A TWENTIETH CENTURY ISSUE.

THE

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JANUARY, 1901.

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IMPERIALISM *vs.* ANNEXATION—By John Charlton, M.P.
SHORT STORIES—By W. A. Fraser, H. A. Keays, Annie Ashmore and

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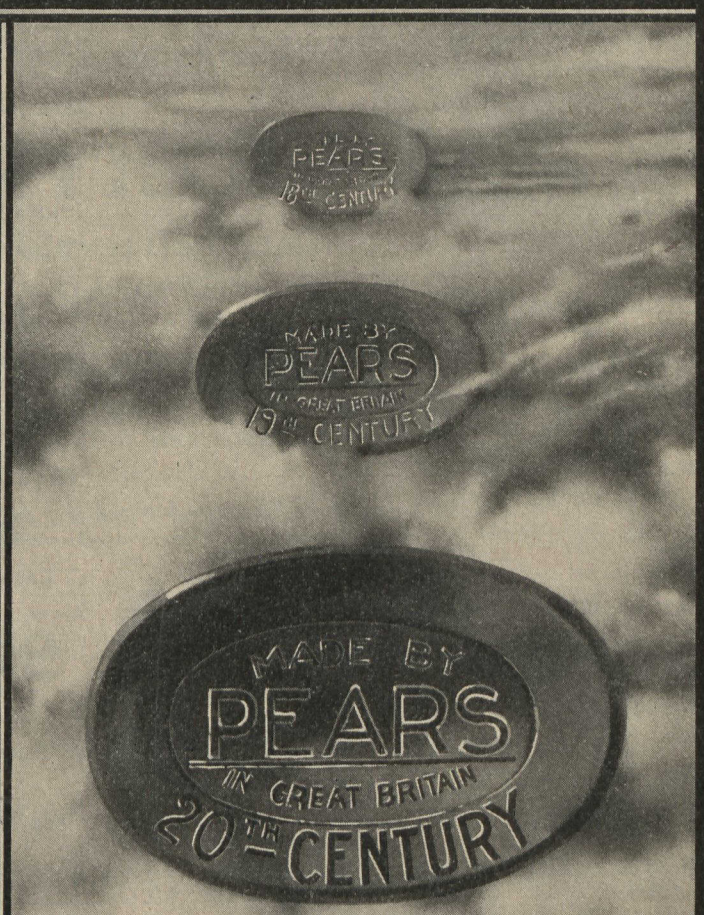
FOR SOAPS MAY COME AND SOAPS MAY GO BUT PEARS' GOES ON FOR EVER

PEARS'



MERIT OUTLIVES THE CENTURIES.

SOAP

95th NUMBER—104 Pages

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. JANUARY, 1901. No. 3.

CONTENTS:

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FEBRUARY

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has made rapid progress during the year that has just closed. It is safe to say that THE MAGAZINE has double the number of readers it had a year ago. As a natural consequence the contents and illustrations during the year 1901 will be far ahead of those of any previous year. In this country a magazine can expand only as it is supported. The support has been liberal and the result will be seen in THE MAGAZINE itself.

A Half Century's Progress, by JOHN READE, F.R.S.C., will be continued in February.

Dying Speeches and Confessions of the Nineteenth Century, by MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Parliamentary Librarian, will add materially to the value of the February number. This article deals with the last words of John Stuart Mills, Prof. Tyndall, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin and John Morley.

Gaspe Sketches, by MARJORY MACMURCHY. These light, descriptive articles will be found most entertaining. Gaspé is a quaint district, with quainter inhabitants. It is a bit of last century embalmed, for the railroad does not penetrate far into its limits. Its old-fashioned roads, its fish-stocked rivers and its fish-curing establishments are unlike anything else of the kind. W. Goode will illustrate the articles with sketches based upon uncommon photographs.

How a Census is Taken, by É. J. TOKER. This deals with the method of taking the census, and tells some of the peculiar experiences of those engaged in this work during the last census-taking.

An Early Canadian Statesman, by PROF. ADAM SHORTT. This article deals with the life and work of the Hon. Richard Cartwright, who lived in Kingston during and after the Revolutionary war. He was the most prominent figure in the trade of the early days of Upper Canada.

The Perils of The Red Box, by HEADON HILL, author of "By a Hair's Breadth," "The Queen of Night," etc. This is a series of six stories by a popular English novelist, describing the adventures of a Queen's Messenger who carried despatches to foreign courts. These despatches are always carried in a red leather case fastened by a chain to the messenger's wrist—hence the title of these interesting tales. This will begin shortly and will be published simultaneously in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE and a leading London, Eng., magazine.

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THE STAR

TORONTO

CANADA

To the Twentieth Century.

I GRANT you there's a difference
Since we smeared our skins with woad,
Since we ate our gory victuals
In our troglodyte abode ;
But I don't admit, you Beldam,
That you deserve an ode.

There'll be tinkling, strumming, buzzing
From the poetasters' choir,
And there'll be tuneful manikins
Your future to admire ;
But your praise were better uttered
By a jewsharp than a lyre.

There'll be men upon their bellies
To worship at your shrine,
As though you were Diana,
Chaste, beautiful, divine ;
But I cannot see, you Dratchel,
Why I should go on mine.

They prate about your destiny,
They screech, they caterwaul,—
The greatest, grandest, century
Since Adam and The Fall ;
But still you kiss The Serpent
Who slavers over all.

You are a maiden century,
But brazen, bad, and bold,
And though you own to twenty
You're a thousand of them old ;
And you'll always smile, you Strumpet,
On those who have the gold.

Franklin Gadsby.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GALBRAITH.

PRETORIA DAY IN TORONTO.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI JANUARY, 1901 No. 3

THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL HUNTERS.

By John Harvey.

TO write of the seal fishery for the readers of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE seems rather like emulating that time-honoured work of supererogation—the carrying of coals to Newcastle. One approaches the subject with a certain amount of diffidence; yet it is remarkable how few have personal acquaintance with the tragedy which annually dyes in crimson the virgin tracts of North American ice, with a voyage yielding experiences both unique and interesting, and surrounded with a certain element of glamour and excitement.

Some of the glamour, alas! has gone with the days of the old sailing fleet, when the prizes were for any man and not alone for the capitalist, and when every Newfoundland cottage had its stake in the great hunt; in those days did the shipwrights and the sailmakers flourish, and the famous toast, "Bloody decks and many of them," stirred the imagination and chivalry of the land.

Steam came—and in the sordid smoke, the tall masts and swelling canvas of our old vikings slowly vanished; but while much of the picturesqueness of those days has gone some of it still remains, and though the number of the men is less, their hardihood, pluck, and skill have in no way abated.

The Newfoundland seals are hair seals and quite distinct from the fur seals of Alaska and the south; that in the main they may be regarded as of two principal species, the Harp (phoca Greenlandica) and the Hood (cystophora cystata). Not much is known of the life and habits of either in its Arctic home. Both, however, with the coming of winter, migrate southward like the birds. The Harps are mild, civilized, and gregarious. The Hoods are like a mountain tribe, fierce, independent, solitary; yet to some extent the latter seem to exercise a protective care over their more peaceful neighbours.

The Hoods come from the shores of Greenland, the Harps probably from the quieter shelter of Hudson's Bay. Late in October they both start south, the Hoods coming from Greenland to Labrador and joining the Harps.

They appear to travel in two long parallel columns, the Hoods always holding the eastern or seaward position. Thus they move slowly south, until they reach the great Ocean Banks off Cape Race. Returning, they mount the ice about the end of February, in the neighbourhood of the Straits of Belle Isle. The Harps select young and freshly frozen ice and large, flat pans. Through these they bore themselves holes which they keep constantly open and by them enter and leave the water at will. They congregate in enormous numbers, and one pan, with an area of some miles, may be peopled with as many as 300,000, old and young. To the eastward is the heavier and more rugged ice, consisting of broken bergs and chips of glaciers ground up in the far away northern

S.S. "MASTIFF" WORKING BY STEAM, SAIL, AND TOW-LINE THROUGH THE HARBOUR ICE.

latitudes, and borne south on the bosom of the Arctic current; here, true to their principles, the Hoods ride the floe in scattered families.

The young Harps or "Whitecoats" are covered with an unspotted soft fur, only less white than the snow on which they lie. They are as pretty as anything can be, the personification of happiness and content as they lie lazily on their backs, basking in the sunshine and fanning themselves gently with their flippers. Close by is the family blow-hole, through which the old seals go off daily to fish. They often have to swim long distances in search of food, and while they are away the great body of ice is moving at the rate of several miles an hour, while at the same time the pans will perhaps wheel round one another and change their relative positions; but each old seal, swimming for miles and miles under these vast tracts of ice, unerringly returns to its own blow-hole and to its own pup, and where there may be several hundred thousand of these all identically alike, it would not seem a difficult matter to make a mistake; but the old Harps never do.

The young and the mothers are killed by a blow or two from a heavy "gaff" or "bat," and are then cut open and divested of their great coat of fat, which is the only valuable part of them; this is then dragged direct to the ship or is piled with others on a large pan which has a flag hoisted on it and is often lighted up with a torch at night, until the ship can come and pick it up. The dogs, as a rule, have to be shot.

The stealing of panned seals has been a fruitful source of litigation, and of a good deal of hard swearing.

That pathetic incident when the old captain and his men met outside the Harbor Grace Court House at the termination of one of these lengthy trials, during which they had successfully sustained the charge of taking the pans of another ship, will live long in sealing annals. It was a famous lawsuit, with a large amount at stake. There

A SEALER IN THE FIELD ICE.

was no denying that the prosecution had made out a strong *prima facie* case; but thereafter for the defence arose many witnesses, with an unwavering and indignant repudiation of the prosecution's soft impeachment, and no amount of legal artifice could avail to shake their tale. They were all, as the expression is, "On de one word." After the trial had spun itself into many days, a verdict was at last rendered in favour of the defendants; outraged innocence was vindicated, and as our gallant crew left the court house their faces betrayed the stress of excitement and anxiety past.

It was no time for much speaking, and the skipper's voice was husky and his words were few as he grasped the toil-hardened hands stretched out to reach his own. "Men! ye swore noble!"

Writers who have personally seen nothing of the seal fishery, and who ought to know better, have imagined all sorts of cruelties practised on the seals. This is a great libel. As a fact, there is very little suffering inflicted considering the immense number of seals annually slaughtered, and none wantonly. The animal is completely stunned by the first blow, and the second kills it.

When the Harps are approached by man the dog is the first to lose his nerve. Off he goes headfirst down his blow-hole. The mother remains by her pup a little longer, but pretty soon she too comes to the conclusion that "it is the time for disappearing," and she takes her header. There begins a stampede, and it is very funny when two or three of these fat animals meet at a blow-hole, where there is only room for one, and try to get down all at once.

The little Harps are thus left alone to their fate. The rugged "Hood ice" is in comparatively small pans, so that the Hoods do not require blow-holes, but scramble over the edge when they want to get into the water; and it is much harder for men to work upon it.

Occasionally the dog Hood, which is both plucky and strong and almost as large as an ox, will wait and face his attackers ; but the mother, in strong contrast to the Harp, which always runs away, will never desert her pup while it is too young and helpless to escape, but will invariably stay and die in its defence.

portions of their nether garments as the result of an encounter with a mother Hood. As soon as the pup can get into the water the mother loses her affection for him and quickly leaves him to shift for himself.

Although the dog Hood, when danger approaches, will generally leave his wife and child on the ice, he does

"A PRIZE BABY"—SIX POUNDS AT BIRTH, SIXTY POUNDS AT FOUR WEEKS OLD.

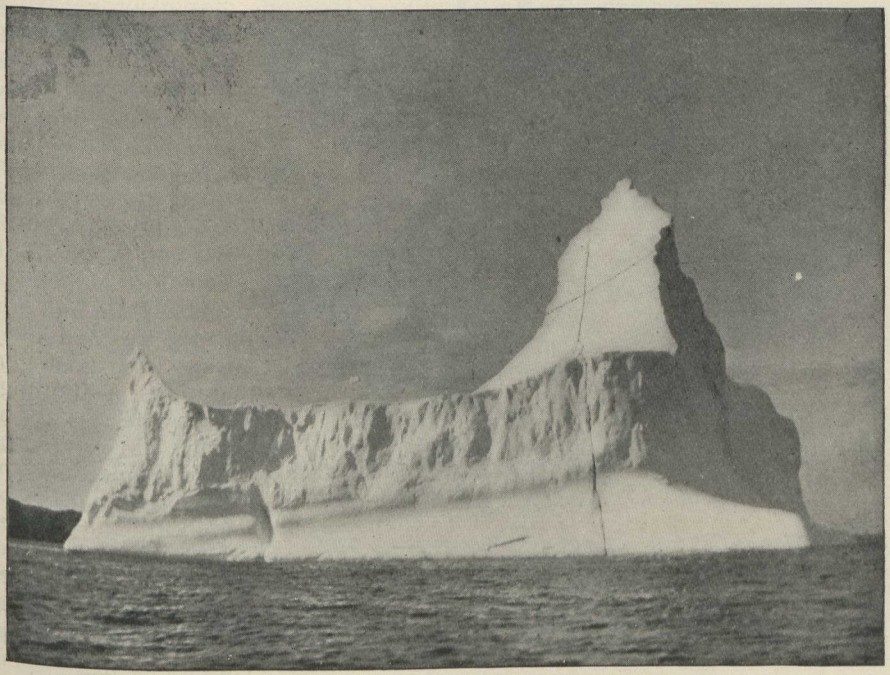
She too is a large animal, though as the pup grows fatter she grows steadily thinner ; she will turn on her adversary and growl and bite fiercely, and it is necessary to be decidedly wary in getting close to her ; but a few blows on the head will quickly kill her.

I have seen men bitten badly and once or twice divested of important

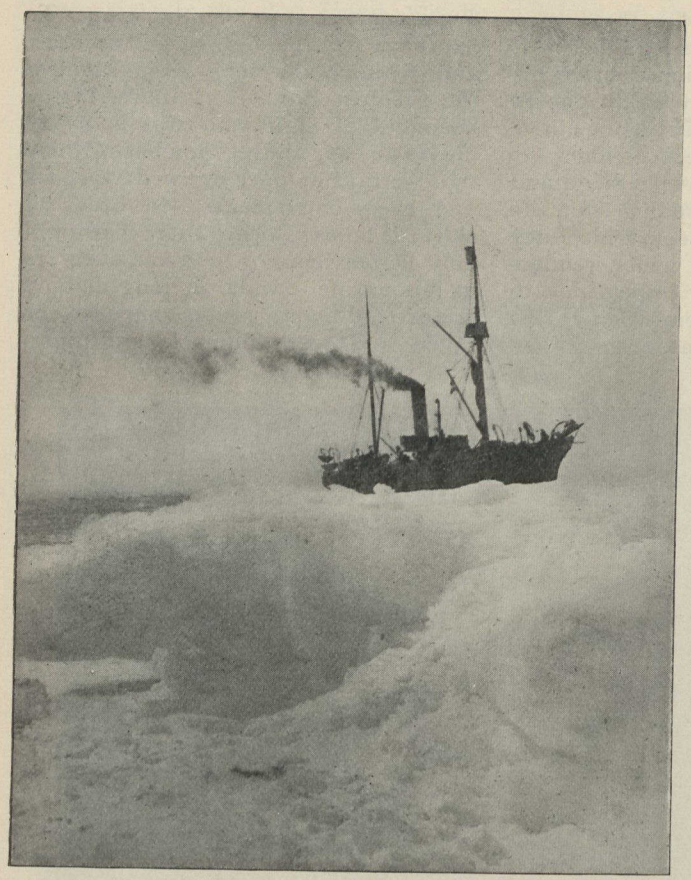
not desert them, but keeps bobbing up in the water stretching his neck and gazing anxiously at the spot he has left; and sometimes returning on the ice when he finds the business that is toward, he will fight for his family until he too lies beside them ; nor is he any mean antagonist, for he weighs four hundred to five hundred pounds

and is a good match for three men unless armed with rifles; neither is it an unusual thing for him to drive his antagonists temporarily right off his private pan. I must say the men have a very wholesome respect for him.

These dog Hoods have a large and very tough bladder extending from the nose to the back of the neck, which they can inflate at will, and which renders their heads absolutely impervious to blows, while it gives them when at rest rather a comical appearance. When fighting on the ice they rear themselves up to a considerable height and as they turn quickly and bite very savagely the assailant has to look alive. The only way to "bat" them is for one man to hit the seal hard on the tail, and as the animal rears and turns to go for him, another gets a blow in on the throat. It is, however, very seldom that they remain on the ice when they catch sight of any one approaching, and it is still more seldom that they are successfully "batted." Stalking them is as fine a sport as any one need want. To approach near enough to get accurate aim without alarming them requires the greatest care. It is necessary to keep out of sight and this is by no means an easy matter on a background that betrays at once every dark speck and every movement. In order to skirt the lakes of open water that probably lie between, or to avoid such ice as it is unsafe to walk on, long detours and round-about routes have to be taken and every pinnacle and hummock utilized, and there is a greatly added zest in the imminent risk one is all the time running of getting a wet jacket; for travelling over this ice is, quite by itself, rather exciting work, requiring both activity and judgment. After the dog takes to the water you can generally get a chance at him if you are patient, but quick and accurate shooting is necessary to bag him as he bobs up in an unexpected direction; it is necessary also to have a man ready to run and gaff him as soon as



ICEBERG—A NORTHERN BEAUTY.



S.S. "NEWFOUNDLAND" IN THE ICE FIELDS.

hit or he will certainly escape. The dog will carry away an immense quantity of lead if not lodged in the right place. Russian seal-hunters array themselves in white, which no doubt greatly facilitates stalking.

The seals whelping about March 1st off the Straits of Belle Isle, and the steamers sailing from Newfoundland about ten days later, each sealing master has before him the nice problem of determining where the patch has moved to in the meantime, and how best to navigate his ship through the waste of ice to reach them in advance of his neighbours. Prior to sailing the main elements in the problem have to be carefully studied, and a conclusion is drawn by comparing the direction and force of the prevailing winds, the formation of the coast line, and the trend of the ocean currents, together with such information as may be obtainable in any year as to the nature of the ice. Afterwards many indications are seized upon and utilized by the astute and successful seal-killer.

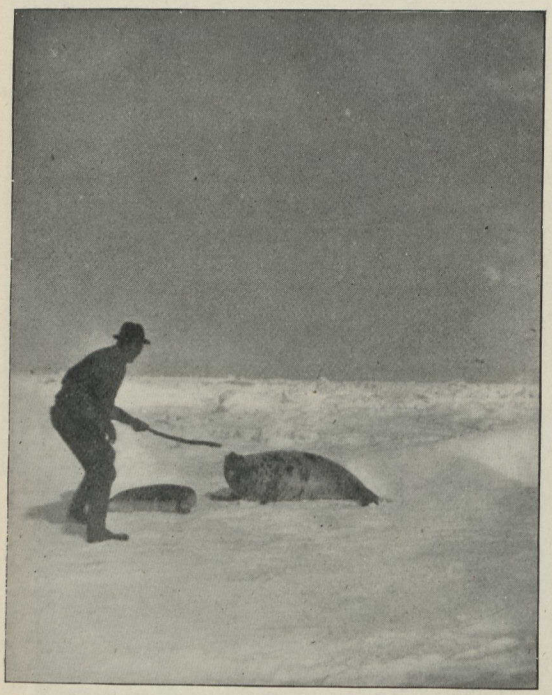
Notwithstanding the enormous strength of the sealing steamers great care has to be exercised in navigating them. The crews number up to about three hundred men. After seeing a really good crew of Newfoundlanders at work one can hardly fail to be enthusiastic about them. Born and bred to the ice, and inheriting from past generations a thorough enjoyment of the sport, anxious to beat their competitors, and withal to make a good "bill," they are as keen as mustard, and will go through a prodigious amount of hardship and hard work without a murmur. No other men could do what they do. The equipment consists of a gaff or heavy boat hook, stout rope, "sculping" knife, skin boots, warm cuffs, close-fitting working suit, and coloured goggles to prevent ice-blindness. They often have to walk many miles to reach the seals, and at times have to drag them long distances. The risks run seem very great, and yet the losses from the large number of men who annually go to the fishery are very few, notwithstanding that ice and weather are both liable to prove very treacherous. Occasionally, of course, a terrible disaster will occur. The men are sent out at daylight and take as a rule nothing with them but some hard biscuit; they scatter in

small groups and singly for miles, while the ship may go completely out of sight to pick up her pans of yesterday, and they may not see her again until long after sundown. They may then have to work half the night picking up pans, stowing seals below, or throwing coal and ballast overboard to make room for more seals; but they will always be off again at daylight, ready to go through the same thing day after day. Occasionally the weather will get bad, a fog or a snowstorm will come down, and some will be left out all night; and that means pretty cold work with no greatcoat and no shelter.

The men commonly drag about three hundred pounds to a "tow," and, except for those who have tried it, it is not easy to realize what this means, especially over Hood ice. It entails the surmounting of obstacles with every step, crawling over pinnacles, leaping over chasms, getting across soft and treacherous ice, occasionally falling in. I tried a sealer's full "tow" once or twice myself and feel tired now when I think of it. The crew are partners in the venture, receiving one-third of the catch as their share. They are divided into three watches, each of which is in charge of a master watch and one assistant termed a "scunner," evidently a corruption of the old English word "conner." One of the "scunners" is always kept in the foretop, from which vantage point he directs the course of the ship so far as her movements through the ice are concerned. Under his guidance she wends slowly through the maze of ice, avoiding the heavy pans, wheeling aside the lighter ones, working for any leads that may open up through it, sometimes straining and steaming at full pressure for ten minutes without moving an inch, until at length the steady effort tells and she slowly begins to forge ahead. But when a steamer finds nothing else for it she moves back to the channel she has made and with a cloud of canvas drawing (for most of the ships are

"THE MEN POUR OUT OF THE SHIP UPON THE ICE."

bark or barkentine rigged and loftily sparred) and with full steam ahead she crashes into the impeding ice. Sometimes she smashes her way through, sometimes she has to go back and try again, but when she is brought up all standing, quivering and groaning, one wonders how even solid greenheart and iron can survive it. Then it may be necessary to get out the dynamite and blast a way through. Over the "scunner's" head again, in a large barrel slung at the top of the highest mast, is the "barrel man." This position is one of great importance, and is generally occupied either by the captain himself or his first officer, armed with a powerful telescope on the look-out for any and sundry indications that may point the way of the seals. Every day there is a lively half hour when the ship is stopped to take water. A small berg with high pinnacles is selected and the ship ranged alongside; axes are got out and large lumps chopped off and passed on board. These are then steamed down. All the water used by the sealing fleet is obtained in this way. It is perfectly fresh.



"WHO IS THIS RUDE MAN?"

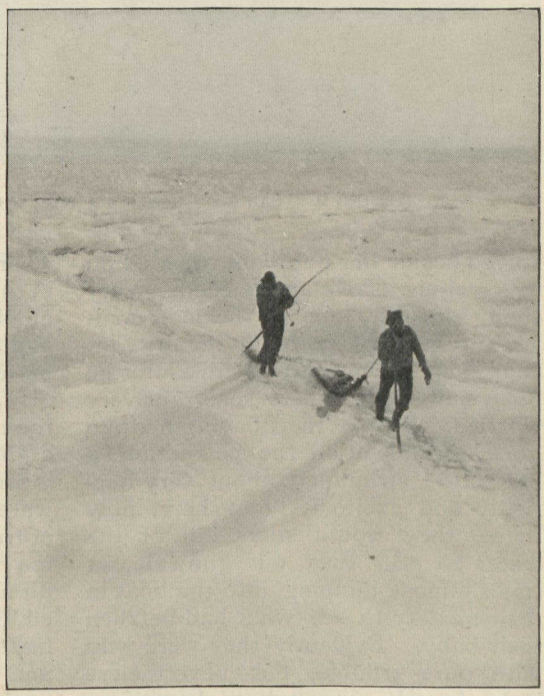
One March, some years ago I was fortunate enough to find myself on board the steamship *Newfoundland*, a guest of Captain Farquhar's, bound for the ice. The ship is the largest and one of the finest in the fleet, and the trip was full of interest throughout. We were obliged to steam out of Bay Roberts, where we had shipped a picked crew, in a hurry, to avoid heavy ice which an easterly gale was driving into Conception Bay, threatening to pin us there. The *Newfoundland* was headed for Seldom-come-by, whence in accordance with the sealing laws we were to clear on the 10th of March. The name Seldom-come-by proved appropriate, for owing to the continued ice-jam we were never able to get within miles of it; though, as everyone knows, Seldom-come-by is really so named because its inhabitants maintain that its attraction is so great that coasting craft seldom come by that way without calling in. Owing to the tremendous ice pack, Captain Farquhar had finally to abandon the idea of clearing the ship at all, and we were forced to proceed on our way without complying with that important formality. On the 12th we passed several families of Hoods, but owing to the legal restrictions we were not allowed on that date to take them. We got temporarily jammed near one old dog Hood, which evinced much interest in our proceedings, finally proving a greater temptation than some of our men could quietly endure. Three of them jumped overboard on the ice, armed with gaffs, and for ten minutes we witnessed a most entertaining fight. The seal was thoroughly game, and the men had to look alive to keep out of his reach. At last two of them broke their gaffs and had to retire,

while the third, after an ineffectual struggle, lasting a very few minutes, found he was no match for the powerful Hood, and quickly made tracks also. So amid many sarcasms and much ridicule the three heroes made good their retreat and climbed aboard, while the old seal, having asserted his lordship over the frozen pans, betook himself to the edge and swam leisurely off, a hearty cheer following him from the ship.

On the 13th we were heading N.-N.W. towards the Groais Islands, but were making little headway. It was blowing half a hurricane right in our teeth, and the heavy ice was going out to the eastward in a body at a great rate. Close at hand several large bergs broke the level lines of the ice-fields. The ship's head was directed to one of these. It was exciting work getting alongside, as it stood motionless with the ice tearing by. As we came close, a score of men were hurried overboard with ropes and cables which were made fast to protruding parts of the berg, and in a few minutes we were lying quietly anchored to its immense mass, and riding in a smooth lake of open water in its lee. At the rate the surrounding ice was being driven eastward, it was equivalent to steaming about five knots through the floe, without burning a ton of coal. The situation was rendered still more lively by the report from the barrel that a good many families of Hoods were to be seen passing us on the running ice, and that they were becoming constantly more numerous.

These icebergs are often good friends to the seal-hunter. Extending for about nine-tenths of their bulk under water, they are but slightly affected by the wind, which blows the field-ice about in all directions. When it blows hard this ice piles up on the windward side of a berg, and leaves an open lake of water to leeward.

I got into a boat with half a dozen of the crew and rowed to the edge of the floe, and I wish I could reproduce the scene as it appeared from there. The dazzling silver of the field-ice as it rushed by, the emerald green and glittering pinnacles of the huge berg sparkling in the brilliant sunshine, its face a sheer precipice of pure white, rearing itself to many times the height of the masts and towering over our ship, the dark line of the hull relieved by the bright scarlet of the funnel,



TOWING SEALS.

crouching in the blue water beneath, combined to make up a picture not easily forgotten. We dared not go very far on the ice, as it was moving quickly, and travelling was difficult, but we managed to get up to one family of Hoods which lay not far away. The dog, an immense fellow, shuffled into the water upon our approach, but every now and then his black head would pop up, and he kept an anxious watch from the water on our proceedings. The mother, as she always does,

TOWING A "PAN" OF SEALS TO THE SHIP.

file started out from the ship. The *Newfoundland* became a great octopus, spreading her tentacles in all directions and sweeping up the ice. Each file was headed by half a dozen or more standard-bearers, carrying scarlet flags to mark the pans on which the pelts were to be piled. Soon some of the hunters began to dribble back with long "tows" behind them, and we took our first seals on board. There were a lot of old dogs swimming in the little lakes of open water close at hand, and I got out my Winchester and had a good time. No one need want better sport than these old dog Hoods give, and there was hardly a day for the next fortnight that I did not make a good bag.

stayed beside her pup, and rounded on us savagely as we approached. Very soon, however, one of the men managed to get possession of the little fat chap, and he was carried alive into the boat, and the two old seals got very worried. The mother, finding her pup gone, scrambled off the ice and joined her mate ; swimming about very hurriedly and excitedly, now here, now there, they would shoot out of the water to peer over our gunwale, at times almost jumping into the boat in their anxiety to see what had befallen their baby. Evidently they were wild with pure trouble, but nevertheless little Joseph was taken down into Egypt, to wit, the SS. *Newfoundland*, and three hundred men did obeisance before him. That night our position was an enviable one. The Hoods had continued to increase in number. The next day the law allowed us to take them. We were alone, in the middle of the seals, and there are few more satisfactory situations vacant on this planet.

Next morning we found ourselves tight jammed and immovable. Before dawn breakfast was served to the crew and they mustered on deck. As the sun rose, long lines of men in Indian

One large dog that I shot in the water on the first day gave a good deal of trouble. The man who accompanied me ran over as soon as the seal was hit and got his gaff successfully hooked in the animal's hood. But the seal had considerable life still left in him, and it was rather more than any man could do to hold him. I ran to his assistance and for some minutes the seal in the water and we on the ice had a regular tug-of-war. At length the seal got too many for us, and we had to choose between being dragged overboard and letting go. We chose the latter alternative, and the seal went off leaving us somewhat played out, and taking our gaff with him, much to the disgust of my companion, as it is by no means safe to find one's self on the ice without one. Finding that the seal did not reappear, I went on to stalk another which was visible in the distance. An exciting chase disposed of

"BACHELOR DIGGINGS."

him and I was on my way back to the ship when I perceived a black head appearing near the scene of our recent tussle; and then slowly and languidly, and leaving a crimson streak behind him, rose our friend, with the gaff still dragging behind him, and lay down on the ice to die.

There is generally a bit of a breeze blowing which keeps the ice together. When this drops down the ice is sure to loosen, and walking over it becomes difficult and dangerous, and often impossible. One evening this occurred when almost the entire crew were away from the ship. The ice "went abroad" rapidly and 250 men were scattered at every point of the compass and many miles apart. Soon the sun went down, and it became very doubtful if we should be able to find them all. There were no other ships near, which is unusual when there are seals about, and it looked as though a good many would have to spend the night out on the ice. Fortunately the weather was fine though cold. The water was like a mill pond, reflecting the stars, which shone brightly overhead. As we steamed about through the ice in the still air, with eager eyes on the lookout, a twinkling light would be occasionally discovered beckoning us, and as we approached, the far-off report of a gun, or a faint shout, would be distinguished in the silence; and so we picked them gradually up, a few at a time. But at ten o'clock there were still a great many missing. The ice had now separated entirely, and only single pans were floating on the calm water. At length some flickering lights were made out right away on the horizon, but disappointments had already been met with from the fact that a number of our pans of seals were lighted up with torches, and these had been again and again mistaken for signals from the men.

The ship's course was, however, directed to these lights, and as we approached them the fires seemed to burn more brightly. About midnight we came upon them. There were several large pans floating singly, but not far apart, looking like great white rafts; each had a cordon of fire completely surrounding it, an unbroken rampart, and within could be seen the dark forms of men huddled together. The scene was duplicated by the perfect reflection in the water. Fire is obtained on the ice by putting a piece of wood into a seal pelt and lighting it. The whole effect in this instance was very weird, but we were much relieved to

find on mustering that the whole crew had been recovered.

We continued to do well, getting from 1,500 to 5,000 seals per day, which would not be considered particularly good in Harps, but is excellent work with Hoods. The equivalent of 24,000 young had been secured, and everything continued to promise well, when our chief engineer, who was a first-rate man and a great favourite on board, was suddenly taken ill, and the captain determined to make for shore in order to try and save his life. We bore up for home on the 28th March, with many regrets for the early termination of the voyage, as well as for the cause of it. St. John's was sighted March 29th, and we found ourselves the first arrival from the fishery. Our trip had occupied just three weeks and we brought back half a cargo worth $33,000.

Personally, I wanted another fortnight of it badly. I had had plenty of excellent shooting, and no end of healthy excitement, and had immensely enjoyed the complete severance from the every-day world.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XIX.—DOUGLAS BRYMNER, ARCHIVIST.

ALONE, in three empty rooms in Ottawa, Douglas Brymner, first Archivist of Canada, in the month of June, 1872, surveyed the scene of his future labours. The first thing to be done was obviously to gather the material to work upon. A year was devoted to the purpose, at the close of which not less than eight tons of public papers were found to be available, comprising half a million separate documents. Then came the preliminary examination, classification, and putting up on the shelves in bound and indexed volumes. As the clearing away of this enormous mass of records proceeded, other papers began pouring in, to be dealt with in turn. To-day, as the result, there are tiers upon tiers of volumes in the Archives rooms, containing, it is estimated, upwards of a million and a half of documents relating to the history of Canada and the early days of settlement in the former British American Colonies, now the United States. This collection it pronounced by a competent judge unrivalled on the continent. (1.)

CORNER IN ARCHIVE ROOM.

The eight tons of papers with which the Archivist began operations comprised the British historical correspondence, vouchers and records, accumulated at Halifax for transmission to London. It was not secured without trouble,

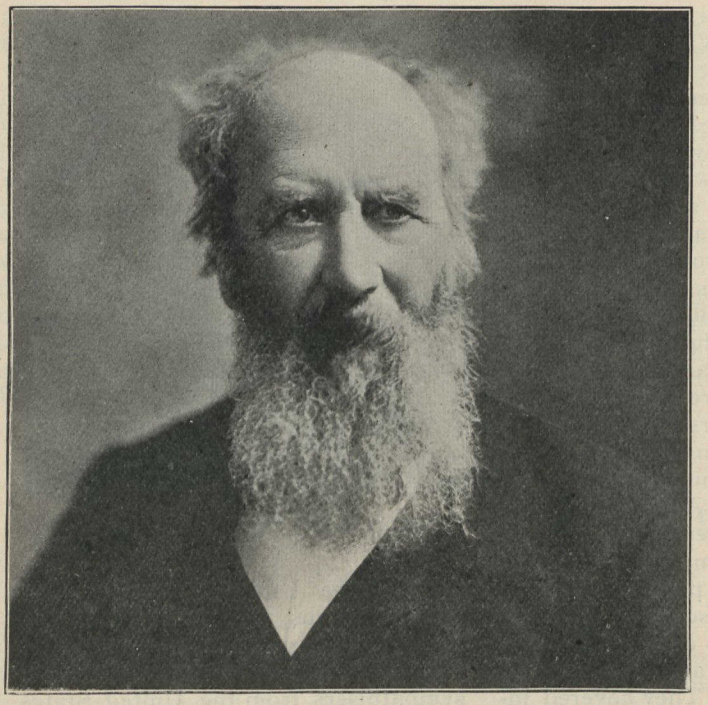
(1.) A review, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, Mass., Nov. 1889, of Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," states that in the preparation of his work, Mr. Roosevelt had consulted original documents in the State Department at Washington, and the Canadian Archives at Ottawa, the latter being "unrivalled on this continent for materials in Western history."

nor until Mr. Brymner went to London and saw the War Office authorities. Advantage was taken of the visit to the Imperial capital to investigate the records at the British Museum and Government offices. At the former were found the collections of papers made by General Haldimand, Governor of Canada, during the Revolutionary War. There were two series, the "Haldimand Collection" and the "Bouquet Collection." The period covered by the "Haldimand collection" was the most obscure in Canadian History, and the papers threw a flood of light not only upon events in Canada of that epoch, but on contemporary events in the American Colonies whilst the latter still formed part of the British Empire, and, the Revolutionary War period, from the first mutterings of discontent, immediately after the cession of Canada, to the attainment of American Independence, twenty years later. They covered information in relation to an immense extent of territory, on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Illinois, the Wabash; in the Floridas; on the lakes, from Superior to Huron, both inclusive; on the frontier posts, to the north and south; at Michillimakinak, Detroit and Niagara; on lake Ontario, with its fortified posts on the mainland and island; on both sides of the St. Lawrence above and below Montreal, to the Gulf, and onwards to Nova Scotia; on the Richelieu, Lake Champlain, in the Mohawk Valley, on the Hudson. In fact, there was scarcely a locality bordering on Canada, or whose interests might affect the future of this country, respecting which there were not more or less minute details to be found in this collection.

Examination of the military correspondence brought from Halifax showed it covered a period from about 1785 to 1870. It related largely to military preparations to meet anticipated hostilities consequent on the first French Revolution. It comprised, besides, original records of the war of 1812, of the strained relations between Great Britain and the United States for some years previous to the declaration of war, of the rebellion in Canada in 1837-8, with the proceedings of the sympathisers from the United States. There were also reports of early expeditions to the Northwest, important details respecting the Indians from about 1788, and relating to the construction of canals in Canada by the Imperial Government, the defensive posts and fortifications and the chief cities and new settlements.

IN THE ARCHIVE ROOMS.

In the meantime collections from other sources were growing. These included, among others, original warrants for the payment of officers, clergy, schoolmasters, pensioners, accounts relating to the lake marine, the Indian and other departments. They have since been arranged and bound in 197 volumes, and are constantly being added to, the additions comprising original accounts and journals of the invasion of Canada in 1775, correspondence relating to the war of 1812, Indian treaties and early settlements. These are indexed as fast as received. There are, besides, collections of printed papers, journals, sessional papers and departmental reports of all the provinces. In several cases the early provincial records in printed form are much more complete than



DOUGLAS BRYMNER, ARCHIVIST. PHOTO. BY LANCEFIELD, OTTAWA.

those in the libraries of the provincial legislatures.

In 1881 the Archivist visited London and arranged to complete the copying of all documents relating to Canada in the British Museum. In 1883 Mr. Brymner returned to London and obtained much more favourable conditions for transcribing the State papers than the rules then in force allowed, many restrictions being removed which were found to impede the work. The same year Mr. Brymner spent some weeks in Paris, where he succeeded in securing a number of historical works.

The shelves of the Archives rooms contain, in addition to the records already enumerated, others of unusual value and interest. Among them are papers bearing the title "America and West Indies," from 1755, the first year of the final struggle for supremacy on this continent between Great Britain and France. These include documents relating to operations in Nova Scotia, the siege and capture of Louisbourg and the campaigns in Canada until the conclusion of the war. The "Colonial Series" of the State papers begins in 1760, continuing, so far as the old Province of Quebec is concerned, till 1791, when it is parted in two streams by the formation of the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Another notable feature consists of copies of military correspondence of generals who held command during the war which ended in the conquest of Canada.

Among the miscellaneous papers are volumes of family records of various periods, numerous documents relating to the refugee Loyalists, inaccessible to Sabine, and others who have already written on that subject; copies of old parish registers from Acadia and the lower St. Lawrence, from the Illinois, Detroit, and so forth, besides notarial registers, originals and copies from the latter named place; a very valuable collection of printed historical works and pamphlets old and new, county histories, manuscript and printed, valuable collections of the publications of the Public Record Office, London, numbering now upwards of 400 volumes, which the Archivist was fortunate enough to obtain as a gift from the British Government.

The Archives, as seen to-day in the Langevin block, are not only a collection of priceless value to the country, the Empire, and the English-speaking world, but will prove an enduring monument to the zeal, labours, and resourceful intelligence of the first Archivist of Canada, Douglas Brymner.

M. O. Scott.

A NATIONAL MINT.

By Norman Patterson.

TO the Province of British Columbia is due the credit of making such an agitation for a national mint that the Government were forced to recognize the demand. Part of the history of the agitation and the views advanced for and against a Canadian mint are here collected together.

During 1896 and 1897 Canadian boards of trade discussed the subject with much vigour. Resolutions were passed and forwarded to the Government. That which received the approval of the Montreal Chamber of Commerce may be taken as an example :

> Whereas the Federal Government has so far issued only paper money which is printed in Canada, our silver and copper specie being coined in England and our gold reserve consisting entirely of foreign pieces—and
>
> Whereas the coinage of Canadian money would give the Government considerable revenue and profitable employment to our working men ;
>
> Resolved, that the Hon. Minister of Finance be respectfully requested to put a stop to the importation of foreign coins by establishing a national mint for the coinage of the gold, silver and bronze coins required by the Dominion of Canada.

SENATOR McINNES' SPEECH.

On the 2nd of June, 1897, the Hon. Thos. A. McInnes, of British Columbia, rose in the Canadian Senate and moved the following resolution : "That in the opinion of this House it is both desirable and expedient that the Government should, at the earliest possible date, establish a mint in Canada for the purpose of coining all the gold, silver and copper currency necessary to meet the commercial requirements of the country."

In support of his resolution Mr. McInnes pointed out that twice within the previous nine years he had called the attention of the Senate to this subject. He again proposed to show that a mint would be a paying and a profitable institution. Between 1878 and 1896, the United States Government, by coining silver, made a net profit of $78,145,603—an enormous sum.

In Canada, from 1881 to 1896, the Government sent to the British mint enough silver to get back coins to the value of $3,462,114. They sent to a Birmingham mint enough copper to get back coins to the value of $242,525. For this privilege they paid the British mint three per cent., and the Birmingham firm ten per cent. Yet the total profit for fifteen years was $998,101.92. Nearly a million of dollars profit on our coinage ! If the minting had been done here the payments to the British mint and the Birmingham firm would have been distributed among Canadians. This would mean $8,540 annually.

The hon. gentleman then discussed the possibility of gold coinage. In thirty-eight years Canada had produced $73,000,000 of gold which had all been shipped out of the country at a loss of over five per cent. to the producer. This five per cent would be saved to gold producers if Canada had a mint working on the same basis as the British mint, where there is no charge for gold coinage, but where the profit is made out of the silver, nickel and copper coinage.

"The cost of a mint would be small," said Mr. McInnes. "The building would cost $50,000, and machinery $25,000, total $75,000. And the annual cost of operating such an institution should not exceed $8,000 or $9,000, or no more than we now pay annually for minting our silver and copper in England.

"The Canadian Government and the banks have in their vaults to-day $20,000,000 in foreign gold coin. I ask, is this creditable to Canada ? Is it creditable to the Government and people of a great gold and silver producing country ? How much longer is

this humiliating condition of affairs to continue? How much longer are we to be dependent on a foreign country for a gold currency? How much longer is a national spirit, a national sentiment to be checked or suppressed?"

The speech of the Hon. Mr. McInnes is well worth reproducing in full if this were possible. It contains many facts and figures bearing on the case which may not be reproduced here.

CANADA AS A PRODUCER OF GOLD AND SILVER.

Mr. McInnes' figures with regard to our gold production require special comment. They were true of the position of Canada up to 1896. But there has been a mighty change. Canada was producing only a little over a million dollars' worth of gold annually. For 1899, official records give the Yukon a production of $14,000,000, and the rest of Canada $4,000,000, total $18,000,000. And the production in 1900 was even greater, though no official figures have been given out. Mr. McInnes' arguments in 1897 were good, and they have since quadrupled in quality. Canada's position as a gold-producer has entirely changed in the last five years.

The following table shows where Canada stood in 1898 as a producer of gold and silver:

	Gold.	Silver.
Africa	$80,428,000	
United States	64,463,000	$70,384,500
Australia....	64,860,800	15,543,200
Mexico.....	8,500,000	73,358,200
Russia.....	25,463,400	360,100
Canada	13,775,420	2,593,929

Canada is thus sixth in rank as a producer of gold and silver. Next in order come Bolivia, Colombia, India, Spain, Germany and China. If later figures were available it might be found that Canada has improved her position, and come up equal with Russia, for in 1899 our gold output increased about eight millions.

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S VOICE.

The Legislative Assembly of British Columbia in August of last year passed the following resolution on the motion of Mr. Helmoken, seconded by Mr. Hall:

WHEREAS the establishment of a mint in Canada will be of great benefit, commercially and otherwise;

AND WHEREAS the Province of British Columbia is the most suitable Province wherein it should be established;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, That an humble address be presented to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, requesting him to communicate with the Dominion Government urging upon that Government the desirability of the establishment, at the earliest possible date, of a Mint; such Mint to be erected in the Province of British Columbia, or some other means of securing to the commercial community of Canada the full benefit and otherwise of the output of gold in the North-West Territories and of this Province.

ITS LEGALITY.

May the Canadian Government legally establish a Canadian mint? An Imperial Act of 1870 throws doubt on this point. However, legal opinion is in favour of Canada's power. The Montreal Chamber of Commerce in 1897 sought advice, which was given in the following letter:

MONTREAL, 24th March, 1897.

S. COTÉ, Esquire,
Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce,
Montreal.

SIR,—In answer to your favour of the 20th instant requesting that I should inform you if the Canadian constitution authorizes the Federal Government to establish a mint for the coinage of gold, silver and copper coins,

I have the honour to answer that I entertain the opinion that the Federal Government has that authority.

Referring to the British North America Act, 30 and 31 Vict. cap. 3, sec. 91, paragraph 14, I find that the exclusive legislative authority of the Canadian Parliament extends between other subjects to the following:—*Currency and coinage.* As to currency, Parliament has declared what would be the money in paper or coins which would be adopted as legal tenders in Canada.

With regard to coinage, Canada orders its coins at the British mint by special arrangement between the two countries. But in examining the Imperial statute establishing the mint, I do not see that colonies are prohibited from coining their own money.

This Imperial statute is the 33 Vict., chap. 10, sanctioned in 1870, therefore posterior to the Confederation Act.

According to section 11 of this Act, para-

graph 8, Great Britain has reserved the right for herself to establish branch mints in the several colonies, but I do not believe that this has been inserted in the Act with the intention of prohibiting the colonies from establishing mints for themselves. This disposition has the effect, according to my opinion, of allowing the Imperial Privy Council to establish by simple proclamation, a branch of the British mint in any colony which would make application for it. For, in referring to section 19 of the same Act, we find that it will apply to the colonies only in case that the Executive Council should issue a proclamation to that effect, which, from the context of the Act, could only be done by mutual arrangement between the colony and the Imperial Government.

Your obedient servant,

S. BEAUDIN, C.R.

ATTITUDE OF BANKERS.

The attitude of the Canadian bankers is well represented by the view of the President of the Canadian Bankers' Association, Mr. E. S. Clouston, who in a recent address made the following statement :

"The announcement recently made by the Minister of Finance that the Dominion Government has concluded negotiations with the British Government for the establishment in Canada of a branch of the royal mint is, in my judgment, a matter of large consequence to the banking interests of this country. An agitation for a mint has been afoot in British Columbia for two or three years past, stirred up by the increasing output of gold in the Yukon. Until now it cannot be said to have attracted any wide measure of popular support, or to have produced that strong political pressure beneath which the convictions of governments are said at times to bend. I fear that the decision to erect a mint in Canada has been reached without adequate consideration of the currency needs and conditions of the country, or of the consequences that may flow from the act. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and this is one of them. The popular fallacy underlying the demand for a mint is, that gold bullion in Canada now requires to be exported in order to give it a value as a coined metal which it does not possess as a raw material. To an audience of bankers the fallacy needs no exposition ; but in the hope that my words may be conveyed beyond this room let me briefly glance at some of the pros and cons of the question. The coinage of gold in Canada implies a gold currency. Are we prepared to revise and reverse our existing system ? A distinguished American statesman has said : 'He who tampers with the currency robs labour of its bread.' Our currency system is unique. It has stood the test of time, the strain of adversity, the temptations of prosperity. Stable, safe, elastic and convenient, it adapts itself most admirably to the commercial requirements of our people, to the ebb and flow of trade, not only in recurring cycles of expansion and contraction, but in the changes of each passing year. Founded at its inception upon sound financial and banking principles, it has been strengthened from time to time by the introduction of safeguards suggested by practical experience, until it has become about as perfect a system of currency as the wit of man can devise. It is better than a gold currency, because with equal safety and stability there is conjoined greater convenience. But, it may be said, the coinage of gold in Canada can surely be carried on without disturbing the existing currency system. What harm, at the worst, can come from minting here our gold bullion, even if no distinct benefit is derived ? Is not the sentimental advantage of possessing a gold coinage of our own worth something ? To all of which I reply : A disturbance of our present system is inevitable from the free coinage of gold, for this reason, if for no other : The Bank Act requires the banks at all times to hold not less than 40 per cent. of their cash reserves in Dominion notes, under a penalty of $500 for each and every violation of this provision. The enactment absolutely limits the amount of gold which the banks can hold to some 60 per cent. of their cash reserves, the balance being required to be in Dominion notes. Now, inas-

much as the volume of currency outstanding will always be regulated by the requirements of trade it follows, as surely as that water will find its level, that all the gold coin injected into circulation will either quickly return to the banks, or displace a like amount of paper currency. In the latter event, the character of the circulating medium is wholly altered, while in the former contingency the banks are between the Scylla of refusing to accept the gold, and the Charybdis of incurring the penalties provided by the Bank Act, if they add the coin to their cash. Banks may, however, take all the gold coin offered them, and export it as other commodities are exported, a recourse to which inevitably they will be driven sooner or later, according to the measure of time and the extent of the coinage. What then? The exchange value of gold may be, very often is, less than its face or legal tender value, and so the banker will be compelled to submit to a loss in the operation, or to demonetize the gold currency. I cannot but think that those who have urged the minting of gold in Canada have fallen into the error of assuming that the process enhances the value of the metal, and in some subtle, mysterious way determines the channels of trade. The coinage of silver admittedly is a profitable transaction since the face value of the coin is nearly double that of its bullion value, and this process of giving a fictitious value to the metal can, advantageously enough, be conducted up to the limit of the needs of the commerce of the country for subsidiary coinage, or, as we phrase it, small change. The Dominion Government reaps a profit, one year with another, of about $70,000 annually from the coinage of silver and copper. On the other hand, the coinage of gold not only yields no profit, but entails an actual loss. The mints in Australia are conducted at a loss. Referring to the mint established at Perth, Western Australia, in 1896, the chief official of the British Mint recently remarked: 'It is not evident how far the colony is the better for the establishment of a mint at Perth, or that it has gained anything by its large outlay on buildings, machinery and maintenance, which it could not equally have gained at smaller cost by the establishment of a local refinery under Government supervision.'

"Now, the banks are prepared to pay the miner as much for his bullion as he can realize by shipping the metal to an American mint, or by converting it into coin in this country. Gold is not a commodity which enhances in value by the process of minting, as cotton, timber and wheat are increased in value when manufactured into fabrics, furniture and flour. The bullion and the coinage value of gold stand practically on a par, and for purposes of international exchange the metal is about as valuable in one form as the other. Our best security lies in not sowing the seed, the harvest whereof we know not. I make no apology for having somewhat lengthily dwelt upon this subject. In my opinion there is no question of the moment which more vitally concerns, not merely our own business as bankers, and the interests of the great body of shareholders whose trustees we, in a sense, are, but the very basis of our banking and currency system, and through these the commerce of our country. The establishment of an assay office in British Columbia is not, perhaps, open to the objections I have urged against a mint, but I deem it my duty to record my conviction that the coinage of gold in Canada, in our present circumstances, is undesirable, because: (1) The very basis of the banking and currency system is thereby disturbed; (2) The coin will not circulate, and neither demand nor occasion for it exists; (3) it cannot be retained by the banks, and must either be exported at a loss or demonetized; (4) it involves a loss to the Government; (5) it tends to displace and disorganize a currency system safe, stable and peculiarly adapted to the needs of our commerce; and (6) it opens the door to that incalculable mischief the free coinage of silver."

THE PEOPLE'S VIEW.

In a recent issue, the Vancouver *Province* has this to say on the subject: "Out of $21,000,000, making up the total gold production of Canada last year, $17,000,000 and over came from the Klondike and Atlin camps and was marketed in Seattle because there was no mint in British Columbia. This total figured very largely in the contribution of the United States to the gold supply of the world, and as it is admitted that four dollars are put into a gold district for every dollar taken out, it may be admitted that $50,000,000 was circulated in Seattle through the possession of the mint, in that one year. Next season the Klondike and Atlin contribution will be approximately $35,000,000. Is Seattle to get the benefit of this too? Is the gold to be carried past Vancouver to enrich an American city at Canada's expense? Even if the mint has to be operated at a slight loss, is there any fairer method of returning to the Klondike miner a proportion of the sums collected from him under the head of royalties or other special taxation? Or if the loss on the operation of the mint must come out of the taxpayers' pockets, microscopically small when divided over the population of Canada, will anyone object, taking into consideration what it means to the advancement of Canadian trade now being diverted to Seattle? A mint at Vancouver is demanded in justice to the Yukon gold miner as well as to the people of Canada, whose millions are now going toward building up the city over the Sound."

AUSTRALIAN MINTS.

The following information concerning the two Australian mints is taken from Hutchinson's Australian Encyclopedia: "The formal sanction of Her Majesty's Government for the establishment of a branch of the Royal Mint at Sydney, was made in 1853, and the building was opened in 1855, with Colonel Ward as first Deputy Master; the Victorian Mint was opened June 12th, 1872, with Colonel Ward as Deputy Master; Present Masters: Sydney, Robert Hunt, C.M.G.; Melbourne, G. Anderson. The total quantity of gold received for coinage at the Sydney Mint from the opening to Dec. 31st, 1889, was 17,113,910 oz.; the product being 59,297,500 sovereigns, 2,420,500 half-sovereigns and bullion valued at £2,733,567; the total revenue of the mint has been £530,174. In 1889 the weight received for coinage was 900,475 oz., which was coined into 3,262,000 sovereigns, 32,000 half-sovereigns, the remainder being bullion. The total weight of gold coined at Melbourne Mint up to Dec. 31st, 1889, was 11,268,118 oz., and gold coin and bullion were issued valued at £45,130,274. The gold coin issued in Australia at the two mints was valued at £5,500,000. Neither silver nor bronze is coined at either Sydney or Melbourne. The original Australian sovereign and half-sovereign had on the reverse, instead of the Royal Arms or the George and Dragon, the word 'Australia' and the early coins contained a large admixture of silver. The new sovereigns have the letter S, or M, according to the mint of origin, immediately below the head of the Queen."

Later reports show that Australia has now three mints, one having been established at Perth, Western Australia, in June, 1899. The *raison d'être* of this mint lies in the fact that considerable gold has been discovered in that part of Australia during the last few years. The cost of the mints for 1899 was as follows:

	Expenditure.	Appropriation.
Melbourne	£17,001	£20,000
Sydney	£14,488	£15,000
Perth	£14,209	£20,000

The accuracy of the figures for Melbourne is not vouched for, but the unexpended balance for 1899 was £2,999. All the evidence points to the fact that an Australian mint costs $70,000 a year and this is the main point under consideration. The original cost of the Sydney mint for building and equipment was about $150,000.

The annual cost of a mint in Canada would be as great as in Australia. There would not be more than half as much gold to coin, for each Australian mint coins about $25,000,000 of gold every year, but Canada would or should have the right to coin her own silver and copper, which the Australian mints have not. Canada has both minerals in abundance. Of course, Canada would have but one mint as compared with three in Australia. Still the cost would be fully covered by the present profit from the coinage of silver and copper and the profit of 1½d in the pound as levied at the Australian mints for gold coinage.

IN CONCLUSION.

The territory that is now comprised in Canada once had a mint, British Columbia having been dignified in that way in the year 1867. Its life was not lengthy, and whether it shall have a successor is an open question. The writer, at the request of the editor, has summarized the agitation and given such information as is available. It remains for the people to think out the question for themselves and make public opinion for or against it. While prominence has been given to Mr. Clouston's opinion, it must not be forgotten that one of his ablest contemporaries, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, has declared in favour of a Canadian gold coinage. The Government's announcement that a mint will be established must not be taken as final. The President of the Bankers' Association does not take the Minister of Finance too seriously, for the former's arguments were not published until after the official announcement by the member of the Government. Further, in this country pre-election promises must be received as such because they are usually made hastily, and although this question has been before the public for several years, it is possible that British Columbia's anxiety may have prevented the Hon. Mr. Fielding from giving the subject as full consideration as would have been given were a general election not pending.

If the writer were to express an opinion it would be in favour of the mint on purely sentimental grounds. However, he believes that the fullest investigation of the subject is necessary, as are such precautions as may be desirable to safeguard our present safe and stable currency. At the same time, the cry of a monopoly should not prevent a Government's raising the status of this nation by "abolishing" foreign gold from its coffers and its statute books. Canadian gold should replace United States gold, for we cannot longer afford to legally acknowledge any foreign coin as part of our legal tender. Further, Canadian gold coins would advertise Canada as Australian gold, which is legal tender in the United Kingdom, has advertised Australia. Imagine the effect of Canadian golden sovereigns being fingered as curiosities by the rustics who gather about the farmhouse firesides of Merrie England! Imagination and sentiment may not find an abiding place in the minds of bankers, but they certainly have a considerable influence with the class of people with whom Canada desires to find favour.

A gold coinage cannot be a very bad thing for a nation to possess, seeing that all nations of any importance have it. It would seem almost like proving that railroads and electric lights were necessary. At worst, it can only be a question of how much gold we should coin and under what conditions.

IMPERIALISM VS. ANNEXATION.

By John Charlton, M.P.

ONE hundred and forty-one years ago last September a long struggle between Great Britain and France for supremacy in America terminated upon the Plains of Abraham, by the utter destruction of French dominion upon this continent. The far-reaching consequence of this epoch-making battle-field will be more fully comprehended a century hence than to-day. The conqueror gave to the chivalrous people, whose previous history is a romantic record of daring enterprise and high courage, terms of the utmost liberality. The retention of their language, their religious institutions, their legal code, all that went to make up their individuality as an offshoot of the French race, was freely granted. Perhaps in no instance in history has the magnanimity of the conqueror to the conquered been greater.

Seventeen years after the conquest of Canada the thirteen colonies revolted and established the republic of the United States of America. Efforts were made to induce Canada to join in this movement, but without avail. The French-Canadian was not dissatisfied with the terms upon which his country was permitted to enjoy its autonomy as a portion of the British Empire, and refused to join in the revolt. The new Republic won its independence. This result seemed a staggering blow to Great Britain's interest. Perhaps the extent of the loss has been over-estimated. The Englishman turned his attention to other fields, and planted colonies in other lands. He acquired the continent of Australia, founded what will be a great empire in South Africa, acquired dominion over the teeming millions of India, and found ample scope elsewhere for his tireless energy and his ambition.

The political leaders of the great English-speaking Republic have never ceased to entertain a high estimate o the desirability of incorporating the British possessions in North America within the limits of the United States. Their purpose to accomplish this by force, in the war of 1812, was frustrated, and the two communities grew up side by side, with social and business relations as intimate as the character of fiscal legislation would permit. In 1854 a reciprocal trade treaty was adopted, which was terminated in 1866. During the continuance of this treaty, the trade relations between the two countries grew more intimate, and social relations also increased in intimacy, and prejudices that were due to want of knowledge, each of the other, were gradually removed. Since 1866 the fiscal policy of the United States towards Canada has been of a character to lead to the suspicion that the statesman of America believed that the denial to Canada of access to the markets of the United States, would have a tendency to impress upon Canadian people the advantages to be derived from sundering the ties that bound them to Great Britain, and of joining the destinies of the great Republic. Canadian public men have not been insensible to the advantages that unrestricted access to a near-at-hand market would give. Soon after the abrogation of the old reciprocity treaty, an attempt was made to re-open negotiations for a new treaty. In this attempt Sir John Rose and the late Justice Henry participated. A few months later another attempt was made, and the rebuff received on this latter occasion from the United States no doubt hastened the consummation of the Confederation of the British-American Provinces in 1868. With the advent of the first Liberal Administration of the Dominion came a renewal of the effort for securing reciprocal trade ad-

vantages, the Hon. George Brown having been sent to Washington as Canadian Commissioner in 1874. Acting in concert with Lord Thorburn, the British Minister at Washington, a treaty was negotiated with the State Department of the United States, which would unquestionably have conferred great benefit upon both countries. This treaty failed to command a majority of votes in the United States Senate. Since that time efforts have been made to again open this question for negotiation. The last direct attempt was made in 1898 by the Joint High Commission. Its labours were left uncompleted; the experience, however, derived from these negotiations has left the impression that the obtaining of a favourable treaty affecting the trade relations of the two countries is not practicable at the present time.

During all the years since the issue of the annexation manifesto in 1849, the question of political union with the United States has engaged, to a greater or less extent, the attention of public men in Canada. The latent feeling in favour of this change has unquestionably, at times, been widely disseminated, and this feeling, largely owing to the repressive policy of the United States towards Canada in trade matters, has with equal certainty been diminished year by year. The arguments in favour of political union, unquestionably possessed great force in many respects; and a careful examination of the premises, could not fail to leave the impression that important material benefits would be likely to accrue to Canada from the change. This change of condition would have given the British Colonies participation in the advantages relating to the American trade, that are enjoyed by the American States of the Union. It would, in short, have made these colonies joint-heirs to the blessings of free trade within the limits of that immense Zollverein now embracing forty-five States and seven Territories, and taking within its scope nearly all ranges of climatic conditions and widely different conditions of soil and production. It would also have led to a great influx of American capital, to the rapid development of the latent resources of the Dominion, and would have abolished the Custom House barrier between the two countries, with all its vexations and the expense to each of the two countries of maintaining it. It would also have given absolute security against invasions and armed collisions, and would have at once ended all the expenditure for fortifications, military establishments, naval expenditures and other civil and military expenses, consequent upon the maintenance of separate national institutions on either side of the line. There was also something fascinating in the idea of a great Republic, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, and commanding the resources of a region more fertile, and possessed of a greater variety of resources than any corresponding area of the earth's surface.

To the careful observer, however, this rosy picture was not accepted as a true and full exemplification of the character of the proposal, and a complete index of the probable results of its consummation. Certain features pertaining to the American system of government naturally claimed the attention of the individual who was deliberating in his mind whether the supremacy of Great Britain and the presence of British institutions and laws, could with profit be exchanged for American supremacy and the introduction of American institutions, and naturally the relative claims of the two systems received careful scrutiny and consideration. In Canada we possess the British form of government, the growth of centuries of experience, giving the most absolute safeguards for public liberty and for the carrying into effect of the public wishes. We possess a Government where the responsibility of the Ministers of the Crown to the representatives of the people is at all times instant and absolute, a system under which the expressed will of the people, given through their representatives in the House of Commons, will bring instant

change of personnel and policy, where laws are carefully made and efficiently executed, and where the Government possesses all the elements of stability as well as all the features that command the respect and support of the lover of liberty and justice.

Upon making the contrast with the institutions of the United States, the fact could not but impress itself upon the student of the two systems that the United States Government, with all its admirable features, was not the growth of centuries of experience, but was the crystallization of theories evolved from the brains of the fathers of the Republic, and put into practice without test of actual trial, or modifying influence of time, leaving the results of experience to be acquired later on, and applied in such imperfect and halting manner as the provisions of the constitution would permit. One feature of the system was the division of authority between State and Federal Governments, and the somewhat hazy designation of the respective spheres of their authority. This indistinctness as to limits of jurisdiction led to the great rebellion of 1861, and at the cost of an infinite loss of blood and treasure the paramount character of the Federal institutions was established. The terms of office under the American system are so brief as to keep the country subject to the almost perpetual shock of elections. State elections as a rule are held annually, elections for members of Congress are held once in two years, and elections for the President of the United States once in four years. On these latter occasions, for many years past, business has been unsettled, and the country has waited with anxiety, and often with alarm, for the result which might, in one case, completely upset business, and bring on widespread panic and disaster. This was the case with the Presidential election of 1896, and is also the case with the one which has just closed. In either case financial theories of one party, if carried into effect, would produce, in all probability, great business derangements. Owing to the great diversity of interests, the conglomerate character of the population, and other causes, stability and permanence of policy are not assured in the United States, and the rapid and abrupt fluctuations of public sentiment from one extreme to the other, promise in the future a condition of things entirely unfavourable to national stability, and steady, good government. Some features of the American system established from the outset seem to Canadians, after investigation, to be absurd. For instance, the President is elected on the 1st Tuesday in November, but he is not sworn into office till the following March. The members of the House of Representatives are elected on the same day, and do not assume their duties at Washington, unless called together for an extra session, till December of the following year, so that a period of thirteen months elapses between their election and their assuming the duties of their office. In the meantime public demand as to change of policy must wait for fulfilment. Then the Executive and Administrative Departments are almost totally separate and distinct from the legislative department, and the President, while his term of office continues, can defy to a great extent by veto and otherwise, the will of the people, as expressed by the action of their representatives. The heads of the various departments are entirely separate from the legislative branch, and the desires of the Treasury Department as to financial legislation, or of any other department, as to legislation pertaining to its particular sphere of action, cannot be brought to bear upon Congress by the introduction, by the heads of these departments holding position as the members of the House, of the measures they wish to put forth, and the consequence is a flood of haphazard legislation upon the character of which the Administration may exert a restraining influence or may not. The fact that in every session of the House of Representatives, over ten thousand bills are presented and printed, illustrates most forcibly the danger

arising from this system of separation of the legislative and the administrative departments of the Government. This comparison of the two systems will naturally convince the Canadian that our own system is the best, and greatly the best. So far as our institutions are concerned, we have little to wish for, and if there is anything in the American system more commendable than ours, we can easily copy it. We are left, therefore, in the consideration of this question, to estimate the material advantages to be derived from annexation, and to arrive at a conclusion as to whether these will overbalance to a sufficient degree the organic and legislative disadvantages that would accrue from the change.

Some years ago access to the American market seemed almost to be an imperative necessity, and the belief was entertained that without breaking down the trade barriers existing between the two countries, Canada could not prosper. The repressive policy of the United States towards us in a fiscal sense, begat a good deal of feeling and indignation, as it was naturally calculated to do. We were forced to make efforts for opening up other markets, and the success attending these efforts has been much greater than we had reason to anticipate would be the case. While our exports to the United States continued on the average no greater than they were in 1866, our exports to Great Britain were $108,000,000 in 1900. The rapid growth of this trade is shown by the fact that ten years before, in the year 1891, our exports to that country were $49,000,000. This condition of our export trade when compared with our export trade to the United States, illustrates the growing importance of the market of the motherland. In 1866, the last year of the reciprocal trade relations with the United States, our total exports to that country, including short returns, were $45,000,000, and during four years only of the period since 1866 have our exports to the United States exceeded the amount for that year.

Without entering into an exhaustive analysis of trade matters, these statements illustrate the fact that the market of Great Britain is one of prime and growing importance to Canada. It is for this reason that Canada can afford to make sacrifices for the maintenance of Imperial power and the promotion of Imperial interests, as was lately done in the case of South Africa. From a purely selfish standpoint we cannot afford to sacrifice this great and rapidly increasing market, and it is worthy of our careful consideration whether the standing of the colonies in this market cannot, by the securing of some degree of preferential treatment, be made more advantageous, as compared with foreign states, than it is at present. Unrestricted access to the American market would, no doubt, be a very great boon ; to what extent it might benefit us it is impossible to say, as we have been for more than a quarter of a century without its enjoyment, but it does not seem probable to the writer that this market would furnish advantages greatly superior to those conferred by our trade with Great Britain.

Canada, in choosing her path of destiny for the future, may consider three courses that seem to be open to her. First, the maintenance of her relations with the Empire, not by organic or legislative union, but upon a basis similar to that at present existing. Second, separation from the Empire and union with the American Republic. Third, the establishment of a separate nationality. The latter may be considered in the light of a probable termination of the evolution of polity in the future, but the necessity of the advisability of the change is not apparent at present time ; and as a question partly abstract and partly practical in its character we can consider the relative advantages of Imperialism and of annexation to the United States. The latter, it is needless to say, would completely absorb us in a union where our own relative weight would scarcely be felt. We would be entirely overshadowed in population and in influence by the States with which we

would become connected. We would participate, of course, freely and fully in all the material advantages this union would confer. We would also unfortunately participate freely and fully in all the disadvantages appertaining to their political system, and would be introduced to the mysteries of bossism trusts and the overwhelming influence of plutocracy, and would share in all the dangers and disasters likely to result from the seething socialistic and discontented labour elements. We would also participate fully in all of the demoralizing influences that pertain to the system of government, and to the condition of affairs now existing and likely to assume more menacing features in the future, and it would be well to pause and consider whether we should not continue on in our own course, labouring for the establishment of a nationality of our own, devoting our energies to the development of the resources of our magnificent country, which can sustain from its own soil a population of one hundred millions ; and playing a leading part in the great drama of human affairs. We may perhaps make a little less money, but that is not the only object of human ambition. We have a fair start now in the national race, we belong to a community of great Commonwealths, at the head of which stands the Imperial, ubiquitous power of the greatest nation of time, and our pride of race, our devotion to the interests of humanity, our determination to make for ourselves a name in the annals of nations ; all these things, in my opinion, impel us to build up a nation north of the great Republic, and should infuse us with the determination that this nation shall have the best institutions, the best laws and the best Government on the face of the planet.

The Americans have made their tariff with no reference to us probably, although apparently it is an hostile one. They believe in a thoroughly distinctive United States system, and are governed by their views as to what United States interests require. Under the operation of their policy they have rendered it difficult for our productions to reach their market. Our own moderate tariff policy has opened the door wide to the introduction of their wares, and we are buying twice as much from them as we do from Great Britain. The time has come to ascertain definitely and speedily whether a fair treaty, governing our trade relations with that country, can be obtained, and in the event of its not being found to be obtainable, then to consider with the utmost care whether the time has not arrived to set in operation a distinctly Canadian policy against a distinctly American policy, and to inaugurate a condition of things where we shall manufacture for ourselves millions of dollars' worth of goods annually that we now buy from the United States, and pay for from the proceeds of the balance of trade in our favour from Great Britain. We can build up and enlarge varied industries of the character which have added so greatly to the commercial power of the United States, and thereby lay broader foundations for the establishment of a successful nationality here. The inauguration of this policy will enable our farmers to furnish the food for the artizans who produce the goods they purchase. It will probably cost something for a time, but I imagine that each patriotic Canadian will be prepared, as long as it may be necessary to do so, to pay his share of that cost, believing that great ultimate gain will accrue to Canada.

I conclude, therefore, that the power and protection of the Motherland is the wing under whose shadow we should rest ; that the victorious sweep of her progress is the march in which we should join ; that her markets afford the best outlet for our products ; and that the united strength of the Imperial union of Great Britain and her colonies is our surest bulwark against every foe.

CURIOUS ADDRESSES.

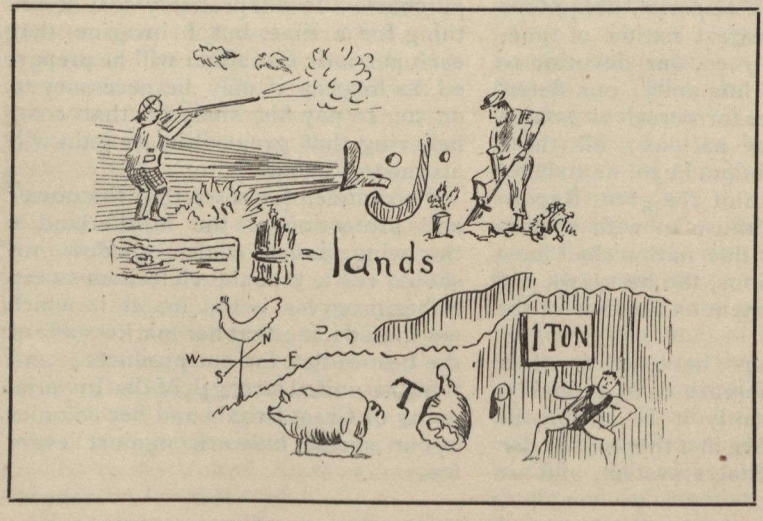
By Helen T. Churchill.

A VISIT to the General Post Office of the largest city in the world is well worth the trouble necessary to obtain the admittance card, and the time and labour required for exploring the vast building, where over two thousand officials and operatives are employed. Being in London last summer, and having through the kindness and courtesy of Lord Strathcona, our Canadian High Commissioner, received cards for admittance to both Telegraph and Post Office, I found myself with two companions one pleasant afternoon presenting my bit of pasteboard to the red-coated official to whom I had been directed by the porter.

After a very civil reception we were conducted upstairs to a waiting-room, where we were told the guide, when at liberty, would come to us. Our period of waiting was long enough to tax our patience and considerably shorten the time we could give to our visit; but at length the guide appeared and, with many apologies, declared himself quite at our service.

This paper is not intended to tell of our tour through the building, although it would be interesting to follow, as we did, the guide from the room where the mails are dumped when brought from the various district offices, to that where, all stamped, labelled and packed, they await removal. I allow myself to give but one little incident.

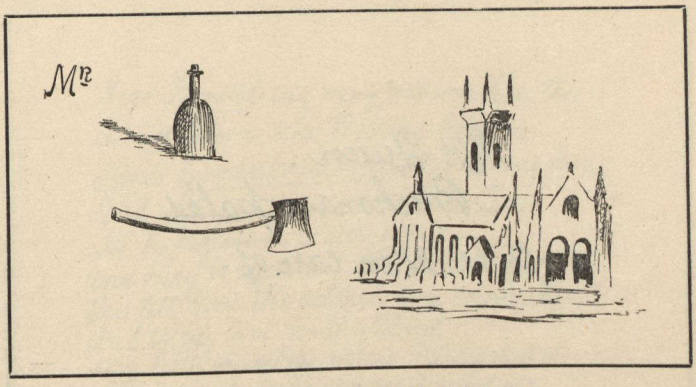
As we passed through the different rooms, the guide would stop in each to show and explain the work done in that department. At one place he took up a packet of letters intended for the Canadian mail, and began telling us what particular process they had passed through at this stage, when I noticed that the top letter of the packet was one that I, myself, had mailed that morning. On my mentioning this he was quite interested, and one of my companions observing that she had that day mailed a letter to her brother in Africa, he insisted on looking it up, that she, as well as I might see her letter all equipped for its journey.



NO. 1—MRS. L. J. GARDNER, WOODLANDS, WEST END, SOUTHAMPTON.

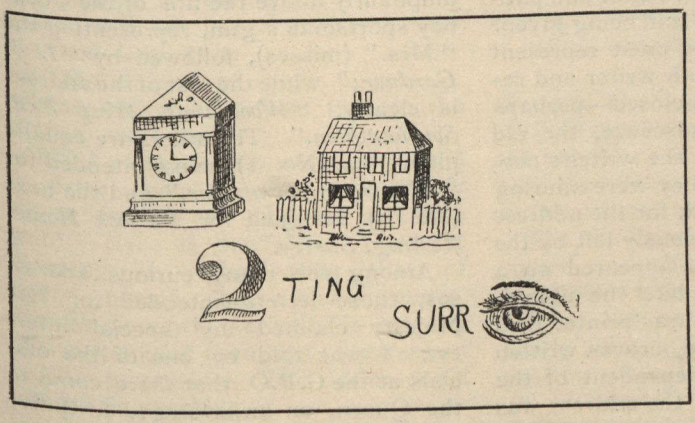
As we were due at a certain hour in another place, I reminded my friends that we must take our leave, and had the usual tip (well deserved) for the guide, when he begged us to remain a few moments that he might show us the

books of curious addresses. So interested was I in these books, which contained facsimiles, and sometimes the envelope itself, of letters that come strangely addressed, that I asked if it would be possible for me to get permission to copy some of them. "Certainly, *lidy*," said the guide, "if you can get a letter from some one in authority to Mr. Badcock, the Controller."



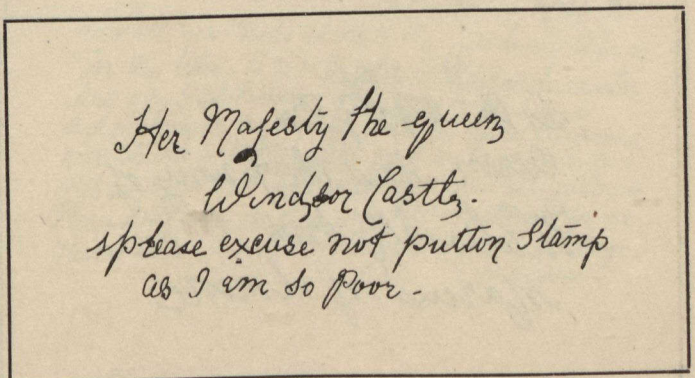
NO. 2—MR. BEER, AXMINSTER.

Accordingly I resolved to avail myself of the privilege, if at all possible to do so; and was successful in obtaining the letter which gave me permission to spend a few hours any morning (or mornings) at the Post Office, and liberty to copy from the Books of Curious Addresses. So, regardless of counter attractions, I hastened to avail myself of the advantage I had gained, and repaired at the earliest possible moment to the General Post Office where, after a most enjoyable interview with Mr. Badcock, I found myself seated at a desk, with my sketch-book, paints and brushes in readiness; tracing paper, pens, ink, etc., being generously supplied without solicitation by the gentlemanly and interested clerks.

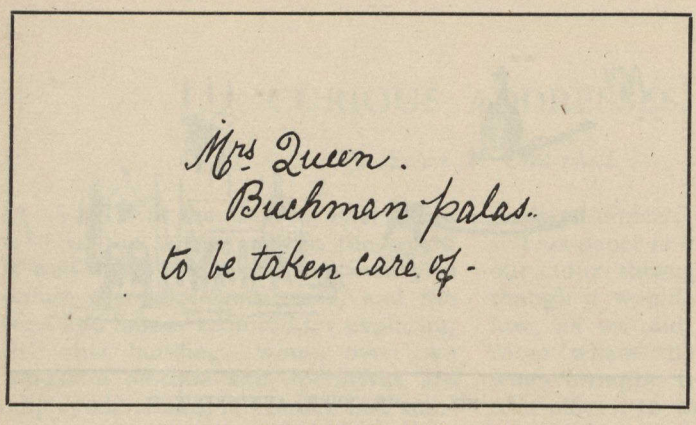


NO. 3—CLOCK HOUSE, TOOTING, SURREY.

The huge books placed before me were, at first, almost too distractingly interesting to encourage work. It was difficult to make selection amid so many and various designs.



NO. 4—ONE OF THE MANY CURIOUS ADDRESSES ON LETTERS INTENDED FOR HER MAJESTY.



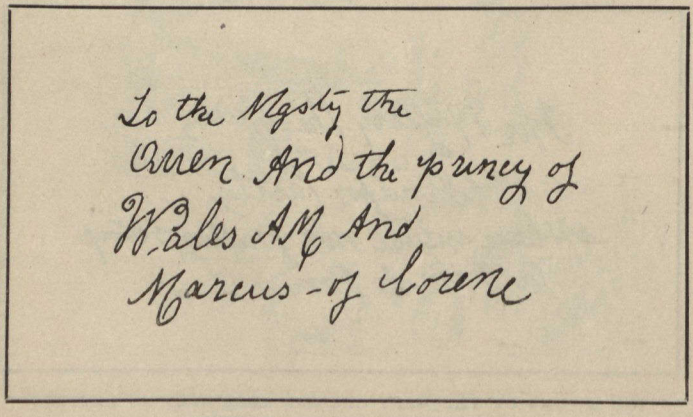
NO. 5—ANOTHER TO THE QUEEN.

Some were miniature landscapes in water-colours executed with skill and patience, every minutest detail being given. I concluded that they must represent scenes familiar to both writer and receiver of the letter enclosed—perhaps recalling some reminiscence, the old home, or it might be the writer's new home. In any case they were alluring to the fancy. A blank for the address would be most ingeniously left by the artist. Sometimes it appeared on a sign-post, or, again, like the ubiquitous advertisement, it was printed on a rock in the foreground, or was written on a scroll, quite independent of the picture. In one case the address was cunningly printed so as to form a broken fence about a farmyard.

Quite different pictorial designs seemed to have no particular application or point, but were evidently the work of those who possessed vivid imaginations and plenty of leisure in which to indulge them.

Others, as shown in the first three illustrations, formed most elaborate and skilful rebuses on the various addresses; the first (No. 1) being so apt and plain that "he who runs may read." The birds flying triumphantly above the fire of the Cockney sportsman's gun, representing the "Mrs." (misses), followed by "*L. J. Gardner*;" while the rest of the address is clearly, "*Woodlands, West End, Southampton.*" The others are equally plain; one (No. 2) being intended for "*Mr. Beer, Axminster,*" and the next (No. 3) designed for "*Clock House, Tooting, Surrey.*"

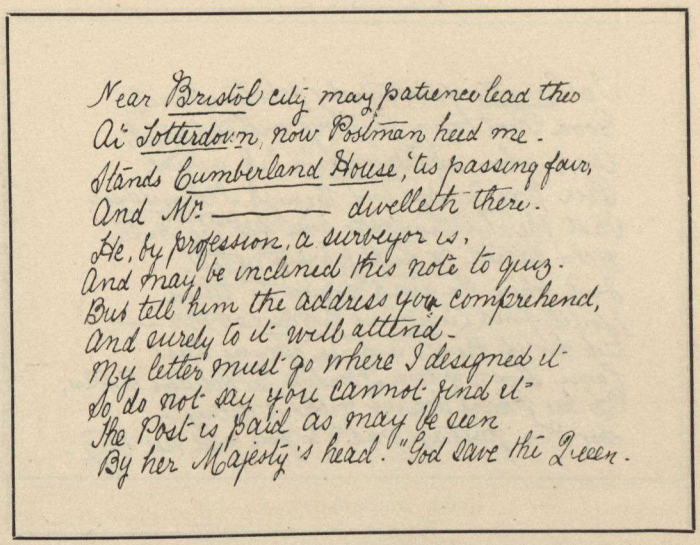
Among the many curious addresses, those letters intended for Her Majesty claimed my special interest. I was told by one of the officials at the G.P.O. that there come to the Queen, on an average, forty-five letters per week. They are, of course, forwarded to Her Majesty's Secretary; but whether the august being to whom they are directed ever knows of them is another matter. Among those poor letters God knows how many may be the forlorn-hope of some ignorant but innocent life. I copied but three bearing the Royal address, selecting those that struck me as being the most earnest and pathetic.



NO. 6—AN ADDRESS WITH OPTIONS.

The writer of one (No. 4) was apparently in great straits

of poverty, not being able, even in these days of penny postage, to afford the price of a stamp. The following (No. 5) was evidently important, and was posted in London. Probably the sender still believes that it failed in its mission only because "not taken care of." The third one (No. 6) is, to my mind, a desperate attempt to gain the ear of Royalty — for if the Queen will not listen and help, then try the Prince of Wales, and if he refuse, turn to the Marquis of Lorne.

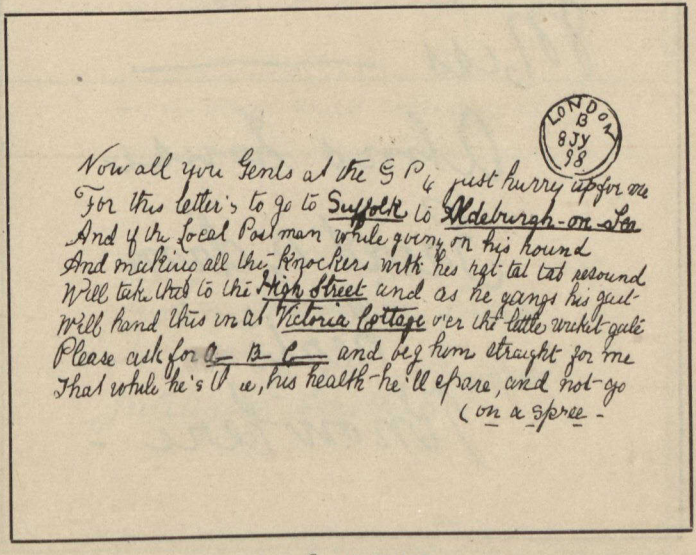

Near Bristol city may patience lead thee
Ai Rotterdown, now Postman heed me.
Stands Cumberland House, 'tis passing fair,
And Mr. ——— dwelleth there.
He, by profession, a surveyor is,
And may be inclined this note to quiz.
But tell him the address you comprehend,
And surely to it will attend.
My letter must go where I designed it
So do not say you cannot find it.
The Post is paid as may be seen
By her Majesty's head. "God save the Queen.

NO. 7—A SAMPLE POETICAL ADDRESS.

Many of the letters were addressed in verse, some of which is certainly clever enough to find its way into print. Here is one (No. 7), whose meaning is plainer than that of many poems, and whose metre, though somewhat erratic, is scarcely less sure-footed than that of verses of greater pretension. This letter could not fail in reaching its destination, as particular attention is called to the fact that the postage is paid.

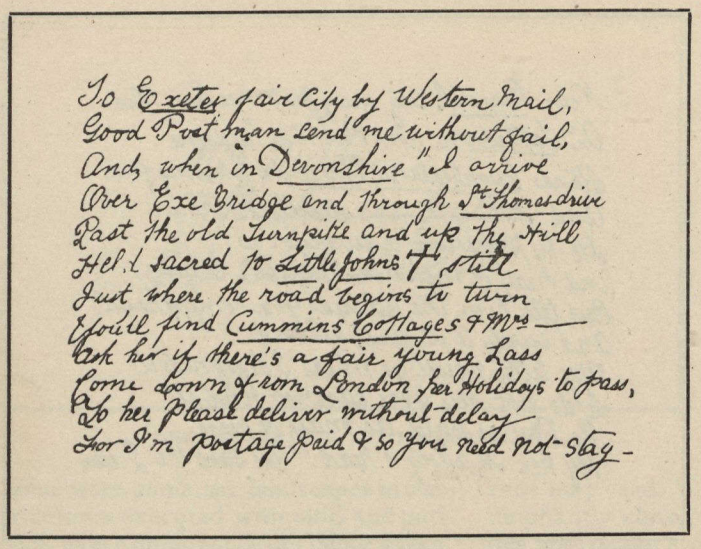
Now follows another in rhyme (No. 8), which demands the instant service of all the officials at the G.P.O.; so evidently the writer had been a visitor there, and saw, as we did, the rapid, but systematic handling of the letters in each room, in their transit from entrance to exit. The letters are still stamped by hand, but so swiftly, and with so much dexterity as to astonish the beholder. I regret that I did not note the number that can be stamped in one minute.

The third poetical effusion which I copied, and which is now given (No. 9), appeals strongly to the sentimental side of our natures; the writer evidently being in that stage of the tender passion when he cared or knew not

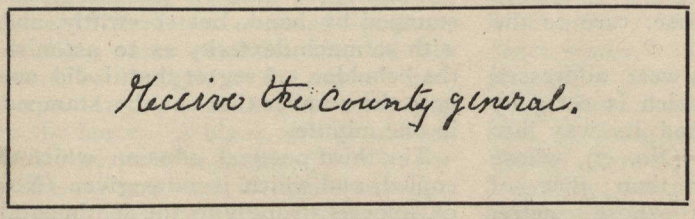


Now all you Gents at the G P O just hurry up for me
For this letter's to go to Suffolk to Aldeburgh-on-Sea
And of the Local Postman while going on his round
And making all the Knockers with his rat-tat-tat resound
Will take that to the High Street and as he swings his gait
Will hand this in at Victoria Cottage over the little wicket gate
Please ask for A — B — C — and beg him straight for me
That while he's O K, his health he'll spare, and not go
(on a Spree.

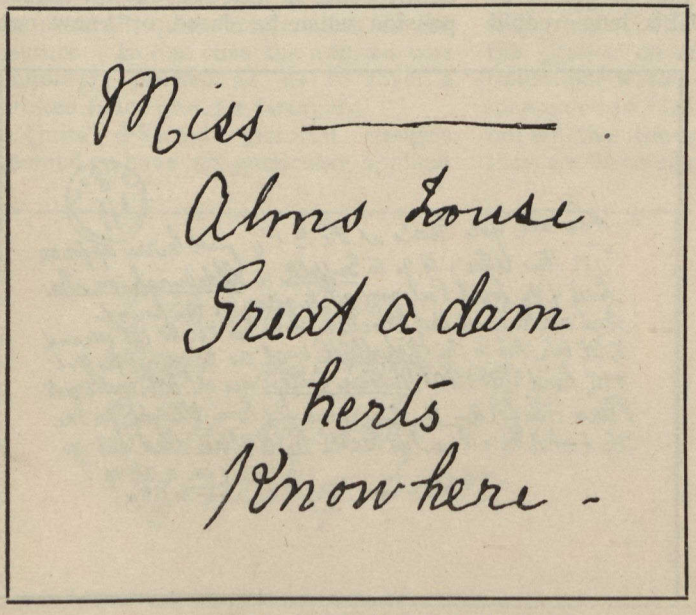
NO. 8—ANOTHER.



NO. 9—ANOTHER.



NO. 10—THE RECEIVER AND ACCOUNTANT-GENERAL.



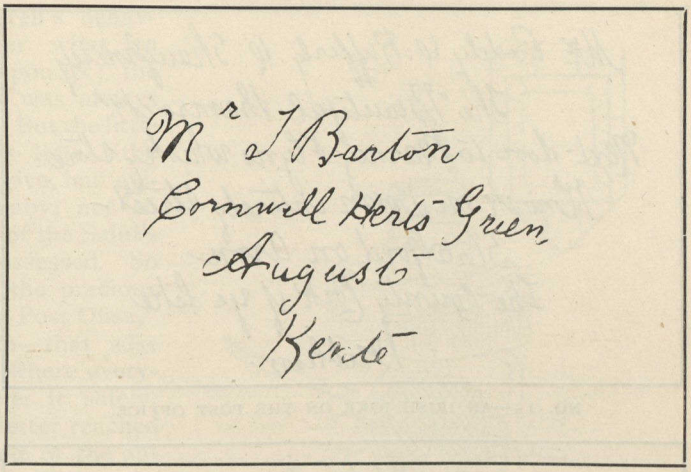
NO. 11—GREAT HADDAM, HERTS, NEAR WARE.

if all the world was aware of his affection, and when he needs must turn to versification. The direction, certainly, is most explicit, evincing the care and anxiety of the writer. These poetical addresses were numerous; and wondered if some might not be the work of would-be, but unsuccessful, poets, who were determined to be brought before the public, if only in this manner.

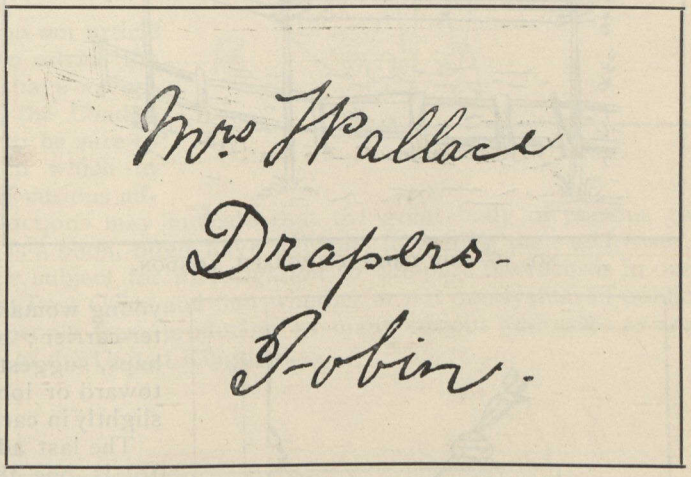
We will now take up another variety of addresses, which are curious from the ingenuity, not of the writer, but the reader. This one (No. 10), for instance, which was finally interpreted to mean "The Receiver and Accountant-General." The next (No. 11) is, perhaps, more easily understood, reading, "Great Haddam, Herts, near Ware." The dropping of the "H" in speech, which is so peculiar to the Cockney, is partly to blame for the obscurity of the preceding and also the following addresses, the writers evidently adopting the phonetic style of spelling. Here is one (No. 12) in which the name "Hawkhurst" had

been so pronounced as to develop when written into "August." The next (No. 13) was particularly pointed out to us by the guide: "Now, lidy, what do you think that means?" with a very triumphant air, quite sure that we could not answer. We confessed our ignorance. "Why, it was intended for Messrs. Wallis, the drapers, Tobin," said the guide. I felt puzzled until I recollected Wallis' shops on High Holborn, the guide having pronounced the word exactly as it was spelled in the address, while quite sure that he was aspirating his H's to perfection. He also told us that this letter was open, and contained a check for thirty-five pounds; but that owing to the completeness of the G. P. O. system it reached safely the one for whom it was intended.

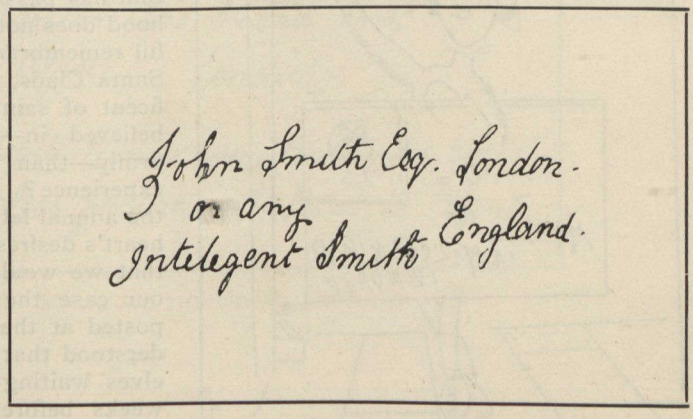
Here is an address (No. 14) whose writer, I fear, desired to quiz the genus "Smith." The direction is rather vague considering the size of London, and the large number of intelligent Smiths we have been fortunate enough to meet. The following (No.



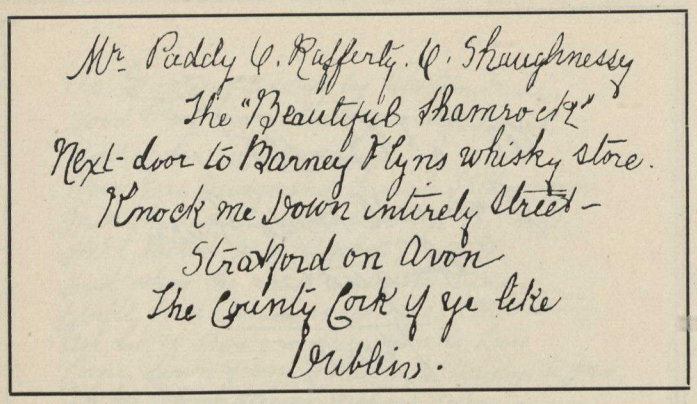
NO. 12—HAWKHURST, KENT.



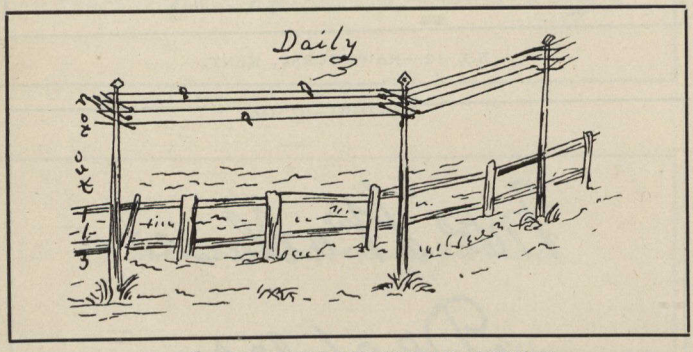
NO. 13—MESSRS. WALLIS, DRAPERS, TOBIN.



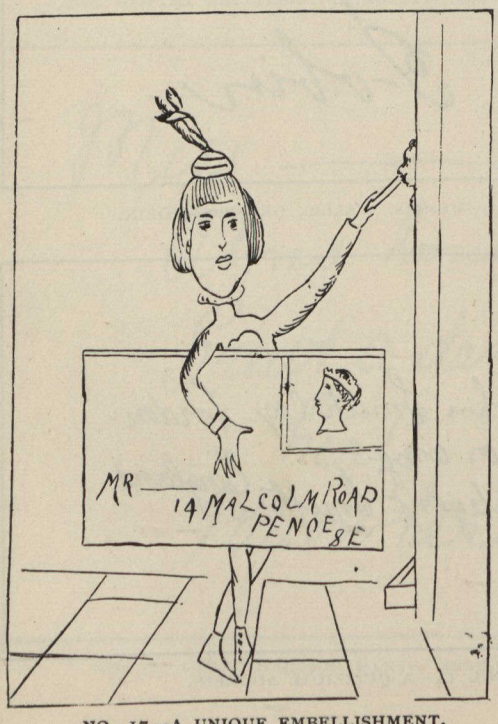
NO. 14—A QUIZZICAL ADDRESS.



NO. 15—AN IRISH JOKE ON THE POST OFFICE.



NO. 16—THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, LONDON.



NO. 17—A UNIQUE EMBELLISHMENT.

15) is a specimen of Hibernian wit, presumably when slightly under the *influence*. It never got farther than the G.P.O., where the original envelope adorns the pages of one of the books of curious addresses.

The illustration now given (No. 16) is, I think, one of the cleverest of the enigmatical addresses; it was intended for one of the London papers, the *Daily Telegraph*.

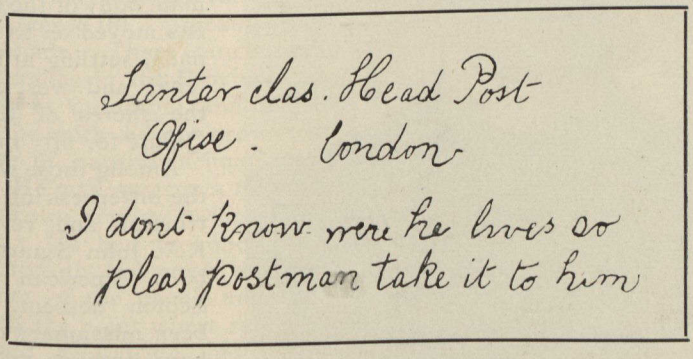
The two following designs (Nos. 17 and 18) seem to have no particular application, but serve as unique and fanciful embellishments to the envelopes. The first is a much-caricatured young woman doing duty as a letter-carrier; and the second, perhaps, suggests the writer's leaning toward or longing for knighthood, slightly in caricature also.

The last address on our list (No. 19) is one that stirs a chord of memory in all our hearts. Who that has passed the years of childhood does not look back with wistful remembrance to the days when Santa Claus, best and most beneficent of saints, was not as firmly believed in—nay, perhaps more firmly—than any idol of our later experience? And who did not write the annual letter expressing all our heart's desires, in the assured hope that we would be heard? But in our case the letter was generally posted at the fireside, it being understood that Santa Claus had his elves waiting in the chimney for weeks before the eventful Christmas Eve, ready to receive letters, and also to glean some intelligence

concerning the children's behaviour. You remember what an effect that belief had upon us; the day before Christmas was always "good child's day." But the little one who penned this letter, the address of which we give, had evidently (alas! poor baby) not so intimate a knowledge of the Saint's whereabouts as we possessed. So he is fain to commit the precious missive to the "Head Post Ofise," begging the postman—that wise man who must know where everybody lives—to deliver it safely. Let us hope that the letter reached a heart as kind as that of the ancient Saint, and that the little writer suffered not the pangs of "hope deferred."

NO. 18—ANOTHER PIECE OF FANCY.

With this illustration our article ends, only pausing to advise the readers, if they ever have an opportunity of visiting the London General Post Office, to be sure to reserve some time in which to look over the books of curious addresses. These productions may indicate that the great body of persons to whom penny postage is a boon, often have difficulty in writing their addresses. It would also be a nice subject for investigation to compare the records in our own Canadian General Post Office and find whether or not our system of public schools prevents our people from producing as many curious addresses as are credited to the people of the United Kingdom.



NO. 19—TO THE CHILDREN'S SAINT.

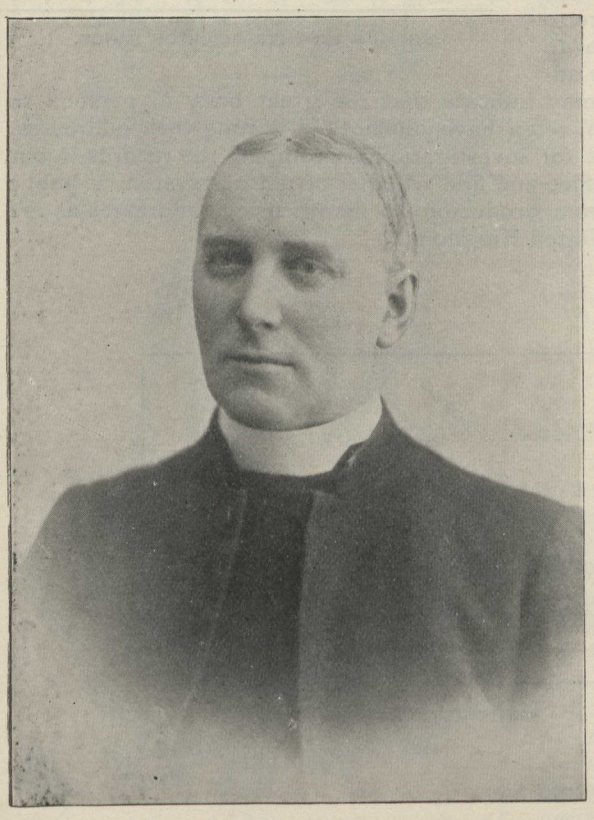
THE MAKING OF A BISHOP.

WITH THE ANTECEDENTS AND HISTORY OF A CANADIAN BISHOPRIC.

By E. J. B. Pense.

IN the light of recent religious progress and rapid uplifting of work, the familiar saying that we can never grind with the water that is past, is painfully brought home to the zealous adherent of the good old Church of England. The early days of British Canada gave opportunities of great promise, but the ingathering of the first half century was unworthy of a great church which brought across the seas the then highly conscious pride and traditions of the established religion of the kingdom. But perhaps this very pride was one of the early weaknesses, as it is even this day, in the air of an unquestioned freedom of ecclesiastical government.

The influx of English-speaking settlers to Upper and Lower Canada was inconsequent until the advent, in 1782-4, of the host of United Empire Loyalists, seeking here, as their leader proclaimed, for their persecuted principles a sanctuary, and for themselves a home. The only Protestant clergymen in the country at that time were the military chaplain at Quebec and the Rev. Mr. Delisle, sent in 1780 to Montreal by the Home Government, which thus linked grace with conquest. The Loyalists halted at Sorel, Lower Canada, for the winter, and one of the great English mission bodies, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, appointed Rev. John Doty to their pastoral aid. Far-away fields are always greenest, and the main body of the new colonists moved on to Upper Canada, settling at Fort Frontenac and westward along the shores of the Bay of Quinté for fifty miles.



WILLIAM LENNOX MILLS, D.D.—THE NEWLY ELECTED CO-ADJUTOR TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO.

Among those who had felt the bitterness of republican triumph and revenge was Rev. John Stuart, a native-born American of sturdy Scotch descent. He had been missionary to the Mohawk Indians in New York State, but for peace' sake, and with national impulse, he came to Canada and linked his fortunes with the Loyalists. He was a wel-

THE NEW ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL AS RESTORED 1900.

come addition to the little band at Cataraqui, otherwise Fort Frontenac, later to be Anglicized as King's-town, and to become more euphonic as Kingston. In an upper room of the partially restored French fort this earnest man gathered a slender congregation. From this humble retreat he planted and reared the Anglican Church in Upper Canada. There were but one thousand families in the Province, including fifty at Cataraqui and ten at York, and the work did not grow from any impulse of natural inclination or numbers. He was as true a missionary as those now serving in lands called heathen. He had to conduct an academy through the week that the moral culture of the people might be advanced to the point where religious service could be sincere and where teaching would be effective.

Through Mr. Stuart's efforts, St. George's Church was constructed in 1792, being preceded by the formation of a vestry. The original wooden building, after two migrations up street, settled down forty years ago into humble duty as a carpenter's workshop, on Wellington Street, from which unsanctified use, though it followed near to the great Master's early calling, it was rescued a few weeks since by being torn down for fuel purposes.

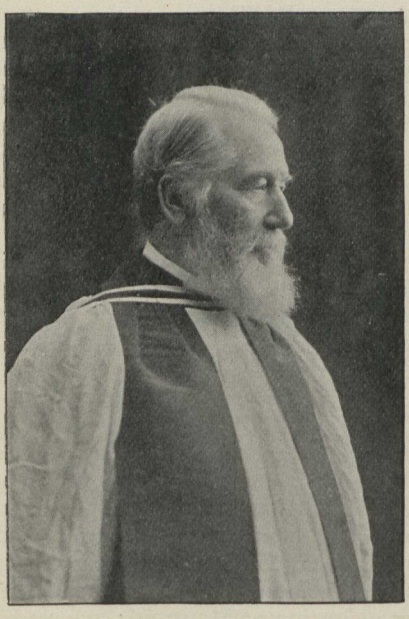
Rev. John Langhorn became travelling missionary along the bay-shores, in 1787, and St. John's, Bath, rose to view in 1795 as a support to his ministrations. It is still the parish church, added to a little, yet bearing the antiquated landmarks of pioneer endeav our. But old age such as this is honourable.

In 1793 Rev. Jacob Mountain was consecrated and appointed to the See of Quebec. It was several years before the hale and hearty bishop could count his clerical force larger than three in Upper Canada and two in Lower Canada. In 1803 he held his first visitation at Montreal; five clergymen attended ; two were too distant to answer the call. At this time Rev. John

Stuart had the care and supervision of five Upper Canadian missionaries, so that the church's force must have been mainly in the Western Province.

When Mr. Stuart died in 1811 and was laid to rest on Grave Street, in what is now St. Paul's churchyard, Queen Street, his nephew, George O'Kill Stuart, was called from York to the parish of Kingston as a more important station. It was a time of resting in the religious as well as political ranks. The Family Compact were content to rule the Province as a sort of vested right, and the clergy, receiving their support from English societies or from provincial revenues, with occasional grants from the British Crown towards erection of churches, imbibed the spirit of the trusty sentinel rather than that of the apostle or missionary. Aggressive work was the exception, and it is recorded that for the next thirty years, time for trustful planting, "the Church grew slowly."

CHANCEL VIEW OF ST. GEORGE'S, 1900.

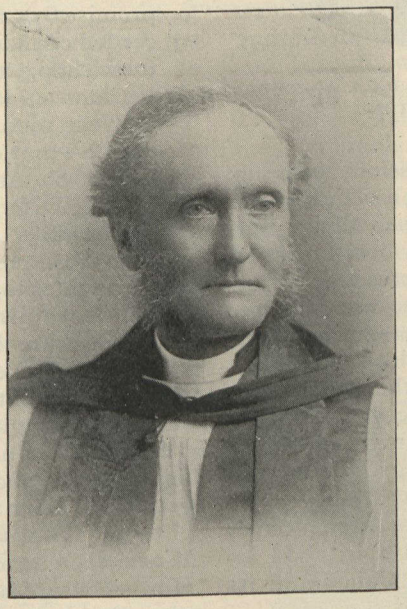


RT.-REV. WILLIAM B. BOND, BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

Meantime a vigorous Scotchman, teacher of the Kingston Academy, studied from personal inclination, became a priest, and advanced through his talents and force to be the church leader of the West. He measured the geographical position and made Toronto the centre of church action. In 1839 Rev. John Strachan became the Bishop of Toronto, with the whole Province for his diocese. But he had a new and grand encouragement. Two years before, the financial position of the church had undergone a revolution. From a chain of missions, sustained by grants from year to year, and dreading the instability of favour from the Crown and even from the generous London Society, it emerged in 1836 a cordon of well-endowed rectories. The benefaction had been impending for forty-five years.

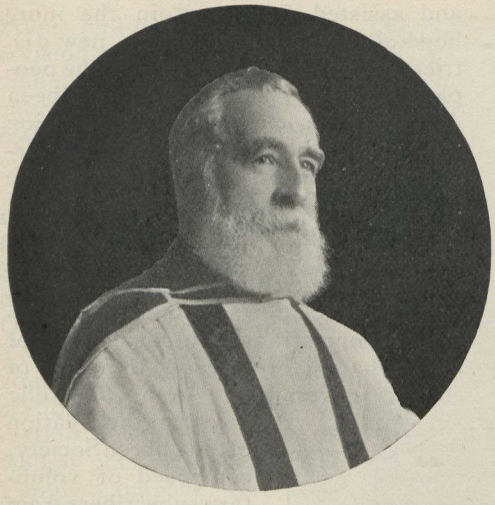
In 1791, through the influence of Governor Sir John Simcoe, one-seventh of the Crown lands in the Province had been set apart by the Imperial Parliament "for the support of a Protestant clergy." Sir John's idea was

a Church of England clergy, a colonial continuation of the Established Church. This view was eagerly sustained by local adherents of the faith, and the long agitation between them and the "sects," as they were pleased to call them, did not go down into history until the statesmanlike Clergy Reserves Act was passed about mid-century. Sir John Colborne and his parliamentary advisers gave first effect to the Act of 1791 in 1836, by proposing fifty-seven rectories, and issuing patents to forty-four, assigning them portions of the sevenths or Clergy Reserves, an average of over four hundred acres each. It freed these churches from need, and was a well meant if misguided policy. It was the courageous act of public men who loved their church and longed to do her loyal and loving service. Far better, though, had it been for the church if they had withheld their hands. They elevated forty-four rectors to independence of their people, inviting them to be careless as to their approval or affections and indifferent as to protests or censure. They created an aristocracy of the clergy—relegated them to time-serving when they should have been alert and ambitious to expand their work. The blight has lasted for sixty-four years, and it is likely to be felt in the new century. Those who move about the congregations can readily single out bodies which have risen by voluntary effort, because of the contrast afforded. Endowments have made ineffaceable traces along the ecclesiastic map; very clearly is this seen in occasional decadence on the old-settled and assisted front, and in the more hopeful life and progress in new districts, where clergy depend on the people's support. Had the money been devoted to a clerical superannuation fund and to the care of widows and orphans of ministers it would have done a far nobler service, especially if the commutation funds of some of the dioceses had been supplanted.



MOST REV. JOHN TRAVERS LEWIS, D.D., LL.B., ARCHBISHOP OF ONTARIO.

Truly the church grew slowly. Bishop Strachan was prompt to organize, and one strange outcome was not the formation of a Synod, the order of church government from apostolic days, but the creation of the Church Society, composed of voluntary subscribers from among clergy and laity, to meet regularly in advisory capacity. This mere toleration of the laymen lasted for thirteen years; in 1853 the formation of a Synod was accomplished under pressure. Church life began to feel a thrill, like that of a newly launched ship. First, the Diocese of Huron was set apart to the West, then the Diocese of Ontario to the East—the one to be the champion of evangelical thought, the other to be the exponent of the higher and the prevailing churchmanship, though its young, clever and handsome bishop had been elected over Archdeacon Bethune by an earnest and excited majority of evangelicals. Such is the irony of fate. Bishop Lewis must have been grievously misjudged. As go the bishops, so in time go the clergy, and by-and-bye the people. Those who remember Archbishop Lewis in his prime, and witnessed his strength of purpose reflected in warm controversies where his powers of logi-



T. BEDFORD JONES, LL.D, D.C.L., ARCHDEACON OF KINGSTON.

cal and concise expression were not lost, were prepared for a fitting sequel to his ambitions. When thirty years of his episcopate had been reached, there was written an increase of clergymen from forty-eight to one hundred and thirty-three, of congregations, from eighty-nine to two hundred and eighty-three. Almost all of these had been assisted by the Diocesan Mission Board, supported by annual collections and voluntary offerings. And this leads back to the thought, how very much more might have been accomplished if this mission spirit had inspired the church in Canada in its earlier career.

At this stage of self-gratulation the churchmen of Ontario heard the call of the Provincial Synod for aggressive work, to be led off by the division of dioceses and increase of episcopal power. The call reached four larger and wealthier dioceses, but Ontario alone moved; she set apart the Diocese of Ottawa in 1896, with four-elevenths of the funds of the old Synod, and the daughter arose even stronger than the mother, to be, under Bishop Hamilton's zealous, pious guidance, one of the most fruitful portions of the clerical vineyard. The old diocese assumed the burden of building-up again with a stout heart, although the archbishop had broken down in health, creating no common void, through the residence abroad of a long-trusted leader and a wise administrator. The endowed rectories were its portion chiefly, but so also were the barest spots of the mission field. The services of another bishop to assume the active work were absolutely necessary, and that meant a second episcopal stipend. It was planned to ask the people for $25,000 as a temporary relief, but the missioner, Rev. C. J. H. Hutton, found the answers, as he went from parish to parish, to promise $75,000. So the Synod proceeded confidently to elect a coadjutor-bishop, and after two exciting sessions in June and September of the year 1900, came to a unanimous choice—that of the Venerable Archdeacon of St. Andrew's, William Lennox Mills, D.D., of Montreal.

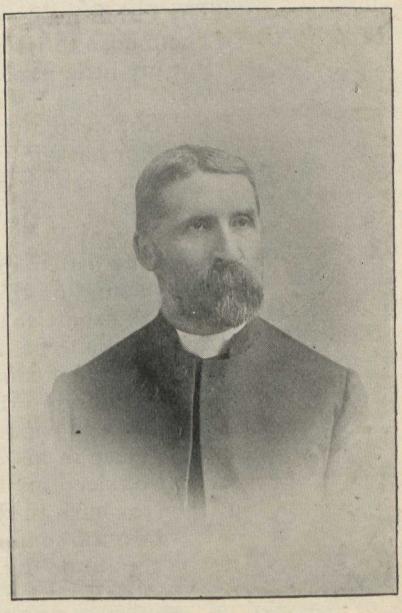
Bishop Mills was not chosen from among those prominent in the general gatherings of the church, because that has not been his line of ambition; he was chosen for his records of success as rector of several parishes, including Trinity of Montreal; for his scholarship and pulpit ability; for his zeal in diocesan work and for eminent qualities of head and heart. Naught but good had been heard of him. His birth in Woodstock, his early life in Western Ontario, and his education at Huron College and Trinity University, gave fitness to the call to an Ontario See—the Province was wooing back her own.

The consecration services in Kingston on All Saints' Day had absorbing interest for church people throughout the diocese; scarcely a parish, no matter how distant, was unrepresented, and excursion trains were run to the City. The desire for admission to St. George's Cathedral was so general it had to be regulated by ticket. When 1,250 seats were filled the doors were opened to a mass of people content to occupy standing room in the aisles.

Where more fitting place for a public ceremony? The noble edifice rests on

historic ground. It represents a chain, almost a continuity, of services for over two hundred and twenty years. Chevalier de la Salle, in 1676, when founding a colony for New France under the shadow of Fort Frontenac, provided a chapel for the Recollet Fathers, and Father Hennepin (afterwards famed in Western pioneer annals) was the first mission priest. Religious duty was still performed there after the British conquest, and the relapse was short ere Rev. John Stuart began that Church of England service which has been maintained steadily for 116 years. St. George's was the first church building in Upper Canada; it was rebuilt of stone on its present site in 1825-7, the military chest providing $7,500 of its cost, constituting it a garrison chapel of right for all time. It was a handsome cathedral, yet was enlarged to more imposing proportions in 1891. On New Year's morning, 1899, all was lost by fire save the substantial stone walls. One thing else was preserved, however, the brass memorial altar cross. The stately symbol of salvation and imperishable life stood unmoved in its niche, proclaiming God's service to be superior to common disaster, and seeming to prefigure the prompt restoration of His house. The cathedral has been restored in more handsome form, and the consecration was its first great ceremonial occasion.

The Bishop-Elect had been accompanied from Montreal by Dean Carmichael and fifteen of his brother clergymen; fully eighty other priests attended. The consecrator was the Archbishop of Ontario, who came from England for the purpose of installing his coadjutor and handing the diocese over to his sole charge; the assistant bishops were their lordships of Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Huron, Niagara, Ottawa and Algoma, with Bishop Walker, of Buffalo, as guest. The procession, from the Synod Hall, of the lay delegates, the surpliced choir of fifty voices, clergy in surplices and bishops in their robes, gave indubitable evidence of church strength. The singing of the processional hymn and introit brought forth a great volume of devotional expression. The cathedral, pronounced by two of the bishops to be the finest Anglican church in Canada, demonstrated its capacity. The spacious and dignified chancel gave seats to the choir, bishops, visiting clergy, and the canons and rural deans of the diocese. The archbishop, who said the communion offices, was a pathetic figure, in his physical weakness, accentuated by the never-becoming mitre and by a trailing scarlet robe held up by choir boys; but there was no question of the vigour of mind or the rare quality of cultured and well-trained voice for which he has been distinguished. The Bishops of New York and Toronto were gospeller and epistoler; the Archdeacon of Kingston, Dr. T. Bedford Jones, sang the litany; and the venerable Bishop of Montreal preached forcibly, remarkably for one of eighty-six years, on the necessity of Christians taking heed unto themselves. His address to the Bishop-Elect, his warm friend and counsellor for many years, was fatherly and deeply impressive—just dramatic enough to be whole-



VERY REV. BUXTON B. SMITH, D.D., DEAN OF ONTARIO.

some. The consecration service was unquestionably grand, and conducted in perfect order and solemnity under Dean Smith and his priest-vicar, Rev. G. L. Starr. It raised the mind of visitors from other religious bodies above the thoughts of ritual or doctrinal differences to a sense of the beauty of holiness and of the propriety of a great temple of worship. It was an occasion not soon to be forgotten, especially by the church people of Kingston, who have brought their cathedral and its offices to a rank which no large city in Canada can hope to more than equal. The musical service was almost perfect.

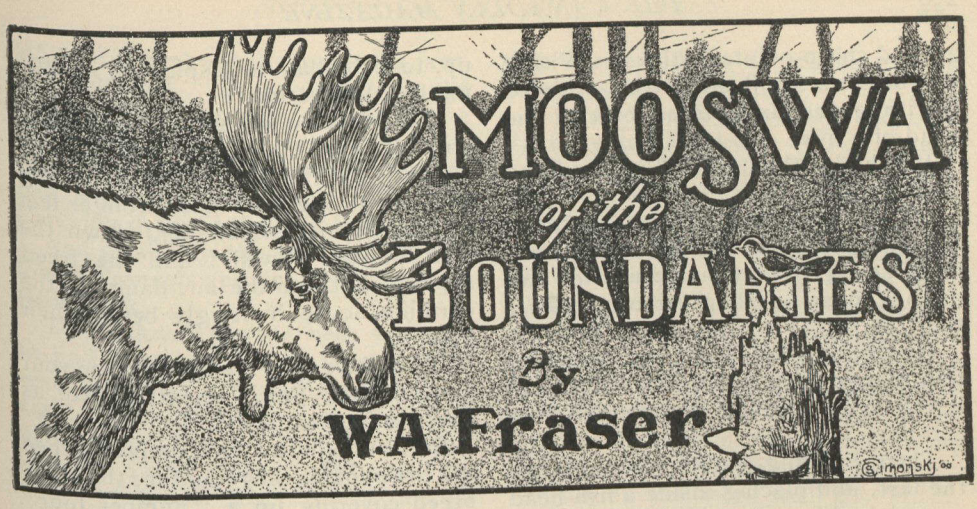
The addresses of clergy and laity, accompanying gifts of a pectoral cross and cathedral throne to the new Bishop of Kingston, were loyal, warm and hospitable, and his replies affectionate, hopeful, and impressive. That he had won all hearts was evident at the reception in the evening, when over fifteen hundred citizens of all classes, with visitors from the diocese, paid their respects. This welcome has been enthusiastically echoed in the parishes he has already visited on a tour of the diocese undertaken immediately. Such personal popularity is rare, and the Synod of Ontario enters on its second epoch under the happiest of conditions and with the courage of fresh hope and strengthened resolve.

AN INDIAN LULLABY.

SLEEP my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the marsh-bird's cry ;
The sighing breeze in the forest trees
Shall be thy lullaby.
Thy father tracketh the wounded bear,
The moose to its covert flies ;
But my little papoose can have no care,
With sleep in his coal-black eyes.
So, sleep my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the marsh-bird's cry ;
The sighing breeze in the forest trees
Shall be thy lullaby.

Sleep my little papoose, sleep on,
Sleep sound on the wigwam floor ;
Soon thy shaft shall find the mountain hind,
And thy knife be dipped in war.
The Big Chief camps on the coyote's trail,
There's blood in the western sky ;
But my little papoose hears not the wail,
With sleep in his coal-black eye.
So, sleep my little papoose, sleep on,
Nor hark to the bittern's cry,
Lest the sombre rhymes in the sachem pines
Should be thy lullaby.

Claude Bryan.



CHAPTER V.—THE GAME OF SLIDE.

"ROYAL Son," said the Red Widow next morning, "what is the burrow of the Menkind like?"

"Ask Carcajou when he comes, mother," replied Black Fox; and he related the incident of the night before.

"Are you sure, son, that the Kitman's mother is not with him?"

"No, dame, she is not."

"Then he will get into trouble—that is certain. Well, son, together we must advise against this slayer who has the cunning of Carcajou and the Man-knowledge of Wie-sah-ke-chack."

"What shall we do, dame?"

"Now, thy red brother, Speed, must take the message to the strong runners of our comrades, Mooswa and the others, to meet as has been arranged; and when François has passed with the traps, go you five after the Man and gain knowledge of where they are placed, and do the things that are necessary for safety in the Boundaries. The watcher over Animals has sent snow last night for the first time this year, so your task will be easy. Just the length of a brisk run higher up the Pelican is a cut-bank with a hole as good as this. Before you were born, with your beautiful silver coat, I lived there. Now, François, even as he told the Man-cub, will trap here, and who knows but he may put the fire-medicine with its poison breath in the door of our burrow, and seek to drive us out to be killed?"

"That is true, most wise mother; the sight of the twisting red-poison is more dreadful than anything; for it smothers and eats up, and is swift as the wind, and it spreads like the flood in the river, and it fears neither Man nor Beast."

"Well, son, while you follow the trail of this evil Trapper, I, with all your brothers, will go to the other burrow."

So while Speed glided swiftly through the Boundaries uttering his whimper-call to Muskwa, Rof, Mooswa and Carcajou, François and Rod each shouldered a bag of traps and started to lay out, for the winter's hunt, the Marten road, as was called a big circle of traps extending perhaps thirty miles.

The Boy was filled with eager, joyous anticipation. During his school-days in town he had thought and dreamed of the adventurous, free life of the fur trapper in the great Northern spruce forests. That was chiefly because it was bred in the bone with him.

"Here is de Marten tracks," cried François, stopping suddenly; and with precise celerity he built a little converging stockade, by placing in the

ground sharp-pointed sticks. Within this he set a small steel trap, covered it with leaves, and placed beyond the head of a fish.

"What's that track?" asked the Boy.

"Cat," answered François; "dat's Mister Lynk. He like for smell some-t'ing, so I give him castoreum for rub on hes nose—perhaps some necktie, too."

He cut a stick four feet long and four inches thick and to the middle of it fastened a running noose made from cod-line.

Then, building a stockade similar to the last, and placing inside a fish-head smeared with castoreum, he bent down a small poplar and from it suspended the noose, at the entrance to the stockade.

"Now, Mister Lynk, he go for smell dat," explained François. "He put hes fat head t'rough dat noose; perhaps he don't get him out no more?"

They moved on; and behind, quite out of sight, but examining each contrivance of the Trapper, came Black Fox, Muskwa, Blue Wolf, Mooswa and Carcajou. Whisky-Jack was with them—now flying ahead to discover where the enemy was, now fluttering back with a dismal "Pee weep!"

Carcajou at times travelled on three legs. "Got a thorn in your foot?" queried the Jay solicitously.

"Toes are cold," answered Wolverine shortly.

"He-a-weep!" laughed Whisky-Jack sneeringly. "They were hot enough last night when you called on François."

"Hello!" Carcajou exclaimed suddenly, "I smell castoreum; or is it Sikak?"

When they came to a Lynx snare, almost immediately, he circled around gingerly in the snow, examining every bush and stick and semblance of track; then he peered in the little stockade. "It's all right," he declared; "that François is a double-dealing Breed. I have known him to set a snare like this for Pisew, and a little to one side put a number four steel trap, nicely covered up, to catch an unsuspicious, simple-minded Wolverine."

"But that's a snare for Pisew, right enough," continued Carcajou. "Watch me spring it!" he commanded, tearing with his strong jaws and stronger feet at the fastening which held down the bent poplar. Swish! and the freed sapling shot into the air, dangling the cordlike noose invitingly before their eyes."

"I believe they are heading for your house, Black Fox," remarked Rof as they trudged on again.

Sure enough, as the friends crouched in a little coulée they could see the Half-breed covering up a "number four" directly in front of Fox's hole. Near the trap François deposited two pieces of meat.

"If the old lady comes out she'll get her toes pinched," remarked Carcajou.

Black Fox laughed. "When François catches mother, we all shall be very dead."

When the Trapper had gone, the comrades drew close and gingerly reconnoitred. "Only one trap!" cried Carcajou. "This is too easy." Cautiously fishing about in the snow he found a chain. Pulling the trap out, he gave it a yank—something touched the centre-plate, and it went off with a vicious snap that made their hearts jump.

"Is the bait all right, Whisky-Jack?" asked Black King. "Was there any talk of white powder?"

"There's nothing in it," replied the Bird; "I saw them cut the meat."

"Well, Jack and I will eat one piece; there's a piece for you, Rof. In this year of scarce food even the Death Bait is acceptable. Are you hungry, Muskwa?"

"No; I am sleepy. I think I'll go to bed to-morrow for all winter. You fellows have kept me up too late now."

"Give me a paw to break the ice in the stream, Muskwa—I'm going to cache this trap," said Carcajou.

"All right," yawned Bear; "I can hardly keep my eyes open. I'm afraid my liver is out of order."

Muskwa slouched down to the river.

Wolverine grabbed the trap in his jaws and followed. Bruin deftly scraped the snow to one side, uncovering a patch of the young ice, and two or three powerful blows from his mighty paw soon shivered a hole in it, and Carcajou dropped the trap through.

And so all day the conspirators followed François and the Boy, undoing their work.

To Muskwa's horror, near the nest he had prepared for his long winter's rest they found a huge Bear trap. At sight of its yawning jaws drops of perspiration dripped from Bruin's tongue. "Sweet sleep! Who in the name of forest fools told François where my house was?"

"Whisky-Jack, likely," snapped Carcajou malignantly.

"Not I," declared Jay. "I swear it! I keep the law. What evil I've got to say of anyone I say to his face; I'm no traitor. You're a thief, Carcajou—your ears were cut off for stealing! But did I ever accuse you of betraying our comrades?"

"Never mind," answered Wolverine; "I didn't mean it. Nobody told François; it was the trail of your own big feet, Muskwa."

"How shall we spring the trap?" asked Bear.

"Don't touch it," commanded Carcajou. "Just leave it and François will spend many days waiting for your thick fur."

"But if I 'hole-up' here the Man will break into my house and kill me while I sleep."

"How can he find you?" asked Jack incredulously. "It's going to snow again; you'll be all covered up deep; and he'll never know where you are."

"Won't he, little brother? Man is not so stupid. How do you suppose I breathe? There'll be a little hole right up through the snow, all yellow about the edges, and François will find that; also, if there's frost in the air he'll see my breath. No, I've got to make another nest now."

"We'll help you fix a new house," said Black King; "but you had better wait—perhaps this snow will go away; then there will be no tracks to lead Trappers to your nest."

"And to think how I worked over it," lamented Muskwa. "For a week I carried sticks until my arms ached, and scraped up leaves and spruce boughs and soft moss until my hands were sore. Umisk boasts about his old mud lodge, with the lower floor all flooded with water—its enough to give one rheumatism. I shouldn't like to live in a cold, cheerless place like that! If I had just pulled all that nice covering over me before the snow fell I should have been as comfortable as little Gopher in his hole."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Muskwa," said Black King; "we'll ask the old lady about this thing. You wouldn't mind a nice dry hole in a cut-bank somewhere, would you? She knows all the empty houses from Athabasca to Peel River. I am in the same fix myself, for the family are moving to-day."

"That's a King for you!" cried Whisky-Jack.

"Now, we'll go back," ordered Black Fox; "the Man has set all his traps. If you discover anything new, come to the dead cottonwood—the one that was struck by storm-fire—at Two Rapids, and give the Boundary call. I don't want you making a trail up to our new house for François to follow."

For the next few days François was busy completing his Marten road, quite unconscious of the undoing that had followed him. Fifteen miles out he constructed a small rest-house that would do for a night's camping; thus he could nicely go the round of his traps in two days. The people of the Boundaries watched him, and wherever they found a trap they sprang it and ate the bait. Winter had properly set in, streams were frozen up, the ground was covered with snow, and the days were very short. One morning the Red Widow heard Beaver's plaintive whistle from the cottonwood.

"Son," she cried to Black Fox, "Umisk calls. Something has gone wrong in the forest." The King turn-

ed over, stretched his sinewy legs, and yawned. It was a full-drawn, lazy protest against being roused from slumber, for a brace of pin-tail Grouse lying in a corner, gave evidence of much energy during the previous night.

"Bother this being King!" he yapped crabbedly. "To take care of one's own relatives is trouble enough. By the howl of a hungry Wolf! I saved Stripes from a trap yesterday—just in the nick of time to keep him from grabbing the bait. Now, Trowel-Tail is after me. This place was bad enough when there were only animals here."

Again Umisk's shrill little treble cut the keen, frosty air.

"Hurry, lad!" cried the Widow. "Probably his family is in trouble."

Black Fox stuck his head cautiously from the entrance to their burrow and peered through the massive drapery of birch-tree roots which completely veiled that part of the cut-bank. "Mother," he said, "make my brothers use the log-path when they're coming home, or François will hole us up one of these fine days."

"I have told them, son; your two brothers were cross-hatching the trail all yesterday afternoon. There are three blind holes within five miles up the stream, and to each one they have made a nice little false trail."

"That's all right, mother; we can't be too careful."

He stretched each hind leg far out, throwing his head high to loosen the neck muscles and expand his chest, then shook the folds of his heavy black coat and yawned again. Then, stooping low in the cave mouth, with a powerful spring he alighted upon a log which crossed from one bank of the stream to another. Umisk was whistling a quarter of a mile away down the left bank, but Black Fox started off up the right. As he trotted along he sang:

"The trail that leads from nowhere to nowhere,
Is the track of the King of the Tribe of Beware."

Suddenly he stopped, crept under a big log, and then emerged, tail first, backing up cautiously and putting his feet carefully down in the tracks he had made. "They'll find me asleep in there," he chuckled; then hummed softly:

"Under the log the King is asleep;
Creep gently, brother, creep;
Under the log is the old Fox nest;
Creep, brother—mind his rest."

Suddenly, jumping sideways over a great spruce lying prone on the ground, he started off again, singing merrily:

"The track that breaks,
Is a new track made;
For eyes are sharp
Where the nose is dead."

Down the stream, below where Umisk was waiting, Black King crossed, saying to himself: "Now, François, when I go home the trail will be complete, with no little break at my front door—dear François, sweet François!"

With Umisk was Carcajou waiting for the King. "What's up?" asked Black Fox.

"The Man has found us out," squeaked Umisk despairingly.

"Too bad, too bad!" cried the King with deep sympathy in his voice. "Anything happened — any one caught?"

"Nothing serious at present. One of the babes lost a toe—mighty close shave."

"How did the Breed work it? The old game of breaking in your house—the burglar?"

"No; that's too stupid for François. Muskegs! but he *is* clever. The thing must have been done last night. He cut a hole in the ice of my pond near the dam, then shoved a nice, beautiful piece of poplar, with a steel trap attached, down into the water—one end in the mud, you know, and the other up in the ice. Of course it froze solid there. First-Kit, that's my eldest son, saw it in the morning, and thinking one of our breadsticks had got away, went down to bring it back. Mind you, I didn't know anything about this; he is an ambitious little chap and wanted to do it all himself. Of course the

poplar was fast—he couldn't budge it; so he climbed up to cut it off at the ice, with the result that he sprang the trap and incidentally lost a toe."

"It's great schooling for the children, though, isn't it?" remarked Black King, trying to put a good face on affairs.

"It's mighty hard on their toes," whined Beaver. "Hope it wasn't his nippers—forgot to look into that."

"Nothing like bringing them up to take care of themselves," declared Carcajou. "All the same, my woodchopper friend, you just cut off that stick and float it with the trap to one of your air-holes; I'll cache it for François."

"I was thinking of keeping it," added Umisk, "to teach the youngsters what a trap is like."

"Well, just as you wish; only I'll go and make a greenhorn trail from the spot off into the woods, so our busy friend will think I've taken it—Hello, Nekik!" he continued, as Otter came sliding through the snow on his belly; "has François been visiting you, too?"

"I don't know; there is something the matter with my slide. It isn't as I left it yesterday."

"Birds of a feather! Birds of a feather!" screamed Whisky-Jack, fluttering to a limb over their heads. "What's the caucus about this morning—discussing the chances of a breakfast this year of starvation and scarcity of Wapoos? Mild winter! but I had a big feed. The Boy no more knows the value of food than he knows the depravity of Carcajou's mind."

"Great hand for throwing away hot pork, isn't he, Jack?" asked Wolverine innocently.

The Jay blinked his round, bead eyes, snapped his beak, and retorted: "They put in their evenings laughing over the roasting you got when you dropped into the fire."

"Where's François, babbler?" asked the King.

"Gone out to bring in Deer meat."

"Did he make a kill?"

"U-h-huh! my crop is full."

"Not Mooswa?" broke in Black King with a frightened voice.

"No—Caribou. Such a big shovel to his horn, too—must have been of the knowledge age. Ugh! should have known better than to let a Man get near him. Of course, François stuck the head on a tree to make peace with Manitou, and I'm fixed for a month. But you had better keep away, Carcajou, for he's getting a train of Dogs."

"Dogs!" growled Blue Wolf, coming into the circle; "who's got Dogs?"

"You'll have them—on your back, presently," snapped the Jay. "Saw you sniffing around there last night. If your jaws were as long as your scent you would have had that leg off the roof—eh, Rof? Burnt feathers! but I smell something," he continued. "Has any one found a castoreum bait and got it in his pocket? I don't mean you, Beaver; you don't smell very bad. Oh! here you are, Sikak; it's you—I might have known what sweet forest flower had cut loose from its stalk. Have you been rolling in the dead rose leaves this morning, my lover of perfume?"

The white-striped Skunk, ready to resent any insult, pattered with quick, mincing little steps into the group, his back humped up and his terrible tail carried high.

"Smothered anybody this morning, Sikak?" asked the Bird.

A laugh went around the circle at Jack's sally, for Skunk's method of fighting did not meet with universal approval. Blue Wolf thought Sikak was a good piece of meat quite thrown away. When hungry he could manage Badger, or even Porcupine; but Skunk! Ur-r-r, agh!

"Good-morning, Your Majesty!" said Lynx as he arrived.

"How is everybody up your way?" queried Jack. "How are all the young Wapooses?" Lynx grinned deprecatingly.

"Pisew is not likely to forget the Law of the Seventh Year," remarked Carcajou with a sinister expression,

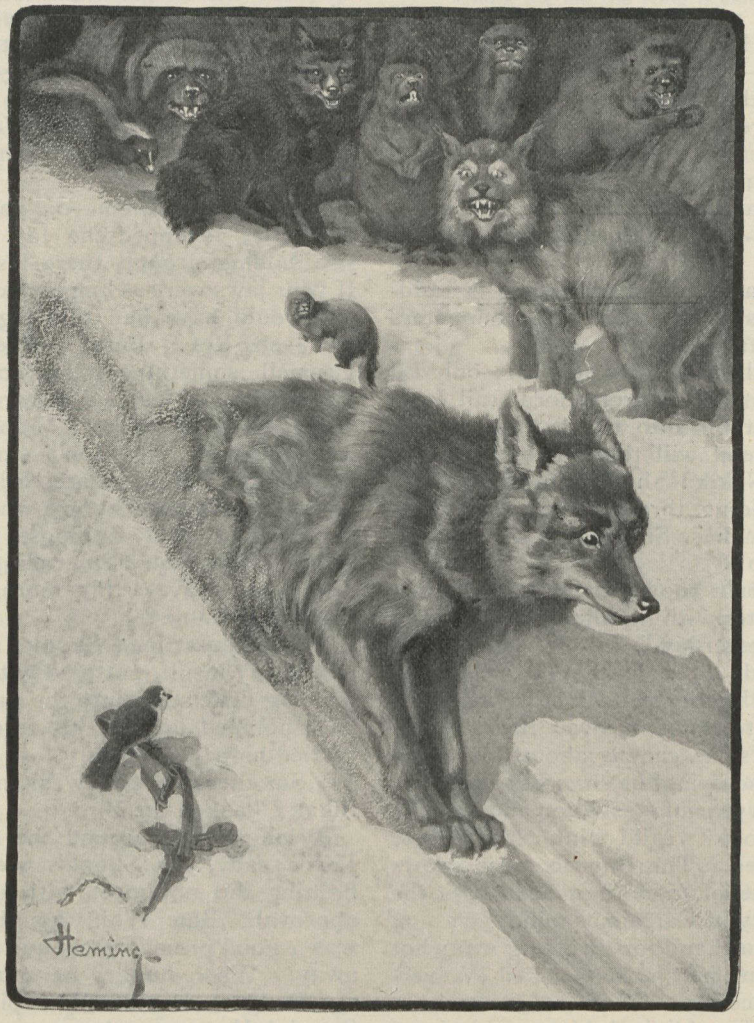
"so he's not so interested in young Wapoos as he used to be."

"What is the meeting for?" asked Lynx.

"François has been visiting the pond of our little comrade, Umisk," replied Black King.

community must have fishery laws, and have its fisheries protected."

The Otter slide was exactly like a boy's coasting chute on a hill. A smooth, iced trough ran down the snow-covered bank, for a matter of fifteen feet, to the stream's edge, and



BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS. DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

"Rof was going with such speed . . . . that he couldn't gather for a spring."

"And has been at my slide, too," declared Otter.

"Well, comrades, we had better go with Nekik and examine into this thing," commanded the King.

"Oh, of course," cried Jack; "every

ended in an ice-hole that Otter managed to keep open all winter. Generally speaking, it was Nekik's entrance to his river home, and, in the event of a danger that demanded a quick disappearance, he could shoot down it and

into the water like a bullet. It was also a playground for Otter's family, their favourite pastime being to glide helter-skelter down the chute and splash into the stream.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Black Fox. "There's a nasty odour of Man about, I admit, but your slide seems all clear and smooth."

"Something's been changed. I had a little drop put in the centre for the youngsters, and they liked it—thought it was like falling off a bank, you know; now that part is filled up nearly level, you see. I don't know what is in it—was afraid to look; but I think François has set a trap there."

"I'll find out," said Carcajou. "These traps all work from the top—I've discovered that much. If you keep walking about you're pretty sure to get into one of them, but if you sit down and think, and scrape sidewise a bit, you'll get hold of something that won't go off."

Talking thus, he dug with his strong claws at the edge of the slide. "I thought so," he exclaimed suddenly. "Here's a ring around a stake—I know what that means!"

Feeling for the chain, he presently pulled out a number four steel trap. With notched jaws wide open and tip-plate holding its flat surface up, inviting the loosening pressure, it was a vicious-looking affair.

"Let me spring it," said Wolf; "I'm used to them." Grabbing the chain end in his teeth, he threw the trap over his head as a dog does a bone in play, and when it came down the sides clanged together with hurried fondness.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" whistled Otter. "Something told me not to go down that slide. I felt it in my bones."

"You'd have felt it *on* your bones," piped Jay, ironically, if you had slid your fat belly over that trap."

"Oh, I'm just dying for a slide and a bath," continued Nekik; "here goes!"

"Wait a bit!" commanded Carcajou, grabbing him by the shoulder; "don't be too eager. That isn't François's lucky trap. If he has discovered your front stream you can just depend upon it his lucky trap is laid away somewhere for you—it's got two red bands painted on the spring."

As these words of wisdom fell from Carcajou's lips his comrades gathered their feet more closely under them, and apprehensively searched the surrounding territory with their eyes. "Where will it be?" cried Nekik, distressedly.

"In the water," answered Carcajou with brief decision.

"Dreadful!" whimpered Otter.

"François is a heartless wretch," declared Beaver. "He tried to play that trick on me."

"Where was that, Paddle-Tail?" queried Jack.

It was when I lived up on Pembina River. You know the way with us Beavers—we always take a month or two of holiday every summer and visit our friends. It was in June, I remember. I opened the lodge to let it air, and started down stream with my whole family. Of course we passed many Beaver roads running to the river, and when we came to one belonging to any of our friends we'd pull out of the stream and go up on the bank. Carcajou, you know the little round bowls of mud we Beavers leave on our river roads as visitors' cards?"

"Yes," replied Wolverine; "they're a rather good idea. You always know just who has passed, don't you?"

"Yes, we can generally tell. Well, as I was saying, we went up the bank in one of these roads, and by the odour of the little clay mound I knew that Strong Jowl, a cousin of mine, was just inside the wood—or had been. So the family went among the poplars to have a bite to eat, and just as we were felling a tree whom should I see but François drifting down the river in his canoe. We kept pretty close, you had better believe. When the Breed came opposite our road he stopped his canoe, let it drift gently up to the bank, pulled out a trap and set it in muddy water just at the foot of the path. He was clever enough not to touch the land, even with his paddle, so there was no

scent—nothing to warn a poor Beaver of the danger. Then he floated on down. If I had not seen the whole thing this depraved taker of our lives would have caught me sure ; for you know how we go into the water, Nekik, just as you do—heads and hands first."

"That's an old trick of François's," exclaimed Carcajou, "and you'll find that is just what he has done here. If Mister Nekik will feel gently at the foot of his slide he will find something hard and smooth—not at all like a stick or a stone."

"Fat Fish ! but I'm afraid of my fingers ! " whistled Otter.

"Is Nekik afraid to safeguard his own slide ? " sneered Whisky-Jack.

"Shut up, Quarrel-maker ! " interposed the King. "You know Otter is one of the pluckiest fighters inside the Boundaries. It's only brainless chaps who tackle things they know nothing about."

"Dive their beaks into hot pork, Your Most Wise Majesty ! " echoed Lynx with a fawning smile.

"Sakwasew will look for the trap," exclaimed Lynx as Mink, attracted by their chatter, came wandering down the stream. "Here, little Blacktail," he continued, "just dip into the hole there and look for evidence of François's deviltry."

"It's against the law of the Boundaries," pleaded Mink, "for me to use Otter's ice-hole. By the kink in my tail, I'm not like some of my comrades, always breaking the laws."

"Aren't you, Mink ? Who cut the throats of Gray Hen, the Grouse's children, last July, when they were still in their pin-feathers ? But I suppose that isn't breaking the Law of the Boundaries," cried Lynx, taking Mink's observation to himself.

"Stop wrangling, you subjects ! " commanded Black King, and the silver fur on his back stood straight up in anger. "I'll order Rof to thrash you soundly if you don't stop this."

Pisew slunk tremblingly behind a tree, and Carcajou, humping his back, exclaimed : "Brother Nekik, I'll fish out that trap for you ; I'm sure it's there—my good nose lines the track of a Man straight to the hole."

In less than two minutes he triumphantly swung a steel-jawed thing up on the bank. "There, what did I tell you ? " he boasted proudly. "But the ring is on a stout root or stick—cut it off, Umisk, with your strong chisel-teeth, and Fisher will carry it up that big hollow poplar and cache it in a hole."

"I will, if you spring the jaws first," agreed Fisher.

Otter was overjoyed. "This is fine ! " he cried ; "I'll be back in a minute ! " And he darted down the slide as an Indian throws the snake-stick over the snow.

"What fine sport ! " remarked Carcajou, when Nekik came up again, shaking the water from his strong, bristled moustache.

"Shall we have some games ? " suggested the King. "I'll give a fat Pheasant to the one who slides down Nekik's chute best—that is, of course, barring Nekik himself."

"But the water, Your Majesty," interposed Pisew.

"I don't want to wet my feet," pleaded Wapistan, the Marten. If you'll make the race up a tree I will take part."

"So will I," concurred Fisher.

"Or three miles straight over the hill," suggested Blue Wolf.

"Make it a wrestling match," said Carcajou.

"No, no," declared Black King. "No one need go in the hole, of course. When you come to the bottom, spring over to the ice—that will be part of the game."

After much wrangling and discussion they all agreed to try it. Mink went first, being more familiar with slides, for he had a little one of his own. He did it rather nicely, but, forgetting to jump at the bottom, dove into the water.

"That rules you out," decided the King. "You left the course. Go on, Rof."

Blue Wolf fixed himself gingerly at the upper end of the slide and, at the

last minute, decided to take it sitting, riding down on his great haunches. This worked first-rate until the ice was reached. Rof was going with so much speed by this time that he couldn't gather for a spring; his hind quarters slipped through the hole, which, being just about his size, caused him to wedge tight. He gave a roar of surprise that made the woods ring, for the stream was icy cold.

"Keep your nose above water or you'll drown, old Bow-wow," piped Jay. It took the combined strength of Beaver and Carcajou to pull the grumbling animal out.

"By the white spot on my tail," laughed Black King, "but I thought for a time you were going to win. Your turn, Pisew." Lynx made a grimace of dislike for his cat nature revolted at the thought of water; but he crept on to the slide with nervous steps.

"You won't get in the hole," jeered Jack; "your feet are too big." Pisew tried it standing up, with arched back, for all the world like a cat on a garden fence. As he neared the bottom at lightning speed confusion seized him—he tried to spring, but only succeeded in throwing a half somersault—and plunged headlong into the water. The Jay fairly screamed with delight. "Didn't scorch his tongue a bit!" he cried. "Give him the tail feathers of the Pheasant to dry his face with, oh, Your Majesty! Ha, ha, ha! Pe-he-e-e!"

Pisew scrambled out, filled with morose anger. "That's another failure," adjudged the King. "Who is next?"

"Carcajou's turn," instigated Whisky-Jack. "He knows all about sliding up and down chimneys—he'll win, sure!"

"I shall try it," grunted the fat little chap; "but if you make fun of me, Jack, I'll wring your neck first chance I get." Wolverine shuffled clumsily to the starting-post, studied the slide critically for a minute with his little snakelike eyes, then deliberately turned over on his back and prepared for the descent.

"Tuck in your ears!" shouted Whisky-Jack. Now, this was an insult. Carcajou's ears were so very short that they were generally supposed to have been cut off for stealing. However, Wolverine started, tail first, holding his head up between his forepaws to judge distances. When he struck the bottom his powerful hind feet jammed into the snow, and the speed of his going threw him safely over on the ice, where he landed right side up, on all fours.

"Capital! Capital!" yapped Black King, patting his furred hands together in approval. "That will be pretty hard to beat. Skunk, you're a clever little fellow—see if you can make a tie of it with Carcajou."

Sikak moved up to the slide with a peculiar rocking-horse-like gallop. Taking his cue from Carcajou, he decided to go down the same way. Now, in the excitement of the thing, all the animals had gathered close to the slide, lining it on both sides.

Skunk had never travelled in this way before, and was nervous. During his delay in getting a straight start, Carcajou and Mink, half way down, got into an altercation about a good seat that each claimed.

"Keep it then, Glutton," whined Sakwasew, starting across the chute. As he did so, Skunk got away rather prematurely, coming down with the speed of a snow-slide off a roof. He struck Mink full amidship, and his anger was furious. A wild scramble took place.

"Fat Hens!" shrieked Black King, as he fled through the forest, his long brush tail trailing in the snow.

"I'm choking!" screamed Carcajou. "Was there ever such an odoriferous chap on the face of the earth?" and he scurried away with his short legs, just for all the world like a Bear cub.

Fisher climbed a tree in hot haste, as did Marten. Mink dove into Otter's hole and disappeared. Even the Jay clasped one claw over his nose and flew wildly through the forest, almost knocking out his brains against bran-

ches. In ten seconds there was no one left on the ground but poor little white-striped Skunk. The collision had sent him rolling over and over down to the ice bottom of the stream. He got up, shook himself, used some very bad animal language, and slunk away to his family to tell them of the trick that Carcajou and Mink had played him.

"That glutton was afraid I'd win the Pheasant," he confided to Mrs. Sikak, "but I broke up the party anyway."

To be Continued.

THE HORNS OF THE ALTAR.

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND STORY.

By Annie Ashmore.

ONE sultry day in June a tall, pale girl was driven into the grassy yard of Wyndham Farm, and assisted to alight by the hotel team-driver. The man then went to the kitchen door and summoned the house-mistress.

"Won't you take a boarder?" asked the stranger timidly; "the hotel is full, and I—I would try to be no trouble."

"I don't take 'em, as a general rule," returned Mrs. Wyndham, with a sharp glance at the slim, graceful figure before her; "I guess Peter's Mary-Anne would take ye in."

As she spoke, something in the sweet, downcast face of the young woman smote the plump little house-wife with pity.

"Where ye come from?" she parleyed.

"The Upper Provinces—Montreal. I have been travelling three days."

A slim hand fluttered to her heart as she leaned against the garden gate; her lips quivered and turned white.

"Ye been sick, ain't ye?"

"Not very well," replied the stranger faintly.

"Ye pore dear! Come right in. I'll take ye an' welcome," pulling her into the honeysuckle-wreathed porch.

"I thank you from my heart! My name is Belmont—Frida Belmont. I want rest—and quiet."

"You'll git it here! I guess ye want some mothering, too, ye pore child!"

"I do, indeed!" murmured Miss Belmont, with her great dark eyes full of tears.

"My only darter is married an' livin' in Californy; we'll jist make out she's come home for a spell!" said Mrs. Wyndham, kissing her. It was an all-sufficient welcome.

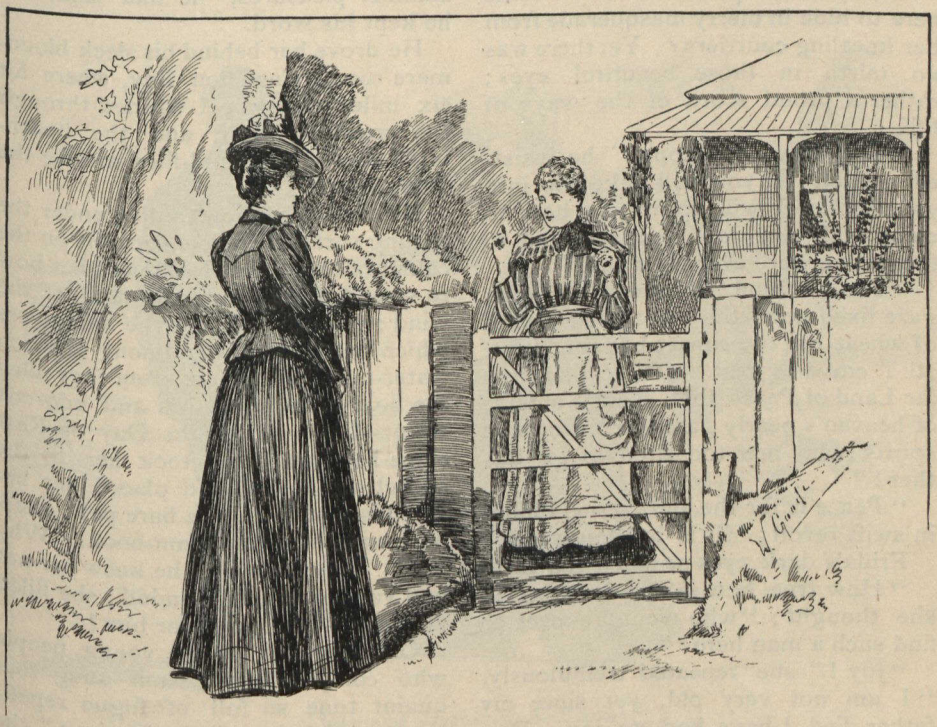
Surely the Garden of Canada! Like a baby's pinafore it stretches along the northern shore of Nova Scotia, with irregular bays for arm-holes, and for hem the red cliffs which pile up the waters of Northumberland Strait as they dash against it. Spacious are the fields that march over hill and hollow; luxuriant the yellow wheat that dips before the salt breeze; heavy the tossing flower of red clover and bending swathes of timothy.

Down the mile-long furrow moves the plump plough-horse unhindered by stone or stump; the friable soil is clean of all that could blunt the most delicate machinery. Like English squires, the farmers dwell upon their mammoth farms, loading their schooners with rich produce for other lands, adding year by year to their bank account in Summerside or Charlottetown,

sending their sons and daughters to College if so inclined. Keen politicians and zealous churchmen are they, members of the Local House and elders in the sects to which they belong ; men of high intelligence, whose sons have brought lustre to the fair land of their birth, which fondly they call "The Island," as if there were but one.

The world knows this strip upon the map as Prince Edward Island.

Castellon Bay lies on the north shore, extending for miles along a smooth sandy beach, where the Gulf waters thunder in time of storm, or eddy in fairy circlets before summer zephyrs. Fishing-huts crown the sand-cliffs where during the season the farmers' sons and their men sleep and eat. Sheltered behind these sand ramparts lie the homesteads in warm pockets of the hills where scarce the moan of ocean can be heard, and an almost tropical temperature brings the vegetation to an extraordinary fertility. Here reigns the farmer's wife supreme while her men are fishing.



"I don't take 'em, as a general rule, returned Mrs. Wyndham.

Philip, the only son, found Frida Belmont sitting on the front door-step when he came home in the rosy evening. He was the pride of Castellon Bay ; a graduate of Dalhousie College, a genius, and the winner of the Dominion Scholarship, which entitled him to three years' study in Oxford or Edinburgh University. Withal he had the humility of the poetical temperament to whom truth is supreme.

"I jest had to take her," whispered his mother in the kitchen ; them white cheeks of hers would melt a heart of stone. Be good to her, Phil ; you know how to talk to her."

Then she led him round to the front door.

"My son Philip," she said proudly, and left them together.

Miss Belmont turned listlessly to the farm lad, but the penetrating eyes which met hers belonged to no yokel. A young man of magnificent proportions stood there gazing earnestly upon her.

"You are welcome to Wyndham Farm, Miss Belmont," he said, with his fisherman's hat in his hand; "I hope you will be happy here."

"Happy?" A bitter smile curved her lips.

Philip's heart beat fast. Was this wan lady some queen of courts come here to hide in merry masquerade from her kneeling courtiers? Yet there was no mirth in those beautiful eyes; rather a proud scorn of the ways of life.

"Yes, why not happy?" he insisted gently. If you will take me into your service I will show you how to enjoy each day as it passes, and to forget you were ever ill or sad."

"You are kind," she answered, with gaze fixed upon the red-tipped spikes of wheat on the sunset horizon, "but all I crave is rest. Oh, to find that far Land of Peace that swings outside of heaven's pearly gates for the broken spirits who are too tired to go farther!"

"Peace is for the old," cried Philip, in swift revolt; "it is joy you want!"

Frida's dark eyes scanned his face.

"How true, how sincere he seems!" she thought; "who would expect to find such a man here?"

"Joy!" she repeated tremulously. "I am not very old, yet since my father died I have had no joy. Forgive me! If I had not lost my nerves I should not have spoken so to a stranger!" She gazed doubtfully at him through rising tears.

"I shall be your servant to make this quiet spot pleasant for you," answered Philip; "and perhaps some day you will call me your friend."

The girl held out her hand impulsively. "I will call you my friend now," she exclaimed, "for I know you are true."

As the boy took that little hand in his firm grasp his heart thrilled with an unknown joy. Destiny stood there, invisible, with her fingers for the knitting and her shears for the severing.

So it came to pass that Philip Wyndham took his mother's boarder in charge. He never doubted her. With a poet's eyes he saw the lovely product of a larger civilization; she was his sovereign lady to whose service he was devoted.

"I shall show you The Island's summer pleasures," he had said, and he kept his word.

He drove her behind his sleek bloodmare round Castellon Bay, where for six miles one wheel whirled through the creaming surf, and the beach-birds chased the sand-flies among the foam flakes.

He taught her how to dive under the curling surf and to float securely on the calm sea beyond. He showed her how to steer a boat, and row against the wind; to scull through the salt rivers which bored their way among the rich water-meadows, where often they filled the boat with purple iris and odorous water-lilies. When the Day of Rest came he it was who took her to the church on the hill, and placed her beside his mother in the bare pew, sharing with her his hymn-book. Why not? The days when he knew her not had vanished from his mind; she filled all heaven and earth for him!

One day the tanned young people who composed the choir sang that quaint tune so full of fugue repetitions, which is called "Desire;" the counters chasing the trebles, and the seconds following hard after the basses. All at once Philip knew that Frida was singing at his side:

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And cast a wishful eye
> On Canaan's fair and happy land,
> Where my possessions lie."

Pale and transfixed the boy listened as might the formless earth on that far day when God called it forth from chaos; so pure, so silver-sweet, so perfect were the tones. She sang softly; and softer yet when the people

turned amazedly to listen; and then she seemed to sing for him alone.

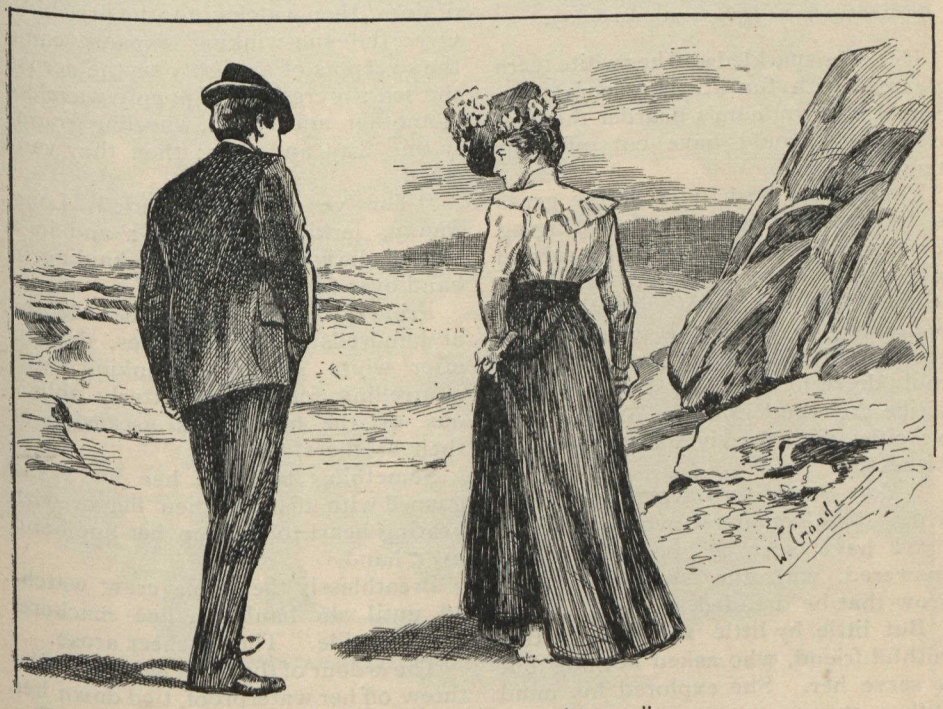
A lonely spirit, yearning for that which no earthly love can give, spoke in that thrilling voice; and he—what had he to give her? His whole being bowed in worship before the stranger.

"Phil," said his mother one evening; "are ye settin' your heart on that young girl that ye know nothin' about?"

"Mother!" he cried, "she is far above me! Can't you see that?"

"Stuff!" retorted Mrs. Wyndham sharply; ain't you as good a scholar as she is? Maybe better. An' here's a farm second to none comin' to ye by and by."

"Mother, hush!" cried the boy with tears in his eyes; "you don't understand!"



"July and August passed away."

July and August passed away. Nature was kind to Frida Belmont, and the gladness of life had come to her as the roses bloomed on her pale cheeks. Gradually her sadness and preoccupation left her, and with charming gaiety she interested herself in the duties of the farm: churning the butter for her hostess, picking the fruit for market, or making bouquets after a fashion unknown before, and vastly admired.

As the fishermen cleaned the fish on the staging after a long day's work many a glance was cast towards the path that led to the farmhouse in expectation of the tall, slim figure in the simple gown. Frida well knew what they hoped for, and who so gay as she, tripping down the springy boarding to some old stave?

"Oh the clang of the wooden shoon!
Oh the dance and the merry tune!"

Tramp! tramp! tramp! the men's sea-boots kept time, while a joyous cheer made her welcome. Then a throne of barrels and boxes must be built, and there in the summer moonlight she sat above them all and sang whatsoever they asked for, while Philip

watched her sweet face in a golden dream.

Now it would be a wild Gaelic moan for the boys whose Highland parents were in Cape Breton or Lochaber:

"Eirigh agus tin gainu;
O farewell, farewell to Fieunary!"

and the lads bent low over their tubs, thinking of the wash of Big Bras D'Or upon the black rocks, and the cottage on the shore. Then a gay screed to make all bright again:

"O here we are, three merry, merry boys,
Just come home from South Amerik-y."

Her eyes sparkled and her white teeth gleamed with fun at these comrades. For Mrs. Wyndham's boarder the honest fellows would have cut off their hands.

Philip loved best to lie on the grass at her feet and tempt her into singing for him, while the angel voice carried him up to a paradise, and his heart seemed like to burst with pleasure. Sometimes in return he would recite quaint old English plays, which he could do right well, and she would describe the wonders of art in the world's old cities with the vividness of an eye-witness.

"You seem to have been everywhere!" he exclaimed on one occasion.

"I have seen a good deal," she answered, with the shadow on her brow that he dreaded.

But little by little she bent to this faithful friend, who asked nothing but to serve her. She explored his mind with a strange eagerness; a mind so lofty and so pure that insensibly she bowed in homage before it, and the sovereign lady kneeled to the vassal. Strange questions in ethics she asked him; suppositious cases which haunted the boy's mind afterward with heavy forebodings. He longed to gain her confidence, yet dare not ask for it; with grudging hands he tried to hold back the swiftly passing days.

The mackerel fishing was abundant that year, and one morning Philip took his charge out for a long promised share in the sport.

Merry as a child was she that brilliant dawn when she danced down the sand to the boat, and took the tiller-rope to steer in the van of the whole Castellon fleet.

"I am *fey* with delight!" she said to Philip, merrily.

Three miles out from land they cast anchor and scattered the bait, while Philip taught her how to cast the long line and wind it up again; and the crew of six men each arranged a couple of lines, then watched for the first bite. Over the sun-winking expanse came the sweep as of a mighty scythe across the sea; a crescent of popply wavelets —another, and a third, wheeling grandly this way and that; then they vanished.

"They've struck!" cried Long Sandy, jerking his elbow; and in a second the whole crew were hauling in hand over fist.

Frida gazed into the green depths at hundreds of dark shapes, darting after white specks of sinking bait, quarrelling for tit-bits, utterly oblivious of the mysterious ascension of their brothers.

Something twitched her line; she gasped with dismay, then began with beating heart to pull up her line hand over hand.

Breathlessly the whole crew watched until she hauled a fine mackerel over the side. Then a cheer arose.

The ardour of the sport held her. She threw off her waterproof, tied down her hat, and stood up to her work. The hours sped by; the sun blazed on the languid waters, but the city lady was unconscious of fatigue. Her dark eyes sparkled with glee; her cheeks rivalled the damask rose; the Spirit of Joy stood in Philip Wyndham's fishing boat that day.

"We must knock off; it is noon," he said, regretfully, and the men began to draw up the anchor.

Then a wonderful thing was seen. The "schools" massed; a multitude of fish appeared all round the boat, thronging upon each other in countless

millions, until a St. Peter, minus faith, might almost have walked the sea.

In a trice the men had out their gaffs and were spearing the victims into the tubs, and even dipping them up by the score with their hands.

In astonishment Frida gazed through the bottle-green water at the packed throng; they were so tame she could almost lay her finger on their little heads.

Philip took the delicate little hand which he tenderly examined. "I shall bind it up," he said, "and you will not suffer long."

"Suffer!" she repeated, with a strange laugh; "I shall never suffer again! You have healed me."

The lad's face paled.

"What have I done?" he stammered.

"You have taught me that truth

"I have sent my answer; I go to-morrow."

Before fifteen minutes the boat was loaded to the gunwale and headed for home, the red flag of success flying at the peak, to show the fleet they had been "lucky."

The girl leaned back, exhausted, in the stern. The wide sail stretched between them and the crew.

"Never have I been so happy!" she smiled; "and see my battle scars." Her forefinger was deeply cut by the line.

and purity are worth all the wealth and fame in the world," she answered, "and I am going to make this sweet sanctuary my home, and teach music for a living." With a defiant smile she said it, laying her wounded hand upon his breast as if in witness to her vow.

Philip kissed the little hand with a blinding flash of joy. The crowning hour of his life had come. That evening when the great catch of fish had

been packed away, he changed his fisherman's garb and hastened home with an eager step.

She was not on the doorstep under the honeysuckle. Ah, well! she must be tired. He would find her in the little parlour crooning wordless melodies like a bird in the dark, but no! she was not there. A dreary blankness overhung the house.

He found his mother in the dairy turning the great cream-cheeses.

"Where is Miss Frida to-night?" he asked; "is she very much fatigued?"

"Not as I see," answered Mrs. Wyndham, regarding the boy's glittering eyes keenly. "She's been gayer than a lark ever sence she come home with her fish. She's off to the rocks to watch the boats come in this hour past."

Without a word he sped away, while his mother watched him anxiously.

The moon cut silver notches in the wet sand ripples; the wash of the waves sounded far away.

Half-way across the beach a boy on horseback passed him with a folded letter in his hand. Philip recognized him with an uneasy surprise as the telegraph messenger from the village.

On the dark ledge of rocks that shut in Castellon Bay he found her, crouching in the moonlight, pale and cold as stone.

"What—what has happened?" gasped the boy, bending over her.

A telegram was in her hand. Dumbly she held it out.

"*Your mother is dying. You must return.*"

"Then you leave us?" His lips were stiff.

She wrung her hands. "God knows whether it is not a lie!" she muttered, fiercely, "but true or false I must go since they have found me. I have sent my answer; I go to-morrow."

The liquid music of falling waves; the merry laughter of the fishermen across the silver sea filled the stunned pause.

"Philip," cried the girl, "I thought I had a right to my own woman's honour, but they drag me from my sanctuary!"

"Your honour?" he repeated, hoarsely; "who can dare to assail your honour? I will guard it against the world!"

"You cannot. I have not told you. I am a runaway wife. She made me marry a man I loathe because he held my future in his hands, and she is ambitious for me. I thought I could do it, but—I left him on the marriage day."

Shuddering, she cowered on the cold ledge of rock, and hid her face.

A sob of anguish tore from the young man's throat as he knelt beside her. Not for himself did he weep, although hope and love were in ruins; but for her—for her, his queen!

"They pluck me from the very horns of the altar," she moaned, "and like the fugitive of old I must go."

"Frida! Frida!" cried Philip, wildly.

She laid her trembling hands upon his shoulders; with a last lingering look she gazed upon the noblest man she had ever known.

"I know, my Philip," she whispered, "and death is not more bitter. God repay you for your truth and sacrifice to me."

She kissed him once; it was their farewell.

A few weeks afterwards one of Canada's greatest singers fell dead of heart disease on the boards of her husband's opera house in a provincial city. There were whispers of a forced marriage, and a selfish mother wild with remorse.

Young, gifted and beautiful Elfrida Belmontaine went to her rest mourned by a whole nation, and loved by one man.

"You are mine now, my Frida!" he said, and the frost-bound heart broke its bands.

All that was years ago. Philip Wyndham is a famous poet now; like the bird with the thorn in its breast, he sings to a suffering world because he too has suffered.

MANSFIELD, M.D.

By H. A. Keays.

AFTER their consultation the two doctors left the house together. They had met over this case many times now, for it was one which baffled them equally.

After an April day of delusive sunshine, it was a stormy night. The wind sissed landwards from off the black-booming lake, with the edge of a sickle against the corn, and the eager buds, bursting with promise of fruit and flower, shrivelled and died in their fragrant birth. At the corner, where their ways forked, the younger man would have hurried away, but the old doctor hesitated.

"Mansfield," he began, with evident reluctance, "you *are* engaged to Dora May?"

There was a peculiar insistence in his voice.

"Why certainly."

"Well, thank God, my good fellow, that you are, for I'll wager every hair on my head and go bald through all eternity if there's another such girl on this dirty earth."

"Oh, naturally, that's what I think," admitted Mansfield. But he spoke as if he hardly heard himself.

"I tell you that woman's a demon," Dr. Moodie continued with explosive irrelevance.

"What woman?"

The two words cut into the end of the old man's sentence like icicles fallen from some dim planet a million leagues away.

"What woman?" There was an inferno of indignation in the repeated question. "There is only one such woman, Mansfield, and you know it as well as I do."

With that the two men melted apart by mutual consent. Along with beards and bifurcation, the ability to say the last word soon enough may perhaps be reckoned an equally distinguishing masculine characteristic.

A few minutes later Dr. Mansfield entered Mrs. May's drawing-room. The girl, waiting for him, sprang up with a little cry.

"No, I shan't kiss you," she fumed with pretty petulance. "I've been waiting——"

He stooped down to her and, lifting her chin with one finger, calmly tilted her pouting lips to his.

"Oh, Apollo, what a superior caress!" she exclaimed rebelliously, but she subsided against his shoulder with a contented sigh, and began to pull the ends of his moustache with teasing fingers.

"But where have you been to-night?" she asked presently.

"Oh, visiting a patient," he answered carelessly. "You know, dear, a doctor's——"

"Yes, yes, now don't preach," she interrupted naughtily. "I quite understand that when I'm your wife I must never, never expect or even wish to see you except when nobody else wants to. But you know I'm not your wife yet."

"No."

She looked at him severely.

"You're sulky to-night."

"Sulky?"

"Yes, sulky. So sulky that if we were married—well, I suppose this is one of the times that you'd be whipping me or leading me about by my hair. Oh, yes, you would. Isn't it awful to think of? It's only because you haven't yet promised to love and cherish me until death do us part, that you don't——"

"Dora, Dora!" he protested.

"Do you know," she said unexpectedly, "I heard to-day that Mrs. Charters is dying?"

"Did you?"

"Yes. Isn't she?"

"Oh, Dora, don't let's talk 'shop.' I'm sick of my profession to-night."

"I don't want to talk 'shop,' Leonard. But if merely speaking of Mrs. Charters is talking 'shop,' why then, all the town talks 'shop.'"

Dr. Mansfield sat up straight.

"Dora, you know I never discuss my patients."

"Oh, Leonard, I'm not asking you to discuss her as a doctor. Can't you speak of her as a man?"

"As a man?" he repeated, staring at her. "Oh, as for that——" but instead of finishing his sentence, he got up and began to pace the long drawing-room restlessly. As the girl watched him her tender eyes glistened.

"Leonard, come here," she called out presently with pretty imperiousness. "Sit down at once. You look like an imprisoned tiger, and besides mamma says you are wearing out a regular track in the carpet."

He sat down silently. The girl leaned towards him and stroked his strong hands with timid, fitful fingers. There was a shadow on her lovely face.

"Do you know what I think, Leonard? I think that woman is a perfect fiend."

There was a passion, unfamiliar to him in the still intensity of her voice, and it almost seemed as if the very words must have turned to stare at themselves on her fair young lips.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, drawing his hands away from her as if her fingers were thorns, "That's the second time to-night I have been told that."

"Ah, then other people talk to you about her?"

She nodded her head convictingly.

But his lips were steeled to utterance again, and he let her talk on in unresisting silence.

"Aunt Belle told me such a lot today. I can't understand it. It really seems as if that woman has quite enough good in her to know she's bad. Why, if she was only all good, she'd be splendid, Leonard."

"Oh, I don't know, Dora. I'm not sure but what evil's a pretty jolly thing after all. It would be insufferably dull down here if it wasn't for the naughty people."

"Oh, then I suppose you'd like all the women in the world to be like Mrs. Charters?"

"Heaven forbid! I should be sorry to see wickedness lose its charm from lack of contrast, Dora," he said teasingly.

"Yes, but seriously, Leonard, I always felt as if that woman was a kind of leper. And she knew I did."

"Did she?"

"Oh, yes. I remember the first time she met you—a year ago at the Leslie's ball. She was lovely to you, just to spite me. Do you remember?"

Remember?

Does a man ever forget his first childish grief, his first childish joy, the unfading ecstasy of his heart's earliest dream, the last cold touch of love's dead lips?

Dr. Mansfield said nothing as he stroked his sweetheart's shimmering hair with a dull hand.

"That night I couldn't sleep, darling, thinking of her—and you," the girl went on, sweet and tremulous under his touch. "But after that I never worried, because I saw that you didn't care. Ah, you didn't know how I watched you, sir!"

"Did you, Puss?"

"And this morning when Aunt Belle said that Mrs. Charters had never failed to win any man she had set out to conquer, I didn't say a thing, because I wouldn't even mention her name with yours, Leonard; but oh! you don't know how proud of you I was in my heart. Oh, Leonard, I don't think you begin to know how much I love you."

With an exquisite yielding of herself, she lifted her suddenly wet eyes to his, and the young man gathered her close in his arms, while he murmured those love-worn words of which the ears of women have been covetous since that time so long ago when the first two souls discovered themselves in flesh.

"But I can't understand it, Leonard. Aunt Belle says she's so clever." She waited for him to speak.

"Yes."

"And awfully good-hearted."

"Yes."

"But she isn't what you'd call a beautiful woman?"

"No."

"And children just adore her. I think that's so strange, because, you know, they always say children judge character correctly by instinct."

"Yes."

"But she's not good, Leonard."

"No."

"And she didn't care a snap for her own poor little baby."

"No?"

"She's a cruel woman."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then how can she be kind-hearted, too?"

"I don't know."

"She took Jack Magill away from Bessie Call. She didn't care a bit for him, but they were engaged and happy, and that was enough. She separated the Willings, just because she thought Mr. Willing was too fond of his wife, I suppose. And think of all the young men she's held captive ever since she came to this town. And yet Aunt Belle, who hates her, actually said that for a downright good time she'd rather talk to her than to any other woman in this town."

"I dare say."

"Oh, what an uncommunicative boy!" the girl exclaimed petulantly. "You're as prickly as a burr to-night. I can't get anywhere near you."

"My dear," he said, elaborately widening his arms, "if this is what you want——"

But she beat him into silence with a sofa-cushion. Then she studied him with an elusive frankness which might have charmed him had he only eyes to note it.

"Leonard," she asked suddenly, "do *you* like Mrs. Charters?"

Far away in the big house a cuckoo-clock struck eleven in cadences which rose and fell in mournful unison with the wailing wind.

Dr. Mansfield rose abruptly.

"Dora, you will lose your beauty sleep. I must go, dear."

But she stood in front of him, her little hands clutching the edges of his coat.

"Do you, Leonard?" she repeated.

His clear blue eyes looked steadily into the soft, appealing brown of hers as he answered calmly, "I? Like her?"

He paused a moment, considering. "Why, Puss, I think I hate her," he said deliberately.

A sob broke from the girl.

"Why, darling, what is it?" he asked in the tenderest alarm.

"Oh, I don't know, Leonard. I'm tired, and you've been—Oh, such a funny, funny boy to-night."

"Dora, I'm going to lose a patient," he said gravely. "Every physician hates that, and I've fought for this woman's life."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry. I was naughty," she said, smiling winsomely at him through her tears.

It seemed as if she could hardly let him go. He kissed her good-bye so many times that at last he said, with the merest shade of impatience in his voice, "Oh, my dear, I ought really to begin to say good-bye to you as soon as I arrive."

She let him go then, and as the big carved door swung stealthily to upon its noiseless sockets behind him, she flew to the tower window in the library, and watched his lessening figure until she could no longer separate it from the swaying shadows, and the last faint echo of his footsteps died upon the encroaching distance.

Then alone in the lofty silence of a room lined with the lettered passion of all the world's great loves and hates, the girl exclaimed in a bitter whisper, "Oh, I'm so glad she's dying! I'm so glad she's dying."

And then to her white conscience the words came hissing back from the shrouded darkness beyond her, and with a vague, unreasoning fear she fled

away from them. She vanished swiftly up the wide staircase, a fair and spotless maiden, pausing before she slept to kiss her lover's pictured lips a hundred times, and falling at last asleep only to murmur his name as she followed him in her dreams to the very abyss of eternity.

She did not see him again for several days, which was so unusual an event that it perturbed her greatly. But his patient had died the very night of his visit, and it was likely that he was trying to catch up with the work which had fallen behind while he had been giving Mrs. Charters extra attention. For she heard that he had "moved heaven and earth" to save her life. The case had been obscure, and naturally interesting.

Still he might have sent her a note.

So that when she was finally summoned one evening to receive him, there was a piquant frost upon her girlish charm as she entered the drawing-room. But she had hardly crossed the threshold before she knew herself face to face with a crisis, before which all the minor grievances of life went down like motes before a juggernaut.

For Dr. Mansfield stood there, leaning against the mantel-piece, his face drawn and haggard, and the eyes which he turned upon her dull caverns of despair unlit by any gleam of love.

"Oh, Leonard," she cried, "what is it? What makes you look at me like that? Where have you been, dear? Why didn't you come?"

She fluttered close to him like a timid bird. But he drew away from her.

"Leonard!"

The smothered reproach in her voice stirred him.

"Don't, Dora," he said huskily. "I have come to tell you something. If you look at me like that I can't. And I must. I have tried for days to persuade myself that I needn't tell you—now."

His accent was so significant that the girl's eyes flashed into flame. But for one instant she wavered, then she faced him. Her father had not died a hero, the victim of a cruel Indian hand far out on a lonely western plain, without bequeathing his high spirit to the daughter who came after him.

"Oh, I understand it all." Her long-strangled intuitions had sprung full-fledged into birth, as only a woman's can. "You have come to tell me that you cared more for Mrs. Charters than you do for me."

He stared at her in bewilderment.

"And you mean that you don't care?" he said at last.

For an instant she looked at him, with eyes which might have stung his soul, then she said coldly, "Is that all? Because this is not a pleasant interview, and I would just as soon have it over."

"No, it is not all," he exclaimed passionately. "It isn't the beginning. But I thought you loved me, and now——"

She threw out her hand with a fierce gesture. "How *dare* you talk to me of love? You! *You!* What do you know of it? You, who love me today, and—and—her to-morrow. Don't speak to me."

But the scorn in her voice goaded him into impetuous speech.

"Dora, listen to me! I will say what I want to. I can't understand myself. If I did I shouldn't be here now. Don't you know the other night I told you I hated Mrs. Charters? So I did. But I hated her *because* I loved her. Don't you remember telling me you felt sure I didn't care for her after the ball. Yes, I did avoid her, because I knew she was the kind of woman a man was safest away from." He hesitated.

"I have no right to blame her, Dora. But long before she called me in to attend her she had made me understand in a hundred ways——"

He paused again. The girl nodded her head silently. She was leaning back in a chair, her eyes shut, as if she sought blindness from the blow which must fall. The utter forlornness of her slight figure, so still and unresistant in its misery, might have turned the edge of a less relentless

fate. But suddenly she sat up, straight and aggressive, with flaming cheeks.

"Leonard, did you ever discuss me with her?"

"On my soul, Dora, never!" he exclaimed impetuously. But in a moment he added, with the appalling self-honesty which characterized him, "That is, if we did, we never said so."

She covered her face with her hands, for the tears would come. The unconscious "we" smote her so cruelly.

"Oh, Leonard, how could you?" she moaned.

He wondered himself; but in that very instant the face of Patricia Charters rose up before him, pale and bewitching, with its dark, subtle eyes voicing an eloquence beside which all other women's uttered words were dumb. The music of her merry laugh, never so gay as when she was sad, besieged his listening heart once more, though the envious silence of Death had stilled its sweetness forever. What other woman's tears were more piquant than her smiles? It seemed to him that her pretty tricks would stick to his memory like burrs as long as time and he endured. Her wit, her daring, her wild caprices had for him all the fascination of a revolving kaleidoscope for a child. What other woman could have risked so much and lost so little? How had she combined in such bewildering proportion the fresh innocence of youth with the bloom-destroying experience of a woman who had eaten so freely of the tree of knowledge—not of good, but of evil?

He had asked her that once, and she had answered, "Why, M.D., when I was a tiny girl I remember climbing up on a chair and looking at myself a long time in the glass. I was trying to find my soul. And at last I said to it, 'Pat, you know you can be either an angel or a devil. Which are you going to choose?' And then I whispered, because I was awfully frightened, 'Oh God, if you don't mind, please, I think I'd like to try a little of both.'" "Well, I guess your prayer was answered—at least in one respect," he had said grimly, and she had laughed approvingly.

Her astounding frankness was, perhaps, the most subtly alluring of her many charms. She stole his inmost thoughts, and flaunted them tantalizingly in his face. She analyzed herself and him with a minuteness which at first irritated, then appalled, and then hopelessly fascinated him. He caught the trick from her perfectly, and was soon studying his own soul under the microscope with all the cold scrutiny of scientific research. He weighed his emotions without a quiver—at least he thought so—and sorted and laid himself away in neatly labelled sections, without a pang at this matter-of-fact tagging of the deepest mysteries of his being.

He ceased to think of himself as a man. He became a specimen, valuable because so accessible. Until that day when Mrs. Charters' insistent eyes had tortured from him the verdict of the doctors on her case. She lay quite still for a moment. Then, suddenly, she flung out her hands to him with a bitter cry: "No, M.D., don't let me die. I don't want to die. I haven't any friends in heaven. They're all in hell."

After that, in the cruel, hurrying days of the last two weeks, he forgot all about his rôle as a specimen. He but lived and fought with Fate like any common human clod.

But for all that, she died, with her hands clinging to his, and her beautiful eyes calling to him for help from their glazing depths, as the dense night of eternal darkness closed in upon her.

And now, with all his nature still quivering, he had come to reveal himself to his betrothed.

"Perhaps if you had known her as I did—" he began again, after a long silence, but Dora chilled him with a proud gesture.

"Leonard," she said presently, "Leonard, I must know. I must. Did you—did you—ever kiss her?"

He could have smiled. In the face of the deep involving of his soul with that dead woman's it seemed so puerile a query.

"No," he answered coldly. "But I would have given my soul to."

"Thank you," she said proudly. "Your frankness is admirable, but somewhat gratuitous." She moved to the door, but he held her as she swept past him.

"Dora, listen! I'm going away. I've offered my services as an army surgeon."

She wavered, and then turned to him helplessly. If she had not loved him better than herself it would have been so easy to be proud.

"Oh Leonard, don't go! You never loved her. You only think so now. Some day you'll know better. You'll know you loved me best."

"Perhaps I shall, but I don't now," he answered, inexorably honest. "The trouble is, Dora, I've been loving two women. Some one has said that at heart all men are bigamists. It must be true, or I can't explain myself."

She winced under his words, but an intuition born of her love sustained her even now.

"You're too honest, Leonard. You ask yourself too many questions. I should think a doctor would have known better than to pore over symtoms, like a student, until he thought he had the disease. I suppose we've got the germ of everything in our bodies and our souls if we chose to look for it."

"Oh, Dora, you don't understand——"

"Don't I? Do you suppose I didn't know?" she demanded with sudden upheaving passion. "Why, Leonard, from the very night of the ball I followed it all, step by step."

He stared at her stupidly.

"Yes, and you pry and pry, and then you're so honest that you're brutal. Why, you're so honest that I believe you'd almost tell a lie in making sure that you told the truth."

He listened to her in amazement. He had never suspected this simple child of sublety. He had thought her as plain to him as a page of primer prose.

All at once she turned to him with a little cry.

"Oh, Leonard, don't you care anything for me? And I'm so good. I've never done a thing in my life that I would be ashamed to have you know." Her cheeks flamed. "Could Mrs. Charters have said that?"

"No."

"Why, they say I'm the sweetest girl in this town." She smiled at him wanly.

"And I'm—well, oh you know, Leonard—" Was she going to speak of her wealth, for whose sake so many men had craved her "sweetness?"—"Why, Leonard, you know I'm not ugly, and oh! I love you so terribly." Her voice died into a whisper, so faint that he barely caught it.

"Ugly, Dora, you're as beautiful as an angel!" he exclaimed in deep, strong tones. The bitter pathos of it all, this simple mustering of all her girlish virtues to tempt him back to her side, melted his heart to her like wax in a furnace.

But she hid her face from him, and began to sob. Her humiliation was greater than she could bear.

"Go away!" she whispered passionately. "Good-bye."

"No, no, Dora," he protested. "Don't you know I may never see you again? I can't leave you like this."

She sat up instantly.

"Do you want to kiss me?" she asked, with a naïveté at which he could hardly hide a smile.

She was such a child—when she was not a woman. A week ago he had had her all analysed and labelled, and she had required very few tags, for there was nothing complex about her. But now it struck him with the force of discovery that no human being is simple, except, perhaps, the one who deems him such.

The next day he went away, out upon the field of bravery, a wiser and a better man, with all his nature enlarged and sweetened by the vision he had had of the love which holds the hearts of men true to all that is most noble in themselves.

IOLANTHE.

By C. Langton Clarke.

EVERARD DUNBAR, alone in his little room in the office of the Tolchester *Courier*, scribbled the last line of a bunch of copy, glanced hastily over what he had written, and then rose and stretched himself.

"I think I am getting a little sick of it all," he said, audibly. "It is a ridiculous occupation, and I ought to have put my foot down when old Bluenose got me into it. I have been a success certainly, but then I might have been equally successful as a cook or a man-milliner, and that would have been just as absurd for an able-bodied man. I am tired of it and disgusted with it, and for two pins I'd chuck it up to-morrow."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his heel, and laughed rather grimly, as he did so.

"If they could only see me," he said, "how some of them would open their eyes; how they will open them some day; and now for dinner and to dress for the small-and-early at the Walcotts'."

Everard Dunbar was a young man who, some years previously, had drifted into journalism after undergoing the initial stages of preparation for several professions, and had done fairly well. As a reporter he had proved himself better at serving up his news in attractive form than in hunting for it. He had a good style, and on more than one occasion had written a flippant editorial on local politics, which the chief editorial writer, jealous of any encroachment on his special department, had nevertheless liked well enough to use. He had been finally assigned to special work, and had proved a success.

The Tolchester *Courier* was a paper which had a large circulation, particularly its Sunday edition. Its departments were generally conceded to be almost equal to those of any metropolitan journal, and of all its special features the brightest, in the estimation of the reading public, was its "Woman's Empire," conducted by "Iolanthe," Iolanthe's "Hints on Fashions," "Medical Suggestions," "Answers to Correspondents," and "Side Talks with Girls," were universally read, not only by the women folk of Tolchester and the surrounding district, but often by the sterner sex also. In her "Answers to Correspondents" were replies to women of all ages, on all conceivable subjects, and many read them for the sake of speculating on the queries which had elicited them. It was evident that Iolanthe was the repository of the secrets of half the female population of Tolchester.

And yet a strange mystery surrounded the "identity of Iolanthe." In the heading which adorned the top of her page she was depicted as tall and slender, with abundant masses of hair, and a Grecian profile. As no one resembling this picture had been seen in Tolchester, it was clear that the portrait was to a large extent an imaginary creation of the *Courier* artist; nevertheless, the impression made on the public was decidedly favourable to Iolanthe's personal appearance, and it was currently reported that a certain young lady, a devoted admirer of the gifted writer, had given her lover his *congé* on hearing him express his conviction that Iolanthe was stubby, with red hair and a squint.

No one outside of the *Courier* office had ever seen Iolanthe. Members of the staff smiled indulgently when female relations or acquaintances begged to be informed what her real name was and where she lived. Sometimes they returned such preposterous answers that the questioners grew offended, but so far the secret had been guarded as re-

ligiously as the Free Mason's ritual.

"My dear," said the chief editorial writer to his wife, "the—the woman's employment with us is strictly on the understanding that her name is not to be divulged. When it becomes known she will quit. If I were to tell you, you would, with the best intentions, no doubt, go cackling it all over the place, and we should lose a valuable and, I may say, cheap, feature. Iolanthe is a myth, so far as the public is concerned, and we will let her remain so."

It was rather late when Dunbar, in company with his particular chum, Cassels, also of the editorial staff of the *Courier*, presented himself at the Walcotts' dance and was effusively greeted by the hostess.

"Naughty man," she said, shaking her finger at him," "to come so late, when I have been dying to introduce you to quite the nicest and prettiest girl I know. Come along now:" and Dunbar was led across the room to where sat a tall, decidedly good-looking girl, with a rather haughty expression.

"Alma," said Mrs. Walcott, "let me introduce Mr. Dunbar, a great friend of mine; Everard, this is Miss Tressilis."

The young lady bowed formally, and with an air of indifference, which suddenly changed to one of animation when Mrs. Walcott continued:—

"Mr. Dunbar, dear, is one of our rising journalists. He is on the *Courier*."

"I am very glad to meet you," said Miss Tressilis, smiling pleasantly. "A dance? Oh, certainly!" and she held out her programme, on which Dunbar, unrebuked, proceeded to inscribe his initials several times.

The two hours that followed were very pleasant for the young man, and after he had danced three times with Miss Tressilis he was inclined to agree with Mrs. Walcott in the opinion which she had expressed about her.

It was while they were seated in a remote and comfortably cushioned nook after the fourth dance together, that Miss Tressilis broke a rather long silence by saying:—

"You are on the *Courier*, are you not, Mr. Dunbar? Mrs. Walcott mentioned it, I think, when she introduced you. Are you an editorial writer?"

"I have not yet climbed so high," replied Dunbar. "At present I do special work."

"But I suppose you know everybody on the paper, don't you?"

"Well, not every one, Miss Tressilis. You see there are a good many in the business department and the pressmen and stereotypers and mailers with whom I am brought very little into contact. My acquaintance is pretty much limited to the editorial floor and the composing room."

Miss Tressilis did not seem to be paying much attention.

"I wonder whether you would do me a great favour?" she said.

"If it is in my power you may rely on me," replied Dunbar, gallantly.

"Tell me," said the girl, fixing her large and luminous eyes full on Dunbar's—"tell me Iolanthe's real name."

Dunbar felt himself growing red. "It is an office secret," he replied. "Why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because I love her," replied Miss Tressilis, in a voice that quivered with emotion. "She is so true, so noble-hearted, so feminine; don't you think so?"

"Feminine?" replied Dunbar; then, recovering himself, "oh well—yes, if you say so, no doubt she is."

"Do you know," continued the girl, "for weeks it has been my dream to meet her, to put my arms about her and kiss her and tell her how I love her. Is there any possibility of my dream coming true, Mr. Dunbar?"

"Er, well, really, you know, hardly, I am afraid," replied Dunbar. "She—she is very anxious that her identity should be kept secret. She dreads publicity and all that, you know; she is the sensitive and retiring sort."

"I know she is, the dear,"—Dunbar winced—"but if you will not tell me her name, at least tell me what she

is like. No, stop, I will describe her to you and you shall tell me whether I am right. In the first place she is tall and dark."

"You are right, so far," replied Dunbar, glancing almost unconsciously at a mirror that hung opposite.

"And she is very handsome, is she not?"

"Well, no, I am afraid not," was the hesitating reply. "At least not particularly so," he added, seeing the disappointment in the face of his fair questioner.

"But I know she has lovely eyes, large, and dark and soulful."

"Dark eyes? Oh, yes, certainly."

"And soulful;" insisted Miss Tressilis.

"They are full of something," replied Dunbar; "perhaps it is soul, I am sure I don't know. You see, I never gave the matter very much thought."

"I can see her," said Miss Tressilis, with a dreamy look in her own beautiful eyes, "sitting in her office, fitted up like a boudoir, with lovely pictures and knick-knacks all about her. No one could have such beautiful thoughts unless they were surrounded by beautiful things. No woman, at least.

"It makes a lot of difference," said Mr. Dunbar, "but you are sadly mistaken. Iolanthe's office is far from resembling a boudoir." Here he broke into a laugh which he abruptly checked. "I beg your pardon, I am sure, for smashing any little corner of your idol, but really, Iolanthe's office is fitted up just like mine."

"And what is your office like?" asked Miss Tressilis, with interest.

"Well," replied Dunbar, "to be exact, there is an old desk and a pair of hard-seated chairs, a table for filing exchanges, a waste-paper basket and a couple of cuspidors."

"A—what?" asked the girl, opening her eyes. "Cuspidors?"

"Yes, but I need not have included them in the inventory."

"And you say that Iolanthe's room is exactly like yours—with cuspidors?" asked Miss Tressilis, in horror-stricken tones.

"Ha, ha! To be sure not," replied Dunbar, with an embarrassed laugh. "I was thinking of my own room."

There was a minute's silence, and then Miss Tressilis turned to her companion.

"I am going to confide in you," she said. "I am one of Iolanthe's most constant contributors.

"Yes, I know you are," replied the young man, absently.

"How could you possibly know that?" asked the girl, opening her eyes. "I enclose my name, but my *nom de guerre*, or whatever you call it, is quite different; no clew at all. How could you possibly know? Surely, surely, Iolanthe does not show the letters she receives to others in the office. Oh, that would be horrible! If I thought some man had seen those letters I should die with mortification."

The girl's anxiety was so evident that Dunbar hastened to reassure her.

"Do not disturb yourself," he said. "On my honour, no one sees those letters but Iolanthe, who would deserve a good thrashing if it were otherwise."

"What a horrible way to speak of a woman!" said Miss Tressilis, evidently much relieved. "But tell me, how did you know that I was a contributor?"

Dunbar flushed a little. "Well—you know," he said, "any one not a fool could see that. No woman could take such an interest in the editor of a page like that without—oh, without writing to her and telling her, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"But you spoke with so much certainty," said the girl; "quite as if you knew all about it, not as if you merely surmised it. But I suppose it is all right. Oh, yes, I write to Iolanthe constantly. I tell her all kinds of things, and ask her advice about, oh—lots of things that a girl wants to know."

"Personally," said Dunbar, "I think these question columns for women's pages are rot. They pay the paper, of course, or we wouldn't run them; but—don't be offended—I don't think

they are quite healthy. A girl writes to me—that is, of course, supposing I am a woman editor—and wants to know whether I think the young man who is paying her attentions is really in earnest, and then she tells me what he does or says, and how he looks at her, and all that sort of thing. How am I to know from such data? If I reply, 'I fear the young man is trifling with your affections,' I may be doing a very estimable young fellow a great injustice; if, on the contrary, I encourage the girl to receive the attentions, I may be helping a worthless scoundrel. And then, again, it's not good for the girl to be exposing her secret thoughts to a stranger like me, instead of her mother. I—er—I am still speaking, of course, from the standpoint of a woman editor."

"It seems almost a pity you are not one," replied Miss Tressilis, with some resentment. "You seem to know a good deal about it; and I don't agree with you at all. I think it is good to have some one—some kind, loving woman, such as I am sure Iolanthe is—to confide in and ask advice from."

"Even in matters of the heart, as I believe these affairs are called?" hazarded Dunbar.

"Yes, even in that; I know a girl who was saved from a great deal of misery by Iolanthe. She wrote the girl a private letter, exposing a young man who was paying her great attentions."

"But that was because the girl mentioned the name of the cad in question in her letter. Iolanthe happened to know a good deal about him."

"I suppose you would think that rather a sneaking thing for a woman; but pardon me, how do you know that the name was mentioned?"

Dunbar looked slightly nonplussed. "Why, how could Iolanthe have possibly warned the girl against any special man if she did not know him?" he said.

"No, I suppose not," replied Miss Tressilis, in rather a doubting voice. "Tell me, Mr. Dunbar, do you know Iolanthe very well? And do you admire her very much?"

"I can't say much as to admiration," replied Dunbar, "but I will admit that I am exceedingly solicitous about her welfare."

"One of her best friends?" queried the girl in a low voice.

Dunbar laughed rather bitterly. "I don't know," he said. "Some people would tell you that I am Iolanthe's worst enemy."

"You are very mysterious," said the girl, almost fretfully, "and I hate mysteries. I always think the Sphinx must have been an awful old bore."

"Which is as much as to say that I am an awful bore?" asked Dunbar.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that, but you see you have done nothing but talk of Iolanthe, and one is apt to get a little tired of one subject."

"I!" cried Dunbar in astonishment, at this instance of feminine inconsistency. "Why, you—"

"Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say," broke in the girl, "but let us change the subject; you have been the Sphinx, now I will be the Delphic oracle, or whatever it was that used to answer foolish questions from behind a curtain. Look." She caught a curtain that hung behind the seat, and with a pretty gesture shrouded herself in it. "Now, I give you three questions. So think of something important."

It was while Dunbar was hesitating over how personal he dare make his inquiries that Cassels's most unmusical voice broke in:

"Well, Iolanthe, old man," as the speaker laid a hand on Dunbar's shoulder, "if you have got all the fashion pointers you need and have entertained enough of your interesting contributors, let's be hoofing it home."

In speechless horror Dunbar gazed into the face of his friend, and saw out of the corner of his eye the curtain swing back and a pale, set face looking at him.

"Oh I beg your pardon!" said Cassels, thunderstruck at this apparition. "I thought you were alone." He was

conscious that he had given his friend away, but happily ignorant of the extent of his ill-doing.

"Is this the person?" asked Miss Tressilis, in a dreadful voice, and laying considerable stress on the word "person," "who writes under the name of Iolanthe?"

"Why, you see," Cassels was beginning, with a very red face, when the girl turned on Dunbar.

"Are you Iolanthe?" she asked, sharply.

"There is not much use in denying it," replied Dunbar. "Yes, I am."

"I should not think it would hurt you much to deny it," said Miss Tressilis, with bitter scorn, "an untruth or two extra would not make much difference."

"I think, old man, I will wait for you in the library," said Cassels, and fled ignobly.

"I am not aware of having told any untruths," said Dunbar, trying rather unsuccessfully to assume an air of offended virtue. "I do not think I have stated anything that was not strictly so, and, besides, I was anxious that my secret should not leak out."

"So *you* are Iolanthe," said Miss Tressilis, looking at him with an expression which called the blood into his face. "You, a man with a strong body and with brains, and yet you prefer to twaddle to a lot of women in print instead of doing a man's work."

"You spoke differently of my work just now," replied Dunbar, a feeling of annoyance overwhelming his embarrassment. "I don't think you characterized it as twaddle then."

"That was when I thought it was written by a woman," replied the girl. "Oh, it is horrible, ghastly! To think that you have read my letters. How hatefully you must have grinned over them! You are not very likely to marry, Mr. Dunbar, now that you have seen what an unutterable donkey a woman can make of herself."

This was a change of front with a vengeance.

"I told you just now that I heartily disapproved of women's pages," replied Dunbar, "but you disagreed with me. I am at least consistent."

"And you mean to imply that I am not, I suppose, but how dare you call yourself consistent? If you disapproved, why did you lend yourself to encouragement?"

"We have to do a good many unpleasant things in our business," replied Dunbar, rather weakly.

"Unpleasant? Dishonourable, you mean," replied Miss Tressilis. "No, pray, don't try to excuse yourself, you are not only dishonourable, but ridiculous, and I," and she added, with a little gulp, "I suppose I have made myself ridiculous too, but then I didn't know, and you did. I think I will wish you good evening, Miss Iolanthe No, thank you. I can find my own way back without an escort. I should say chaperon, I suppose." And with these words Miss Tressilis arose and departed, leaving her companion looking decidedly crestfallen.

When Dunbar went down alone to the cloak-room, he found Cassels waiting for him with contrition stamped on every line of his features.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," that young man said. "I wouldn't have skipped out if I hadn't seen that you both would rather have had it out alone. Was she—was she one of your congregation?"

"Oh, all right!" replied Dunbar, shortly. "I suppose it had to come out sooner or later, though the time was rather inappropriate. Yes, she was one of the flock, all right."

"She didn't seem to take it very kindly," ventured Cassels, with a lively recollection of a set face and flashing eyes. "Was she mad?"

"Just a little," replied Dunbar, with a mirthless laugh. "Oh, yes; she called me dishonourable and ridiculous, and left me standing there feeling both. And the worst of it is that she is just the nicest and sweetest girl I have ever met; but my goose is cooked now. She will never recognize me again."

"Oh, yes, she will," replied Cassels,

hopefully. "She is hot now, but she is sure to be interested in you."

"You can bid good-by to Iolanthe," said Dunbar, after a short silence, "a long and fond farewell. To-morrow, after I have had a little talk with Bluenose, Iolanthe's funeral will be conducted with neatness and despatch, and you fellows won't have to strain yourselves to keep your wives and sweethearts from finding out who she is."

"And the paper?" queried Cassels.

"The paper?" replied Dunbar, with great emphasis—"the paper be damned."

* * * * *

It was just a year after the Walcotts' party that Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar sat in their little drawing-room. Mr. Dunbar in an easy-chair, with his wife comfortably established on the arm.

"Do you remember what I said to you a year ago to-night, Everard?" asked Mrs. Dunbar.

"You said so many things, dearest," replied her husband. "Please particularize."

"I asked you whether you thought I should ever be able to put my arms around Iolanthe's neck and kiss her, and tell her how much I loved her."

"I remember very distinctly," said Dunbar, "and what a shock the question gave me."

"And you said it was extremely unlikely?"

"I believe I did."

"Well," replied Mrs. Dunbar, putting her arms around him and imprinting several vigorous salutes on his lips, "it only shows, Everard, that whatever else you may be, you are a very poor prophet."

THE FAMOUS SPEECH OF REV. MAJOR SMITH, C.B.

OUTLINING CANADA'S RELATIONS TO THE EMPIRE.

MR. Chairman and Gentlemen: There is no toast so dear to me as the toast to "Canada and The Empire." I have been accused of being one of the Founders of that Empire, and I am proud of the charge. (*Hear, hear.*)

When the Imperial Federation League was started in this country, I was one of its first officers. And, gentlemen, if it had not been for that League there had been no Empire. (*Cheers.*)

If it had not been for the part that Canada played, through the Imperial Federation League and its successor, the British Empire League, the statesmen of Great Britain would never have been able to conceive an Imperial policy. It was Canada who led the way. (*Loud cheers.*)

Long months before the Boers sent their haughty and insulting ultimatum which brought on this just and holy war, I was one of those who saw that war was inevitable. I at once wrote Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Wolseley, telling them that there would be war in South Africa, that Canada would willingly send troops, and that they had better ask the Australian Colonies and New Zealand to do the same. Gentlemen, as you know, the war came on, Canada sent her troops, Australia sent her troops, and we had the proud satisfaction of knowing that Canada had saved the Empire. (*Prolonged cheers.*)

The blood of our brave Canadian boys shed on the red sand of South Africa in behalf of righteousness and peace, has cemented the Empire as nothing else could have done. Canada has made the world stand aghast at the way in which she has drawn the

Empire together and changed the course of history. (*Applause.*)

And then I come to Preferential Trade. When I saw Sir Wilfrid riding in a Royal carriage through the streets of London at the Jubilee, the thought struck me that we should grant those Londoners a preference in our tariff, and enable them to sell their goods in Canada. Again we led the way. Our action stirred the Empire to its depths, and the nations of Europe tottered on their thrones. (*Cheers.*)

We have a grand country. We have built a transcontinental railway which joins the motherland on the East with Australia and India on the West, and we are perfecting a system of cables which will girdle the earth. We have built naval stations at Halifax and Esquimalt, where British cruisers may rest and refresh. We have built up a sturdy nationality which, as Kipling says :

> Daughter am I in my mother's house
> And mistress in my own.

(*Long and continued applause*).

Gentlemen, I look forward to the day when this great Empire shall be arrayed against the world. We have a divine mission to send the Gospel to all nations and bring them under that flag that is the symbol of liberty the world over, and which signifies the open door at which all may enter. We have the greatest navy that the world has ever seen, and we have the hearts of oak to make it omnipotent. We are working toward a Council of the Empire in which Canada shall be represented and bear the burdens which she should bear. (*Hear, hear.*)

We are no weaklings ; we are willing to bear our share of Empire, and when the Lion calls, the cubs will be heard to answer. I am not in favour of Imperial Federation or the handing over of our tariff to outside control, and I believe that all our military expenditure should be made under our own supervision. But outside of these things, I believe in Imperial co-operation, so that on all international commissions to decide questions in which Canada is interested we shall have a complete control of the negotiations. We must maintain our self-respect and our independence, and we can best maintain these within the Empire of which we are so proud. (*Prolonged cheers.*)

We have preserved the unity of that Empire. We have taken as our watchword, "The Union must be Preserved," and have maintained that where the flag and the Empire are concerned there must be no party except our party, no one rewarded except ourselves. We have built up this Empire on the traditions of the past, and under the ægis of peace and liberty, and we will brook no interference. What is best for the Empire is best for Canada, and what is best for Canada is best for the Empire. We are not looking for tangible rewards for our statesmanship, but we know that our loyalty is best for our trade. Great Britain is our best market, and as long as that is so it is easy and best to be loyal. Surely no one can object to that ! We must have trade, and Great Britain is the only market open to us on advantageous terms. The old guard of the Manchester School are now making their last stand in Great Britain. When Mr. Chamberlain succeeds Lord Salisbury we will see the Empire's trade reorganized on new lines. Great Britain is now dependent on foreign nations for her supply of wheat and corn. Under the new conditions this would be purchased mainly from the Colonies. The future is bright with hope. (*Here the speaker seized a Union Jack and held it aloft.*) This flag will ever be our motto. (*Speaker sits down amid tumultuous applause, and a Cabinet Minister who is present whispers to a friend that it is expected that the Premier will soon recommend the speaker for special Imperial honours.*)

—*Delivered in Ottawa, Toronto, Kingston, and Halifax at different times.*

HALF A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

FIRST PAPER.

By John Reade, F. R. S. Can.

Morituri te salutant morituram.

ALTHOUGH it is only as a matter of convenience that we parcel out the earth's time into centuries, and, in reality, a century begins and ends every moment, our philosophy is not proof against the temptation to personify these divisions of time. Students of history come to have their favourite ages, and even grave writers assign moral qualities to these "broken parts" of the "world without end." Sometimes the name of a great man or woman is used instead of the decimal system, or a single expressive word indicates the character of an age. The Age of the Patriarchs, of the Judges, of Solomon, of the Maccabees, of Herod; the Homeric Age, the Age of Pericles, of Alexander the Great, of Augustus, of Constantine the Great, of Charlemagne, of Hildebrand, of Saint Louis, of the Renaissance, of the Reformation, of the Revolution (English, American, French), of Elizabeth, of Frederick the Great, of Napoleon, are among such aids to memory. The Jubilee, originally of Jewish origin, and based on that regard for the number seven and its multiples which is by no means dead, has acquired in our day a sanction that is both magisterial and popular. The church had long since adopted it, using its authority, however, to shorten the period, if deemed advisable. For retrospect the Jubilee period has the advantage that it is comprised within the mature years of many lives. The authenticated cases are rare, indeed, where man or woman has been able to look back over a century of existence and recall any of the events of its beginning. With the half century it is otherwise.

Looking back from these terminal months of the half century, at its beginning in 1851, what strikes us as its predominant, its essential characteristic as distinguished from any preceding period of like duration? At first the movements of every imaginable origin and aim seem so numerous that, regarding the world of men with the mental eye, seeing the chaotic rush to and fro over the face of the globe, and listening to the confused and conflicting cries, we are disposed to give up the problem in despair. But, as we take closer views, with rests for reflection between them, we begin to see a certain order in the apparent chaos, and at last we realize that there is something like a prevalent tendency amid all the complexities of this world-wide tumult, conflict and rivalry. That tendency is toward union, amalgamation, co-operation. That there are a thousand disintegrating agencies at work it is needless to insist. Such elements are always present, and some of those that will especially attract our attention are peculiar to the period under review. They operate as a solvent, decomposing some of the great fabrics of human society. But even here we may, in some cases, discern a process necessary to a new synthesis more in keeping with the new environment or the new point of view. The decomposition is not all bad, nor is the unification all good, and it is only when interpreted as the requisite harbinger of some grand social reconstruction from which all humanity will be the gainer, that we can contemplate with equanimity the twofold process.

It is noteworthy that the period under review began and ended with a World's Fair. The motive that prompted in

Prince Albert's mind the organization of the first great International Exhibition, was far removed from any policy of "splendid isolation." He made known his aims at the Lord Mayor's banquet which inaugurated the event. "Gentlemen," said the Prince Consort, "the Exhibition of 1851 is to give us a true test and a living picture of the point of development at which the whole of mankind has arrived in this great task, and a new starting point from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions." Sir Robert Peel also spoke with an enthusiasm that was quick with a statesman's hope. "On a Roman holiday," he said, "hecatombs of wild beasts were slain and sanguinary conflicts took place of man against man. We propose to gratify the people by other agencies more in harmony with our civilization and our Christianity . . . . to draw closer the bonds of amity and general intercourse by the honest rivalry of industry and skill." It has fallen to France, first among the nations of the continent to follow England's example, to give the closing Exhibition of the century. Between the inaugural world-gathering of 1851 and the grand display of the earth's products and human skill that drew the multitudes to Paris during the present year, every great division of the earth has responded to the impulse imparted by the first World's Fair. If the aspirations after a reign of universal peace which were cherished by the more sanguine of the sharers in the original experiment were doomed to disappointment, the experiment itself was no failure. On the contrary, it was in many ways a triumph of unprecedented fruitfulness, affecting the whole vast field of invention and skilled labour and urging to happy rivalry the manifold ingenuities and energies of all mankind.

Starting point and goal are indeed relative and, for the most part, convertible terms. The Great Exhibition of 1851 and all the like events of the last half century may be regarded as the terminus of a route of manifold progress to which paths converged from the whole peopled world and its countless strongholds of invention, energy and enterprise since human thought began. To give the *raison d'etre* of the Crystal Palace would, in fact, necessitate a survey of the Christian and pre-Christian centuries that went before it. But for our present purpose it will suffice to recall its central significance. Displays of national wealth had preceded it. But they had a note of hostility, of menace to outsiders. It was its world-wide comprehensiveness that made the Prince Consort's scheme a new thing among men. It disclosed the birth of tendencies, aspirations, strivings, which though essential to Christ's teaching and never wholly alien from the practice of His elect disciples, had hitherto been without recognition in statesmanship and economic science. It remained for the first year of the half century now ending to give realization to an ideal so evangelical and such a departure may reasonably be accepted as the not unfit beginning of an era so variously fruitful as ours.

When it is remembered that a gathering of the nations so apparently inspired by good will and the love of peace was so quickly followed by a desolating war, and that from the summer of 1853 wars and rumours of wars have not ceased to harass the earth, it may be concluded that the promise of the first World's Fair has had but meagre fulfilment. Nor has it been by the naked sword alone that the kindly yearnings of 1851 have been laughed to scorn. The poet who was in a peculiar manner gifted to voice both the hope and the doubt of his age, made this outbreak of war in 1854 the occasion for denouncing the corruptions of peace, its hypocrisies, its greeds, its degeneracies. Not long before his death he shocked many to whom his young enthusiasm had been a beacon-light in days of gloom by a palinode in which the past was praised at the expense of the present, and the Golden Year was indefinitely postponed.

If in that melancholy strain Tenny-

son gave expression to a natural reaction from the overpraise of an age which had its shortcomings as well as its merits, he could not still that strong rhythmic pulse of reasoned hope which was the nation's response to his earlier, truer, "sweeter music." It was in that very year that, having crowned himself with the official

> "Laurel, greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base,"

he first raised his voice as a prophet of good on behalf of his young and gentle sovereign. A dozen years later he did honour to the dead Prince in words which may here be fitly quoted.

> "O silent father of our kings to be,
> Mourned in this golden hour of jubilee,
> For this, for all we weep our thanks to thee."

At a critical hour in the Empire's and Canada's history—as some of us can surely recall—the beloved consort of our Queen was reft almost with suddenness from her side. The second great London Exhibition had to be opened without the presence of him who had done so much to ensure the success of the first. As the Laureate sang :

> "The world-compelling plan was thine—
> And lo ! the long laborious miles
> Of Palace ; lo ! the giant aisles,
> Rich in model and design ;
> Harvest-tool and husbandry,
> Loom and wheel and enginery,
> Secrets of the sullen mine,
> Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
> Fabric rough or fairy-fine,
> Sunny tokens of the Line,
> Polar marvels and a feast
> Of wonder, out of west and east,
> And shapes and hues of art divine !
> All of beauty, all of use,
> That our fair planet can produce,
> Brought from under every star,
> Blown from over every main,
> And mixt, as life is mixed, with pain,
> The works of peace with works of war."

The historian of British Commerce (Leone Levi, F.S.A.) has succinctly described that first International Exhibition, and characterized the main classes of exhibits. The Crystal Palace, built by Paxton, of glass and iron, and covering an area of more than 1,000,000 square feet, was filled with the products, natural and technical, of the whole busy earth. Great Britain and her colonies occupied half the area, and of the other half France and Germany took up the better part. Nevertheless, in the foreign divisions there was not a country in "the four quarters of the globe" that went unrepresented. There were 13,937 exhibitors, and of these 117 obtained the Council medal; 2,954 the prize medal, and 2,123 honourable mention. The visitors were computed at more than six millions.

If in the industrial and commercial sphere the International Exhibition can justly be regarded as one of the essentially significant outcomes of our half century, it stands by no means alone as evidence of that widespread feeling for combination, collaboration, unity, which has marked the progress of the last fifty years. A far-reaching movement for the unity of Christendom was one of the most remarkable, and, in a sense, most fruitful of the agitations of our half century. First among these to be mentioned is the Vatican Council, convened by the late Pontiff, Pius the Ninth. His Holiness made known his purpose to convoke the Council on the 26th of June, 1867, to the prelates assembled at Rome on the occasion of the 18th centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom. On the 29th of June, 1868, (the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul), the invitation was formally issued, and the objects of the Council were set forth in the Encyclical *Aeterni Patris Unigenitus Filius*. The hope was expressed that it might be accepted as an opportunity for reconciling the divisions of Christendom, and to that end invitations were addressed to the patriarchs of the Greek Church and the non-Roman communions of the West. The former, headed by the Patriarch of Constantinople, declined the invitation. Of Protestants, the late Dr. Cumming, whose sermons and addresses on the interpretation of the Apocalypse excited not only interest, but with not a few a measure of alarm, or at least of lively expectancy, affirmed a willingness to attend the Council, provided that he were permit-

ted to give a reason for the faith that he held. Through Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Manning, he was given to understand that any discussion on questions which the Holy See considered as long settled, would be inconsistent with the dogmas and practice of the Church. The Council met on the 8th of December (festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary), in the year 1869. On the 18th of July, 1870, the decree of Papal Infallibility was proclaimed, and the Council remained in session until October 20th ensuing. It was then adjourned until November 11th, when it was postponed *sine die*. Of the 1,037 prelates who were entitled to a seat in an œcumenical council (cardinals of the three grades, patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops, generals and vice-generals of monastic orders), there were present on the opening day 719, subsequently increased to 764.

"Apart from the immediate purpose of the discussion," writes a learned Catholic noble, "two speeches were memorable—that of Archbishop Conolly, of Halifax, for the uncompromising clearness with which he appealed to Scripture, and repudiated all dogmas extracted from the speculations of divines, and not distinctly founded on the recorded word of God; and that of Archbishop Darboy, who foretold that a decree which increased authority without increasing power, and claimed for one man whose infallibility was only now defined, the obedience which the world refused to the whole episcopate, whose right had been unquestioned in the Church for 1800 years, would raise up new hatred and new suspicion, weaken the influence of religion over society, and wreak swift ruin on the temporal power."

The former of these learned, eloquent and courageous prelates was the cherished friend of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, of Joseph Howe, and of Principal Grant. The other, who lived long enough to see one of his prophecies fulfilled, not, however, through the cause that he indicated, but through a series of events which involved his own fate as well as that of the temporal power, was that once formidable Archbishop of Paris, who fell a victim to the Commune.

We refer to the Vatican Council here as one of a number of outward signs of a strong attractive force that was bringing communities and individuals to look each other in the face as they had never done before. Some may recall that the Pope's invitation was accompanied by an understood *Non Possumus*, and, indeed, the treatment of Dr. Cumming's invitation soon made this clear enough. The Council was, nevertheless, a reminder to the Christian world that its rents were still unclosed, and an expression of desire for the healing of all schisms. It gave the signal for a movement which left no part of Christendom unaffected, and even the doctrinal agitations to which it gave rise, caused waves of sympathy to pass over the hearts of separated brethren. Those who, looking at the central purpose, dreaded the fresh laceration of the Church through dissension on an untimely theme, saw, if they lived, but small fulfilment of their fears. On the contrary, in view of what fate had in store for him and his successors, Pio Nono, either like the architect of his mighty temple, "builded better than he knew," or knew better than those who deemed themselves wiser, the heart of papal Christendom. The dogma that good men had secretly, and bold prelates openly condemned, proved to the dethroned Pontiff of a worth that far exceeded that of earthly crown or sceptre, and, in the minds of many pious Catholics, turned the loss of temporal sovereignty into a blessing. By-and-by we may see how far the Church of Rome has shared in the new thought of the age. Meanwhile, we may ask whether there are any other manifestations of the desire for unity.

What is known as the Lambeth Conference or Pan-Anglican Synod, was first proposed by Bishop (now Archbishop) Lewis, at the Provincial Synod of the Anglican Church in Canada. The formal motion was made on the

20th of September, 1865. The Archbishop of Canterbury (then the Most Rev. Archbishop Longley), introduced the subject in Convocation, and, in the Upper House, gave it the support of his official and personal influence. Later, in response to the request of the Lower House, His Grace issued the invitation to the Bishops of the Anglican Communion in England, Ireland, Scotland, the Colonies and the United States of America, on the 22nd of February, 1867. The Conference met on the 24th of September, 1867. Although the Convocation of York held aloof at the first conference, there were bishops present from all parts of the world—eighteen English, five Irish, six Scottish, twenty-four Colonial, and nineteen belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. An address to the faithful, signed by all the bishops, was issued in English, Latin and Greek. Like conferences were held in 1878, 1888 and 1897, under the Presidency of Archbishops Tait, Benson and Temple. At the second conference, out of 173 bishops invited, 100 attended, the Archbishop of York, who was absent from the first, being present (as well as several bishops of his Province), and preaching the inaugural sermon. At the third conference 211 were invited, and 145 attended. In 1897, of 254 invited, 200 took part in the proceedings. The most welcome fruit of the "Pan-Anglican" movement has been a partial healing of the wounds of 1776-1781 and 1812-1815. It has certainly, in so far as the communions that have their centre of allegiance at Canterbury are concerned, proved a strong and stable bond of union between English-speaking people at home and over-sea. The efforts put forth (especially in 1888, by the report of a committee, signed by the then Bishop of Sydney), with a view to securing a reunion of the British Protestant Communions, though it has not yet produced any practical result, is of value as a striking evidence of the tendency that we are now considering.

The Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, or, more properly, the Alliance of Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system, took definite shape not long after the Vatican Council was opened. The honour of advocating it as a practicable scheme has been assigned to the Rev. Dr. McCosh, late President of Princeton College. It also received much help from the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, formerly Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, and was not improbably suggested by the success of the Presbyterian Union in Canada, which healed the breach of 1843, and of other secessions from the parent church of an earlier date. The Council has met in Edinburgh, Philadelphia, Toronto, Glasgow, etc. At the last meeting in the city of Washington, D.C., in September-October, 1899, the Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, Toronto, was elected President. Another Canadian, the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the *Westminster*, protested against the persistent discussion of worn-out subjects, and called for a programme more in keeping with the needs of our time—"practical, live and modern." All this he was promised when the Council should meet at Liverpool in 1904.

Canada, which gave so large a support to the great secession of 1843, was the first part of the Presbyterian world to show and follow a path to reconciliation. The example has not been in vain. On the part both of the Free Church and the earlier seceding communions there is a growing sentiment that, where churches have the same confessions, little is gained by division. Nevertheless, in Presbyterianism as well as in Anglicanism there are disintegrating forces at work. But of these the consideration is deferred for the present. What we are now contemplating is that centripetal movement which, for good or evil, has been so marked a characteristic of our half century.

The various communions that trace their descent to the great movement of John Wesley, organized a plan of regularly recurring œcumenical councils

of which the first took place in London in 1881, and the second in Washington, in October, 1891. The word "œcumenical" might, at first sight, seem too ambitious for any Protestant body, but when it is recalled that John Wesley took the peopled world (œcumené) for his parish, there is in this case a peculiar fitness in it. The Washington Council gave rise to some spirited debates from which it was made evident that the Wesleyans of the United Kingdom shared in that broadening of dogma which has marked the religious progress of British Christendom and which had placed one of the authors of "Essays and Reviews" in the high seat of St. Augustine, Theodore and St. Thomas. The disclosures seemed to take some of the cis-Atlantic members by surprise. One of the ornaments of that Council was the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F.R.S., editor and reviser of Dr. Carpenter's great work on the "Microscope and its Revelations." He was at Montreal when Dr. Carpenter, the friend of Sir J. W. Dawson, imposed his hands on the head of our Dr. Osler.

Congregationalism was not likely to stand still in the midst of such activity. One of the most remarkable outcomes of its spirit, as modified by the thought and conditions of the time, was the scheme of union formulated and issued at the Triennial Council at Syracuse, in October, 1895. It took the shape of an elaborate joint report of two committees—one on Denominational Comity, the other on Union with other Denominations. In briefest form, it offered as a basis of union acceptance of the Holy Scriptures, discipleship of Jesus Christ, belief in a church whose essential mission is to preach the Gospel, and liberty of conscience in interpretation and administration. On this basis it was hoped that the churches might have fruitful fellowship and co-operation and look forward hopefully to the ultimate visible union of all churches into one body of Christ.

Not least interesting to students of human society, in connection with the drawing together of the Congregational churches, has been the fresh light shed on the incunabula of the system, both in England and Holland. Congregationalism, once the rival of both "Establishments" for ecclesiastical supremacy, is associated with some of the greatest leaders and events in our chequered history, and formed one of the germs out of which the great adjoining republic was, in due time, to spring to life. It is also, in a sense, a "mater ecclesiarum."

The church that Roger Williams founded and then abandoned, and which is now one of the most flourishing denominations on this continent, has also participated in the unitary tendency of our time. The energies of the Baptist churches have been especially shown in organizations for the young and in home and foreign missions. The Friends (who were largely represented in the Loyalist settlement of Ontario) had also their convention. Liberal Christianity showed its strength in the same way. But these gatherings of bodies of like name, creed or polity, sink almost into insignificance when they are compared with the strength of organized work indicated by such agencies as the Young Men's Christian Association, the World's Christian Temperance Union, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League (whose name shows it to be Wesleyan), the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew, the Church Army, the Young Women's Christian Association and others of general or special religious or moral aim.

Among movements which, though not expressly organized to promote the unity of Christendom, have done much to bring members of all Christian communions into co-operation for the special end of reclaiming the lost sheep of any or all of them, the Salvation Army holds a foremost place The Volunteers of the United States form a branch (schismatic, unhappily) of the same wonderful organization. Such efforts as are indicated by the name of the Boys' Brigade have also taken many forms, while other specialties of Christian work—some of them of real

importance—it is simply impossible to enumerate. They all bear witness to that prevalent note of our age which, whatever it may imply for the years to come, no historian can ignore. The aspiration after unity had its almost incredible culmination at the Columbian Exhibition, held at Chicago in 1893, in what was called the Parliament of Religions. On that occasion professors of the oldest and the newest creeds met in harmony in the same hall, spoke on the same platform. A Prince of the Church of Rome offered prayer, invoking the divine blessing on the deliberations of a gathering composed of "Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics," as the Anglican collect concisely groups them, as well as faithful of his own great communion, smiling Orientals of various schisms, headed by a Greek archbishop, and "pious variers" from both new and old Rome bearing the designations of their choice. To these were added representatives of Buddhism, Shintoism, Confucianism; of the Brahmo Somaj, of the Moslems and Theosophists of the New World, and other intermediaries between to-day and uncounted yesterdays.

In no respect has the revolution that has come to pass in our time been so profound or so sweeping as in education. The boy or girl of to-day takes as a matter of course advantages of training that were denied to even the most favoured of the young people of fifty years ago. This improvement, which affects every grade of school as well as the colleges and universities, consists not merely in a more reasonable division of labour among the various branches of knowledge—instead of giving exorbitant precedence to one or two of those branches—but in better qualified teachers and an architecture and equipment of school and college buildings more in keeping with health, bodily and mental, and the development of all the powers. These reforms which disclose, on the part of communities and individuals, a wise foresight and a generosity that vies with the piety of mediæval founders, may be said to fall well within our semi-centennial. At first the old foundations of Europe obstinately opposed the innovations demanded—less classics and mathematics and more natural science, an open door to all creeds and both sexes, and fuller provision for the needs of practical life. It was feared at first that concession meant the death-blow to classical scholarship, but this has not been the case. The classics of Greece and Rome, while they are omitted by those who would, by the old regime, have been forced against the grain to undergo a perfunctory course of them, are studied with profit under able masters by those who are drawn to them by innate gifts. These may, if they choose, complete their course in the schools of Athens or Italy under trained teachers of archæology.

For natural philosophy and applied science the equipment in some institutions is of an almost embarrassing abundance. Well stocked museums answer and stimulate the enquiries of those who love natural history, while outdoor excursions and sometimes summer expeditions supplement what is taught in class. Even psychology, once taught wholly by book, has now an apparatus of its own that vies in amplitude and delicacy with any of those indicated above. Fifty years ago the idea of having a professor of anthropology at Oxford would have "shocked all common sense." It was not until 1884 that the British Association admitted it to the honour of a section—Prof. E. B. Tylor being its first president, with Dr. (afterwards Sir) Daniel Wilson and Horatio Hale among the vice-presidents.

To be Continued.

A DAY'S SONG.*

A REVIEW.

TO all lovers of true poetry the announcement of a new book by John Stuart Thomson will be very welcome. For some years Mr. Thomson has been a constant contributor to periodicals noted for the exceptional quality of the poetry they select, and his first volume, "Estabelle and Other Verse," published in 1897, proved that verse admirable in its separate and individual examples was also admirable in the mass. In his latest volume Mr. Thomson has deepened the impression created by "Estabelle." In "A Day's Song" he has gained complete control of his voice, so to speak, and in many respects has improved in the technique of his art. In an age when young poets are too apt to strain after effect, and borrow any simile that may startle and shock, when the barbarisms of Kipling have come to be the stale stock-in-trade of many who write to catch the popular ear, it is refreshing to find a poet whose nature prompts him to seek inspiration from men who never will grow old, who are everlastingly youthful both in their methods and the ideas they convey. Mr. Thomson has fellowship of ideals with Robert Bridges in our day, and they both are akin to the masters of song who charmed Elizabeth's time—to Carew and Campion, to Fletcher and Johnson—that is to say that in Mr. Thomson's verse one is charmed by beauty of movement, by naive turns of expression, and by purity of diction. In the ideas expressed, allowing always for the modern standpoint, there is the same joy in the freshness of objective nature; the later poems have the idyllic outlook that we find when we turn the pages of these old masters of the lyric. He is forever haunted by the idea of the purity of nature, her dewy charm and exquisite beauty. His style is happily calculated to convey such impressions in clear and limpid images and cadences.

Mr. Thomson is moreover an observer of nature upon his own responsibility; not taking for granted the epithets and phases which have been used by others, he applies frequently a new criticism of his own to the familiar aspects. In the section of his book that he entitles "Spring," many of his most felicitous verses will be found. In "A Spring Song" and "April Groves" the effect he produces and sustains is fresh and unhackneyed. A verse from the latter poem may be selected in proof:

"What rare employment hath the vernal wind,
Blowing to yellow flames the daffodil,
How spends the spring the riches of her mind
To form and dye another blossom still,
A wild bud rarer than the lotus bloom,
Touched with a tint of pink unknown before,
And petals polished smooth as Kashmire's rose,
Woven on finer loom
Than those that knit the veils the Tyrians wore,
Lucent as stream that over marble flows."

This stanza is a favourite form with Mr. Thomson, and he brings out its power of sustained melody with an unerring hand. The long poem "Autumn," with its rich colouring and quiet tone, and "A Winter Village," with its pleasant homely pictures are written in this form, well chosen for the subjects. The latter poem is an excellent example of Mr. Thomson's skill in arousing new interest in well-worn familiar scenes, and if space would permit it might be quoted at length. The section devoted to philosophical poems, the one which transcribes the stoical philosophy, has a fine refrain:

* "A Day's Song," by John Stuart Thomson. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, gilt top, 124 pp.

"Denial asks such favours small;
Yea, greater is my dignity:
So rich am I, I give up all;
Longings nor hopes now conquer me.

Possessing nothing, I give o'er
The wish for joy, so am supreme.

The two sonnets in the same section, "The Glamor," and "The Months," are solid and well-executed; the last has many lines of great beauty, and the movement of the sonnet itself is excellent. These two poems show the desire which Mr. Thomson has for perfection of form. Of greater individuality, however, are his short lyrics. For example, "Even-time," in which the poet has invented the mould into which he has poured his ideas. This short sixteen-line poem is so happily conceived that it must be quoted as a fair example of "A Day's Song."

"In meadows deep with hay I see
The reapers' steel flash sparklingly,
And bobolinks at play;
And in the iris-bordered coves
Frail lilies, shaded by the groves,
Moor all the golden day.
I watch a flicker rise on sun-lit wings
High where a pewee sings,
Apollo's messenger
To the lone piper of the fir.
Where rolling western hills look like
Waves of aerial seas, the sunsets strike,
And, wrecking, dye the clouds with gold.
Moon-wheeled, Eve's chariot is rolled
On through the high, star-spangled doors,
To Night's dark murmurous shores."

The poem "Israfel" is worthy of special praise for its quiet beauty:

He touched the chords, he heard the sound
Spread like the moon at night;
He was an angel who had found
Reverie, delight.

Unto himself he played, nor knew
What trembled on the strings;
As the uprising lark the dew
Shakes from his wings.

. . . . . .

He saw the seraphs, like a flame,
Rise to the blinding throne;
Cherubs and angels, name on name,
And he alone

Absent, the guardian wings descend,
To bear a mortal's prayer,
Or save a man's soul at the end
Of his despair.

But he was held by this content
Of helpless, thralling joy,
As fading petals close the scent
That they destroy.

He was no hero, yet the flow
Of those far echoes seemed
The plaudits that the victors know,
Or, sleeping, dreamed.

Like incense of a secret prayer,
Breathed from the holy night;
Like the warm auburn of his hair,
It soothed his sight.

He dreamed, and still he struck the harp,
And sprayed the crystal shower,
A burst of bird-notes, clear and sharp,
In a spring hour.

Recurrent melodies that blend,
As rainbow colours melt;
Notes glowing, self-consumed, that end
Before half-felt.

He was God's angel innocent,
Called to no glorious strife:
Love's pureness, that in its fragrance spent
Its beauteous life.

"Psyche in Tempe" is a lyrical treatment of a well-worn subject that wins an impression of modernity from a classical story. In Mr. Thomson's first volume there were several ballads of striking quality, and the best, "The Vale of Estabelle," is reprinted in the new book. It has a distinctive beauty, and it would be hard to find a ballad that has a more haunting cadence. Seemingly simple and artless, it has a thrilling power that recalls Edgar Allan Poe, and no one can read it without a memory of some little graveyard that will always thereafter be linked to "the little time-stained headstones in the vale of Estabelle." The volume itself is a very dainty example of the bookmakers' art, in perfect taste throughout, a suitable gift for lovers of poetry and well-built books. Without, it is a harmony of green and gold; within, the abode of charming melodies and graceful pictures.

D. C. S.

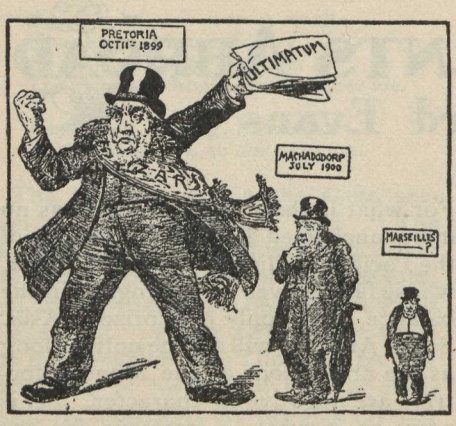
Current Events Abroad

by W. Sanford Evans

ONE of the most important developments in international affairs during the century which has just closed has been the great growth of the policy of expansion or Imperialism among the leading nations of the world. This has been characteristic particularly of the latter part of the century. Since 1870, when the German Empire was unified and consolidated, we have seen a steadily increasing rivalry in the acquisition of new territory. Into the causes of this we need not enter; but the fact should be mentioned as the dominant factor in the international policy which the new century inherits from the old. During the past thirty years nearly all the wars have been made profitable by gains in territory, even if they were not prompted by the desire for gain. The British Empire has grown enormously; but, proportionally, France's dominions have increased almost as fast; Germany is not far behind; Russia has steadily absorbed whole districts; even Austria added a province in the Balkans; Italy tried, although with poor success, to found an empire in Africa; Japan conquered ports and a great island from China; and, lastly, the United States has set out in the same course. It is remarkable that so far conflicts between the rival powers have been avoided. The process cannot long continue without conflict. For what is there left? Africa has no more unclaimed lands; the islands of the Pacific are divided up; and China, whose fate is even now hanging in the balance, is the only rich prize in Asia. South America will escape only as long as the pretensions of the Monroe doctrine are negative in character. It is now, as it were, a preserve for the United States. How these rival ambitions can be adjusted is the problem for this century to solve. There have already been beginnings of friendly co-operation as in Crete and now in

"CHRISTIANIZING" CHINA.

CHORUS OF THE POWERS (to Missionary): "You have done well, little man. You have applied the lotion; we will rub it in." —*Sydney Bulletin, N. S. W.*



The Great President. The Ex-President. Mr. Kruger.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY ——

—Cape Town Owl.

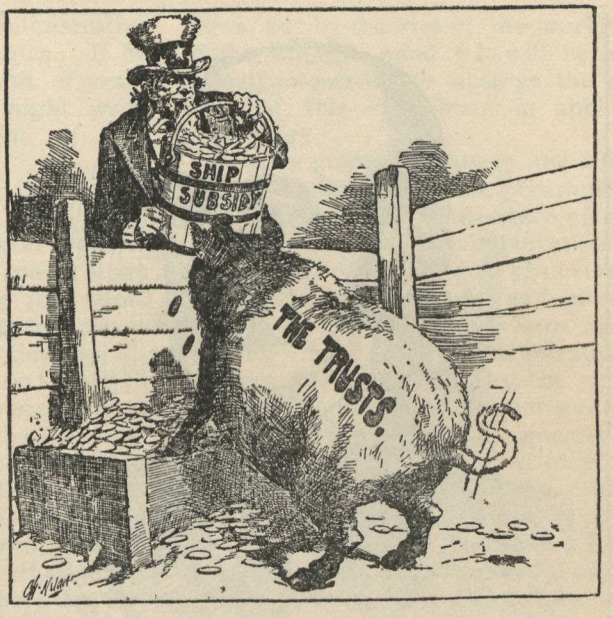
China. If this new policy continues to develop we may find that ambition will have a new field in international co-operation, but unfortunately there is nothing in what has already happened to warrant any great confidence that civilization has yet reached the point where continued co-operation is possible. It is hard to believe that the nations which now have such impetus along the lines of expansion could be suddenly checked and made content with problems of administration instead of those of acquisition. We must, therefore, face the not remote probability of conflict. If this is to be avoided, the voices of those who disapprove of pushing national ambition to the point of extreme danger must be heard. Frederick Harrison, in a recent article, used a phrase with reference to the British Imperialism of to-day which, while it cannot be accepted as altogether truthful, has yet in it some suggestiveness. He called this Imperialism the new "Mahdism." It is the thing which might be called "Mahdism" which the nations must avoid.

Strained relations between Holland and Portugal were revealed during the past month. No serious consequences are to be expected for the very simple reason that Britain immediately announced herself on the side of Portugal, and no other great Power was ready to take the side of Holland.

The trouble arose over slight disagreements in regard to what Portugal should have allowed at Delagoa Bay and was the outcome of the active favouring of the Boers by the representatives and people of Holland, and the neutrality of Portugal, or, if anything, its partiality toward the British side. It has been known for many years that Britain was inclined to stand back of Portugal, but the presence of the British fleet at Lisbon when this last situation became acute, and the speeches of the British Minister and British Admiral, in which the word alliance was distinctly used, and which were answered in like terms by members of the Portuguese Government, left no doubt that the understanding between the two countries is of a formal nature. In the light of what was said at Lisbon it is easy to understand why Portugal raised no great objection to the use by British troops of the route from Beira into Rhodesia.

Poor Paul Kruger! If it were not that there are so many aspects of pathos about the old man who has visited Europe with the hope of obtaining assistance for his country in her extremity, it would be hard to resist the temptation to satire. He was received in France with applause and hurrahs, but the French Cabinet decided that it was not opportune to bring Transvaal affairs before the Chamber at the present time. He desired to visit Germany, but the Emperor sent him a gentle note to the effect that interference on his behalf was not opportune and therefore his visit to Berlin could only arouse the anger of a country with which Germany was on friendly terms. He desired to see the Czar of Russia, but the Czar had sense enough to have a period of illness. He was therefore compelled to carry his mourning to the Netherlands which State can give him nothing but sym-

pathy. Poor Mr. Kruger, the world he has invaded with his cant and hypocrisy is fully supplied with these two virtues and knows how to appreciate them at their true worth. He is like Humpty-Dumpty, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't make him President of the Transvaal again.



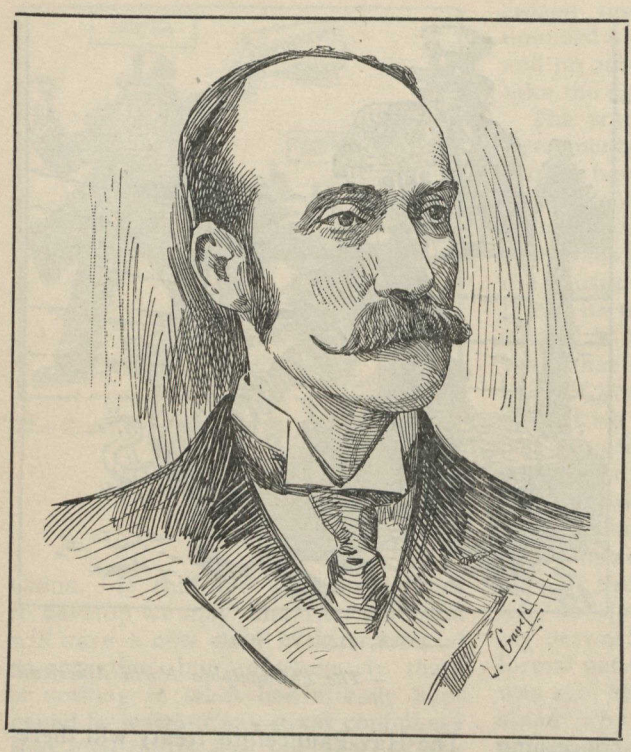
MORE, ALWAYS MORE.

—*The Philadelphia North American.*

The United States has not settled the Philippine problem, but it has grown tired of a discussion of it. With a sigh of relief it has turned to a discussion of an older theme, the possibility of an Isthmian Canal to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific. The Isthmian Canal Commission has reported concerning the partially-built Panama Canal and the proposed Nicaraguan Canal. The former will cost 150 millions to complete; the latter 200 millions to construct. The former gives a twelve-hours' passage; the latter a thirty-three-hours' passage. The former is under the control of Colombia and the present syndicate; the latter is under the control of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. If the people of the United States could buy out Colombia and the Panama Canal Syndicate, they would finish that canal. If they could buy off Great Britain and bury the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, they would build the Nicaraguan Canal and guard it with U.S. regulars. Either is a difficult problem, and the discussion is therefore very interesting. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, now being considered, does not do away with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and is therefore not satisfactory to the U.S. Senate, the body which must ratify it or reject it. It will therefore reject it by proposing amendments which Great Britain, the other party to the treaty, will not accept. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty will therefore fall through, and the United States will fall back on the Monroe doctrine and Great Britain on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It will be a case of "As you were."

What next? There is a possibility that the outstanding Canadian questions will be off-set against the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the United States yielding some of its fishery and Alaskan claims, and Great Britain yielding the Clayton-Bulwer treaty so as to enable the United States to build the Nicaraguan Canal and close it in time of war. The possibility is remote, however, and it is likely that the outstanding questions between the two great Anglo-Saxon Empires will remain unsettled for some years to come.

The British Cabinet has been reconstructed. Lord Salisbury is now Prime Minister only. Lord Lansdowne is Foreign Minister and Mr. Brodrick succeeds him as Secretary for War. Mr. Chamberlain remains sponsor of the colonies, and Mr. Goschen retires,



THE MARQUIS OF LANDSDOWNE, K.G.—THE BRITISH SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, AND EX-GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

Lord Selborne is First Lord of the Admiralty.

Lord Lansdowne has been received in his important office with mixed feelings. He is not a strong man, but he was the best man under the circumstances. As Governor-General of Canada he was a fair success. As ruler of India he was not a failure. As controller of the War Office he was conservative yet progressive. As Foreign Minister he will be courteous and safe. His ability may be middling, but his character and accomplishments are above reproach.

Lady Lansdowne is well remembered by many Canadians. She is one of the group of sisters immortalized by Lord Beaconsfield in "Lothair." She was married in 1869, and was then considered a great beauty. She is tall and slight, has perfectly formed features and an eminently aristocratic air. She dresses well but not extravagantly. Her social career as a hostess is without a blemish, and as wife of the Foreign Minister of Great Britain she will have a responsible part in the ruling of the world during the next five years.

The war in South Africa is dragging out a weary length of days. The famous Boer general, de Wet, has been corralled and forced to fight his last fight some nine times and is still at large. Apparently he has more lives than the cat. The new commander-in-chief, Lord Kitchener, has called for more mounted infantry. He recognizes that foot soldiers are of little use against the Boers —except, of course, they be Canadian foot soldiers. He will use mounted infantry to fight out this guerilla war. When he gets enough at hand, he will speedily make matters warmer for Mr. de Wet than even the optimistic correspondent has been able to do. But all this takes time. Meanwhile, we shall continue to hear of the British Tommy surrendering in large chunks. Tommy's legs are good, but they are not good enough for the fast retreats or swift advances necessary.

How would it do to shorten the course at Aldershot and send the British officer, and as many Tommies as possible, to finish the course by hunting wapiti and bear in the Rocky Mountains and rounding up cattle on the plains of Alberta?

The pacification of South Africa will be slow—so slow. The two races will find it hard to agree, and the politicians will see that the hardness of the situation is maintained. There is no Canadian who knows his native history well that will envy Sir Alfred Mil-

ner his job as chief administrative officer in British South Africa. If he had double the usual length of years to live out, his Boswell might write him down a successful man.

At last have the allies come to an agreement upon the general features of the demands to be made upon China. The terms of the joint note handed to the Chinese representatives show two things clearly, that the allies do not regard China as being in the same class as themselves, and that they are determined she shall not become a strong Power. They are working upon a certain conception of Chinese character. They evidently believe that ceremonial and form play a greater part in Chinese life than in the life of other peoples. Upon this hypothesis they insist, for example, that an extraordinary mission be despatched to Berlin to express regret for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, and that a monument be erected at the place of his assassination bearing an inscription in Latin, German and Chinese embodying these regrets; that expiatory monuments be erected in the foreign and international cemeteries desecrated; that official examinations be suspended for five years in cities where outrages on foreigners were committed; and that decrees of various kinds be published. Such measures would only exasperate Western peoples, and if carried out under compulsion would be a sham of a hollow kind. They may be effective in China. But they show that the allies are judging the Chinese, not by Western standards, but by theories of the working of the Chinese mind. It will be extremely interesting to observe the results of this experiment in applied psychology.

In more practical matters, the allies demand an indemnity, the punishment of ringleaders, the continuance of the interdiction against the importation of arms and of materials used exclusively in the manufacture of arms and ammunition, the destruction of forts commanding the line of communications between Pekin and the sea, the right to maintain permanent legation guards and to fortify the diplomatic quarter in Pekin, the right to occupy strategical points between Pekin and the coast, new treaties of commerce and navigation, and a reform of the Chinese Foreign Office and court ceremonial of reception of foreign representatives. If China felt strong enough to resist further aggression it would pay her to let the allies keep what they have now got rather than grant these demands. She has already virtually lost Manchuria and the Liao-tung peninsula, and with strong foreign guards in fortified legations in Pekin and foreign garrisons between that place and the coast, she would lose control in the province of Chili, and so be little better off than she is to-day when foreign troops completely occupy that province. Only a feeling of helplessness and a strong desire for peace could induce her to accept the terms. Taking all conditions into consideration, these terms may be the best that could be devised, but they do not settle the Chinese question; at most they only postpone a final settlement.

QUATRAIN.

LO! the dim Midnight clothed in ghostly fear,
Doth watch the coming of the spectral feet!
A priestess crowned with stars, and rapt to hear
The hush of awe wherein the centuries meet!

John Arbory.

Woman's Sphere

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

HAVE you ever tried to realize the wonderful difference which exists in the home life of the women of Canada at this the beginning of the twentieth century from that which prevailed here a hundred years ago? The house mother must have been a busy woman then. True, she is, generally speaking, a busy woman now; but her occupations and interests are widely different from those of her great-grandmother, upon whose individual knowledge, executive ability and domestic industry the welfare and comfort of the household so largely depended. To instance a few of the many changes in household affairs we have only to recall the fact that little wheat was grown in the country then, and that corn was largely used as a substitute. In those good old days, therefore, instead of ordering a bag of superfine flour from the grocer by telephone, the housewife who lived away from town or village, was obliged to take the dried corn and grind it on a large flat stone, slightly hollowed in the centre, by the aid of another stone which she held in her hand. The nearest grist mill was probably more than a hundred miles away. The corn-flour that she thus produced was at least wholesome, and if it contained a good deal of grist may have been none the worse for that. The bread made from this flour would be baked in a large brick oven, beside the wide fireplace, or else, lacking that, would be cooked in what was called a "Dutch" oven, a sort of iron pot standing on four legs, closely covered, around and on top of which the glowing embers were piled. Nor was there any need to specify that the finished article was "home-made," for there probably was no "baker's" bread in the country.

THEN AND NOW.

Providing clothing for the family meant a lot of work at that time and was no light undertaking, for not only were factories and departmental stores with their well-fitting, ready-made clothing at moderate prices, quite undreamed of, but clothiers' shops, or indeed shops of any kind were few and far between. Therefore the house mother had to spin the flax and wool and weave it into cloth. Afterwards she made this cloth into garments by hand, for the sewing-machine, which is now the possession of all but the very poor, was not invented for many years after the century began. When so much was involved in their manufacture it is no wonder that clothes had long lives and that fashions therefore changed slowly.

In the summer the men and women wore straw hats that had been plaited and sewn at home, and in the winter the warm quilted hoods that covered if they did not adorn the heads of the women were also made by themselves.

As to cooking the bill of fare was restricted, of necessity, and the kitchen presented a great contrast to the typical kitchen of the modern house to-day. No taps were there with their ready flow of hot and cold water. No gas nor coal range was in use, nor even the familiar wood-cooking stove of our childhood. Instead there was the big fireplace under the chimney in which burned merrily the fire made of long sticks of cordwood. An iron crane hung from one side of the fireplace and on it were pot-hooks and the jack, or turn-spit, on which the joints were suspended to roast.

They did not buy twenty-one pounds

of granulated sugar for a dollar then, because of granulated or pulverized sugar there was none. The wealthy may have used a limited quantity of the expensive loaf sugar (so called from the shape of the pyramid in which it came) but the average household depended principally on maple sugar of its own manufacture, which was afterwards superseded by the coarse brown West India sugar of commerce. The making of soap, both hard soap and soft soap, the drying of apples, and other industries of the kind were part of the yearly routine in every household. In the laundry there were no stationary washtubs, no washing machines, no wringers, no mangles, and all the laundry work of the family was of necessity done at home. "Early to bed" must have been a maxim easy to obey at that time, for there was not much temptation to keep late hours when the light of home-made tallow candles was not a very brilliant illumination for the long winter evenings. Nor were there daily newspapers, fascinating new books, nor attractive magazines to tempt one to strain one's eyes to read in that faint light. The evolution from the tallow candle to the wax or paraffine candles bought by the half dozen, the lard lamp, on to the coal oil lamp, to gas, and to electric light would of itself be an interesting history to study.

In those days, again, they did not dash off brief letters by pen or typewriter to friends in Great Britain, enclosing the same in envelopes, stamping with two cent stamps, and sending them off fully expecting the destination to be reached in a week. When one wrote "home" at the time of which we are thinking, it was no hasty effusion, but a long, closely-written document which was folded up and sealed. Envelopes and stamps were unknown. The receiver, and not the sender, paid the carriage, which amounted to a shilling at least. Under these circumstances the writing of a letter would naturally be an event of importance in the household, and as the epistle would be a month at least in crossing the Atlantic the long period of waiting for an answer must have tried the patience sorely.

It is not to be wondered at that our foremothers were not given to taking many journeys, for railways did not exist in the country, and steamships were not invented. Stage coaches were uncomfortable owing to bad roads and were very few. Passages on sailing vessels on the lakes were also costly and uncertain. Indeed, I remember hearing of a gentleman who some sixty years ago was anxious to reach his home near Niagara from Montreal, as his child was very ill. Owing to contrary winds some weeks were spent by him on river and lake before he arrived at his destination. The evolution from sailing vessels, canoes, or stage coaches, to steamship, railway coach, bicycle and automobile makes a capital illustration of progress through the century.

Of social visiting there was of course little when "neighbours" meant people who lived some miles away. Though "days" and "at-homes" were unknown to the women then, there was a true spirit of hospitality that it is feared is sometimes lacking amid the rush and crowding of these times.

As one thinks of these things one realizes that the deliverance from so much manual toil and drudgery which the invention and use of machinery has made possible to-day means for women the privilege of more leisure for outdoor life and time to cultivate the nobler parts of our being. All privileges bring with them responsibilities. To-day, as of old, the responsibility of the right living of her household, in all senses of the term, calls largely on the housekeeper, and now as never before, thanks to the application of science to the affairs of the home, every woman has the privilege, if she will, of learning the best ways in all household matters, so that disease may be prevented and the home made beautiful in every detail. What the woman of A.D. 2000 will think of us and of our ways we cannot surmise, and as we try to guess at the progress of the next

century imagination fails. By that time, however, the domestic problem will be solved, people will have learned to eat the food they individually need, and possible co-operative housekeepers will be an old story.

WOMAN'S WORK.

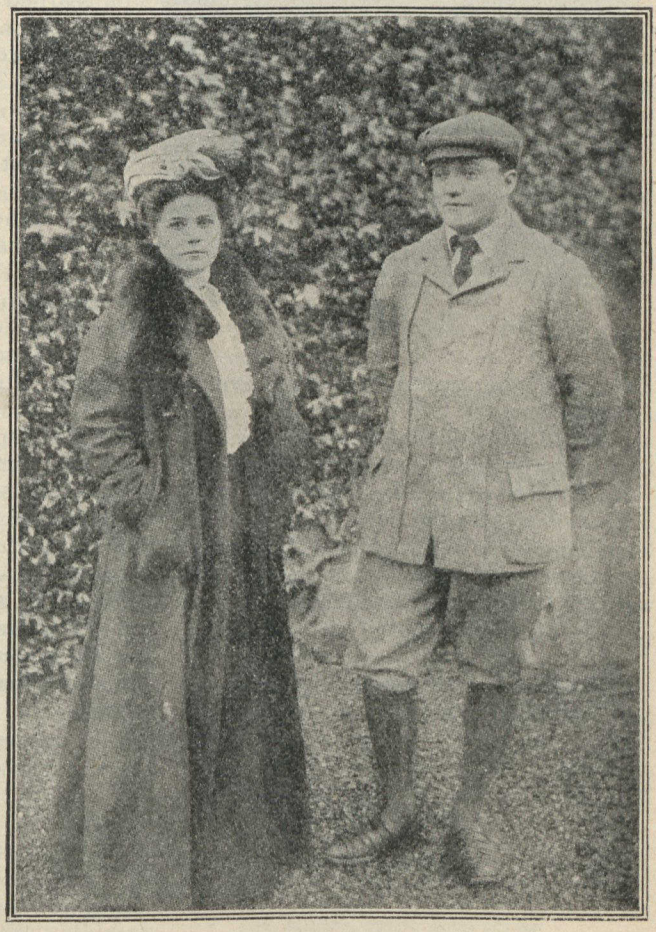
The Woman's Club in Montreal arranges a series of interesting lectures each season, which is very popular with the members and their friends. One of these lectures was given lately by Dr. Le Rossignol, whose subject was "Woman's Work." Dr. Le Rossignol, who is a Canadian by birth, and a graduate of McGill, is connected with Denver University, but is now delivering a course of lectures upon Political Economy at his alma mater. The statistics quoted concerning the various vocations engaged in by women had reference principally to the United States, where four-fifths of the women are employed at home. It was shown that even back to savage days women had many outdoor employments, and while the demand for female labour at present is no greater than for that of men, the question is not one of sex, but of efficient satisfactory labour. Speaking of the fact that the general education of women is defective and lacking in special or technical training, the lecturer urged that every girl as well as every boy should be thoroughly trained in some profession or business. The question of the employment of women is one of vast importance to the State. With women engaged in the industries the products are greater, wages increase, the women become producers as well as consumers, and the result is greater national prosperity. Dr. Le Rossignol's opinion is that woman's work supplements, not displaces, man's work, and that "whatever ought to be will be—the gradual evolution of woman has been and is still continually going on towards the highest goal. Woman's sphere includes all positions that women can satisfactorily fill, and being intelligent human beings, they have the right to liberty of choice." In this connection it may be said that the Paris Handbook, to which reference has been made, contains many interesting facts concerning women's work in Canada. Only to enumerate some of its unusual employments, it is interesting to know that there are two women lawyers, about twenty-five pharmaceutists, eleven dentists, very many women farmers, an ice dealer, a woman blacksmith, a lime burner, a gunsmith, a pawnbroker, and that in Fraserville, Que., the only barber is a woman.

The article in the last number on paying calls has called forth several comments from readers. An Ottawa lady urges that when attending a tea or reception cards should be left in lieu of a call afterwards. Another lady thinks that calls should not be exchanged more than once a year, unless in case of illness or in return for hospitality. Still another makes the radical suggestion that cards be sent to all on one's visiting list at the beginning of each season, and that visits in person be only made informally to particular friends or upon special occasions. Only one reader expresses the opinion that the present custom requires no modification or improvement.

MRS. JAS. STRACHAN.

"Toronto is the poorer for her death," truly said one who had known her well. They talked together of Mrs. James Strachan, whose death occurred last month. And, indeed, it is so, for in this rushing, bustling age, there are not many women whose gracious personality, whose sweet face, reflecting the sweetness and kindness of the soul within, whose whole being so truly typified the gentlewoman as she who has passed away. Mrs. Strachan was a daughter of the late Hon. Sir John Beverley Robinson, Baronet, C.B., and was born at Beverley House, Toronto, on Sept. 3rd, 1823. Marrying Captain

James McGill Strachan, 68th Regt., a son of the renowned first Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. Strachan was, therefore, connected with two distinguished Canadian families. She was educated in Toronto and England, and on her marriage, in 1844, she lived at "The Cottage," near the Bishop's Palace. She took an active part in philanthropic undertakings and in church affairs, especially in connection with St. James' Cathedral, with which she was identified since it was the wooden structure of history; and it is difficult to imagine any church gathering there without the presence of Mrs. Strachan, upon whose wise judgment and tactful leadership her fellow-workers were wont to rely. As a Life Member of the Church of England Woman's Auxiliary to Missions, and as a member of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society, Mrs. Strachan was always a regular and interested attendant. Mrs. Strachan was interested in and long connected with many of the charitable institutions in Toronto; the Boys' Home, the House of Industry, and the Toronto Free Dispensary—all revered her as a kind and practical friend. Of the last named, Mrs. Strachan was for some years the treasurer. In the Old Folks' Home from its beginning she was a frequent visitor; the ills and trials of the aged poor appealing specially to her sympathy. Mrs. Strachan's personality was of a type not found in the present generation. Trained in the old-world school of manners, her presence lent grace and dignity to any gathering on any occasion. "Mrs. Strachan, ah! she was a Duchess!" remarked a business-man of her; yet hers was the nobility which springs from the entire forgetfulness of self. In her presence men and women felt and showed the best that was in them. Beautiful alike in person and in character, in speech and in act, she has left a pure and fragrant memory, and an example which we of a younger generation shall do well to revere and in some measure to imitate.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

It is, perhaps, in the framework of her home-life, as the genial hostess and kind, sympathetic friend, that those

THE LATE MRS. JAMES STRACHAN.

who knew her best will always love to picture her.

A pathetic incident in connection with her passing away was the death of her lifelong friend, Mrs. Jarvis, née Miss Irving, on the day following, and their funerals in St. James' Cathedral at the same hour will not soon be forgotten by their fellow-citizens.

The good work which is being accomplished throughout the country by the Victorian Order of Nurses is much appreciated by those who experience it. All the nurses are, of course, in the first place graduates of recognized training schools, and to this is added a six months' training in district nursing, which, of course, differs widely from the experience gained in well-equipped hospitals. As this district training can be learned with advantage only in large cities, the two training homes of the Order are established in Montreal and Toronto, and from these the nurses pass on to work in other towns and cities in outlying districts. At the last meeting of the Board of Governors in Ottawa the chief Lady Superintendent, Miss McLeod, reported that forty-one nurses (not including those now in training) are working in various places, including Brandon, Vernon, Little Current, Kingston, Hamilton, Port Arthur, Fort Frances, Muskoka, Algoma, Halifax, New Richmond, and other places. Five cottage hospitals are also connected with the Order, and at this meeting the Countess of Minto urged very strongly the importance of increasing the number of cottage hospitals in the Northwest. It was also encouraging to find that although the fees charged, when any, are of necessity very small, yet the amount thus received has increased greatly, especially in country places.

LOVE'S TASK.

AS the pure heaven-sent snow 'mid the dark night
Covers the drear, brown earth that sullen seems,
With her soft, shining mantle and the light
Breaks on a world as fair as angels' dreams,
Love, while the world still dreams with tender care,
Covers our sad deformities, and lo ! we're fair.

Helen Baptie Lough

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

FOR nineteen centuries of years the angels have sung "On earth peace, good-will toward men." For the same period of time men have acknowledged the doctrine but evaded its teaching. They have, to a great extent, been Machiavellian make-believes. When the three-century struggle between the church and heathen Rome came to an end with the reign of the Christian Emperor Constantine, the new day had apparently dawned. But different forms of Christianity, different schools of divines arose, and the days of disputes were begun. There was not yet either peace or good-will. It was a religious dispute which at the close of the eighth century divided the Empire of the East and the Empire of the West. The church of the Eastern Empire disagreed with the church of the Western Empire. In the West the church struggled with the emperors. In the Empire of the East arose the Greek Church; in the Empire of the West, the Roman Church. There was no peace anywhere and little good-will. After the eleventh century reconciliation seemed impossible. The crusades were not undertaken in a spirit of peace and good-will and were unproductive of great results. It was a crusading army which overthrew the Eastern Empire, the great bulwark of Christendom against the Saracens and the Turks. Punishment followed, for the Western Empire began to break up. The church itself was not a unit; there were rival Popes at Avignon and Rome, and the Council of Pisa chose a third. Then followed the burning of Huss and Jerome, the Bohemian disciples of Wickliffe, and the fall of Constantinople and the triumph of the Ottoman power in the East.

MAKE-BELIEVE VS. CHARITY.

The middle ages passed away and modern Europe with its numerous growing nations, instead of one Roman Empire, came into existence. The Eastern Church remained quiescent until the present century. The Western Church broke into pieces during that phase known as the Reformation period. The revival of learning and the frivolousness of the Popes discredited for a time the old church. From that time forward we have the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, both crying peace and good-will, but seldom practising either. The Protestants hated the Roman Catholics and occasionally burned them at the stake. "Bloody" Mary's reign in England, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, the Inquisition in Spain are events which show how the Roman Catholics treated the Protestants.

Nor has the nineteenth century been one of peace and good-will, despite the cessation of religious persecution as such, the abolition of slavery, the growth of knowledge and culture. The greatest of national aims is not to maintain peace, but to provide armaments for war. The spirit of conquest is still in the blood. A leading Canadian poet sends his last nineteenth century message to his fellow-men in the following words:

> Resound old freedom's martial call,
> Heard long our fathers' fields upon!
> Whate'er betide, whoe'er may fall,
> The mighty battle must go on.

And yet it is many centuries since Paul, the reformer, penned the sentiment: "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." If we believe in peace and good-will, why should we not have charity and suffer long? Why should we not be prepared to lose something rather than go to war? If our principles are right and

destined to win, why not let them win in the ways of peace rather than in the ways of carnage?

Canada has much of the spirit of make-believe and much lack of the spirit of charity. There is a hollowness in our business life, our political life, our social life, our religious life which reveals a weakness which does not make for progress. That this hollowness is not greater than the make-believe of any other nation can be no excuse. The standards of other nations are not those by which we should measure ourselves.

TWO MEN IN CONTRAST

There are two men who are typical of the day and the contrast between them is great. We may call them Aristo and Demo.

Aristo is the son of a successful father. With inherited name and wealth, he is making himself a power in the world. To rise rapidly, to develop his individuality, to work out his plans, he must not know his neighbour. When that neighbour is in the way so much the worse for the neighbour. If the neighbour be a merchant in a small way, Aristo crushes him in a large way. If the neighbour be a rival manufacturer, Aristo changes the tariff, raises the price of the neighbour's raw product, undermines the neighbour's credit, sells the neighbour's company-stock at a low figure, or in some other way presses him to earth. Aristo recognizes that the neighbour must be overcome if the Strong-Man is to develop. Aristo therefore inaugurates a departmental store; he builds a railroad with government assistance; he floats a mining company and induces the people to buy its shares; he gets a franchise for a street railway, issues stock to the full value of the road, which the public readily buy, and then mortgages the road for its full value; he gets his competitors in the manufacture of a certain line of goods to come in with him to save expenses, and shortly afterwards as president of the company dismisses them all and runs a business which knows no competition.

Not one neighbour may be spared. The college professor who talks doctrines of which Aristo does not approve is a neighbour. Aristo makes a donation to the college, becomes a governor, and the neighbour-professor is a wanderer on the face of the earth. Aristo gives largely to foreign missions, to educational institutions, and other branches of church work, and the ministers call him blessed. To them his voice is second only to that of the Holy Ghost.

Aristo is not wholly selfish, for he has nothing personally to gain from all this. It entails a life of energy and determination. It means early rising and late retiring. It means abstemiousness with regard to theatres, wine suppers and profligacy of all kinds. It means a strenuous life and at the end a simple bier and a red-sealed document which leaves everything to one or two young men who may or may not be new Aristos.

Aristo does not know himself why he is so ambitious. His wife shares his ambitions and reaps, perhaps, greater rewards than he; but neither can she explain. It is an inspiration, divine or devilish, which is greater than Aristo himself.

The inspiration leads him to take thought and add cubits to his stature, that he may become the greatest financier, banker, manufacturer or railway operator in his country. He does not aim to be all of these, but one only. He is a master specialist, realizing by intuition that the day of the all-round man has gone. He concentrates on one thing with persistent purpose and invincible industry. He aims high and fights hard.

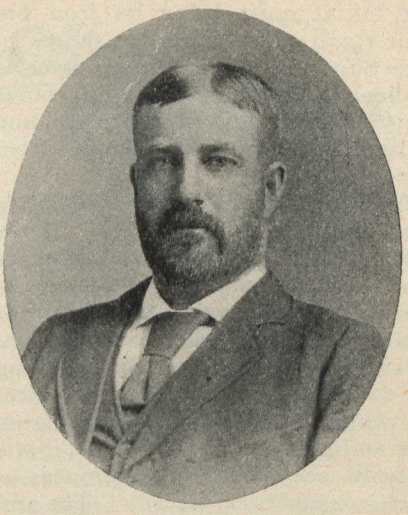
Demo is in strong contrast. He is of a race of artisans, and the impulse of his actions is altruism, the love of his neighbour. Demo is the apostle of nature, of nature's God, of love, light, pity, truth. Demo hates a struggle, but he has compassion for the struggler. He sees him at the forge, in the warehouse, feeding the fires of the steam-generators, shovel-

ling coal in the depth of the water-waggon of commerce, behind the counter, at the desk, swinging the axe in the bush, handling the pole or the pike on the river, wielding the hoe or the sickle in the field—and seeing the struggler he sympathizes, for he too is a struggler. Saying kind words and doing kind deeds are the work which he believes is required of him under modern civilization. He cannot understand the cold, crisp current of pagan individualism, for he has a sympathy which embraces all mankind. He cannot conceive great projects, cannot develop large undertakings, cannot be a monarch of the world of industry. He can be only kind and generous and unknown. His great heart swells up with a flood of compassion for the oppressed heathen in the kingdom of the omnipotent ruler, for those in the wilds of a great continent dying of a plague for lack of scientific sanitation, for the stricken and dying in the red war, for the orphan in a dense city or in the mountainous wilds of a mining district—the sore, and the sick, and the dying require and receive his best. He writes his poetry for them, he paints his pictures for them, he preaches his loving sermons for them, he writes his songs for them, he talks on socialism and single-tax for them, he gives his coppers and his tears for them.

What would the world do without Aristo? What would the world do without Demo?

Aristo and Demo are the only two men who stand out as prominent products of the new civilization where commerce, and industry, and money monopolize attention. If it were not for Aristo where would be our factories, our railroads, our steamships, our universities, our statesmen, our soldiers? If it were not for Demo where would be our religion, our philanthropy, our music, our art, our literature, our higher criticism, our social activity, our intellectual and moral progress?

We cannot afford to lose either of these two men. We can only pray that the one may become more god-like, and the other less god-like, so that in the Twentieth Century which now dawns upon us there may be evolved a new type, a new Strong-Man who will embody the virtues of both, a new Aristo-Demo who will lead the peoples along the chariot path which the Mighty Without-Beginning-and-Without-End has made through the Hills and Dales of Eternity.



HON. REDMOND P. ROBLIN—SWORN IN LAST MONTH AS PREMIER OF MANITOBA IN SUCCESSION TO HON. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP CANADIAN STEEL.

Many people seem to doubt that the manufacture of steel in Cape Breton, Canada's newest great industry, will be a success. With the natural aversion for details, others speak glowingly of the prospects, although close questioning reveals no real idea of the underlying reasons.

The two great manufactories of steel on this continent are at Birmingham, in Alabama, and Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. Birmingham has its coal and iron ore close at hand, but must haul its steel to Mobile, a distance of 660 miles, and then ship it 5,000 miles to Europe. Pittsburgh has not so far to ship its finished pro-

duct, but it must bring its iron ore about 1,250 miles—from the shores of Lake Superior. The former place is handicapped by being a long distance from tide-water and from Europe, and the latter by being a long distance from its raw material.

Now at Sydney, the iron ore has to be brought 400 miles by water, but the coal, coke and limestone are close at hand. The furnaces are on tide-water, moreover, and much nearer Europe than either Birmingham or Pittsburgh. Viewing these facts, and considering that to make one ton of steel it requires two tones of iron ore, two tons of coal, and a half ton of limestone, it will easily be seen that steel furnaces at Sydney should be a success. The promoters of the Sydney industry claim that they have an advantage of $5 a ton over Pittsburgh and $3 a ton over Birmingham. Sydney is destined to be a great steel-producing centre.

With these facts in mind, can any one see the necessity for granting a government bounty on Canadian-made steel? Has it even as much justification as the railway subsidy? Will some wise man please answer these questions? Surely this country has given away enough money in unnecessary subsidies and bounties without continuing the policy in a case where the promoters themselves declare it to be unnecessary.

BOOKS THAT ARE NOT READ.

The publishers of London declare that Shakespeare continues to be a popular author. His works still sell in editions varying from one dollar to twenty-five. A writer in *The Outlook* thinks that these books are bought much as bric-a-bric or pictures for the furnishing of the house. "If all who bought their Shakespeare appreciated him," says this critic, "we should be virtually a nation of philosophers and poets."

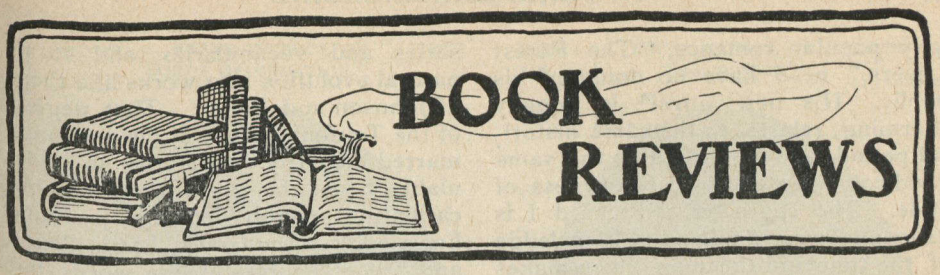
A more apt comparison, perhaps, would be to compare the purchase of a volume or set of Shakespeare with the purchase of a family Bible. An enterprising business-man in Toronto, recently imported two talkative and experienced book-men from the United States to sell family Bibles, and was rewarded by having them dispose of many hundreds of copies at $12 each. The family Bible is popular, but whether read or not is another question.

Some time ago the writer called on a gentleman whose education was of the ordinary variety, and whose home was in a small Canadian town. On the centre-table in the drawing-room was a copy of the life of a great English statesman, by a Canadian author whose books sell well in country villages. The gentleman was asked whether he had ever read it. "No, I have not; my wife bought it from some book pedlar." The inference was that the wife felt that the house should have a book or two to help out the furniture.

A short time since a newly-married young barrister in a Canadian city was showing some friends his new home. He pointed with pride to an edition of Shakespeare in twenty-five morocco-cased volumes. He remarked, "I do not suppose that I shall ever read them, but they look nice."

People are much in the habit of buying books which they do not read. Thousands of sets of Balzac, Prescott, Stevenson and the standard authors, in expensive editions have been sold in this country in recent years—not bought because the purchasers felt an unconquerable desire to read them, but because the agent was a hard man to refuse. Balzac and Stevenson are to be found in ten times as many homes as there are readers of either. If I were a writer of books and desired to be read, I should have my works published in paper covers. When people buy paper-covered books they usually read them, even if they are as dull as mine would certainly be. If a book be published in cloth or leather, with a great plaster of gilt on the sides and back, it is a sure sign that the book would not sell if it were enclosed in paper covers and offered on its merits.

John A. Cooper.



CAPT. MAHAN ON THE WAR.

HITHERTO the books written on the South African war have been by newspaper correspondents. While to the journalist we may apply Dr. Johnson's words and say that he has

> Left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
> And touched nothing that he did not adorn,

we must confess to a preference, on the present occasion, for the judgment of a man who has made a life-long study of the art of war. Capt. Mahan, known to British readers by his able work on the influence of sea power upon modern history, is equally at home in expounding the sound principles of military strategy on land.* His book, therefore, deals with the struggle in South Africa from precisely that standpoint regarding which we are most in need of information. The newspaper correspondents have brilliantly described the campaign ; the newspaper editors have discussed *ad nauseam* all questions of policy. Light thrown upon the military problems involved in the campaign, the degree of success or failure which competent authorities will award to the British generals, and the correctness of the tactics employed by both sides, especially in the Natal campaign, are the points which now call for treatment. Capt. Mahan treats of all these with an impartial air. His literary style is even and expressive, and his book an entirely agreeable one. Careful in reaching his conclusions, and apparently determined to avoid hasty condemnations or equally unmerited praise, Capt. Mahan's contribution to the history of this war is likely to be of permanent value. Two features will stand out prominently with the average reader. One is the inference that the operations in Natal were conducted by our generals, on the whole, with skill, and that the real mistake was in departing—for political or other reasons—from the plan of a central invasion through the Orange Free State. These reasons are not fully known. Once grant that they were irresistible, and in Capt. Mahan's opinion, we are bound to admire the dash and dexterity exhibited by our generals in those terrible engagements before the force was concentrated at Ladysmith. The Fabian tactics of the Boers before Ladysmith in northern Cape Colony, and before Kimberley were, in his view, fatal to Boer success. The second point on which the author lays stress, and one that will impress the Canadian reader, is the emphasis with which he characterizes colonial support. He regards it, evidently, as Imperial Federation suddenly transformed from the abstract to the concrete. This military view of its significance by a foreigner is interesting. We commend the book warmly to all who have passed the drum-and-trumpet stage of their interest in the war.

* The Story of the War in South Africa. By Capt. Mahan, U.S.N. London : Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.

RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY.

Idle rumour stated sometime ago that Mr. Hewlett intended to relinquish his lucrative place in the English Civil Service as keeper of the land revenue records, and devote himself entirely to his literary labour. Be that true or not, the confidence in his own powers which would induce a man to make such a resolve is not in this case misplaced. The author of that wonder-

fully popular romance, "The Forest Lovers," need have no doubt of his public. His new novel* is equally charming, relates to the same historical period, and is marked by the same vivid colouring and picturesqueness of style. The character of Richard I is delineated with a fulness of knowledge of the time and the man which makes him wear a different aspect from the Knight in "Ivanhoe," not so impressive and enduring a figure, perhaps, but, one imagines, nearer the reality, without losing all his heroic qualities. His courtship of and a kind of morganatic marriage with the beautiful Jehans is related with great fervour, and illustrates with probable accuracy the relations which prevailed between the sexes in that age. It is more of Richard the rebellious son and the crusader that we hear, than the so-called lion-hearted King of England, and the tale, therefore, presents him in a somewhat new light.

DICTIONARIES.

Having no authority similar to the French Academy to regulate niceties of style and correctness of spelling and meaning, the English language is more dependent upon its dictionaries than the French. The republication of Mr. Murray's lecture† on the evolution of the modern English dictionary is timely. He has been editor of the Oxford Dictionary in course of preparation since 1879, a work so important that it entitles him to be heard on the subject generally. In the present lecture the scope and origin of dictionaries of our language are dealt with in a popular way. The various steps that have led historically to the modern dictionary are described: 1, the "glossing" of difficult Latin words in Latin manuscripts by easier Latin, and at length by English words; 2, the collection of these "glosses" into glossaries and vocabularies, and so by natural evolution into works like those of Johnson and Bailey. That neglect of the Teutonic origin of our language marred the early dictionaries is undeniable, hence the great Oxford publication not merely includes profound knowledge of the Greek, Latin, Saxon and French sources of our words, but aims at giving the history of words according to scientific and historical principles. What this publication will do for the English language is hard to exaggerate. It will become the authority on which lesser works of the same kind must be based during the next century. The Americans, who are masters of book-making, have pushed their dictionaries into general use, especially in Canada, with a zeal which outruns their claim, sound as it is in some respects, to be the producers of the best English dictionaries. It is manifest, however, that the conditions in the United States do not warrant the seeming ascendency of their dictionaries. For the meaning, spelling, etymology, and history of English words this and the next generation will look to the Oxford Dictionary as the standard authority, and no scholar will be satisfied with any other.

LORDS OF THE NORTH.

With a regular writer for the newspapers, one is accustomed to associate a careless, sometimes a slovenly, style of writing. But Miss Laut, whose first novel has just appeared,* has evidently the art of taking pains, and her diction is for the most part fluent and elegant. If the dialogue is occasionally a trifle stilted, the fault is easily forgiven when we read her vivid and dashing narratives of danger, escape, capture by Indians, and other remarkable experiences of pioneer life in the Canadian West. The subject is capitally chosen, the strife and bloodshed occasioned by the rival fur-traders in the early years of the last century. The author is master of the theme.

* The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†The Evolution of English Lexicography. By James A. H. Murray, M.A., LL.D., Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

*Lords of the North. By A. C. Laut. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

MRS. H. A. KEAYS, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LORDS OF CREATION."

MISS A. C. LAUT, AUTHOR OF "LORDS OF THE NORTH."

TWO NEW CANADIAN AUTHORESSES.

There is, perhaps, in places too much conscientious attention to detail, but far and beyond the historical material worked in is the absorbing interest imparted to the tale. The interest in the chief personages is never allowed to flag, and unity of action is never lost sight of from the beginning to the end. In short, if Miss Laut continues to produce work of this kind, the distinguished authors of "Le Chien D'Or," and "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," may well look to their laurels. Not in years has so promising a first book appeared in Canadian fiction. With the same background, less elaborately worked in, and with the same talent for rapid and vigorous narrative displayed, there is little doubt that Miss Laut can impart to the habitat of the old fur-traders and warriors as romantic an interest as the most exacting reader could desire. The hero of the story, Robert Gillespie, takes service with the Northwest Company. The fever of the gentleman adventurers of the West is in his blood. But, primarily, he aids in the quest for the stolen wife and child of his friend, Eric Hamilton, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company. Step by step the quest carries us to the hunting grounds of the Indians. Ever and anon we are on the very verge of regaining the captives. Through innumerable dangers by flood and field we pass into the heart of that unknown land where the quarrelling traders and the untamed Indians formed a drama never until now reproduced in its original elements of savagery and power. The various types of character are fairly, though not brilliantly, drawn, but the dramatic strength of the narrative is its chief merit, and in this we imagine rests the claim of the book to a popularity which should be instant and lasting.

There is something of the Disraelian manner in Mrs. Craigie's novels, and she has evidently made a careful study of the man and his works. In "Robert Orange,"* as well as in the novel which preceded it, she introduces Disraeli and some of the critics have been pleased to approve of the proceeding. There is, perhaps, nothing to object to in the use for purposes of fiction of an eminent statesman dead nearly twenty

*Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

years, and whose manner and style easily lend themselves to clever imitators such as Mrs. Craigie undoubtedly is. But Disraeli only plays a minor part in the present work. It is a study of Robert Orange, who is depicted as a man of genius, of fine ambitions, a rising politician in the House of Commons, and a pious Catholic. He is deeply in love with and engaged to marry a beautiful girl of eighteen, who has been married in France as a child to a worthless scoundrel named Parflete. She and Orange are wedded, and after they have started on their honeymoon, the news comes that Parflete is not dead, as they had reason to believe. They separate, and the bride goes on the stage where she is persecuted by the attentions of a licentious man of rank. Orange determines to fight a duel with this man, and then enters the church, giving up all thoughts of matrimony and a political career. This is the story in bare outline. Its chief characteristics, however, are the dialogues, between persons of exalted rank — dukes, marquises, earls and viscounts are at a discount in the authoress's pages — upon politics, art, religion, etc. There is much bright epigram and scintillating wit.

THE GATELESS BARRIER.

After reading this novel the average person will remain of the prosaic opinion that we still know little of

> The undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns,

Lawrence Rivers' unique experience to the contrary notwithstanding.* He is in all respects the model of a modern Englishman of fashion, with his tastes, habits, and clothes brought strictly down to date. He is summoned by his dying uncle, whose heir he is, to the ancestral home. The uncle is a recluse of materialistic views and a confirmed misogynist. He wishes, before passing away, to study the mental and moral make-up of the class which Lawrence so perfectly typifies. There are no women servants in the house, so consistently does the elder Rivers carry out his views regarding the sex. But Lawrence stumbles upon a handsome room fitted up in every way for occupancy by a lady. On enquiry he finds it was once the room of a female ancestor who died of grief at separation from her lover-cousin, another Lawrence Rivers. There is a vague tradition that her restless spirit still hovers on earth. She appears to Lawrence and they take up the tale of love which death had interrupted years before. He forgets his wife, a New York belle, whom he has left behind, and devotes himself with ardour to the enticing spirit of his beautiful kinswoman. She returns the passion, and while quite aware of her own incorporeal existence does not seem to be aware that she is talking to the nephew and not the grand-uncle. Our flesh ought to creep at this weird and mystical episode in a man's life, but somehow it does not. The elder Rivers, an interesting old heathen, dies and Lawrence does his best to induce his fairy love to forsake her elusive and unsatisfying ways and adopt a more substantial way of living, invites her, in short, to partake of a light supper. The lady disappears, and Lawrence returns to every-day existence barely in time to straighten out several threatening and perfectly natural domestic complications. The authoress of "The Gateless Barrier" presents no explanation of this mysterious affair, but she seems to think that we ought to be content to accept it as one of those inexplicable phenomena which baffle scientific investigation. Now, this is an age of enquiry, and where a reasonable solution presents itself, why take refuge in the mystical? It is fairly evident that Lawrence Rivers, suddenly transplanted from the healthy occupation of the sportsman to the overheated atmosphere and gloomy surroundings of the old English country-house, suffered from a disordered digestion. The spirit of the fair Agnes is not any more remarkable than the ghost of Marley which operated so successfully upon the character of the close-fisted Scrooge.

*The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet. Toronto : W. J. Gage & Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

LEST Canadians should fear that they appreciate their own literature too much, the following quotation from the *Brooklyn Eagle* is given. It shows a keen appreciation of Mr. Fraser's grand story:

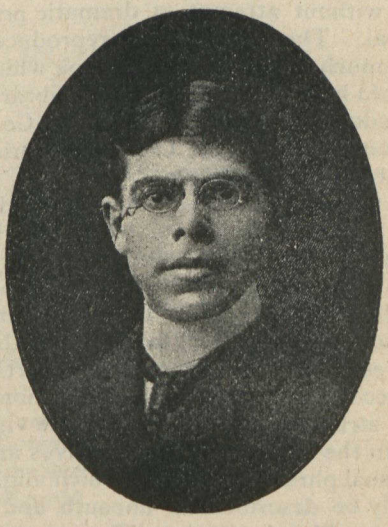
"If W. A. Fraser can continue the success he has achieved in his brilliant animal story, 'Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries,' he will be entitled to rank high among the fable writers who find their inspiration in Nature. We have here an animal story that must be regarded as one of the very best things printed since Kipling's 'Jungle Stories.' It has a different motive than Seton-Thompson's narratives, for it is a work of fiction pure and simple. It is a fair question whether Mr. Fraser's method is not better in some respects than Kipling's. The latter makes his hero, Mowgli, talk with the beasts, but while Mr. Fraser has a boy for the hero, he does not talk with the animals, but they talk together about him, and lay their plans to protect him, because of the kindness he has shown to Mooswa, the big bull moose, In the calf days, when Mooswa was a captive in the factor's pen.

"The book is a delightful picture of the woodland life of the vast stretches that flank the Rockies toward the Arctic circle. The boy who reads the story for the story's sake will be sure to be delighted, and will absorb a considerable amount of natural history. One hardly knows which to commend the most, the originality of the plan on which the book is constructed, or the cleverness which marks its construction. It shows that the author has a knowledge derived from experience which he has put into the story. Its perusal should stimulate in the minds of the reader a love of life in the open, and at the same time it will teach a deeper consideration for the wild things. The better they are understood the less will be the desire to hunt them simply for the hunting's sake, and a longing to study the life of the woods for the sake of the charm and mystery and beauty. Toward the end of the story the Boy falls upon evil times, because of the stupidity and ignorance of the half breed, and he is rescued from a death by starvation through the devices of Mooswa, who leads a party of hunters to the shack where the Boy lies sorely wounded and unable to help himself. In a word, 'Mooswa of the Boundaries' is one of the best Nature books ever published. There is a charm about it not often found in books of its type, and it is fully entitled to take its rank along with the record of the exploits of Mowgli and his friend the rock python and his brothers of the Seeonee pack."

Mr. Fraser's work has been received with much enthusiasm in the United States. In Canada the sales are excellent, the first edition being exhausted before the holiday trade was over.

The Native Art Calendars issued for 1901 are ahead of previous years in number and quality, and it is to be hoped that purchasers favoured them as against foreign productions. The Patriotic Calendar issued in Montreal, the Empire Calendar issued by Miss Mickle, Toronto, and the Wild-Life Calendar of the Publishers' Syndicate, are all worthy of high praise. The Toronto Art Students' League Calendar is even better than in previous years. The Grip Co., of Toronto, issued a series of which a Military Souvenir, Toronto Club Souvenir, Portrait Calendar and Canadian Stage Favourites are the best. These are low-priced but very suitable as mail-gifts to friends at home or abroad. Canadians should prefer them to those made in foreign countries because they inculcate a love of country at home and act as advertisements of Canada abroad.

"Song-Waves and other Poems,"



HENRY THEW STEVENSON, AUTHOR OF "PATROON VAN VOLKENBURG."

by the late Theodore H. Rand (Toronto: William Briggs), has been well received. The good work of this conscientious and pious singer was not all buried with his bones. His work will live for many years. This little volume was prepared shortly before his death, and contains, perhaps, his best work. The long poem "Song-Waves" is a masterpiece of its kind and one of the most remarkable compositions ever penned in this country. The volume is further distinguished by a splendid portrait-frontispiece of the author.

Mrs. T. Sterry Hunt, better known as "Canadienne," has collected her verse into a neat, compact volume, prefaced by a dramatic sketch entitled "In Bohemia." Mrs. Hunt's work is sweet and wholesome, if not of the highest lyric or dramatic quality. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

"Sport and Travel," by F. C. Selows, the well-known author-hunter, is a volume of special interest to Canadians. It contains much information concerning the hunting of big game in the Rocky Mountains in the accounts of two trips which the author made to that district. It also recounts hunting experiences in Asia Minor and on the Maimun Dagh especially. The tales are narrative in form, the adventures being described with fulness of detail and without attempt at dramatic portrayal. The photographs reproduced add much to the value of a book which should be in every sportsman's library. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; price 12 shillings and sixpence.)

"Committed to His Charge," by R. and K. M. Lizars, is a Canadian village story of only average quality. The plot is thin, and the characters not overly striking. Much of the true and genuine there undoubtedly is, but this is presented in a manner scarcely artistic according to modern literary canons. The straining after effect is quite visible in the abundance of expletives and unusual phrases—some of which might easily be described as uncouth and a few as blasphemous. (Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.)

The progress of Canadian bookmaking is well exhibited in the handsome illustrated edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath," by James Lane Allen, issued from the press of the Copp, Clark Co. The cover, initial letters, headpieces and numerous black-and-white illustrations show an advance in this kind of work which is noteworthy. It is by such work as this that Canadian publishers are gaining more and more the mastery of the book trade in this country, and the natural consequence will be a decline in the importation of United States editions. The sale of Canadian publications and editions has increased fully one hundred per cent. during the past five years and has been especially marked during the year that has just closed.

"The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland, has made many new friends for its author, heretofore little known in this country. (Toronto: George J. McLeod.)

S. R. Crockett's rippling prose is always pleasing. In none of his books was this feature more marked than in "The Stickit Minister," his first volume. Here is the opening sentence of his preface to a new volume concerning the same individual: "It was in the second year of my college life that I came home to find Robert Fraser, whom a whole country-side called the 'Stickit Minister,' distinctly worse, and indeed, set down upon his great chair in the corner as on a place from which he would never rise." Such is the keynote to "The Stickit Minister's Wooing," a charming volume of characteristic Scotch tales. (Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.)

Mrs. Humphry Ward as a novelist is no dilettante. Every book is written with a purpose—Robert Elsmere, David Grieve, Marcella, and the others. "Eleanor," her new novel (Toronto: William Briggs) is dedicated to Italy, and deals with the problems which confront the people of that country. At the same time it is pre-eminently a love-story, in which a woman loves a man who is unworthy. One novel by

Mrs. Ward will elevate the mind more than a dozen ordinary novels.

Marion Crawford's latest story is a love tale of old Madrid, entitled "In the Palace of the King." Mr. Crawford has apparently tired of the Italian studies and has chosen a new field of investigation. The book is a strong sidelight on the Spanish character. The illustrations and cover should materially assist in making this a popular novel. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.).

"The Studio" maintains its excellence in its November issue with four special supplements, three in colours. This excellent periodical should be in the hands of all those who desire to develop their knowledge of art. (5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.; one shilling monthly.)

"Our Boys Under Fire," published by Miss A. E. Mellish, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., as a memorial of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island volunteers in South Africa, is now in its second edition. It is a very fair piece of work on the author's part, and its value is increased by the numerous portraits.

"Patroon Van Volkenberg" is a tale of Old Manhattan in the closing year of the seventeenth century. The author, Henry Thew Stephenson, is a new figure in the historical romance lists, but a worthy knight. His book shows much cleverness. The coloured illustrations are a feature which distinguishes his volume among the heavy crop of the season. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

Reared in Grub Street in the days of George II, with no mother, and a father who was a deist and a scoffer, Antonia Thornton was a peculiar person in peculiar circumstances. She may never have existed, but Miss M. E. Braddon would make one think she had by the realistic tale which she has written about her under the title "The Infidel." Miss Braddon writes books that interest if they do not elevate, and this one is certainly attention-compelling. (Toronto: The George N. Morang Co.)

Prof. Miller, of Chicago, has translated and arranged the love-story of Æneas and Dido, as told in the Æneid, as a drama suitable for college reproduction. This volume is also interesting for its own sake. (New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. Cloth, $1.00.)

IN MEMORIAM,

1900.

THE midnight bell in solemn cadence peals
  The dirge of lifeless day;
And as toward the silent listening stars,
  Its echoes flee away,

Another year has run its wonted course,
  Resigned its role at last,
Laid down its mitre at the feet of God,
  And sunk into the past.

And o'er the dizzy verge of crested Time,
  Awe-struck, spell-bound we see
Another century lost for aye amid
  The vastness of Eternity.

A. DeWitt Lee.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE ENGLISH WAY.

HE came into the restaurant car on a German railway, let the door slam behind him, smiled, sniffed, said "Oh!" and threw open one of the windows. We stared, for a German railway, where every stationmaster suggests imminent martial law, is not the place for the flaunting of an independent spirit. We—a little company of various nationalities, united only by a tacit civility to wait patiently till it should please the waiter to attend to our wants—stared. The newcomer, a mere boy but tall, treated the place as if it were a Duchy and he the Duke of it. He tucked his long legs under a table, and shouted in a high, pleasant voice: "Kellner!" to which, after a few seconds, he added the word "schnell!" Those were the only two German words he knew, and he used them frequently, with varying degrees of emphasis. Strange to say, the waiter answered the call, and took his leisurely order. He gave him his entire attention, just as if the boy were a duke and we subjects. His dinner was served while we still waited, and while he ate I talked to him. He had been with his "people" at Homburg, and now he was on his way back to a public school in England. Later he was going into the army. This he told me while he ate his dinner, and chirped criticisms of German ways. When he had finished his meal, he threw himself back in his chair and cried: "Kellner, bill! schnell!" The waiter heard and came to him, down the whole length of the carriage. The bill was presented. "Look here," said the boy, "the service is bad. I'm going to back this bill." He wrote his complaint (it was not very well spelt) in a large, round caligraphy, folded it, and dropped the document into the official box attached to the wall. Then he rose, said: "Bring my coffee into the smoking-room," smiled generally at the company, and strolled to the door. He paused there a moment, said: "Look here, 'schnell,'" and disappeared. I began my dinner. I ruminated. His behaviour was inexcusable, and yet—— Well, he carried it off. It was not underbred—it was English. I ruminated, and thought of the map of Africa and the domination that was spreading down from the North and up from the South. I did not approve, but, as I ate my tardy dinner, I think I understood—the English way.

London Academy.

A CONVERSATION.

From N. Y. Life.

A midnight in October. A full moon floats over a forest of pines. A great bird sinks slowly through the branches and lays a burden carefully on the moss at a tree trunk. A large animal trotting briskly through the wood collides with the bird and stops abruptly.

The Wolf: "I beg your pardon."

The Stork (*covering his burden carefully with his wing*): "My fault, I'm sure."

The Wolf: "Why, bless me, I didn't recognize you at first. Well met. I'm always glad to see an old friend. Got one of your stock in trade there I presume."

The Stork (*anxiously*): "Is your remark prompted by curiosity or appetite?"

The Wolf: "Politeness, I assure you. That sort of thing is out of my diet. The wolf-at-the-door and the Red-riding-hood animal are an entirely different breed."

The Stork: "What sort of food do you——"

The Wolf: "Coal, groceries, taxes, clothes, and occasionally truffles and champagne. You know I've howled

just as often on a brown stone stoop as a wooden door-step.

The Stork: "Yes—you differ from me there as a rule. I haven't done much business lately with brown stone fronts."

The Wolf: "And you have done a good bit in your time, haven't you? By the way, when were your services called on first?"

The Stork: "Oh, some months after the creation of Adam. Business was naturally dull about that time. The supply more than equalled the demand. And you?"

The Wolf: "I made my appearance later—with civilization. You'll pardon my saying it, but I think I'll out-last you. You appear to be falling away lately. Lack of exercise, eh?"

The Stork (*rudely*): "And you appear to be suffering with obesity."

The Wolf: "My normal condition. I didn't mean to make you angry."

The Stork (*sadly*): "And after all you're right. I'll be as extinct as the dodo in a few hundred years. Well, I must be flying. I only stopped for a second's rest. You see I'm carrying double to-night."

The Wolf: "Twins, eh? Shades of my Roman ancestors! I dare say you remember Romulus and Remus."

The Stork: "Perfectly. Your family and I have a great deal in common. As I leave the chimney nowadays, I always look to see you coming up the front steps."

The Wolf: "Well, I must be off. There's no rest for me night or day. I'm due at a hundred doors before morning. Which way do you go?"

The Stork murmurs an address.

The Wolf: "Dear me, how fortunate. It's the very place I'm bound for myself. The first on the list. We'll arrive about the same time."

The Stork (*picking up its bundle and spreading its wings*): "Delighted, I'm sure. Good night."

The Wolf: "Good night. See you later."

(*The Stork floats away in the track of the moon. The Wolf trots swiftly beneath the trees.*)

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

So this is Chris'mas Day, Great Scott, how queer!
Say, do you boys intend to celebrate?
If Corp'ral Smith was here—but then for him
This Chris'mas comes a little bit too late.

Now, what d'ye say, suppose we fellows here
Get up a slappin' concert after dark?
Too bad that Billy No. 3 is gone,
He was no end to navigate a lark.

But then there ain't no lack of talent, sure
There's Sarjint Flinn can dance a jig O.K.,
And Scottie Mack can give the Highland fling
And sword dance, if you don't care what you say!

Say, d'ye mind how Fightin' Jim could sing
"Come kiss me, darlin', ere we march away?"
D'ye think that Jimmy ever had a girl?—
I'll bet she's feelin' mighty blue to-day.

Now, Tommy there can sing; I heard him once
Out in the trenches, and he sang all right;
'Twas "Ome Sweet Ome" he give us, but I guess
He'd better sing some other song to-night.

No, we don't want "Britannia Rules the Waves,"
No more we don't want "Soldiers of the Queen,"
But "Annie Laurie" wouldn't come amiss,
And Sandy there can give us "Bonnie Jean."

Then we can have a reel—but no, that's off—
Tim Price is useless with a broken head,
And Johnnie Brown is laid up too, I guess,
What! Is that so? Poor Johnnie, so he's dead!

Well, now, see here, this thing ain't very gay;
I don't propose to run this show alone;
You'll get your bloomin' concert up yourself—
I'm goin' to write a Chris'mas letter home!

Isabelle E. Mackay.

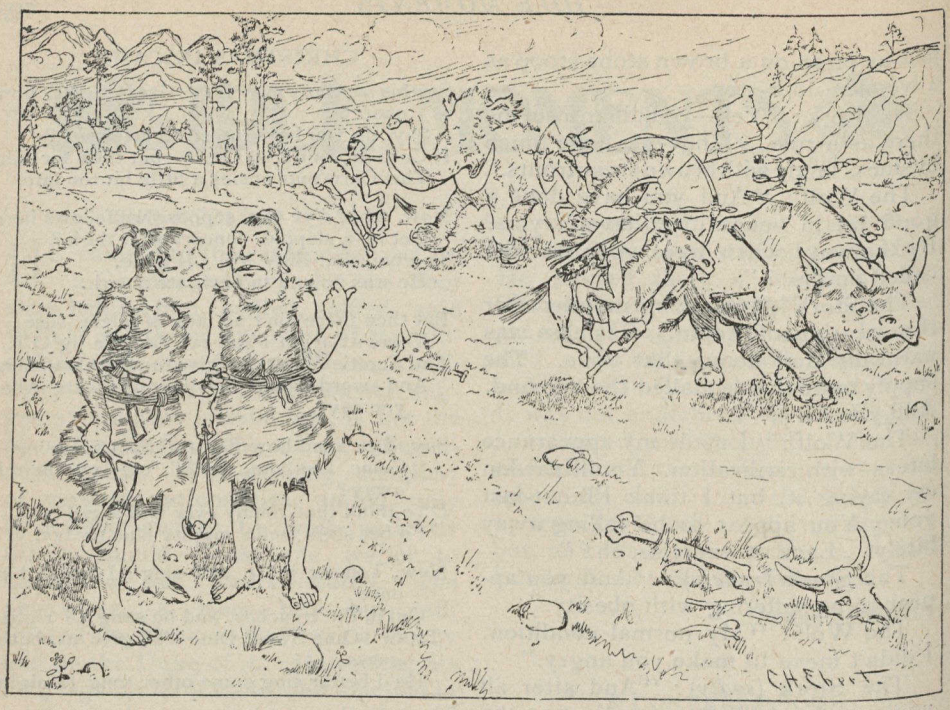
A BACHELOR.

Who collars all my scanty pay,
And with my little plans makes hay?
Who says Mamma has come to stay?

Who takes away my easy chair
Because "it has no business there,"
And only says she doesn't care?

Who says she hasn't got a gown
And wants to put the horses down,
And thinks we'd better live in town?

Who comandeers my only hack,
Returns him with a bad sore back,
And says the little beast is slack?



PREHISTORIC AMERICA.

MOUND BUILDER: "We will have to move farther west. These newcomers with their modern weapons are killing all our game."—*Life.*

Who thinks that I must ride a bike,
And makes me do what I don't like,
And tells me if I don't she'll strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and low
Who sympathizes with my woe
And softly breathes, "I told you so!"
NO ONE!

—*London Punch.*

JACK'S SECOND TRIAL.

The second time that Jack proposed
'Twas really a surprise,
Though still I gossips so supposed—
Found favour in his eyes.
His first avowal, months before,
I'd treated with disdain,
And laughed at him the while he swore
He'd surely try again.

The second time that Jack proposed
I never said a word,
Though to assent I'd grown disposed—
I simply overheard
By accident his earnest plea
While in the waltz's whirl;
The second time 'twas not to me,
But to another girl!

—*Smart Set.*

"Really, your face is very familiar, sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names."

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

"I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honour to be your coachman."

The face of the lady blazed.

"Sir!" she fairly snarled.

"But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments," he went on, "have enabled me to become your next-door neighbour."

The lady's face softened.

"So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Here's another man who got away with some money that didn't belong to him," said the young woman who was reading the paper.

"How much?" inquired Miss Cayenne.

"It doesn't state."

"That's too bad! I wanted to determine whether he is a plain thief, a misguided embezzler, or a bold financier."

—*Washington Star.*

SPECIAL SALE OF

MUSIC BOXES.

From this date until Jan. 1st, 1900, we offer special attractions in Music Boxes—attractive musical qualities, and attractive prices and terms. The famous **Stella** and **Regina** Music Boxes have the advantage of changeable music sheets. You have a catalogue of thousands of tunes to choose from, and you can order as many or as few as you please. Six tunes go free with each box. Boxes sold on easy terms of payment. Write us for Catalogues and Prices. What is there that could make a finer Xmas gift?

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming,
188 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

STELLA
MUSIC BOXES.
REGINA
MUSIC BOXES.

EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK
OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

A Household Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means.

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet—eating or drinking, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Vomiting, Constipation, Influenza, and Fevers of all kinds.

Without such a simple precaution the *jeopardy of Life* is *immensely increased.*

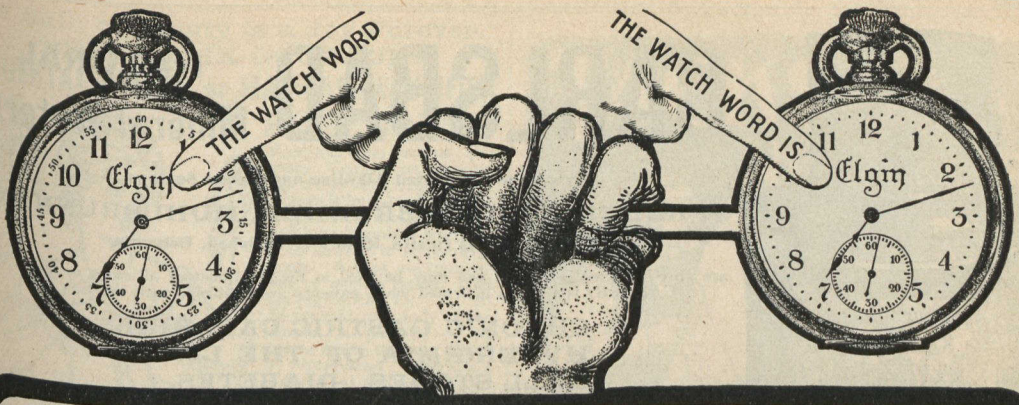
THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal:—

"I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—Feb. 13th, 1900.

CAUTION.—*See that Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION*

Prepared only by **J. C. ENO, Ltd.**, at the **"FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, ENGLAND,** by **J. C. ENO'S Patent.**

Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal, Toronto and Victoria, B.C.



Just as physical perfection enables you to defy the doctor, so the mechanical perfection of an

ELGIN WATCH

makes it independent of the repair man. When you purchase an Elgin it is yours for accuracy, for durability, for beauty, for convenience, for economy. **The World's Standard. Full Ruby Jeweled.**

An Elgin watch always has the word **"Elgin"** engraved on the works—fully guaranteed.

Send for free booklet—"The Ways of a Watch."

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., - - - **Elgin, Ill.**

TO BE OBTAINED AT ALL DRUG STORES.

CARLSBAD NATURAL Mineral Waters

From the Celebrated Alkaline and Saline Springs,

SPRUDEL, SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, MUHLBRUNNEN,

At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,

are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,
HYPERŒMIA OF THE LIVER,
GALL STONES, DIABETES,
CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,
RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

The Natural Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

To avoid imitations, please see that the WRAPPER round each bottle of SALT bears the Signature of the Sole Agents,

INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,
LONDON,
LIVERPOOL and BRISTOL.

THE UNDERWOOD

Rebuilt Typewriters

We have in stock at present and offer for sale rebuilt machines as follows:—

	Cash.	Time.
No. 2 and 3 Caligraphs	$30 00	$35 00
No. 5 Blickensderfer	25 00	30 00
No. 1 Williams	40 00	45 00
No. 1 Smith-Premier	50 00	55 00
No. 2 Smith-Premier	75 00	80 00
No. 1 Jewett	50 00	55 00
No. 2 and 3 Jewett	75 00	80 00
No. 2 Remington	50 00	55 00

	Cash.	Time.
No. 6 Remington	$75 00	$80 00
No. 1 Yost	35 00	40 00
No. 1 New Yost	45 00	50 00
New Franklin	30 00	35 00
Bar-lock	40 00	45 00
Latest Olivers	40 00	45 00
Hammond Ideal	25 00	30 00
Hammond Universal	40 00	45 00

A good many of these machines are practically as good as new. We have ten expert mechanics in our Repair Room, several of these men have been in the employ of prominent typewriter factories in the United States for many years, and are thoroughly familiar with all makes of machines. We mention this fact, since we are the only concern in Canada thoroughly equipped for this work.

ALL MACHINES CARRY A YEAR'S GUARANTEE.

CREELMAN BROTHERS' TYPEWRITER CO.,

15 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Many a Bride of Years Ago

received as her wedding silver, pieces of our manufacture, and communications are frequently received from persons who still have in use articles given them nearly half a century ago, bearing our stamp. Our trade-marks are:

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

MERIDEN B. COMPANY

on Tea Ware, etc.

"1847 Rogers Bros."

(*Remember "1847"*)

on Spoons, etc.

What better trial than the "test of time?" These goods are sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue No 61 Y, before purchasing.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY
HAMILTON, ONT.
Meriden, Conn., New York, Chicago, San Francisco.

A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,
Sole Proprietors,
39 Broadway, New York. Hartford, Conn.
20 Piccadilly, W. London.

WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS, Distributing Agents for Canada
315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.


SURPRISE
SOAP

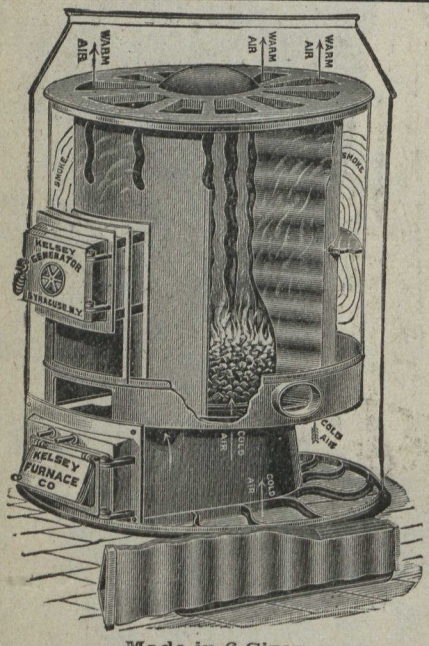
BOVRIL

IS LIQUID LIFE

AND

SECURES THE PERFECTION OF

Appetizing Cookery



Made in 6 Sizes
From 5,000 to 100,000 Cubic Feet Capacity.

Sanitary and Economical Warming

can be secured by the use of

Kelsey Warm Air Generators (Pat'd)

GODERICH, ONT., May 26th, 1900.

THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Brockville, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I have great pleasure in recommending your Kelsey heater, the one installed in my house last fall having given the greatest satisfaction, and the **quantity of fuel consumed was not much over half** used with the former heater. I wish to add that the warm air register in my dining room is connected to generator with a long crooked pipe, and I must say that at first I had my doubts as to whether this room could be warmed by your heater, but by using your **positive attachment**, I can in a few minutes make my dining room uncomfortably hot. I believe the Kelsey Generator to be the best warm air heating apparatus made.

Yours truly, D. C. STRACHAN.

If you want the very best to be had, write us.
We take direct Contracts and Guarantee Results.

THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO.

LIMITED

BROCKVILLE, ONT.,

EXCLUSIVE MAKERS FOR CANADA

Price $3.00

Price $3.00

KING QUALITY

Represents the **Standard Shoe** of to-day

And Embodies the
CHOICEST
MATERIALS and
ELEGANT
WORKMANSHIP

It is GLOVE FITTING being molded to an anatomical nicety and is MOST SERVICEABLE.

Manufactured only by

The J. D. KING CO., Limited,
TORONTO.

$3.00

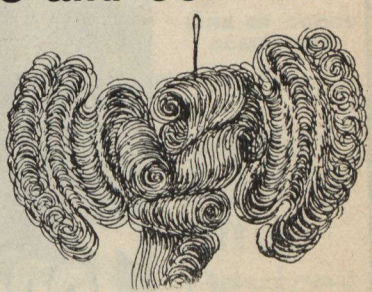
$3.00

ARMAND'S New Styles of FRONTS and COIFFURES

Pretty and Stylish Paris Coiffure.

Get one of Armand's Fluffy Switches, and you will be able to dress your hair easily and prettily. We have 2 standard sizes of Fluffy Switches, $5.00 and $8.00; real value, $7.00 and $10.00.

This Pretty, Elegant and Simple PARIS FRONT (or Bang) is made on a comb, has no lining nor foundation; ready made or made to order on short notice. Small size, $5.00; medium, $7.50; large, $10.00.



This new innovation of FRONT (or Bang) is made on the same principle as the PARIS FRONT. It has no lining nor net, and is made on a pin. There is one nice, large curl coming down on the forehead, which has a most graceful and charming effect. Price, $5 00 and $7.50.

Headquarters for Fine Hair Switches.

Ladies, if you buy a Switch, you want a nice one and good quality, as well as reasonable in price. We have, without doubt, the largest and best assorted stock of fine Hair Switches in Canada. We buy our raw hair direct for cash, which enables us to manufacture and sell better and cheaper Switches than any one else in Canada.

SEE OUR REDUCED Price List of full-sized Switches of 3 strands in each.

16 inch long hair,	$2.50.	Single strand,	$1.50	26 inch long hair,	$8.00.	Single strand,	$3.50	22 in. Natural wavy,	$7.00.	Single strand,	$3.50
18 " " "	3.00.	" "	1.75	28 " " "	10.00.	" "	4.00	24 " " "	8.50.	" "	4.00
20 " " "	4.00.	" "	2.00	16 in. Natural wavy,	4.00.	" "	2.00	26 " " "	10.00.	" "	5.00
22 " " "	5.00.	" "	2.50	18 " " "	5.00.	" "	2.50	28 " " "	12.00.	" "	6.00
24 " " "	7.00.	" "	3.00	20 " " "	6.00.	" "	3.00				

Quarter grey, 25 per cent.; half grey, 30 per cent.; three-quarter grey, 35 per cent.; seven-eighths grey, 40 per cent. extra to above prices.

Remember these Switches are free from mixtures of artificial or refined Chinese or horse hair. Every hair in our Switches is hair as cut off the heads of young peasant girls of Europe and from convents. When ordering a Front or a Switch, send sample of your hair and the amount. State what kind of Front or Switch you want, and we will send you by return mail the nicest Front, or Bang, or Switch you ever bought, and if it is not as represented or not suitable, we will exchange it free of charge. Mention this Magazine when ordering by mail. We can suit you in any part of Canada or the United States.

HAVE YOU GREY HAIR, FADED OR BLEACHED HAIR? Then use our EXTRACT OF WALNUTS, or EXTRAIT DE NOIX, which will, with a single application, restore any grey, faded, or bleached hair to its original color. With one bottle you can get 10 different shades by simply diluting it with water. It is a pure vegetable preparation, and innocent as water. Price, $1.50, sent by express to any part of this continent.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR easily and quickly removed and the roots destroyed by persevering treatment with "CAPILLIRINE." It is perfectly harmless, and will not injure the most delicate skin. Price, $2.00; sent by mail, 6 cents extra, to any part of Canada or United States.

ALL GOODS SENT CONCEALED FROM OBSERVATION

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge Street, and 1 Carlton, TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

A Remarkable Invention

BY AN OHIOAN

A prominent business man of Cincinnati has invented a new Vapor Bath Cabinet that has proven a blessing to every man, woman and child who has used it; and as many of our readers may not know of its real comfort and blessings, we illustrate it in this issue.

This Cabinet is an air-tight, rubber-walled room, in which one comfortably re-ts on a chair, and, with only the head outside, enjoys all the cleansing, curative, beautifying and invigorating effects of the famous Turkish Bath, Hot Vapor or Medicated Bath at home, for 3 cents each, with no possibility of taking cold or in any way weakening the system.

Open—Ready For Use.

These baths have truly marvelous powers, far superior to soap and water; celebrated for producing glowing faces, fair skin, bright eyes, elastic figures and perfect health to all men and women who make them a weekly habit, and this invention brings them within the reach of the poorest person in the country.

Clouds of hot vapor or medicated vapor surround the entire body, opening the millions of sweat-pores, causing profuse perspiration, drawing out of the system all the impure salts, acids and poisonous matter of the blood, which, if retained, overwork the heart, kidneys, lungs and skin, causing colds, fevers, disease, debility and sluggishness.

Astonishing is the improvement in health, feeling and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems to us that the long-sought-for method of securing a clear-skin, a good complexion, of retaining good health, curing and preventing disease without drugs, has certainly been found.

The makers inform the writer that more than 600,000 of these Cabinets have been sold, and showed letters from thousands of users who speak of this Cabinet as giving perfect satisfaction.

A. B. Stockham, M.D., of Chicago, editor of "Tokology," recommends it highly, as also does Congressman John J. Lentz, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Rev. C. M. Keith, editor "Holiness Advocate"; Mrs. Senator Douglas, Rev. James Thoms, Ph.D., pastor First Baptist Church, Centerville, Mich.; Rev. J. C. Richardson, Roxbury, Mass.; Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kansas; John T. Brown, editor "Christian Guide," and thousands of others.

Ira L. Gleason, prominent citizen of Hutchinson, cured himself of rheumatism and his friends of colds, pneumonia, fevers, grippe, blood, skin and kidney diseases, and made $2,500 selling this Cabinet in a little more than 12 months. Mrs. Anna Woodrum, of Thurman, Iowa, afflicted 10 years, was promptly cured of nervous prostration, stomach and female troubles, after medicines and doctors failed. She recommends it to every woman as a God-sent blessing. O. C. Smith, of Mt. Healthy, Ohio, was cured of bad case of catarrh and asthma, and says: "It was worth $1,000 to me. Have sold several hundred cabinets; every one delighted." O. P. Freeman, an aged railroad man, afflicted 17 years, unable at times to walk, was cured of kidney troubles, piles and rheumatism. Thousands of others write praising this Cabinet, so there is absolutely no doubt of it being a device that every reader of our paper should have in their homes.

This invention is known as the new 1903 style, Quaker Folding Vapor Bath Cabinet, and after investigation we can say that it is well, durably and handsomely made of best material throughout, has all the latest improvements, will last a lifetime, and is so simple to operate that even a child could do it safely. It folds flat in one inch space when not in use; can be easily carried; weighs but 10 pounds.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW

that the makers guarantee results and assert positively (as do thousands of users) that this Cabinet will clear the skin, purify and enrich the blood, cure nervousness, weakness, that "tired feeling," and the worst forms of rheumatism. (They offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved). Cures Women's Troubles, Neuralgia, Malaria, Sleeplessness, Gout, Sciatica, Headaches, Piles, Dropsy, Liver, Kidney and Nervous Troubles and Blood Diseases.

In Operation.

It cures the worst Cold in one night and breaks up all symptoms of La Grippe, Fevers, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Tonsilitis, and is really a household necessity, a blessing to every family. To please the ladies a Head and Face Steaming Attachment is furnished if desired, which clears the skin, beautifies the complexion, removes pimples, blackheads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for skin diseases, Catarrh and Asthma.

ALL OUR READERS SHOULD

have one of these remarkable Cabinets in their home.

Don't fail to write to-day to the World Mfg. Co., 2620 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, who are the only makers, for full information, valuable booklet and testimonials sent free, or, better still, order a Cabinet. The price is wonderfully low, only $5.00 for Cabinet complete, with stove for heating, formulas and plain directions. Head Steamer, $1.00 extra. You won't be disappointed, as the makers guarantee every Cabinet, and will refund your money, after 30 days' use if not just as represented. We know them to be perfectly reliable, capital $100,000.00, and to ship promptly upon receipt of your remittance.

Don't fail to send for booklet any way.

$100 MONTHLY AND EXPENSES.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers excellent inducements to both men and women upon request.

Millions of homes have no bathing facilities, so this is an excellent chance for our readers. To our knowledge many are making $100 to $200 per month and expenses. Write them to-day.

The Army of Health.

The Army in the Philippines Insignificant Compared With This One.

If all the people in the United States, Canada and Great Britain who make daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets could be assembled together it would make an army that would outnumber our army of one hundred thousand by at least five to one.

Men and women who are broken down in health are only a part of the thousands who use this popular preparation—the greater number are people who are in fair health, but who know that the way to keep well is to keep the digestion perfect and use Stuart's Tablets as regularly as meal time comes, to insure good digestion and proper assimilation of food.

Prevention is always better than cure, and disease can find no foothold if the digestion is kept in good working order by the daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Mr. Thomas Seale, Mayfield, California, says:—"Have used and recommended Stuart's Tablets because there is nothing like them to keep the stomach right."

Miss Lelia Dively, 4627 Plummer Street, Pittsburg, Pa., writes:—"I wish every one to know how grateful I am for Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I suffered for a long time and did not know what ailed me. I lost flesh right along until one day I noticed an advertisement of these tablets, and immediately bought a 50-cent box at the drug store. I am only on the second box, and am gaining in flesh and color. I have at last found something that has reached my ailment."

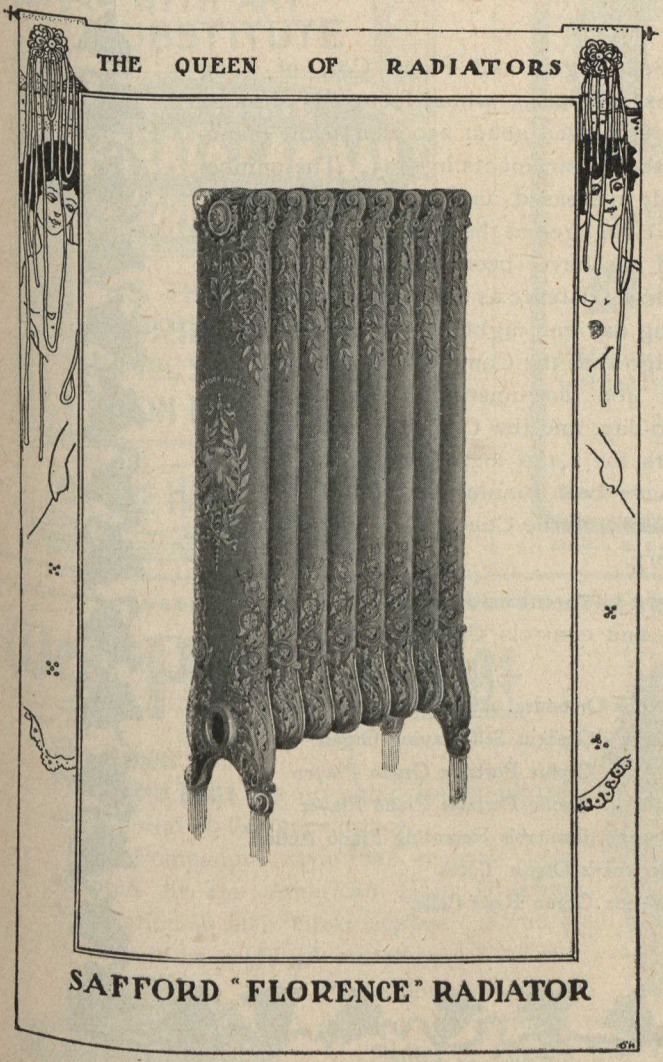
From Mrs. Del. Eldred, Sun Prairie, Wis.:—"I was taken dizzy very suddenly during the hot weather of the past summer. After ten days of constant dizziness I went to our local physician, who said my liver was torpid and I had overheated my blood; he doctored me for two weeks without much improvement. I finally thought of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets (which I had used long before for various bad feelings), and the first three tablets helped me. They are easily the best all around family medicine I ever used."

The army of people who take Stuart's Tablets are mostly people in fairly good health, and who keep well by taking them regularly after meals. They contain no opiates, cocaine or any cathartic or injurious drugs; simply the natural peptones and digestives which every weak stomach lacks.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

Safford Radiators

For Steam or Hot Water Heating.



The most satisfactory heaters in the world.

They are in use in every country under the sun where artificial heating is necessary.

They have been installed in many public buildings of importance in the British Empire and Continental Europe.

Send for the Free Booklet.

THEY ARE MADE ONLY BY

The DOMINION RADIATOR COMPANY, Limited

TORONTO, CANADA

THE MUSICAL TRADES

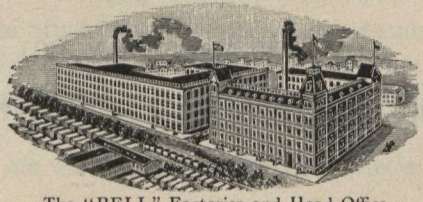
Great Increase in Manufactures the Past Two Years.

(From TORONTO GLOBE, Oct. 11th.)

"The Bell Organ and Piano Co., of King Street West, Toronto, whose factory is situated in Guelph, employed about 250 men in the manufacture of their instruments in 1895. The number has steadily increased until at the present time 400 men are engaged at the factory. The business of the firm has never been so flourishing during its 37 years of existence as now, and the employees are working day and night. It was mentioned a few days ago that the Company were behind with orders for 400 instruments. The situation is changed to-day, and the Company is now behind with orders for 1,100 instruments, although the factories have been running at nights. The present prosperity of the Company is unprecedented in its history.

"It might be mentioned the Bell Company has purchased and controls Canadian Patent Rights on

Bent's Orchestral Attachment for Pianos
Clark's Orpheus Self-Playing Organ
" Orphic Portable Organ Player
" Apollo Portable Piano Player
Soper's Illimitable Repeating Piano Action
Scribner's Organ Tubes
Wilcox Organ Reed Cells."



The "BELL" Factories and Head Office at Guelph, Ontario.

(Trade-mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)

OXYDONOR

Obviates the use of poisonous drugs. It renders the entire system so naturally healthy that disease can find no lurking place. It rids the organism of disease, and at any reasonable stage effects a rapid, natural cure, regardless of the gravity or form of the disorder.

Oxydonor compels the free absorption of oxygen through the lungs, membranes and skin. It strengthens the whole body, increases the vitality, brings sound sleep and good appetite.

OXYDONOR, in short, IS LIFE. It is an instrument of simplest form; its cost is not great, and with care it lasts a lifetime. It is made expressly for self-treatment by anyone.

Thousands of families depend upon this superior method for good health.

Descriptive book containing many grateful reports from those who have cured themselves mailed free to anyone.

GRATEFUL REPORTS

INSOMNIA

Mr. J. B. McKinnon, 230 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont., writes Aug. 22, 1899:—"I have great pleasure in informing you that your Oxydonor has completely cured the Insomnia I was such a martyr to.'

SPINAL NEURASTHENIA

Mr. Geo. P. Goodale, Sec'y "Detroit Free Press," Detroit, Mich., writes:—"By means of Oxydonor I was cured of a severe case of Spinal Neurasthenia."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Hon. Austin Blakey, Leadville, Colo., writes Dec. 15, 1899:—"I had been a sufferer from Bright's Disease and Chronic Catarrh of the Stomach and Bowels for years. In six months from the time I commenced using Oxydonor I considered myself a well man."

LA GRIPPE

Mrs. Thomas Leclair, Thessalon, Ont., writes March 7, 1899:—"Oxydonor completely cured me of La Grippe, also Constipation, with which I had been troubled for six years."

BRONCHITIS

Miss Emma Severance, Teacher in Public Schools, East Jordan, Mich., writes Oct. 27, 1899:—"Oxydonor cured me of a bad case of Bronchitis and of the effects of a bad fall."

CAUTION—Do not buy fraudulent **imitations. Dr. H. Sanche is discoverer** of this method, and his name is plainly stamped on the genuine. Write for particulars. All letters carefully read and answered.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., Dept. 5, 2268 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL, P.Q.

UNITED STATES OFFICES:—261 Fifth Avenue, New York. 61 Fifth Street, Detroit, Mich. 57 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Oxydonor is for sale at 6 King Street West, Toronto.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,

Belfast, Ireland, AND

164, 166, & 170 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

(Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany.)

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples Post Free

	BORDERED.	
Children's	30c	per doz.
Ladies'	54c	"
Gents'	78c	"
	HEMSTITCHED.	
Ladies'	66c	"
Gents'	94c	"

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, & SHIRTS.

Price Lists Post Free

Ladies,' from 84c per doz.
Gents' 4-fold, $1.18 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from $1.42 per doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality, Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, $8.52 the half-dozen (to measure, 48c extra.)

OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with best materials in Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 70c per doz.
Dinner " $1.32 "
Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c each.
Table Cloths 2½x3 yards, $1.32 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each.
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 46c per yard.

Roller Towelling, 6c per yard. Dusters, from 78c per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, $1.14 per doz.

N.B.—TO PREVENT DELAY, ALL LETTER ORDERS AND INQUIRIES FOR SAMPLES SHOULD BE SENT DIRECT TO BELFAST, IRELAND.

NOTE.—Beware of parties using our name, we employ neither Agents nor Travellers.