"Aren't you going to shake hands with me? What! You won't even look at me?"

There never was a warmer, softer voice than Margaret's, but Barry shook his head stubbornly.

"What's the good? You know what I am, that ought to be enough. Don't Margaret." There was almost a sob in his voice.

Into his big right hand, hanging listlessly at his side, Margaret had slipped her clinging fingers. He lifted a haggard face to hers.

"You know that I love you, Margaret, have loved you always, always. Your father said to me that he would rather see you in your coffin than married to me. He was right." Barry squared his shoulders with the old fierce air of independence. "Quite right," he said. "I don't want you here, Margaret; I—I can't bear it just now. Go away, dear."

"But I've something to tell you, Barry."

Kitty, watching from the shelter of the low-growing pines, noted jealously that the girl kept hold of his hand.

"Something important, listen! Father and I had a long talk after church. It ended with my having full permission to"—a pause—"to marry you. He has faith in you, so have I. Shall I go away?"

The radiance of the sunshine, the breath

of promise in the winds, the ecstasy of the robin's song, the fragrance, gladness and hope of the spring day, seemed all at once to fill Barry's heart, and light Barry's face. He drew a step nearer.

"You'll be daughter of Mike o' the Bush and of his wife, Kitty?" His voice was wonderful in its soft solemnity.

"Are you strong enough for this, Margaret? They are my kith and kin, near and dear to me, in spite of all. I could not bear you to feel scorn of them, Margaret. It would break my heart."

Kitty, listening greedily, sank back farther among the pines, but her head went up proudly. "'Tis in the O'Hallerns to stand up for their own," she muttered. "Good boy, Barry!"

But what was Squire Heath's girl saying: "Your people shall be mine—Mike o' the Bush and Kitty can't be all bad; there must be something noble in them, else how could they have borne a son like you, Barry?"

"She shall have him," muttered Kitty to herself, unlimited condescension in her tone. "Yes, she shall. Kith and kin—near and dear." Into the eyes faded, yet fierce, stole two hot tears. "Bless the red head of you, Barry, me boy! I must go tell Mike we've to turn over a new leaf; yes, a new leaf, do ye mind."

"You're sure you'll not be sorry?" Barry was saying.

"Would I have gone this far had I not been sure?" Margaret half turned away, but his strong arms caught and imprisoned her. His ruddy head bent low over her dark tresses, and—but what matter? The way of a man with a maid is an old, old story, and the Rev. Barry O'Hallern was very much of a man.

"If a hope concerning you had ever come into my heart, it went away for good and all that day in the park," he said, as they walked hand-in-hand along the country road. "You must have been desperately ashamed of me. I was ashamed of myself."

"Listen, Barry," smiling up at him, "I never knew how much I loved you till you knocked Henderson down."

"Then," with a headlong tumble from grace, "I'm glad I did it."

How Mackenzie Failed

By JOHN CHARLTON

*Reminiscences of the famous Dominion General Elections of 1878,
with a defence of Mackenzie's administration of the treasury*



HE holding of public meetings in various parts of Canada by the leading speakers of each party followed pretty closely upon the prorogation of the House of Commons, May 10th, 1878. Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie were both active. Sir John's tour was made in company with Mr. Plumb and other lieutenants. On a few occasions Sir John and Mr. Mackenzie met and engaged in a discussion of public questions. On one of these occasions Mr. Mackenzie made a scathing arraignment of Sir John and his colleagues for the great political crime perpetrated by them, popularly designated "The Pacific Scandal," and he wound up that branch of his subject with a stinging denunciation of Sir John, as the leader of the Government, for his perfidy and betrayal of sacred public trusts. Pausing before taking up another branch of the questions with which he was dealing, he poured out a tumbler of water and drank about one-half of it. As he put the tumbler down, Sir John, who sat just at his side, put out his hand for the tumbler. The action attracted the attention of the audience, and caused Mr. Mackenzie to look on in some surprise. Lifting the tumbler to his lips Sir John drank the water that Mr. Mackenzie had left, then, setting the empty tumbler back upon the table, he slowly said, with deep solemnity of tone: "We are all miserable sinners." As Sir John expected, the audience seized upon the inference that while he was not perfect Mackenzie was little, if any, better, and the roar of laughter that followed rather disconcerted the Liberal Premier.

The contest, as was anticipated, turned upon the question of a protective vs. a revenue tariff policy. Conservative news-

papers and orators made extravagant promises, and indulged in absurd predictions as to the advantages that would speedily follow the adoption of the National Policy, as it was called. The tall chimneys of manufacturing establishments, it was asserted, would speedily arise in all the towns and cities. Canada would become self-dependent and self-sustaining. A home market was to be furnished for all the productions of the soil; the value of farms would rapidly increase; the emigration of Canadians to the United States would practically cease, and the farmer was to be protected from the competition of American farm products by agricultural duties; the price of manufactured articles was to be increased temporarily, and to a slight extent only, for domestic competition would regulate that matter. Promises as to the character of proposed tariff changes could be freely made to suit localities; the hobby of every man would be humoured; the desire of every man could be met. In the Maritime Provinces a readjustment of the tariff without increase of burden could be promised; while in Ontario such a scale of duties as should prove effectually protective could be promised. The manufacturers understood perfectly well that they would be masters of the situation and could dictate the fiscal policy of the Government when the time came to arrange its details, and the majority of those manufacturers who had heretofore been Liberals, deserted Mr. Mackenzie and went over to the enemy. Perhaps they were not to be blamed, for whatever promises the advocates of the new policy might make, the manufacturer knew that all the advantages to flow from it would come to him.

An ineffectual attempt was made to

fasten the charge of extravagance and corrupt expenditure upon the Mackenzie Administration. The stock in trade used for the purpose was the purchase of steel rails in excess of present requirements; the erection of a wooden building at Fort William at a cost of \$5,000, known as the "Neebing Hotel," and the construction of a lock on Rainy River known as St. Francis Lock, which it was alleged was an unnecessary expenditure, and one that should have been made by contract, and not, as had been the case, by day labour.

In the early summer I addressed meetings at Orillia, Stayner, Fergus, Orangeville, and other points in Ontario. I was thoroughly convinced of the gravity of the situation, and sought to impress upon Mr. Mackenzie the necessity for thorough and widely extended discussion. My belief was that the dissolution of the House should be deferred as long as possible for the purpose of allowing ample time for such discussion. Mr. Mackenzie and his advisers did not consider my fears well founded, and were quite optimistic as to the party prospect. In reply to a communication of about July 1st, setting forth my fears on this subject, Mr. Mackenzie wrote me on July 5th as follows:

OTTAWA, July 5th, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,—I noticed the accounts of the meetings you refer to, and am greatly pleased with your success, and particularly pleased at the result of the Fergus meeting. I had much depended upon that for that section.

I was in Quebec for a day last week, and I think we may rest contented as to that Province. July, I think, will without doubt go through the Session, probably with an increase to his strength of three or four. Such were the indications when I was at Quebec, and I have heard nothing to the contrary yet.

As to the Federal elections, neither party in that Province has concluded arrangements in nearly half the counties, and it would be difficult to say which are the worst behind. It is evident, I think, that we will gain Gaspé, Kamouraska, Chicoutimi, Charlevoix, Quebec County, Quebec West, and very likely Bellechasse and Beauce. I do not think we will gain anything in the Montreal district, and I shall be well satisfied if we hold our own there. We may lose one or two of the city seats, but I hope that we will gain something in the townships. Stanstead and Missisquoi seem likely to go to our

side. Cylmer is not extra strong in his county, but I hope he will win.

The accounts from the Lower Provinces are on the whole favourable. Our friends in New Brunswick expect with good arrangements to gain one or two seats, and I think myself this extremely likely, but I think it is equally likely that we may lose one and probably two.

If the present indications in Nova Scotia continue, we will be stronger there than now, but I will hear more definitely in a few days after Jones has been over the Province.

The Hastings are all three looking well at present. Kingston seems absolutely certain. South Leeds, South Lanark, and North Renfrew also promise well, and I think Murray will win in Pontiac; Hagar, McNab, Archibald, and our new candidate Laflamme in Dundas, are all confident in their counties. So is our candidate in Cornwall, but I have no positive information otherwise. Cornwall in any case would be very close.

The temperance people in Grenville, I fear, will not in many cases vote for Wiser. Buell will carry Brockville if the new rolls are issued; if the old rolls continue in force it will be very close. North Leeds and Grenville can be won in this way. Jones offers himself now on our side; if our people will vote for him they can carry the County, and it is quite probable that they may carry it with a straight candidate. There is a meeting in Russell to-morrow of our friends—that, of course, is, as usual, uncertain.

Mr. Buckingham has gone West for a fortnight, and I shall not leave home myself for two or three weeks, if I can avoid it. I am very well at present.

Faithfully yours,

A. MACKENZIE.

John Charlton, Esq., M.P.,
Lynedoch, Ont.

This letter reassured me. I was glad to believe that probably I was too much of a pessimist, and that Mr. Mackenzie, who was at the seat of government, and in constant communication with shrewd and well-informed men in all parts of the Dominion, must be able to form an opinion substantially correct as to the political outlook. The result of the election, unfortunately, proved how wide of the mark his forecast was.

I spared the time from my own work to give Henry W. Allen, the Liberal candidate, a few meetings in South Norfolk. My address to the electors was issued August 26th, and an effort was made to put a copy in the hands of every voter in the riding. It was a document of some

length, and pretty freely discussed the leading issues of the contest, treating of the financial policy, the debt increase, and the causes for it, the absurdity of agricultural protection, the hostile spirit shown towards England in the proposed protection policy, and the folly of supposing that a reciprocity of tariffs would secure reciprocity of trade with the United States. The following paragraph of the address, tersely setting forth as it does the most important of the public measures given by the Mackenzie Government to the country, is perhaps worth inserting here:

As a supporter of the Mackenzie Government in the past, I can point with satisfaction to its public measures. It has given the country an admirable election law which makes stringent provisions against corrupt practices. It has enacted that controverted elections shall be tried by the courts; that elections shall be upon the same day throughout Canada, except in the case of fourteen remote Ridings; that vote shall be by ballot, and that every actual settler in the Northwest shall be entitled to 160 acres of land. It has secured the independence of Parliament by enacting that no member can contract with, or be in the pay of the Crown. It has constituted a Supreme Court of Canada; has established a military school for training efficient officers, and has used its utmost efforts to obtain a reciprocity treaty with the United States. It has carried into effect when in power the reforms which the Reform party asked for when in Opposition, and has introduced many salutary reforms into the various departments of the public service.

Mr. Mackenzie was thunderstruck by the result of the elections and he felt deeply hurt by the popular verdict upon his administration of public affairs. He was conscious of rectitude of purpose and thorough honesty in the discharge of public duties. He had firmly resisted all attempts to make raids upon the treasury, and had made enemies among his own political friends by his firm refusal to listen to proposals to embark in schemes that involved the expenditure of public money, and he had stood firm against all attempts to use Government patronage and influence for the purpose of promoting private aims. He had stood by what he conceived to be a consistent revenue tariff policy in the face of the strongest temptation to advance the rate of taxation because

of the existence of deficits, and he had kept the expenditure of the Government within the narrowest possible limits, believing that a return of prosperity would give to the Government ample revenue under the tariff as it then existed for the payment of its expenses.

Without going into the consideration of the financial records of Mr. Mackenzie's Government, I think the facts available in the Blue Books warrant me in asserting that his management of the fiscal affairs of Canada was in the highest degree prudent and commendable. The increase of the public debt, due to deficits arising from the pressure of hard times, and consequent diminution of revenue, and to the carrying out in a prudent, conservative manner of the obligations incurred by his predecessors was altogether unavoidable, and was kept by him within the narrowest possible limits. The small actual increase in the expenditure chargeable to Consolidated Fund during the entire period of his administration, extending from November 8th, 1873, to October 16th, 1878, in the face of a largely increased expenditure for interest rendered unavoidable by increase of the public debt, and also increased expenditure for Mounted Police, Indian Management, and Management of Public Lands rendered necessary by the expansion and settlement of the Northwest, shows most conclusively that rigid economy was practised in all the departments of the Government having to do with the expenditure of public moneys. In this respect Mr. Mackenzie's Government was above criticism. His was the only thoroughly honest, economical, careful administration that has managed the affairs of Canada since Confederation. Statues have been erected to Sir John A. Macdonald in various parts of the Dominion, but Mr. Mackenzie's claims to recognition, up to the time his statue was erected on Parliament Hill in 1901, seem to have been generally overlooked. Perhaps the time will come when the public will more fully realise that no public man has up to this time deserved from the people of this Dominion as high consideration as has that truthful and noble exponent of Reform principles and honest administration.

Motors that Pass in the Night

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

How two motor cars "act up" purposely, and succeed in bringing two estranged lovers to a happy understanding

CHARACTERS

JENNY THORNE, a Canadian Girl.

LAURENCE KENT, an Englishman.

TWO MOTOR CARS.

SCENE.—*The road between here and there.*

Time: After sunset on a November evening. The first motor, a dainty little new car, scarlet in colour, comes blazing through the dusk, trudges up a steep hill with some bravado, and stops at the top with a little self-satisfied grunt.



FIRST MOTOR: Now, I'm just going to have a rest; I don't care what she says. How a woman does take it out of you! I wish I hadn't put Stirling up to making love to her. Then she wouldn't have given him the chuck like that, at a moment's notice. But it was fun at the time, and it's such a temptation, when it's so easy to pop almost any idea you like into the head of a chauffeur, if your electricity's working all right. Pouf! I am tired! Serve her right if I'd stopped half-way up the hill, to teach her not to try and scrape up without changing speed; and I would have done it, too, if she weren't so pretty.

Jenny: Good gracious! what can I have done that's wrong? The engine's stopped. Oh, dear, sometimes Stirling has a lot of trouble starting! Not often, of course, but it would be just my luck if—everything's been going wrong with me lately. Anyway, I'd have had to stop presently and light the lamps, so it may as well be now. People call out such brutal things if you don't light up. Stupid of them! I'm sure nobody needs to see us. We make noise enough. *(She gets down, and tries to light the acetylene lamp, a thing she has never happened to do before, though she has*

seen her chauffeur do it fifty times since she took to motoring to heal a wounded heart.) Who would have dreamed it could be so difficult? Well, I just can't do it, that's all. People can say what they like—or they can kill me if they like—I don't much care. Only I'm so hungry. I hardly feel equal to being killed very violently. I could have borne being crushed or smeared better if I'd had my tea. *(She tries to start the car, and fails. Tries again, hurts her hand and wrings it.)* I almost wish I'd given Stirling twenty-four hours' notice instead of five minutes. But a chauffeur who makes love to you, and actually expects you to be pleased! I suppose he thinks he's good looking. I never noticed it, if he is; and I despise the sort of man who's always telling you that he's a gentleman, down in the world through no fault of his own. If he really *were* one, you'd know it soon enough without his telling you. I did right, but—but—perhaps I was a little precipitate. And it is getting very dark. I do feel so miserable—and lonely. What would Larry say if he could see me now? Oh, I *know* what he would say: That I'm exactly the kind of creature he disapproves of—the kind that ought to have things happen to her. I—I would never have believed he could say such things of me, if Marian McNaughten hadn't told me—sweet Marian, who hates to hurt people's feelings, and is such a saint. Larry would think—but luckily I don't care what he thinks of me. Not that he's likely to think about me at all. I'm sure I *never* do about him.

First Motor: Silly little thing to believe that hypocritical Miss McNaughten. Why, even the most absent-minded automobile can see with half a valve that the woman's in love with her cousin, Laur-

ence Kent, and is determined to marry him. It was sitting in my tonneau that she told Jenny the things that induced the girl to break off her engagement. It made me tired, and I've been tired ever since. I shall go on being tired, too, till I get back home again. And I don't approve of girls as drivers, no matter how pretty and bright they may be. They're too restless. I wish she'd have an understanding with her "Larry," for he isn't the sort of man to let his *fiancée* drive.

Jenny (still trying to start the car): You little brute—you might go!

First Motor: I simply won't till I'm good and ready. You've made [me feel very queer in my insides with your bad driving. Goodness, how much easier it seems to be for a girl to start crying than to start even a little, simple, ingenuous, twelve-horse-power pet like me!

Jenny (not hearing a word First Motor says): Oh, horror, here comes a car—a huge car—a car as big as a lighthouse! And my car is right in its way. If it doesn't see us, we shall be—. Oh, please, please, do be careful! I wish I were a police trap!

First Motor: I'm *en pause* if it isn't Larry Kent's forty-horse car. I haven't seen him since we parted, just before the row, but I'd know him anywhere a mile off. He's far too fine a gentleman to run into a lady like me, just because I don't happen to be wearing my lights.

Second Motor: By my maker—it's you! (*His master stops him suddenly, and the car takes credit to himself for not skidding.*)

Laurence Kent (jumping out of his big blue car, and taking off his cap): Is it possible—you! And alone! Are you hurt?

Jenny: Not yet. I mean—I thought—but it doesn't matter. Good evening, Mr. Kent.

Laurence: I thought you were in France.

Jenny: So I should be, if I had only myself to please. But, as you possibly know, I have someone else to consult now. Once you disapproved of my travelling about with only a maid, even though she was my nurse when I was small, and is old enough to be my mother.

Now there's no longer anything "incorrect" in my conduct, and my being alone this evening is quite an accident.

Laurence: I never said—

Jenny: Oh, never mind! Please let us drop the subject. It's of *no* importance.

Laurence: As you will. But at least I may inquire into the nature of the accident? Something has happened—

Jenny: Not at all. I—I'm just stopping to rest on my way back. The country is very nice at this time of year.

Laurence (bitterly): It's popular with honeymoon couples.

Jenny (looking rather blank): Naturally.

Second Motor to First Motor: Is she married?

First Motor: Who?

Second Motor: Why, your pretty Canadian girl, of course.

First Motor: Don't call her mine. I'm tired of her. Being a feminine thing myself, I can't stand a woman's whims, always interfering with mine. I much prefer a man to drive me, and am doing all I can lately to disgust her with me. But as for her being married, that's Tommy Rot, you know, as you English say. She hasn't looked at anyone since she threw over your master in a silly letter; and though, just to amuse myself, I magnetised Stirling, her chauffeur—a *very* good-looking boy and almost a gentleman—to make love to her, she wouldn't listen. When he said something about kissing her ear, she told him to get off the car that minute, and threw a month's wages in the mud. Then she drove me away, at a fearful pace, and left him to scoop the money up. I haven't got over that run yet.

Second Motor: You poor little thing! You do have your troubles, but they can't be worse than mine. My master drives me like a demon since his cousin, Miss McNaughten, told him that Miss Thorne's reason for throwing him over without an explanation was because she was in love with her handsome chauffeur, and secretly engaged to him. Lately, when poor old Larry thought of going on a trip again with me for a change, Marian warned him if he did he might

meet a certain honeymooning couple, as she'd heard from Miss Thorne that the wedding would probably take place the first of December.

First Motor: Not a word of truth in it! Marian McNaughten's a jealous, mischief-making cat, as I knew from the minute she stuck one of my tyres with a hatpin, to prevent Jenny taking her *fiancée* a spin before he was called back on business. You know that day? They hadn't been engaged a week. It was only a month after our first meeting.

Second Motor: Great Mors! Can I believe you? I always thought Marian such a sweet girl, and old Larry considers her a saint.

First Motor: He'll find out his mistake when she's his wife.

Second Motor: She never will be. You don't know Larry. He was horribly cut up when your Jenny jilted him.

First Motor: She only wrote that letter to follow him to London, because Marian told her Larry was ashamed of her odd Canadian ways, and didn't see how he should break it to his people that he was going to marry a girl who spent her time trotting about the Continent with no chaperone except a maid. Marian pretended to hate saying the things, but, as woman to woman, she felt Jenny ought to know how Larry was feeling now the first glamour had worn off.

Second Motor: Well, I never!

First Motor: Oh, I have, often. I know women.

Second Motor: Can't we bring them together again?

First Motor: Big silly! Am I not doing my best?

Second Motor: Clever creature! Did you stop on purpose when you saw us?

First Motor: (under her petrol): What do you think?

Second Motor: Little flirt!

Laurence: And may I ask where is your—er—your—

Jenny: Stirling? I—er—dropped him just to have a go myself. I don't mind driving alone in the least. He's given me so many lessons.

Laurence: I dare say.

Jenny: Please don't let me keep you.

Laurence: I can't go on and leave you like this.

Jenny: I'm quite safe. There's the advantage of Canadian independence. No man is a necessity.

Laurence: Not even your—

Jenny: Not even—anyone. Good-night.

Laurence: Your lamps ought to be lit.

Jenny: I—er—was just going to—

Laurence: Allow me—

Jenny (miserably): No—I—I can't take help from you, Mr. Kent, after—after everything. I *mustn't*.

Laurence (angrily): He would disapprove if he knew, I suppose?

Jenny: I don't know what you mean, but I'm sure it's of no importance. I believe I have said good-night?

Laurence: If you have, it has slipped my mind. It may be "stodgy" and "English" of me, but I can't allow a lady whom I—a lady of my acquaintance to motor alone along a country road at night.

Jenny: It isn't night.

Laurence: It's pitch dark, and I shall wait quietly till you've lighted your lamps—since you won't let me do it—and started your car.

Jenny (confused): Oh! you're going to wait for—that?

Laurence: Yes; it would be the same if we were strangers.

Jenny: It can't be the same. I wish it could.

Laurence: I, certainly, should be happier if we always had been. But this has nothing to do with what has been. It will be a mere case of—motors that pass in the night.

Jenny: The sooner they pass the better, then.

Laurence: Very well. You've only to start.

Jenny (looking desperately at her motor): Yes, I've only to start. Ah, Mr. Kent, no doubt you mean well; but good intentions are paving stones—you know where—and my tyres don't love *pavé*. I ask you, as a gentleman, to leave me. I have my own reasons.

Laurence (flushed and hot): At least, I had no intention of persecuting you. I meant merely to follow, at a distance, and see that you were safe. (*Aside*).

Can she be expecting someone—not that bounder of a husband? Marian used to warn me that all Canadian girls are flirts. Well, it's not my affair—any longer. (*Aloud*). But since I may not do that—good-night.

Second Motor: There we go! It's all up.

First Motor: Don't you believe it. I'll bet I know men better than you do, as well as women.

(*Laurence starts his car again, and drives off. He hears the grunting and bellowing of a herd of cattle being driven toward some market village, and, remembering Jenny's terror of cattle, slows down and turns round once more; then stops to await developments*). Can she have got off? No; her motor's a noisy little brute. I should have heard her voice if she'd started. I believe she must be waiting for someone. She doesn't deserve that I should care what happens—but I do care—because I'm a fool. I'll stop till the cattle have got by. If she should want me—

(*Jenny's motor has just decided to start, but at sight and sound of these terrible creatures Jenny's hand drops from the starting-handle*).

Jenny: Oh, horror! horror! Why did I tell him to go? Larry, Larry, save me!

Laurence (*answering from a distance*): Hullo!

(*He jumps into a dry ditch, and runs along it, thus outstripping the cattle. He lifts Jenny into her car*). You ought to have a car you can start from the seat!

Jenny (*sobbing*): Oh, it was terrible to be left alone with them.

Laurence: Your—husband oughtn't to have left you.

Jenny: My husband! Are you dreaming?

Laurence: Weren't you with him? I understood you to say you'd dropped him—

Jenny: I haven't picked him up yet.

Laurence: What do you mean?

Jenny: What do you mean? (*She dries her eyes*).

Laurence: Why, that you—surely you—Marian said it was to be the first of the month.

Jenny: What?

Laurence: Your—wedding.

Jenny: Why, I haven't even been engaged—since—

Laurence: Not to—your chauffeur?

Jenny: No. He was engaged to me. To work for me—nothing else. I discharged him to-day because he—said things about love—the wretch!

Laurence: But—you said “we” were there.

Jenny: A sweet old Canadian aunt and I. She joined me the other day, and wanted to see the country, though, of course, I would rather have stayed away from this place, after what Marian said you said.

Laurence: Marian! I never said anything to her about you which you could have disliked.

Jenny: Did you think I would like to hear that you thought me forward and fast, and that you were ashamed your people should know—

Laurence: I never said anything of the kind. Was that why you wrote to tell me you never wanted to hear from me and see me again—that it had all been a mistake?

Jenny: Wasn't it enough to make me do it?

Laurence: If you believed—but Marian told me that you threw me over because you'd fallen in love with a gentleman chauffeur whom you'd engaged—

Jenny: Oh, Larry!

Laurence: Darling!

First Motor: How good and clever of me to arrange all this! Lawrence's motor will be pleased when he knows. I suppose he and I will be always together now. Well, I don't know that I could have done better for myself. He's forty horsepower—and my favourite colour.

Laurence: Nothing shall ever part us again.

Jenny: Nothing.

Laurence: I'll get a special license.

Jenny: Yes, do. It would be so nice to surprise Marian.

(*Laurence takes her in his arms, and First Motor congratulates herself that her lights are not lit, as she hates being made conspicuous*).

The Precedence of Loyalty

By F. BLAKE CROFTON

To show that while love of country is a commendable thing, there is a broader loyalty that should have precedence



IN these days when "Canada for the Canadians" is so popular a cry and so dominant a sentiment, it may be wholesome to reflect that we still owe some obligations to non-Canadian portions of the globe.

If we believe in a Supreme Being, our first loyalty is evidently due to Him. The wishes and commands of our Creator, so far as we know them or fancy that we know them, should outweigh those of his creatures. The old question, whether a person believing in an immoral God should obey the supposed mandates of virtue or of omnipotence, is outside the scope of our inquiry, which will not extend itself to the loyalty due to principles or virtues.

While our kindly feelings should embrace all creatures, and while man plus the lower animals should weigh more with us than man alone, yet to speak of our loyalty to beasts, birds and fishes would be stretching the term. For the idea of loyalty includes a sense of something owed; and, while we plainly owe everything to God and much to mankind and our country and our parents, what we may owe to other creatures, except a few domestic animals, is not so apparent. It may therefore be said that, next to God, mankind at large has the strongest claim upon our loyalty.

The whole is greater than any of its parts; the welfare of the world should be paramount to the welfare of the dearest country or confederation in it. The grandest exemplars of altruism embraced all mankind in their comprehensive sympathies. With the Christ and with the Buddha, with Socrates and Wilberforce, altruism was unbounded by sea or mountain; it did not discrim-

inate against Jew or Gentile, against Greek or barbarian; it embraced human beings of every race and colour. All men are the brethren of the great philanthropists. To relieve misery in the mass is more beneficent, though not necessarily more benevolent, than to relieve single sufferers. To improve the condition of the world is a higher aim than to improve the condition of a single country, just as it is a greater achievement to increase the prosperity of a country than to secure the welfare of a family.

Our country, in the broadest sense of term, deserves the third place in our altruistic regards. It is, as Cicero said, the common parent of us all. It so vastly outnumbers our family and friends that it outweighs their claims to our loyal consideration, though these are greater than the claims of any equal number of our countrymen. Besides, the prosperity of our country must increase the prosperity of many of our friends and relatives, while the insecurity of our country involves the insecurity of our family and of everything it owns. Patriotism has signally marked the rise of great nations. Witness modern Japan and ancient Greece and Rome. In a nation's decline patriotism is more often a profession than a creed.

A man certainly owes a more distinct and definite allegiance to the country of which he is a citizen by birth or adoption than he owes to the land of his fathers. But, while the claims of the former upon his loyalty are the weightier in themselves, how far they practically prevail with him must depend on circumstances, such as his nationality, the length of time since he or his fathers emigrated, the moral standards of the

two countries, their past records and their present characteristics and customs. In any case *some* loyal regard remains due to our ancestral country, unless it has shamefully misused us. The etymological meaning of "patriotism" is a fealty or devotion to the *land of our fathers*.

When the country of one's birth or adoption is, like Canada, a portion of an empire or confederation, the narrower patriotism is apt to overpower or even to efface the broader. And this would be entirely justifiable if the land of our birth or adoption were cruelly taxed or wilfully injured by the empire or if it asked for representation and partnership and were disdainfully refused. The claims of imperial loyalty would be obliterated by injustice, and it would then become our duty as freemen to aspire and strive for separation. Should the influence of our own Empire become maleficent, should it embark on a career of wanton aggression, should it treat its weak dependencies as Belgium treats the Congo State, then, even if Canadian liberties were still intact, Canada would rightly antagonise her misguided brethren of the United Kingdom. In this contingency the broad patriotism formerly felt for our Empire would naturally and properly be eclipsed by the still broader loyalty due to mankind. But while we own allegiance to the Crown and see no sufficient cause to detach ourselves from the British Empire, loyalty to it should have the precedence over loyalty to the Dominion. The whole is more important than its best loved part. Assume that loyalty, like charity, begins at home, and that we properly prefer the welfare of our family to that of any other family, the welfare of our province to that of any other province, the welfare of our Dominion to that of any other portion of the Empire on the globe. Yet the truth of this assumption would not justify us in purchasing the prosperity of near thousands by the sufferings of far millions or in providing luxury for a favoured few at the cost of starvation for a greater or even an equal number of outsiders. If a measure promised some advantage to

Canada but an immensely greater amount of harm to the Empire or the world, I hold that a broad conception of loyalty, as well as morals and Christianity, should lead a fair-minded Canadian to work and vote against it. Moreover Canada is affected by any impairment of the Empire's prestige or prosperity, and the security of every part depends upon the security of the whole.

In judging the sometimes divergent claims of the broader and narrower patriotism, it may be well to recall the example of the great Nova Scotian patriot, Joseph Howe. While the provinces were denied responsible government, he fought fearlessly and struck hard blows for their rights. He antagonised two Governors and was for a time boycotted at Government House. He was misrepresented in despatches as a mischievous and offensive agitator. Yet in the heat of the strife he never lost his good-will to the mother country or his desire for the strengthening of the Empire. With this successful champion of provincial autonomy the welfare of the Empire was paramount. "The question of questions for us all," he declared, "far transcending in importance any other within range of domestic or foreign politics is . . . how the whole Empire can be so organised and strengthened as to command peace or be impregnable in war." Yet he was always ready to resume the defence of his native land, if it should be unfairly treated. "Sir," he said, in his memorable speech on the organisation of the Empire, "I would not cling to England one single hour after I was convinced that the friendship of (British) North America was undervalued, and that the status to which we may reasonably aspire had been refused."

Loyalty in its narrowest phases—devotion to the clan or flock or family—is common to most animals. This narrow altruism is usually the most intense, and its phenomena—a friend personating his friend upon the scaffold, a husband pleading guilty to a wife's crime, a she-bear dying for her young—are often admirable and pathetic. But to focus one's affection is a natural instinct and needs no cultivation. It is a ques-

tion whether it requires stimulation as often as restraint.

There is another loyalty which is too commonly given high precedence and deserves none. I mean the so-called loyalty to party. Association with a party should be viewed as an alliance to further certain policies or principles. When we alter our opinions or our party alters its opinions, we are at liberty to terminate the alliance, and no allegiance remains due to our former allies. A change of party argues that a man is open to conviction, and that he places principle and patriotism above political ties. The presumption is that his motives are praiseworthy, unless this presumption be rebutted by evidence that the turncoat has been actuated by more unworthy considerations. Of the man whose fealty to his party effaces his fealty to his country or his empire, it may be said:

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful made him falsely true."

A virtue may be pushed so far as to clash with other virtues, and loyalty even to one's country or empire may become too fervent. The growing loyalty to Canada promises well. But it will not prove an unmixed blessing if it narrows our thoughts and sympathies or becomes so exclusive as to supersede all other loyalties; if it does not prompt us to *work* for the prosperity of the country and to stamp out dishonesty and corruption; if it does not lead us to legislate wisely and to enforce the laws impartially; if it confines itself to hymning the praises and denying the faults of the Dominion or to belittling the services and exaggerating the wrongs done us by the mother country, as is the fashion with some politicians and journalists.

Blind loyalty to any realm, however vast, is to be deprecated, if the predominance of that realm would menace freedom and civilisation. When patriotism clashes with philanthropy, philanthropy should prevail. Even patriotism to the most beneficent empire in the history of the world calls for restraint when it luxuriates into jingoism and becomes a

menace to peace. A time might come when the patricians and parvenus of Great Britain had generally forgotten the obligations of wealth and position, as so many of them have already done; when self-indulgence and snobbery and vulgar ostentation were still more prevalent than they are; when, as in the decline of the Spanish and Roman Empires, sensualism had begotten cruelty, and humanity had ceased to be a factor of the imperial policy; when the infusion of new blood (by colonial representation) and all imaginable correctives had failed to arrest the moral decay, and when that decay was spreading from the centre to the extremities of the Empire. In such a case our imperial loyalty would be obliterated by our duty to the human race and ourselves, and, it being impracticable to place Britain in quarantine, we should at least separate ourselves from it.

It is not to widen the bounds or enhance the grandeur of our Empire that more practical loyalty to it should be encouraged, but because its consolidation would secure from aggression almost a quarter of the human race, and its downfall would be a calamity to the other three-quarters. O human agencies the British Empire has achieved most for the happiness of mankind. It began and still continues the war upon slavery. It has been the most benign and successful coloniser recorded in history. It spreads the spirit of liberty and toleration. The Mother of Nations is also the mother of parliaments, and remains the great exemplar of constitutional government. The Three Kingdoms and, with a few illiberal exceptions, the rest of the Empire, have hitherto kept their gates open to the poor and oppressed of all nations.

The continuance of Britain's rule in India and her African territories promises to gift the world with a universal language. It is true that the growing numbers and importance of the English-speaking peoples might eventually cause some simplified form of our language to be accepted as a general medium of communication. But this boon to mankind

would be retarded if Britain were driven from her Asiatic and African possessions. At present English is generally taught in the schools of India, the proceedings and speeches in the Indian National Congress are in English, and a number of periodicals are published in English and circulated among natives speaking many dialects. English is already the medium of communication between educated natives of different districts, and promises soon to be the medium between uneducated natives also. Were the British expelled, Hindustani would doubtless become the language universally taught in the schools as well as the official language of the Indian Parliament, if there were one. Newspapers intended to circulate over the whole peninsula would likewise be printed in Hindustani; and the English language and peace would fade from among the three hundred million inhabitants of Hindustan.

It is for such reasons that it is desirable that imperial patriotism should be stimulated, and that we Canadians should try not to regard Canada so exclusively as a separate unit, but as part of a majestic whole. Loyalty to our Empire is not, as in the case of minor nations, a generous sentiment only; it is a desideratum for mankind. And if imperial patriotism be desirable, it should be displayed, not merely in waving flags and declaiming poems and singing "God Save the King," but also in resisting movements threatening to weaken the Empire (such as the exclusion of our Hindu fellow-subjects and our Japanese allies), and in supporting measures tending to knit the scattered realms that own allegiance to the Crown.

As loudly as loyalty calls for the consolidation of the Empire—to wander slightly from my subject—still louder is the call of self-respect. Canada, already more populous than England and Wales were in the great reign of Elizabeth, is wholly unrepresented in the Imperial Parliament, and contributes inadequately to the imperial expenses. One can understand separatists, but it is hard to understand Canadians who, with the resources and prosperity that we brag of, are content with our state of unreciprocating dependency. I cannot put the case any better now than I tried to put it some years ago in the *London Morning Post*:

"I wish my country to be a coördinate and not a subordinate member of our empire. I wish us, lest we lose our membership, to pay our annual dues. For the small yearly price of a dollar or two each, I wish us to secure our self-respect as well as our freedom and existence as a nation. I would like to see Canadians displaying their eloquence in an imperial assembly. I would like to see the minds of our people expand by voting on imperial and cosmopolitan issues. I would like us to be free to denounce blunders or abuses in the Army, Navy or Foreign Office without any risk of being invited by some flippant journalist to "put up or shut up." I want us to be able to board a British man-of-war with the feeling of the Scotsman who announced himself as 'yin o' the owners.' I want to stop the possibility of any British 'bounder' looking down on us as dependents or hangers-on. I want to avert the partial atrophy that awaits a nation which declines to exercise all the functions of nationhood."





THE BETRAYAL

Posed by Members of the Passion Play Company of Oberammergau, Bavaria



ST. PETER

Posed by a Member of the Passion Play Company of Oberammergau, Bavaria



MARY

Posed by a Member of the Passion Play Company of Oberammergau, Bavaria



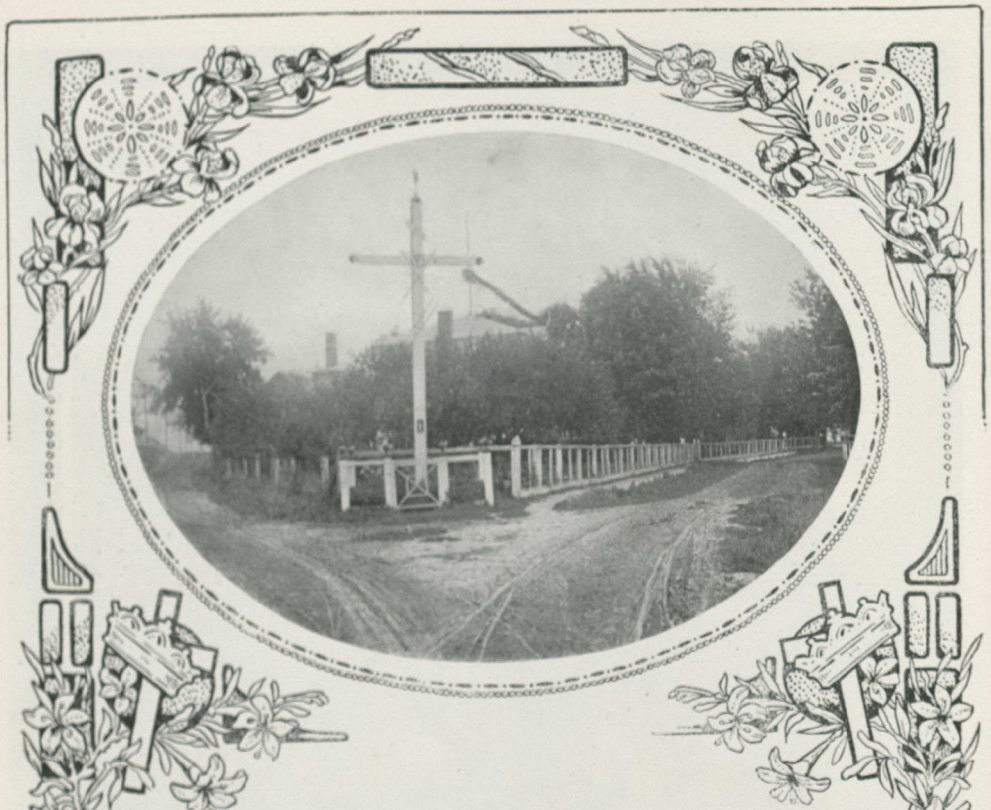
ST. JOHN

Posed by a Member of the Passion Play Company, Oberammergau, Bavaria



THE VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU, BAVARIA

Home of the Passion Play



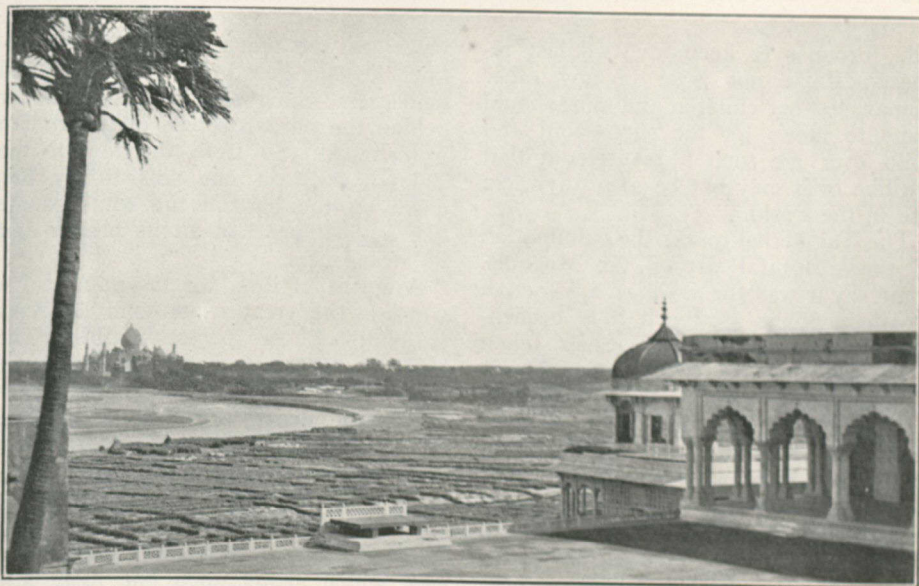
Where Two Roads Meet

BY ANNIE L. JACK

STAY, earth bound pilgrim, lay your burden down;
Linger yet awhile before you seek the town;
'Tis a blessed resting-place at the Saviour's feet,
Symbolled by the cross—where two roads meet.

Are your footsteps lagging on the narrow way,
Where stern duty calls your storm-tossed soul to-day?
Here forget your trouble, life is passing fleet;
Solace often comes—where two roads meet.

Broad the path of pleasure, weary grow the throng—
Keep your courage, brother; fear not and be strong—
Christ has risen indeed, O comfort sure and sweet!
There's rest beside His Cross—where two roads meet.



LOOKING FROM THE PLATFORM IN THE FOREGROUND SHAH JEHAN CHOSE THE SITE OF THE TAJ MAHAL, WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE

A Shrine of Love

By H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

The wonderful Taj Mahal, a woman's inspiration, erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of Mumtaz Mahal, his wife

IN 1607 A.D., Shah Jehan, when 15 years old, was betrothed to Mumtaz Mahal, a daughter of Nur Jahan's brother. Five years later the marriage was celebrated, and after nineteen years of wedded life, in which she bore fourteen children to her royal husband, Mumtaz Mahal died of the pain of childbirth on June 7th, 1631.

Overpowered by grief for a week, it is said Shah Jehan refused to leave his room, and if kingship were not a sacred charge he would have turned fakir for the rest of his life. For months he gave up all pleasures, all uses of coloured dress, of scents and jewels, which every oriental loves, and at every visit to the

harem he returned with tears in his eyes, saying, "Nobody's face can delight me now."

In a rare Persian manuscript in the Victoria Memorial Hall at Agra, one reads the following description of the death scene of Mumtaz Mahal: "Just before the birth of the last child a sound of crying was heard in the womb of Mumtaz Mahal. Immediately the doctor despaired of her life, and summoned the Emperor to her side, when in plaintive accents she said: 'It is well known that when the babe cries in the womb, the mother can never survive its birth. Now that it is my lot to leave this mortal sphere for the eternal home, O King, pardon every fault that I have commit-

ted. Promise to keep my two last requests: Raise not issue of any other woman, lest her children and mine should come to blows for the succession; and build over me such a mausoleum that the like of it may not be seen anywhere else in the world."

The Taj Mahal marks the culmination of the sculptural art of the Moghuls. Some say it was the work of a Venetian architect, others ascribe it to a Frenchman. Be that as it may, Shah Jehan in the plenitude of his power and passion, standing on the stone terrace by the water edge, must have had one great thought in his mind—the last word of his beloved Sultana, as he watched each day the workmen raising to her memory the peerless monument that has a soul just as if it had been created, not made.

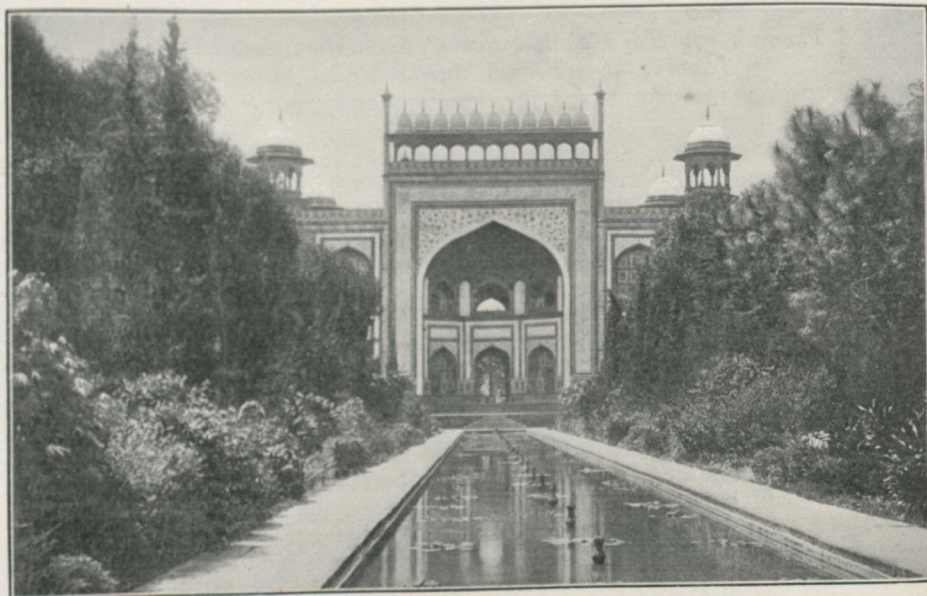
It is Mumtaz Mahal herself, radiant in her youthful beauty at early morn, in the glowing mid-day sun at that magic moment when the sun has set, or in the light of the silvery morn. It is, to use the words of an Indian writer, "A noble tribute to the grace of an Indian woman—the Venus de Milo of the East."

The figure of some veiled eastern princess in the garden by the shining

viper and the four minarets are the sentinels keeping guard over the beauty and tenderness which so often finds shelter behind the purdah screen of the Indian womanhood. So from the top of the Baland Darwaza one sees to-day low down on the horizon the white dome like a great pearl in all its beauty and its strangeness.

A shrine of love, the inspiration of a woman—the great white tomb at Agra is built of the purest marble. The brighter the glare of the sun the more beautiful it seems, for the shadows falling on the alcoves are of that deep blue colour which make it seem so feminine, so attractive, like the portrait of a woman, and one whom light can only make more lovely. *Silent, distant and demure* by moonlight, it has a strange fascination which grows upon one more and more as the moon rises, and the shadows fall and hide the alcoves round the tomb. But you have only seen it from a distance.

As one passes through the doorway out of the Indian sun, the scene changes and the beautiful trellis work like a lace curtain studded with precious stones adds further to the sentiment—the mystery of this great tomb.



ENTRANCE TO THE TAJ MAHAL—A SHRINE OF LOVE

Here topaz and turquoise, lapis lazuli, jasper and jade are woven with onyx and amethysts in the pure white marble screen under the dome.

One seems to talk in a whisper just as one does in any sacred building—for if a single note is sounded the strangeness of the echo may be heard—for not till the note has died away does the deep-toned repetition come from the dome above.

But the Taj was not Shah Jehan's only work, for it was he who constructed the wonderful and famous peacock throne composed of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires which cost nearly

six million pounds. Who can tell? To-day some of the jewels may grace the crowns of European kings, or some tiara, or rest in the hidden vaults in Persia.

No one knows where the peacock throne went to. It disappeared in that mysterious oriental way just as it came, and just as it stood on the throne in the King's palace at Delhi, where there is written: "If there is a paradise on earth, It is this, It is this, It is this."

To give an idea of the wealth of the King, Shah Jehan reigned for over thirty years, and with all his undertakings left twenty-four millions sterling and a vast accumulation of wrought gold and silver.

The Contrast

BY E. M. YEOMAN

COMES spring again to the cold-plundered earth,
 With subtle odours, and with sweet fresh flowers,
 And brilliant paints, and chorus songs of mirth,
 To light her mansion, and delight her bowers?

And where the sunbeams play in forest-hush,
 Steals forth the dearworth mayflow'r bashfully,
 Fashioned of milk and faint vermilion's blush,
 With chosen scent, in pure simplicity.

Comp'nies of fragile, purple violets dance
 In all the green haunts of the stately wold;
 Rich verdure overspreads the mead's expanse,
 Stained with wild flowers' pink, and white, and gold.

Golden and blue, the simple heav'ns descend,
 Shrill riotous with winged things' harmonies.
 Yea! all the earth with beauty doth resplend,
 And I alone commune with miseries.

Spring's straying odours sicken all my sense
 To a narcotic chaos of despair;
 And little flow'rs breathe forth no influence;
 And songs seem frantic with ecstatic care;

For, oh! my heart is weeping-ripe in me,
 Chilled to a withered thing by sorrow's frost;
 And lo! it droops with heavy memory
 Of a high love it sought, and found, and lost.

The Awakening of Spring

By S. T. WOOD

An appreciation of the things in nature that appear with rejuvenating spring, making the whole world kin



LL nature responds to the spirit of a glad awakening. The dull drowsiness of a season of repose is thrown off and the life that is old, yet ever new, pulsates again in the strength and vigour of renewed youth. The unfathomable mystery of a folded leaf pushes up through the softened and nourishing soil, eager to engage in the endless struggle for existence, and to transmit down the ages the life it has inherited from the beginningless past. There must be joy in the unfolding of a flower, else it could not spread abroad such a contagious spirit of exhilaration. The hepaticas are eager to be first on the slopes that quiver in the strengthening rays of the sun, while the snow still lingers in the shaded hollows. The three-lobed leaves that lived contentedly under the snow through the long sleep of winter are nourishing into life the tenderly folded and downy flowers. These awaken in all their brightness and look up to the vaulted sky, reflecting its deepest blue or shading into dainty tints of pink and white. The coiled stems and folded flowers were all prepared in early fall and waited long for the magic touch that quickened them into life. The more retiring flowers of the trailing arbutus can be found hiding and wasting their delicate perfume under the carpet of dry leaves spread by the trees in autumn. Those white, waxy, tubular flowers concealed in the clusters of hardy green leaves and covered with the shrivelled and fallen debris of the past year were also prepared in early autumn, but only the genial magic of spring can coax the waiting buds to expand. Down in the swampy places, where the ice lingers, the graceful, fleshy, shell-like flower of the skunk cabbage is resting on the yielding

mud, while the leaves that will soon give the place a tropical aspect appear as sharp and tightly folded points of green, formed to penetrate the imprisoning soil. This flower is always greeted as the first of the spring, but its best friends know it in the fall and see it settle to sleep under the first covering of snow. There it reposes awaiting the summons to the great revival. Where the strengthening sun plays directly on the southern slopes, the hills seem to tremble under the touch of its reviving rays. That evanescent quivering warmth is among the most inviting of all the signs of returning life. On nearer approach the trembling refractions disappear, but the ground has many more permanent signs of life. The rounded tops of mandrakes are pushing their dull way up through the yielding soil, and a sharper spike of paler and more closely folded leaves shows where Jack-in-the-pulpit will stand with becoming dignity. The glossy, dappled leaves of the dog's tooth violet are appearing in straggling beds, but it is too early to look for the yellow flowers that will soon bend over to whisper a benediction on mother earth. The trilliums are forcing their way through the soil and the eye runs quickly from one green point to another in hope of finding an opening flower.

A clear, distant call brings sudden forgetfulness of the quiet life of the ground and an eager quest for the bright messenger, heralding his return from the far south. "First! First!" the bluebird's call has been interpreted by one of his most devoted admirers, who has caught the tone and spirit of his greeting. The bright spot of blue stands out clear and distinct on the still naked branches of a box alder, and as he flies to some lower shrubbery after an impatient pause, the

soft red of his breast shows in happy contrast. Another and another follow at unsociable distances, for they are the advance guard of male birds that have come to seek habitations. In a few days they will be seeking partners among the later arrivals, and will be selecting safe retreats, bored by the industrious woodpeckers, for their well-guarded domestic establishments. A shadow sweeps along the uneven ground and up against the blue sky four crows pass with steady strokes, their strained pinions showing in fine, clear, black outline. They turn to a growth of restful pines, calling out in varied tones, and suddenly growing uncertain and excited. Alighting momentarily and circling back and forth, they noisily declare themselves with vigorous independence. What a romance would be revealed by an interpretation of those varied cries, rattling gutturals and many changes and pasturings! There is love, rivalry, jealousy, anger, fear, uncertainty, all the passions and sentiments that go to make up the trials and triumphs of life. Away they go with their noisy disputations, and once more the delicate chords respond to a lighter touch. The call of the song sparrow, bright, clear, varied and cheerful, is poured out to the blue sky from a perch at the top of a beech whose lengthening, thorn-like buds already give promise of the summer's foliage. Again and again he raises his voice, alone but not lonely, for the joy of singing is its own satisfying response. He seems strangely satisfied with himself—a contrast to the impatient bluebirds and disputing crows.

In all the bursting, quivering and changing manifestations of spring there is none more attractively assuring than the birds returning with the season or responding to its inspiring influence. Every arrival is welcomed with happy eagerness. The robin we all know, for the city's vapours have no terrors for him. He may loiter about all winter, showing himself occasionally and calling out in the passing gleams of sunshine to awaken delusive hopes of spring. The noisy, vigorous, showy and mischievous jays remain through the winter, gathering food from many sources and sometimes appealing to the kindness of suburban residents.

The woodpeckers never desert us, and the shrikes and saw-whit owls find their diminutive prey throughout the harshest of seasons. The hasty and fluttering snowbirds gather on the weedy, open spaces in irregular flocks, searching for scattered seeds along the black ridges of naked earth. But when the timid bluebird displays his rich colours in the strengthening sunlight and the song sparrow's familiar call rises from a conspicuous perch, it is an assurance that the spirit of spring is really in the air. It would be unfair to deny full recognition to the message of the robin, because an occasional hardy straggler remains through the winter. The new arrivals are quite sociable in the morning after the long companionship of their night journey, and they move along over the open spaces picking up the slugs and grubs that have lain through the winter awaiting a summons to take up their part in the grand transformation. The killdeer is first among the waders, and is calling loudly and showing his striking contrast of white and orange along the shores of the still swollen creeks and rivers. Wild and distant, he is intolerant of every attempt at familiarity, but the flash of his wings and the greeting of his shrill call blend naturally in the great opening chorus.

Nature is everywhere renewing her youth. She has been dreaming, and the white mantle is just drawn aside. The pussies on the willow trees are pushing their little grey noses from under their black-brown hoods. The long catkins of the alders are showing signs of life, and elongating into yellow pendants. A broken sassafras twig fills the air with one of the most delightful of forest odours. It is hard to resist the boyish impulse to cut a maple tree and taste the sap, or to crush the buds of the black birch to enjoy its rich perfume. The moss is melting holes for itself through the lingering patches of black and littered ice. The wintergreen is all about, covering occasional patches with rich green leaves, and sometimes timidly displaying a brilliant, tempting scarlet berry. It has defied the frost, the snow and the ice of winter, and now comes forth with sturdy vigour, as if but newly awakened into life. The linger-

ing ice is shrinking away from the awakening shore along the swampy margins of the streams and there the water cress is clearly displaying its tender green, as an assurance of the continuity of life through the long sleep of winter. On the shore some sassafras trees are completely girdled at the ground and doomed to die. The muskrats are active in building their coarse, weedy houses in the water, or tunnelling the banks, but they have not been guilty of this work of destruction. The tiny wounds show the sharp teeth of the arvicola, the diminutive relative of the beaver, who works actively under the snow all winter, rising occasionally to the surface to breathe or to flounder helplessly along for a few feet, leaving a track looking pitifully weak in the broad white expanse. But the marks of his depredations revealed in the spring make a formidable contrast to the feeble disclosures of his presence in winter.

The spring invites with every manifestation of eager life. High in the air a gray goshawk is slowly circling, almost transparent against the clear sky, while down among the pines another member of the hawk family is in trouble with the crows, who are chasing him mercilessly from tree to tree. Out of the thicket comes a lively tattoo, as the downy woodpecker calls his friends by drumming on a resonant limb. In every sound, in every aspect of the landscape, in the yellow and brown tint of the still naked tracery in the distance, or the close thrust of the folded trillium through the soil, there is the inviting spirit of life's renewal. Every swelling bud breathes out the joy of existence. Every vital cell that quickens with the coursing sap feels the delight of new life. And every vein pulsating with the crimson stream, responds to the magic touch that makes the whole world kin.

Ethics of the Farm



UGALD MACPHERSON used to say that it is a good plan never to tell anyone where you buy your seed grain. And he was about right. He figured this way: Suppose, for instance, that I get from John Smith a sowing of what is calculated to be *AR* wheat. I tell my neighbours all about it—what I paid for it, where I got it, and how many pounds it goes to the bushel. Of course, we are only supposing that; I really would not tell them anything about it. Smith's wheat happens to turn out bad this year, and becomes known all over the section for its smut. Mine suffers as a natural consequence, even though by a beneficent act of Providence it should be as clean as a scalded porker. That means that my wheat will not sell for seed any sooner than Smith's, which is not at all. On its reputation alone it will go in the hands of the buyers or millers several grades lower than it otherwise would. Thus I lose by my own indiscretion. But if I say nothing to my neighbours about my seed grain, Smith's wheat and its reputation will have no reflection on mine. Even should there be some smut here and there in my crop, the chance is, provided the weather is dry, that we can fan it out and that the inspectors will never detect it. But fanning until Doomsday would not square you with the neighbours, should it be known where you got the seed.

So it can be seen that there are business secrets to guard on the farm as well as in the city. Of course, there are ways to let the cat out of the bag at the right time; but that is just where the real secret comes in.

Farmer John

Madame de Montier's Cream Puffs

By MARY S. WILLIAMS

An unsophisticated girl takes rank by unexpectedly turning the application of an All-Fool's Day joke



It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a typical first day of April. Montreal lay washed in wild and watery sunshine, as Van Wundt "sloped" a lecture, and strode back to his boarding-house in a distinctly aggressive frame of mind. Had he been at home he would certainly have teased his little sister. As it was, he appropriated the most uncomfortable chair which the boarding-house parlour afforded, and made himself generally and conspicuously disagreeable to the other inmates.

A common impulse toward sociability and a common aversion to Montreal streets on an April day had drawn the lodgers of Madame de Montier's boarding-house by mutual consent to the one stuffy little parlour which the establishment afforded. The girl from Jamaica was deftly fastening mesh after mesh of airy stitches to the edge of an "umbrella shawl" which was nearing completion. Van Wundt knew that she wished him to admire it, so he carefully refrained from even a casual glance in its direction. Miss Dawe, the high school teacher, was evidently inclined for conversation after her monotonous day's grind, but Van Wundt cheerfully wet-blanketed all her attempts at affability. Presently, Graham, the medical student, strolled in, while "Wabbles," the Theolog., could be heard trying to adjust a disagreement between his latch-key and the street door.

Graham deposited his long limbs on the sofa beside the Jamaica girl, and adroitly admired her work. Van Wundt was well aware that he could have manufactured quite as effective a compliment himself. He also realised that he had purposely and obstinately refrained from informing the girl from Jamaica that her

umbrella shawl was the "real thing." But notwithstanding these facts he experienced a sense of deep personal injury when he saw the smile which he had come to consider his especial property bestowed on Graham. With no very clear idea in his mind beyond a general desire to attract attention, he stalked toward the sofa; and at this juncture the street door-bell emitted the preparatory wheeze which always prefaced its discordant peal. Van Wundt hastily forestalled the ringing of the bell, and immediately found himself possessed of a formless, bulky parcel, suspiciously light in its *avoirdupois*.

"I suppose," he observed, as he deposited the parcel on the parlour table, "that for once in the course of our natural existence, our thoughts run in the same conjectural channel."

"How I'd love to know what's in it!" cried the Jamaica girl, impulsively.

"Cut it a lick with your knife, Van Wundt," commanded Graham. "If I am to be April-fooled," retorted Van Wundt, with dignity, "I don't intend everyone to know it." Nevertheless, he indulged his curiosity to the extent of a prolonged squint through a microscopic aperture which he had probed for the purpose.

"Cream puffs, by Jove!" he announced, and turned suddenly to face the expectant group of boarders pressing close about him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he declaimed, marking his periods with gestures which might be intended to convey everything in general, and nothing in particular. "Ladies and gentlemen: It has just occurred to me what a 'spiff' thing it would be to secrete these puffs, which Madame has evidently ordered up for dinner; then, after there has been a jolly fuss, and

Madame has routed the pastry shops, to work off the conjuring act and produce them to a triumphant accompaniment of self-laudation; that is, to appear with cream puffs, as if by magic."

The idea did not sound as prepossessing in actual narration as it had appeared to Van Wundt in the moment of inspiration, but either because the boarders had nothing better to do, or were relieved to see him approach a happier frame of mind, they indorsed the scheme with zest and interest. The cream puffs were then hidden in an old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa—a whited sepulchre of hypocrisy, but whose hollow form concealed nothing worse than clean sheets and pillow-cases.

"Do you think it's wicked, Wabbles?" Van Wundt demanded of that colourless individual.

"Oh, I'll let the rest of you shoulder the consequences," he drawled, and departed.

"Wabbles," Van Wundt observed with mild conviction, "is an utter ass and fool."

"I like Mr. Walters," the Jamaica girl stoutly avèrred, in conscientious defence of the absent.

"Wabbles," Van Wundt repeated, unabashed, "is a narrow-minded bigot. He won't shave his moustache, and he studiously avoids a rush."

"Mr. Walters is a good churchman," Miss Dawe observed, somewhat stiffly.

Miss Dawe was as genuine in her high churchism as "Wabbles" was hypocritical in his, and Van Wundt respected the difference.

"I've no kick against him for being high church, Miss Dawe," he lucidly explained; "it's simply because he's—*Wabbles*, and it now occurs to me that it would be a very funny thing to take those cream puffs out of the sofa, and hide them in some other place unbeknown to Wabbles. At the proper moment we'll delegate him to produce them, and he'll be—nonplussed.

"I'm game!" said Graham, shortly.

"Do you think he'd mind?" asked the Jamaica girl, with compunction.

"Certainly not," Van Wundt assured her. "He never knows when he's sat upon."

They carefully transferred the puffs

from the chintz-covered sofa to a certain dark closet under the stairs, where Madame allowed snowshoes and other cumbersome valuables to be stored. This done, Graham deals Van Wundt a resounding thwack on the back. "I'm off to plug, old man," he said, "and that's where you ought to be."

"True it is, worse luck," muttered Van Wundt, plucking distractedly at his wispy locks. But as he did not immediately follow the path of duty pointed out by Graham, and as Miss Dawe recollected some forgotten task requiring immediate attention, the Jamaica girl and he were left alone in the little woolly parlour.

The advent of the Jamaica girl to Madame de Montier's boarding-house dated from the previous September. She was a "Freshie" at the Royal Victoria College, and had become an inmate of Madame's establishment for the purpose of supplementing her somewhat superficial knowledge of French. Her English ancestors had bequeathed her the rare instincts of a gentlewoman, combined with a pitifully atrophied sense of humour; and she had made her *début* into Canadian college life in a condition of such verdant guilelessness that Graham and Van Wundt had deemed it a humane act to "educate" her; an operation which they proceeded to carry out in a manner highly diverting to themselves. The horrors of Canadian winters constituted a particularly fruitful field of enlightenment, and additional zest had flavoured these narrations, in view of the winter's near approach. The Jamaica girl listened with polite credulity to impossible tales, told with unwinking mendacity. One day when Van Wundt (merely for the sake of imparting information which might prove interesting to a foreigner) mentioned that in midwinter the streets of Canadian cities become so icy that the horses are shod with skates to guard them against frequent falls, and that so protected they hold their forefeet stiffly in position, and swiftly propel themselves from behind with a gentle, undulating movement. It was then that the Jamaica girl's trusting nature was rudely shaken. For a time she persistently disbelieved everything, but under his zealous minis-

trations, Van Wundt was gratified to observe her dormant sense of humour begin to put forth diffident sprouts and buds.

It was growing dusk in the little woolly parlour, and through the windows a few umbrellas could be seen to bob back and forth in the murky closing of the April day. Van Wundt crossed the room and sat down beside the Jamaica girl. A fold of the umbrella shawl strayed over his knee, like a fluff of white sea-foam. He leaned impulsively toward her, and spoke in an undertone. "Don't you think it would be *dear* for just us two to know?" he ended, persuasively.

She met his eyes, then turned aside her own, and sank back on the sofa with soft laughter.

"This is an expansive April-fool joke," Van Wundt persisted, eagerly. "It has links and links, like a chain letter," he supplemented, vaguely. He was thinking, at the moment, how enchanting her dusky hair would look in the filmy setting of the umbrella shawl.

"It would be simply great, you know," he went on, reverting to the project he had in view.

The Jamaica girl looked up at him with the soft, compelling insistence for attention which her dark eyes nearly always expressed.

"It would be the—absolute—limit! *wouldn't* it?" she said, naively, as one repeating a lesson.

There is in Madame de Montier's boarding-house a curious little cupboard, wedged into the wall at the head of the flight of stairs which leads to the basement territories of kitchen and dining-room. This cupboard, being unused and of innocent appearance, seemed to Van Wundt peculiarly adapted for secretive purposes.

"Of course, you will play the same trick upon me, Mr. Van Wundt," remarked the Jamaica girl, tentatively, as they shut the cupboard door upon the ill-used puffs. He bent on her a glance intended to convey unutterable reproach, mingled with tender reassurance. What it did reveal, he, possibly, never knew, but she hastily murmured something about *Delta Sigma* minutes to be copied, and beat a precipitate retreat.

Dinner at the boarding-house that night was a hilarious affair. An indefinable sense of expectancy hung in the air, and the lodgers unanimously granted themselves a respite from French conversation. In the comprehensive April-fool prank which Van Wundt had so painstakingly organised, each one present felt himself or herself to be peculiarly a shareholder. In due course of time the soup was partaken of, and carried out. Justice was also done to the meat course, which likewise retraced its journey kitchenward. Then Madame, punctuating her words with graphic gestures, began to offer profuse apologies. "De leetle treat" which she had planned for dinner had not materialised. She was "inconsolable." She should have known better than to trust the *méchant boulanger* shops to send cream puffs the day of ordering in time for dinner!

Graham and Van Wundt emitted dismal groans, expressive of chagrin and disappointment, and signalled frantically to Wabbles. Wabbles, keyed to the highest pitch of vivacity of which his phlegmatic nature was capable, rose from his seat, and delivered himself of utterances which reflected credit upon the ambiguous trend of his clerical mind. He ended by stating that he had a mysterious but firm conviction that he would be able to produce the lamented cream puffs, if Madame would have the goodness to excuse him from the table for a moment.

There was a certain tension upon the boarders as they listened to the scraping sounds which issued from the parlour where Wabbles was wrestling with the tenacious sofa-lid. When he emerged from the upper region, he wore a fashion of countenance which satisfied even Van Wundt's abnormal craving. In vulgar phraseology, Wabbles was "mad"—the slow, white resentment which bides its time, and pays with interest.

"Wabbles is unreliable," said Van Wundt, consolingly, to cover any awkwardness arising from the failure of the expedition. But already Graham had arisen, and was declaring that Madame would believe him demented, but that *he* experienced a sensation precisely similar

to the one Wabbles had felt. He explained how ardently those present longed for the cream puffs (a delicacy to which they were all particularly susceptible), but how, above every other consideration, he wished to obviate any distress of mind occasioned to Madame herself by their non-appearance.

A sound of scuffling directly overhead followed Graham's exit. It continued for some time. Then the listening company below heard him impatiently strike a match.

Graham bore the reputation of being one of the best-natured chaps in college. But allowing this, it is an acknowledged fact that the masculine nature resents posing as a dupe, especially before the fair sex; and Graham's fierce descent of the basement stairs brought home to Van Wundt the realisation that vengeance was accumulating. Graham's retaliation, he knew, would be swift, sure, perfectly above board. but—effectual.

"Perhaps," Madame hinted, "somebody more has *de sensation*."

"*Ah oui, Madame!*" Van Wundt cried, exultingly. "*C'est a moi*. But I feel the need of some fair one to encourage me on my lonely quest. If such an one (he broke off, and looked at the Jamaica girl inquiringly) would accompany me, there would be no fear of dire disappointments."

It was dark at the head of the stairs where the little cupboard stood, and Van Wundt fumbled awkwardly for the knob, while thrills went through him as he occasionally encountered the Jamaica girl's hand trying to aid his search. Presently the door swung back and he reached into the aperture. "By jove!" he ejaculated, in consternation. "Well, *by jove!*" he reiterated, helplessly. He could not see his companion's face, but he felt, instinctively, her quick alarm and wonder.

"What is it?" she whispered, close to his arm.

"They're gone," Van Wundt said,

bluntly, and for once in his life he felt as if he had nothing in particular to say.

It was a rather depressed company that strove to appreciate Madame's makeshift dessert. The joke was not proving as altogether satisfactory as had been anticipated; for each one had secretly contemplated with pleasure the ultimate restoration of the puffs, and it was humiliating to be forced to be resigned to sago pudding.

Suddenly Madame appeared to have received an electric shock. "*De inspiration!*" she gasped. "It is to me! *Excusez-moi, mes.enfants,*" and she flew kitchenward.

A few minutes after, when everyone was luxuriously engaged in munching cream puffs, Van Wundt cast a furtive glance around the table. In the pacified countenances of Wabbles and Graham he read his acquittal. They attributed the discovery to accident. This solution of the problem did not, however, satisfy Van Wundt himself. Miss Dawe was plainly floundering beyond her depth in the bewildering phases which the episode had assumed. But with a sudden keenness born of a fresh inspiration, he turned his scrutiny upon the Jamaica girl. A demure satisfaction rested on her face, and—ever watchful—Van Wundt surprised a covert glance of amusement and understanding pass betwixt her and Madame de Montier.

Half an hour later, under cover of Graham's strenuous rendering of "Mr. Dooley," Van Wundt squared his shoulders, and approached the Jamaica girl. She was standing in the bow window of the little parlour, looking out into the night. The crimson of the long woolly curtains lapped against her white gown like an encroaching sea of flame. She turned, as Van Wundt stood beside her.

"I guess you're—even now, Eleanor," he said, magnanimously.



Scottish-Canadian Poetry

By WILLIAM CAMPBELL

The first of two articles dealing with the personality and work of Scottish poets in Canada



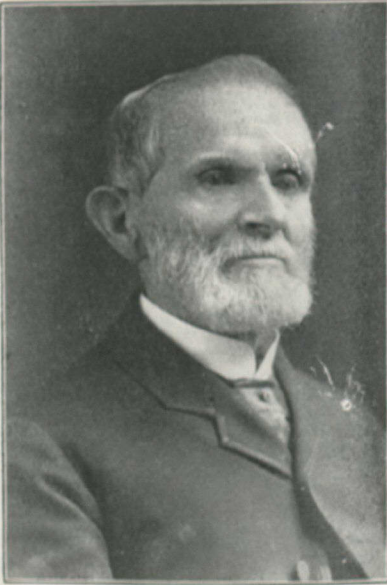
SCOTLAND is known, the world over, as the Land of Song. It has been estimated that "the Land of Brown Heath and Shaggy Wood" has given birth to two hundred thousand poets. This seems like an exaggeration, but that the statement has been made is quite true. Is it a matter for wonder, then, that this vast army of poets has continued to overflow into other lands, and that the members are scattered abroad over the whole earth? Canada has welcomed many of those wanderers to her shores; and in their new surroundings they have not ceased to cultivate the muses. The Scot has a happy faculty of getting reconciled to new environments; and time has proved that he can sing—if not as blithely, certainly as ably and as sweetly, under the shade of the Canadian maple as when he trod his native heath. Scottish-Canadian poets, which include native-born Scots, and their descendants, have written in recent years, say during the past half century, some very fine poems and songs. The theme of their lays has in numerous instances been found in Canada—in the forest, on the farm, and in the busy city; yet it has to be admitted that some of the tenderest and most heart-stirring among their productions have been inspired by scenes and faces of other days in the dear home-land. It could not well be otherwise. Those of us who have spent our early days in Scotland, however strong the ties we form in this new land, a land literally "flowing with milk and honey," be it said, cannot forget the mother-land, and the expatriated Scot's pent-up feelings have found an outlet in describing, in glowing language, the scenes of his happy boyhood and

the faces of those who were dear to him in the "days o' Lang Syne." "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and

"Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

The number of poets who have cheered and charmed their countrymen and countrywomen, and their descendants, on this side of the Atlantic can be reckoned by hundreds. And it can be truthfully stated that many of the poems and songs written by "the Scot abroad" will compare very favourably with the products of the Scot at home.

Up to the year 1905 no anthology of purely Scottish-Canadian poetry had been compiled, although numerous books of poetry had been published by authors, among whom may be mentioned Alexander McLachlan, Evan MacColl, Robert Reid, Rev. Wm. Wye Smith, John Imrie, Alexander H. Wingfield, Andrew Wanless, Rev. A. J. Lockhart, Donald McCaig, John Macfarlane and others. Among those who have distinguished themselves as poets, but who have not published their writings in book form, the following call for special mention: John Simpson, Dr. John Murdoch Harper, Rev. Andrew Macnab, John Mortimer, Mrs. Mary A. Maitland, Mrs. Jessie Wanless Brack, Mrs. Margaret Beatrice Burgess, Dr. Daniel Clark, Miss H. Isabel Graham, Thomas Laidlaw, Mrs. Isabelle Ecclestone MacKay, Agnes Tytler, William Telford, Edwin G. Nelson, William Murdock, Alexander Muir, Rev. G. Bruce, D.D.; Robert Boyd, Malcolm MacCormack, W. M. MacKeracher, John Steele, Allan Ross, Mrs. Georgiana Fraser Newhall, and George Pirie. This does not, by any means, exhaust the list, but it includes the more



EVAN MACCOLL

prominent amongst those of the past two generations.

The Scottish muse does not pose as a classical beauty, but is rather a "simple country lass, fresh, buoyant, buxom and healthy, full of true affections and kindly charities; a barefooted maiden that scorns all false pretence, and speaks her honest mind. If sometimes indiscreet in her language, her heart is pure; she never jests at virtue, though she sometimes has a fling at hypocrisy. Her laughter is as refreshing as her tears, and her humour is as genuine as her tenderness." And with these characteristics has the Scottish muse been transplanted in Canadian soil, where it has taken deep root, and bravely flourished.

The task of collecting and publishing a truly Scottish-Canadian book of poems and songs was left to the Caledonian Society of Toronto, and the idea originated with Dr. Daniel Clark, who was president of the Society in 1898. The work of collection fell to the writer of this article, who was then, and for five years subsequently, secretary of the Society. The reasons given for undertaking the work are set forth in the preface to the book which was the outcome

of the movement, published in 1900.* It was felt that "besides what had already been published there was much meritorious poetry scattered throughout the country, which had never passed through a printer's hands, and a desire was expressed that all the richer specimens be collected and printed in book form, and thus preserved to posterity." Thus ran the preface, and it clearly sets forth what the Caledonian Society had in view when the enterprise was entered upon. From a financial standpoint, the book was not a success; but the critics all spoke of it in kind and exceedingly complimentary terms. Had the sales of the first volume been sufficiently encouraging, a second volume, and probably a third, would have followed. There was no lack of material.

Evan MacColl, called familiarly the "Bard of Lochfyne," because born on Lochfyne-side, Argyllshire, will be best known to posterity as a Gaelic poet, although many of his English productions are very popular, and justly so. MacColl, like Burns, drew inspiration for his muse from familiar objects in everyday life, and whatever he touched he turned into gold. The great bens which encircled his birth-place, and the shady glens lying between; the mountain torrent as it foamed and fretted on its headlong career to the ocean; the lark carolling i' the lift, and "the red heather hills of the Highlands" were all illumined by his genius. Like Burns, too, MacColl sang the praises of "Woman, charming woman, O," and many of his most charming songs are inspired by the maidens whom he came in contact with in his early life. Here is a specimen in part:

BONNIE ISABEL

Give fortune's favoured sons to roam
 However far they please from home,
 And find their eventide delights
 'Mong Rhenish groves or Alpine heights;
 But give to me, by Shira's flow—
 With none to see and none to know—
 Love's tryst to keep, love's tale to tell,
 And kiss my bonnie Isabel!

*Selections from Scottish Canadian Poets, being a collection of the best poetry written by Scotsmen and their descendants in the Dominion of Canada, with an introduction by Dr. Daniel Clark. Printed by Imrie, Graham & Harrap; 320 pp., price \$1.00.

Many more songs follow on the same theme: "The lass of Leven-side," "Jeanie Stuart," "The lass wi' the bricht gowden hair," "The lass of Glenfyne," "Sweet Annie of Glenara," etc. Those earlier productions all prove how susceptible was the poet's heart to the tender passion. One of MacColl's favourite poems, "The child of promise," has been translated from the author's Gaelic by the late Rev. Dr. Buchanan, Methven, Scotland. Here are two stanzas of the translation:

She died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun-glow,
By fleeting shadows chased;
She died—like heaven's rainbow,
By gushing showers effaced.

MacColl came to Canada in 1850, and died in Toronto on July 24th, 1898, in the ninetieth year of his age. His remains were interred in Catarauqui Cemetery, Kingston. The poet's muse was not dormant during his long residence in Canada. On the contrary many of his finest poems, songs and sonnets were written in the land of his adoption, although it has to be admitted that the bard had often recourse to his "mind's eye" in the choice of a theme for his creations. His heart remained ever true and loyal to his native land, and to those he left behind in bonnie Scotland; and it is no cause for wonder, therefore, that long after he had settled in Canada he continued to write on scenes and subjects of other days, before the exigencies of human needs or aspirations called him into exile. Among these later poems may be mentioned two on Burns, sonnets descriptive of the scenery of Argyllshire, "My own dear romantic countrie," and a fine collection of songs, most of which have been set to popular airs. The marriage of the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne is also sung in a patriotic strain, and a satirical poem, "Macaulay versus Scotland," holds up the historian to ridicule.

In writing on Canadian subjects MacColl exhibits the same beauty of style, and variety in expression, the same

poetic fire, the same descriptive powers, that characterise his earlier productions in the midst of native environment. His verses on "The Chaudière," a well-known scene on the River Ottawa, are a fair sample of his descriptive work. One verse will suffice for the purpose of illustration:

Where the Ottawa pours its magnificent tide
Through forests primeval, dark-waving and
wide,
There's a scene which for grandeur has
scarcely a peer,—
'Tis the wild roaring rush of the mighty
Chaudière.

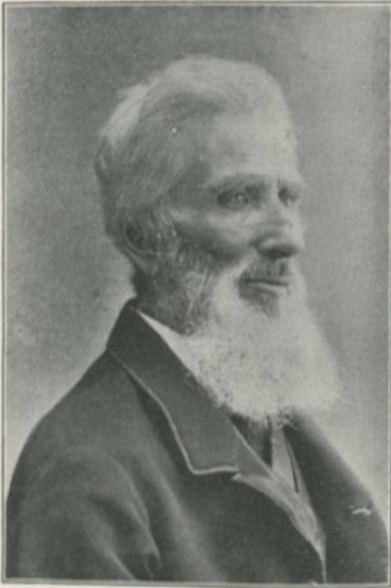
The poet's susceptibility to female charms appears to have broken out afresh on Canadian soil, as is shown by his tribute to

CANADIAN GIRLS

Canadian girls—the truth to tell—
Sly arts coquettish practise well;
Yet must we own them not the less
Unrivalled in their loveliness.

In an article of the dimensions of this one it is impossible to do justice to the powerful and versatile genius of MacColl. His works will prove a lasting monument. Hugh Miller dubbed him the "Moore of Highland Song," and no one qualified to form a true estimate of his Gaelic productions will dare dispute his title to wear the honour.

Alexander McLachlan occupies a first place among Scottish poets who have made Canada their home. Measured by what may be called the Burns standard, he is almost the equal of his great prototype; certainly he comes nearer to the Ayrshire bard than any other. Rev. Dr. Dewar in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," said of McLachlan: "It is no empty laudation to call him the Burns of Canada," and nearly a quarter of a century later he expressed himself as being still of the same opinion. MacLachlan's poems stamp the man as a born genius, possessing a lofty mind and a pure heart. His poems are alike inspiring and inspiriting, and a perusal of them cannot fail to do one good. Like many other poets before and after him, McLachlan had no great lineage to boast of. His parents were not possessed of worldly wealth and the education



ALEXANDER McLACHLAN

their offspring received was of a somewhat rudimentary character. The poet's budding genius early manifested itself; and it is not unlikely that his inability to express his thoughts in suitable language was the incentive that led him to seek to supplement the somewhat scanty education he received when a boy. That he did improve himself is evidenced by the literary style which is everywhere shown in his writings. While possessed of a rich fund of humour, as his "Lang-Heided Laddie" shows, and while he sang of the objects of nature around him in simple, soulful numbers, true to life as he was accustomed to it, some of his finest productions are intended to lift us above sublunary things, and transport us into the unseen. His poem entitled "God" is a masterpiece of its kind, and had he written nothing else it would have brought him into prominence. Here are two stanzas:

God of the great old solemn woods,
 God of the desert solitudes,
 And trackless sea;
 God of the crowded city vast,
 God of the present and the past,
 Can man know thee?

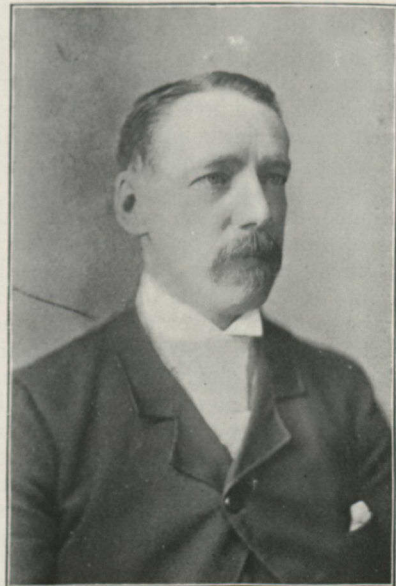
From out Thy wrath the earthquakes leap

And shake the world's foundations deep,
 Till Nature groans;
 In agony the mountains call,
 And ocean bellows throughout all
 Her frightened zones.

Another poem in the same class reveals a desire in the heart of the author for a knowledge of the unseen. It is entitled "Mystery," and is indicative of profound thought on the mysterious in nature. It is fine poetry, but it is more, as may be seen in even one stanza:

Mystery! Mystery!
 All is a mystery.
 Mountain and valley, woodland and stream;
 Man's troubled history,
 Man's mortal destiny,
 Are but a phase of the soul's troubled dream.

Rural scenery comes in for a large share of the poet's attention, and he has a fine conception of the beauties of nature, as he shows in such poems as "Indian Summer," "Far in the Forest Glade," "The Maple Tree," "Spring," etc. Things animate and inanimate alike arrest his eye, and the murmur of the brook, the warbling of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, and the buds and blossoms that gem the greensward and bedeck the surrounding trees all come in



JOHN IMRIE

for a share of his love, and are painted in the language of a true poet. One is tempted to give examples of this style of the poet's descriptive powers, but the space I have left must be given to but two stanzas of one of McLachlan's finest and most popular poems:

OLD HANNAH

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew—
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone
On the old gray stone,
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
And the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep
From their sylyan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
But they're all away with Death,
And she sits alone
On that old gray stone
To hear what the Spirit saith.

Alexander McLachlan was born in the village of Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in the year 1820, and he died on March 20th, 1896. He engaged in farming in Canada. His farm was in the Township of Amaranth, and among his intimate friends he was called the poet of Amaranth. Farming did not prosper well with McLachlan, and as a consequence he had not over-much of this world's goods. His many friends raised a sufficient sum to provide a steady income for him during the closing years of his simple life, which was ended peacefully at the home of his daughter in Orangeville, where his remains rest under a monument erected to his memory by his many admirers.

In taking up the poems of John Imrie, the writer experiences a peculiar pleasure, inasmuch as for about thirty years he was intimately associated with the poet and "lo'ed him like a vera brither." Imrie's was a kindly nature. His humanity was wide, tender and full of sympathy for everything in nature. He was eminently a poet of the people, and he was loved and respected by his fellow-creatures. His poems, apart from their

merit, revealed the man in his varied moods perfectly. Although, perhaps, his muse did not soar quite so high as McLachlan's, yet he filled his own niche in the Temple of Fame, and he filled it well. It may truthfully be said that Imrie's poems are more familiarly known around the firesides of the Dominion than those of any of his compeers. Five editions of his poems have been issued. These facts furnish indisputable evidence of the popularity of the poet's works. Imrie's mission, as he declared it in the preface to the second edition of his poems, was "to please and encourage the toiling masses," and in this he was successful in a marked degree. His zeal never flagged, his pen was ever busy, and notwithstanding the fact that he had a large business claiming much of his time and attention, he gave to the world an extensive and varied collection of poems. He was an enthusiastic Scot, while still a loyal Canadian, and he divided his attention fairly between the land he left and the land of his adoption. His verses entitled "Scotty" exemplify at once his modesty and his estimate of the Scottish character. One here will serve to give the key-note:

Yes! ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
For sic' a name can mean nae ill,
O' a' nick-names just tak' yer fill,—
I'm quite content wi' "Scotty."

* * * *

His verses entitled "Our Native Land—Fair Canada," have a healthy, hopeful, and patriotic ring about them. Witness the first:

God save our native land,
Free may she ever stand,
Fair Canada;
Long may we ever be
Sons of the brave and free,
Faithful to God and thee,
Fair Canada.

* * * *

Imrie was particularly happy in the home circle, and many of his popular pieces may be described as fireside lyrics. He was deeply religious, and many of his compositions are of a sacred character. His sonnets, also, of which he wrote quite a number, are mostly on sacred subjects.

John Imrie was a native of Glasgow.



DR. JOHN MURDOCH HARPER

He made his home in Toronto when he first came to Canada in 1871, and in Toronto he died on the 6th November, 1902.

Dr. John Murdoch Harper, a well-known educationist in Canada, Inspector of Superior Schools for the Province of Quebec, in addition to many other fine qualities of head and heart, has distinguished himself as a poet.

Like Alexander McLachlan, Dr. Harper first saw the light in Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland. His education was imparted first in the parish school, and afterwards in Glasgow E.C. Training College, which he entered as a Queen's student of the first rank. After he had resided in Canada for some years, he became a graduate of Queen's University, and later Illinois University conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. His writings were not confined to poetry. His "History of the Lower Provinces" is a well-known text-book. In fiction, too, his name has a place, and he has written a number of sketches and essays which have attracted attention.

Dr. Harper's poetic works breathe out a nobility of sentiment and a robustness

typical of the man. At the same time he writes with a sweetness and tenderness which stamp him as a true poet. His lines "To a Sprig of Heather" are charmingly suggestive of other days:

My bonnie spray o' pink and green,
That breathes the bloom o' Scotia's braes,
Your tiny blossoms blink their e'en,
To gi'e me glimpses o' ither days—
The days when youth o'er-ran the hills,
A-daffin' wi' the life that's free,
'Mid muirland music, and the rills
That sing their psalm o' liberty.

The temptation to quote the other verses of the poem is strong, but one stanza must suffice.

Another dainty little poem attracts attention. It is entitled "Woo'd and Wed," and is a pretty conception, of which any poet might feel proud. The first verse reads:

The east wind blustered in her ear,
The daisy, shuddering, drooped her head;
Such wooing pinched her heart with fear,
She crouched her eye and said:
"No lover true would think to harm
A wee bit thing like modest me;
I'll crouch me down and keep me warm
Till summer set me free."

Dr. Harper's masterpiece is perhaps a group of poems strung together under the general title of "Lays of Auld Lang Syne." A finer collection of Scottish poetry one would not wish to read.

A poem of a serious nature, and one that has a charm all its own, though clothed in mournful words, is "The Old Graveyard." There is room only for two verses, and with them this sketch must close:

The summer's day is sinking fast,
The gloaming weaves its pall;
As shadows weird the willows cast,
Beyond the broken wall;
And the tombstones gray like sentinels rise,
To guard the dust that 'neath them lies.

* * * * *
Then silken silence murmurs rest,
And the peace that reigns supreme
Seems but awaiting God's behest,
To wake it from its dream;
While yet it soothes the hearts that weep
Lament for those that lie asleep.

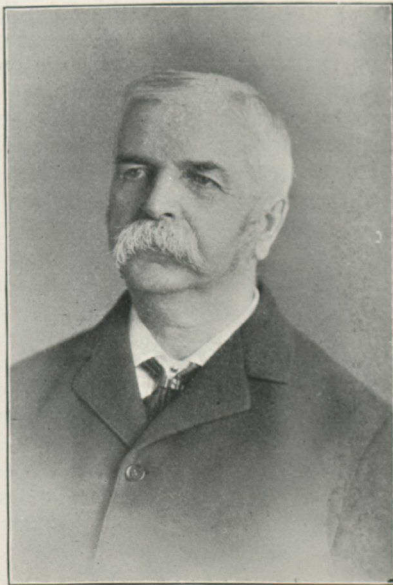
The name of Andrew Wanless is well known throughout Canada as a poet and a man. Mr. Wanless began his Canadian career in Toronto. He was a brother of Mr. John Wanless, of Toronto, and

a native of Longformacus, Berwickshire, Scotland, where his father was parish schoolmaster for more than fifty years. His poetry was almost invariably of a happy, and very often of a decidedly humorous character. To those who knew him as intimately as did the writer, this was to be expected. A happier or a more cheery disposition was seldom met with, and his poems were an embodiment of the man. His popularity made him welcome, apart from his poetic attainments, and much of his time was spent in visiting the leading cities and towns of the United States and Canada.

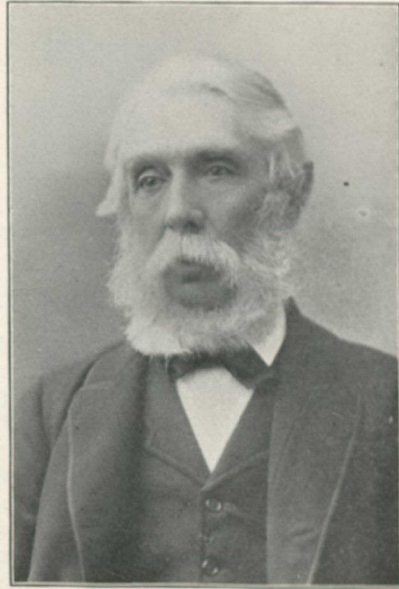
Mr. Wanless had an intense love and veneration for his native land. He was decidedly domestic in his tastes also, tender in sentiment, and fanciful in the extreme. As already stated he seldom wrote in gloomy or sorrowful numbers. When he did his muse responded in the desired strain as is shown in the verses entitled "My Bonnie Bairn." Here are three stanzas:

In my auld hame we had a flower,
A bonnie bairnie sweet and fair;
There's no' a flower in yonder bower
That wi' my bairnie could compare.

* * * * *



DR. DANIEL CLARK, WHO HAS DONE MUCH TO FOSTER SCOTTISH POETRY IN CANADA



ANDREW WANLESS

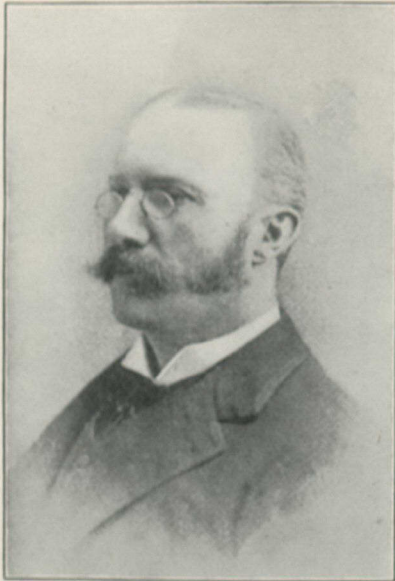
I'll ne'er forget the tender smile
That flitted o'er his wee bit face
When death came on his silent wing,
And clasped him in his cold embrace.

* * * * *

At midnight's lone and mirky hour,
When wild the angry tempests rave;
My thoughts—they winna bide away—
Frae my ain bairnie's wee bit grave.

Mr. Wanless was a prolific writer, and many of his best pieces will live through coming ages among his countrymen.

Robert Reid, of Montreal, who, in his younger days, loved to be known as "Bob Wanlock"—so named after the place of his birth, Wanlock, Dumfriesshire, Scotland—is a poet who ranks among the best among those sons of Scotland who have found a home in this country. Brought up beside the moors, his poems are laden with the perfume of the heather and the sweet briar. As a boy he seems to have revelled in the beauties of nature as disclosed on his native hills. His descriptions of the scenes in which his youthful lot was cast are admirable. There is a warmth of tone and a depth of feeling present in all his writings about Scottish scenery that have a strong fascination, especially for the Scot abroad. His heart and



ROBERT REID

head are both those of a true poet: in fact, no Scottish-American poet of the present generation has been more highly complimented than Robert Reid.

A poem of peculiar beauty, and one that has attracted a great deal of attention, is entitled "The Whaup." Here are the first and two last verses:

Fu' sweet is the lilt o' the laverock
 Frae the rim o' the clud at morn;
 The merle pipes weel in his mid-day biel',
 In the heart o' the bendin' thorn;
 The blythe, bauld sang o' the mavis
 Rings clear in the gloamin' shaw;
 But the whaup's wild cry, in the gurly sky
 O' the moorlan', dings them a'.

What thochts o' the lang gray moorlan'
 Start up when I hear that cry!
 The times we lay on the heathery brae
 At the well, lang syne gane dry;
 And aye as we spak' o' the ferlies
 That happened afore-time there,
 The whaup's lane cry on the win' cam' by
 Like a wild thing tint in the air.

And though I ha'e seen mair ferlies
 Than grew in the fancy then,
 And the gowden gleam o' the boyish dream
 Has slipped frae my soberer brain;
 Yet—even yet—if I wander
 Alane by the moorlan' hill,
 That queer wild cry frae the gurly sky
 Can tirl my heart strings still.

While eminently distinguished for his command of the Doric, Mr. Reid is no less successful in his purely English compositions, among which might be mentioned "Here and Hereafter," "The Poet and his Theme," "The Two Gates," "Looking Back," "Retrospect," "Only a Dream," and many others which no minor poet could create.

Mr. Reid has published two volumes of poems—"Moorland Rhymes" and "Poems, Songs and Sonnets," both of which have commanded an extensive sale, and have made their author famous at home and abroad.

To do justice to Scottish-Canadian poetry in a single article is an impossibility, as the field is a very large one. There are many writers of merit yet to be recognised, and that an effort may be made to include at least the best of them, a second article is in course of preparation, and will appear later in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



Professionalism in College Athletics

By CYRUS MACMILLAN

*Ex-Secretary Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic League; ex-Captain
McGill University Track Team*

*An insider's clean-breasted criticism of Canadian college sport
compared with conditions in the United States*



ATHLETIC sports in Canada to-day are largely in a condition of chaos. The old line of demarcation between professional and amateur threatens to disappear. There is a growing tendency to look upon athletics as a business rather than a recreation, and the spirit of play seems to be slowly but surely passing out of sport. We prefer to-day to watch paid men struggling in a contest, rather than to get into the game ourselves. This demand on the part of spectators for what is termed "exciting" sport, coupled with the ignoble desire to win at any cost on the part of teams and individuals, has gradually wrought a disastrous change in Canadian athletics. There are to-day widespread and sweeping accusations against various athletic clubs; there are suggestions of athletic graft, and stories of hired help, engaged for the sole purpose of winning trophies and not for the benefit of sport. There are disclosures which are not creditable to amateur organisations; there is suspicion that some of our most prominent clubs are honeycombed by professionalism, and that some of our most prominent athletes are salaried players rather than pure amateurs of the old school. The result is that those in authority are considering the wiping out of the line which formerly divided those who are in athletics for the love of money from those who are in them for the love of sport. The contention is that the old rules encourage hypocrisy and cheating, and that by allowing the athletic sheep and the athletic goats henceforth to romp together in the same field without fear of criticism, without dread of a disclosure—which can then mean nothing—there will

be greater purity and greater honesty in our national games; in short it is argued that by this so-called levelling process sport will in future flourish in Canada to a greater degree than it has in the past, and that in the athletic world there will then be a minimum of friction. But the lover of sport for sport's sake cannot take kindly to this attitude; he believes that a professional and an amateur must of necessity play an uneven game; he insists that it will eventually wipe out completely amateur sport, and that the man who plays for fun or for recreation will no longer enter a contest. The end of this so-called "reform" movement is therefore yet in doubt.

This present day movement is one that applies almost exclusively to city clubs; it has yet little to do directly with college athletics. It is well that the two should be kept distinct, and that the latter at least be kept clean, and strictly amateur. The authorities in Canadian athletics are evidently content—and rightly so—to leave the government of college athletics largely to the colleges themselves. The Canadian Amateur Athletic Association in Ontario and Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces Association in the Eastern Provinces, have the general supervision of all Canadian athletics; with the drawing up of eligibility rules, other than the general laws to which all colleges must adhere, they have absolutely nothing to do. But in college athletics to-day, there is need for a reformation, and for stricter supervision—a need just as great as that which exists in clubs outside of college halls. The oversight of athletics by college faculties to-day amounts practically to nothing. The recent burlesque in the Intercollegiate Football League is a

somewhat pathetic proof that the oversight—if any does exist—comes after the games are played and not before the teams go upon the field. It shows further that college teams cannot always depend on the judgment or the honour of opponents in a question of players' eligibility, and it proves that strict faculty supervision is the only safeguard against dishonesty. It emphasises the need of the faculty certificate method in deciding a man's eligibility before a contest. This method is termed sarcastically "Faculty Chaperonage," but it is a "chaperonage" that prevents wrongdoing, and is therefore to be commended rather than despised.

The eligibility system followed in the majority of American colleges seems much superior to ours, despite our self-complacent notions about the purity of our own sport. The rules governing the various contests between Harvard and Yale—or indeed among all the leading universities—are a good example which we might well follow, if we are to keep our college sports up to a pure standard. For the good of sport a distinction is ordinarily made between the professional and the amateur. The former is in sport for the purpose of making a living or assisting towards that end—at least for a money reward; the latter is in sport for the mere love of it—for exercise or recreation. This distinction holds good to a certain extent even where there is no question of money remuneration. For there are in colleges forms of professionalism other than those connected with hire. The student who is a regular attendant in classes, who works well, whose examination results are always creditable, who always passes from year to year without too many "plucks" or supplemental examinations, who graduates in the required time, and who at the same time takes part in athletics for exercise, recreation, or perhaps the glory of his class or college, such a man is undoubtedly a student amateur in the purest sense of the term. On the other hand, the man of means, or perhaps the man of leisure, who is in college apparently for sport, who is not regular in his attendance, who rarely takes an examination, or if he does, fails oftener than he succeeds, who spends from five

to seven years to complete a four years' course, and who, during all this time represents his college on different athletic teams—such a student is clearly in one sense of the term a professional even if he does not receive a wage. For sport is the main business of his life; sport is evidently the object for which he is in college; study with him is secondary. His aim is to be, first, an athlete—then a student even in a very doubtful sense of the term. If the latter is a handicap to the former, the latter is sacrificed.

With his classmate, the working student, on the other hand, study is the chief end; sport is secondary. The business of the one student is only the recreation, the diversion of the other. When these two types of men are pitted against each other in a contest, or when teams, composed, one of the first type, and one of the second, play against each other, the result is clearly an uneven game; the odds are in favour of the professional, and the outcome is a travesty on the purity of college sport. Hence, the American colleges have taken the lead in dealing with such conditions; they have made a determined effort—followed by a fair success—to weed out absolutely the loafing student athlete.

In the leading American colleges, the man who takes part in athletics must be a student in the strictest sense of the term. Training for an athletic team means first a training in one's studies; good scholarship comes first, then good ability on track or field. In the class-room, a student is almost daily compelled by the method employed to give evidence of his attitude towards his work, and of his home preparation—his attention or his neglect. A high-class standard is applied with searching effect to all departments of athletics. Further, reports of the students' work are frequently submitted to the faculty secretary's office, and a student who fails to make a creditable grade or who is "plucked" in a stated number of examinations is placed by the faculty on what is termed "probation." Until he has worked himself off "probation" by making better grades, and thus redeeming his reputation as a student, he is not allowed to represent his class or college on any athletic team; he is not permitted to take

part in any branch of student activity, and frequently some of the most promising athletes are dropped from squads or teams because of deficient scholarship or a lack of progress in class work. Before a contest, the manager of a team submits the names of his players to the secretary of the faculty, and it is not uncommon to have a man removed from a team by the secretary at the last moment because of this stringent system. There have been recently even cases in which, when a team had left its college on Friday, before weekly reports or results of examinations had come in, to play on an opposing college's grounds, the faculty secretary telegraphed the manager just before the game not to let certain men play, because the reports of their work, which had since come in, indicated failure in their studies. The first caution a candidate for a team receives is to keep up in his class work and to keep off probation. Again, a student who has to repeat his year's work because of insufficient progress is not eligible for an athletic team. It matters not how excellent that repeated year's work may be. Only *bona fide*, regular, matriculated students are eligible, and all "special" students are barred. Thus the loafing student athlete—the man who is in college for sport rather than for study—has no chance to win a place on the leading American college teams.

The rules governing length of time during which a student is eligible are equally strict. Three years is the maximum period of a student's connection with college sport, and a student who has for three years represented on athletic teams any recognised college or colleges is no longer allowed to compete for the larger American universities. This means, for example, that if the sum total of the time during which a student has represented colleges—Canadian or American—in athletics amounts to two years, he is eligible only one year at another university should he enter one of its departments, and then his eligibility ceases. Further, all freshmen are barred from competition, and a man must have been in attendance one full year before he can become a candidate for any athletic team. The advantages of such a system are obvious.

The one year's residence clause largely prevents proselyting or the attempt of one university to entice an athlete from a rival college, or to influence a promising preparatory school boy to enter one of its departments. It causes greater fairness and greater equality in the candidature of men for positions on teams; it compels the student to view athletics as the secondary, rather than as the main, business of his college course; it shuts out the student who seeks in college merely athletic glory; it justifies the end for which all college athletics should exist, the developing of the strong, vigorous body for the alert, active mind. It stimulates the athletic aspirant to do his very best work in class; for the dropping from an athletic team because of inferior scholarship of a man who is necessary to the success of that team means disloyalty and dishonour, and the position of the man who is too lazy to do conscientious study for the athletic glory of his college is indeed not an enviable one.

Such rules as these we unfortunately lack in our Canadian colleges. There is a code of laws governing hockey and football and track sports in the inter-collegiate league, but it is more or less elastic and is at times adjustable to suit circumstances. There is, after all, little faculty supervision; a student's qualification from the standpoint of scholarship is rarely called into question; if he has enrolled, has paid his fees, and attends classes, his standing is silently accepted. Instead of the strict oversight or investigation before the contest, the protest comes after the games are over. While some faculties make an attempt at supervision, it is nevertheless true that in all the Canadian colleges the eligibility rules are ridiculously lax. The fact that a student does not pass his examinations, or does discreditable work in his daily classes or is irregular in his attendance is not an obstacle in his athletic career. Students who have to repeat their year or who fail in one department, say, arts, and then enter another, say, science or medicine—all these are allowed to go on competing on athletic teams as if they had made an excellent showing the year before, and had been students in the real sense.

There were examples of this type on college track and football teams during the present year. Again, a student who has made a reputation as an athlete at one university may enter another to complete his course, and at the latter college still be eligible for an athletic team during his first year of residence. A student, too, while attending college is allowed to play on a city team without any question by the faculty as to its propriety. Hockey clubs in the university towns to-day furnish many examples of this latter method.

There has been in the past practically no limit to the length of time a student is eligible for an athletic team. A great Queen's University hockey player of former days states that he played on his college team ten years. A Queen's football player who has recently been very prominent in Canadian championship football, played on his college team nearly as long. It is not stated how many examinations these men passed, or whether their scholarship, during their period of competition, was always up to the standard. These are perhaps extreme instances, but similar cases are common to-day. At Toronto University there have been vague charges last season and during the present year, against men who it was said had played longer than the four years in which they should have completed their courses. There are other accusations against the standing of prominent athletes at the same university—one, a noted pole-vaulter—whose scholastic attainments are said to be scarcely on a par with their athletic prowess. At McGill University, in the past, conditions have been equally bad, and several instances could be given of violations of the spirit of college sport. Only a few years ago a noted football player—at least at that time—played one or two games for McGill at the beginning of the season; then, after a few weeks' residence in Montreal, for some reason not stated, he wandered to Kingston, and at the end of the season he was playing with Queen's where he had enrolled as a student. To the ordinary person, this man was a student because of his connection with the university; to those who understood,

he was little more than an itinerant football player. In this case both colleges were to blame, for each lacked a rule that a man who had competed for one college, must be in residence one full year at a second college, should he move, before he could become a candidate for a team. A somewhat similar case not many years ago, was that of a noted football "wing" playing on the champion Ottawa College team while attending medical classes at McGill. Four or five years ago, McGill had an exceptionally brilliant full back on its football team; he attended for a few weeks, then he suddenly disappeared; no one in athletic authority seemed to know where he came from or where he went—whether he ever matriculated or attended a class. Last season there were men playing on city football and hockey teams while attending college; some of them went with these clubs because they failed to win a place on the college senior team, and refused to play in intermediate ranks. This season again there are students playing on city hockey clubs, yet the college athletic authorities do not question its propriety. On last year's teams, too, in the Canadian colleges there were men—at least one or two noted examples—who had been in college longer than the time ordinarily required for graduation, but whose lack of progress did not debar them from athletics; on this year's teams, again, there are men whose records last year would scarcely pass as those of the ordinarily successful student. Instances could be multiplied at these three leading colleges of athletes who in the strictest sense are not students—men who judged by their class attendance and examination results are in college mainly for sport and who are therefore in a sense professionals—men who fail in their term's work, and who take six or seven years to get a degree, if they get it even then, but who during all these years, notwithstanding their scholastic deficiencies, are allowed to represent their college on athletic teams.

Down in the Maritime Provinces, with its number of small colleges, conditions are even worse than in the larger Canadian institutions. The Eastern colleges in comparing their athletic system with that

of the Upper Canadian colleges, assume a "holier than thou" attitude, but their methods are nevertheless even more open to criticism than those of the larger institutions. Here there is an Intercollegiate League, composed of the University of New Brunswick and Mount Allison in New Brunswick, and Acadia College in Nova Scotia. But there is no well-defined system of eligibility rules, and in order to win a place on a track or a football or a hockey team, the only standard apart from athletic ability seems to be the payment of one's fees and attendance on three classes—or at least suppositional attendance; one need not be a regular undergraduate, taking a full course; and even matriculation is a more or less doubtful test. There is apparently no limit to the length of time a student can represent his college, if he is still in attendance. Nor does failure in one's term examinations mean an athletic ban; several instances could be given of men who have been dropped because of failure to a lower class, and who have consequently not taken their degree in the ordinary required time, but who nevertheless are still prominent in college sport. Again, in connection with Acadia and Mount Allison, there are academies or preparatory schools. Sometimes an arrangement is made by a shrewd captain to have an academy boy, if he is a good athlete, attend classes in the college. How he can be a college undergraduate in the strict sense and still a preparatory school boy is not explained; but it sometimes happens that a student plays throughout the season on both the academy and the college teams. It would be interesting to know from the athletic authorities just to which institution such a boy belongs, if in the real spirit of college sport he belongs to either.

At Dalhousie University, the greatest of the Maritime colleges, it is no secret that non-students and graduates of long standing are welcomed to athletic teams; and that *bona fide* students who do their best in practice and are ready to do their best in matches, if given the opportunity, are relegated to the side lines or the promenade to make room for the more expert player, who, however, from the standpoint of attendance, is no longer a college

man. Not many weeks ago a prominent Dalhousie football player moved from Halifax to a Southern State; college men referred regretfully and unblushingly to the loss his college had sustained, as he had played on the football team continuously for eight years, and his place would be hard to fill. The suggestion was clear that had he remained within travelling distance of his university, he would have continued to represent it on athletic teams. There are numerous instances again of graduates of long standing who year after year turn out with their old college team and play throughout the season. On the 1906 football team there were two such examples. In all the Maritime colleges—particularly the smaller ones—the football and hockey teams at times include men who have never spent more than a few weeks in the college halls, men who have never passed matriculation, and even men who but rarely attend a college class.

It is obvious that such a lax system is wrong. It is not in keeping with the spirit of college sport; it is not college sport at all; it is raising athletics to a college business rather than lowering them to a college recreation; it is manifestly unfair to the real student, who while he does his college work well puts forth an honest effort to "make" his college team. It would be folly, too, to argue that if such conditions exist in Canadian colleges it is because the faculties are not aware of them. Such conditions in most colleges do not exist contrary to the wishes of the faculty, but have their apparent consent, or at any rate their silent approval. Last spring at a meeting of Dalhousie students an effort was made to pass a law forbidding the playing on any team of a man not a *bona fide* student; the idea was that henceforth the college place in the field only strictly student teams. But when the motion was put to the meeting, a professor spoke so strongly against it, arguing the advertisement to the college of a victorious organisation, and the possibility of not winning with a solely student team, that the motion was lost. This is but one illustration of the irony of college "sport" in Canada to-day. It is an example of the idea too frequently followed:

"We will win with students if we can, but we will win anyway." Such an idea is surely not in the best interests of college athletics. Unfortunately too many Canadian colleges fail to insist with reference to the athletics that a candidate for a team must first be a student in the real sense, that this is the business for which he is in college, and that in this business he must make reasonable progress; then, but always as a secondary consideration, that he be an athlete, if he can. If this were emphasised there would be greater fairness in college sport, and college athletics would be in no danger of falling to the level of city clubs in their professionalism.

There can be no question, however, that the Canadian college athlete is singularly free from financial graft. He receives no wage for his services; in fact in the majority of cases his athletic career is a cause of expense rather than a source of revenue; from the money standpoint he is an amateur in the strictest sense. Nor have college athletics in their spirit of rivalry yet run to extremes in Canada as they have in the United States. But from the standpoint of scholarship, the Canadian college athlete is not always a pure amateur; he is too frequently one who while he pursues athletics, not as a paying profession, nevertheless looks upon it as a business and has neither time nor inclination for study; so far he is a "professional," and not a student amateur in the real meaning of the term. There are of course many notable exceptions. What is needed in Canadian college athletics to-day, in order to keep them pure, is stricter faculty supervision of all sports. Such a supervision might well insist on the athlete's matriculation; it might also insist on one year's residence before competition—a rule which would prevent one university from attempting to secure a man who had made a good athletic reputation at a rival institution; it might prohibit students during their college course from playing on outside teams; it might include

a scholarship standard of eligibility; it might insist on the passing of their examinations and the keeping up with their classes by all candidates for athletic teams; it might include also a three or a four years' rule, so that a man could not spend eight years at college and compete during all that time, thus making inequality in competition; it might bar the "special" student, who also because of his few courses has an unequal chance, and a more or less suspicious claim to athletic recognition; and it might finally leave the decision as to players' eligibility—always before the contest—to the secretary of the College Faculty, or Faculty Athletic Committee, the eligibility to be determined by the rules of the governing body of the college to which the player belongs. Such a system would mean in college sport greater equality—the very aim which first caused the college football teams to withdraw from the Quebec and the Ontario leagues and form a league of their own, but an aim which their own lax rules are tending to defeat. It would be ridiculed perhaps as "chaperonage," but it would result in keeping college athletics up to a high standard of purity. If college sports in Canada are to go on—as they are bound to do—and to increase in rivalry, in importance, and in popularity, it is better that they should go on under discreet faculty committees, than that students and coaches should be allowed in their zeal to carry them to extreme lengths. This would not mean that the sports would run the colleges, instead of the colleges running the sports; but it would place the regulation of college athletics high up among the duties of college authorities. For the sports are worth it; they are as necessary a factor in the life of a college as in the life of a nation. The prevailing opinion—and one that is likely to continue—is that college sports are wholesome. The prevailing desire should be that, whatever may happen to Canadian club athletics, Canadian college sports, at least, be kept clean.

Larraby's Lope

By PEREGRINE ACLAND

Telling of a cow-puncher's stratagem, pitted against sheriff and deputies, and the outcome



QUATTING on the ground in the cook-tent, eating their supper, were a dozen cow-punchers. By the stove stood the cook, at that moment addressing one of the men, differing little in appearance from the others, but seemingly a centre of interest. In reply to the cook's inquiry he said:

"No, I won't git. I killed the man in a square fight, and so far the sheriff's never bothered anybody fur doin' that. He had his hand on his gun first, too, and if I hadn't been purty quick, I'd hev been the cartridge pouch, 'stead of him. Besides, if they were so blame anxious to git me, they could have done it last night. I was in the 'Mexican' for an hour more before I rode back here."

"Wal, I'd advise yuh to be scarce fur a bit, Larry," said the foreman. "Them excuses 'ud go all right enough most times, but this man was the sheriff's cousin, and though us boys is mighty grateful to yuh for ridding the country of the cuss, that chuck-headed fool 'll jest be glad to jump on anybody who's been shootin' spots off his family record."

"Wal, I'm goin' to stay right here, and if they want me they kin take me, or leastways they kin try, fur if they do come, I've no objection to makin' tracks," said Larry. "And don't you worry none about me, 'cos I'm not goin' to do any fretting."

"All right, Larry," said the foreman, "but I think you're plumb foolish. Remember your turn on herd with Steve's in the last shift. I'm going out for my turn now."



Larry and Steve were riding easily around the herd. It was quiet and they were having little trouble. Most of the cattle were lying down, and the remainder

were grazing sleepily. Overhead the stars were shining brightly, and the riders shivered occasionally from the cold.

For an hour they rode thus, but at last there was a faint white suggestion of dawn in the otherwise black sky, for as day approached the light of the stars waned until only a few of the largest were visible.

The men counter-circled round the herd again and again. They were growing hungry now. However, the others would soon be at breakfast, and then they would be relieved.

Larry had just left Steve after one of their encounters, when the latter perceived three men riding towards him out of the encircling gloom. In a moment the foremost had reached him, and seizing him by the arm, while his companions covered the bewildered cow-boy with their guns, said:

"I arrest you, William Larraby, on the charge of having killed John Malburn—"

"Wait a bit, Joe," said Steve. "You've got the wrong man this time."

"To h—l with it all!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Sorry I made the mistake, Steve; couldn't make you out in the dark. Guess we'll jest hev to trot round to the other side of the herd for Larraby."

The moment they had left him, Steve rose in his stirrups and waved and whistled to Larry. Barely had the latter perceived the signalling arm in the semi-twilight, before he found himself surrounded by the sheriff and his deputies.

With a curse he drove the spurs into his horse and dashed into one of the men, hurling him and his horse violently to the ground. The others pulled their guns, but he slashed them viciously, again and again, letting his heavy quirt descend full upon their unprotected faces and momentarily blinding them. Taking advantage

of the opportunity he had made, he started his horse at a dead lope.

If he could get to his shack, six miles off, he could make some kind of fight. As it was, he had no gun on him and his horse was tired.

Behind him he could hear the thud of galloping hoofs, and now shots rang in the air. They were trying to get him by any means now, and he thought he had little chance of reaching his shack.

They were shooting at him as he sped, their shots flying wildly at first, but more and more surely as they recovered from his desperate onslaught. After a while they shot less regularly. He supposed that they had few cartridges left in their belts and wished to be so close as to be fairly sure of hitting. When they did shoot now, he realised that their bullets came uncomfortably close. He had, indeed, a slight wound in his arm and there was a ragged hole in his hat where a bullet had found its way.

Only half a mile more now, and he would reach the shack. But they were gradually gaining on him, and their shooting was becoming more accurate.

Before him he beheld the mountains changing colour beneath the rays of the rising sun, which clothed their gloomy sides in purple, gold, green, blue, so that they discarded their appearance of age, and assumed one of everlasting and all-powerful youth. Too soon, however, this had vanished and they were once more hoary-headed, green-robed seers, as suggestive of the darkness of death as they had previously been of the joys of life.

Larry beheld it all, and it made him think. He felt there was little chance of his escaping, but determined to try. If he surrendered or was captured he would be hanged. If he was not shot now, he would probably be killed or captured in his shack.

For a moment he thought of the past, and it returned vividly to his imagination, his father's farm in Maine, their long journey in an emigrant train to the far west, his hard-worked boyhood as the son of a pioneer, the years he had spent 'punching' cows, with the long morning rides over the prairie, the hard work by

day and night, and the freedom and excitement attendant upon the life. And "last but not least," he thought of the girl whom he had hoped to marry, and of the rascal whom he had thrashed and killed for slandering her name. But his thoughts soon turned to the endeavour to outwit his pursuers.

Finally he thought he had found a way, dangerous indeed, but offering some hope of escape. He pulled in his horse a trifle, still keeping at a fast lope, however. He was but a quarter of a mile from the shack now, but his pursuers hoped to overtake him as they perceived the abatement in his speed.

"His cayuse 'll soon give out," said the sheriff, "but anyway, we'll sure be close enough to pot him in a couple of minutes."

His words seemed true, for rapidly the pursuers drew in upon the rash strategist, and their bullets began to find accommodation in his body, for already he had a slight leg wound, and a somewhat more serious one in the side.

Rising in his stirrups, he turned and flung his heavy hat full in the face of the foremost of the oncoming ponies. The beast shied so violently as to unseat its rider, good horseman though he was, and crashed into the other animals.

Without waiting to watch the effects of his manoeuvre, Larry once more dug his spurs into his horse and set forth at full speed for the shack, at the door of which he dismounted while they were still two hundred yards away, so much had he gained by his trick.

He stepped into the shack, but was out again almost immediately with a loaded rifle, which he kept pointed at the oncoming party. The moment they saw it they realised their helplessness and reined in. With a slight ironical smile on his bronzed face, Larry hailed the sheriff:

"If you gents don't object, I'd be glad to hev yuh drop yer guns right there, and git off your horses, and then I'll be delighted to receive yuh in my humble house."

Having disburdened themselves of a large store of oaths, the men complied with the demand, and shambled shamefacedly to the bare frame building where Larry awaited them.

Larry asked the sheriff to hand over the warrant.

Having received and destroyed the papers he spoke again to his quondam pursuers:

"You two deputies had better tie the sheriff. Tie him tight now. I kin see whether you're tying a good knot or a bad one."

When they had finished trussing their leader, Larry spoke to the younger deputy: "You, kid, jest put a few hitches on yer partner. Then bring me the handcuffs which the sheriff has in his pocket, I guess. . . . Jest click 'em on yourself.

It's handy that he uses the self-locking kind."

Larry dressed his wounds, and then, after a large but monotonous breakfast of pork and beans, eaten under the noses of his prisoners, he rose to depart.

"Good-bye, boys," he said. "I'll manage to have some one come for you this evening. Remember me to all. So-long!"

He passed through the doorway, swung lightly into his saddle, and then rode away at a brisk trot, with his rifle across the saddle-bow.

An Appeal of Spring

BY IVAN L. WRIGHT

WILL you tell me, fairy Audrey,
Of the land wherein you dwell,
Of the cold and lonely pathways
And the snow-enshrouded dell,
That so soon will be transfigured
By the vernal call of spring,
And returning feathered songsters
That are northward on the wing?

Will you tell me, forest Audrey,
Of the hushed and silent streams,
Of the North God's heartless chanson
That I hear ofttimes in dreams?
May I learn the hidden secret
That will make the welkin ring
When the seasons' mighty chorus
Sings the glad advent of spring?

Will you tell me, woodland Audrey,
Of the gray and barren trees;
Of the winds that bring them tokens
From afar across the seas;
And of how the tender grasses,
All the landscape altering,
Soon will spread their rugs of velvet
For the coming of the spring?

Will you tell me, brown-eyed dreamer,
All the things I wish to know:
Why in summer all is sunshine,
And in winter all is snow?
Will you tell me, too, my Princess,
That you'll wear this symbol ring.
Violets with it entwining—
First sweet certainties of spring?

Are Our Indians Pagans?

By W. E. H. STOKES

An insight into the religious beliefs of our Indians, with a word to the churches on the effectiveness of missionary work

PERHAPS no greater injustice was ever perpetrated by one race of people on another than when the Crees and other Indians of Saskatchewan and Alberta were officially styled "Pagans" by the Government. After having had a somewhat exceptional chance of inquiring into the obscure subject of the religious beliefs of Indians, I think it safe to say that the word Pagan is not in any sense applicable to these people, and I dare say that if the missionaries would first apply themselves to the study of what the Crees and the Blackfeet believe, their efforts to Christianise would be attended with a much greater degree of success than has yet been achieved.

With scarcely a single exception, the missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, that I have met, approach the Indian they desire to convert thoroughly imbued with the idea that what the so called Pagan believes is such a weird, childish tissue of fancies that it is scarcely worthy of the serious attention of any sane man. The Indians' beliefs, as I have been fortunate to ascertain, are as sacred, as real to them, as ours are to us, and I have yet, after fourteen years' experience in this country, to meet with the missionary who had the least idea of what he had to combat in the minds of the Indians, or had ascertained if there was any common belief that he and they both held which might be used as a starting point to work from. As a rule, it must be admitted that, to the missionary, the Indian's creed is *anathema marantha*.

† This may seem to be a rather sweeping condemnation of the methods that have been followed by Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries in Western Canada for almost two generations,

but when I reflect upon the enormous sums of money that have been expended, upon the loss of life and health, and upon the real devotion and zeal that have been and are even now being displayed by the missionaries and other workers for Christianity, it makes me sad. It must give us pause. To what results can we point? The only answer that has been given to this question is, "Give us more time, more money, more workers." But I reply, and hope to prove that I am correct: "Your efforts are misdirected, you have started wrong, and in the meantime the good you have accomplished is largely discounted by the tide of civilisation which has undoubtedly undone and is pernicious to the races of Indians which you and I are so anxious to elevate."

In what do the aborigines of this country believe? The following is what I found, and it cannot be more than a mere outline owing to the short time that I have devoted to this, to me, extremely interesting subject: They believe in two deities, the great and the small. The great they call Manitou, which has the power for all good, and the small, Matchee-Manitou, which has the power for all evil. The possession of power being to the Indian the greatest and dearest attribute, he will naturally apply himself to whichever of these two deities will for blessing or cursing the more further his ends, but whereas he will, through another, submit supplications and make great sacrifices through a mediator to the Great Spirit, he will pray occasionally to the small spirit without any intercessor or formalities or sacrifices. He dare not pray direct to the Great Spirit, but will, recognising his own innate baseness, go through almost anything in order to secure the interest of a mediator or intercessor

who, he trusts, will have more influence with the Great Spirit or Manitou than his unworthy self. It is in the selection of this mediator that the influences of dreams, in all ages and climes a great and powerful agent in their operation on men's minds, comes into force. These mediators must themselves be spirits, and can reveal themselves to man only in dreams, or sometimes they have been known to possess the insane or mentally afflicted. These latter, however, are often possessed by Matchee-Manitou, and then the evil spirit must be driven out, resulting in the barbarities familiar to us, when a human being is supposed to have a Weh-ta-ko, or Wehtigo. The Indian believes that his own influence with Manitou is as good as any one's except a spirit's. What is then his definition of a spirit? It is hard to define, but the explanation of the term, according to the Cree and Blackfoot, is this: It is the invisible essence that formerly animated the body of a human being or animal when living, also it is reflected in and by the shadow cast by inanimate objects when the sun shines. This latter idea appeals to me as a very beautiful and poetical one. We know that all things above ground change and go through their appointed periods of bloom and decay. Nothing in nature is everlasting. The very face of the world itself alters, even within a single lifetime, so that when the Indian says that there must be a spirit or soul in inanimate things as well as in those bodies which we deem endowed with life, it is not an extravagant or even a peculiar thing that he should believe that there is a spirit of a stick, a rock, the prairie grass, or the mountains. He will therefore attach as much importance to the revelations conveyed to him by dreams of these objects as he will to those of his dead fellow-creatures, dreams of his dead forefathers or relations, or of any animals or creature which we call living. All of these spirits alike were called into being by Manitou and are being recalled into his presence as one by one they die or depart from mortal ken.

Now, if the Indian dreams frequently of any object dead or inanimate, that is to say, of any person or animal or thing casting a shadow, as the case may be, he

believes that the spirit of that particular person, animal or thing casting a shadow has either some power for him or some message for him, or perhaps that the spirit wishes to signify to him that he or it will protect and patronise him by presenting his petitions to Manitou. The spirits themselves have no personal power, except only that they are acceptable mediators between the poor Indian and Manitou. Therefore, it is to the spirits of which the Indian has frequently dreamed that he will address his prayers, devout supplications and sacrifices, in order that Manitou may be pleased to send to the suppliant power to gratify his wishes, whether they be for success in hunting or in the council tent, or for power to work harm to his enemies, or for whatever particular thing it may be that at the time is most earnestly desired. Even though he may be dying, the Indian will not even presume to make these prayers or sacrifices more than twice a year, as he fears to intrude oftener so unworthy a being as he feels himself to be upon the notice of his patron spirits, and he is afraid to be so presumptuous as to have a petition from him presented to the Great God more frequently than this, owing to the reverent fear in which he holds Manitou.

Let me go back for a moment. I found that among the older so-called Pagans, the lesser spirit, or Matchee-Manitou, is a being that they would hardly consider seriously, although they believe in his existence firmly. They seemed to attach little importance to the power of the evil spirit that they thought was held strictly in subjection to Manitou, and they apparently only used Matchee-Manitou as a sort of figure-head on which to lay the blame for any misfortune that might overtake them. In fact they would always try to turn aside my inquiries with a laugh when I asked them about Matchee-Manitou. I need not perhaps refer to him again, as it is only very rarely that an Indian will pray for power to do evil to this ideal of everything that is bad, called Matchee-Manitou, and, as already pointed out, they would never invoke the aid of an intercessor, or make any sacrifice to obtain the power he might have to bestow. But their silence and refusal to

answer my questions may, nevertheless, be due to fear.

If by any chance you should happen to see one of these mis-named Pagans at his devotions (and it is only by chance that you will do so) and should observe that he apparently addresses himself to a tree, a rock or to nothing that is discernable, remember that he is only doing as the Roman Catholics do, that is, asking his patron spirit to approach in his behalf the very same Great God that we believe in, but whom the Indian, so poor and vile a creature does he conceive himself to be, dare not, and will not, directly address. Protestants believe only in one mediator, one intercessor, one ever-living though once dead sacrifice—Jesus Christ. The Pagan Indian knows nothing of Him, and is inclined to regard the story of incarnation as a flight of the imagination. There is this to be said, that once the postulate is granted in the matter of the spirit or immortal essence permeating what we call inanimate things (and this is not a matter that would seem difficult to me), there is nothing in the so-called Pagan's creed which demands the surrender of his reason, or the great and childlike faith which Christians deem necessary. That it is necessary, I believe myself, not from any superior knowledge given to me compared to that granted to an Indian, but merely because I recognise in myself so much that is contrary to my reason and yet so much that I accept as true, without anything in the way of evidence.

Though the Christian gospel may not appeal to the Indian's reason, the effect, or result of Christianity does appeal to him and in no attractive light either. For what does he find? Civilisation, which must follow Christianity, has been a blight on the Cree, the Blackfoot and on all Indian nations. This is a truism, but the fact remains that civilisation has acted and reacted upon the Indians very much as the introduction of a city sewer would do upon a clear and limpid mountain lake, polluting from underneath, insidiously, the various strata of the Indians' life, affecting first the young, the vain, and the foolish, and at last, as the older generations die off, slowly obliterating the last trace of the purity and

beauty that formerly was the boast. There is little immorality about the Pagan Indian, I mean according to his ideas. There is no petty thievery among the Indians, where they have been fortunate enough to escape from the evil influences which the arrival of white men among them has invariably produced. This to some may seem to be extravagant language, but it is my experience at all events, more particularly among the Mountain Stoneys, who have in a great measure preserved their much-despised, because Pagan principles, of right dealing, honesty and general uprightness. They are Methodists now, and as far as I could see they had to make but a slight change after all in their beliefs, and no change in their principles. They believe now in God, the Trinity, and have eliminated the mediation of every spirit but that of Jesus Christ, and seem to have found their old conception of Manitou differing in no important particular from that of their new-found Father Almighty, the same All-good Power that they had always acknowledged to be their Master. Not much of change perhaps, but who among the living can say? Formerly they were Unitarians, with the very beautiful theory of spiritual intercession added, now they profess with equal sincerity Christianity or Methodism, as you prefer. Whether this result should be attributed to their missionary, the Rev. John McDougall, or to the inaccessibility of their homes and hunting grounds, I cannot say. I have not had the honour of meeting this gentleman, and he is therefore not included among the failures alluded to above. Honour to whom honour is due. I have met with Mountain Stoneys both at Morley and Lac Ste. Anne, and I would trust one in all matters implicitly, relying on his good principles that I should never regret it.

A Pagan is a heathen and an idolater, and these Indians are very religious, and have never been known to worship idols.

Call them instead of Pagans, worshippers of God in Nature. Jehovah of the Jews and Manitou of the pure-blood Indian resemble each other, and, in fact, probably mean one and the same conception of God. Let us then style our Indians anything but Pagans.

The header features two globes, one on the left and one on the right, showing the Americas and Europe respectively. Between them, the words "Current Events" are written in a large, stylized, blackletter font, with "Abroad." below it in a similar but slightly smaller font. The text is framed by decorative, swirling lines that resemble a banner or a path.

THE re-assembling of the Douma establishes an intelligible centre in Russian affairs. Every man who makes an attempt to understand, however dimly, the events that are passing in the world about him, must often despair when he endeavours to include Russia among the things that are labelled and ticketed. It is difficult to comprehend chaos, and political and social chaos is about all of which we seem to be conscious in surveying the great Tartar Empire. The Douma, however, is a spot of intelligible organisation amid the whirling vortex of things Russian, and the hope is that it will gradually bring a measure of organisation and intelligibility into all that is now unorganised and unintelligible. For we have to recognise that bureaucracy is not organisation. The ills of Russia are so great that one feels she has no right to be alive. But alive she is in spite of overwhelming defeats of both army and navy, in spite of anarchy, wholesale murder, robbery rampant, and last and most paralyzing of all, widespread and uncontrollable famine.

It is under circumstances like these that the Douma meets. It may be thought that the country has more pressing problems before it than the working out of Parliamentary institutions. The feeling among reformers is, however, that no real progress can be made until the constitutional problem is first solved. The grievances of the people cannot find redress until they have a constitutional means of making them known and of providing remedies. Every few years millions of the Czar's subjects are confronted by famine. Why should this be, as it is this year in Southern Russia, in lands that are more than commonly favoured for the production of food?

The answer is, ignorance and bad laws. Man cannot control the elements. He cannot make it rain when atmospheric conditions are unfavourable, but these same atmospheric conditions cannot be unfavourable everywhere simultaneously, and one of the triumphs of civilisation is that production has been so universalised, that the land that has no crops in any year is fed by those which have abundance. But ignorance and bad government in Russia prevent the peasant from availing himself of these commonplaces of civilisation. He is still practising agriculture on the methods that prevailed in the times of Ruric the Red, and in his best years subsistence and taxes consume his products. When a lean year or two comes he has no provision for them except to clench his teeth and starve.

We sometimes curl the lip when popular education is talked about, or if any one ventures to refer to its value. It is true that we have not succeeded in making wisdom, culture and a high morality universally prevail even in countries which have done most to realise educational ideals. Meagre as the results have been, however, there can be no doubt that the banishment of stark famine from the more advanced nations is due to the heightening of general intelligence which education has brought about. He is a very poor type of reformer who says that all that popular education has done is to make the poor man discontented with his lot. Discontent may be an unpleasant phenomenon to the man who has more than his share of the good things, but in the best sense discontent is divine. It has been the mainspring of all progress, and when it ceases to be the world will be a black and tenantless ball in space.



THIS MAKES UNCLE SAM FEEL BETTER
 JAPAN: "I ain't goin' to do nothin' to you."
 —Selected

The summoning of a Parliament in Russia, therefore, may not put bread in the moujik's mouth, but it may materially improve the condition of his son or his son's son. Parliamentary Government is by no means perfect, but it is better than autocracy. Autocracy has had its chance and it has been found out. The one virtue that has been predicated of it, efficiency, is the very virtue in which it is most deficient.



There is no school like adversity. The chief characteristic of Russian diplomacy before the war with Japan was intolerance and arrogance. It seems never to have entered the heads of Alexieff and the other blunderers who represented St. Petersburg in the far East that the little yellow people whom they met on the Pacific had feelings that deserved to be considered. The fruits of the victory over China were stolen from the victor in a manner that would have made a highway robber ashamed of his calling. It is now noted that a great

change has come over Russian diplomacy. It recognises that other nations may have aspirations and susceptibilities and what Russia wants is not the measure of international rights. Under this changed tone there is a possibility that London and St. Petersburg may arrive at an understanding of the points wherein their interests coincide and wherein they are irreconcilable. There is every probability that Russia and Japan will shake hands in Manchuria and come to a mutual agreement as to their spheres of influence in those regions. China may suffer somewhat in the arrangement, but that may be for the ultimate good of the world. Indeed, already Japanese suburbs have been added to Newchwang and other towns in Chinese Manchuria, and the inhabitants of these suburbs will play an important part in the future of the Province. When a Japanese official is asked how soon the evacuation of Manchuria will be effected, he answers that it has already been effected, and if one further asks who are these uniformed persons whom one sees throughout the country, the answer is that they are not soldiers—they are police and railway guards. One may well wonder whether Manchuria can ever again become de-Japanised. It is easy for a man to identify himself with the country on and for whose soil he fought. China was unworthy and unable to keep it, and few people will mourn if she loses it.



In the meantime there are evidences that the clash over the admission of Japanese children to the Japanese schools has promoted a keen interest in things Japanese amongst our neighbours. The cartoonists are particularly attracted by the topic. Some of them imagine that because Uncle Sam has had an attack of nerves all other nations are in a similar demoralised condition over the Japanese spectre. A draughtsman in the *Minneapolis Journal* represents Japan with a sword in one hand, a bayoneted rifle in the other, and seated on a throne composed of cannons and powder-bar-

rels. Behind is John Bull, while all about with their hair on end stand the leading nations, including Jonathan with his knees knocking and his cigar falling out of his mouth. The legend underneath is "The Bogey Man of the Nations." He is certainly worthy of the study of the United States. That country is Japan's neighbour on the Pacific, and how to get along with him is a problem for statesmen.



Congress has just adjourned, and the fact that stands out prominently from its proceedings is that appropriations are greater than had been. In 1890, at the close of the two sessions, which are the duration of a Congress, it was announced that it had been "a billion dollar Congress," meaning that the expenditure had reached the unprecedented amount of half a billion dollars for each of the years. Now it can be announced that a billion dollar session has been reached, so that the two billion dollar Congress will be the standard of the future. The answer of those who were responsible for the first billion dollar Congress was: "Well, this is a billion dollar country," and this appeal to self-glorification simply swept away the counsels of the cautious and the foreboding. The other item to this financial outlook is that a deficit of \$100,000,000 is anticipated between revenue and expenditure. But the country is so fat and careless that this announcement does not stir a feather in its self-complacency.



The first general election in the Transvaal as a colony has resulted in a victory for Het Volk, the Boer party. General Botha will be Premier and Sir Richard Solomon will be a member of his cabinet. Sir Richard is thoroughly loyal to British connection, but opposes the formation of an anti-Boer party. He hopes to avoid dividing the colony on racial lines. There will be many who will sympathise with Sir Richard's view. A "British" party would only serve to consolidate the Boers. The main aim should be to make the Transvaal prosperous, and if



WORK OF THE FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS

WEARY WILLIE CONGRESS: "Well, I haven't sawed much wood, but it ought to be enough to keep the Government a-goin' and get me a square meal."

—Minneapolis Journal.

British energy and enterprise can do this, it will go a long way towards making our new subjects contented with their political condition. The spectacle of a gentleman in arms against British rule a few short months ago and now the virtual ruler of a British colony is one to make the average foreigner gasp. But it will in every likelihood be a successful experiment. Already Gen. Botha has accepted the invitation to attend the Colonial Conference. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when he meets his fellow-premier, will have an opportunity of personally answering for those speeches which did so much to unite the British spirit in that hard struggle in which Gen. Botha went down to defeat.



It has been arranged that the Hague Conference will meet on or about the 1st of June. Russia, which is again the convener of the assemblage, is opposed to the consideration of the question as to the limitation of armaments. In this she is supported by all the other leading powers of the Continent. Great Britain and the United States, on the other hand, are pressing that that subject should be included among those to be debated. It was one of the leading topics at the

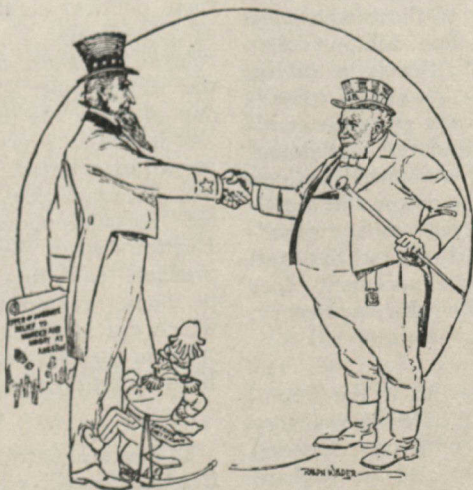
last Hague Conference in 1899. The objection urged against it is that it is not a practical question, and the continental powers are anxious to confine the discussion to subjects upon which there is a likelihood that some action will be taken. There is no likelihood, they say, of any action being taken in the direction of limiting military or naval expenditures, so that it would be mere waste of time discussing it. Those who argue thus forget what a powerful solvent of difficulties discussion is.

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Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, is due to pay a visit to the Governor-General, at Ottawa, before these pages meet the eye of the reader. He has been busy with Secretary Root ever since his arrival in Washington, and his visit to Ottawa is avowedly made in order that

he may confer with Earl Grey on all matters of a diplomatic character now at issue between the United States and Canada. We may presume that the real conference will be with the Prime Minister, although it should be said that we have in Earl Grey a gentleman as much concerned to preserve Canadian rights as any of his Ministers. Naturally Mr. Bryce will be anxious to come to some settlement, and when he has gathered the views of both sides he will be able to appraise how far we stand asunder. His diplomatic duty will be to bridge that little chasm. It may be said frankly that an accommodation of the differences that exist between Canada and the United States would be a meritorious achievement, provided we are not asked to pay too much for it.

John A. Ewan.



SWETTENHAM AND DAVIS TO THE CONTRARY,
NOTWITHSTANDING

UNCLE SAM: "It's all right, John; we know
how you feel about it."

—Chicago Record-Herald

WOMAN'S SPHERE



Was never so green a glade
For human heart's desire—
Was never so sweet a shade,
Since the fall and the sword of fire.
The birds of all plumage, here
Are singing their lovin'gest songs—
Oh! that she stood list'n'ing near
For whom my lone heart longs!

Fair Spring is the fond Earth's bride,
That cometh all wreathed in flowers;
And he laughs by his lady's side,
And leads her through endless bowers.
My lady's the Spring to me,
And her absence wintereth all;
For others the hours may flee,
On me like a mist they fall.

—T. D'Arcy McGee.



A CANADIAN HEROINE

DURING the last week of February a fire occurred in a suburban school of Montreal, which was the occasion of a terrible loss of life. Sixteen of the kindergarten pupils and Miss Sarah Maxwell, the teacher, were found dead after the flames were subdued. Miss Maxwell had rescued about forty of her small pupils and went back to the rest, although it was returning to certain death. The deed was courage of the highest order, and the movement for a memorial to the heroic woman does not belong to Montreal alone.

But there is an aspect of the matter which has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Poems on the self-sacrificing teacher and memorial movements are a natural expression of the public feeling. But what about the disgraceful conditions which made such a sacrifice necessary? The building was of frame, thinly disguised with brick, and went like tinder. The smallest children were on the third storey, and there was nothing

provided for escape from such a conflagration. No intelligent or patriotic Canadian could read the story of that fire and that senseless loss of life without a sensation of choking indignation. Miss Maxwell and those sixteen little children ought to be alive to-day. The cause of their death was criminal neglect on the part of authorities who are evidently without conscience. We talk about the "sacredness of life," but Montreal lets sixteen helpless children die and Toronto allows thousands of her citizens to risk their lives every summer day in search of cooling breezes, while aldermen and politicians indulge in seemingly interminable discussion about a bridge that should have been erected ten years ago. Civic magnates are thinking of graft, not of duty, and what do human lives matter to the vote-chaser?

A pious writer in the *Montreal Star* reflects in this wise: "And what a lesson in this for all Canadian women. If all the women in the thousands of homes all over Canada into which this paper goes would profit by the lesson, perhaps Miss Maxwell would feel that indeed she had not lived her short life in vain." I wonder if a man wrote that stuff. Where is the lesson for men in the tragedy? Is it not time for them to realise that there is such a thing as civic responsibility, that the life of a child may be worth as much as a roll of bank notes? History does not show that women have been lacking in the qualities of unselfishness and fortitude. Nor does a glance at the everyday world of the present show that women are in dire need of such a "lesson." If the men who read of that Montreal horror would take its teaching to heart and see



AN O.S.A. EXHIBIT: THE WINTER GIRL

By Miss C. L. Hillyard

that proper schools are constructed, and that trustees who have some sense of moral obligation are elected, then there may be some good come out of an unnecessary evil. One writer called the disaster a "mysterious Providence." It is not the first time that man has blamed the consequences of his own neglect and wrongdoing on a convenient and long-suffering "dispensation."



MORE ABOUT MARIE

A CORRESPONDENT has written to this department about a paragraph which appeared in the March number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, treating of Miss Corelli's utterance regarding woman suffrage. The corre-

spondent assures us that Miss Corelli is a "real religion" unto her and that "Thelma" is the sweetest novel she ever read. "Thelma," if I remember correctly, is a Norwegian novel with lots of scenery in the early chapters—lobster salad skies and navy-blue fjords and a perfectly beautiful heroine in a plain serge gown. A woman of surpassing loveliness and virtue always wears serge on her first appearance. Before the close of the book she is married to an earl, or something like that, and lives happy ever after in a gown of shiny white satin.

But New York *Life* has been moved to protest against the novelist's recent sweeping assertions regarding America. Of course, both *Life* and Miss Corelli mean the United States when they use that proper noun. It never occurs to them that Montreal, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Ayres and Yucatan also belong to the continent of "America." But we are accustomed to this minor provincialism and do not let it worry us, inasmuch as Sir Wilfrid Laurier says, that Canada has a mortgage on the Twentieth Century; and who cares what we are called when we have the next hundred years all to ourselves?

However, this is what *Life* has to say regarding the 'lustrious lady: "America may have the W.C.T.U. and Dowie, but it has been spared Marie Corelli. This enchanting young thing has a comic-opera name, a passion for publication, a pen that does as much wronging as writing, the tact and temper of an irritated wasp and the modesty and reticence of a vaudeville headliner. Were Bernard Shaw pasteurised, sterilised and feminised, his name would be Corelli. Marie loathes America, lectures and lashes England, and has appointed herself censor of morals and incenser of persons in the British Empire. She is interpreter for Satan, the supervisor of Providence, and is convinced that Jove, Minerva and Bellona were boiled and distilled to secure the spirit and afflatus animating Marie. Her literary output rivals Hall Caine's in volume and violence; she is the idol of the British cham-

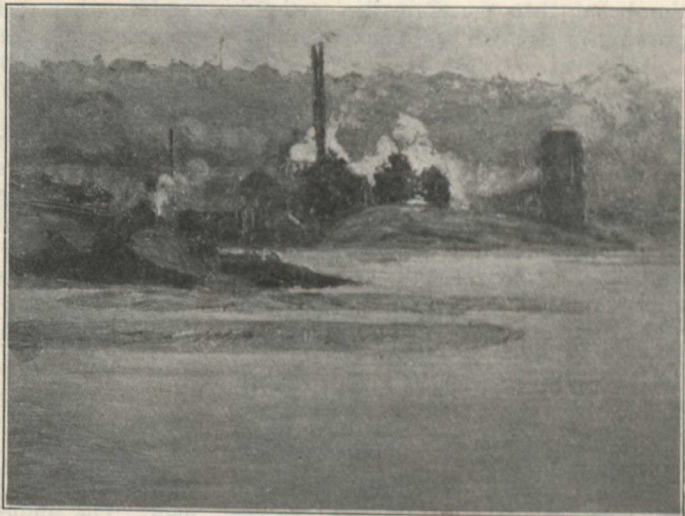
bermaid, and were she possessed of her amiability, invention and English, might be termed the Laura Jean Libbey of Albion."



SOME O.S.A.
CANVASES

DURING the month of March the Ontario Society of Artists held their thirty-fifth annual exhibition in Toronto. Local critics adopt a rather condescending tone towards these exhibitions, as if the artists concerned were feeble young amateurs just learning to sketch, or a group of boarding-school maidens taking their first "quarter" in drawing. While we do not assert that we have a Canadian Watts or Corot, it must be admitted that our Canadian artists are serious students who know more or less of the technique of the craft and who are not to be classed as trembling experimenters.

It is cheering to notice that our Canadian artists are paying more attention to home scenes than in the past. While ours is a crude country and the art student needs foreign atmosphere and training, there is no reason why he should not apply the culture he has acquired abroad to the treatment of Canadian themes. Our musicians are beginning to take this into consideration, and it is high time for our artists to do likewise. Mr. Curtis Williamson, whose pictures have known Salon honours, has at last turned his attention to his native continent and the result is a Newfoundland study, "The Lonely Coast," which truly belongs to the west side of the Atlantic. Mr. Jefferys has "Wheat-Stacks on the Prairie," that every Westerner simply gloats over, repudiating the Easterner's surprise at the surpassing gold of this



AN O.S.A. EXHIBIT: SAW-MILLS IN MUSKOKA

By Miss M. E. Wrinch

daring study. Miss Wrinch has turned to the playground of Ontario and has given us "Saw-Mills, Muskoka," with skies of dusker blue than York and Wentworth know. Now, if someone would just go down to Lincoln County in August or September and give us a vineyard or an orchard with some Lincoln girls and boys in the midst, we should feel infinitely obliged.

The women's work shows a growth of this native ambition and one of the most suggestive studies is Miss Carrie Hilliard's "Winter Girl" with her serious yet sony face. Miss Eleanor Wood has "A Woodland Road" with a forest richness of brown gloom. Miss Clara Hagarty's "Tête-à-Tête" shows a vivacious pliancy, somewhat unusual in Canadian figure work. Mrs. Knowles has a brilliant "Autumn" canvas and a "Misty Morning" of delicate charm. Miss Kerr's "Fisher-Folk of Volendam" has attracted much attention. Mrs. Reid's decorative work is represented by six studies and Miss Gertrude Spurr's "Way-side, Chateau Richer" is a delightful quiet corner. Miss Henrietta Shore's "Girl With Doll" is a striking production by a young artist with ideas of her own. Altogether, the work of our women students is such as to encourage

the belief that the Canadian artist is growing in strength and sincerity.



POPULAR FABRICS

IT is largely owing to the various art associations among the women of Canada that the homespun material produced in our own provinces is growing in popularity. No one who has once purchased a "dress length" of this goods fails to buy a second. The stuff which we are glibly informed in the shops is all wool or all linen frequently proves to be a delusion and a shoddy snare. But the native homespuns are the reliable article, and deserve to grow in feminine favour.

Interest in the embroidery and lace made by Canadian women is also on the increase, and such industries in Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and the West are stimulated thereby. The revival of hand embroidery has led to many exquisitely dainty achievements in this art. Ruskin was right when he said that no machine productions can equal human handiwork at its best. The woman who is not fond of a bit of good lace or a piece of delicate embroidery is fit for "treasons, stratagems and spoils."



THE STUDY OF EXPRESSION

ONE result of the Governor-General's Musical and Dramatic Competition held last January has been to stimulate interest in local amateur effort. One movement is evident in modern educational circles for a truer, nobler vocal interpretation of literature. Years ago, Canada was inflicted with "yellowcution." A host of instructors came over the border from Philadelphia and other cultured centres and greatly did Canadian audiences suffer from "Lasca" and other poems. Most of the instructors from the United States schools of oratory were at that time sadly lacking in a knowledge of the best literature and gave their pupils defective training and poor material on which to exercise that training.

Lately it has been brought to the notice of those at the head of educational affairs that Canadian pupils are as a rule poor

readers, that their enunciation is sadly imperfect and their modulation a matter for mourning. But such visitors as Dr. Moulton and Dr. Hiram Corson have aroused their hearers to an appreciation of true literature nobly read and the effect of their visits is seen in the renewed interest in vocal expression. Women as a rule give more attention to these matters than men are able to give. The Canadian voice has been justly criticised, but better things may be in store for the next generation of readers and hearers.



THE CLINGING VINE

IT was the late Washington Irving, I believe, who compared man to the sturdy oak and woman to the clinging vine. The simile may be older still and go back to the days of Socrates, who certainly found Xanthippe a rather strangling sort of vine, with tenacious tendrils. However, it is a matter of immediate, modern interest that the clinging vine type is to be fashionable this spring. You must droop from head to foot if you would be "in style" this April. Cultivate the weeping willow and the shivery aspen. Sleeves are to be "set in" several inches below the shoulder curve, and with these sleeves an expression of forlorn pensiveness is to be worn. You must be neither brisk nor energetic, but should go dreamily along with the head poked very much forward. "Long, uncurled, attenuated ostrich plumes is a decree that has gone forth; drooping hat-brims, sloping shoulders, clinging skirts, and the picture is complete."

This is a rather disconsolate portrait, for which we cannot all at once find fitting frame. What will become of the plump lady whom her enemies call "fat"? She cannot droop without having a doubled-up appearance rather painful to contemplate. The short person, too, whether slim or fat, will not be a success in the "slinky" role. But the decree of fashion has gone forth and all the daughters of Eve, save perchance the suffragists, will make haste to become clinging vines. What the "sturdy oaks" will do, the fashion column fails to predict.

Jean Graham



WHAT IS NATIONAL LITERATURE?

THE subject of a Canadian national literature is receiving more attention than usual just now, and it is astonishing to see how many persons who write or speak on it assume an arbitrary stand, pointing out the difficulties and the opportunities and precisely defining the situation. It would indeed be presumptuous for anyone, at this stage in the history of the Dominion, to say that we have or have not a national literature now, or to conclude with certainty that there will ever be in this country writings sufficiently enduring and penetrating to claim so high a distinction. To be national in character, the literature of a country must seize upon the whole people and live with them and in them from generation to generation. Perhaps what to us is not above mediocrity may be the glory of succeeding generations. It is not for us, therefore, to take an arbitrary stand on this question by insisting that we have or have not a national literature. All that is required of us is to do our part towards the realisation of so desirable a thing, to bring to light the best that is in us, so that future generations may say: "This is the work of genius; this has lived, is living and will live." Not until our literature has been accepted and nourished and perpetuated by the people may we claim for it national distinction.



PLAIN TALK FOR AMERICANS

A VOLUME of more than ordinary significance has recently been written by Mr. Franklin Pierce, a well-known barrister of New York, entitled "The Tariff and the Trusts" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited). The subject is an extremely heavy one

and is of so controversial a nature that it will not be necessary or in place in a review of this kind to take a stand for or against the views expressed in this instance. Mr. Pierce has had exceptional opportunities of observing the effect of tariffs, and it is interesting to note that he is quite decided in his opinion that both the Dingley and the McKinley tariffs have caused oppression of the masses. The author says that the object of the book is to supply in simple form a clear statement of the flagrant wrongs of the Dingley Tariff. He admits that prior to 1890 competition among domestic producers reduced the price of commodities considerably below the highest mark of the tariff barrier, but that for the last seven years the trusts have suppressed that competition and in many cases are now extorting from consumers the prices that prevailed for similar products in the fifties, before the discovery of rich ore fields in the United States or the advent of labour-saving machinery and the wonderful development of scientific processes. The first eighty-five pages of the volume are devoted to a consideration of the trusts, and the conclusion is that in the United States they are an outcome of the protective tariff, and they tend to drive the people towards socialism. American and English shipping affords an interesting comparison, and chapters are given over to manufacturers, labourers and farmers, to a history of the United States tariff, to the tariff in Germany and to how England got free trade. A remedy for conditions in the United States is suggested: "Throw down the tariff wall which encircles every trust which is selling its domestic product at high prices and at the same time selling in foreign markets at lower prices than at home, and let the trust contend with the full stream of international commerce.

If it continues to exist it will be because it sells its products at home for cheaper prices than the cost of the imported foreign product."



A NEW BOOK ON IRELAND

OWING to present political tendencies, the Earl of Dunraven sees now a unique opportunity of gradually improving the whole economic and social circumstances of Ireland, of effecting a wholesome change in the relations between England and Ireland, and of greatly strengthening the whole fabric of the British Empire. In his recent book entitled "The Outlook in Ireland: The Case for Devolution and Conciliation" (London: John Murray, Albemarle Street) he sets down in an unimpassioned way the condition of Ireland as he sees her, and in fact gives to all who are interested in this great political problem of the time, a concise and luminous account of the various things that bear upon it and have to be considered in connection with it. The work cannot be regarded as an impartial defence of what is popularly known as the Irish cause, for this most eminent Irishman admits racial and national weaknesses, and in a foreword says: "It is hoped that the volume may serve a beneficial purpose in explaining the present social, political and industrial condition of Ireland. . . . and will prove of service during discussions of Irish affairs." He regards the present situation as the most critical in the history of Ireland, and in fact that the fate of the Emerald Isle is in the balance. He frankly admits that the burden of responsibility for the future of Ireland rests less upon the Government and the people of Great Britain than upon the inhabitants of Ireland. "By the exercise of self-control," he says, "by bearing in mind the legislative limitations of any Government in dealing with reform, and with all phases of an intricate problem; by preserving the peaceful condition of the country, and refusing to lend themselves to any form of unconstitutional agitation, they can give the Government the powerful assistance which is essential for the successful fulfilment of the policy to which they are committed."

The Earl of Dunraven points out that it is necessary for Ireland to meet the "predominant partner" half-way, and to show a desire to become an active, prosperous, useful member of that partnership; to put aside sectional quarrels and animosities of class; to cultivate a sense of proportion and recognise limitations; to be practical and have the wisdom to seize an opportunity which might never occur again to give their common country a chance to re-establish herself. But responsibility is not all on Ireland. The people of Great Britain are told that their great fundamental mistake has been the attempt to turn Ireland into England. It is observed that with marvellous but mistaken pertinacity England has laboured to anglicise Ireland for some eight hundred years and has failed. "They" (the English), it is argued, "must realise that they cannot anglicise Ireland; and having admitted that fact, they will come to the conclusion that they must proceed to work on other lines."



JACK LONDON AGAIN

JACK LONDON is so much before the reading public just now that it seems to be almost necessary in order to be at all in touch with the latest books to know something about his writings. It is a question now of whether his latest novel, "Before Adam," is attracting more attention than the charge that he is an out-and-out plagiarist. He himself does not seem to resent the charge of plagiarism, for he admits that every writer must draw from some source of inspiration, and that if in his work entitled "The Call of the Wild," which is fiction, he took material from a scientific work, he was quite justified in doing so. In "Before Adam," he has simply given another practical application of that opinion. If in Darwin's "Origin of the Species" there is no fiction, Jack London has come to the rescue of those who think there should be and has produced a work of imagination that certainly out-Darwins Darwin. He bases his narrative on the assumption that human beings even to-day are affected by occurrences in the life of primitive man, and that in his particular and freakish

case the actual thoughts and doings of an extremely early progenitor are accurately recast in him through the agency of dreams. In other words, he explains that the frequency with which individuals dream of falling is an indication that their remote ancestors lived in trees, from which they sometimes fell, not always, however, to the ground, but sufficiently far to terrorise them and to transmit the impression to posterity. Dogs often turn round and round before lying down. That action is said to be an ancestral transmission, the wild dog having tramped round and round to lay out a bed for himself in the grass or shrubs. And so Jack London, assuming the peculiarities of a freak, tells a tale as it has been revealed to him repeatedly in his dreams. He simply, in this manner, affords an opportunity to give his conception of man in his embryonic state. The work is pretty well done, but one can scarcely refrain from thinking that more, particularly in quaintness and picturesqueness, might have been made out of the material at hand. Nothing very pretentious is attempted; the book is a straight, fairly convincing narrative, the substance of which nevertheless afforded an opportunity for poetical treatment, an opportunity that was not seized. That, however, is not a reflection on the merit of the story as a means of entertainment, for it must be admitted that this extremely fanciful and theoretical novel offers an effective divertisement. Having read it, it is natural to expect that if the author is the dreamer he pretends to be he will in time give us the various stages in the development of man from the time of Big Tooth, the chief character in "Before Adam," down through the ages even to the days of Jack London himself.



THE GERMAN EMPIRE

TO students of political economy, no country offers a more fertile or more interesting field than Germany, particularly the German Empire. The revelation contained in the memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe aroused the interest of the whole civilised world, but apart from anything of a sensational order such as the

publication of the memoirs, the system of government under the Kaiser, particularly in view of its intricate and delicate nature, is of increasing importance and significance. Mr. Burt Estes Howard, Ph.D., has written a book of about 450 pages on this absorbing subject, which has recently been published by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited. An idea of the comprehensiveness of this volume may be formed from the fact that fifty-three pages, making about fifteen thousand words, are devoted to the armed forces of the Empire. This, of course, is an important subject, for the German army is regarded as one of the most highly organised forces of defence in the world. A history of the founding of the Empire is given, together with a comprehensive treatment of the status of the individual States, the position of the Kaiser and his relation to the constitution; in short, the volume discusses the German form of government in detail, and is a valuable addition to literature of its class.



NEW POEMS BY DR. EATON

"THE Lotus of the Nile" is the title of an attractive new volume of poems by Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton (New York: Thomas Whittaker). Apart from his active ministerial duties, Dr. Eaton has devoted a good deal of his time to literary pursuits and has produced a number of creditable volumes, among them "Poems of the Christian Year," "Acadian Legends and Lyrics," and "Poems in Notable Anthologies." His latest volume, however, is likely to even add considerably to his present reputation, for, while bearing out the rich promises of his earlier works, there is a more subtle appreciation of the technique of poetry, while nothing has been lost in music or rhythm. Dr. Eaton strikes a new and vibrating chord in "By the Bridge," when he writes in part as follows:

With subtlest mimicry of wave and tide,
Of ocean storm, and current setting free,
Here by the bridge the river deep and wide,
Swaying the reeds along its muddy marge
Speeds to the wharf the dusky coaling-barge,
And dreams itself a commerce-quickenng sea.

Here is a stanza from another poem, "The Whaling Town":

Adze and hammer and anvil-stroke
 Echo not on the shore,
 The wharves are crumbling, old and gray,
 And the whale ships come no more.



THE WHITE DARKNESS

SEEMINGLY it remained for Mr. Lawrence Mott to seize the opportunity presented by the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police for a setting for short stories of an original, virile, attractive character. Generally speaking, nothing but the bare outlines of many a romantic and stirring adventure had reached the reading public, coming mostly from newspaper accounts and official reports made to the Government. But Mr. Mott saw something more than the dry facts, as shown by a series of short stories recently published by the Outing Publishing Company of New York, and entitled "The White Darkness." The title is that of the first story in the volume, and was suggested by what is sometimes called snow blindness. The book contains in all sixteen stories. The spirit and atmosphere of the West and North pervade the book from cover to cover, and the narratives are well provided with colour and action. The typical French-Canadian is frequently portrayed and likewise *la Canadienne*. Some readers might be inclined to think that a few of the incidents and adventures recorded are quite improbable, but those who know anything about the inside history of the Northwest Mounted Police, will not question in that respect. One of the striking things in the collection is "The Taking of Almighty Voice," an event of record in the history of the Dominion.



A NEW BOOK BY DR. FUNK

DR. I. K. FUNK, Editor in Chief of the Standard Dictionary and author of "Widow's Mite and other Psychic Phenomena," has published a new book entitled "The Psychic Riddle, in which a controversial subject at the present time is considered in a conservative, careful manner. Dr. Funk claims that he is not a spiritualist in the recognised sense of the term, but that he has been interested in, and has given a great deal of time and

study to, Psychic research, believing it to be one of the greatest sciences of the time. An impression has got abroad that he has discovered a sure way to communicate with the dead, and as a result he is overwhelmed with correspondence asking for information on the subject. He quite rightly says:

"Many people resort to mediums who often deceive them—sometimes intentionally, sometimes unintentionally. Others seek to become psychics without knowledge of the laws or conditions under which such powers are exercised, and frequently become hopelessly entangled through the power of suggestion or other more or less unknown forces of the human soul—madness often lies that way. To experiment with the forces of electricity or X-ray without any knowledge of the governing laws or conditions involved or any scientific training would be folly."

In the book, Dr. Funk suggests an endowment of at least a million dollars to be used in engaging a half-dozen of the world's ablest and most progressive psychologists to search out and develop a number of sensitives or psychics which would be guarded against the temptations of public mediumship by salaries that would support them. In this way it would be hoped to obtain absolutely reliable experiments.



A CATCHY NAME

"A LITTLE Brown Mouse" is the attractive title of a new novel by Madame Albanesi (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited). The story deals in a graceful and charming way with aristocratic life in rural England. In work of this kind the author is at her best, and that is saying a good deal, for Madame Albanesi has already attained a splendid reputation as a writer in such works of fiction as "Capricious Caroline," "Susanna and One Other," and "The Brown Eyes of Mary." In "The Little Brown Mouse" one gets a pleasant peep into the social atmosphere that is surcharged with interest and not a little mystery.



A TALE OF THE SEA

PERHAPS no present-day writer appeals so much to boys as Frank T. Bullen, whose tales of adventure at sea

are absorbing and wholesome, and full of the go and vim that appeals to adults as well as to youths. One of his latest books is entitled "Frank Brown," and is published by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto. It is purported to be a picture of life at sea, in what are claimed to be absolutely true colours. At any rate, the experiences of Frank Brown, who starts out as a ship apprentice, are indeed thrilling and picturesque.



A WORK OF NOTE

A BOOK of more than ordinary interest to cultured and academic circles has just been published by William Briggs, Toronto, for Professor G. J. Blewett. It is entitled "The Study of Nature and the Vision of God, with Other Essays on Philosophy." The publication of this work had been awaited with considerable interest by many who were fortunate enough to know something about Dr. Blewett's capabilities, and it is safe to say that they have not been disappointed with the result. The author recently assumed the Professorship of Philosophy in Victoria College, Toronto, from which institution he was graduated about twelve years ago, winning the Governor-General's gold medal, the *piece de resistance* of the University of Toronto. Dr. Blewett had also a brilliant post-graduate career, studying at Harvard, where he obtained the degree of Ph.D. and the Rogers memorial. Subsequently he extended his studies at Oxford and in Germany. For several years he was Professor of Philosophy in Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

Dr. Blewett's volume is distinguished by the excellent English in which it is written, an excellence that is based not only on loftiness of expression, but as well on its admirable clearness and appreciability. It is not often that men who are used to delving into the abstruse problems of the universe are able to bring themselves out of the obtuse terminology of the philosophers and set down for the edification of those who are unfamiliar with the subject ideas and conceptions which in professional discussions would be entirely confusing to minds untrained in that respect. It is gratifying to

see a work of this kind come from the pen of a Canadian, and it is scarcely too much to predict that what Dr. Blewett has written will long remain as an incentive to those who might otherwise lag in what some wrongly regard as dry, unprofitable paths. The book contains, besides the title essay, several other essays of equal attractiveness, among them "The Metaphysic of Spinoza," "Plato and the Founding of Idealism," and "The Theism of St. Thomas."



NOTES

—"Canada's Opportunity" is the title of a review of Butler's "Great Lone Land in its Relation to Present Day Conditions and Future Prospects," by Major Robert Larmour (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Lieut.-Col. E. Cruikshank, author of "The Story of Butler's Rangers," has just collected and edited "The Documentary History of the Campaign upon the Niagara Frontier in the year 1813, Part VII," for the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. It is an important volume to all students of Canadian history and is well put together by the Tribune Press of Welland.

—A volume of unusual interest has been issued from the library of the University of Toronto, entitled "A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice." It was first written in French by Theodore Beza and translated into English by Arthur Golding in 1575. The University edition is edited with an introduction, notes and an appendix containing the Abraham Sacrifiant of Theodore Beza, by Malcolm W. Wallace, Ph.D., lecturer in English, University College, Toronto. The original volume containing the translation has become exceedingly rare, but a copy is in the Bodleian Library.

—"How Doth the Busy Spelling Bee?" is the title of a little book of clever satire, by Owen Wister (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited). Mr. Wister is an extremely able writer, and is well known as the author of "The Virginian" and "Lady Baltimore." As the title of his little book indicates, the text deals with spelling reform, or rather, spelling reform is made the mark of his satire.



A WARNING FOR THE EXTREMISTS

IT is refreshing to hear a note of warning to Americans from one of themselves, from one whose voice should be heard. Mr. Franklin Pierce, a member of the New York bar, has just published a volume entitled "The Tariff and the Trusts," and in the concluding chapter he takes occasion, in suggesting a remedy for the oppression that he attributes to the tariff and the trusts, to say: "What we must have in this country if its institutions are to be saved is a rebirth of patriotism. The patriotism which we need is of an entirely different quality from that which demagogues describe. Like the Chinese, we have been indulging so long in exultation over our greatness, we are instructed so thoroughly in the idea that our form of government is perfect, that we have come to believe that somehow it will perpetuate itself, and that we may, without fear of invasion of our rights, go to sleep. . . . Let it become the fashion of the new patriotism to bravely tell the facts against us as well as for us. Let us see our faults while we hug our virtues. Self-complacent dreams of sanguine optimism blind us to the real duties of patriotism. . . . Can the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution find any better field for patriotic labour than in seeking a rebirth of patriotism which will free our country from a burden a hundred times more oppressive than the slight taxes which led to the Revolutionary War? Let men in all walks of life gather into societies and cultivate a new patriotism without which the spirit of liberty will be destroyed in this country."

That man is talking common sense, and no people in the world should heed what

he says more than the people of the United States. The egotism and carping boastfulness of Americans as a people is notorious, and has become so marked a national characteristic that it is doubtful whether anything less than extreme national humiliation will serve to check it. It has been urged in these columns before now that Canadians should not be too prone to extol the virtues of the Dominion or of the Empire and to forget national weaknesses or national hindrances. Taking it all round we have in Canada a pretty good patriotism and a pretty good loyalty; but we live close to a nation where false and unbridled patriotism prevails and whence influences are bound to come. It is only natural that we should wish to exchange thrust for thrust and taunt for taunt. But that is the spirit of the schoolyard. What is required of our public men, of our politicians, of our educationists and of the press of the Dominion is not a fostering of prejudice or unbounded optimism, but an antidote to demagogism and jingoism, so that we may have a well-controlled, wholesome, properly-grounded patriotism and a loyalty of sense as well as of heart. But we cannot have these things by doing by others as they do by us. We must practise the Golden Rule, hard as it sometimes must be. Canada is still young, and it is not too late for her people to cultivate moderation and those virtues that will shield her from charges of braggery and intolerable egotism.



A DEGRADATION OF ART

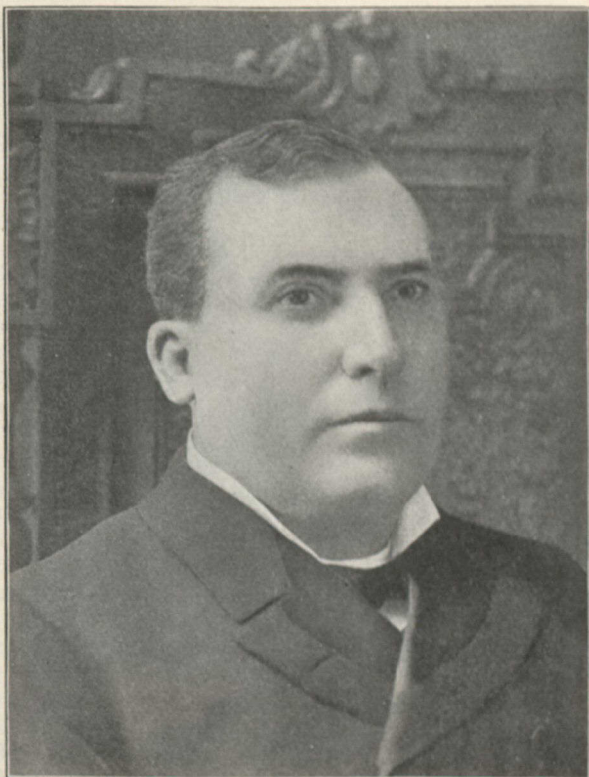
WE live in an age of imitation. There are some original things, but every new idea is so much copied and changed and revised that even the real thing itself

causes annoyance. Should a writer happen to publish a novel that leads into un-frequented fields, it is amazing how soon the new ground will be beaten smooth and the nice things that the discoverer had expected to keep all to himself ruthlessly seized upon by the parasitical horde. Art likewise offers plenty of opportunity for the copyist. The old masters, who clung to legitimate art, have left opportunities only for legitimate copying, but the modern artists who come out with fads and catch-eye drawings have given chance to a class of traducers to whom words like art and originality have no meaning. A good example of the degradation of art may be seen these days in the picture-shops and book-stores. Almost every one who moves about has seen a much-reproduced picture—a little child saying a prayer at a bedside, with two or three dolls in the same attitude. That is a pleasing picture, and it requires no inscription to tell its meaning. But it was a new idea, and because it had "taken on" the copyists set to work and soon produced a number of travesties. Perhaps the most offensive of these depicts a child at a bedside in the same attitude as the original, but instead of a refining sentiment and a suggestion of childish adoration, we see a youngster with a brace of pistols in belt, repeating these words:

Dear Lord,—

As Dad ain't here to-night,
I guess you'll have to keep
Awake and see that
Things are right,
While I am fast asleep.
But if you're busy and forget
To tend to what I've said,
And burglars come,
You need not fear—
I'll shoot 'em full of lead.

If art has ever been degraded and



HON. L. J. TWEEDIE

The new Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick

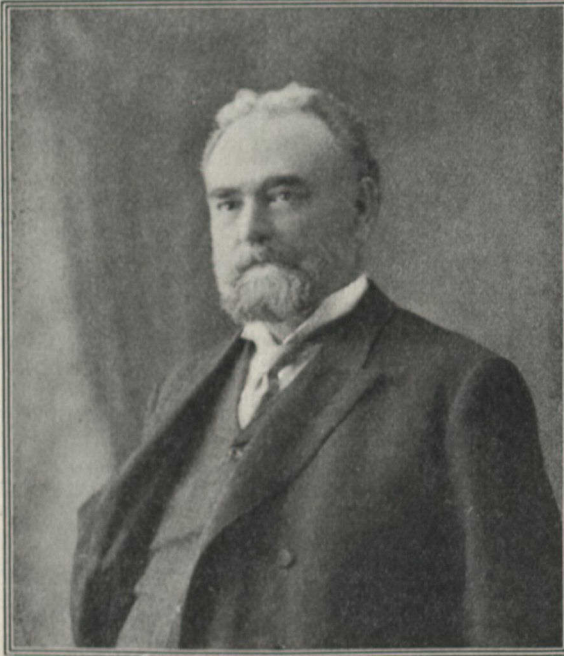
sensibility outraged, surely here we have an instance of it.



DISTINCTIONS IN HEROISM

WE have our Henry Harpers, our John Maynards, and our long list of life-savers, some of whom have perished and some of whom have not, but in all the scroll of honour no name will have a more abiding place than Sarah Maxwell's. Miss Maxwell lost her life in an attempt to save some children while a fire raged in the Hochelaga school at Montreal. Hers was genuine heroism, and her name is entitled to an equal place with that of Grace Darling. A fitting monument of so notable a self-sacrifice will undoubtedly be raised.

Heroism has a wide compass, and many are honoured with the name who are not worthy of it in its highest sense. It has



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY
The new Premier of New Brunswick

been said that those who risk their lives, hoping and expecting to escape, do not, even though they perish, perform so noble an act as those who, in order to save a fellow, face death, knowing that there is no hope for themselves. That assertion is by no means final. Few persons would doubt that John Maynard, as he stood at the helm driving his vessel towards shore, expected to land with the passengers. Undoubtedly Harper, when he jumped into the break in the ice at Ottawa, expected to rescue Miss Blair. Yet who would say that the heroism of these two men was not so great as it would have been had there been no hope of escape for either of them? Headlong thrusting into the very jaws of death, for the sake of a good cause, gives a promise of glory that is surely more inspiring than the call of duty with a doubtful outcome. The balance therefore seems to be in favour of the one who risks life but hopes to save it. Nevertheless the person that sets aside personal feeling or sentiment and gives heed only

to the call of duty is worthy of high and unqualified honour. That apparently is what Miss Maxwell did.

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A CHANCE TO ENCOURAGE ART

FROM the standpoint of many of the artists of Ontario it is perhaps a good thing to be able to say that the last exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists was by no means an evidence of the best work that can be produced by the members of that association. While the exhibition all round was about the average in quality, some of the best artists were represented by inferior work. Such artists as Challener, Atkinson, Bruenech, Manley, Watson, have been so occupied in various ways that they scarcely took time to do anything for the exhibition that would be worthy of serious

consideration. But at the same time they wanted to be represented, and so they dashed off something and sent it in. It is to be regretted that men who should be leaders at the exhibitions are satisfied with a mere representation. If these artists would make a point during the year of doing something seriously for the O.S.A., the annual exhibitions would be of much more interest. Naturally, the best things are kept for the Academy, but that should not prevent the Ontario artists from taking a genuine interest in what is more particularly their own. It is a pity there are not in connection with these exhibitions some really attractive prizes at the disposal of a competent group of judges. The result would be a spur to the artists, not only because of pecuniary gain but because also of the distinction that would attach to the winners. Here is an excellent chance for some one who wishes to encourage art at home in some better way than by simply buying home-made pictures.

CO-OPERATION AMONG FARMERS

THE less independent a man is, the more likely is he to respond to the call for united effort, and so when the farmers begin to co-operate it is pretty good evidence that the spirit of union has taken firm hold of the people. Although it may not be a proverb, it is an old and true saying that the farmer is the most independent of all men. Almost every other calling feels the need of mutual endeavour more than his, and yet his looks like the calling in which co-operation would most readily and most naturally flourish. But it is his independence that has so long kept him in the single furrow. Doctors co-operate in the accomplishment of a common desire. So do lawyers, and carrying companies and merchants and manufacturers and tradesmen, workmen and craftsmen of all kinds. But it was not until quite recently that farmers, at least Canadian farmers, began to realise the immense advantage they could derive from co-operation, and the growth of this sentiment and the power that it will yet wield will afford a most interesting study in economics. The farmers are beginning to see, slowly it must be admitted, what an immense influence they could jointly exert on the destiny of the nation. Those who are what might be called specialist farmers, are the first to realise the importance of these facts, and it is a noticeable fact in the evolution of farming that specialising is coming more and more into favour. One farmer makes a specialty of small fruits; another of tree fruits; another of raising hogs; another of fat cattle; another of high-class breeding cattle; another of horses; another of dairying; and so on. And when a number of fruit growers, for instance, get together and learn that by co-operation they could save a large percentage of



MR. SAINT N. SING

A Hindu journalist, who is studying conditions in the western hemisphere

the money spent on transportation, commissions and the like, they begin to realise that it is high time for them to abandon the old, independent policy. Take as a specific instance the fruit growers of the Niagara Peninsula. A few years ago they were all shipping their products independently of one another; now many of them together ship as one man. Their peaches and grapes and other fruits go out in car lots, instead of in lots of a few crates or packages. They are largely independent of the commission merchants; they can handle their products with much less fear of loss, and they are able to get just about all that they are entitled to from the railways. What a change there will be when the farmers realise what an immense power they might be politically!





A BROKEN JUG

WHEN Henry May came home from the States after serving two years in the Army of the North, he brought with him two things—a decided limp and an unquenchable thirst. Strange as it may seem, one of these helped to overcome the other, that is to say, Henry's pension money went as far as possible toward slaking that undying thirst.

It was during one of Henry's "dry spells," on which the heaviest rain had no effect, that the idea occurred to him to try for Sporty Alec's standing reward of \$5. This was to be given to any man who could get, without cash payment in advance, even a single glass of any beverage from "Close" John, the village liquor dealer. Originally this had been a bet, but so many takers had failed to move the stony heart of "Close" John, that Alec felt safe in putting the odds down to 5 to 0.

Five gentlemen at ease were resting at the summer resort in the clump of

cedars by the river bend that bright June day.

Henry left them and made his way past the rear of several stores and drew from its hiding place a narrow-necked, wide-bellied, white pitcher, known as a frequent traveller between "Close" John's and the grove. Before rejoining Alec, he paused for a few moments' conversation with the village druggist at the back door of the drug store.

Together they crossed the street. The opening conversation was brief. "Beer?" asked John.

"Yes," said Henry.

"Full?"

"Yes."

"Got the money?"

"Ye-es."

John descended to the dark cellar, but when he came up with the jug, the money was not forthcoming. Then Henry's latent powers of conversation burst forth. He tried all sorts of blandishments, made all kinds of promises. John was inexorable.

"If ye haven't the money, I'll jist pour it back," and down he went.

A couple of minutes later the defeated pair were travelling the usual roundabout path to the grove.

"What did I tell you? I told you so!" jeered Alec repeatedly.

There was no reply, but Henry wore the air of a man burdened with a secret and carried the pitcher as if it con-

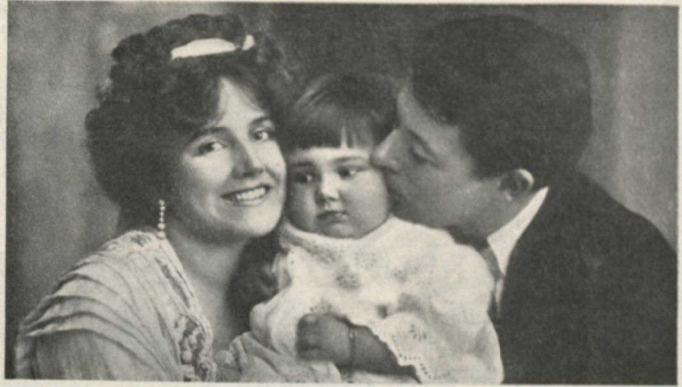


AN OLD-FASHIONED EATING-HOUSE AT DRESDEN, ONT.

tained something more than thin air with a beerish perfume.

In the recesses of the cedar grove sat five men in a circle. One held a tin pail under a big-bellied, narrow-necked, white pitcher. Another took up a smooth, round stone and carefully yet ruthlessly cracked the white pitcher in two. The swelling sponge which dropped into the pail squeezed out two full glasses of "Close" John's best beer. They made it go round, and the "dry spell" was over, for Sporty Alec promptly paid the reward.

—Don Graeme.



MRS. SEYMOUR HICKS (MISS ELLALINE TERRISS), BABY BETTY AND MR. SEYMOUR HICKS

IN PASSING

Jake Cheatem, the sport, has quit drinking. He bought a plaid suit and it put a check on his stomach.

Henry Spokenot, the deaf and dumb vocalist, could not appear at the concert last night as he broke his voice on his wife's jaw.

I. Plantem has faced death over a thousand times. He's an undertaker.

A German paper states that an artist painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the servant girl wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down. There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a servant.

A man was recently shot and killed while out hunting through being mistaken by someone for a deer. He died game.

Last week Patrick O'Be-gobs tried to subdue a lion by the power of the eye. The coroner's verdict has not yet been made public.

Carrie Nation once smashed four saloon windows without



A TASTE FOR LITERATURE

being observed, but got arrested while smashing the fifth. She took a glass too much.

Jingo Seaweed is 110 years old and has never used glasses—he always drinks out of a bottle.

Barb: "My brother has only two hairs left on his head."

Wire: "Only two?"

Barb: "Yes. He calls one 'a fool' and the other one 'his money'."

Wire: "Why?"

Barb: "Because they are soon parted."

—*The Kazooster.*



THE TIP-TOPICAL SONG

(AIR: "Peace, Peace")

["I cling to the Topical Song!"—*From the dicta of Mr. Paul Rubens*]

THERE'S a craze nowadays for the musical plays;
The success they enjoy is enormous;
They're inconsequent quite, but we love them in spite
Of the critics' attempt to reform us.
Though they've got little plot, it don't matter a jot—
It makes room for a popular item;
For the topical song, if things ever go wrong,
Is invariably certain to right 'em.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the piece will run gaily along;
There is nothing that "grips"
Like some suffragette quips
In a typical, topical song.

When the best little jest has been voted a pest,
And the comic man can't raise a titter,
When the baritone, too, has been met with a boo
From the galleryite and the pitter.
When they've tried, O ye pride of the South London side,
With but little effect to burlesque you,
Then some Rajah of Bhong with a topical song
Will come, turban and all, to the rescue.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And, they say, you can never go wrong;
For the rest, though abused,
Will be quickly excused
By a typical, topical song.

If you try to aim high, you will go all awry,
And you won't pay the theatre's rental;
Therefore quash all your qualms; shove in sheltering palms;
Make the atmosphere quite oriental.
Let a man (in Japan) sing some phrases that scan,
Setting forth, say, the afternoon's winner
(For that's always thought smart, though of course it's not Art—
But whoever wants Art after dinner?).

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the run of your play will be long;
Every author that's wise
Knows the kudos that lies
In a typical, topical song!

—*Punch.*



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1904

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"A man is known by the candy he sends."

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Toronto Chocolate Creams

The most delicious confection
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60c. Per Pound

Mail orders promptly and carefully filled.
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Purity

The LILY is the Symbol of Natural Purity—CLEANLINESS
If Nature were to undertake our Washing and Cleaning for us

PEARLINE
and PEARLINE'S method would be the means used.

Pearline Possesses Peculiar Purifying Properties

—besides in doing away with the rubbing it DOES AWAY with the worst of the Work and Wear and Tear.

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Things Bright, New and Clean for Spring

Of all seasons of the year Spring is the one of greatest newness. Be it something of the home or an article of personal wear, enlist our services and your troubles will be eased.

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all over
Canada



The Last 50 cents in the World

A lady in the enthusiasm of regained health and old-time joy, writes:

"If I had only 50 cents left in the world, I'll tell you how I would invest it: Postum, 25 cents; Grape-Nuts, 15 cents; cream, 10 cents, and I'd live like a queen while it lasted.

"Postum has done more for me in building up my health and strengthening my nerves than all the medicines I've taken in the 45 years of my life.

"I suffered about 20 years of that time with nervous sick-headache, often spending 3 days of each week in bed. If I went out one day, I'd likely spend the next in bed—so nervous, life was not altogether happy, as one can imagine.

"Seven years ago I left off coffee and commenced drinking Postum Food Coffee. My strength quickly returned and nervousness and headaches became a thing of the past.

"If anyone tells me they don't like Postum, I nearly always find they have not boiled it long enough, for it is surely the ideal drink when made right, and is full of wholesome goodness."

"There's a Reason" for

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?**



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If you are BALD you do not make that first favorable impression that counts so much. Perhaps YOU are a comparatively young man made to look 10 years older through baldness, or possibly you are well on in years yet wish to regain your youthful appearance. Now, why not wear a

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PATENT TOUPEE?

You will be the only one who knows you wear one.

A circular telling you all about these absolutely Natural Toupees will be mailed to you upon receipt of the coupon below. Bear in mind it is not necessary to be fitted in person—our measurement blank filled in and sent to us along with sample of your hair will ensure a perfect-fitting, well-matched Toupee.

Do not attempt to wear any but a Dorenwend Toupee; they are recognized superior by all who wear them and there are over 50,000 now in use.

Send this Now

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto
LIMITED

103 and 105 Yonge Street

Please send me free your circular "Baldness."

Name.....

Address.....



**VICHY
CÉLESTINS**

**The Best
Mineral Water**

—and the only Vichy bottled under official supervision at the Springs and sealed with a special label of the French Government.

Vichy Célestins is a specific for Kidney and Bladder Troubles, a natural solvent of Uric Acid.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS FOR
STOMACH AND LIVER DISORDERS

EVERY BOTTLE OF REAL

Vichy Water

IS CALLED

CÉLESTINS

CROWN BRAND



CORN SYRUP

For Purity, Flavour and Convenience

"Crown Brand" Corn Syrup is Unsurpassed

The process which CROWN BRAND Syrup undergoes in the making gives it a rich, honey-cream flavour, guarantees absolute purity and makes it a wholesome, easily assimilated and energy-producing food, a valuable and delicious adjunct to any meal.

To keep it free from contamination "CROWN BRAND" SYRUP is put up in air-tight tins with lift-off lids—2 lb., 10 lb. and 20 lb.

YOUR DEALER SELLS IT

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

WORKS—CARDINAL, ONTARIO

OFFICES—MONTREAL and TORONTO

PRIESTLEY'S ALL=WOOL

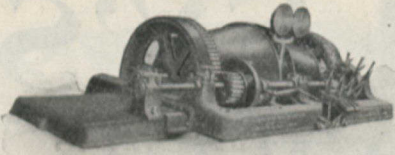
HUGUENOT

Combines
the
Durability
of a
Serge



With
the
Elegance
of a
Cashmere

FOR SALE AT ALL THE BEST DRY GOODS STORES



☐ Where Electric Power is available for operating mining plants Electric Hoists are generally preferred in place of Steam Hoisting Engines.

☐ We build a full line of Electric Hoists and would be glad to furnish estimates on request.

☐ The cut above shows an Electric Hoist with conical drums which we recently shipped to Granby Cons. Min. & Smelting Co., Phoenix, B.C.

☐ The capacity is a load of 10,000 lbs. at a speed of 500 ft. a minute.

☐ Correspondence invited.

THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.

Limited

Executive Office:

50 LANSDOWNE STREET
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Plants:

SHERBROOKE, - QUE.
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Sales Offices:

ST. CATHARINES HALIFAX ROSSLAND
VANCOUVER COBALT

COPASKA

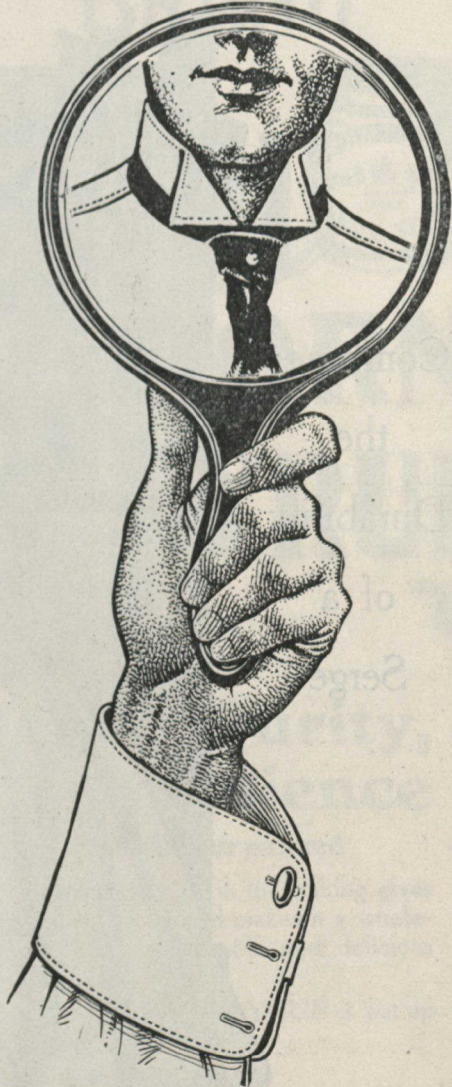
MADE IN THREE HEIGHTS, VIZ.:

BACK $1\frac{3}{4}$ IN. X $2\frac{1}{4}$ IN. FRONT

" 2 IN. X $2\frac{1}{2}$ IN. "

" $2\frac{3}{4}$ IN. X $2\frac{3}{4}$ IN. "

QUARTER, HALF AND THREE-QUARTER SIZES



The William A. Greene Co. LIMITED

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

OVER A MILLION AND A HALF IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVERS

have been sold, and we have never learned of a single accidental discharge—our claims have made good.

Do you, who are about to buy a revolver, realize what these remarkable facts mean to you?

This tremendous sale of 1,500,000 Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolvers means that the Iver Johnson **must excel** in all those points of revolver excellence that appeal to revolver users.

The great record of "never an accidental discharge" means that it is impossible for you to harm yourself or others through striking an Iver Johnson hammer on bureau drawers; through dropping the weapon on the floor; through catching the trigger on the pocket, etc. To prove it, "**Hammer the Hammer**"—the revolver won't go off. But pull the trigger and its action is sure and effective.



Read all about them in our

FREE BOOKLET, "SHOTS"

Our catalogue goes with it, showing details of construction.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge.....\$6.50

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge.....\$7.50

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for *owl's head* on grip and our name on barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street. Pacific Coast: P. B. Bekeart Company, Alameda, Cal.
Europe: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Frame Bicycles



GANONG'S G.B.

The latest and daintiest arrangement for
Chocolates

The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2, 3, and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

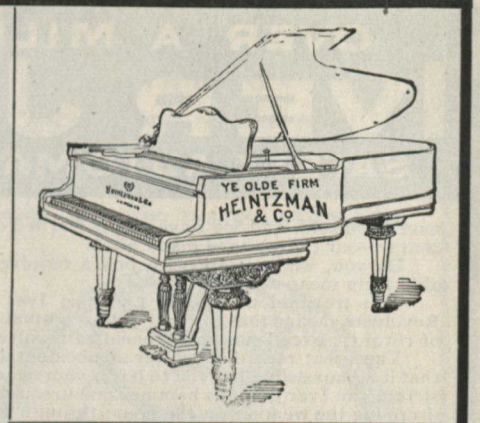
35 Years' Experience

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

"There's always room at the top."

So said one of the world's
great men. It's the ac-
knowledged place reached
by the

Heintzman & Co. Piano



"I never supposed so good a piano was made in Canada," said **Friedheim**,
one of the world's great artists.

"Excels any piano I have ever used," writes **Albani**.

Piano Salon, 115-117 King Street West, Toronto, Can.

Factory: Toronto Junction

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Barber-Ellis Correspondence Papers

Letters, like persons, have
character which is read by
those studying the written
page instead of the person

Our line of fine linen surface papers offers
a range of choice, making it possible for
you to have a paper that will express
your personality. *From most Stationers*

Irish Lawn
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Barber & Ellis Co.

72 York Street
Toronto

Limited



Comfort, Luxury, Convenience, Health attend the installation of

"Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware

in the home. For the sanitary equipment of the bathroom, bedroom, kitchen, laundry "Standard" Ware is a constant guarantee of satisfaction, and its life-long service distinctly increases the property value of your home, while the china-like purity of its white enameled surface is a constant source of pleasure and delight in usage.

Our Book, "MODERN BATHROOMS," tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom, and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive as well as luxurious rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet ever issued on the subject, and contains 100 pages. FREE for six cents postage and the name of your plumber and architect (if selected).

The ABOVE FIXTURES, Design P-38, can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating \$70.00—not counting freight, labor or piping—and are described in detail among the others.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "GREEN and GOLD" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nicked brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Address Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co Dept. 41, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Pittsburgh Showroom, 949 Penn Avenue

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street

London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

New Orleans, Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.

Louisville, 325-329 West Main Street

Cleveland, 208-210 Huron Street



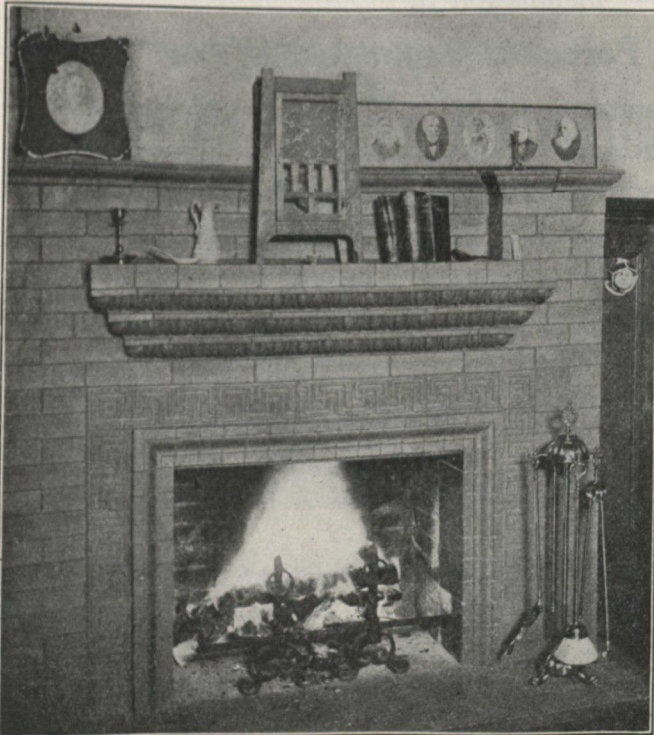
THESE ARE THE REQUISITES of tasty, wholesome bread—a good oven, good sense, and **PURITY FLOUR**. Absolutely the best Household Flour obtainable, because it is produced by the most skilled milling from the very choicest Western Canada Hard Wheat.

Full of nutriment and always dependable in the baking, **PURITY FLOUR** makes the best bread with least trouble.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN THE GREAT DOMINION

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED

MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON



Your new house
should have a

Brick Mantel
made from

**MILTON
BRICK**

in red or buff colors.

Prices from \$15.00 up

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

**Milton Pressed Brick
Company, Limited**

Works and Head Office: Milton, Ont.

QUALITY MARKS

The exact cutting and even stitching of buttonholes in neckband and front is but one of *many* excellences found in

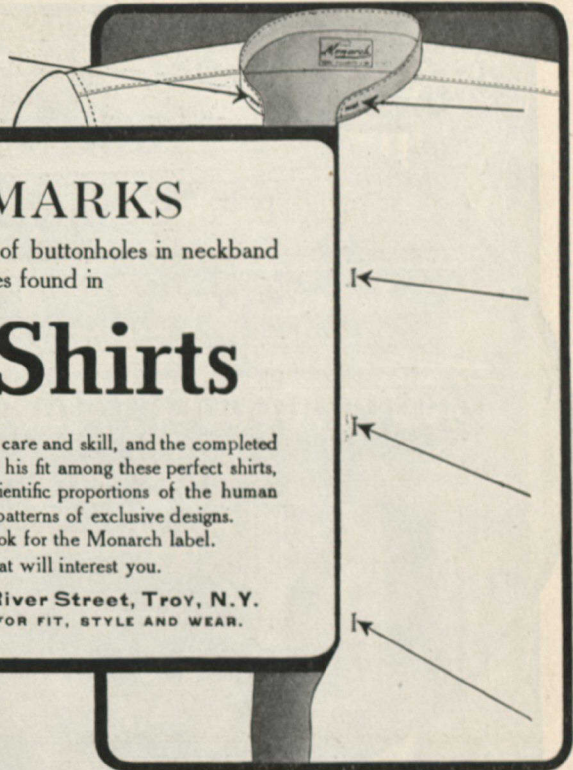
Monarch Shirts

Each detail is executed with a like degree of care and skill, and the completed garments bear close inspection. Every man finds his fit among these perfect shirts, because Monarch patterns are based on true, scientific proportions of the human figure. Many styles—white, and endless fancy patterns of exclusive designs.

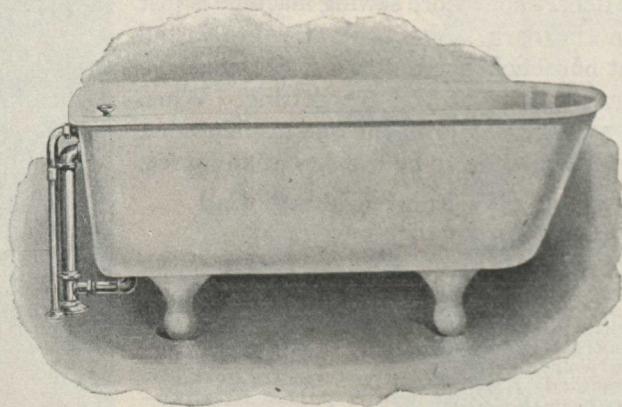
Ask your dealer for Monarch Shirts and look for the Monarch label.

Write for "To-day's Shirt"—a booklet that will interest you.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 471 River Street, Troy, N.Y.
MAKERS OF ARROW COLLARS, FAMOUS FOR FIT, STYLE AND WEAR.



"THE MASCOT"—SANITARY BATH TUB



The character of the Bath Tub adds to the pleasures of the bath. The **MASCOT** is always smooth, pure and glossy. It is **practically a self cleanser**. It is one of the specialties manufactured by

The Standard Ideal Co., Limited STANDARD IDEAL porcelain enameled ware is finished by a process which virtually makes the enamel a part of the iron. It is smooth and has a rich, pure, snowy opaque appearance. The **MASCOT** bath has this finish, and this, coupled with its fine design, will embellish any room. Why not put one of them in your bathroom?

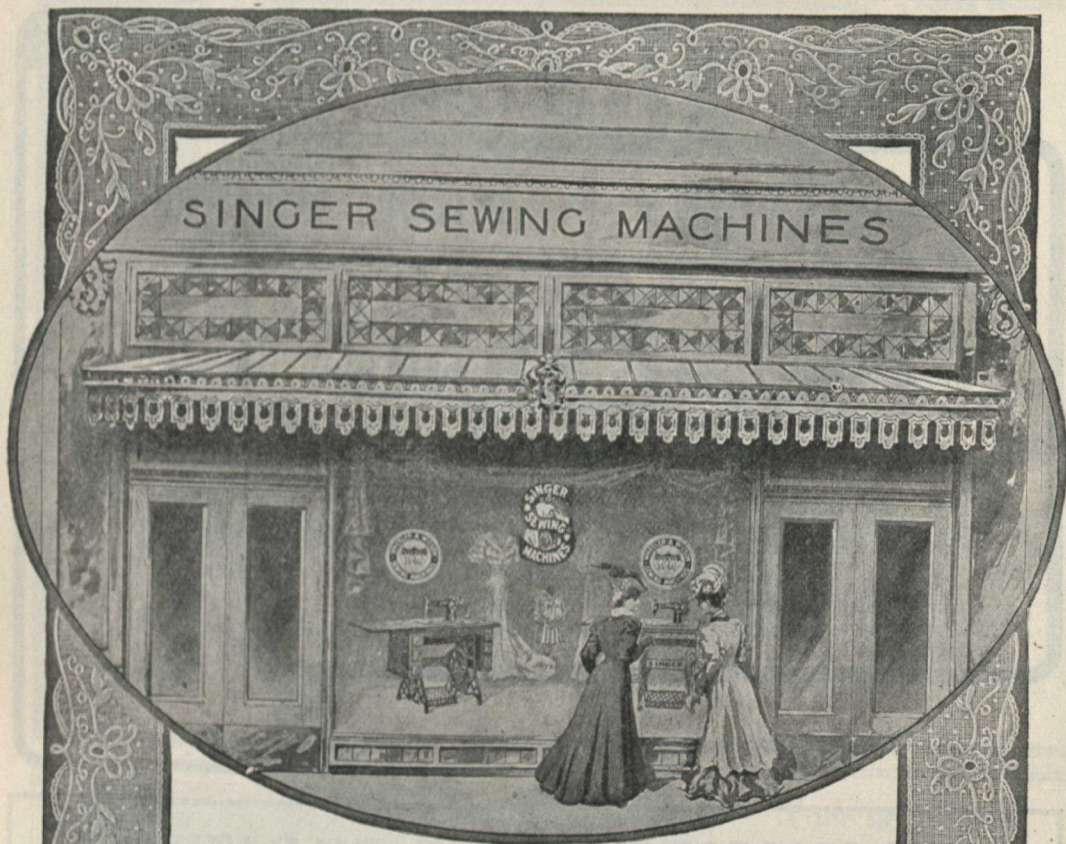
All genuine STANDARD IDEAL enameled ware has the name STANDARD IDEAL cast in relief on the bottom of each piece. See that it is there. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

The STANDARD IDEAL CO., Limited, PORT HOPE, ONT.

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms:

50 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

128 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, QUEBEC



You Buy the Singer in the Daylight

—while buying a department-store sewing machine is just like buying it in the dark. You can't afford to install such a permanent household servant as a sewing machine without knowing exactly what you are getting. When you have bought a Singer you own the one machine that you know everybody will admit to be the *best* at any price.

By this Sign you may know and will find SINGER STORES EVERYWHERE

Whenever you need new Singer parts—there's the Singer store in your own town, wherever you live. The 6,000 Singer stores are not part of an institution of yesterday, to be sold out and disappear tomorrow. You can deal directly with the Singer representative in any part of every civilized country in the world—today or forty years from now.



If ever your Singer requires adjustment or repairs that you cannot quickly make yourself, there's the Singer store always ready and willing.

If ever you find yourself in need of personal instruction—there's the Singer store always prepared to make this a part of its business.



WHY NOT OWN A CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET?

THE GREATEST KITCHEN LABOR SAVER EVER INVENTED!

The preparation of even the simplest meal is a task of no small size when you think of the number of steps you take from kitchen to pantry—the number of trips you make after things forgotten—first the salt—then the spice—then the flavoring, and so on. COOKING would be robbed of all its drudgery if you could keep your supplies and cooking utensils close at hand—and within arm's reach.

And that is just what you CAN do if you have a CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET—for the CHATHAM is the Cabinet that has a place not only for every ingredient needed for a meal, but for the utensils to cook it with as well. Now, I will sell you a CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET on

MY LIBERAL TIME PAYMENT PLAN

a plan that I want to explain to you in detail. I want to send you my catalog of CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINETS—it's free for your name on a postal—and it will give you full descriptions of my Cabinets and quote prices that will interest you. The

CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET

is the most complete Kitchen Cabinet in the market. It is equipped with Flour and Sugar bins—with compartments for supplies of all sorts—with racks for the display of your pretty china—with a complete set of handsomely japanned cans for small groceries as well as a full set of Spice Cans and many other conveniences that we haven't room to describe here.

The arrangement of the CHATHAM is such that you may sit at ease while preparing a meal—and have every ingredient *within reach of your hand*. Not a step to take till you're ready to put the meal upon the stove! Think of the saving to your strength—and the saving in your time—time that you may have for fancy work—or music—or reading.

And the CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET not only saves your steps and your time, but lessens your labor in many other ways as well. You have no cluttered-up sink—no disordered kitchen, when you have a CHATHAM—for you keep all the clutter right in one place—the zinc-covered table of your Cabinet—which takes but the rub of a damp cloth to clean! No continual scrubbing of the sink-side when you have a Chatham. Just a simple rub-off with a damp cloth—and your table is spick and span and ready for use again.

Now, there are many other special features of the CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET that I haven't room to tell you about here. I want to send you my big Free catalog—it will quote prices and give you detailed descriptions—and I'll send it to you, FREE, for your name and address on a postal.

If you want to simplify your housework—if you want to do away with needless toil and drudgery—if you want always to have a neat, attractive kitchen, you should own a CHATHAM KITCHEN CABINET. Write for my catalog to-day—it will tell you how to save time and strength—and quote prices that I know will interest you. Just send your name and address on a postal, and

DO IT NOW

Address me personally,

Manson Campbell
President
Manson Campbell
Company

Dept. 000

Chatham, Ontario

Stocks
Carried at
MONTREAL
BRANDON
CALGARY





THE OLD RELIABLE "DOMINION" PIANO

No extravagant claims to mislead intending purchasers. No extravagant testimonials from artists who are bribed for their opinions. No extravagant prices to inflate values. "Dominion" pianos are made to make music, by artists who understand what makes music, and sold by reliable agents throughout the country. For catalogues etc., write the

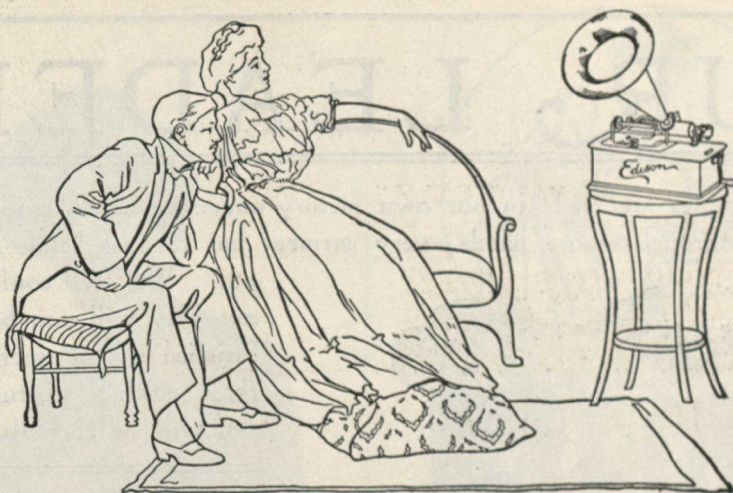
DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO., Limited
BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

Laurentides National Park

THIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1906, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

ADDRESS

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries
QUEBEC, P.Q., CANADA



How Did That Song Go?

DO NOT try to recall the music that pleased you, but hear it again as you heard it first, by using the Edison Phonograph to reproduce it. All the popular songs are sung to Edison Gold-Moulded Records. You can hear them in your own home.

Some one has said: "I could not carry a tune if I had it boxed." The man who has an Edison Record has all tunes boxed so that he can carry them at any time. Besides supplying the greatest amount of entertainment, it supplies a musical memory. The

EDISON PHONOGRAPH and Edison Gold-Moulded Records

will bring to every home all the music of the world.

Music is the ideal form of entertainment. The Edison Phonograph is the ideal form in which to reproduce music. Hear the Edison Phonograph to-day. Hear some of the new records and realize that after you have bought this Phonograph (on easy payments if you like) you only need to get new records to keep up with all the newest music.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Live dealers in any line who have a store and established trade on other goods, are wanted to take up the agency for the Edison Phonograph in towns where we have no dealers now. Write for full information as to terms, discounts, etc.

OUR LEADER

These Costumes are made in our own factory under the careful supervision of an expert, through whose hands every garment has to pass before being sent

out. We feel confident that not only will you be perfectly satisfied if you purchase one of these stylish costumes — but you will be perfectly delighted.



S.D. 2030

S.D. 2030. Women's Stylish Tailor-Made Suit of imported worsted, in light and medium grey shades, check patterns; one of this season's most fashionable fabrics. Made in latest bolero style, tastefully trimmed with self-strapping buttons and soutache, short sleeves, fancy vest front, detached shaped Princess belt, skirt 9 gore, 2 box pleats down front, side pleats, inverted pleated back.

Mercerized lining . . . \$10.75

Silk lining . . . \$12.75

S.D. 2030 A. Same style as 2030. We are offering above style, where preferred made in imported French Venetian, black, navy, brown and green, making a very effective and dressy plain cloth costume.

Mercerized lining . . . \$11.50

Silk lining . . . \$13.50

Regular stock sizes 32 to 42 bust; skirts, 37 to 43 length; bands, 22 to 29.

Special sizes 10% extra and are not returnable.

Any customer selecting this stylish and attractive costume will be more than satisfied.

H. H. FUDGER

President

J. WOOD

Manager

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

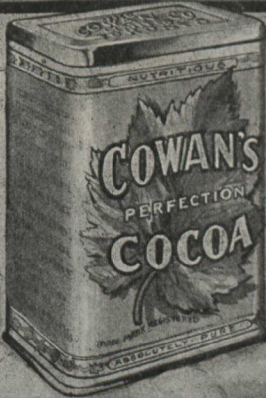
TORONTO, CANADA

COMPANY
LIMITED

DEPARTMENT
C.M.



COWAN'S



Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S

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

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE, '08



**ELECTRO
SILICON**

Is Unequalled for
Cleaning and Polishing
SILVERWARE.

Send address for a **FREE SAMPLE**, or 15c. in stamps for a full box.

Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.
THE ELECTRO-SILICON Co., 30 Cliff St., New York.
Grocers and Druggists sell it.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Agents, Montreal

ART POTTERY

A Choice
Selection of the
Latest Designs

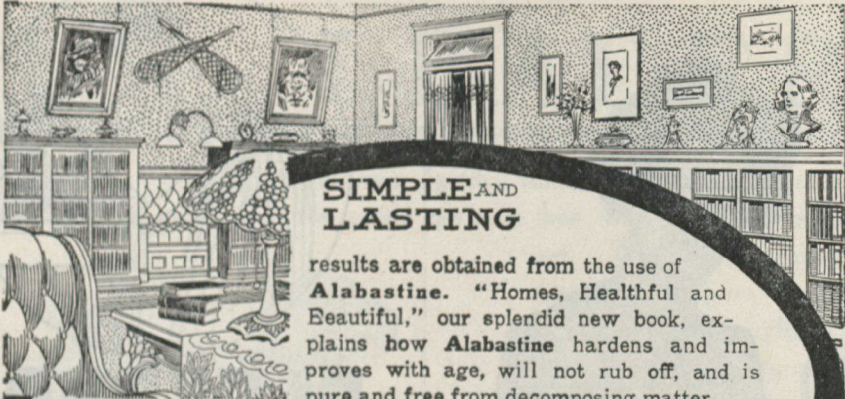


FINE CHINA and GLASS

Electroliers and Shades

WILLIAM JUNOR

88 West King Street, Toronto, Ontario



SIMPLE AND LASTING

results are obtained from the use of **Alabastine**. "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," our splendid new book, explains how **Alabastine** hardens and improves with age, will not rub off, and is pure and free from decomposing matter.

Send ten cents for a copy of "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," with many dainty, new ideas for the decoration of your home.

Alabastine is sold by hardware and paint dealers everywhere—a 5 pound package for 50 cents.

THE Ask your dealer for tint card.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK. LTD.

Alabastine Co.

145 WILLOW STREET. PARIS, ONT.

CLARK'S

CORNERED BEEF.



A Dish That Never Fails

Wholesome, tasty and economical. Every tin full of sweet tender beef—nicely corned, boneless and wasteless. For good nourishment and pure relish there is nothing to equal Clark's Corned Beef. Eat it and see. When the tin is open the meal is ready.



WM. CLARK, Mfr. - - **MONTREAL.**

ALL STYLES
OF THE CELEBRATED

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

are manufactured, but only one quality, the very highest; they are without question the most perfect instruments made, and are endorsed by thousands of musicians throughout the Dominion.

Gerhard Heintzman

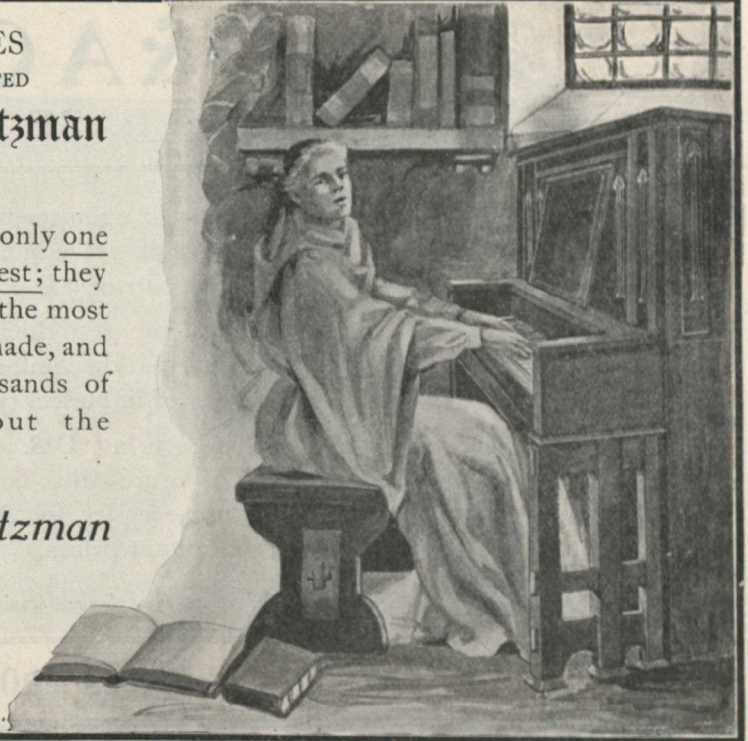
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Toronto Warerooms:

97 Yonge Street

Hamilton Salesrooms:

127 King St. E.



ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

Dr. H. Pye Chavasse in his "Advice to a Mother" says:

"The best artificial food in my opinion is cow's milk and

Robinson's Barley"

This food has long been used in the Royal Nurseries of England and Europe, and is daily becoming more popular throughout Canada.

A booklet giving most interesting nursery matter, and some delicious recipes, mailed free to all parts of Canada

F. MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, 403 St. Paul St., MONTREAL





D & A Corsets

GIVE EASE WITH STYLE

Modeled upon scientific principles, a series of curves of grace and elegance is comprised in every pair of "D & A" Corsets.

They impart to the figure an erect carriage, without that discomfort inseparable from the wearing of imperfect types of Corsets.

There is a "D & A" Model to suit every type of figure—this fact practically disposing of the necessity for especially made Corsets at exorbitant prices.

1907 Brochure of Styles, artistically illustrated, free on request.

Prices \$1.00 to \$6.00

If you wear
CEETEE
UNDERWEAR

once you will
always be
our customer



Strictly high-class; soft as velvet; will not irritate the most sensitive skin; made from pure, fine wool guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. We replace any that shrink. Made in light gauze, medium and heavy weight. Stocked by all first-class dealers



Made from finest Australian wool and silk and wool. Yarns all 2 fold in this garment; does not get out of shape or hard with washing.



Eminent Physicians
Prescribe

Wilson's Invalids' Port

In all cases of
general debility
and
convalescence.



The Crowning of the King

Long before King
Edward was crowned
the

KARN PIANO

was King of all Canadian Pianos. It occupies this proud position from the artistic standpoint and is the recognized representative of the highest development in Piano making. No other Piano embraces so many points of exclusive merit.

Karn Piano & Organ Co., Woodstock, Can.



Do Get the **BEST!**

BUY

"Jaeger" Pure Wool Underwear

It means—

More service; greater durability; increased comfort; better health and freedom from the chills so prevalent in the early spring months.

"Jaeger" Underwear is made in the *best* way from the *best* and finest kind of wool. Light, soft and elastic, it fits perfectly throughout its life (4 or 5 seasons at least).

Made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children.

See that the above trademark is on every garment.

Dr. Jaeger Co., Ltd.

316 ST. CATHERINE ST. W., MONTREAL
286 PORTAGE AVE., - WINNIPEG



No Cutlery Like

"RODGERS"

¶ No cutlery can duplicate the real worth and quality of "Rodgers."

¶ There is no cutlery like it for service, hard wear, satisfaction and economy.

¶ The "Rodgers" mark of quality stamped on every blade is a sign that it is of the highest excellence and has been thoroughly tested in every particular.

¶ See that you get cutlery so stamped.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS

LIMITED

Cutlers to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call
"LADY CHARLOTTE"

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once
IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 910, WINDSOR, ONT.

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin
No other cosmetic will do it.

REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 58 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed.
Price, 25c. per Box, by Mail.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.

Have a hobby! Let it be your coffee. It should be Chase & Sanborn's.

ALL GROCERS

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



UPTON'S

Jams, Jellies and
Orange Marmalade

please
the most
particular
people.

—
YOUR GROCER
WILL SUPPLY
THEM

UPTON'S
PURE
ORANGE MARMALADE

'EVER-READY' SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades \$1.²⁵

The Only 12-Bladed Dollar Razor IN THE WORLD

Guaranteed as good a shaver as any \$5.00 razor ever made. By guarantee we mean money back if you find the "Ever-Ready" otherwise. We want every man to buy and try. We claim emphatically that the razor is not made that shaves better—easier—smoother—safer—cleaner—quicker, or is more lasting or as economical in use as an "Ever-Ready." With 12 blades—each blade critically perfect—true and keen-edged and capable of many shaves—with handsome safety frame, handle and blade-stripper all compactly and attractively cased and all for \$1.25—you make a mistake if you do not purchase an "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor. No knack—no skill required—simply impossible to cut the face. Shaves any growth of beard—thick—thin, stiff or soft.

"Ever-Ready" blades can be stropped. We send prepaid, or your dealer will sell you, extra "Ever-Ready" blades to fit "Gem," "Star," and "Yankee" frames, or to add to your "Ever-Ready" set—twelve blades for \$1.00.

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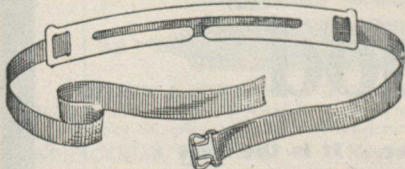
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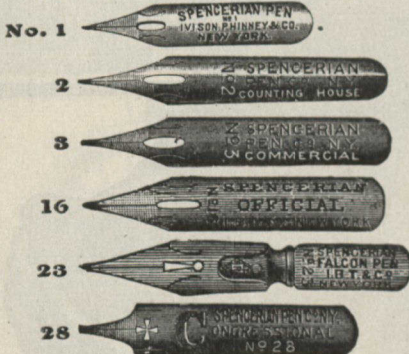
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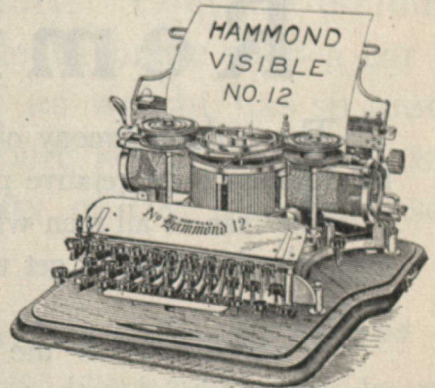
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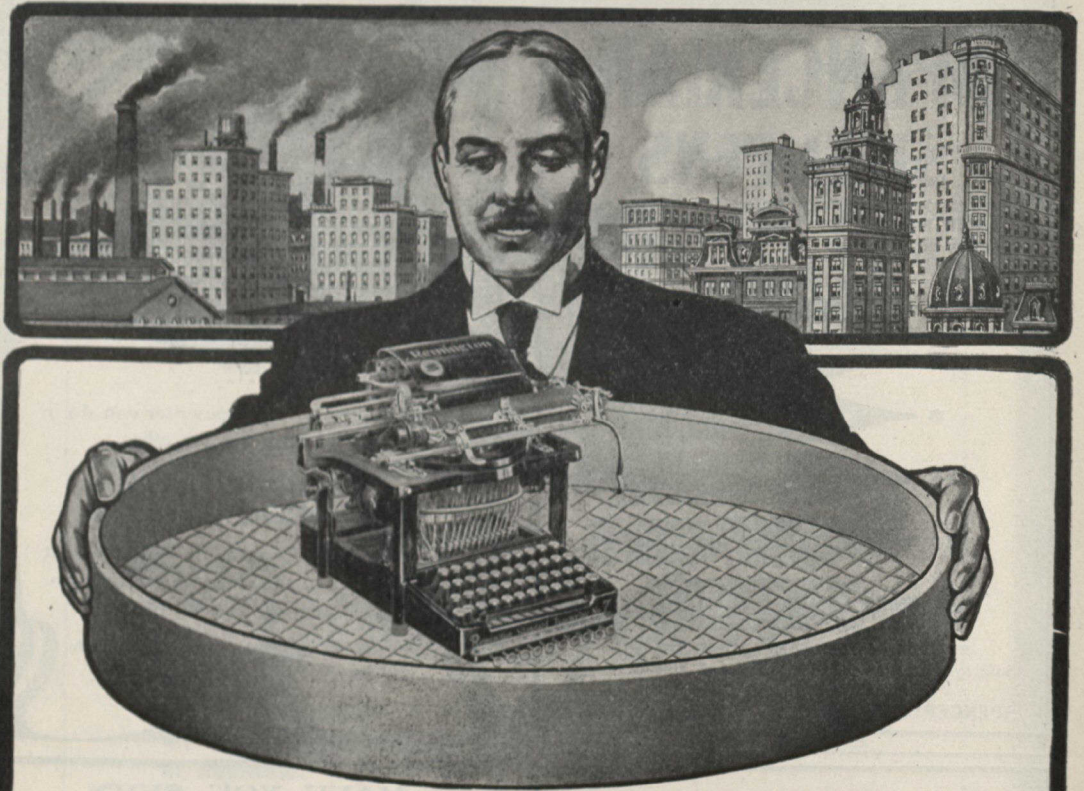
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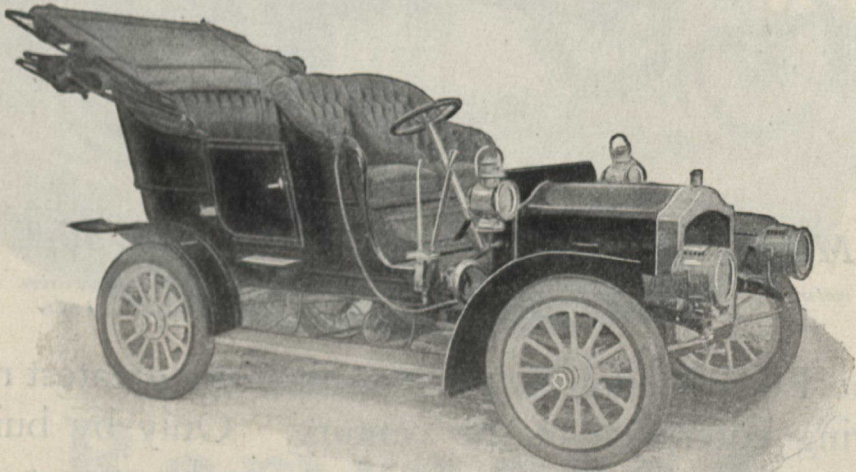
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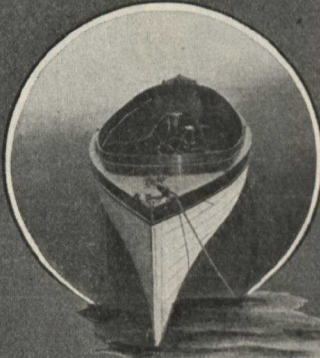
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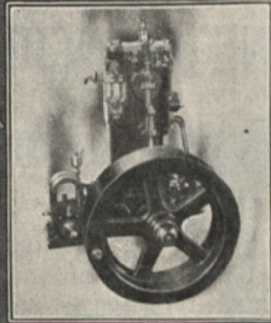
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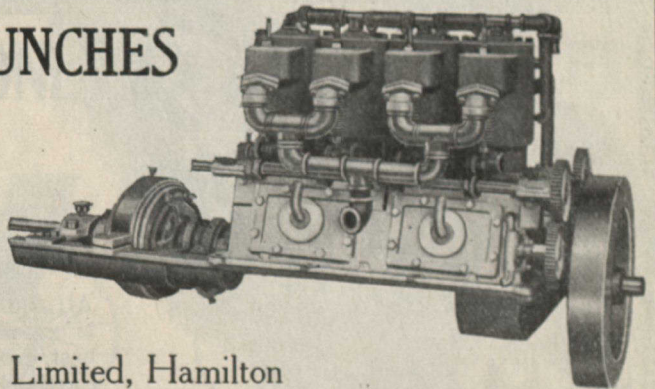
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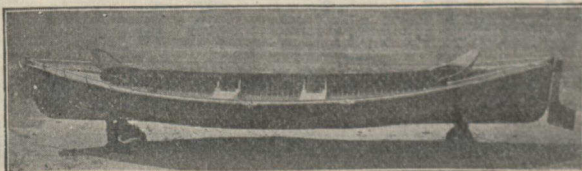
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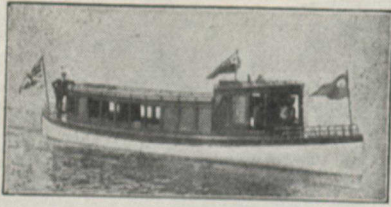
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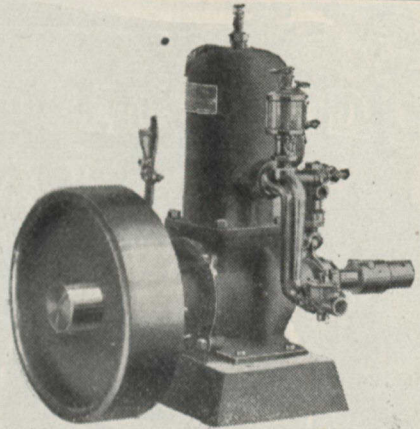
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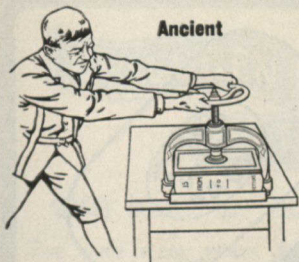
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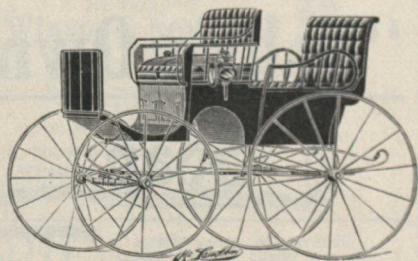
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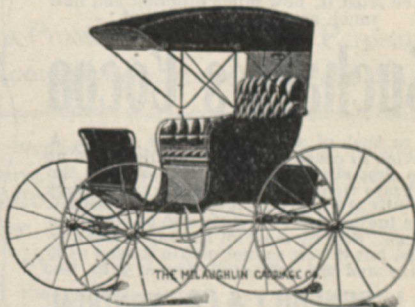
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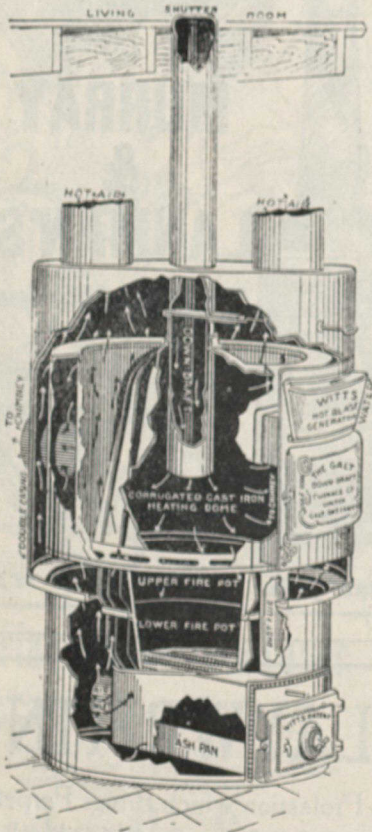
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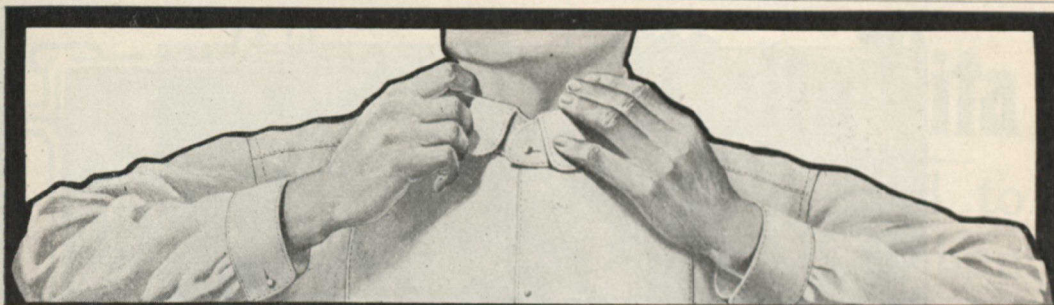
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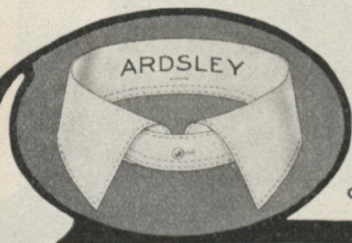
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The annoyance one suffers when wearing a collar so badly cut or made that it rides *up* at one point and *down* at the other, is best overcome by wearing a collar free from such faults.

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The Angelus felt-covered fingers, which strike notes for you, reproduce just the touch you want—they cannot act independently. Each finger is controlled by a pneumatic (not bellows) which gives you all the power, delicacy, flexibility or elasticity of touch procurable with your own finger.

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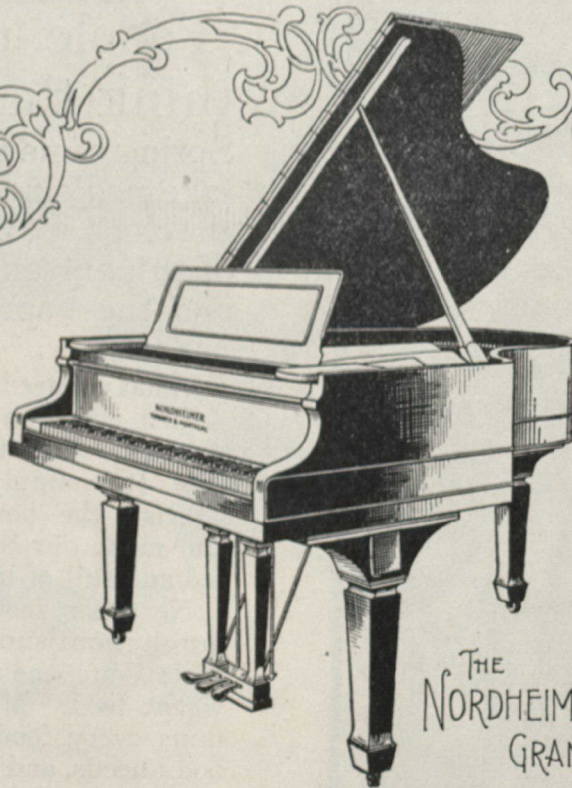
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People used to think that when Spring came they had to take medicine, "to purify the blood." But the days of sulphur and molasses and the "spring tonic" are past.

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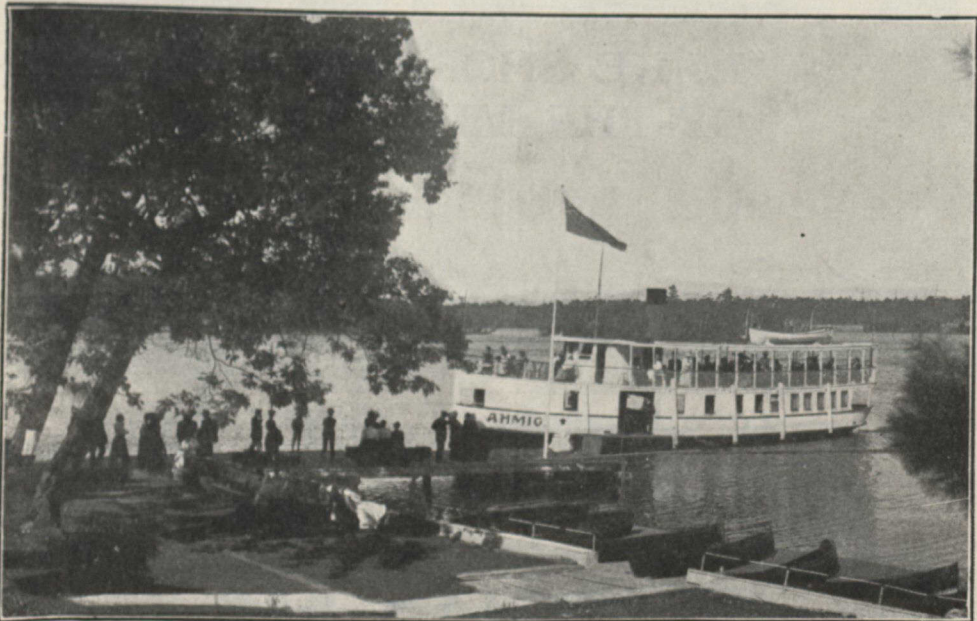


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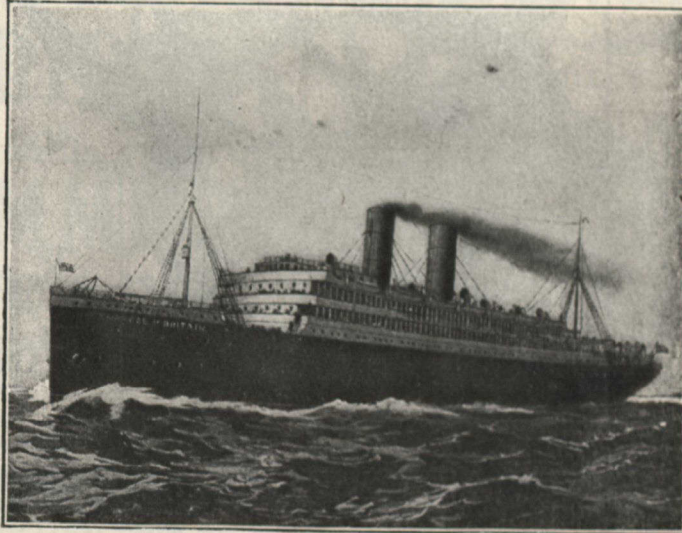
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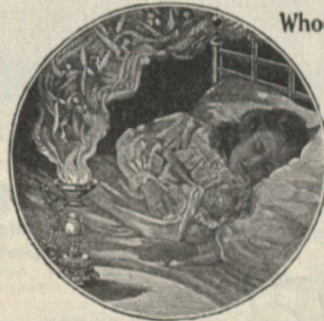
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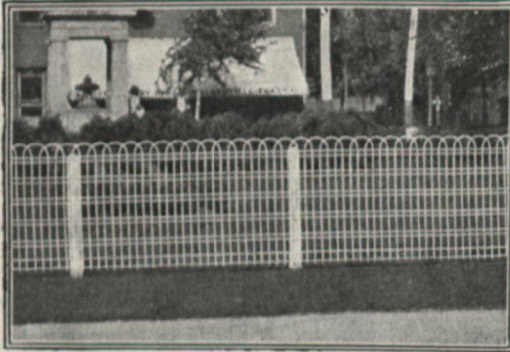
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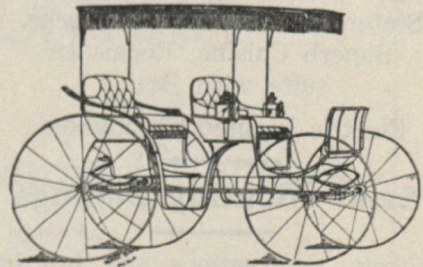
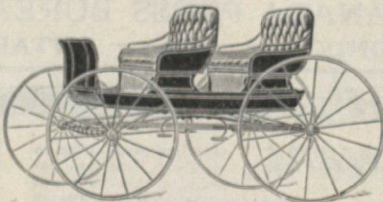
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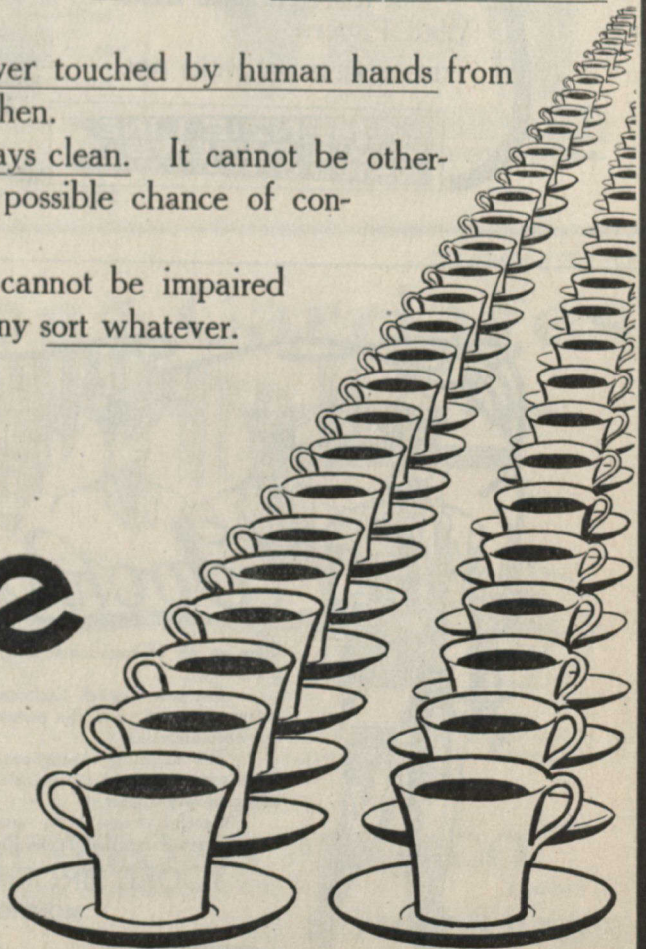
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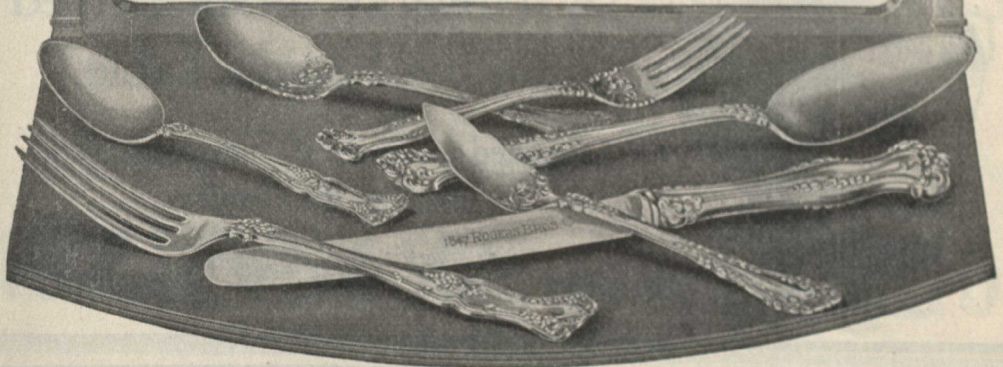
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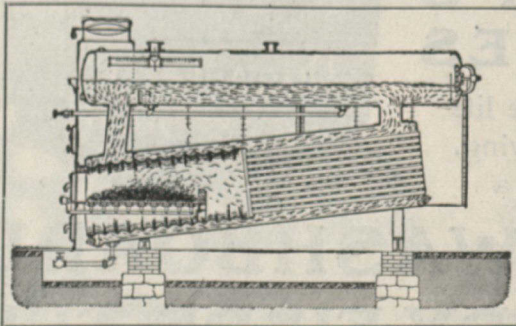
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