

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIV. No. 3

JANUARY  
1905

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Robinson

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Dr. Drummond

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VOLUME XXIV.

No. 3

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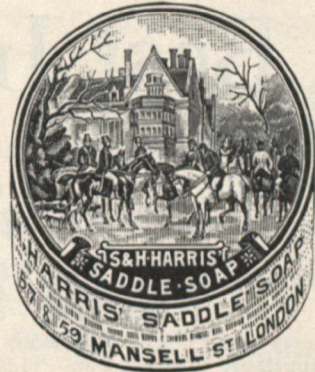
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- Canadian Bookseller*, Toronto, (Dec.)—“The Christmas number of The Canadian Magazine is one of the best numbers of a periodical that shows continual improvement.”
- The Globe*, Toronto, (Nov. 28).—“It is only necessary to compare a number of to-day with the early issues to realize how greatly the Magazine has progressed. Canada has at length got a monthly that has made a fixed place for itself, and which evidently endeavors with each number to more and more deserve patronage.”
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- The Mail and Empire*, Toronto.—“Looking over this December Magazine one cannot help finding it typical of our growing Canadian literature, with its sweep and intensity, and healthy vigor, showing that if we are not yet artistic we are, as certainly, very far from decadent.”
- Globe*, St. John, N.B.—“The Canadian Magazine, both in its literary work and illustration, has made steady progress in the year, and there is a splendid programme for the coming year.”
- Evening Journal*, Edmonton.—“The Canadian Magazine is a credit to Canada, and the Christmas number takes equal rank with the publications of the Republic.”
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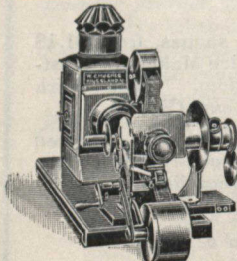
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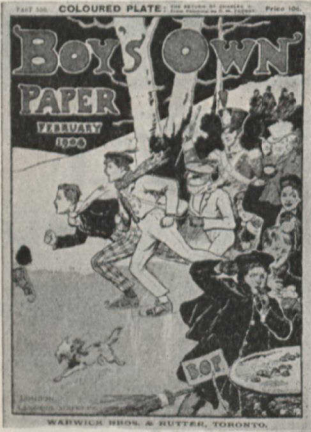
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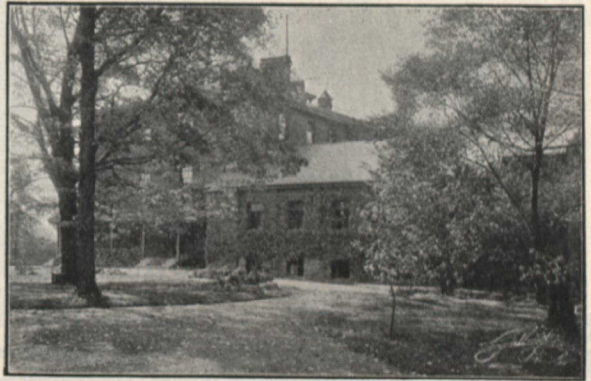
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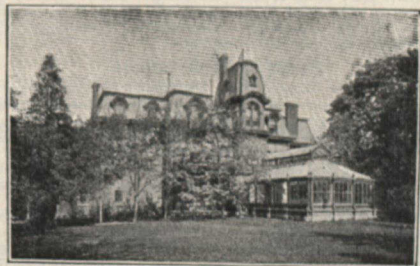
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For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.



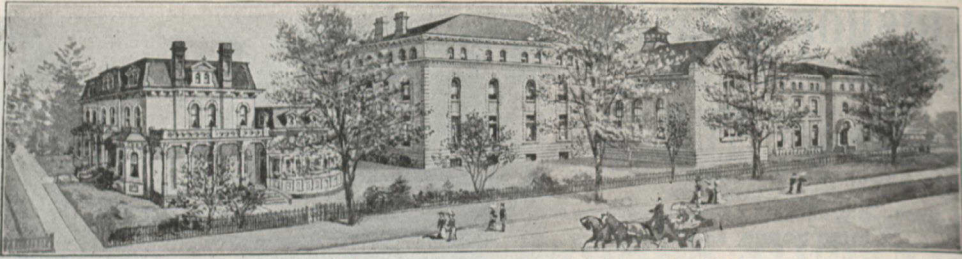
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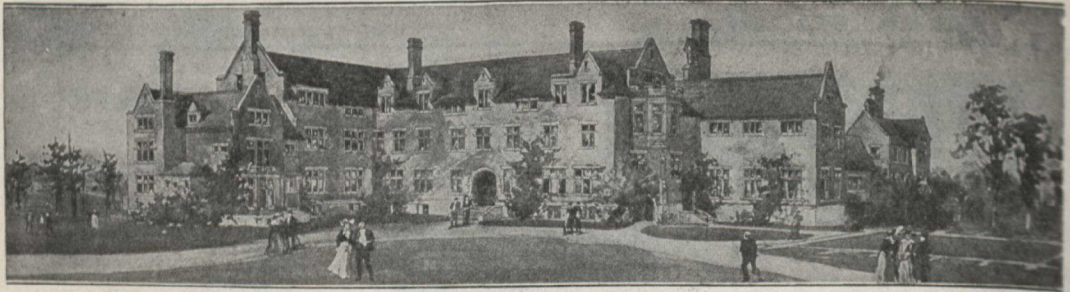


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**HEALTH**—Miss Nainby, Cambridge and South Kensington Certificates.

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

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Special attention is given to Physical Training under Miss Fotheringham and Miss Burnham, graduates of Dr. Sargent's Academy at Boston, who reside in the School and give individual care to the pupils.

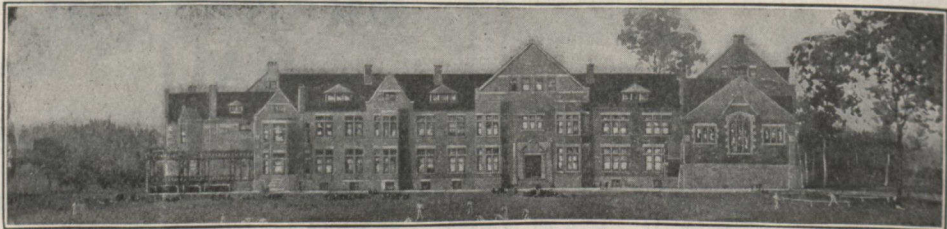
Large grounds attached to the College afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc., in the summer, and for hockey upon the full-sized rink in winter.

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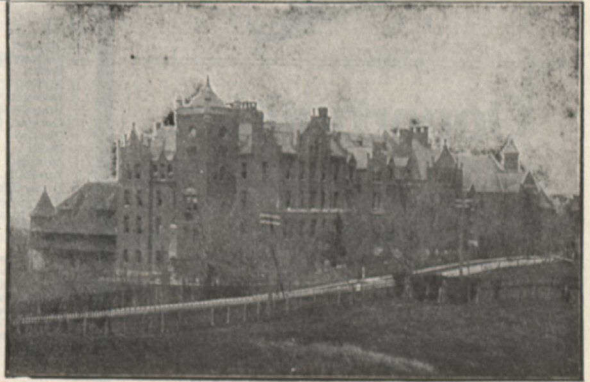
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Founded 1865

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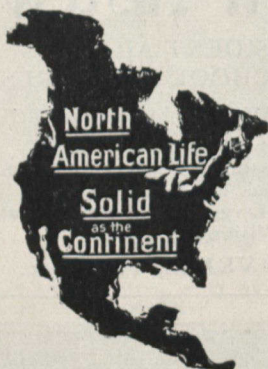
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Reserve and Surplus Profits, \$2,000,000  
Total Assets, \$23,500,000

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A Weekly Journal of Information and Comment upon Matters of Use and Interest to those concerned in Canada, Canadian Emigration and Canadian Investments.

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1905

1905

# BEGIN THE YEAR

with a resolution to save a portion of your income. Do it systematically. There is no method nearly so efficacious as to deposit a certain sum each week or month immediately on receipt. If you have not a Deposit Account, open one with us at once. WE ALLOW INTEREST AT THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT., compounded twice each year. TWENTY-THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS of Assets protect you from the possibility of loss.

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1905

1905

# THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE  
HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets	- - - -	\$2,763,960 70
Surplus to Policyholders	- - - -	1,052,760 70
Paid to Policyholders in 1903	- - - -	204,018 49

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

**DAVID DEXTER**  
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Since incorporation, the Company  
has paid to Policyholders or  
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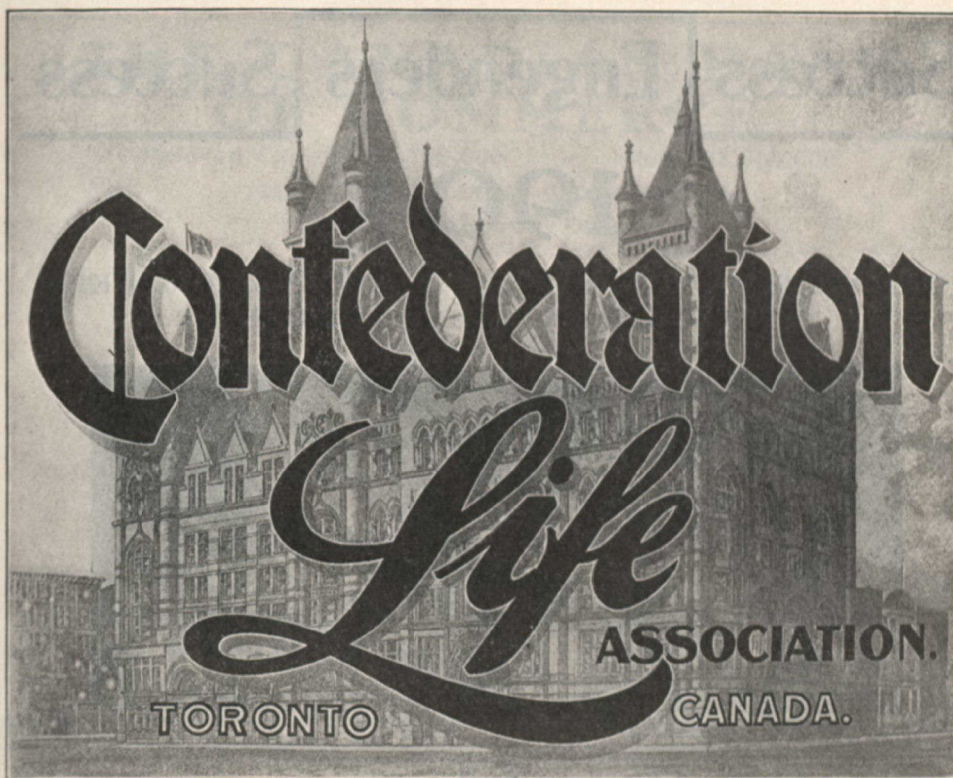
AND has at credit of Policy-  
holders to meet future Death  
Claims, Maturing Endowments,  
etc., over..... **\$1,500,000**

AND has a Surplus in excess of  
all liabilities to the public, of over **\$100,000**

The Company issues all the Standard  
policies on as favorable terms as other first-  
class companies, besides SPECIAL Policies  
which afford exceptional advantages in cer-  
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Any agent of the Company will give full  
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## MANY THOUSANDS

of families have been saved from poverty and distress by a policy of Life Insurance. Many thousands of men have saved money which has been a source of comfort to them in their declining years by a Policy of Life Insurance.

## THE ACCUMULATION POLICY

COMBINES ALL THE

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On account of the clearness and precision of its terms and the extremely liberal and definite guarantees it offers this form of policy is deservedly popular.

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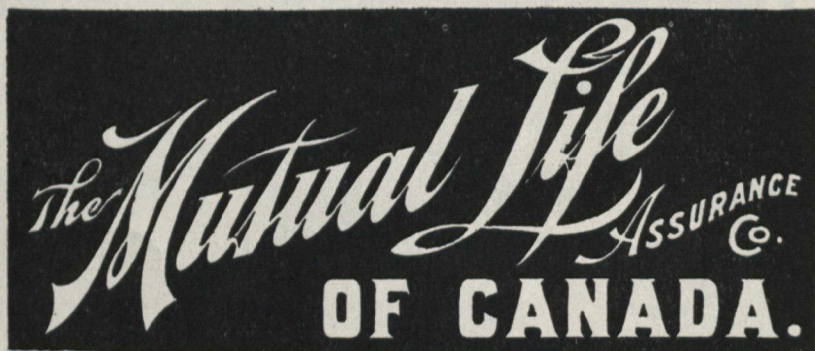
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**Success Engenders Success**

**1904**

THE YEAR JUST CLOSED HAS WITNESSED A MARKED  
ADVANCE IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF



No subject interests a business man more than "Gains" in his own business. He should also be interested in the **very substantial** "gains" made by the Company in which his life is insured, as well as in its "Savings" from death losses and general cost of managing the business, as it is from these sources his "dividends" are chiefly derived; and if he is a shrewd man he will select the Company that shows the best record in these respects, when taking on more insurance.

— SHOWING —

- A large gain in Assets.
- A large gain in Reserve.
- A large gain in Surplus.
- A large gain in Premium Income.
- A large gain in Interest Income.
- A large gain in Assurance in force.

— AND —

- A decrease in mortality and
- A decrease in ratio of expenses.

**1905**

Sincerely thanking all who have helped the Company during the past year to achieve **such satisfactory results**, and asking both **old and new friends** to assist us during the coming year to maintain **this Company's pre-eminence** in the field of Canadian life insurance, we wish **one and all a joyous and prosperous NEW YEAR.**

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid-up Capital, \$8,700,000 - Rest, \$3,500,000.

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A Western Company securing to its Policyholders the advantages resulting from judicious and intelligent investment of its funds in the West.

# The Northern Life

PRESENTS

## A SUCCESSFUL RECORD

for the first half of the year 1904. As compared with same period last year it shows

An Increase in Premium Income  
of 21 Per Cent.

An Increase of Interest Bearing  
Assets of 24 Per Cent.

The Northern will give you just the kind of policy you want.

For information write to Head Office, or apply to any of our agents.

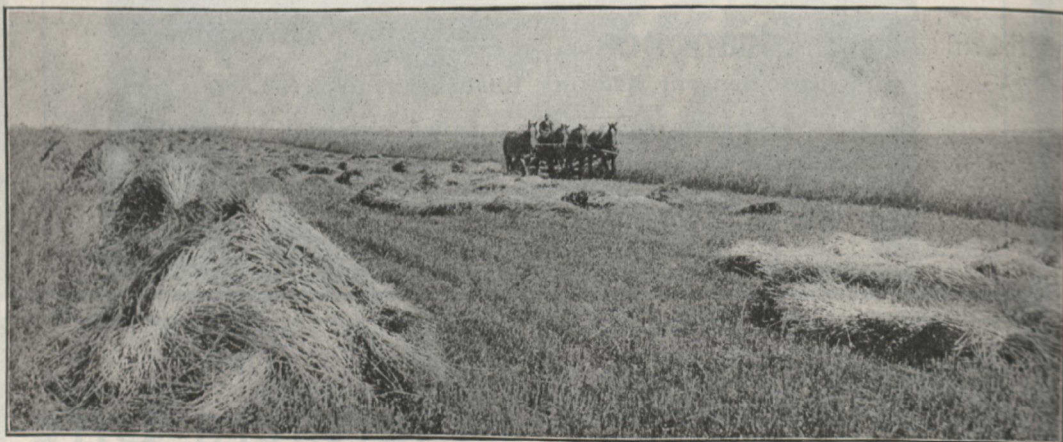
HEAD OFFICE: JOHN MILNE,  
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We have a few good openings for live, energetic agents.

# WESTERN CANADA

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

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



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,  
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON W.C., ENGLAND.

**W. D. SCOTT,**

Superintendent of Immigration,  
OTTAWA, CANADA.



## Chafing dish cookery

You may feel satisfied with your chafing dish successes, but unless you have used extract of beef, you have yet to secure that piquant flavor that is *de rigueur* to the highest achievement of chafing dish cookery. ¶ send today for "Culinary Wrinkles" (free on request). ¶ it will assist you in the clever use of the chafing dish. ¶ it will tell you how to make dainty, toothsome dishes more appetizing and more digestible. ¶ of course, in the ordinary use of the chafing dish extract of beef is not indispensable, but why be conventional—why not do something that is not commonplace. ¶ something that will add to the enjoyment of your dishes. ¶ something that will dispel the horrors of late suppers. ¶ try extract of beef the next time and note the result. ¶ do not experiment but insist on

## Armour's Extract of Beef

the brand that is in demand. ¶ sold by all druggists and grocers.

Armour Limited, Toronto



IF YOU LIKE ASPARAGUS  
TRY

## ASPAROX

A combination of Armour's Fluid Beef and selected California Asparagus Juice.

DELICIOUS TEMPTING  
APPETIZING  
FOR COOKING FOWL OR GAME

A small quantity of Asparox used for basting game of all kinds, chicken, etc., gives a delicious piquant flavor that can be obtained in no other way.

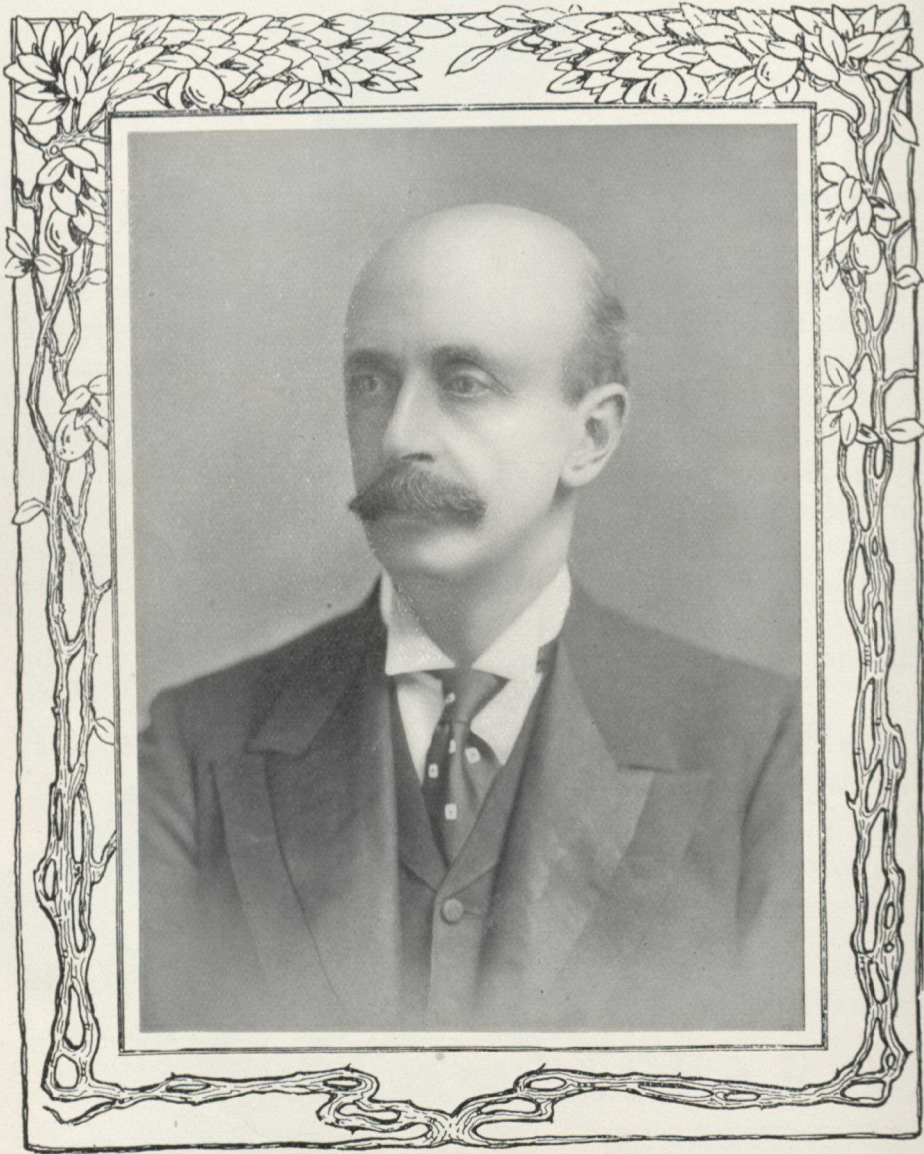
As a hot drink one or two teaspoonfuls of Asparox in a cup of hot water with a half-ounce of milk or cream, and seasoned with salt and pepper, makes a most delicious drink. With crotons it may be served as a course for luncheon.

Asparox is packed in 4-oz. and 12-oz. opal bottles and sold by all grocers. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 35c and we will deliver a 4-oz. bottle prepaid.

Asparox is served at all soda fountains

ARMOUR LIMITED, Toronto.





EARL GREY

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA, WHO WAS SWORN IN ON DECEMBER 10TH

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIV

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1905

No. 3

A MONTH IN CURACAO

By G. M. L. BROWN



HE Venezuelan Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, on whom I called before embarking for South America, seemed greatly surprised when I expressed the intention of spending a week in Curacao.

"A week!" he exclaimed, "why, one afternoon is sufficient to see everything of interest in the place."

This I could hardly credit, though I was willing to admit that my week might be excessive, so I compromised by allowing just three days. As a matter of fact, the three days were extended to more than thirty, and even then I left the island with regret. Such is the value of prearranged plans!

The Venezuelans, of course, are prejudiced. Their little neighbour is such a convenient place of refuge for political conspirators, and offers such opportunities to smugglers that it keeps their war and customs departments constantly on the *qui vive*, and incidentally, so the Venezuelans claim, puts the nation to great expense. Furthermore, Curacao possesses one of the finest harbours on the Caribbean Sea,

and thereby captures much trade that ought to go direct to the mainland. Hence Venezuelans can see little that is good in the island while it belongs to Holland, and that, the sturdy Dutch residents assert, will always be.

Curacao, next to Surinam, is the most important of Holland's American possessions; but, owing to its position, is one of the least known islands of the West Indies. It belonged to Spain for about a century after its discovery, but in 1635 passed into the hands of the Dutch, and, except for short intervals, has remained Dutch ever since.

One of these intervals was from 1807 to 1815, when it was held by Great Britain. To-day, nearly a century



A COCOANUT PLANTATION

The prevailing easterly winds have bent the trees perceptibly



CURACAO—A HAPPY GROUP

later, by an accident of fate, there is not a solitary English resident upon the island. Yet English is commonly spoken by the white population, and the British flag is seldom absent from the harbour.

I shall never forget my first view of Willemstad. I had been twenty-four days at sea in a small brigantine, and though the voyage was pleasant—as a trip in a sailing vessel is bound to be if one has a trace of the romantic in his soul—yet land was good indeed to look upon. We sighted the north end of the island just before dusk, and had to coast up and down its unlighted shores till dawn. Then we headed for port.

When I went on deck we were hove to awaiting the pilot. Before us lay a picturesque town, stretching perhaps a mile and a half along a coral beach, but partly enclosed by

a low range of volcanic hills, three peaks of which were outlined against the azure sky. Two of these hills were crowned with forts and, guarding the narrow entrance to the harbour, stood other fortifications, grim and forbidding, yet likely to be as useless in modern warfare as mediæval castles. In striking contrast to these were the white and yellow houses with queer gables and bright tiled roofs, thoroughly Dutch in detail, but, regarded *en masse*, rather oriental in appearance.

The vision was so delightful that I sighed as we swept into the harbour, expecting the usual disappointment

that one experiences upon nearing a tropical city. To my astonishment, however, the colours appeared brighter than ever, the buildings even quainter, while the life and movement in the narrow streets and upon the quays added the one note necessary to complete the picture.

Yet Curacao, in a sense, remained a vision. It was almost too quaint, its streets too clean, the houses forbid-

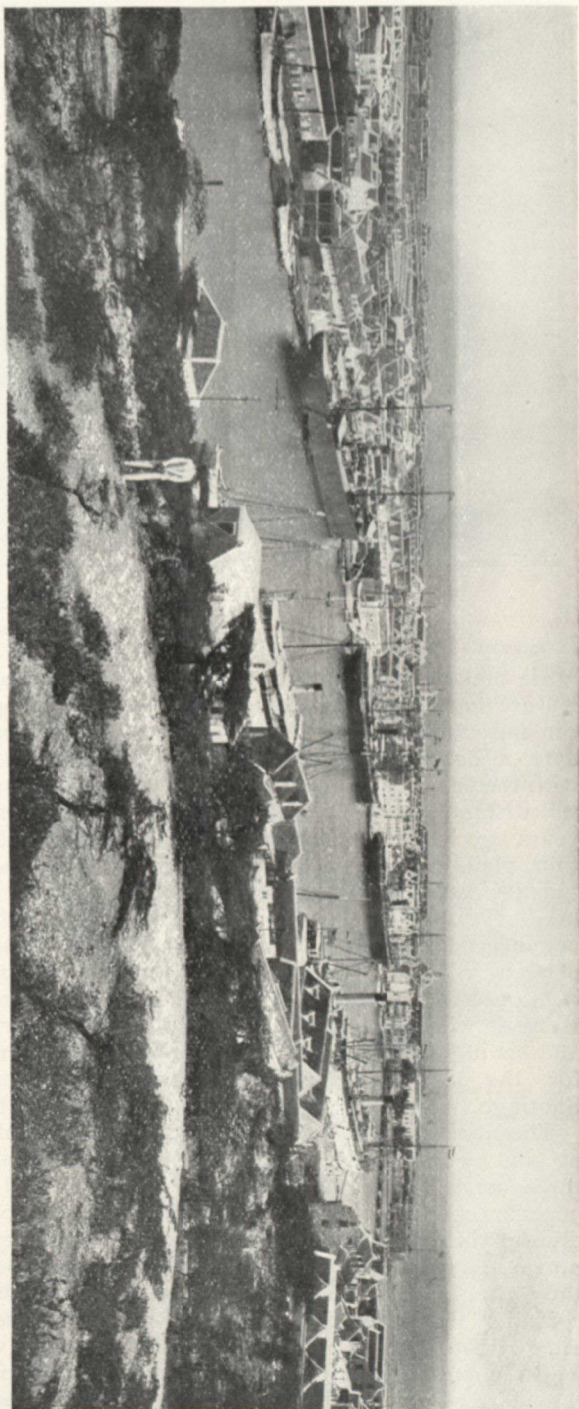


CURACAO—STREET SCENE

ding in their neatness; the whole place like a toy city—the “spotless town” come true. I began to fear lest I should scratch one of the immaculate walls with the end of my walking stick; I hesitated to drop the ashes from my cigar; I learned to look twice in the glass before sallying forth, for fear my appearance might offend the eyes of the fastidious negroes—with the prim Dutch Burghers I did not attempt to vie. Curacao is undoubtedly the model town of the West Indies, but I should not care to live there. Life would prove, I imagine, just a trifle monotonous, particularly to a Bohemian.

The first thing one learns upon landing is that the name Curacao applies to island and city alike, “Willemstad” being seldom used; and the reason of this is apparent—the rest of the island is practically a desert. This is due more to the uncertainty of rain than to its volcanic formation, for what soil there is seems very productive when the rainfall is at all regular. Yet, with the exception of a few promising estates, the land will probably remain a barren waste, important only for the salt and phosphate deposits that it contains. The island of Aruba, however, which resembles Curacao in many respects, can boast of a valuable gold mine, now being worked by an English company.

SPOTLESS TOWN—CURACAO AND A PORTION OF ITS MAGNIFICENT HARBOUR





TOWN OF CURACAO—BROAD STREET  
*Photograph by Soubllette et Fils*

To make up for these drawbacks Nature has given Curacao a magnificent lagoon, large enough to accommodate a dozen fleets, and connected with the sea by a channel so deep that a British steamer that sank in it a few years ago lies undisturbed at the bottom, plainly visible from the surface, but far beneath the lowest floating keel. This channel really forms the commercial harbour, but the lagoon is used by visiting warships and is seldom deserted for any length of time. Here, it will be remembered, Cervera and his ill-fated squadron cast anchor for the last time before reaching Santiago.

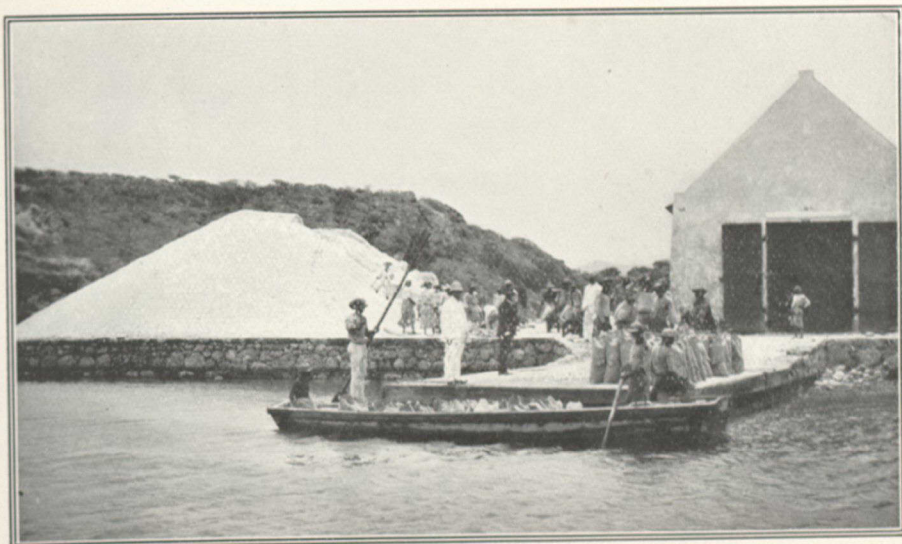
The city is divided by the main channel and by an arm of the lagoon into three parts, each of which has its peculiar characteristics. The eastern division is occupied by the Jews, the northern division by the Dutch, while the centre is the business section and contains the Governor's palace and most of the public buildings. The negro population, which outnumbers the white by almost ten to one, seems rather evenly distributed.

These different sections are con-

nected by bridges, the largest of which is formed of pontoons, and can readily be swung open when a vessel enters or leaves the port. The pontoon bridge, as well as the town's waterworks and electric light system, are all due to the enterprise of a former United States consul; but the bridge, useful as it may be, adds no beauty to the place. The toll is two Dutch cents (four-fifths of a Canadian cent) if one wears shoes, or half price if one goes barefoot. The negro, it is hardly necessary to add, gets the exclusive benefit of the lower rate.

The official language of Curacao is Dutch, but English and Spanish are commonly spoken, the latter more particularly by the Jews, who are of Spanish and Portuguese descent. The most common language, however, is Papiamento, a patois originated by the negro slaves. Unlike most West Indian dialects, it has been adopted by the white race, and has taken its place among written languages. The fact that two periodicals are published in Papiamento, and that it is taught in the negro schools, would show that it has considerable vitality, even if it





ISLAND OF CURACAO—SHIPPING SALT

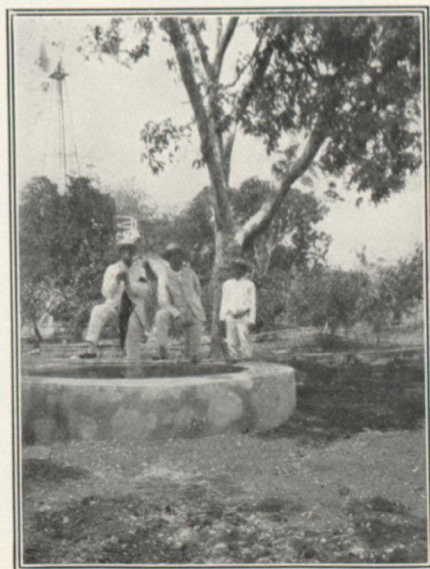
*Photograph by Soubllette et Fils*

is not destined ultimately to survive.

Curacao, despite its lack of rain, has a pleasant climate. Owing to the prevailing east winds, the weather is never sultry and, though a summer heat prevails the year around, the thermometer seldom rises above eighty-seven. This is a delightful surprise to visitors from the North, who can hardly believe at first that they are actually safer from oppressive "hot waves" within twelve degrees of the equator than they would be thirty degrees farther north. The climate, moreover, is very healthful, and seems well adapted for invalids, although hotel accommodation is not yet what it should be. If Curacao could add to its attractions the luxuriant forests and plant life of the Windward Islands, it would indeed be a paradise.

The mainstay of the city, of course, is its commerce with the Spanish-American republics, and to foster this it has reduced its tariffs to a minimum, three per cent. being the highest rate charged. This has brought an immense trade to the island, not only wholesale, but retail as well, for tourists and travellers invariably avail themselves of the chance to buy at conti-

mental prices. Of late years, however, Curacao has suffered, as has Trinidad, from a prohibitive duty of thirty per cent. imposed by Venezuela upon all foreign goods purchased in the West India Islands; and, to complete the ruin of her two island neighbours, this



A COUNTRY WELL FOR IRRIGATION

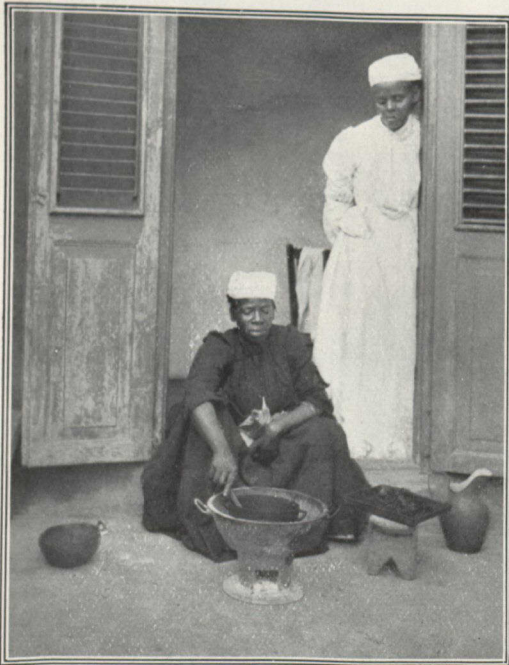


SANTA ROSA—A VILLAGE ON THE ISLAND OF CURACAO

vindictive republic has added thirty per cent. upon all goods trans-shipped in their ports. This absurd tariff came at a most inopportune time for Canada,

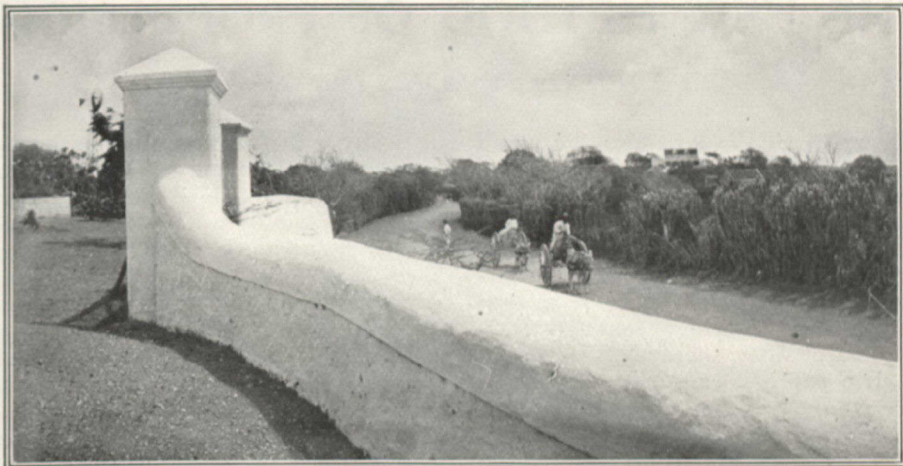
which had just begun a small but lucrative trade through the British Consul, Mr. Jacob Jesurum.

Mr. Jesurum, who belongs to one of the oldest and most influential Jewish families upon the island, became interested in Canadian manufactures several years ago, and was elected a corresponding member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Convinced that Canada had a field in the northern republics of South America, he went North in the fall of 1902, and spent several months in Toronto and Montreal, studying our commercial methods and interviewing the leading manufacturers. Owing to the blockade of Venezuela, however, which made business men cautious in opening accounts in that country, and the more recent crisis in Colombia, with the crowning setback of Venezuela's absurd tariff, what might have proved a valuable commercial opening for Canada has been lost. Mr. Jesurum, however, acts as agent in Curacao for several Canadian firms, and in enamel-ware he controls the whole business of the island. "European and American



ROASTING COFFEE

Coffee is roasted fresh almost daily in the Curacao households  
*Photo by the author*



THE ISLAND OF CURACAO—A COUNTRY ROAD

*Photograph by the author*

enamel-ware is no longer imported," he said, with a smile; "we have silenced competition."

While a firm friend of Canadian and British interests, Mr. Jesurum seemed rather discouraged over the lack of enterprise shown by a number of Canadian houses.

"They do not seem ready for an export trade," he declared. "They are too slow and conservative," a criticism that he amply substantiated.

Curacao can hardly be mentioned the world over without suggesting the famous liqueur that bears its name. This is made from a small, sour orange, indigenous to the island; but the bulk of the liqueur is now manufactured in Holland. There is still a limited demand for the native brand, however, which sells retail for thirty cents a bottle. Few travellers can at

first believe their ears when the amount is named, but after they begin to price other articles their incredulity changes to that anxious, insatiate expression so frequently to be seen in our department stores. Presto! the innocent looking tourists have become a ravenous band of bargain hunters.

One's pleasantest memories of Curacao centre in the hospitality of the people. The genuine welcome that awaits the traveller, the charming simplicity of the homes, the absence of bustle and hurry, and the intelligence and refinement that prevail—these elements force the visitor from the North to admit that his own people, sturdy and honest though they be have yet managed to miss something of life. Many other islands of the West Indies could teach the same lesson, but none better than this little Dutch colony in the Caribbean Sea.

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## THE SOUL'S WAITING

BY INGLIS MORSE

LIKE Memnon waiting for the Dawn  
 The Soul oft waits till, darkness past,  
 A vision of Life's deepest peace  
 Comes to the soul at last.

# THE NEW METHOD OF PROPULSION

COMPILED BY JAMES JOHNSON



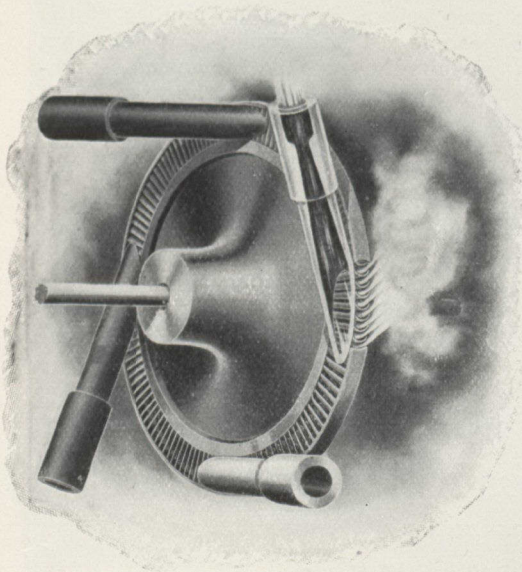
FEW days ago the world was asking if the horse was doomed. To-day there are few horses drawing street cars—except in New York city; there are gasoline motor-cars flying over the roads of Europe and America carrying pleasure-seekers in great number; there are hundreds of electric express waggons and freight lorries in use in the larger cities of the two continents; there are electric landaus, hansoms and coupés; there are electric hose-waggons, electric ambulances; there are electric inspection-cars for use on railways; there are electric and steam automobiles in use in agricultural sections of America, Great Britain and South Africa.

To-day the world is asking if the steam-engine is doomed. The answer seems to be the same with modifications. The water-wheel and the electric generator are being combined to

do away with steam-engines in some places. At Georgetown, Ont., there is a paper mill which for years has been operated by water turbines and electric generators placed at a dam nearly a mile away. The water-power at Niagara Falls is being used in the same way. Water turbines are being connected with electric generators, and the resulting current is being conveyed to nearby towns and cities to be substituted for steam-power. This is one way in which the steam-engine is being displaced.

Then there is another way. The steam turbine is displacing the piston engine. The turbine has no cylinder, no piston-rod, no series of finely adjusted bearings, shafting and belting. Steam turbines from 5 to 6,500 horse-power are now in use, and are said to be more economical of fuel, are more satisfactory in every way, and certainly occupy much less space.

What is a steam turbine? It is a spindle or rotar, fitted with a series of projecting, curving blades which, under the pressure of steam, cause the spindle to revolve within a close-fitting cylinder or stator. "The steam enters the turbine through nozzles or stationary guide blades fixed in the inner surface of the cylinder or stator. The steam is directed upon the spindle or rotar. The impact upon the spindle blades, combined with the reaction due to the difference in pressure on either side of the ring blades, causes the spindle to revolve. Throughout the turbine these actions are repeated, the pressure of the steam increasing and decreasing as it passes through the alternating rings of blades, gradually lowering to that of the vacuum. This operation may be continuous, as in the Parson's Turbine, or divided into stages."

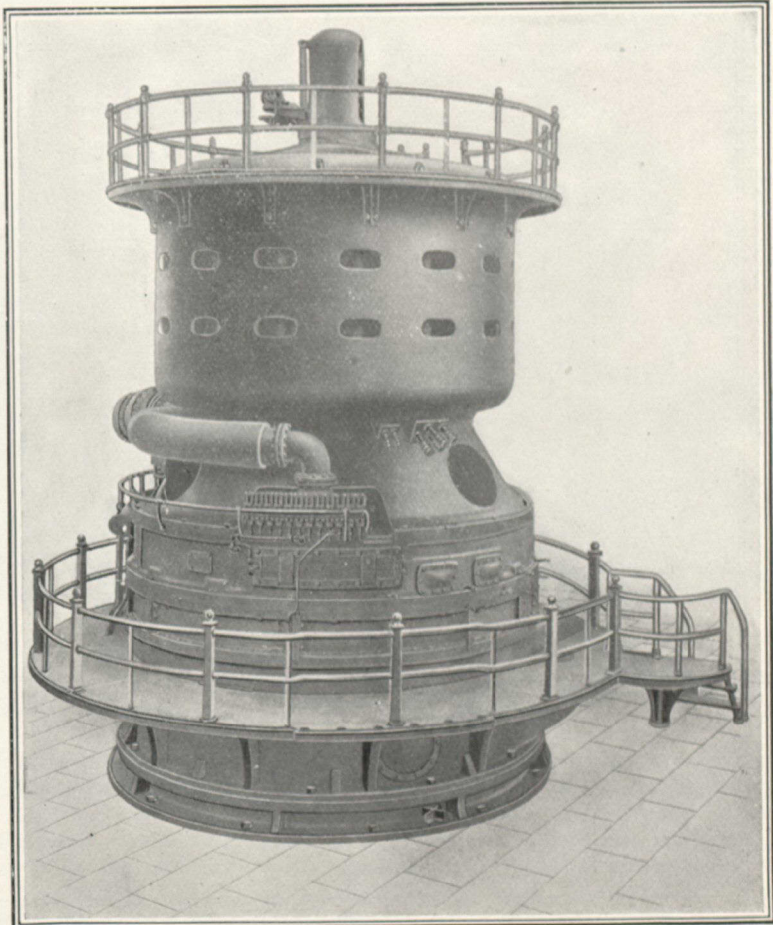


A TURBINE WHEEL AND ITS NOZZLES  
Showing how the steam is applied directly to a revolving disc.

If this description be too complex, it may be explained that this mode of producing rotatory motion of a shaft is the same in principle as that of the windmill, only steam is used instead of wind. Steam rushes in on the blades and is drawn out at the other end by the action of powerful air pumps. The throbbing of the engines, so well known to all steam-boat travellers, is done away with, and the machinery moves with a smooth, continuous action.

The steam turbine is superior to the steam-engine in many ways. In the first place, there is nothing to wear out; there are no friction surfaces. The only rubbing parts are at each end of the spindle, and these run in oil; as there is little vibration, the friction is almost nil. Four 100 horse-power turbines have been operating an electric-light plant at Newcastle, England, since 1889, and are said to be still in perfect condition.

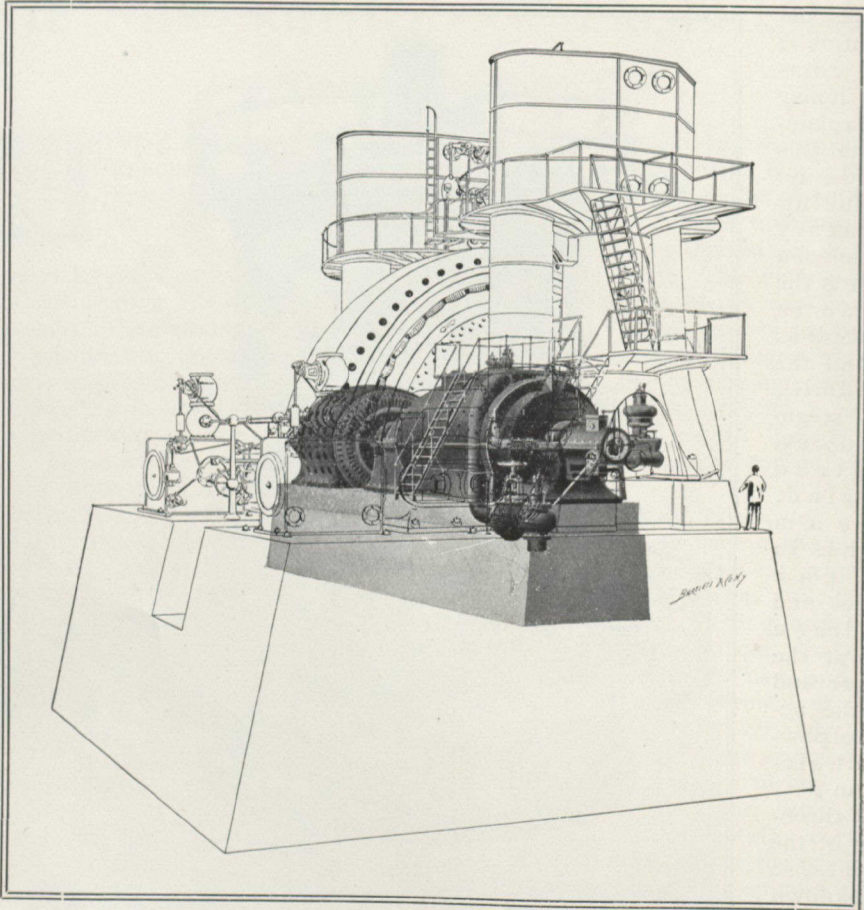
Again, the turbine occupies so much less space. This is important whether



A MACHINE FOR PRODUCING ELECTRICITY

A 5,000 kilowatt steam turbine with galleries direct-connected to generator

in a power-house or aboard ship. A railway company in Ohio was able to find room for three horizontal steam turbines of 1,000-kilowatt capacity each, with electric generators, switchboards and transformers in the space formerly occupied by one 1,000-kilowatt piston engine. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 2) shows in an effective way a comparison of the floor, foundation, and head spaces occupied by one of the newest, vertical, reciprocating (piston) engines, with a 5,000-kilowatt, electric generator attached, and a Parson's type turbine-generator unit of the same capacity.



COMPARATIVE SIZES OF TURBINE AND RECIPROCATING ENGINES

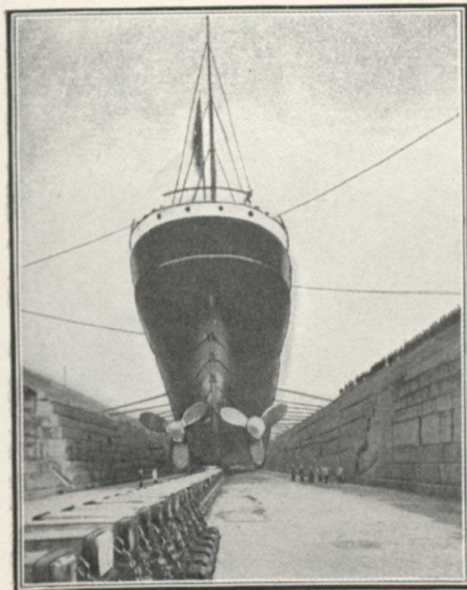
The outline shows one of the newest vertical reciprocating engines attached to a generator. The black part of the illustration shows a turbine-generator unit of the same capacity. There is a great saving in the space occupied.—By kindness of the *Review of Reviews* (N. Y.).

There are many other smaller advantages which are too technical for a general article such as this.

The greatest work, perhaps, of the turbine will lie in its application to the propelling of ships. The first compound steam turbine engine was built so long ago as the year 1884, by the Hon. C. A. Parsons, F.R.S., and applied to the driving of a dynamo with satisfactory results. The evolution of the turbine was rapid, and ten years later the pioneer Marine Syndicate was formed. The famous "Turbinia" underwent her initial trial in 1894. She was fitted with one shaft,

which in 1896 gave place to three shafts with three propellers on each, making nine in all. The vessel developed a great speed, and excited particular attention in naval circles. Another vessel had four shafts and three propellers on each, making in all twelve propellers, but the tendency now is to abandon the tandem propeller and the multiplicity of shafting.

A turbine-driven steamer has operated on Lake Ontario during 1904 between Toronto and Hamilton, and has been a great success. The Allans, ever foremost in Transatlantic transportation, are about to put into com-



THE S.S. OCEANIC



THE S.S. VICTORIAN

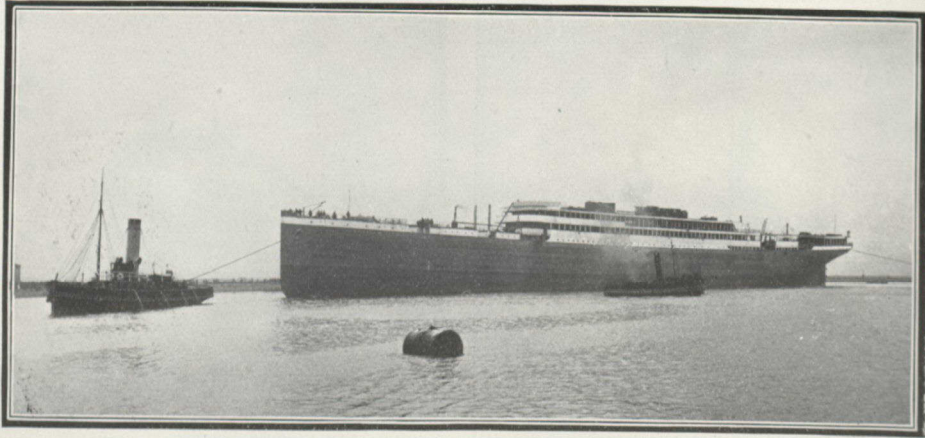
The screws of an ordinary ocean greyhound compared with those of a turbine-driven vessel. The former are two in number and larger; the latter are three in number, the centre one being high-pressure and the other two low-pressure. The two latter have each a reversing arrangement.

mission two high-class turbine-driven steamers, the *Victorian* and the *Virginian*, each of 12,000 tons, 530 feet in length, and 61 feet beam—the largest steamers ever built for the St. Lawrence trade.

With the old type of marine engine it is apparent to everyone that the hurling of a great weight like a piston and piston-rod from one end of the cylinder to the other, and back again at an enormous velocity must be altogether unscientific, as it involves great loss of energy, great stress on the working parts, and considerable and distressing vibration. These have been overcome by the turbine, which bids fair to be the pioneer of a new era in ocean travelling. There is, of course, the fact the turbines cannot reverse, but in the *Victorian* reversing turbines will be enclosed in the low pressure casings, and thus this difficulty is eliminated. That is, there will be separate turbines for forward and backward work. It should also be remembered that the safety of a ves-

sel depends not so much on its speed astern as on the power to stop quickly, and this turbine as designed is an extremely powerful engine in stopping because of the peculiar construction of the blades. In this connection it may be mentioned that the turbine steamer *Queen Alexandra* when going 19 knots was stopped in two and a half times her own length. The turbine has also great starting power, the *Turbinia*, for instance, having attained from rest a speed equal to 28 knots per hour in 20 seconds. When manœuvring the centre shaft can be idle while the steam is sent direct by valves to low-pressure or alternately reversing turbines.

Recently, the British admiralty ordered two 3,000 tons vessels to be known as *Amethyst* and *Topaze*, the former to have turbines and the latter reciprocating engines. Each was to have a trial speed of not less than  $21\frac{3}{4}$  knots. When these trials occurred, the best showing of the *Topaze* was  $22\frac{3}{4}$  knots an hour, while the *Amethyst*,



THE ALLAN LINE'S TURBINE-DRIVEN OCEAN PALACE, THE "VICTORIAN," JUST AFTER LAUNCHING

with the same boiler power, beat this record by one and a quarter knots. There are other points of superiority which favour the turbine.

One of the chief of these secondary elements is the economy of fuel. It was computed in these trials that with 750 tons of fuel, the radius of the action of the *Amethyst* at 18 knots an hour would be 3,600 miles, while that of the *Topaze* would be 2,770 miles. This showed thirty per cent. in favour of the turbine. At a 20 knot speed, the disparity was even more noticeable.

Another advantage claimed for the use of turbines in war-vessels is the absence of vibration. This improvement not only promotes the comfort of the passengers, officers and crew of the steamer, but also insures greater accuracy of aim in handling the guns of the vessel. Even if there was nothing to be gained in speed or in economy of fuel, this consideration

alone would be enough to turn the scale in favour of the turbine.

These experiments by the makers of marine engines and by the larger builders of ships are being keenly watched by all interested in the methods of propulsion. The general opinion seems to be that the steam turbine with recent improvements is a modern reform of great value, and one destined to have a distinct economic effect on the problems of transportation.

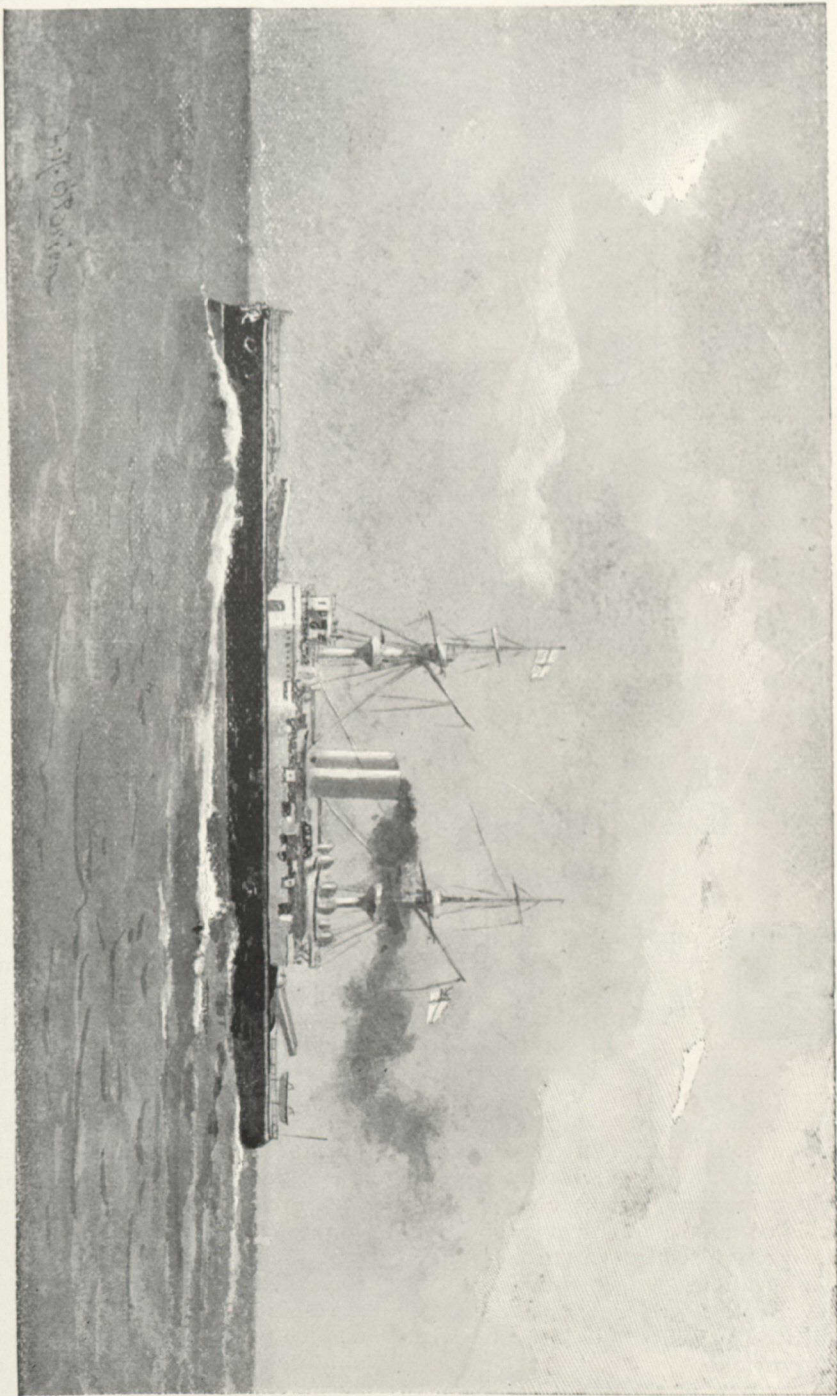
With steam turbines driving all the electric generators in the world and propelling all the larger steam vessels, with electric motors driving the machinery in the workshops of the world, and electric engines drawing trains, the day of the piston or reciprocating engine and the locomotive will have passed. Yet it will not be to-day or to-morrow. But another twenty-five years should make the large piston-engine almost a curiosity—a relic of a past civilisation.

## THE BUILDER

BY INGLIS MORSE

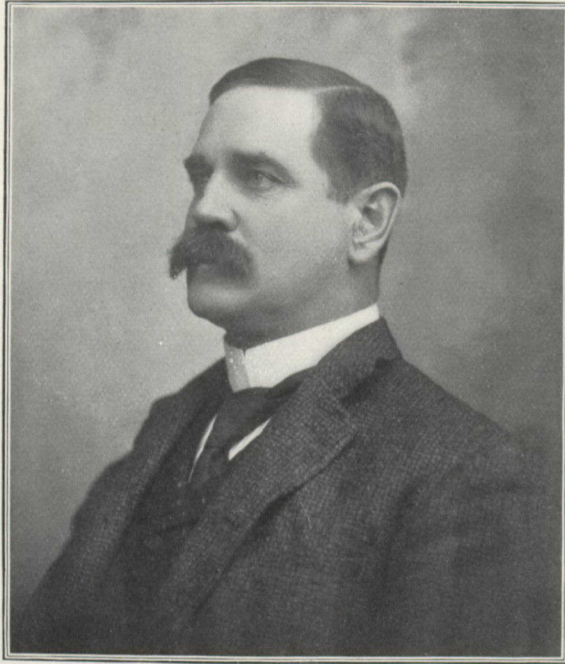
IN stones more lordly than his dreams  
 The hand of man has reared aloft  
 The temples for his Gods, where oft  
 He finds his soul's divinest themes.





H.M.S. RAMILIES—FIRST-CLASS BRITISH BATTLESHIP

*From the Painting by the late L. R. O'Brien, F.R.C.A.*



HON. CHARLES SMITH HYMAN  
*Photograph by Pittaway*

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

NO. 58—HONOURABLE CHARLES S. HYMAN



IN speaking of the Honourable Charles Smith Hyman, one involuntarily stops to question whether it is proper to say of London, Ont., or if it would not be eminently more fitting to refer to him as "of the Dominion of Canada." For, although it is from London that Mr. Hyman goes to Ottawa, he is there only a prominent manufacturer; in the Capital City he is a man of political prominence and recognised as a broad-gauged man of affairs, a fact which Sir Wilfrid Laurier was quick to recognise when he appointed him Minister without portfolio.

It is perhaps the natural outcome of events that Mr. Hyman should be a big man, for his business training has

been such as to evolve breadth and strength. His father, who came from Williamsport, Pa., in 1835, to start a small tannery in London, died in 1878, leaving his son to shoulder all the cares and responsibilities of the business at the early age of twenty-four. Perhaps in this age of young men, twenty-four may seem a sufficiently mature age for a man to assume such a task; but thirty years ago no business man was supposed to have reached years of discretion until the mature age of forty. How well Mr. Hyman succeeded with the responsibilities that fell to his lot may be gathered from the fact that not only does he still own the London business and St. John Hide Company of St. John, N.B., together with the S. Arscott Company of Benton, in the

same province, but that all three businesses have long ago outgrown anything that the first Hyman ever dreamed of their attaining. Hon. Mr. Hyman is a living example of the young man in business.

But so much for his private interests. As is typical with a man of his calibre, Mr. Hyman is essentially a public-spirited man, and has always taken an interest in public affairs. When he was twenty-eight years of age, he was a member of the municipal council of London, on which, for two years, he served as chairman of the finance committee, so ably performing his duties that he inspired Londoners with sufficient confidence in his ability to elect him Mayor of his native city in the following year. Two years later, when he was but thirty-three years of age, he was made president of the Board of Trade of the Forest City.

In the General Elections of 1891, Mr. Hyman entered Dominion politics in the interests of the Liberal party, and after an exciting contest was elected for the city of London to the House of Commons, although he was subsequently unseated by the election court. In 1900, however, he again successfully contested the seat. His majority of only twenty in the recent general election must by no means be taken as an indication that London is not altogether sure of its own mind about being represented by him; but rather that his universal popularity begat a feeling of over-confidence of which the Conservative party were quick to take advantage. And how easy it is to take such an advantage may be easily understood when the outsider is made to realise that London, always a Conservative stronghold, makes even her municipal elections a party affair, and was strong enough at the beginning of 1904 to return nine Tory aldermen and only three Liberals to the council, to say nothing of a Conservative Mayor. The secret of Mr. Hyman's recent small majority is reflected in the way wagers were freely laid giving him a

thousand majority; no one expected anything else.

And then, outside of both public and business interests, there is Charles S. Hyman, the man. A few paragraphs back, I made the statement that Mr. Hyman was a big man—not only big physically, but big in every sense of the word. Without time for anything puny or petty, he has time for looking at every subject only in its widest scope and regarding it, in his mental vision, quickly and from every side. Once he has dismissed a subject as not worth bothering about, he seldom goes back to it. He possesses that intuition which, combined with energy and tact, goes to make a man a leader among men. Everything into which he goes, he goes straight through; there is no half-heartedness about him. Like President Roosevelt, he is an example of "strenuousness" and a lover of outdoor sports. He is an officer of the London Hunt Club, and was formerly one of the Forest City's best cricketers. Old timers will still tell you about some of the plays that "Charlie" Hyman used to make. If one is to believe all they tell, he must have been a wonder at the bat; but after listening, you feel a bit inclined to take their warm personal regard for the man into consideration, and temper some of the statements with a pinch of salt.

Perhaps the two most striking features about the man are his manliness and his ability to inspire confidence. When Hon. C. S. Hyman, either on the platform or speaking personally, makes a statement, one feels that he is telling the truth. You believe him because he speaks right out from the shoulder. He does not mince matters; he is not a quibbler. Not perhaps that he could not, but he simply does not want to; as I said before, he is a *big* man. Moreover, he stands by his friends. He is not strong on promises and weak on performance; but rather the other way about. He makes few promises; but the men whom he sees honestly working for his interests do not lose by it.

A manly man himself, perhaps it is this same quality that he admires most in others. A little incident which occurred some years ago may serve to show a tangible expression of this statement. During one of his campaign trips, Mr. Hyman offered a prize to two lads in a foot race. The contestants were not evenly matched, one of the boys being much larger than the other. Naturally the larger won. But when he was awarded the prize, in-

stead of putting it in his pocket, he turned to his unsuccessful competitor and generously divided equally with him. Mr. Hyman, who witnessed the performance, said nothing at the time; but, on his return to London, it is said, that he sent the larger lad a cheque for fifty dollars. How the story got out no one knows. As one of his lieutenants, who has been associated with him for thirty years or more, said, "Certainly, Mr. Hyman did not tell it."

*Hubert McBean Johnston*

## "SONGS"

BY WINIFRED ARMSTRONG

"Sing to me," a sweet voice cried,  
 And, seated, I softly smiled  
 And wondered which of all my songs  
 Would please a little child.  
 I sang her a song of birds and flowers  
 To an air both quaint and sweet;  
 And looking down, I found the child  
 Had sunk in a quiet sleep.

"Sing to me," a maiden cried,  
 When the twilight 'round us fell;  
 And I sang to her a song of love,  
 And found it pleased her well;  
 I sang to her a tender song,  
 Of all love's hopes and fears,  
 And the maiden's face was all aglow  
 And her eyes were full of tears.

"Sing to me," a woman cried,  
 A woman both old and sad—  
 "Sing to me something to ease this pain,  
 And make my tired heart glad."  
 I sang to her a song of joy  
 And the peace that to us is given  
 When earthly cares and joys are o'er,  
 And we are at rest in heaven;  
 And looking down on the woman's face,  
 I saw all the pain had fled  
 From the tired eyes and weary heart,  
 For her soul was comforted.



# The Half-Breed's Story

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IS it from his father or from his mother that man receives the influence that rules his life? They say it is the father who controls our destinies. It is he who rules us. It is he whose command we must obey when we are young, whose will makes us warriors, who directs our wills, and shows us how to be worthy. We are called his sons; we are told of his deeds by our comrades if he is dead, and are encouraged to rival the acts that made him known among the tribesmen as a leader and chief.

So it is said, and yet I remember little of my father. He was killed before I could retain the words he may have addressed to me to grow up a man amongst men. I remember him, perhaps, from a mere imagination of what I think must have been his appearance. It may be only because I was told he was like some other chief whom I saw in childhood. Yet I believe that it is not only a trick that memory plays with me when I see, outlined against the white light of day at the entrance of the tent in which I sprawled and crawled as a little dusky baby, the tall, spare form of a man—

agile, calm, lithe, and with bare shoulders and arms, a long feather hanging from the back of his head, from which the far longer black locks hang in two strands of hair. Around his middle is fastened a great, brown, hairy robe by a belt that lets the upper part fall doubled from the waist, and his legs are hidden. This is the way in which men of our tribe wore the robe or skin of a buffalo when the chief was mourning for the death of one dear to him. So someone must have died who was near and dear to him. How was it my mother never told me? It is of her that I think when my thoughts go back to childhood. It is often, perhaps oftenest, with us "half-breeds" that this influence of the mother prevails. For I am told that I was a half-breed. How could that be when my father was a chief among the Sioux Indians, and my mother was of that tribe? And here I only relate what has been told to me. The tale seems probable, though not proven.

They say that my mother it was who was a half-breed. One of the white men, who spoke not the white language, but the tongue of the older nation whom the whites vanquished in the distant countries near the great salt water in the East, took for a wife a dark girl of the Iroquois, or it may have been one of the tribes near the Lake of the Woods, who live in the summer on the blueberries of the forests and in the winter on the white fish, and are not fond of fighting. But they are clever at building canoes. They are brave in descending the river rapids, where a false movement of a paddle, or even the wrong balance of the body, may cause their barque to

\*This story relates something of the earlier career of Sitting Bull. The later story of this famous Indian will be told by F. C. Wade, K.C., in the February number.

strike against a rock, and plunge all on board into hissing foam and vehement cataract, where the death cry is smothered in the roar of the raving waters. Coming to the plains of the Winnipeg Lake and the red running floods of the Assiniboine, my mother when a child had followed the camp of her father and mother, and had been stolen when some dispute had occurred with the Sioux. That she had white blood I know. But she never remembered a word of the language of the white men; and, save that her eyes were of a different brown colour from those of the tribe and that her hair had a light and a curve in it that none of our people possessed, she could not be known by any mark that could be seen to be part of other blood. But her bosom was lighter in hue than was the skin of the mothers among the Sioux. For this she was jeered at by the women, and the children mocked me. And so it came about that one of the priests of the French voyageurs on the Red River observed me and, when my mother died, took me, giving payment in time of dearth of food to the Indians for me. For five years I was with him, and I learned the wisdom of the strangers, so that I can write and speak French, and understand also the American tongue.

Ah, but the habits of the mother prevail! It does not matter that she herself has been only trained to her ways of life by habit and not by blood. The customs get into the blood and influence the children. It is the habits of the immediate, not of the remote ancestor or ancestress, that conquer. I might have grown up a learned man—a priest intent on following the example of some French ancestor who waged war on bad things in man and nature. I might have joined with some who, half French and half Indian, took to raising corn and buckwheat and roots, and have been content to have a strip of land full of foodstuffs, and have toiled with the implements of husbandry. I heard of a great world beyond the woods and prairies where men lived in hundreds of thou-

sands, and toiled and toiled, and seldom saw the open country, and were content to exist without killing either time or game, and hunted only for sayings of the dead deeds of dead men. I knew such who would care nothing for the habits of men, or birds, or beasts, but only for the records of the dead. They fed their minds with the images of those who are gone from us for ever. They gaze with earnest stare at the printed page, and live in thought and reverie with the ideas that moved the pen of those whose eyes saw other things than ours see now, and whose actions could not be repeated now. They held themselves close prisoners in places where the air was foul. They became blanched in colour. The healthy tan of the winds they disliked. Their blood coursed slowly through their veins. They thought that by digging deeper into the ground than had others that they could make men happier and stronger. They compassed greater death-dealing powers only by half-killing themselves. They esteemed the illnesses that lead to quiet death the chief evil, and made the death-bed a torture by prolonging painful life. They called progress and civilisation the power of making all life artificial, and all pleasures were blemished with labour. The mind was made only to minister to the conditions they called comfort, which softened the body so that its enjoyment was limited to the places where certain foods and drinks and other things could be obtained only by many working together.

How different was it with the children of the prairie and the woods! While nature was kind, true enjoyment was the heritage of all. I except the times of famine. But they came not in the days I knew. And I had experience of the white man's plagues, which my Indian friends had never known. Give me, I said, one year of cholera, or smallpox, or typhoid, and it is worse than the seldom-endured famine. Nature is never so unfair when left alone as she becomes when her acts are dictated by civilisation.

Her noble and healthy instincts are then warped and twisted, and, like a woman overdriven, she knows not what she does. The very things that were most beloved become her loathing. She hates where she loved, and none can recognise the being that was beneficent in the distraught creature whose very being has wholly altered. And I, inheriting the habits which had become the nature, or the second nature, of my mother, longed for the free life of whom civilisation calls the savage.

Why call him so? That he is not savage is best attested by the whites themselves, who never disdain Indian blood. How many are there among Americans who boast descent from Pocahontas, the Indian maiden of Virginia? And why not? Do the redskins have less comforts and less heroic qualities than the whites? I say that in peaceful days they are better, not worse, in trapping. Among the frame huts of the whites I longed for the Moya, or hide tent of the Sioux. Could any place be more happy for man's body than the painted lodges of the "Savage"? The buffalo skins of which it was made were splendidly wrought and stitched, and overlapped so that a wall impervious to the coldest wind was set up, resting against the central pole. Outwardly these hide cones were painted in red figures recalling fights and the feats of warriors. Internally soft carpets of fur were laid around the circle, and the zone furthest from the fire in the centre was divided off into apartments by screens of sinew lattice. Reclining there, the story and song and laughter were heard as cheerily as in the settlers' or the priests' abodes. The long-stemmed pipe, with its head of the red stone, was lit by the wives with greater attention to the wants of the aged or the chief than I have seen in the huts of the fathers. And if the tobacco were not the same, if it were mixed with the willow, a herb esteemed from of old, was not the mixture of the Northern with the Southern plants a change for the better? Yes, just as the Northern air must be better than the wet heat

of the South. Ah, who can breathe the breath of the prairie and not long for the winds and perfume to fill again lungs and throat and mouth! Who that has seen the lilies of the spring and the yellow blossoms of the autumn spread in oceans of green and gold and star-sown spaces under foot can withhold a longing for the sense of power that clear eyesight and elastic tread can alone give to the voyageur? Then even the winter cold brings the feeling of grandeur and of bounty, if man has provided in the certain and abounding summer for the as certain restfulness of winter. If antelope be few and buffalo fail there has always been the splendid procession of the wild fowl, of duck and goose and swan, in spring and in autumn. More birds would fall to our guns than we could use for food.

But I repeat too much the thought that made my tame life at the mission distasteful. I determined to go again to the Sioux. Their chief was one who was beloved by the tribes. I had known of his trials. I had heard of his determination to try his strength against the Americans. I went to him. He received me as a son might be by a stern but indulgent father. He scarce spoke a word. But I saw that his eye was mild. I told him I could be of service to him as a teamster, as one who had knowledge of the white men. A lodge was assigned to me. I dressed, marched, hunted and lived again as an Indian. Happiness was again mine. I was one of the living.

The chief was that remarkable man known among them as the "Sitting Bull." He had made his preparations for what the whites called rebellion. He called the war he had determined on revenge for injuries inflicted by the whites. He called it an assertion of freedom which belonged to the children of the prairie from of old. Had they not been confined like cattle to "agencies" and districts? Had not the buffalo and antelope been killed off from before them? Had not any surrender been followed by trickery and robbery on the part of the agents at

these "agencies"? Had not the provisions promised them by treaties been shortened and pillaged? Had not the agents sold for themselves what was the Indian's proper allotment? And now from far and near, from all places where the Sioux and their allies had been coralled like cattle, the injured and ancient people were to assemble at the chief's bidding and bid defiance. They had obtained good weapons of war by the fraud of the very men sent by the Americans to guard against the Indians' obtaining arms. The chief was silent, determined and resourceful. His people were silently strengthened each week after I joined them by many who came, some bringing their women with them. But the hearts of the women of the tribes were heavy and, though they also spoke little save to each other, they were ill at ease.

I had found none of the former strangeness towards me shown when I returned. Perhaps it was the order of the chief, or the knowledge that I desired to be indeed one of them, that made them wholly friendly. Perhaps it was the sense that told them that in the coming struggle all honest help offered would be acceptable. I worked hard for them, chiefly as a teamster. With "Bull" himself I was a frequent guest. All saw I was his friend. I still have a drawing he made for me which gave again the figures painted on the sides of his "tepee." Simple these, and yet how eloquent now that I look back on those days! Messengers came in fast from distant places, telling now how General Custer and the American cavalry he commanded were out on the war-path against us. Scouts gave us accurate knowledge of their strength and of the route they would probably take. In front of them our people fled, but ever leaving behind them those who spied out the movements of the troops and brought intelligence. Our ponies seemed tireless. Their big horses were often sore and wrecked; and one day, by my advice, we attacked an advance party and, taking them prisoners without their being able to fire a shot, sent the

men, unarmed, in front of us and covered by our rifles, to ride by a track that misled the white men who followed. And so we succeeded in leading a number far away from the main body we designed to fight in another place. The troops we led astray by compelling the advanced party to march where we drove them and where we killed them, never got back to their main column in time to assault us. They arrived too late.

I will tell of this in a moment; let me detail the main event. Another hint I had given to the chief was one that fortunately had a good result, although it depended on our being attacked in a selected place. The spot, however, was not hard to know, for horses could only advance with ease where he provided the difficulty. An opening between hills indicated our position of defence. In the level space between was long grass. This we pleated and knotted in strong, rope-like strands. We rightly calculated that our enemies' heavy horses would be tripped by these withes. We strengthened them with willow branches, but none could tell that they were there. So we prepared for war. But in the midst of these alarms came the contrast of an episode of peace.

Happiness was again to come to me, a white streak of sunlight amid the red carnage of sorrow. These contrasts are never-ending in human life. It may be because the All Giver knows how to make his gifts most beloved. I had determined to marry a girl whom in boyhood I liked, for she had been fond of me when many persecuted me as of alien blood. Such matters march quickly with the Indians. I told the chief I wanted her. He gave a grunt and a nod. That evening she was in my lodge! Yes, you see these children of nature do not hesitate. The chief had received me in the early morning in front of his tepee. A sturdy figure, with broad brow and feathered with two black and white bird tail feathers, his body clothed in leather, with a triple row of the milk teeth of his Wapiti deer across breast and back—



his erect bearing while he received news from scouts and gave directions to the mounted men who rode up to him with news of the enemy—seems to be before my eyes as I write. The thin vapour of the camp rising through the clear air, the undulating swell of the country, broken often in one direction by blue river waters that shone steel-blue to the sky that gave them colour, the "cut banks" of these streams where there was plain, and their disappearance in ravines and near darksome masses of bluff and rough low cliffs—this was the landscape behind the warlike figures and their camp. Stern, dark, keen-eyed men, with noses like the ponies they rode, with great cheek-bones and searching brown eyes. I feared they would be massacred by the American warriors.

My girl-wife was anxious when I told her all I knew of them and of their brave commander, Custer, but she said not a word. She only looked at me, and drank in all I said with long and wistful and, I thought also, loving looks. Next day came the fight.

We saw from the higher lands the advance of the cavalry. They had laid aside their swords. They rode in a long line, with many paces distance between each man, behind them the main body, but divided, one set appearing far away to our left where the ground was broken and they were soon lost to sight. We knew our parties in that direction would not leave them alone. Our enemies had hats with wide rims turned up on one side. The shots now could be heard, but we let few fire. Their men kept up a heavy fusilade. Our plan was to lure them on. We wished both the divisions on our left and centre to come in well to the uneven ground. They seemed to obey our wishes like children. We were all around them when the chief gave the word, and very many fell. The remainder, instead of separating, got closer together and tried to charge. Their horses stumbled and men fell by the score. They again massed closer and fired three volleys. These were their last. We were among

them, shooting them down and sparing none. I have seen six shots put into one man. Their scalps were now staining our horses' shoulders. We took many, and wished to take more, for their division on the far-away left point was still in the field. They, too, had lost many, but got into the rough ground of a hill above the willow and poplar groves of a river bank. There most of them remained, and we, knowing that they must go but would take many lives if we attacked, let them retreat next morning. We had fought with gallant men. May their spirits dwell with ours in peace in Heaven's Prairies, where my wife Metisa and I hope to live for ever! Her father said so. The mission fathers say so. Why should it not be?

One thing that is good in the prairie life is that we know what we see. The air is clear. We can believe our eyes. We also believe what we say. Save in war we deceive not. We are now again at peace. I did not go with Sitting Bull, our beloved chief, when, after many years of patient endurance of exile in Canada, he surrendered, only to be murdered by the agency people who had never forgiven him his victory. My wife and I remained in Canada, where I resumed my life again and was thankful that I had a knowledge of the country from my previous wanderings. Where can we see greater plenty than among the white men in Manitoba? It is, indeed, the country of Manito—the country of God. My children own more wheat than would have fed our Sioux camp for three generations. They drive their horses and ploughs through seas of yellow grain. My little bride, wedded on the eve of the great fight, is now a grandmother, a queen of a tribe of my descendants. Metisma we call her no more, but "little mother." She has seen her children's children and they have called her blessed, as the mission people say.

No one hungers in Canada's prairies. We knew hunger sometimes of old. The Canadians hunger only for renown.

# ROBERTS AND THE INFLUENCES OF HIS TIME

By JAMES CAPPON, Professor of English, Queen's University

A SERIES OF FOUR ARTICLES OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER ONE

## I.—LITERARY WORLD OF TO-DAY



MR. ROBERTS has been before the public as a poet for about a quarter of a century. During that time some six or seven volumes of verse have come from his hands, and in 1901 a general collection of his poems was published in one volume. In a prefatory note to this last volume he tells us that it contains everything he cares to preserve of the poetry he had written before the end of 1898. To this he has recently added a small volume, *The Rose of Life*, so that the reader will find in those two books all that the poet himself cares to give him, or would like to be judged by.

But though Mr. Roberts is so well known by name to the public, and is certainly the most distinguished of our Canadian poets, of those, at any rate, who use the English language, it cannot be said that his poetry has taken any wide or deep hold of the Canadian people. In fact, with the exception of a sonnet or two which appear regularly in the new anthologies, it is doubtful if the poetry of Roberts is at all well known outside of a limited circle of readers mostly professional or semi-professional in their relation to literature. Some of these struggle valiantly to keep alive a languid public interest on the subject of Canadian poetry and poets by warm eulogies in the magazines or highly optimistic utterances at literary conferences. But literary conferences can do nothing to create a public interest in poetry which the poetry itself has failed to excite. As often as not the indiscriminate and universal eulogy which one hears at such gatherings, or reads in perfunctory reviews of

Canadian literature, only dulls and confuses the public mind and leaves it with some very reasonable suspicion as to the value of poetry and higher literature in general. It is a very different kind of seed that must be sown before the great new democracies of to-day will show as lively and as critical an interest in these things as the aristocratic and aristocratically trained societies of the past did. What we need is not a blare of trumpets and loud proclamations that "Canada has a literature," or a "Burns" or a "Tennyson," but a candid and reverent criticism that will show the true value of imaginative literature and the part it is playing, nobly or ignobly, for it can do both, in our general life.

It is quite true that some forms of literature now receive a more generous support from the public than they ever did before. The modern novelist, for example, has an immense and indulgent public in the hosts of those who have money and leisure and are willing to amuse themselves with a story when they are not at the theatre or playing "bridge." The modern magazine writer and journalist also has a public which has converted ancient Grub Street into one of the opulent and respected quarters of the earth. Better still, it is true that poetry of a really first-rate quality in its kind has as large an audience as it ever had, whether it be the highly critical poetry of Browning or the popular lyric of Kipling. The poetry of Omar Khayyam, for example, which has had the good luck to be so translated in the curiously appropriate rhythms of Fitzgerald that even to the common ear it has become the perfect expression of one great chord in life, goes everywhere, watering like a hidden brook

the dusty ways of the everyday world. The Rubaiyat is read, as Macandrew's Hymn is read, by those who care little in general for poetry. But there are other forms of literature which have almost suffered eclipse under our new democracies, at least on this side of the Atlantic. The old literary reviewer, for instance, has a poor time amongst us, I am afraid. The days when an article on Milton or Dr. Johnson made a sensation amongst the reading public are gone by. The modern reviewer must compress what he has to say into a five-page article; he must avoid literary and philosophic breadth of treatment and raise only issues which can be explained in a paragraph; or he must hide himself away in the limbo of the philosophical reviews. It is only in these now that one hears about Byron and Wordsworth.

Another literary personage whose importance has dwindled greatly in these modern times is the old type of minor poet, the successor, the follower of some great, established school of poetry, the author of odes, or epics, or dramas in their classical form. When one thinks of the place which such minor poets as Beattie and Rogers and Mrs. Hemans held in the world of their time, of the reverence their works inspired, and the way in which they impressed themselves on the culture of their age, one sees what a curious displacement of literary interests has accompanied the growth of democracy. The culture which the general reader of to-day seeks is quantitatively greater as regards information. He is quick-brained and has a wide range of sensibility; he wants to know something about many things, about railroad transportation and fish hatcheries, about radioactivity and Japanese art, even a little about literature or the Middle-ages. But he does not value the kind of education which the reading of Cowper's Task or Byron's Childe Harold, or even Washington Irving's Sketch-Book might give him. His knowledge has not the ethical centre or the imaginative depth it used to have. *Harper's*

*Monthly Magazine* would no longer dare, as it did in 1851, to reprint Goldsmith's *Traveller* in full or make up an issue mainly of articles on subjects like Washington Irving and the Poetry of William Cullen Bryant, and Extracts from the Conversation of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More about Plato. In many ways indeed the literary atmosphere of the *Harper's* of half a century ago is superior to that of the *Harper's* of to-day. There is an intellectual charm and repose about that old *Harper's*, a poise of judgment and an imaginative breadth which are lacking in its more modern representative. The imaginative quality of the illustrations in the latter; Elizabethan mansions and gardens, old Italian cities, and the ruined battlements of Chateau Galliard, with the rooks flying about them, does not quite make up for the want of a similar quality in the text.

The popular magazines have to adapt themselves, of course, to the taste of the greatest number of their readers. Perhaps they have largely absorbed the public which once gave popularity and vogue to the Beatties and Youngs of a past generation. They have absorbed it on one side while the interest in scientific and economic philosophy has absorbed it on the other. It requires a very solid habit of mind, indeed, to resist the fascinating variety of the popular magazine of our day. No form of the popular taste but is admirably studied and catered for there. You get the latest economic estimates and the latest wonders of science, storiottes in five pages, interviews with statesmen (which do not as a rule amount to much), and with actresses (which amount to more, sociologically at least), the history of Rockefeller or of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and such piquant specialties as Professor Simon Newcomb's vision of the end of the world, or Professor Boyesen of Harvard's studies of types of beauty amongst chorus girls, with illustrations. If the reader has a craving for something more ideal, something in the higher regions of art and literature,

the able editor knows how to administer an opiate in the form of a four-page article on Velasquez or the Barbizon school, or it may be on the frescoes of the Pisan Campo Santo, or on Peire Vidal, the Troubadour, the atmosphere of the age in such cases being given, not by the text, which is generally very poor in this respect, but by clever illustrations in three-colour prints. A critical interest in literature may be represented by a gossipy account of Tolstoi with a picture of him at work in the fields in his peasant's blouse, or perhaps by an interview with Sudermann, accompanied by a translation of a page or two of *Die Ehre* or *Im Zweilicht*.

And there is much in the way of information in the popular magazine that we cannot do without. Where else should we learn about the iniquities of American municipalities and the Standard Oil Company, unless the magazine editors endowed such research? How is the minor poet who once held the ear of his generation with his epic or ode, even if it was unread by the next, to compete with all that in our time? He loses faith in his art and begins to think it is an archaic tradition, and he probably ends by seeking the protection of some art coterie or taking shelter in that grand haven of refuge for distressed literary craft, journalism. If he has a ready pen for prose work he can keep himself comfortably afloat there, and achieve a bye-reputation in one or the other department of literature. What may happen to the poet within him is another question. He may grow, as Henley did, into a wild Villon-like grace and defiant candour of utterance (with a touch of Alsatian swagger in it too, the Bilbo trailing conspicuously at his heels); or he, the poet, may die in the very opulence of modern Grub Street, or because of the over-mastering spell of Vagabondia, while the man is still alive and publishing quatrains in praise of Omar or *vers libre* in praise of life.

But whatever position the minor poet may occupy in the varied intellec-

tual activity of our time, when he has produced such a notable quantity of work as Roberts has, work representing a strenuous and singularly varied effort at the poetic interpretation of life, his career can hardly fail to be an interesting document in the history of his country and his age. It is not always in the great master that you can read most clearly the character of the time. The great master has a way of sublimating into greatness all the intellectual tendencies of the age, and even its conceits and affectations, as Shakespeare, for example, can make the euphuism and exaggerated emphasis of the Elizabethan period pass muster with us. But in the minor poet you can examine characteristic modes of thought and forms of art with a steadier and less dazzled eye. If you want to understand the standards of the eighteenth century in verse you should look at the poetry of Garth and Addison as well as at that of Pope and Goldsmith.



## II.—EARLY POEMS—THE SCHOOL OF KEATS. ACTÆON.

IT is natural for a young poet to begin by following some established tradition in his art, and Roberts started with one of the highest. The direct influence of Keats had almost ceased to be felt in English poetry when the Canadian poet revived it in its purest form for his countrymen. His early poems hardly disguise the fact that they are imitations of Keats, and belong to that new world of Arcadia which the English poet had created. That poetic world which Crabbe and Wordsworth, with their naturalism, thought they had banished; that land where the departed gods and heroes of Hellas still live, where the steps of Pan are still heard in the forest, and Thetis glides with silvery feet over the waves, had been revived for us by the poet of Endymion, and its green bowers had allured a good many poetic aspirants into them, amongst whom Roberts may be

counted as the latest, perhaps the last. For the poetry of to-day is looking for its material in another region where the forms of life are more robust and actual and the atmosphere more electrical than they are in the old legendary world of Arcadia.

From a philosophic point of view, there was nothing very complete in Keats' reconstruction of the Greek mythology. But he gave it all that poetry needs to make a new world of, a new sky, a new earth and new seas enchanting as those of fairyland; he filled its landscape with green wealth and aerial minstrelsy and every harmonious form of beauty in shape or sound or colour. But, more than all, he created the language in which alone this new world could be fitly described, a new language of idyllic description, a language of the subtlest, impressionistic power which could render the shapes of things seen in this dreamland with a visionary distinctness altogether unique. Its movement and cadence, too, were unique, natural as those of a man talking to himself, yet quaint and captivating as voices from the cave of the Sibyl:

'Twas a lay  
More subtle-cadenced, more forest wild  
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;  
And nothing since has floated on the air  
So mournful strange.

If Southey had been able to discover a similar language for his Domdaniels and Padalons his grandiose epics would not be where they now are, but that would be saying that Southey had a poetic genius which he had not. The line of Keats was a marvellous creation, and made him the indispensable master for all the idyllic poets who came after him. He had the master's secret of making everything which he touched new. His Apollos and Naiads had nothing to do with the fossilised mythology of the eighteenth century poets; you never thought of comparing them; you never thought of his "leaden-eyed despairs" in connection with the deliberate personifications of Collins or Gray, no more than you thought of the stiff framework of the

eighteenth century couplet in reading his fluent verse.

Of course there was something in his style which remains inimitable and his own. The imaginative felicity of his phrase, the passionate simplicity of his cry, the entire naturalness of his movement, no one could repeat these. But there was also something which could be more or less easily imitated, and this became the possession of a whole school, and even part of the universal language of poetry. That large, elusive epithet, that new reach of synecdoche, those novel compounds, that richly blazoned phrase in general, with delicate luxury and efflorescence, were readily appropriated by the æsthetic schools of poetry. Phrases like "argent revelry," "warm-cloistered hours," "tall oaks branch-charmed by the earnest stars," set the mould for a new and finely sensuous impressionism in descriptive poetry. The critics of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* might sniff at first at the new poesy as the sickly affectation of the Cockney School, but it could not long be neglected by young poets seeking to learn the secrets of colour and rhythm in their art. The youthful Tennyson quietly drew some of his finest threads for his own loom, and Rossetti, with the whole æsthetic school, shows everywhere the influence of Keats' line. To most of them he was more even than Shelley, for he taught them more, though the other, with the star-domed grandeur of his universe, and his Titanic passion and conflict might be the greater inspiration to them. William Rossetti says of his famous brother that he "truly preferred" Keats to Shelley, "though not without some compunctious visitings now and then."

As to Wordsworth's influence, it is not surprising that there is little or no trace of it in the early work of Roberts, though it was just the time when the reputation of the sage and singer of Rydal Mount was in its second bloom with the public, owing mainly to the fine and discriminating criticism of Arnold. But the young poets of

the æsthetic school disliked Wordsworth. They hated the plain texture of his style and its want of colour. It might, however, have been well for Roberts if he had come under the influence of Wordsworth's simplicity and candour at this formative period of his life.

But, for better or worse, the school of Keats was that in which Mr. Roberts received his training. He simply lives at this period in that green world of neo-classical idyllism which Keats had created. The style of the master, his colour, his rhythmical movement, his manner of treating his subject, are reproduced with the interesting, but somewhat deceptive similitude which a copy always gives of a great original. In the *Ode to Drowsihood* we hear the well-known lyrical cry:

Ah! fetch thy poppy baths, juices exprest  
In fervid sunshine, where the Javan palm  
Stirs, scarce awakened from its odorous  
calm

By the enervate wind,

and in the stanzas of the *Ariadne* almost every epithet and every verb recall something which is familiar to us in the manner of the master:

Hung like a rich pomegranate o'er the sea  
The ripened moon; along the tranced sand  
The feather-shadowed ferns drooped dream-  
fully,

The solitude's evading harmony  
Mingled remotely over sea and land;  
A light wind woke and whispered warily,  
And myriad ripples tinkled on the strand.

That poetry is steeped in the rich Tyrian dye of Keats' fancy, and the luxury of sense impression which is so marked in the work of the master is the too exclusive quality of the disciple's. For after all there is an ethical element in the poetry of Keats which Roberts does not reproduce so well, an insistence on the spirituality and the healthfulness of beauty which runs through all the work of the English poet and gives its special flavour to many of his finest passages. It is the ascetic element needed to complete the chord in Keats, without which his poetry would be rather overpowering in its sensuous richness. Every one knows the opening lines of *Endymion*

and the fine outburst in *The Ode to a Grecian Urn*:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play  
on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

The epic of *Orion*, Mr. Roberts' most ambitious effort, though he preserves only a fragment of it in the one volume edition of his poems, also belongs to this early period. The material is still that of the Keatsian idyll, a romantic treatment of mythical Greek figures, sylvan deities, Arcadian shepherd kings, with a luxurious impressionistic treatment of Arcadian landscape as its background. The style is often highly affected:

And now it was about the set of sun,  
And the west sea-line with its quivering rim  
Had hid the sun-god's curls.

In the descriptive parts the line is too often burdened with epithets, the search for æsthetic picturesque material taking up the energy which might go into deeper forms of characterization:

For there the deep-eyed night  
Looked down on me; unflagging voices called  
From unpent waters falling; tireless wings  
Of long winds bare me tongueless messages  
From star-consulting, silent pinnacles;  
And breadth, and depth, and stillness fath-  
ered me.

So *Orion* discourses. Allow for the remote legendary atmosphere of the tale and the manner in which the mysterious converse of a demi-god with the ancient elemental voices of mother earth must be communicated, that style is still a hollow and overwrought form; it depends almost entirely on a vague impressionism which does not succeed in fixing truly the imaginative shape of the things swimming in its vision. This inchoate, formless character of the imaginative power is easily felt in the epithets which are so pretentious and yet express so little intimate or real experience.

It could hardly be otherwise. The poem of *Orion* is grandiose and empty because the young poet is moving in a world at once too vast and too attenuated in the forms of its life to be

treated on this epic scale. It needed the overflowing imagination of a Keats to fill that world with the contours and colours of life suitable to it, with deities and piping fauns, with naiads and shepherds, rural festivals and choral hymns, and all the legendary motley of Arcadia. It needed all the magic of his style and his exquisite touch in nature description to overcome its huge artificiality. Even in him its main interest and only underlying reality was the idyllic representation of nature which he could blend so happily with that old Greek symbolism. His Arcadian personages, although there are brilliant traits in their make-up, stand for nothing.

After *Orion* Roberts seems to have felt some decay of the impulse towards classical mythological themes. He had celebrated his entry into the region of Arcadian song in a characteristically high and jubilant strain:

Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder  
Beauty, might and splendour of the soul of  
song;  
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder  
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought  
is strong.

*Anche io son poeta!* But now, in *Iterumne*, he seems to breathe a mournful farewell to Arcadian legend. The breeze, he complains, is no longer blowing from Thessalian Tempe and the swift Peneus, no vision of goddess or Dryad comes to him any more:

Ah me! No wind from golden Thessaly  
Blows in on me as in the golden days;  
No morning music from its dew-sweet ways,  
No pipings, such as came so clear to me  
Out of green meadows by the sparkling sea;  
No goddess any more, no Dryad strays,  
And glorifies with songs the laurel maze;  
Or else I hear not and I cannot see.

For out of weary hands is fallen the lyre,  
And sobs in falling; all the purple glow  
From weary eyes is faded, which before  
Saw bright Apollo and the blissful choir  
In every mountain grove. Nor can I know  
If I shall surely see them any more.

Very weary, surely, are the hands and eyes of one-and-twenty! But some reaction from the first ecstasy of young inspiration was natural, and the poet may already have begun to feel some shrinking and fading in that

Arcadian world of his fancy. Probably also he was beginning to suspect that the temper of the age was not so favourable to that remote visionary treatment of life as it once had been. Besides, although the character of Mr. Roberts' talent is decidedly of the high traditional literary kind, he has also, as one may see from his later career, strong popular instincts, and he would soon realise that to reach any wide public in Canada he must choose themes with more of the actual life and interests of to-day in them.

But though Mr. Roberts after this period began to seek a less remote kind of subject for his song, he has never altogether deserted the old fields of Greek legend. From time to time the wind blows again from Thessalian Tempe and brings us a strain or two of the old music. Indeed, *Actæon*, which was published in 1887 in the volume *In Divers Tones*, is Roberts' most successful achievement in the region of classical idyll. But the manner in which he treats his subject is no longer that of Keats and his school, not purely at least. He combines it with a dramatic monologue in that psychological style which Browning has made so familiar to us. The subject of the poem is the story of Actæon's death, but it is told by "a woman of Plataea," who is supposed to have witnessed the tragedy, and is converted by it from scepticism to fear the gods. The first part of the poem, in which the Plataean woman tells the story of her own life, is modelled in some extent on the close, tense, psychological movement of Browning, and his realistic manner of presenting his personages in dramatic monologue. Even the style at times has familiar touches, a curt emphasis and rough, dramatic cuts in the verse, which remind us of Browning; though, on the whole, it is Tennysonian, spun out of the mingled simplicity and ornateness of Tennyson's diction. The second part of the poem, in which the woman tells the story of Actæon's death, is wholly descriptive, the material being legendary idyllic, and treated

in the smooth, remote manner natural to the Arcadian idyll.

Here are some lines from the introductory part, in which the Platæan woman discourses on the nature of the gods. You can see the brusque jets of Browning's manner mingling with the more languid and musical phrase of Tennyson. The psychology is very simple, but there is a certain piquancy in this presentation of scepticism in a Greek dress:

I have lived long and served the god, and drawn  
Small joy and liberal sorrow—scorned the gods,  
And drawn no less my little meed of good,  
Suffered my ill in no more grievous measure.  
Ay, have I sung, and dreamed that they would hear,  
And worshipped, and made offerings—it may be  
They heard, and did perceive, and were well pleased—  
A little music in their ears, perchance,  
A grain more savor to their nostrils, sweet  
Tho' scarce accounted of. But when for me  
The mists of Acheron have striven up,  
And horror was shed round me; when my knees  
Relaxed, my tongue clave speechless, they forgot.  
And when my sharp cry cut the moveless night,  
And days and nights my wailings clamoured up  
And beat about their golden homes, perchance  
They shut their ears. No happy music this,  
Eddying through their nectar cups and calm!  
Then I cried out against them, and died not;  
And rose and set me to my daily tasks.  
So all day long, with bare, uplift right arm,  
Drew out the strong thread from the carded wool,  
Or wrought strange figures, lotus-buds and serpents,  
In purple on the himation's saffron fold;  
Nor uttered praise with the slim-wristed girls  
To any god, nor uttered any prayer.

There are some fine natural traits in the picture of the Platæan woman, and, on the whole, she is the most life-like of the few human figures, mythical or modern, that appear in Roberts' poems. But she is strangely out of place in the atmosphere of a mythus. Her personality and speech have the realistic accent of a historic time, and refuse absolutely to blend with the figures of a mythopoetic age which witnessed the metamorphosis of

Actæon and saw the gods of Olympus walking on the earth. There are two different atmospheres in the poem fundamentally discordant with each other, and the manner in which the poet connects the two is at best an ingenious artifice without psychological truth or significance. But though the psychological basis of the poem is weak, it has its merits as a tale told fluently and with a certain subtlety of art. It has, too, in the latter part a fine background of descriptive impressionism such as the legendary idyll requires:

Cithæron, bosomed deep in soundless hills,  
Its fountained vales, its nights of starry calm,  
Its high, chill dawns, its long-drawn, golden days.

The description of the "homeless pack" is good, and that closing touch about the wind that blows down on them and dies away in the dark—an æsthetic consonance of nature covering her huge, elemental indifference towards human fate—shows the delicate sensibility of the poet in this direction.

*Off Pelorus* is another excursion into the region of classical legend, and illustrates the artistic variety of Mr. Roberts' experiments in moulds and metres. It tells the old tale of Ulysses and the Sirens in a manner which combines the characteristic qualities of two or three of the great poets of the æsthetic and impressionistic schools, the romantic and almost effeminate treatment which Tennyson gives classical legend, the luxurious warmth of phrase and the fulness of picturesque detail which one finds in some poems of Keats's, and the passionate, lyrical movement, heightened by alliterative emphasis, which is characteristic of Swinburne.

Crimson swims the sunset over far Pelorus:  
Burning crimson tops its frowning crest of pine.  
Purple sleeps the shore and floats the wave before us,  
Eachwhere from the oar-stroke eddying warm like wine.

The measure actually used, however, is that of Browning in the *Epilogue to Ferishstah's Fancies*, with the omis-



sion of a foot in the second and fourth lines of the stanza, which shortens its majestic stride and lowers the heroic cadences slightly. That "eachwhere" represents a certain recklessness characteristic of Roberts, and so does, in a still deeper way, the violent expedient by which he manages to introduce the Siren's song. He makes the sailors *guess* its words from the expressive struggle of Ulysses to free himself from his bonds.

On the whole, we cannot rate very highly this Greek legendary element in the poetry of Roberts. It needs an utter perfection of style and a fancy of exquisite delicacy to wake these old and very decayed chords in the history of our civilisation into life again. The highly cultivated interest in literature which welcomes such productions as the *Endymion*, or Aubrey de Vere's *Lycius* and Swinburne's *Atalanta*, is confined to a comparatively small class, and it must be a masterpiece in this species of poetry that a busy world is not very willing to let die. It takes the supreme art of a Virgil and a Milton to repeat the cry of the Daphnis song, "O Pan, Pan," with anything like success, and only the imaginative power of a Keats can

charm us into thinking that we feel once more the underlying realities of that old Arcadian nature-worship. For it had a certain reality as a mode of interpreting the vague voices that come from nature to man, and poetry like that of Keats had a power of putting us into some vital contact with its ancient pieties. But anything less genuine is apt to be a mere academic exercise which gives us only an artificial and obsolete framework to look at. The *Lycidas* and the *Lamia* do not grow old or out of fashion, but who speaks of the *Lycius* or the *Search After Proserpine* now? Mr. Roberts plays sweetly enough on his "shepherd's pipe of Arcady." His melodies were learned in the finest school of that art and he shows a wonderful facility in absorbing the finest tones and hues of the school and giving them forth again in moulds which have a certain novelty, yet just lack the stamp of true originality. There is a strain of medley, too, in his song which old Palæmon should have detected and checked. But he, I think, is drowsing in these times, and has fallen into his old fashion of lazily bestowing the heifer on all comers: *Et vitula tu dignus, et hic, et quisquis . . . .*

TO BE CONTINUED

## AN EMPTY COT

BY WINIFRED ARMSTRONG

WHEN the sun sets in the cold grey sky,  
And I call the children to rest,  
And tuck each one with a kiss, and a sigh,  
In their cosy little nest.

As I whisper soft in their sleepy ears—  
"God keep you safe all night,"  
I find my eyes are full of tears  
Though I try to keep them bright.

For away in a corner I seem to see,  
In a quiet, darkened spot—  
A little form that is gone from me,  
And a little empty cot.

I pray God lessen the endless pain,  
To comfort the one, whose lot  
It has been to know the loneliness  
Of a little, empty cot.

# SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON

By *THE EDITOR*



LOOKING over the lives of the prominent men of the country, there is abundant evidence of a similarity of influences which combined to make them famous. In the first place, there are the influences of boyhood, which instil into them the notion that they may some day play a prominent part in the affairs of the nation. This particular set of influences may come through ancestral traditions, school connections, or some other early conditions. In the second place, there must be a certain confidence in their own abilities. The man who mistrusts himself seldom rises high. Timidity will do much to bring defeat. In the third place, there must be great tenacity of purpose, a refusal to see possible defeat. To such men defeat means only the occasion for the exercise of greater effort. In the fourth place, there must be an unlimited power of gathering, classifying and retaining knowledge. Knowledge is power, and the ability to use knowledge to the best advantage is genius.

An excellent example of a career which was made by a fortunate combination of such influences is that of Sir John Beverley Robinson.

## BOYHOOD INFLUENCES

Christopher Robinson was born in Virginia, and at the time of the Revolutionary War was at College in Williamsburg. He did not favour that movement, and made his way to Beverley House, on the Hudson, the home of his uncle, Colonel Beverley Robinson. Though only eighteen years of age, he received a commission in Colonel Simcoe's Legion and served during the war.

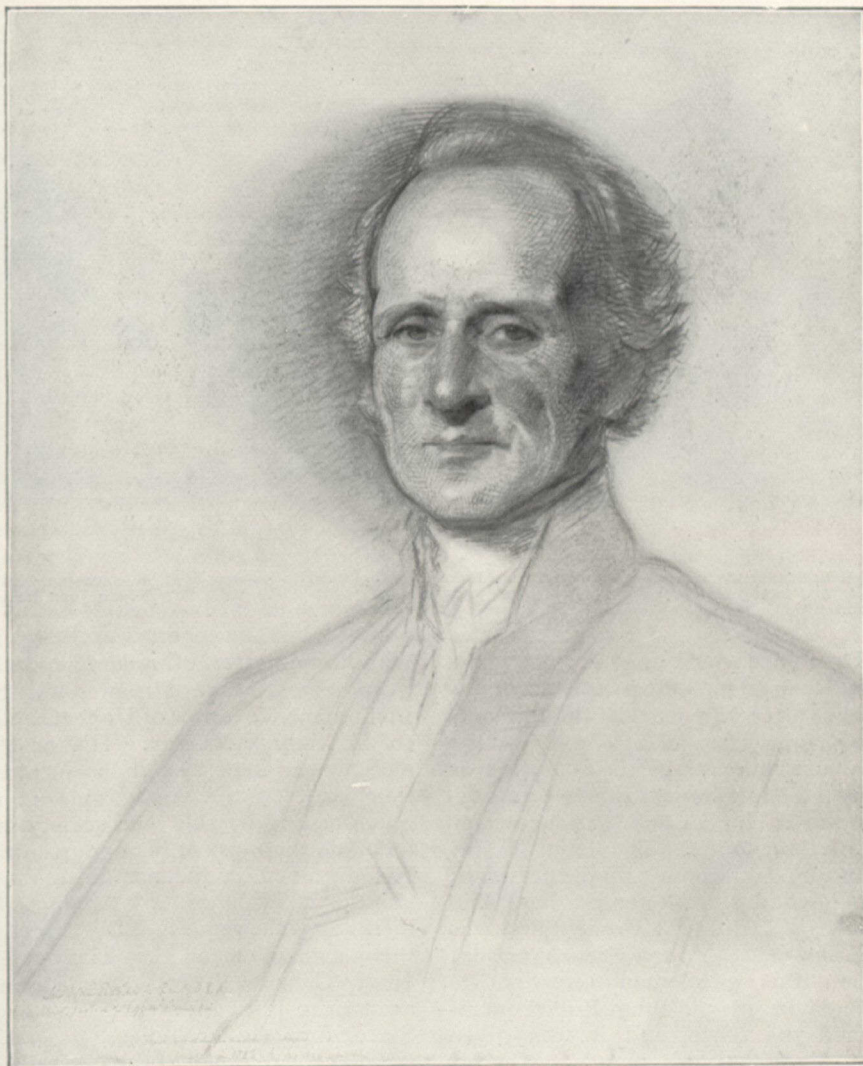
When peace was concluded he went with other Loyalists to New Brunswick. In 1788 he removed to Lower Canada, and four years later to Kings-

ton. In Lower Canada, at Berthier, was born the son known to fame as Sir John Beverley Robinson, one of the most conspicuous figures in Canadian history.

This boy moved with his father, who in the meantime had become a Bencher of the Law Society and a Member of the House of Assembly, to York (Toronto) in 1798. Three weeks after their arrival there the father died, and the son was thus early vested with responsibility. He was sent to Kingston to the Grammar School kept by Mr. Strachan, and afterwards went to Cornwall with the school. Later on, John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, became almost a guardian as well as friend and tutor to him, ready always to assist him by his advice and example, and also with his purse.\*

It will be seen that these boyhood influences were exceptional. He must have been affected by the knowledge that his father had served His Majesty in a lost cause, and had been driven from the United States because of his loyalty to the British flag. It is reasonable to assume that this had something to do with making him one of the most persistent advocates of the preservation of the Royal prerogatives and of British connection with Upper Canada. He was affected, too, by the man John Strachan, staunch, stern and partisan in every fibre of his body; a zealous and vigorous upholder of church and royalty. The boy's opinions were formed by the master. The boy and the master stood together in defence of the Family Compact, in defence of autocratic government, in defence of a religious State university, in defence of the clergy reserves. Neither ever yielded a jot in the opin-

\*Life of Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., C.B., D.C.L., Chief Justice of Upper Canada, by Major-General C. W. Robinson, C.B. Toronto: Morang & Co.



SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON

From a sketch by George Richmond, made from life in 1855 in London, preparatory to painting a portrait in oils. The latter hung in the Royal Academy of that year. This sketch was recently brought to Canada, and is now reproduced for the first time by permission of Dr. James Bain, Librarian of the Toronto Public Library.

ions, which had early become common, and together they went through life resisting to the last every inevitable, popular reform, and dying with the respect and the almost love of the very men whom they fought most bitterly.

John Beverley Robinson had returned to York, had become a law-student in the office of Hon. D'Arcy

Boulton, and a private in the York Militia, when the War of 1812 occurred. He was at once given a commission, was present at the capture of Detroit, and at the Battle of Queenston when the beloved and heroic Brock and his aide (Attorney-General) Macdonell gave their lives in the defence of their country.



THE CORNWALL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

John Strachan's first church was at Cornwall and, as his clerical duties were light, he commenced taking pupils and soon built up a school which afterwards became justly celebrated. It was here John Beverley Robinson was educated.—From an old lithograph published in 1845 by Hugh Scobie, Toronto.

Then occurred one of the most peculiar incidents in his career. A few weeks after the battle, though only twenty-one years of age, and though only just completing his five years as a law-student, he was made Attorney-General of Upper Canada in succession to Mr. Macdonell. The Hon. D'Arcy Boulton should have had the office, but he had started for England, had been captured by the French, and was then languishing in a French prison. When this gentleman returned to Canada in 1815, young Robinson resigned the office, and it was given into Mr. Boulton's hands. Yet his holding of that position for two years marked him out as a coming man, one who might rise as high as his abilities could carry him. On his resignation, he was made Solicitor-General, and during the remainder of his life was an official personage. There is probably no other example in Canadian history of a young man attaining to official distinction at so early a date, and holding it throughout so long and so active a life.

#### SELF-CONFIDENCE

Almost immediately after this he went to England to study law, bearing

with him a letter of recommendation from Sir Gordon Drummond, then Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, to Sir George Murray. His position as Solicitor-General and his introductions enabled the young man to see much of English life and society, and he made the most of his opportunities. His dignified confidence in his own abilities is evidenced by the fact that in 1816, at the request of Dr. Strachan, then a member of the Executive of Upper Canada, he presented a memorandum to Lord Bathurst, Secretary of State for the Colonies, protesting against the removal of the capital from York to Kingston. Soon afterwards this confidence must have been strengthened by letters from Dr. Strachan urging him to try his fortune at the British Bar, but assuring him that, if he returned to Canada, an attempt would be made to place Mr. Boulton on the Bench and make him (Robinson) Attorney-General.

According to his London diary, he dined at a great Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Dinner, at which the Duke of York presided, and there were present the Duke of Kent and the Duke of Sussex, besides many other notable people. He wrote in his book:

"I was much pleased with the personal appearance of the three dukes. In fact, they were, beyond all question, the three men of most noble appearance at the table.

The Duke of Sussex has a countenance and manner very prepossessing, full of benignity and cheerful and lively good humour. The Duke of Kent looks and speaks like a soldier; the Duke of York is a fine, commanding person, and has more regular symmetry of features than his brothers, but no particular expression that pleases or strikes.

The Duke of York made a short speech in a very hesitating and confused manner. . . "

This confident young Canadian thus wrote of two future sovereigns and of the father of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Canadians are noted for their unobtrusive self-confidence, and perhaps some of it has been inherited from this famous Chief Justice, who at twenty-four years of age ventured to analyse freely the chief royal persons of the time.

Mr. Robinson, after his marriage, returned to Canada, and in 1821 be-

came the first representative of the town of York in the Assembly. The next year he was appointed by the Government to proceed to England as Commissioner on behalf of Upper Canada in the dispute between that colony and Lower Canada over a division of the customs duties collected at the port of Quebec. On this occasion he completed his terms at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the Bar. He was also consulted by the Colonial Office on several matters, and the Under-Secretary of State informed him that an instruction would be sent to the Colonial Government to make him a grant of waste lands to the extent of 6,000 or 10,000 acres. Of this he himself wrote in his diary:

"On reflection, I declined it, from an impression that, being a member of the Legislature, it would be better for me to accept nothing which, from the jealousy it might create, or on any ground, might lessen my



"GOVERNMENT HOUSE," PETERBOROUGH

In 1825-6 the Hon. Peter Robinson, elder brother of Sir John Beverley Robinson, brought out 2,000 Irish settlers, who were located in what is now the County of Peterborough. On the site of the present town of Peterborough Mr. Robinson erected five log buildings, the largest of which was long known as "Government House," and was for a time the residence of Mr. Robinson and of Col. McDonell. See Poole's "Sketch of the Early Settlement of the Town of Peterborough," 1867, p. 15, et seq. In 1826 Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, visited the new town and was lodged in this house. With him were Col. Talbot, Hon. (Sir) John Beverley Robinson, George G. Bethune and Hon. Zachaeus Burnham. This visit probably gave rise to the name "Government House."—From a pencil sketch in the possession of James F. Smith, Esq., K.C., Toronto.

weight in the Assembly, and disable me from serving the Government as efficiently as I otherwise might."

This shows that his confidence in himself was of a superior sort. It was in decided contrast to the self-conceit so often met with in ambitious young men. Another incident confirms this. Before he left England, in August, 1823, he was informed that he might have the post of Chief Judge of Mauritius at a salary of £3,500, with house allowance. He declined this also, as he felt confident that he had before him a field of sufficient usefulness in Canada.

There is a touch of humility also in his refusal of a D.C.L. from Oxford in the same year because "I did not feel that I had sufficient pretensions to the distinction." Later in life he did accept the honour.

Writing of him, with special reference to this part of his career, Mr. Dent gives a severer view:

"Young John Beverley Robinson had more than a moderate degree of intellect, and his educational training was, for those times, exceptionally liberal. He early came to be looked upon as the rising hope of the Tories, and it cannot be denied that he realised their expectations. We believe him to have been thoroughly well-meaning and conscientious. Real greatness or genuine statesmanship, however, cannot be claimed for him. A statesman would have had a clearer insight into the requirements of his country, and would have endeavoured to promote its best interests. He would not have been so blinded by party prejudice as to throw the whole weight of his influence into the scale against those clear-sighted spirits who advocated responsible government. He would have known that the fiat had gone forth; and that any attempts to prevent the inevitable consummation would be as ineffectual as were Mrs. Partington's exertions to stem back the resistless tide of the Atlantic with her broom.

. . . . A great man, on the other hand, would not have lent himself to a series of State prosecutions, which form an ignominious chapter in the history of Upper Canadian jurisprudence. . . . A man who conscientiously permits himself to be the instrument of tyranny and selfish misgovernment may be scrupulously honest according to his lights; but his lights are none of the brightest, and his admirers must not complain if history refuses to accord him a place on the same pedestal with Robert Baldwin."\*

The writings of Mr. Dent and other historians give one the impression that the Chief Justice was arrogant and self-opinionated. The view of him presented by this newly published "Life" is quite the reverse. He opposed the granting of responsible government apparently because he felt that the country was not ripe for it, not because he did not believe that it would eventually be the best thing for the colony. Sir Francis Hincks, on the other hand, writes of his "modesty of mind," and another person has described him as possessed of "a blend of ability and modesty."

#### TENACITY OF PURPOSE

Young Robinson had early been called to prominence, and every act of his life shows that he was tenacious in his willingness to be a leader among his fellow Canadians. He refused to try his fortune at the English Bar; he refused a judgeship in Mauritius; he refused to swerve one hair's-breadth from the course on which he had so early embarked.

He was either permanently under the influence of Dr. Strachan, or was possessed of the same tenacity of purpose in regard to the Clergy Reserves. In 1825 he again went to England to protest against the sale of these Reserves to the Canada Company. He did so well on this mission that the proposed sale was cancelled, and the Canada Company received in lieu of them a quantity of land in the Huron tract. Six years later, when the House of Assembly passed a Bill to apply these Reserves to the purposes of education, the Legislative Council, led by Mr. Robinson, rejected it, and passed an address to the King, asking him to preserve these assets for the support of "a Protestant Clergy." It was only in 1840 that the long struggle was ended and the Reserves secularised.

Yet, amid all his zeal for the Church of England, he was not without sympathy with the work of the dissenting preachers. A letter written by him in 1842, and reprinted in his biography,

\* Canadian Portrait Gallery, Vol. IV, p. 115.



BEVERLEY HOUSE, TORONTO

This house was built previous to the War of 1812 by Mr. D'Arcy Boulton. When John Beverley Robinson brought his bride from London in 1817 he settled down at this house. It was subsequently enlarged by him and by Mr. Christopher Robinson, his son, who still occupies it. Here were born (Sir) James Lukin, (Hon.) John Beverley, Emily Merry, Augusta Anne, Louisa Matilda, Christopher, Mary Amelia, (Maj.-Gen.) Charles Walker. Only the two sons, Christopher and Charles Walker, survive.

is evidence of this. He admits that, if it had not been for the ministrations of these men, there were districts where during that thirty years there would have been no preaching of Christian doctrine. Nevertheless, he believed that the time would come when all dissenters would, of their own accord, "return under her shelter."

In 1829 he was for the third time offered the position of Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and he accepted it. With this position he became President of the Executive and Speaker of the Legislative Council—three offices which went together in those days. From that date, however, he concerned himself less and less with political matters.

In the Rebellion period he was active, because it was a time when everybody had work to do. He had ceased to be a member of the Execu-

tive, but remained Speaker of the Council. At that time it was suggested that he be knighted for his services. He declined, and records his reason for so doing. It had not been customary to knight judges, and Mr. Sewell, for many years Chief Justice in Lower Canada, had not been so honoured; therefore, "it seemed to me rather absurd to allow myself to be knighted for merely doing my duty, as everybody around me had done in a period of trouble and danger to all."

On the 27th of August, 1838, he wrote to the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur, asking for a respite from work. In it he says:

"I beg to add further that during the nine years and upwards that I have been Chief Justice I have not, for any private purpose either of business or pleasure, been absent, that I can remember, a single day from my duty in the Courts or in the Legislature."

Writing a little later to his sister, Mrs. Boulton, he remarks:

"I have worried myself too much through life from anxiety that in public matters all things should go as they ought. However, I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel in having done what I believed to be my duty for any consideration."

#### KNOWLEDGE

The fourth influence in determining the usefulness of a man is his power over knowledge. Such power was amply shown by Mr. Robinson before 1840, when he was a political jurist, and also after that date, when his duties were entirely judicial. His brilliancy as a student, his wonderful, if useless, paper on the merits of the Fur Company controversy, his pamphlets proposing a general federation of the four provinces, his drafting of bills and judgments, all indicated an exceptional mind. His son, in this biography, speaking of his later life, says: "My recollection of him is that hour after hour, and for days together, he was at his library desk when not at Court or on circuit." A writer in the

Toronto *Courier* of 1835 speaks of "his laborious research, his swiftness of despatch."

The *Law Journal* of Upper Canada, for March, 1863, contains the following paragraph:

"In full Court Sir John Robinson was always the pride and favourite of the Bar. The reputation he enjoyed, and the weight of his opinion, greatly increased the business of the Court in which he presided. He was always distinguished for his readiness and acuteness, and he had seldom any difficulty in grasping the most intricate cases. In his hands the business of the Court was never in arrears. . . . Few opinions will ever command more respect or carry more weight than those delivered by Sir John Robinson. They are remarkable for their lucid argument, deep learning, strict impartiality, and pure justice; they are untainted by fanciful theories, prejudice, or political bias; and they bear evidence of that careful research, that deep thought, that unwearied application and untiring patience which he brought to bear on every subject that came under his consideration. In whatever branch of jurisprudence we examine his judgments, we find evidence of intense study. Equity or common law, civil or criminal law, pleading, practice and evidence—all exhibit the same copiousness of research, and the profound comprehensiveness of his legal attainments."

## MEB-BE

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, M.D.

A QUIET boy was Joe Bedotte,  
 An' no sign anyw'ere  
 Of anyt'ing at all he got  
 Was up to ordinaire.  
 An' w'en de teacher tell heem go  
 An' tak' a holiday  
 For wake heem up, becos he's slow,  
 Poor Joe would only say—  
 "Wall! meb-be."

Don't bodder no wan on de school  
 Unless dey bodder heem,  
 But all de scholar t'ink he's fool,  
 Or walkin' on a dream;  
 So w'en dey're closin' on de spring,  
 Of course dey're moche surprise  
 Dat Joe is takin' ev'ryt'ing  
 Of w'at you call de prize.



An' den de teacher say: "Jo-seph,  
 I know you're workin' hard,  
 Becos w'en I am pass mese'f  
 I see you on de yard  
 A splittin' wood—now you mus' stay  
 An' study half de night?"  
 An' Joe he spik de sam' ole way  
 So quiet an' polite—  
 "Wall! meb-be."

Hees fader an' hees moder die,  
 An' lef' heem dere alone  
 Wit' chil'ren small enough to cry,  
 An' farm all rock an' stone.  
 But Joe is fader, moder too—  
 An' work bote day an' night  
 An' clear de place, dat's w'at he do,  
 An' bring dem up all right.

De Curé say: "Jo-seph, you know  
 Le bon Dieu's very good;  
 He feed de small bird on de snow,  
 De caribou on de wood;  
 But you deserve some credit too,  
 I spik of dis before—"  
 So Joe he dunno w'at to do  
 An' only say wance more—  
 "Wall! meb-be."

An' Joe he leev' for many year,  
 An' helpin' ev'ry wan  
 Upon de parish, far an' near,  
 Till all hees money's gone.  
 An' den de Curé come again  
 Wit' tear drop on hees eye;  
 He know for sure poor Joe hees frien'  
 Is well prepare to die.

"Wall, Joe! de work you done will tell  
 W'en you get up above;  
 De good God he will treat you well,  
 An' geev' you all hees love.  
 De poor an' sick down here below  
 I'm sure dey'll not forget—"  
 An' w'at you t'ink he say, poor Joe,  
 Drawin' hees only breat'?"  
 "Wall! meb-be."

# QUEEN ALEXANDRA

By B. J. THOMPSON



QUEEN ALEXANDRA was sixty years old the first day of December, and marvelously youthful in appearance is she even yet. The anniversary was joyously celebrated by a family gathering at Sandringham palace, and many messages of congratulation and many presents were received. The German Emperor, the Czar and Czarina, the King of Portugal, the King of Italy and the Danish Royal Family were among those who made gifts to the Queen. Not content, however, to receive all and give nothing, the Queen in the afternoon gave a feast to the school children of the parishes of Sandringham, Wolferton, Newton and Dersingham, and in the evening she and the King gave a dinner party.

In honour of the day all public buildings, as well as the West End clubs, were draped with flags. Salutes were fired by the Royal Artillery in St. James' Park and at the Tower, the ships at Portsmouth were dressed, the royal standard flew from all the stations and the town hall, and royal salutes were fired at Malta, Gibraltar and other places throughout the Empire. A royal salute of twenty-one guns was also fired in Windsor Great Park, the bells of St. George's Chapel and those of the parish church at Windsor were rung, and a spirit of festivity seemed to pervade the very atmosphere.

Through all this Queen Alexandra was her own unspoiled, lovable, gracious self. Born in the Gûle Palais, a modest, old-fashioned house in the Amaleigade, a pleasant street of Copenhagen, the first day of December, 1844, the little Princess Alexandra began life in a modest way. The second child but first daughter of the poor but handsome young Dane, Prince Christian of Glücksburg, and his cousin-wife, Princess Louise, the blue-eyed babe was destined to occupy

the throne of the greatest power in the world. Of the six children born to her royal parents, four succeeded to thrones, and the old Gûle Palais is now one of the most interesting of places for sight-seers.

"Little Alix," as she was called in the home, was the beauty of the family. She was christened in the splendid silver-gilt font of the Danish house with the burdensome names Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie; but, thanks to the sensible views held by her soldier-father, later to become King Christian IX of Denmark, the little princess was always an unaffected, modest child, while the great influence of her clever mother moulded the child's mind into even fairer shape. The death of the Princess Louise, which occurred in 1898, has been the Queen's greatest grief of late years.

Until she was sixteen years old the princess was a child, with a child's life. At that time, however, she was confirmed, her dresses were lengthened, her hair was turned up, and she became suddenly a woman.

The first meeting of the princess with the Prince of Wales occurred on September 24th, 1861, in the cathedral at Speier. A mutual liking sprang up, the prince, who had seen a miniature of the lovely princess before, falling in love at first sight. It was not until the 9th of September, 1862, however, that the formal betrothal took place, the Prince Consort having gone to his last rest the 14th of December, 1861. The wedding took place the 10th of March, 1863, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It was the first royal wedding celebrated there since that of Henry I, in 1122, and was conducted with magnificent pageantry.

"The wedding was the most moving sight I ever saw," Bishop Wilberforce wrote. "The Queen above, looking down, added such a wonder-



QUEEN ALEXANDRA  
WHO CELEBRATED HER SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY ON THE 1ST OF DECEMBER

ful chord of deep feeling to all the lighter notes of joyfulness and show. The Princess of Wales, calm, feeling, self-possessed. The Prince, with more depth of manner than ever before."

Dr. Norman McLeod, another prominent divine, said of the marriage service: "Two things struck me much. One was, the whole of the royal princesses weeping, though concealing their tears with their bouquets, as they saw their brother, who was to them but their 'Bertie' and their dead father's son, standing alone waiting for his bride. The other was the Queen's expression as she raised her eyes to heaven while her husband's chorale was sung. She seemed to be with him alone before the Throne of God."

With such surroundings and environments as these the Princess Alexandra could not have been any less a woman, any less a daughter, wife and mother than the years have shown her to be. Six children were born to the royal pair—three daughters and three sons—the elder son, the Duke of Clarence, dying at Sandringham in January, 1892, during the epidemic of influenza. This was a deep sorrow and a lasting one to the now King and

Queen of England, and was a great blow to the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, to whom the Duke of Clarence was to have been married one month later. The little Prince John, born the 6th of April, 1871, died the day after his birth.

Since her husband's accession to the throne Queen Alexandra has been continually before the public, and her works of charity and philanthropy, as her many official and social duties, have been discharged with love and understanding. Well may the nation sing, as did the Laureate, Tennyson, on her arrival, at her marriage, to the country of her adoption:

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and fleet!  
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street,  
Welcome her all things youthful and sweet;  
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!  
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers,  
Make music, O birds, in the new-budded  
bowers;

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer:  
Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!  
O, joy to the people, and joy to the throne,  
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:  
For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman, we,  
Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be,  
We are each all Dane in our welcome of

Thee,  
Alexandra!"

## DOG EAT DOG

By *CY WARMAN*, Author of "*The Story of The Railroad*"

The eagle builds where'er he wills,  
And laughs at those who grieve;  
The piping jay builds where he may,  
And asks the eagle's leave.

The big fish eats the little fish  
And rules the running stream;  
The bull moose beats the lesser bulls,  
And roams the range supreme.



INCE the Hudson's Bay Company gave up its empire to the Dominion Government and went out of the monopoly business, those who seem to count themselves commissioned to curse all corpora-

tions, have been swearing their afflictions on to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Whatever of calamity that has come to the country, the drought of twenty years ago, the soar and slump of Winnipeg in 1882, forest fires that are and famine to come, can be laid at the door of this gigantic corporation, if only one has the imagination; without it all men are colourless and of little consequence.

The president of the above mentioned railway is represented at Winnipeg by a stout-necked "Moose," who is of assurity monarch of the

Manitoba plains. A strange feature of his reign is the fact that many of the plains people take a sort of local pride in his prowess and in his pluck.

And he, too, it seems to me, glories in his great strength, with a modest and becoming glory. When he horns in under his big game and tosses it over the telegraph wires and out of the right-of-way, he swings back to the range with the air and ease of a reigning monarch. With the cotton-tails, who are homesteading on his preserves, he is extremely friendly, guarding them jealously.

It came to pass that early in the present prosperous year of his reign divers cotton-tails, who burrow in bunches and build Boards of Trade, came to complain that certain of their big brothers, who hunt in packs, and whom they call "timber wolves," were after their brushes. Under the combined pressure of these the cotton-tails complained the retail price of pine had gone above the tops of the tallest trees. It was, according to the committee, keeping other desirable rabbits from coming up over the border and so delaying the development of the Northwest. Also, it caused others, less desirable, of the aforesaid wolf family to come in from Washington with their wares over a seven dollar fence, which had been built for the protection of the northern timber wolf.

Whereupon the bull moose snorted and called a council of the timber folk.

"Squaty-vois," said the Monarch in Yanko-French-Canadian, when the timber folk had assembled.

When the Monarch turned to face the bush band he almost staggered. Instead of a look of fear he saw in their glances a gleam of defiance.

The spokesman spake thus:

"Thou has skinned these rabbits mercilessly for several snows, and now when we, who are good hunters but late in the field, reach for their Puffs, presume to say, 'Thou shalt not! Bah! Cut it out.'"

"Bully-bien," roared the bull moose,

clinging to that Bohemian brand of language he always uses on a mixed audience; "Bien—bi-en."

Then he swung his great head, looking them over and under and through and through. "Dead game," said he, half aloud, the which is, after all, ambiguous.

Then he swung his back on them, which was taken by the visitors as equivalent to Adious, Bojure, Aufveidersein, t'll wid yez, or good-bye Dolly, according to one's nationality.

Whereupon the timber folk gave the Monarch the merry ha-ha! and trooped away.

"Bully-bien," said the Monarch, as they split and scattered for their favourite hunting grounds.

That night the great moose slept the sleep of the virtuous. So did the timber folk, for they were not really and truly wolves, but were called wolves by the bunnies (who are weak and unorganised) because they dwell in the bush and hunt in packs.

That night, also, the boss moose caused to be posted on the door posts of all lodges along his trail, at the various stops where he puts off tourists and tinned goods, the right and lawful price of pine, spruce and cedar poles, shingles and other finished and unfinished products of the forest.

A sort of P.S. at the bottom said to the rabbits, "If any timber wolf shall charge more than this—write to your Uncle Dudley, and he will supply you."

And thus did the wily old moose hobble the helpless bunnies and fetter them with friendship that he hopes may abide.

"Well, what do you think?" asked the eagle on the rock of the owl in the bush.

"I don't think," answered the owl, turning his short neck and rolling his round eye toward the forest. "The first battle does not always end a war. Our bush friends hunt in packs."

# THE BUILDERS

By ERIC BOHN, Author of "How Hartman Won," etc.

Ye Builders, true on land and lake  
To name and nation's glory,  
Though time has left you in its wake,  
Your stress must tell its story.

## CHAPTER I



**HAROLD MANNING:** Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall live?" rang out in clear, solemn tones throughout the little Chapel of the Abbey on that still November morning.

"I will," came the answer, in a voice that was strong and true.

The few who were present heard the words with a thrill, for they knew in this case how much they meant.

"Helen Brandon: Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honour and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will," was again the response, this time issuing sweetly but firmly from lips that would not tremble, although the tone brought tears to more than one pair of eyes that were fixed upon her.

The ceremony and congratulations were soon over. Then the bride on the arm of her husband led the way down the aisle, while the tones of the Wedding March filled grand old Westminster to its furthest limits.

November days in London have not changed much in a century of years, though perhaps the opacity of the air was a little more penetrating in 1813

than it is to-day; for when the bridal party passed through the Abbey archway to the street, the mist of the early morning had developed into a dense fog, which was rapidly closing over the city. Hence the coachmen had to pilot the way to almost invisible carriages, and then lead their horses in a tramp of several miles over the return journey, through almost deserted streets.

"My darling, mine at last!" whispered the young man as he clasped his bride in his arms, under cover of the closed carriage and dense atmosphere.

"Yes, Harold, yours forever," was the response; and with their first long kiss they sealed their marriage vows.

"Too bad to need such a wedding-day as this," he exclaimed, looking fondly into her eyes, and then through the carriage window into the opaque street.

"And yet how fortunate that it is so," she answered with a little ripple of laughter.

"My sweet philosopher! Once in the Abbey, I never thought of it again."

"But I did. I looked all around and there was not a single visitor, only our own party, the clergyman, the organist, and the little old-fashioned clerk."

"'Pon my word, Helen, I don't believe I saw anyone but you from the moment we went in until we came out again."

"You dear boy. I suppose it was love that kept my eyes open to other things. Do you know, I was actually glad to see the mist to-day, much as I dislike it."

"Yes, and after all it has been our

friend. Everything seems to have favoured us. Even the fog helped us to keep our secret."

"Where did you say you had the banns published, Harold?" she asked, leaning her head against his shoulder.

"At a quiet little village ten miles out of London, a place I never heard of before."

"All the better for us. But now that we are actually married, you won't need to keep the secret much longer, will you dearest?" she asked, casting a glance from her big brown eyes up to his face.

"Not a moment longer than I can help, darling. You know Sir George Head is my new commanding officer; and I want him to hear the news first from me."

"And what will he say?"

"As I told you before, Helen, he won't like it. There may be no written law, but there's an unwritten one in the army, that no officer may marry without his superior officer's consent—particularly if he has been off duty as long as I have. Still, that terrible wound I got at Badajos is in my favour; and he can't turn me off, whatever else he does."

"But he might make it very uncomfortable for you, Harold."

"Yes, and he can refuse to sanction your going with me to Canada."

"That's the worst part of it, dearest! How can a wife love, honour and serve her husband and keep him in sickness and in health, if she can't live with him?" she exclaimed, while blushes danced playfully over the dark beauty of her face.

"You are the dearest girl that ever lived," he cried, throwing his arms around her and pressing her again to his heart. "I shall do my very best with the Colonel, and will see him as soon as I can. Perhaps I should have spoken to him first; but if I had, he would have forbidden our wedding, and to have married after that would have been direct insubordination."

"Won't he think so as it is?"

"Perhaps. Still, I am willing to run the risk; and I wanted to have you

as my wife, whether I could take you or not. I'm afraid I'm a selfish fellow, Helen, and not by any means worthy of you."

"Why, Harold! What a way of speaking—just after our marriage, too!"

"Forgive me, dearest! I didn't mean anything, but that I love you so much that I almost tremble at the responsibility we have undertaken."

"Is that a brave front for a soldier?" exclaimed Helen with flashing eye.

"I would dare anything for myself, Helen; but it is of you I was thinking. To leave you behind with no one but your uncle and aunt to care for you, when we sail, and perhaps not come back for years, seems more than I can bear."

"If we have to we must, though," she exclaimed, cuddling closer. "Then I will stay home and wait and watch and pray for the dearest one in all the world to me, and think of Penetang—isn't that the name of the place?—and long for the day that I can be with my husband again."

"What a noble girl you are!"

"I am a soldier's daughter," and she looked up proudly, although a tear was in her eye.

"Yes, and your brave father was shot in the heart while leading his men to victory."

"And come what will, his daughter shall never disgrace his name. Victory will yet be ours," she said, courageously.

"Heaven grant it," was his response.

For some moments both had solemn faces, while with gentle pressure they held each other's hands.

"I am not without hope," Harold continued at last. "Sir George may be angry at first, and I can't blame him for that. Will raise a row, of course—perhaps send me to Hades—but he may give in before the ship sails. It will be jolly happy for us if he does."

While he was speaking a critical look came into Helen's face.

"Do you know," she exclaimed with sudden earnestness, "I really believe I can help you."

"My darling! How in the world can you? You do not even know Sir George or one of the officers."

"That may be," she replied, holding his hand in both of hers. "But see, the carriage is stopping. I cannot tell you now. Just leave it to me." And at once the expression upon her face inspired him with renewed confidence.

Just then they arrived at a little villa on G—e street, and the whole party alighted.



## CHAPTER II

TWO days later Lieutenant Manning was at the officers' mess at the quarters of the 100th regiment. The fact that he had only recently been transferred, and that he was still on the convalescent list, made his temporary absence unnoticed. His eye ran quickly over the faces of the men, who greeted him pleasantly by nod or word, for he was already a favourite, but he saw nothing unusual. The secret evidently was not out. They had not heard; of this he was glad, for the Colonel could now receive the news directly from himself and not from officers' gossip.

They were talking of the prospective trip, and, in the absence of Sir George, with more freedom than usual.

"Will you be ready, Manning?" Lieutenant Smith asked across the table. "The Colonel says we start in twelve days."

"So soon as that!" the young man exclaimed with a start. A lump had suddenly jumped into his throat. Pulling himself together before anyone could observe, he went on: "Yes; but I thought we were to sail by the *Challenger*, which does not leave port until a week later."

"That was the first order," said Captain Cummings from the other end of the room; "but it had to be changed yesterday, for the *Challenger* on examination was found unseaworthy."

"And by what ship do we sail now?"

"By the *North King*, one of the

best men-of-war in the navy. It is large, too, and leaves port a week earlier."

How Lieutenant Manning got through mess and the next two hours' official duties, before he could see the Colonel, he did not know. Never did minutes appear so much like hours before. Even when he lay in the trenches at Badajos, with a slice out of his leg from a ball, and could hear his comrades cheer amid the din of cannonading, time seemed to pass away more quickly.

At last Sir George, accompanied by an orderly, crossed the barrack yard and entered his office. But there were other visitors ahead of Manning, and the day was well advanced before his opportunity came. Finally the last one departed, a soldier opened the door, and Harold entered.

"Lieutenant Manning, glad to see you," said Sir George, in answer to Harold's salute. "I suppose you are as strong as ever and ready for another march?"

There was a tone of inquiry in his voice; for it was unusual for the younger officers to visit him except on special business.

"Yes, sir," replied Harold, colouring. "A soldier should always be ready for orders."

"There's not much time to lose," was the next comment. Our men of the 100th go aboard the *North King* not many days hence, and sail from the London docks on the 24th. What's the matter, lad? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I came to make a confession, sir," stammered the Lieutenant, his face remaining red in spite of himself.

"What? Been gambling? You young fellows are always at it."

"No, sir! It is not that," replied the young man, indignantly, while at the same time the utterance of the calumny seemed to relieve the mental pressure. "The fact is, Colonel, I've been getting married."

"Getting married, you idiot!" and Sir George fairly jumped off his seat in his amazement. "Are you mad?"



and his eyes glared fiercely at Harold. "Do you know what that means? Rank insubordination—complete separation for years from the silly woman who has taken you for a husband—zounds, man, I thought you had more sense!"

By this time Harold's excitement had subsided. He was getting cool again.

"I am prepared to take the consequences, sir, whatever they may be. I only ask for the liberty of explanation."

"Explanation, indeed! That should have come before, not after," and with another angry growl, Sir George settled himself in his chair again.

"My wife," said Harold—the Colonel winced—"is willing to endure any length of separation that is necessary. But I want to say about her that her father and mother are dead. She is provided for, however, and lives with her uncle and aunt. What's more, she's a beautiful woman, and is just as brave as she is good."

"That's all very well, sir, but why did you bluster along at this infernal speed?"

"For two reasons, sir." Harold had prepared himself for the fight. "First, because I understood my stay in Canada would be a long one; and, second, because you said I might have the command of a fort there some day."

"Yet you tell me when too late to stop a silly move that will upset the whole business."

"It would have been too late, sir, if I had spoken. A soldier never disobeys orders."

"Humph! If I were to report this to headquarters it would check at once your chances of promotion, and probably your march to Penetang as well."

"That is the very point, sir, I was going to ask. I wish you to report me, together with the request that my wife be allowed to accompany us to Canada. It need be no expense to the War Department. She is able personally to defray all the cost."

"This scheme is just as mad a one as getting married. Do you know

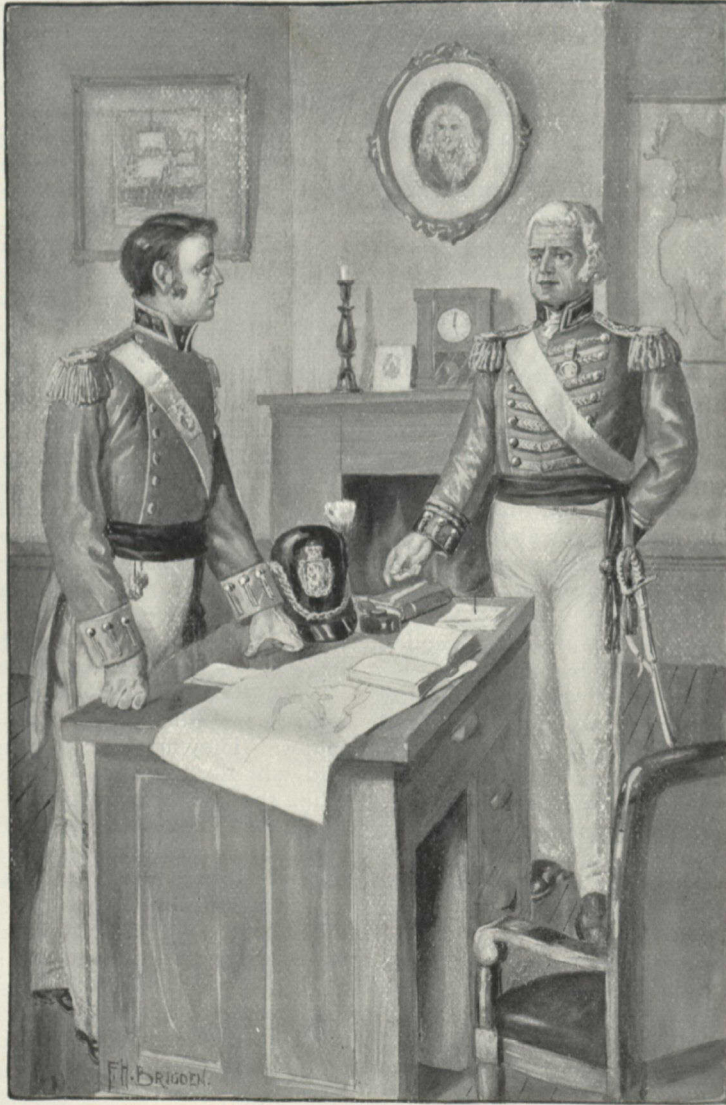
what you ask, sir? We are going out there in the winter-time, when the frost is often 25 degrees below zero; and on landing start at once on a tramp of a thousand miles. Not over the prairies and along the roads, but through the woods and swamps, and over the lakes covered with ice and snow two feet thick or more. Then, on account of the war with the United States, our roads will be straight through the northern country, away from all towns and settlements. It will be like a trip through Siberia in winter. No lady could stand it, sir."

"She will have to remain at home, then," returned Harold, dejectedly. "But it will be a severe disappointment to her. She says she can stand anything and will give no trouble if you will permit her to go. She would not be the only woman with us, either. The officers at mess were saying to-day that the wives of Corporals Bond and Jenkins and Private Hardman have all received orders to be ready."

"That's true," replied the Colonel, angrily. "But these women are not ladies. They are used to roughing it, and will do the charing for the men while the fort is being built. They've been through camp life in the European wars for years. There's no use talking; the thing can't be tolerated for a moment. You will have to leave your wife behind you. I look upon the whole thing as a breach of discipline. Still, as your dead father's friend, and more for his sake than yours, I shall keep silent upon the subject so as not to check your promotion. Give this despatch to Captain Payne as you go out. Strict discipline will be required from all now until we sail. So remember you can only be absent from quarters during authorised hours."

"Very well, sir." Lieutenant Manning saluted and withdrew.

The young wife waited the return of her husband that night with much anxiety. She had often heard that Sir George was a stern man, and whether he would condone a junior officer's marriage without his knowledge or consent was a very doubtful question.



"We must guard and keep that wife of yours and take her right through to the end."

*Drawn by F. H. Bridgen*

As for the journey with the troops to Canada, she was determined to go with them if she could; but to do so the Colonel's consent must be obtained, and she was prepared to leave no stone unturned in order to accompany her husband. Harold had told her it would be three years at least before he could return to England again; and

rather than remain that length of time away from him she was willing to endure whatever vicissitudes an overland military journey in midwinter might bring. How little she knew what such an undertaking involved!

"What news, Harold?" was her first question, as he stooped to kiss her upon his arrival.

"Several things," was his reply, as he tried to smile serenely. "First, we sail on the 24th."

"So soon as that! What else?"

"Sir George was angry at our marriage without consent."

"And he will not let me go?"

"I fear not, dearest."

"Oh, do not give up hope yet," was her passionate response, as with pale face and quivering lip she led the way to their own room.



### CHAPTER III

AN evening or two later, a carriage containing Sir George and Lady Head drew up at a little mansion in the West End, the residence of the retired General, Sir Charles Menzies. The house was not brilliantly illuminated, a subdued light gleaming only in a few of the windows. Evidently there would not be many guests that night. As they alighted, the wide door in the deep archway was thrown open, and they were ushered into the drawing-room, where the General and his wife awaited their arrival.

"Just ourselves," exclaimed their host gaily, "a lonely old couple who have the selfishness to desire you to dine with them *en famille*, before they send you to the wars again."

"It is very kind of you," was the cordial response. "We are both of us delighted to come. But about the wars, General, I am afraid there are no more wars for me. It is just crossing the ocean to establish a garrison; and I assure you that I would rather command a troop and fight the enemy than perform my allotted task."

"Still, it is all in your country's service, Colonel; and I assure you it sometimes needs greater courage to build a rampart than to fight a battle."

"You may well say that, General. Don't know but what my own case is an instance. It is a cut through the back country with only a couple of companies for a following, as though one were sneaking through the bush to escape the foe. After all, that is

what it really is—for we could not in safety carry our garrison stores by the lakes."

"Yet you may have more than one brush with the enemy before you get there."

"If we do it will be all the merrier," returned Sir George with a laugh. "These Yankees are giving us as much as we can carry just now, and possibly there may be fighting on Georgian Bay before it ends."

"How soon do you sail, Sir George?" Lady Menzies asked.

"In eight days. Fortunately, my wife is more contented over it than ever she was when I went to fight the armies of the Little Corporal. She always used to vow that I would never come back. Now she believes that I will."

"I think he has done fighting enough," was that lady's quick response. "To march a few hundred miles through the woods, to build a garrison, and then to return home, is all they ask of him; a much better prospect—to his wife at least—than to have another fight with the French."

Dinner was announced, and the host led the way with the Colonel's wife upon his arm.

"That husband of yours is a brave fellow," was his comment; "and, my lady, you need not be nervous about him. He's an able officer, a good disciplinarian, yet one of the kindest men that ever lived."

"Perhaps you are thinking of Talavera," she answered, her face flushing with pleasure. "You know he helped some of the wounded French out of the ditch after the battle was over."

"Yes, but he made two of his own men stand in the stocks all night for letting another Frenchman run away," was his laughing answer.

When seated at the table the conversation became general, but soon drifted back to Sir George Head's prospective trip.

"It will be a new experience," exclaimed Sir Charles, "snowshoeing through Canada in January instead of marching through Spain in July."

"I have ordered my men a double supply of under flannels as a safeguard," said the Colonel.

"What about night quarters on the road?" queried the hostess.

"That is where the rub will come," was his answer. "I believe there are no stopping places after leaving Montreal. But habitants and half-breeds are numerous. They are accustomed to the woods, and I intend to take a picked gang to help the men put up temporary shanties each night on the road. What is more, abundance of dead timber can be had for the cutting; and with good fires I have no doubt that we can stand the journey."

The ladies were rising from the table when the rap of the knocker announced the arrival of other guests.

"Oh! my dear!" exclaimed Lady Menzies to the Colonel's wife. "I want to introduce my sweet grand-niece to you. She has only just become a bride, and has promised with her husband to come in for an hour this evening."

"We shall be delighted," was the reply. "You know Sir George still becomes enraptured over a pretty face. He always did."

The Colonel placed his hand over his heart and bowed.

"If the eyes have soul and the mouth character," he exclaimed, gallantly, "I hope I'm not too old a dog even yet to lose my heart."

"Bravo!" cried Sir Charles, "our little girl is very dear to us, but I am sorry to say we have seen too little of her of late."

The two ladies left the room, while the gentlemen, over another glass of wine, continued to talk over the war and the apparently dim prospect of peace.

When they entered the drawing-room, a quarter of an hour later, Lieutenant Manning and his bride were there. A flash of astonishment swept over Sir George's face as he took in the situation. But it was only for a moment. Gravely, but not unkindly, he offered his greetings as Lady Menzies introduced Helen to him.

Her appearance was striking. With broad forehead, dark hair and lustrous eyes, she carried her two and twenty years very gracefully. She was not a bashful girl, just out of her teens, but a large-souled woman, who knew much of the experiences of life; and had made her choice, determined, by all that was holy, to be a help-meet for the man she had married. Though scarcely at ease, she looked up into Sir George's face with a frank smile as she received his greeting.

"I am glad to have the opportunity of meeting you," he said, looking steadily into her eyes. "Lieutenant Manning informed me that he was married; though I assure you it is a surprise to find that his wife is a relative of my old friend, the General."

"Harold did not tell you, then, who I was?"

"Unfortunately, he did not; but perhaps it was my own fault. I was so astonished that I fear I did not ask him. And how are you, Mr. Manning? I think you have been stealing a march on me all round."

"Is not marching a soldier's duty?" returned Harry, with a merry glance at his wife.

"Yes, but countermarching is a different thing." There was a twinkle in the gallant Colonel's eye, as he gravely shook his head, that was not discouraging.

In a veiled way Sir George watched every movement that she made. Her self-control surprised him, knowing as she must that her own future as well as that of her husband were in his hands. Soon an opportunity for a personal talk presented itself.

Sir Charles had been adding to his collection of paintings, and was particularly proud of a Reynold's Beauty that he had recently purchased, as well as a French landscape by Turner, who at that time was winning fame as an artist. While the others were looking intently at the delicate colouring and divine symmetry exhibited in the portrait by the master, Helen had lingered by Turner's picture. It was one of his "Rivers of France," and an

illustration of the parting of lovers beneath stately trees on the banks of the Seine.

"That is a remarkable picture," said Sir George over her shoulder, "and said to be an incident in the artist's own life. I did not know that Menzies had it, though I have seen it more than once in Turner's studio."

"I have heard of it," returned Helen gravely. "He was, as he seems, passionately in love. Pity it came to such a sad ending."

"It was her villainous stepmother's fault," said the Colonel. "She intercepted all his letters, and, when the maiden believed herself forsaken, she took a woman's revenge, and made herself miserable by marrying another man."

"A miserable revenge it was," returned Helen warmly, "and one that few women would take advantage of."

"I am not so sure about that," was Sir George's grave response. "I am sorry to say I have known women do that very thing, though I acknowledge they must have been vastly foolish."

"If they had married before that long tour of his," said Helen earnestly, "when they were both in love, the letters would not have been intercepted; and, of course, they would have been happy ever afterwards."

"Marriage is always a serious business," said Sir George, looking gravely into her eyes.

"Yes, I know it is." There was a little tremor in her voice this time, "but when one does it bravely and with open eyes, it is not too serious to be borne."

"And are you sure you can bear it, Mrs. Manning, whatever comes?" he asked with almost a touch of sternness in his voice.

"Yes—I believe I can."

"I, too, believe it, since I have seen you. Still, for your sake I am sorry it has happened. It would have been much better to have waited."

"For myself I believe I shall never regret it," said Helen, "whatever hap-

pens. It is only the future of my husband that I fear."

"I am glad to be able to relieve your mind on that score;" but there was sternness still in his voice. "Lieutenant Manning has always been a brave officer, and his future is certain."

"Thank you, Colonel, for the word. I know his record, and I assure you as a soldier's daughter, as well as a soldier's wife, I shall never stand in his way."

She stood very erect, but she dashed a tear away as the words flashed from her lips.

"Nobly said," was Sir George's comment, as the General and the other ladies joined them. Harold had purposely wandered off to the far end of the room to inspect some ancient weapons, of which Sir Charles had a valuable collection; but he returned in time to hear their hostess ask her niece to sing.

"I cannot sing to-night as the linnets sing," she replied, with a half sad, half mischievous glance at Harold, "but as my heart tells me."

"That is what we want, dearest," he whispered.

Seating herself at the piano, her fingers ran lightly over the keys. Then, in a rich contralto voice, she poured out Goethe's favourite: "To the chosen one." There was the beauty of passion in every line of her first verse:

"Hand in hand! and lip to lip!  
Oh, be faithful, maiden dear!  
Fare-thee-well! thy lover's ship  
Past full many a rock must steer;  
But should he the haven see  
When the storm has ceased to break,  
And be happy, rest of thee—  
May the gods fierce vengeance take!"

There was exultation as she sang the second stanza:

"Boldly dared, is well nigh won,  
Half my task is solved aright,  
Every star's to me a sun,  
Only cowards deem it night.  
Strode I idly by thy side,  
Sorrow still would sadden me,  
But when seas our paths divide,  
Gladly toil I—toil for thee."

Then, with all the tenderness of her impassioned soul, she breathed out the last lines:

"Now the valley I perceive  
Where together we will go,  
And the streamlet watch each eve  
Gliding peacefully below.  
Oh, the poplars on yon spot!  
Oh, the beech trees in yon grove!  
And behind we'll build a cot  
Where to taste the joys of love."

"You are a brave girl," cried the Colonel, as she finished the song, "and you well merit everything that the gods can give you; Lieutenant Manning should be proud to have you for his wife—whatever happens."

Saying which he turned and asked Lady Menzies to be his partner at a rubber of whist, for which Sir Charles and Lady Head were waiting. Hence, the four elderly people were soon interested in the game; while the bride and groom, ostensibly examining curios, were in reality taxing their souls with a thousand questions relative to the future.



#### CHAPTER IV

THE European war was drawing to a close, or rather to an intense lull before the final conflict. Napoleon's arrogance, in declining to yield a jot of German territory to Austria's demand, culminated eventually in his crushing defeat at Leipzig, in the "Battle of the Nations." The British forces, too, were successful wherever they turned their arms and, at Vittoria, Wellington completely routed the legions of Joseph Bonaparte. Before the close of the year disasters were even more complete, and the remains of Napoleon's armies were driven out of Germany as well as Spain.

British veterans, injured by the discipline and fatigues of campaign life, were fast returning to their own shores, and it was from these that Sir George Head's companies were chosen. Already they had spent months in the rest of barrack life and, tired of inactivity, they welcomed the call to duty again.

There was something alluring to the soldier in the thought of service in America, whether engaged in active warfare or not. The Western continent was an El Dorado toward which all eyes were turned. It offered a different prospect to camp life in Europe, where prospective and actual battles were looked upon as the be-all and end-all of the soldier's career. Of emigration to Europe there was none, but of emigration to America, save for the brief interruption caused by the war with the States, there was a never ending stream.

Hence, when the seared soldiers of Wellington's brigades were told to prepare to cross the Atlantic, either to fight the Americans or to guard the British frontier from invasion, hats went up, cheers echoed through the air, and every man became an enthusiast.

For many days the *North King*, one of the largest war vessels of the period, had been undergoing repairs. Her keel was repainted, her hold thoroughly cleansed, and additional iron girders put in to strengthen her bulwarks. Her gun-carriages were rearranged and, to meet any possible contingency, new guns were added. Then vast and unusual stores were loaded upon her, not for the use of the troops only, but for the building and maintenance of the new fort as well.

In direct preparation for the prospective voyage, perhaps no man was so actively engaged as Captain Payne of the Royal Engineers. To him was assigned the erection of the new fort at Penetang, together with whatever barracks might be required for the accommodation of the men, when the journey's end was reached. What added much to his difficulties was the selection and packing of materials suitable for transmission over a thousand miles of territory, and this in midwinter, with three-fourths of the journey directly through the woods.

But Captain Payne was equal to the occasion, and days before the time of sailing the holds of the ship were packed with an abundance of stores.

In completing and carrying out the arrangements, Harold's time was largely occupied, so that it was late each evening before he could have leave of absence to see his wife. These brief interviews were very precious to them; but to their amazement days passed without a single word from the Colonel. Apparently he had not relented. Still Helen hoped on, while she devoted all her time to preparation for a possible future. At last a message came.

"Colonel Head desires an interview with Lieutenant Manning ten minutes before parade."

This was the contents of a note handed to Harold in the early morning three days before sailing.

With a convulsive leap the young man's heart seemed to bound into his throat. What could it mean? Would his wife, after all, be allowed to go? Then, perhaps for the first time, something like an adequate conception of the magnitude and danger of the journey, particularly to a lady unaccustomed to physical privation of any kind, forced itself upon him. Was he right to yield to their mutual desire, and carry her off with the troops in midwinter, and while war was still raging? Could it possibly be his duty to transfer his bride from the comforts of home and the social world to the complexity of adverse conditions which the trip must inevitably bring? He knew that her desire to go was just as keen as ever. It had also been his own passionate wish during the week that had elapsed since their marriage; but as he neared the Colonel's quarters he found himself actually hoping that the final edict would forbid his wife to undertake the journey.

With many conflicting thoughts, Harold joined his fellow-officers at mess that morning. All were there. Even Sir George had walked over from his private residence to breakfast with them. From his manner, however, he could surmise nothing. Neither by word nor look did the Colonel indicate what was passing through his mind; still, at the appointed time, Harold pre-

sented himself at the Colonel's office.

"I intended my first reply to your request to be the decisive one," said Sir George, without any prelude whatever. "But my mind may have changed somewhat. Do I understand that your wife still desires to go with us?"

"Yes, sir," was Harold's quick response.

"Has she thought the matter out in all its bearings? And does she appreciate how much of hardships and privations the trip will involve; to say nothing of the vicissitudes she will be obliged to endure after we get to our destination?"

"She has considered all these, Sir George, and her mind has remained unchanged," said Harold.

"It is a big undertaking," muttered the Colonel, and for a minute he walked up and down the room with his hands behind his back.

"I know it is; but fortunately she has means of her own, and can amply pay for whatever extra expenditure may be incurred on her account."

"That is satisfactory," said the Colonel, "and, after all, the objections may not be insuperable. I have, I must confess, a strong admiration for your wife, and if we succeed in establishing a fort at Penetang, she will, if she goes, be its brightest ornament."

"Thank you very much for saying so," exclaimed Harold, his face flushing with undisguised pleasure. "And am I to take this as equivalent to your consent?"

"Well, yes, if she is as firmly convinced as ever that it is the wisest and best thing for her to do."

For some moments Harold stood still with his hands pressed upon the desk in front of him. The old questions were coming back again: Was it wisest? was it best?

"What is it, lad?" said the Colonel in a kindly tone, although he observed him keenly.

"I was just thinking," stammered Harold, "what a terrible thing it would be, when too late, if it should prove to be a mistake."

"That is possible," returned the Colonel, again walking up and down the floor. "But remember, if faint heart never won fair lady, neither did timid soldier ever win a battle. If you go into the thing at all you go in to win. Every obstacle must be overthrown. We must guard and keep that wife of yours—take her right through to the end—and crown her Queen of the little fortress of Penetang—yet to be built."

"It is very good of you, Colonel," was all Harold could say.

"Well, we'll leave it all to the lady herself. Explain everything to her; but tell her from me that our officers are fine fellows, and from the Colonel

to the last of them will do what they can to make the journey comfortable, if she decides to undertake it."

"I thank you, Colonel, from the bottom of my heart," said Harold, warmly, grasping his chief by the hand.

"That is all right," was the smiling response. "One more point—as your wife may need every remaining moment for preparation, you are relieved from duty from now out, so that you can give her the news and aid her in preparation."

Harold saluted, and in another minute was speeding along the street to give his wife the message.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE DREAMER

BY EMILY MCMANUS

STAY not to pity the dreamer;  
What needs he lands or gold—  
The lord of a kingdom fairer  
Than ever in story told?

If the world grows dark and joyless  
He mounts by a golden stair,  
A brother of gods at the summit,  
For the dreams of his heart are there.

No longer an endless endeavour  
To perfect the wonders planned;  
No window remains unfinished  
In the towers of that shining land.

Lo! the winds give up their secrets;  
And the blush of the rose is a word  
Attuned to the nuptial music  
The bowers of Eden heard;

For she comes in the hush of the sunset,  
For whom his spirit cries,  
The glory of youth on her forehead  
And love in her shining eyes.

What matters the cry of the markets,  
The glitter, the hurry, the hate?  
They stay in the world with the worldlings,  
Nor enter this golden gate.

Then why should ye pity the dreamer?  
He feasts with the chosen few,  
He dies—and there, in the dawning,  
Who knows but his dreams come true?





LAST INSTALMENT—MURRAY ASCENDS THE ST. LAWRENCE TO MONTREAL—AMHERST DESCENDS THE RIVER FROM LAKE ONTARIO—HAVILAND, WITH THIRD ARMY, JOINS THEM FROM THE SOUTH—SURRENDER OF MONTREAL AND THE FRENCH POSSESSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN—1760.

**ONCE** more, and for the last time, three movements were planned on Canada, and it was hardly possible that what was left her could escape being crushed between them as in a vice. Murray, his small veteran army increasing daily in strength from returning health, carried and supported along an open waterway by an excellent fleet, had the easiest task of all. Amherst himself, with nearly 11,000 men, was mustering at Oswego, and he was to descend the St. Lawrence to Montreal, the general rendezvous, where the heart of Canada still beat defiantly, if with waning vigour. The physical difficulties here were more formidable than any which Lévis was likely to contrive. Amherst had no full knowledge of the rapids of the St. Lawrence. He counted them as an obstacle, but he hardly realised their fury. As for the third attack, it is needless to say it was from Lake Champlain, whose forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga

now made an admirable base for the forcing of the passage of the Richelieu at Ile aux Noix. Colonel and Brigadier Haviland was given the command of this enterprise, and a force of only 3,500 men, so greatly had the events of the last year altered the scheme of Canadian defence and reduced the strength of its resistance. Lévis had now about 8,000 troops of various sorts at his disposal, besides Indians, with a base at Montreal. Roughly speaking, this city represented the point where the two lines meet which form the letter T, the three arms spreading from it being the approaching routes of the three English armies, mustering between them not far off 20,000 men. I do not propose to deal at any length with the details of these three advances, not because there was no fighting, as Amherst and Haviland were both opposed, so far as Lévis' scattered forces could oppose them. But the resistance was necessarily feeble, and it was a question of good organisation and energy, rather

than military force, which brought to a happy termination a summer's campaigning which, on paper, at any rate, looked a foregone conclusion.

It will be enough to say that Murray crept steadily on, giving those districts which submitted every testimony of present and future clemency, and making a stern example, though with a sore heart, of the few who did not. At the mouth of the Richelieu, where Haviland was expected by the Champlain route, they found large bodies of the main French army, under Bourlamaque and Dumas, waiting for both English attacks, who followed them upon either shore as they forged along the winding river, even then lined with farms and villages, towards the island of Montreal. At the island of St. Thérèse, a few miles below the city, Murray halted, and awaited the arrival of Haviland and Amherst. The former, in the meanwhile, had been pushing the French steadily before him, and arrived below Montreal soon after Murray, where both waited at their leisure for Amherst, who was descending the St. Lawrence upon the other side of the city, and was even now close at hand. On the 5th of September Amherst arrived, and the triple movement was completed with an accuracy that did credit to all concerned.

The situation of the French, in this their last stronghold, was quite hopeless. Montreal was not a natural fortress like Quebec, and, even if it had been, the inevitable could not have been materially deferred. The Swedish professor, whose memories of Lake Champlain have been quoted in a former chapter, came on to Montreal, and gives us a vivid picture of what it looked like ten years or so before this, the year of its surrender. It had, of course, the St. Lawrence on one side of it, and on the three others a deep ditch full of water. It was surrounded by a high and thick wall, but covered too much ground, from the scattered nature of the houses, to be defended by a small force. Unlike Quebec, too, most of the private houses were of

wood, though admirably built. There were several churches and convents and seminaries—fine buildings of stone mostly surrounded by spacious gardens—while the streets were broad and straight, and some of them paved. In the background rose "the Mountain," then clad in virgin forests, which, upon this fateful 7th of September, had not as yet been touched by autumn's fiery hand. Before the city flowed the noble river, not long calmed down from the fury of the La Chine rapids, and at this point little less than two miles broad. Knox more than endorses Kalm's eulogies, and thinks Montreal the most delightful place he has seen. The fortifications were contemptible, but "the excellence of the private houses, the magnificence of the public buildings, the pleasant country seats and villas scattered about amid gardens and plantations outside the walls, and, above all, the charm of the situation," enchants the gallant captain,\* in a mood, no doubt, just then to be easily pleased. To see the gay crowd in the streets, too, the silk cloaks and laced coats and powdered heads, one would have supposed, he says, that these people, instead of being the victims of a long and disastrous war, were all in the enjoyment of ample and unimpaired fortunes. But this is anticipating a little, for Knox and his friends were not yet actually inside.

Here, within or around the city, if importance in lieu of population can justify the term, were gathered all the civil and military chiefs of Canada, for once, at least, united in the conviction that all hope had fled. The thoughts of the civilians had by far the most cause to be gloomy. The Intendant Bigot, Cadet and their band of parasites saw with despair the bone they had so long picked, passing from their grasp—the goose that for them alone had lain so many golden eggs at length on the point of extinction, a fate in part due to their former imprudences. But worse than all they

\*Knox would seem to have got his majority about this time.

saw an outraged king and government beyond the ocean, who, maddened with their loss, would welcome with joy the poor consolation of demanding an account of a stewardship so infamously outraged. As for the military leaders, however bitter their feelings, they were those of brave and honourable men, suffering the chagrin of defeat which they had for some time become accustomed to regard as inevitable. Lévis, Brouillan and Bougainville had little cause for self-reproach, for they had done all that men could do. Since the near approach of the British a rapid dissolution of the French army had set in. The Indians had entirely repudiated their ancient allies and patrons, while the militia had gone home to a man. The married soldiers of the colony regulars had in great part deserted, while many of the French linesmen who had married in the country had done the same. Only 2,500 troops, mostly French regulars, now remained with Lévis and his officers. They had provisions for a fortnight, and represented the entire resisting force of the colony. Amherst, Murray and Haviland lay outside the town with seventeen or eighteen thousand men, mostly veterans. It was, indeed, the end of all things. Vaudreuil held a council of war on the 6th, which was naturally unanimous, on the necessity of an immediate capitulation. Bougainville, however, was sent early on the following day to Amherst with a proposal to suspend hostilities for a month—which reads like a very poor joke. Vaudreuil perhaps felt ashamed of it as he quickly followed with an offer of capitulation, specifying terms which had been approved by his council. There were forty-five clauses, most of which Amherst agreed to, though a few were summarily rejected. Lévis and his officers had fully counted on being allowed to march out with their arms and the honours of war. Amherst bluntly insisted that the troops should lay down their arms unconditionally as prisoners, and undertake not to serve in Europe during the present

war. Lévis bitterly resented this, and himself sent de la Pause, his quartermaster-general, to plead with the English general against this rigorous condition. Amherst, however, not only refused, but, according to Knox, who was on the ground, sternly silenced Lévis' envoy, and told him that he was "fully resolved, for the infamous part the troops of France had acted in exciting the savages to perpetrate the most horrid and unheard-of barbarities in the whole progress of the war, and for other open treacheries, as well as flagrant breaches of faith, to manifest to all the world by this capitulation his detestation of such ungenerous practices and disapprobation of their conduct, therefore insisted he must decline any remonstrance on the subject."

Upon this Lévis demanded of Vaudreuil that the negotiations should be broken off, or if not, that the troops should retire to St. Helen's island upon their own responsibility, and resist to the utmost rather than accept such terms. One does not, of course, feel quite convinced of the sincerity of a suggestion that was so superfluous, and not perhaps palatable, and certainly unfair, to the rank and file, but in any case Vaudreuil remained firm, and on the 8th of September the capitulation as amended by Amherst was formally signed. Thus, by a stroke of the pen, Canada was transferred to the British crown, and, save for the small settlement of New Orleans, far away in the remote South, on the Gulf of Mexico, the French power, recently so potent and so threatening, disappeared forever from North America. Among some of de Vaudreuil's stipulations was one that the British Indians should be sent away. Amherst refused it, proudly replying that no Frenchman surrendering under treaty had yet ever suffered from outrage by Indians co-operating with a British army. The gist of the articles of capitulation may be briefly summed up. All the regular troops in Canada, not only at Montreal, but the small isolated garrisons together with the officials, civil and

military, were to be conveyed to France in British ships. Whoever wished to leave the country was permitted to do so, a period of grace being given for the winding up of necessary business matters, such as the collections of debts or sale of property. Entire religious freedom was wisely granted, though a clause reserving a power of clerical appointments to the French throne was as wisely rejected, while some minor clauses, though not rejected, were reserved for the King of England's pleasure.

It was a well-seasoned and a war-worn group, too, that gathered round the victorious Amherst in the Place d'Armes at Montreal, when he paraded his troops for the formal submission of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Some of the chief actors in the past seven years of war, Monckton, Bouquet and Washington, were absent with good cause. Wolfe and Prideaux, the elder Howe and Braddock, Forbes and many others, were in the grave. Two or three had laid their reputations there, but were themselves still among the living, though beyond the sea.

But at that ceremony, whose infinite significance is more apparent to our eyes now than to those of the purblind and preoccupied Europe of that day, there was a goodly throng of warriors who had well earned the exultation that was theirs. Some of them lived to win far greater fame, others to bury such as they had won in a still distant struggle upon the same familiar scenes.

Murray and Haviland led their brigades. Burton and Gage, who had seen the whole war through from the commencement, and Fraser, the gallant Highlander, headed their respective regiments. Carleton, who was to become a famous Viceroy of Canada and to die Lord Dorchester, was here; and Howe, too, whose leadership up the cliffs at the Anse du Foulon was to be unhappily forgotten in his failure against the Americans in after days. The Swiss soldier and scholar, Haldimand, who was also to govern Canada wisely and well, was in the group.

Sir William Johnson, the baronet of the Mohawk valley, the master spirit of the Six Nations, the only white man on the continent the Indians really bowed to, was here, tall and muscular, cheery and unceremonious. No such picture would be complete without Rogers. No man had faced death so often—Rogers with a hundred lives, that prince of backwoods fighters, and his two brothers, each commanders of companies, and only inferior to himself. Dalling and Hazen, too, though but captains, as leaders of light infantry, it would be ill forgetting. Schuyler and Lyman, the New York and Massachusetts colonels, in blue uniforms and three-cornered hats, were conspicuous among their fellows, and were to be heard of again in still more conspicuous fashion. Nor should we forget in what is, after all, but a partial, and, perhaps, even invidious retrospect, the gallant naval captain Loring, who handled Amherst's improvised fleets on Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence with unwearied energy; nor yet Patrick Mackellar, whose forts and ramparts and redoubts were strewn over the whole range of conflict, and may yet be traced by the curious under forest leaves, or amid bustling towns, or in track of the farmer's plough. Jealousies between redcoats and bluecoats and men in hunting shirts, we may well believe, were now, at any rate, for the moment, laid to rest. Within a few days ship after ship bearing the remnants of the French army had dropped down the river. All that remained was to carry Vaudreuil's orders of submission to the small French posts upon the St. Lawrence and in the West, and to hoist the British flag in a score of lonely spots where the lilies of France had floated since the first white men broke upon their solitude.

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#### CONCLUSION

SINCE brevity is the plea upon which this narrative chiefly relies for its justification, I shall make no apology

for having kept almost wholly aloof from the contemporary events in Europe during the Seven Years' War. For the same reason, I had fully intended to let the surrender of Vaudreuil and Lévis at Montreal be the final word of this volume, and to resist all temptation to touch upon the great questions that the war gave rise to.

Now, however, that I have come to the end of my allotted tether, I feel that the word *finis*, written where I had intended to write it, would lay me open to a charge of somewhat inartistic abruptness, both in a literary and historical sense, and that a story so suddenly closed would exhibit a lack of finish and completeness that three or four pages more would go far, I trust, to rectify.

Now Vaudreuil signed those ever memorable articles of capitulation on September 9th, 1760, within a few days of the first anniversary of Wolfe's death, and in due course, in accordance with the terms of the document, the remains of the French army, the entire body of officials, and a certain number of the leading gentry, by their own wish, were carried to France in British ships.

Pending the peace a military government was set up in the Colony, which was divided for this purpose into three districts—Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal—respectively assigned to Murray, Burton and Gage. The precise forms of this government do not concern us. It will be enough to say that it was conducted with the utmost possible consideration for the people, for their religion, their language, and their laws. One must not undervalue the strength of racial sentiment, but, with that exception, the people found themselves in every respect better off than they had ever before been, and did not hesitate to proclaim the fact in loud and grateful tones. If the ignorant mobs who, in various parts of Europe and America, screech their pitiable stuff about British tyranny, and the more enlightened few, who, for motives base and of

deliberation, thus bear false witness against their neighbour, desired light or truth, which is not in the least likely, the epoch in question would be an admirable point for them to commence their investigations.

It has been well said by historians, neither English nor French, that, throughout the whole hundred and fifty years of French rule in Canada, there is no evidence that the well-being, the happiness or the comfort of the people was ever for a single moment taken into consideration. They had been, in fact, slaves—slaves to the *corvées* and unpaid military service—debarred from education and crammed with gross fictions and superstitions as an aid to their docility and their value as food for powder. It is no wonder that they were as gratified as they were astonished when they found the Englishmen of reality bore no resemblance whatever to the Englishman of priestly fiction. The common people were, to their surprise, officially informed of all public events, and the gentry class, who had hitherto had no share whatever in the government, were enrolled in various capacities as the custodians of law and order. When King George died, a few weeks only after the surrender of the Colony, the people of Montreal went of their own accord into mourning, and presented an address, declaring he had treated them as a father would treat his own children rather than as a conquered people. And all this was under military government, for two years yet remained before the peace and the Treaty of Paris, which was to formally annex Canada to the British crown; when, as everyone knows, the same policy was continued under a civil administration.

For more than twenty years there were practically no English-speaking settlers in Canada, and but a few thousand in Nova Scotia and the adjoining coasts. It was not till the close of the War of Independence that the stream of American loyalists set in for the Maritime Provinces and the virgin forests of Ontario and laid the

foundations of the Dominion of Canada as we now know it.

In the meantime a Nemesis awaited the Canadian civil officials who had so betrayed their trust and their country. The very seas rose up against them as they beat their way homewards through danger, misery and tempest; upon landing, ten of them, headed by Vaudreuil, Bigot and Cadet, were at once arrested and thrown into the Bastille. Twenty-one in all were put on trial, and so severe were the punishments in the shape of fine and banishment that most of them only survived as broken and ruined men.

Though North America had peace, the war dragged on in Europe and elsewhere for over two years. In the month following the surrender of Canada to Amherst, King George, as I have mentioned, died, thus closing a long reign that he had, at any rate, done nothing to prevent being for the most part a glorious one, while he had proved himself to be at least a brave, an honest, and a constitutional monarch.

The pitiable *débüt* of his youthful grandson at this exalted period is a familiar picture. That he was an ardent Englishman, and meant well; that he was fond of agriculture, and above reproach in morals, may be of abstract interest, but is of slight importance in history when weighed against his pernicious actions, and more particularly when it is remembered that his domestic virtues had small effect on the country, but were rather objects of ridicule. It is the failings of George III that matter, and constitute him, in the opinion of many, the most mischievous monarch that ever sat upon the throne of England. Personally pure and patriotic, he practised corruption at home and courted disaster abroad with tireless industry in the pursuit of that dream of absolutism which had been so religiously installed into his obstinate nature by a narrow-minded mother.

He began almost at once to show his hand, and make it evident that the glory of England was quite a second-

ary matter to the pursuit of his mischievous and narrow ideal. Pitt, with his proud spirit and imperial convictions, was impossible in the atmosphere that soon surrounded the new king, and his very eminence had gained him powerful enemies. Happily his work was done, when, to the discontent of the people, who pelted his successor with mud and stones, he was forced to resign the leadership he had used with such unparalleled effect. But the machinery he had set in motion ran on with the impetus he had given it till its work was accomplished and a glorious peace secured.

Never, probably, in our political history has there been such a drop as that from Pitt to the obscure and incapable coxcomb who almost immediately succeeded him, pitchforked by the young King into the highest office of state. Even Newcastle, who trimmed again to get office, lent moral weight to Bute. But of what object to criticise the ministers of a king whose settled policy it was to retain such men, and through their means to suborn and degrade Parliament!

Frederick of Prussia, who, with Pitt's help and the indomitable courage of himself and his soldiers, was still holding his own against a legion of foes, may well have despaired at the fall of his great ally, and the advent of ministers who had shown him of late but little sympathy. The timely withdrawal of Russia, and the increasing difficulties of France, however, enabled him to hold out till the peace, preserve his dominion inviolate, and hand down a priceless legacy of glory to the great empire, whose foundations he had laid.

The spirit of Pitt lived on in his soldiers and sailors, and the French were beaten at every point and in every hemisphere, by land and sea. Spain was induced to range herself with England's enemies, and paid for it by the speedy loss of Manila, the Philippines, and Havannah; the latter stormed in the teeth of infinite difficulties and with great loss of life. All nations, except perhaps the English,

were anxious for peace, and the King of England, for reasons of his own, was of the same mind. So the Seven Years' War was brought to an end in the autumn of 1762, and the Treaty of Paris was signed early in the following year.\* Never before or since has the glory of England been written so large upon any document of the kind. Pitt and a majority of the nation, however, thought it was not glorious enough, and with some reason from the standpoint of their day. It was France who had thrown herself across the path of British Colonial expansion, had provoked the struggle, and incited her Indian allies to the commission of continuous and fiendish barbarities on the English settlements. This rankled deeply in men's minds, and the more so as England was in a position to dictate terms and still full of fight, while France, crippled, demoralised, and financially ruined, was practically powerless outside her own borders. It was the French, too, who had essayed to drive the British out of India, with what result needs no telling. The sentiment embodied in the brief phrase, *never again*, current at this moment in another hemisphere, was the watchword of a majority who had already been tricked by the young King out of their power, and Pitt was, of course, their spokesman.

Great as were the concessions to Britain in Asia and America, they did not seem to Pitt the full measure of her supreme position and of the blood and treasure she had lavished to attain it. Above all, the gift of those two rocky islands off Newfoundland to France, which have been ever since such a fruitful cause of friction and danger, stirred Pitt's prophetic mind to wrath. Swathed in flannels he was carried into the House, and there in

eloquent and impassioned tones, while denouncing the treaty, predicted to an unbelieving and largely bribed audience those future troubles with which we are only too familiar. But he spoke to deaf ears; the terms of the treaty were approved, and if the King bribed the House of Commons, it is almost equally certain that France bribed Bute with a most princely fee for his services on her behalf.

The question of Canada stood on a different basis. Many were against retaining it on grounds purely patriotic, and they will be obvious at once. The exaltation of the hour, and a very natural ignorance of colonial feeling, alone prevented those who opposed retention from being more numerous. Many of England's enemies chuckled and have left written testimonies to their foresight. Many of England's friends, and some of her own people shook their heads. There was no mawkish sentiment about this: it was a purely practical question. There are, no doubt, even yet, numbers of people in England who, so far as they think about the subject at all, believe that the infatuation of George III alone drove into rebellion a people hitherto wholly contented with their lot and pathetically devoted to the Crown and the British connection. Among those who knew the American Colonies at that time there was much difference of opinion as to their drift in certain eventualities, which is in itself significant enough. While the French were in Canada such speculations had no practical interest, for it must be remembered that the expulsion of the French was an eventuality not taken into consideration till Pitt's time. It was impossible that there should not have been discontent at the trade restrictions under which the colonists lay. Such discontent may have been illogical, and even ungrateful, as this was the price paid for the protection of England against dangers which were then very real, but that it existed is beyond dispute, though little enough of it, doubtless, was heard amid the triumphs of this particular moment.

\*Havannah was exchanged with Spain for Florida. New Orleans alone was left to France on the North American mainland, and as Louisiana was afterwards made over to the United States, the dismantling of the fortifications of Dunkirk under English engineers is of all the clauses of this treaty, perhaps, the most significant of the position of England at the moment.

It had been said by a great many people hitherto that nothing but fear of the French kept the Colonies so docile. The notion that they would seek independence was scouted, it is true, by some of their own foremost men, Franklin among them. But then it is significant that the reason usually assigned for this is their incapacity for combination, not their unconquerable affection for the mother country. Yet, the greatest pessimist of that day

would hardly have hazarded the opinion that this vital question would be put to the test in less than two decades, and upon provocation that to many of their generation would have seemed mild indeed. As a great English historian has truly said, and a scarcely less distinguished American has truly echoed, "the death of Wolfe upon the Plains of Abraham meant not only the conquest of Canada but the birth of the United States."

THE END

## NUMBER 851

By N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN



It is not always winter in the Yukon. For three months out of the year the sun shines brightly, day and night alike, all over the hills and valleys. After that for two months more there is pleasant autumn weather, and then the old sun begins to grow less friendly, showing his face for fewer hours above the mountains every day, and sinking in the early afternoon, until by and by it is always dark save for the wonderful aurora that shakes her gleaming fringe of rainbow hair across the midnight sky, sending out sharp shafts of dazzling light, like shining swords, that encircle the arch of the heavens and seems to guard the great, white, sleeping North. The Spring is a maiden, the Yukon Indians tell us, a beautiful, shiny-eyed, flower-decked maiden, and the great spirit of winter cannot withstand the sweetness and warmth of her smiles. So he gives her the key to the rivers and lakes and creeks, and she flies over the land and the water, and all the earth wakens to life. Down tumble the mad cataracts into the sea, the ice breaks on the lakes and the blue waters smile back to the sky. The rivers sing a springtime song, the pink clover covers all the hillsides, and

the feathery birch-trees whisper in the valleys.

Three miles up the Klondike river from Dawson, Elise la Freniere had a little garden of her own. Sweet peas grew against the cabin, mauve and pink, red and white. In a round bed at the left purple pansies blossomed, and at the right was a flaming crowd of gaudy dahlias. Elise was very proud of her garden. She was a little French girl; her father had been three years on the creeks and had made "beaucoup d'argent." This autumn he and Elise and her mother were going home to France to stay. Most of his wealth Mr. la Freniere kept in two old canvas bags under the bed. It would have been much safer in the bank in Dawson, but the old man—he was forty years older than Elise's mamma—had peculiar ideas of his own, and loved to take his gold dust out now and then, lifting the shining stuff to watch it trickle through his fingers and see it reflect back the light, burying his hands in it, or holding it against his old withered face. At such times Elise was troubled. She would go up to her father and imperiously close the bags. "Mon pere," she would say, "which do you love best, the gold or my mother and me?"



And her father would hold his little girl close to him for answer. A long, long time ago he had been the master of a grand old chateau in France. He was straight and tall and young then, and a soldier. But trouble had come suddenly, and before he could realise it everything was gone, home and wealth and friends. He had worked hard, and it was only now at the close of life that fortune had smiled upon him. Elise could not be expected to understand what the gold dust meant to the old man. But her mother knew, and that was quite enough after all, for Mr. la Freniere worshipped his little, soft-eyed, low-voiced wife.

Elise was ten, but she was too far from Dawson to go to school, so every day she weeded in her garden, while her mother washed and sewed in the cabin, and her father worked feverishly at the sluice boxes, down at the creek a mile away. Elise had no friends among the children, for their home was a mile from the next cabin. Sometimes she met boys and girls in Dawson, where she went every Saturday to get provisions for the week, but she was a shy little girl and her mother and father and the flowers quite satisfied her.

Some distance back on the hill there had been a great hole blasted, and every day now since the beginning of the summer a convict had worked there with his pick, a Northwest Mounted Policeman standing guard behind him, looking very tall and picturesque in his khaki coat and brown hat and his dark trousers with the gold stripe down the leg. The convict did not look at all like a picture. His coat and trousers were brown on the left side and yellow on the right, and he had a great number, "851," painted in white letters on his back. His hair was shaven close, his face was very thin and white, and his eyes were wistful; Elise said "as though he did not want to be naughty, but could not help it." There had been a great many convicts working at odd times on the roads or on the hills near the cabins, but Elise had not taken

much interest in any of the others. For the most part their faces were very hard and wicked, and the child would look very quickly away from them as they passed the house and gaze hard at the sweet faces of her flowers. But it was very different with "851." In the first place he was young, and in the next place, the first day that he had seen Elise outside among the sweet peas he had hung his head and his pale face had grown the colour of the red dahlias, so that, young as she was, she had felt a great wave of pity sweep over her, and her own eyes had grown suddenly wet.

After that, several times during every day she would go out behind the cabin and look up the hill to where the convict and the policeman were. Sometimes she would walk up the path a little way, apparently very busy examining the clover or the fern, but in reality watching earnestly the stooped, grotesquely clothed figure of "851." Had he any little girl, she wondered, or was he somebody's son, somebody whose heart would break if that somebody could see him now. Day by day she grew bolder, until one afternoon she went quite to the end of the path and began to gather some ferns a few yards from where the policeman was standing. The latter moved near her. He was a very big man, with nice blue eyes, and when he smiled at her she saw his teeth were as white as her kitten's.

"Aren't you afraid to come so near a wicked man like that?" he asked in a low voice, indicating the convict.

Elise looked at him gravely. Her pale little face did not flush.

"Je n'ai pas peur," she said quietly, which meant that she was not at all afraid. The policeman smiled. He spoke to her in her own language, and asked her a great many questions, all of which Elise answered readily, moving all the time a little nearer the bent form of the convict. At last, catching the latter's glance, she smiled, and the man's face flushed as it had that first day, and he looked quite piteously from the policeman to the little girl and back again.

"It is very sad, n'est-ce pas?" Elise whispered to the policeman as she went away, and the big man, making quite sure the convict was not looking, nodded gravely.

The next day Elise picked two bunches of flowers, one of sweet peas and one of pansies. It was very hot, and her pale little face was damp with perspiration when at last she reached the great hole where the two men were. She held her flowers in either hand and made no pretence of picking ferns or clover, but went straight over to the policeman, who welcomed her smilingly.

"I have brought you some flowers," she said softly, handing him the sweet peas. "The pansies are for him," she added, still more softly.

"Give them to him yourself, petite," the big man told her, and she went quickly towards the convict and spoke timidly.

"Monsieur!" "851" stood up quickly, nervously. He looked at the child, and at the flowers in the tiny hand, his young face very white and his eyes more wistful than ever.

"I have brought you some pansies," she said gently in English. "Mother calls them 'heart's ease,'" and she laid them in his grimy palm.

The convict could not speak. He tried to thank her, but his lips only worked tremulously, and he turned quickly away.

"Was he very wicked?" Elise asked the policeman as she was going. He looked at her gravely.

"He broke the law," he replied, and she nodded and went down the hill, wondering why people made laws that other people had to break.

The summer wore away, and every fine day except Saturday and Sunday Elise went up to visit with the policeman and "851." She never spoke to the convict except to say "How do you do?" and "Good-bye," but she talked a great deal to the policeman, who told her a little about the other man, speaking in French, which the latter did not understand. "851" was not married, but he had a mother and a

father on the "Outside," and a little sister like Elise. The child told him all her own history in return, about going home to France in October and about the two old bags full of nuggets under the bed. It was very odd, but the two afternoons when Elise was giving the policeman her most secret confidences, an ugly, black-browed, stooped little man was hiding in the brush behind them listening to every word, quite unnoticed by any of the three.

And now it was late September. Last Saturday in Dawson a man had been walking the street all day, shouting through a great megaphone:

"The S.S. *Dolphin*, the fastest and most commodious boat on the Yukon, leaves on Wednesday for the outside. Only two more trips before navigation closes. Secure your passage now." And Mr. la Freniere had bought the tickets then and there, and Elise and her mother had been very busy ever since packing and cleaning out the cabin.

Late on Monday afternoon Elise went up the hill to say "good-bye" to her two friends. She had gathered two little nosegays of bachelor buttons, all the flowers left in her garden, and though she was very happy to be going home, her little heart was heavy just now at the thought of leaving the policeman and the convict, both of whom she had grown to love with all the warmth of her tender nature.

"If only you could set him free before I go!" she said wistfully to the policeman, handing him the bachelor buttons; "I know he can't be any sorrier if you keep him in prison for a hundred years." "His time is up in six months more," said the policeman kindly.

The little girl shook her head. "Ah, but, you see, that will be after Christmas, and he can't be home with his mamma and papa just when they want him most."

She sighed very deeply. She had never been able to make the policeman express any opinion as to the justice or injustice of things, though she had tried many times. She made one more attempt.

"Don't you think the Commissioner might pardon him if you asked him? Do you really believe he is such a bad man?"

"He broke the law," the policeman replied very gravely.

Again the child sighed. Then she went up to the convict.

"I have come to say 'good-bye,'" she said gently, "and to give you these," tendering the flowers, "and this," handing him a beautiful little Testament with a silver clasp.

The convict took the gifts half stupidly, staring at her.

"To say 'good-bye,'" he repeated.

"We are going on Wednesday," she told him, "all the way home to France;" then she drew very close to him. "I wish you were going too—home to your mamma and your little sister."

"851" coughed sharply. His mouth twitched. He thrust the flowers and the Testament into his coat.

"I will never forget you," said Elise. "I know you are sorry, and that you will never be naughty again."

"God bless you!" said the convict brokenly. And as the child held out her hand, he looked first at the broad back of the policeman and then, taking the little fingers in his, he bent his shaven head and kissed them, while Elise felt a tear fall from his eyes.

She shook hands gravely with the policeman after that, and went down the hill without a backward glance.

The next day Mr. la Freniere went early to town. He was to come back for Elise and her mother about four o'clock, with a waggon to carry their luggage. They would have dinner in Dawson, and unusual excitement, and would leave at eight o'clock for the outside and home.

Everything in the little cabin was packed—the bags of gold-dust underneath the other bundles. Elise was dressed in a neat little frock of blue, and her fur coat and gloves and hat were on the table.

"Petite," said her mother, as she lit the lamp, for it was twilight now at half-past three, "Petite, I am going

to say good-bye to Mrs. Richards, and I shall call papa to pick me up as he passes her house. Do not leave the cabin, dear."

"No, mamma," said Elise, and she watched her mother up the long, dusky road, until the sound of her footsteps mingled with the noise of the rushing Klondyke river, and then the little girl went back into the house and closed the door.

She was very happy and excited, until, all of a sudden, she thought about her friends up on the hill, and she went out the back door of the cabin and looked above. Yes, she could see them both—the convict working, and the policeman pacing slowly up and down. It would be the same for them day after day until the cold became too intense; while she was going away to warmth and comfort and happiness. Her father had told her that the convict's punishment was the result of breaking a law to help a friend, and Elise could not justify things, exactly, though Mr. la Freniere had said it was quite right, and that the authorities could not be too severe in a mining camp like Dawson. She went back slowly into the cabin, and then, as she closed the door, stood quite still with astonishment. A stooped, black-browed, ugly little man was over near the other door, pulling and dragging at the bags and bundles, evidently in a great hurry and very nervous and excited. He sprang upright, as he heard the little girl, but a look of relief came across his face as he saw her.

"You are just the person I wanted," he told her, speaking very rapidly in French; "your father sent me to get the bags of gold-dust. He wants me to take them in to Dawson for him."

For just a second the little girl believed him. But looking hard at the ugly face, and seeing the shining barrel of a revolver in his pocket, she hesitated before answering him.

"He told me where to find it," the man went on, "but I think you will have to help me. Be quick about it, too, won't you? The bank is staying

open on purpose to exchange the dust before your father goes away."

"That is very funny," Elise replied; "father did not say anything about it to mother or me."

"Well, you know what a man your papa is for changing his mind," the ugly man said, beginning to uncord a big box in a feverish hurry.

Now, Elise knew nothing of the sort, and she looked at the intruder gravely, and said:

"You are not telling the truth; I think you want to take the gold-dust for yourself.

The man looked at her and laughed.

"You are a bright little girl," he said, quietly, and went on with his search.

And now Elise was quite sure, for she suddenly remembered how a man answering this ugly little intruder's description had broken into the cold-storage warehouses three years ago and robbed the safe. He was arrested, and served his sentence, and he had been at liberty now for some months. She went to the back door very suddenly, and before he could prevent her she had screamed at the top of her youthful lungs—

"Help! help!—'851'—help! help!" for she did not know the policeman's name, but she remembered the convict's number.

She was pulled inside and the door banged to, but not before she had caught a glimpse of two forms running down the hill—the convict ahead, the policeman in the rear.

"You're a silly little girl," the ugly man said, but he was still smiling. "Don't you know the policeman has gone to the barracks?" Then he went to the other side of the room and Elise saw that he had found one of the bags. He lifted it with some effort, for it was very heavy. "I won't bother about the other one just now," he said to the child, "and the next time you confide in people on the open hill-side, and think you are very safe because you speak French, remember me, little girl, remember me." He was walking to the door with a great show of good

humour, when it very suddenly opened and two men entered, the first in a grotesque suit of yellow and brown, the second in a khaki coat, with gold stripes down the legs of his trousers. The nice eyes of the policeman were hard and cold as ice; he spoke tersely, sharply:

"Put down that bag, le Blanc," and his hand sought his hip pocket, while his gaze never moved from the Frenchman's sly face. But the little black-browed man was quick as a snake. There was a flash and a report, and the big policeman fell back heavily.

The Frenchman laughed—

"Luck is ours, Harris," he said in English. "Fancy meeting you under such happy auspices. But we must hurry. Get the Johnny's gun, will you? It's share and share alike with you and me."

Elise's little heart almost stopped beating, for the convict was stooping over the unconscious form on the floor. Would he do as the wicked man told him? Had she been mistaken in her friend all the time, and was "851" no better than the rest of the numbered men who lived in the low, grey stone houses with the high, grated windows? She watched him, her eyes wide with fear and sorrow. But the convict stood up, the policeman's gun in his hand, and he was straighter and taller than she had ever seen him. He gave her a quick little smiling glance, and then walked cautiously up to the other man.

"It's a heavy load, le Blanc," he said, but I think it can be managed, eh?"

In a second he had knocked the revolver from the unsuspecting le Blanc's hand and kicked it across the room; then, holding his own revolver at his side, he spoke quickly and softly:

"Put down that bag, please!"

The Frenchman's face turned very white. He muttered something about "honour among thieves," and turned to go out of the back door. But again he had made a mistake in thinking that the other man wanted all the gold for himself. How could he under-

stand? But Elise did, and her little face grew hot and her heart beat fast.

"Stop where you are," sharply the convict's voice rang out, "turn to the right, walk to the other door." The Frenchman tried to speak, but the convict held the revolver threateningly.

As they reached the policeman's side, the latter raised himself weakly. In a moment he saw and realised everything. He had always secretly believed in "851." With a great deal of pain, and very slowly, he pulled a pair of handcuffs from his breast.

"Put them on, le Blanc," he said authoritatively, and under the convict's revolver the Frenchman obeyed.

"Take him to the Sergeant," the policeman went on feebly, "and report in my name."

"Yes, sir," "851" replied respectfully, and the two men moved out into the twilight.

Elise sprang to the door and watched them, the stooped dark figure in front, the straight form of the convict behind, his number "851" white and clear in the dusky shadows. Then she returned to the policeman, kneeling beside him.

"Are you much hurt?" she asked him gravely, anxiously.

"No," he returned smiling, "and help will be here soon." He pressed the hand that touched his own. "Our friend has proved himself," he began, "has proved himself—" and then he fainted quite away.

It was a week later, and down at the wharf a little steamer was lying all

brilliantly alight, and puffing and blowing, impatient to be off. There was ice in the river close to the shore, and the snow was deep on the streets of Dawson. Up on the deck, wrapt in her fur coat, Elise was standing, her little face wreathed in smiles, as a tall policeman, limping a little, came toward her with outstretched hand.

"I have come to say good-bye," he told her, a smile in his nice blue eyes, but looking a little sorry around his mouth, for the child had endeared herself to him in the long months of their comradeship. "And I have brought you a message from our friend."

Elise's eyes were shining. She put both her little hands in his.

"Is it true that the Commissioner gives him his discharge?" she asked eagerly.

"Quite true," the policeman replied. "He is leaving us to-morrow, and next week he is going home. He says you are the best friend he ever had, and he will never forget you."

The whistle of the steamer blew shrilly. Last good-byes were said, and Elise's eyes were dim as she kissed the big policeman "au revoir." And while the little boat fought against the heavy current, and the clouds of golden sparks flew from the smoke-stack like millions of tiny dancing fairies, she watched with wistful eyes as one by one the twinkling lights of Dawson were lost in the distance, and the unbroken shadows of night settled over the hurrying, singing river.



# AN UNREQUITED VIGIL

A STORY OF OLD PORT ROYAL

By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY



THE February dusk fell over famine-stricken Port Royal with a certain sombre menace. That morning, Father Biard, standing at the altar-steps of the simple chapel, had divided the last food among the famishing garrison, and commended them to their Maker; and now, as the grim bastion and snow-clad houses, crouched about the tattered flag of France, grew indistinct against the darkening sky, there was no one in the tiny colony but knew its time was come.

It was five by the clock, and the great hall of the seigneurie, which looked through latticed windows upon the fortress square, was already a prey to shadows. The candles had not yet been lit, and the delicate carvings on the oaken mantel were nebulous in the dim light of the smouldering fire; the faces of the men lounging about the room—members of the Order of the Good Time, the club Champlain had founded a few years before—showed like blurs of shapeless white against the dark background of the wainscoted walls. From the tall brass candlesticks on the long oaken table faint reflections from the embers filtered palely through the gloom.

As the dusk grew deeper, Imbert, the old soldier of fortune, best swordsman in all France, who sat near the head of the table, roused himself with a jerk and clatter of his scabbard on the polished floor. He was a short, squat figure of a man, with enormous shoulders, half-hidden in the shadows. "If I had died twenty odd years ago at Ivry," he said regretfully, "with trumpets blowing, and Henry of Navarre himself looking on—peste! it would have been worth while."

The members of the Order of the Good Time, now gathering for their

last meeting, drew their ruffles closer over their thin white hands, shivered and were silent. Imbert settled frowningly into his high-backed chair. "But to die in this wilderness called Acadie," he went on with savage disdain; "to starve to death like a rat in a trap—what end is that for a man who wears a sword?"

There was an impatient stir in the rear of the hall, and Biencourt, the young seigneur of Port Royal, tall and smooth of face, came forward to the fire. He had been sitting, biting his nails at fate, in the velvet-covered chair of state, whence the rulers of Port Royal were wont to judge their vassals. "To die like this—watching the end come slowly and mocking it all the while—is worth twenty deaths at Ivry," he declared with a quick wave of his hand; and as he smoked he kicked the smouldering logs into a sudden flame.

In the bright upspringing the Order of the Good Time presented a sorry spectacle. Gay doublets flapped over shrunken shoulders; silken hose hung loosely upon wasted limbs; the dozen faces were like death-masks in the flaring light. From Imbert to the youngest gallant fresh from Paris and the Court, all bore traces of the famine. Their cheeks were sunken, deep circles showed beneath their eyes, the hands that twitched nervously at their long lace ruffles were bloodless and fleshless as the hands of the dead.

"A lot of ghosts," cried Imbert on a sudden, eyeing them as they watched the leaping flames. "A lot of ghosts," he repeated, pushing his grizzled black hair back from his scarred forehead with one monstrous hand, while with the other he rattled his useless sword—a sword given him in his wilder days by the famous pirate, Pierre Euston. "And this is better than Ivry," he went

on derisively, "this sitting still and starving in a colony forgotten by God and man?" He stamped furiously on the floor. "And a fête night at Fontainebleau, no doubt?" he added with a savage grimace.

Biencourt slowly took up one of the quaint lobster-claw Indian pipes that lay upon the mantel. The firelight played upon his doublet and hose of soft blue satin, and threw his high cheek-bones into bold relief against his light brown hair. "A little touch of famine and we whine like women," he cried scornfully, as he lit his pipe with a splinter from the fire. "Is there a beggarly fur-trader from Havre de Grace who would whimper if famine pinched him?"

A murmur of approval ran through the hall, and died away among the antlered moose-heads on the walls. The Order of the Good Time had scant liking for the thievish traders of St. Malo and La Havre. "Besides," went on Biencourt, confidently, as though the argument were not long since worn thread-bare, "when my father left for France last autumn he promised to send a supply-ship for the new year. Eh bien! the supply-ship must be close at hand."

In the great hall there was a silence broken only by the crackling of the flames—the tolerant silence of men who do not care to quarrel uselessly. Imbert rested his chin upon his hands and stared thoughtfully into the fire; but for a moment no one spoke, till little Gervais, the cripple, best chansonsinger in Port Royal, leaned forward in his chair.

"Let us be happy, gentlemen," he broke in brightly. "If the worst come, it is a goodly company we go to join. I remember we lost thirty-five that dreary winter on the island in the Passamaquoddy Bay. How it all comes back to one!—the circling pines, the frozen ground, and the curé saying his prayers beside the open grave, under the dull, grey sky."

Jean de Plessis, who sat close up to the fire, warming his shrivelled hands, looked up smiling, despite his years.

He was a snowy-haired old man of seventy, worn with illness and starvation, yet his smile was childlike and sweet. "And the comrades lying in the cemetery yonder," he said brightly, "are they not waiting to give us a welcome? There is poor Pierre, with whom I used to play at dice the winter Champlain was with us, and to whom I owe revenge. Then there is little Aubel, who wrote ballads to his mistress in Paris about the snow, and who perished that winter night just beyond the bend of the river. Oh, I tell you," he went on, his face lighting up, "there will be old comrades to greet us!"

Biencourt laid his pipe upon the mantel with a nod to Imbert. The latter shrugged his broad shoulders as he rose to his feet. It was time he should accompany Biencourt on their evening round. "A very disagreeable idea!" he observed, addressing himself to a dark figure that had just appeared in the doorway. "Must a man face his enemies together, and he alone? Besides, there may be men we do not want to meet—eh, M. de Garets?"

The new-comer, who was clad entirely in black, even to his ruffles, came slowly into the glare of the fire, which gave to his pointed beard, black eyebrows and deep-set, smouldering eyes an expression sinister and equivocal. "So much the better to have them precede us!" he said grimly, stretching out his hands toward the blaze.

The Order of the Good Time watched his black-robed figure as if fascinated. Indeed, they never wearied of the story of this silent, morose man, who, worsted by Fortune in France, had fled to Acadie, only to receive fresh buffets at her hands. All knew of the enmity between him and Biencourt—an enmity gendered of trifles, but growing bitter by degrees—and of the duel the two had fought the previous summer on the bastion. As for the duel itself, brief and bloodless as it was, it would soon have been forgotten but for a curious circumstance. As Biencourt, after disarming his opponent,

handed him back his sword, de Garets had been seen to turn pale and shiver. Next instant he had caught up his gorgeous yellow doublet that lay upon the bastion, and flung it with a curse into the miry reek outside the walls. "I will wear black till my grief passes," he said in explanation; and from that hour he had worn nothing else, dressing always in a sombre black velvet that matched his sombre face.

Imbert's shaggy eyebrows were drawn down in a frown as he watched the newcomer warming his hands. "You have been walking in the snow," he observed shortly.

"Not I," was the cool reply.

"You have forgotten it then," broke in Gervais, with his hearty laugh. "Your boots are wet."

All looked down. De Garets' boots were certainly making wet marks on the polished floor. An angry denial leaped from his lips. "I have not been walking in the snow," he repeated sharply.

Imbert shrugged his shoulders while he followed Biencourt from the room. "Then you must have been walking somewhere else," he said politely, as he closed the door.

The square of the fortress—hemmed in on two sides by living rooms, on a third by magazines and storehouses, and on the fourth by the bastion—loomed spectrally through the twilight, its sheeted houses seeming very grave and silent. A gusty wind blew in from sea, and tossed the fleur-de-lis of France that flew in the centre of the square noisily against its staff. The four cannon on the bastion were indistinguishable beneath a covering of snow; the paths across the square had become mere ill-defined and half-obliterated hollows in the drifts.

Imbert paused in the middle of their useless round. "If it snows again," he said reflectively, "we are too weak to shovel the pathways clear, and then—"

"And then?"

The old soldier pointed to an Indian camp-fire, flaring on a tongue of land not far away. "The deer are leagues

deep in the forest, and the savages are hungry too. Remember the tale Champlain told of the Penobscots years ago."

Biencourt shuddered. He remembered the gruesome story of that nameless crime only too well. Imbert paused before the door of the empty storehouse. "Where did that knave, de Garets, get his boots wet?" he asked suddenly.

Biencourt started at the question. "How should I know?" he said, after a moment's reflection.

"If I only knew," went on Imbert, with a frown; "but, peste! what good would it do? The accursed colony is bewitched. I have heard the red gods of Acadie at their work, and I tell you Port Royal is doomed."

The young seigneur of Port Royal gazed absently at the black bulk of the storehouse extending downward to the bastion. "The red gods," he repeated indifferently, stepping into the shelter of the wall, for the air was biting cold. "What of them?"

"For years our priests have mocked them," went on Imbert moodily; "the cross has been flaunted over their holy places, and now"—he waved his hand toward the evergreen forest, which, like some beast in ambush, lay about the little fort, its dark mass black against the sky-line—"now the red gods have come from the wilderness to their revenge. Port Royal is bewitched. I have known it these three weeks."

There was something so absurd in the older man's angry attitude, something so very childish in his fears, that Biencourt burst into a hearty laugh, leaning for support against the storehouse door. Imbert's superstitious fears of Indian gods had been the subject of many of his jests. He was about to deliver himself of yet another, despite the tragic position of affairs, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, a faint sound of footsteps became audible from the empty storehouse behind.

It was an age when men believed in charms and diabolical visitations, and



when a certain glamour of mystery still hung over the banished gods of the Indians. Strange tales of their cruelty, of their caprices, of their crimes, passed from lip to lip around dying camp-fires; tales to laugh at by daylight, as Biencourt had often laughed, but which now, in the shadowy gloom, began to take on an air of menacing and unwelcome truth. These sinister steps in the empty storehouse, as he admitted to himself, struck cold upon his heart; so cold that it was with a perceptible effort that he bent forward to listen.

With his head against the door he found it possible to hear a faint muffled sound, as of some one walking to and fro on tiptoe, followed at intervals by the subdued clang of a scabbard, as though the invisible walker faced quickly on his heel whenever he reached the limit of his walk; the whole indistinct and far away as though coming from a distance. For a moment Biencourt listened; then he drew back irresolutely. Imbert's contention no longer seemed ridiculous.

The storehouse was empty; he had locked the door that morning after the last food had been removed. The brass key itself lay in his pocket; he could feel it as he stood there. That a man could be in the storehouse was in itself impossible; that he could march to and fro and make no more noise than the faint echoes to which they had been listening was manifestly absurd. The young seigneur, mindful of many curious happenings in Acadie, felt a thrill of wonder and apprehension pass over him. He turned toward his companion, and just at that instant caught a glint of light from the guard-room at the gate of the fort. "I will get a torch from the sentry," he whispered on a sudden impulse, "and we will go in."

Beside the great stone gateway, carved above with the lilies of France, was the guard-room, lit by a roaring fire that threw fantastic shadows on the walls, and flung a lonely shaft of light into the wilderness without. As Biencourt entered, the sentry—agaunt,

bloodless fellow with high cheek-bones—was in a reverie; his arquebuse had fallen to the floor, and he sat with clasped hands staring blankly at the wall.

"A torch, Pierre," said his master kindly; "and have you had your rations yet?"

The soldier staggered to his feet as he saluted, and pointed to a scant handful of dried pease that lay upon the table. "The good Father Biard gave them to me this morning," said he, lighting a huge pine-knot at the fire; "but I keep them till the famine bites deeper."

Within the square were formless masses of frozen snow, which, as Biencourt, torch in hand, retraced his steps, loomed suddenly upon his near approach like foes from ambush. But near the storehouse the snow had been swept clean, and there the flickering light fell fitfully upon the iron-studded door, and threw Imbert's elongated shadow in wavering outlines half across it. Both men drew their swords in silence. Then Biencourt, inserting the key, flung the door wide open, and they entered.

There was absolutely nothing in the long, empty room. Not a single package of stores lay on the empty shelves; the wreckage of boxes and barrels had been taken away earlier in the day, and only stains and discolorations showed where it had lain. In such an utterly bare space nothing could possibly be hidden; and Biencourt, who had been vaguely expectant of some solution to the mystery, shook his head with disappointment. "The place is bewitched," he cried angrily.

A moment later as the two stood staring blankly at each other, the silence was broken by a faint creaking sound, as though an invisible door was being slowly opened; and then, without further warning, the noise they had before heard recommenced, this time somewhat more distinctly. To and fro went the steps, five and then a pause, as though the unseen walker were parading up and down the empty

storehouse on tiptoe. Imbert, who held the torch, flung its light upon the cobwebs in the corner as though the secret lurked there, then he lowered it again.

"No Indian walks that way," he said slowly. "It is a white man's stride. And of all the white men who have died in Acadie, never one had walk like this. And of living men," he went on frowningly—

"Yes," interjected the other impatiently, "what of them?"

For answer Imbert stamped his foot on the wooden floor and a faint, impalpable dust rose ceilingward in a wan cloud. The sound rang hollowly through the empty room, then the echoes died and all was silent as the grave. The mysterious steps had ceased as if by magic.

Nor were they renewed, though the two waited some minutes in a tense silence. Finally Imbert sheathed his sword with a gesture of relief and turned toward the door. "I need time to think, lad," he said with decision, "and I need to look at the old plan of the fort in my room. Besides the members of the Order must be growing impatient for their supper."

Biencourt nodded assent. "No doubt," he admitted, as he closed and locked the door behind them. "But I wonder what those sounds portend."

The older man quenched the torch in a mound of snow. "Who knows? A death—a sudden death—in the Order, maybe," he said reflectively.

They were very merry that evening in the great hall of the seigneurie. Candles had been lit in the tall brass candlesticks on the oaken table, and in sconces above the doorway, and in their mellow light the weapons and strange Indian relics on the walls showed in bold relief against the dark wainscoting. On a settle near the fire Imbert sat absorbed in a small leather-bound volume he had brought from his room, while the rest of the Order of the Good Time watched the famished lackeys as they set the wine cups on the table. Then presently

Raoul de Garets entered, and lackeys and wine were both forgotten.

He had thrown aside his dress of sombre black, and now appeared in a green doublet slashed with pink; a smile was on his lips as he glanced about the room. "I am happy once more," said he brightly, "or at all events I will try to be happy for the last meeting."

The members of the Order nodded their approval. It was, indeed, the club's last meeting ere they should sup with that grim clubman, Death. Biencourt, who was president for the week, and therefore giver of the evening's feast, began donning his embroidered collar of office. "The curé says life is like a flame," he observed. "Surely it is better it should blaze, even if it burns the sooner to the ember."

"And I," said Jean de Plessis, with an air of consideration, "have no objection if the embers flicker up once more ere the fire goes black out, and the night comes."

Imbert rose to his feet, keeping his place in the book with one finger. "Fine speeches but foolish ones," was his comment, as the club gathered around the table. "Who wants to die? Not you and I, eh, M. de Garets?"

De Garets started and shivered. "Not I, certainly," he agreed. "Port Royal would be a dull place to die in." He took his seat at the table. "The dullest place in the world," he added.

One of the cherished rules of the society was that relating to the supply of the table. Upon the president of the evening rested the responsibility of furnishing the weekly dinner, a matter of no great hardship generally, for the Order of the Good Time wisely chose its president a week in advance, to give him time enough for preparation. But of late the dinners had been growing astonishingly meagre. The previous week Jean de Plessis had been able to provide nothing better than dried pease and broken biscuits. And now as the Order settled into their high-backed chairs, not a few wagers depended on the question, What had

Biencourt obtained for their last meeting?

They were soon to know. Jean de Plessis, who by virtue of age sat next to Biencourt, removed the cover from his dish with a flourish, and revealed the contents. There was nothing within but a few spruce twigs, interspersed with pieces of melting ice. With one impulse the others removed the covers from the dishes before them, disclosing in all spruce twigs and ice. A riotous laugh burst from the assembled clubmen. This was indeed the finest jest Port Royal had ever known.

Old Jean de Plessis laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Ah, it is a rare jest," he cried admiringly. "The pity is that it will die with us."

"And that is a pity," observed de Garets grimly.

Gervais touched the keynote and gave expression to the irony beneath the laughter. "It is all so droll, is it not, Messieurs? Twigs and ice. The lonely forests and the limitless ice to watch our graves."

De Garets lifted his wine-cup slowly to his lips, smiling the while a curious smile. The mellow candle-light touched his dark face lightly and played like gleams of flame across his brooding eyes. "It will be very lonely lying out on the hillsides," said he, "very lonely."

"The king may build a town here some day," observed Biencourt, "and strangers may chance upon our bones and wonder who we were."

"If there are kings in that time to come," interjected de Garets. "Perchance the future holds little for kings."

Imbert, who had been sitting immersed in his book, turned toward the speaker with a frown. "A poor dinner, what say you, M. de Garets?" he cried in gruff tones, lifting one of the spruce twigs from the dish before him, and holding it poised between thumb and forefinger. "I wager you and I can find a better one without such silly jokes."

De Garets lifted his eyebrows in enquiry, as he refilled his wine-cup.

"The joke is by no means silly; and and where should we find a better dinner?"

Imbert closed his book with precision. Then he stepped back from the table and drew his sword. "In the secret chamber you have just come from, underneath the storehouse," he said with a futile attempt to mock de Garets' langour.

There was a roar from the club like the roar of caged and angry lions. Swords were drawn and chairs flung aside as the members started to their feet, and drew together in a wall of steel around de Garets, who, regardless of the demonstration, sat sipping his wine without a tremor.

"Your Gascon manners weary me," he cried, addressing himself to Imbert; "always the same—theatrical and silly—as if this were a scene from one of Master Shakespeare's stupid English plays. I have but to close my eyes to fancy myself in a London theatre, listening again to Hamlet's weary mouthings." He sat back in his chair with a little sigh. Imbert pointed at him.

"The rogue had not been out, yet his shoes were wet; therefore I suspected. An hour ago in the storehouse I heard his footsteps beneath plainly enough to detect his curious stride; the old plan of the fort showed me the rest, an excavation beneath the storehouse once made for a magazine. Then I knew the wet feet came from the damp underground road he had been treading—a road he must tread for the club again before he dies."

The members of the Order of the Good Time were no longer men. The gay mask they had been wearing had dropped suddenly and completely, and the primitive savage love of existence now spoke eloquently from their faces. As the light of the candles in the great hall played athwart them they seemed incarnate appetites standing there.

Raoul de Garets laughed mirthlessly as he set his wine-cup down on the table. "And I imagined my run of ill-luck was over," he said with bit-

ter scorn. "One life in Paris, and now the other here. It was the old seigneur's secret, not mine," he went on composedly; "he gave me a note to Biencourt the day he went away—"

"I remember," broke in Gervais eagerly. "We two were the last to speak to him, as his vessel passed our canoe in the lower bay. It was then he gave de Garets the note."

Biencourt shivered violently, as though the treachery had been his own. "And that very day," said he, "though he gave me no letter, he did ask me something—the privilege of occupying my father's private room—the gloomy one to the right; and as he claimed a promise from my father, I let him have it."

Imbert stamped his foot upon the floor. "Ay, the room that must hold the door to the secret passage," he cried. "Oh, be sure this wretch will pay for our sufferings, drop by drop, with his life-blood. He shall die—"

"Who shall die, son?" said a gentle voice, and Father Biard, who had been a silent witness, stepped in from the doorway. The good priest's once stout form was now much shrunken, and his face, before round and smiling, was now worn and haggard, though his dark eyes still gleamed brightly from beneath his coal-black hair. In his right hand he lifted aloft his silver crucifix and held it above de Garets, who, with one elbow on the table, toyed thoughtfully with his ruffles. "He has done enough for death, yet I claim him even in the valley of the shadow. What, shall men snatched by God's mercy and one man's wit from a cruel death dare vent their rage in such a manner? Messieurs of the club and Seigneur of Port Royal, I claim this man's life for God."

Father Biard spoke earnestly, his deep tones filling the great hall; and, as he spoke, a hush fell upon his hearers, their sword-points drooped, and even old Imbert, who had scant enough liking for priests, was somewhat touched.

"Ay, we are all in the valley of the shadow, father," he said soberly. "If

you hold him you may have him; but if you loose your hold I swear I will run him through."

Therefore it chanced that night that there was a strange procession. Father Biard and de Garets led the way, arm in arm; the former crucifix in hand, the latter smiling in his sombre fashion. And behind, with drawn swords, came the members of the club, Biencourt and Imbert leading, Jean de Plessis and Gervais bringing up the rear.

The hidden door in de Garets' room was soon opened, and then, torch in hand, the procession descended a flight of rude stone steps into a roughly paved stone passage. Here the scene became fantastic as the light of the pine-knots glanced from the damp pavements and frozen walls, and touched the unsheathed swords. But always it flamed brightest on the silver crucifix in Father Biard's hands, and on Imbert's mighty sword, poised ready to strike if the priest should even for an instant lose his hold.

But this he never did, holding de Garets tenderly as a child, despite his scornful protests; and in this fashion they passed through an open door into the secret storehouse beyond.

It was a small, rough-hewn chamber, piled high with boxes and barrels—provisions enough for several months to come. In one corner were broken packages, showing where de Garets had made inroads on the stores; and, fastened before a tall candle (rifled from a large boxful), was the most curious thing of all—a letter to Biencourt from his father, sent through de Garets himself, telling of the secret storehouse, and how, during an absence of the garrison the previous summer, he had, assisted by three of his personal attendants, prepared it for an emergency. "I had not intended to tell you the secret," the letter went on, "but since leaving Port Royal an hour ago I have begun to fear lest the supplyship may be delayed; so send this by a trusty hand."

All gathered around as Biencourt read the letter aloud. The paper was wagging slowly in a draught, which

came, it was afterwards discovered, from an ingeniously-contrived ventilation hole leading outward beneath the bastion. On the floor, under the letter, were scattered fragments of biscuits, showing that the wretch had been there, gloating over his vengeance. The gruesome sight was almost too much for Imbert's self-possession, and he again lifted his sword. But Father Biard gently raised his crucifix and drew de Garets tighter, and Imbert fell back. "Only that your hand holds him, father," he cried angrily.

Ten minutes later the Order of the Good Time was again seated at table in the great hall of the seigneurie, eating and making merry; while on the deep settle skirting the room, in the kitchen, and in the hallway, Pierre the sentry and the other retainers of Port Royal were seated, all feasting bravely. Everyone gave a toast. Biencourt was in sparkling humour; Gervais surpassed himself with his merry jests. Only Imbert said little, contenting

himself with sitting, sword in hand, beside the curé and de Garets.

All through the night the revelling went on, and still these three sat silent; Father Biard holding de Garets by the hand, and Imbert watching to see him lose his hold. It was morning when the club sang its last chanson and adjourned, and then de Garets turned upon Father Biard with a frown. "You weary me with your prayers, old meddler!" he cried angrily. "What is life to a man who has lost honour? May my curse go with you!" And he flung himself out of the room.

In the great hall, where the candles sputtered low amid a cloud of shadows, Father Biard remained alone upon his knees. His lips moved slowly as if in prayer, and as the grey light of dawn crept through the latticed windows, his hair, black the night before, showed grey about the temples, and the face itself was worn and old and lined with pain.

## CANADIAN LITERATURE

*From the Stratford Herald of December 5th.*

"THE growing campaign to encourage 'Made in Canada' articles should extend to our literature. And our literature is improving. By degrees it is attaining worthy rank. The books of Ralph Connor have given Canadian literature a new impetus, and doubtless his new one just out, "The Prospector," will make another big record as a seller. Sir Gilbert Parker's books have also brought fame to Canada, and by the way a most informing illustrated article in the same number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is by that eminent Canadian member of the British House of Commons, describing his experiences as a new member of that august body. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE itself is a splendid exemplar of Canadian progress in literature. We doubt if any of our manufacturers

can show a higher percentage of advancement than has been exhibited by THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE in recent years. In attractiveness of contents as well as of printing and pictorial embellishment, it vies with the sumptuous American magazine, but it has the Canadian and national flavour that can be found nowhere else and that is grateful to a real Canadian's pride in his growing country. The best minds in Canada are among its contributors—men often of national repute. We should like to see THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE displace some tens of thousands of foreign magazines which find sale here. We don't hope this solely because the magazine is Canadian, but because of belief that satisfaction will result from applying to it the principle of home preference."

# Current Events Abroad.

## NEW YEAR FOR THE NATIONS

WHAT the year 1905 may have in store for the nations is a matter of absorbing speculation. It is doubtful if there ever was a time which exhibited more contradictory traits and tendencies. We have on the one hand the Hague Peace Tribunal and on the other two nations engaged in the most sanguinary war of modern times. To the initiative of one of these the Peace Tribunal owes its existence, the other is a subscriber to the principle. We have the President of the United States in his annual message to Congress relating that he has invited the nations to partake in another Peace Conference, and in subsequent paragraphs urging

his countrymen to go on increasing the strength of the navy. "The strong arm of the government," he says, "in enforcing respect for its just rights in international matters is the navy of the United States. . . . Our voice is now potent for peace, and is so potent because we are not afraid of war." In another paragraph he practically notifies the southern and central countries of this hemisphere that they must act in a manner pleasing to the United States or suffer their displeasure. "Chronic wrongdoing," he says, "or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society, may in America, as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilised nation, and in the

western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrongdoing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

There is another aspect of the time in which strong contrasts are presented. It will be remembered how sensitive the English-speaking world was with regard to the butcher bills of the South African war. The whole Empire grieved over the slaughter at Magersfontein. Yet there have been scores of Magersfonteins in the present struggle in the East, and still the butchery goes on. The two peoples whose children are being mown down by the scores of thousands do not appear



WHY?

SKULL OF COMMON RUSSIAN SOLDIER—"I died for the glory of the Czar."

SKULL OF COMMON JAPANESE SOLDIER—"And I for the glory of the Mikado."  
—Boise Statesman.



203 METRE HILL, AT PORT ARTHUR

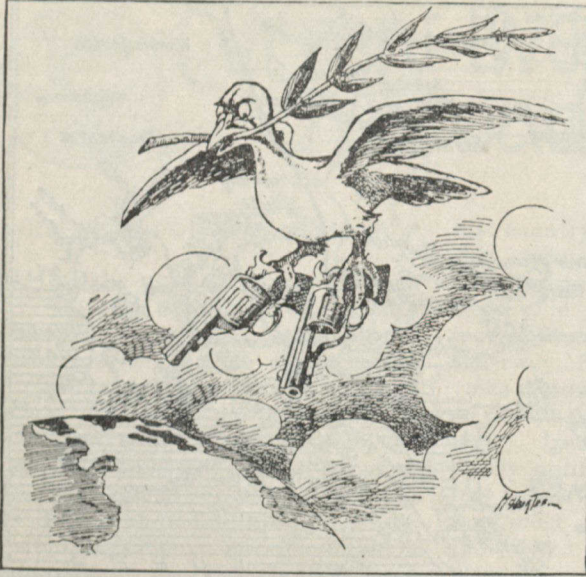
This important position commands the new town of Port Arthur and the deeper portion of the Harbour. Its capture by the Japanese, though costly, enabled them to mount guns in such a position as to command the Russian ships. They then proceeded to sink them in order. The forts on the east side of the Railway are still in possession of the Russians.

to be stopped for a moment by the spectacle. Consider these sentences taken from an account of the fighting at Port Arthur: "For over thirty yards between the trenches there was a veritable shambles. The last fighting was over the slain... The ramparts were black with bodies... The defenders were annihilated... Their artillery made the interior forts a seething cauldron of bursting shells... The struggle was absolutely hand-to-hand. The defenders of the greatest part of the bombproofs on the lower levels of the fort were annihilated, and the sections and cross-sections of the bombproofs were piled with corpses."



The question that arises is, Are the nations which curdle with horror over

a Magersfontein made of stuff stern enough to sustain their places in the world against neighbours who sustain these infinite hecatombs of slaughter with almost unbroken equanimity. It is the barbarian's indifference to bloodshed and suffering. We are witnessing a conflict between Goths and Huns armed with the latest destructive inventions of the twentieth century. Are the advanced nations, steeped as they are in humanitarian sentiment, prepared to hold their own against nations which devote whole armies to destruction with grim serenity? It is a serious question. Our encounters with barbarism have hitherto been of the kind where a small, select, highly-trained and finely-armed force was pitted against hosts of brave but ill-disciplined and absurdly armed savages. It



ANDREW CARNEGIE WOULD HAVE A PEACE TRIBUNAL WITH POWER TO ENFORCE DECISIONS.—St. Paul *Dispatch*.

was the machine gun against the assegai or bolo. Exception may be taken to classing the Russians and Japanese with savages. There is no such intention, save to point out that the rulers of both retain the savage's contempt for death and the barbarian's callousness to carnage and its accompanying hideous misery and anguish. Are the leaders of the world's civilisation about to go down before the ruthless temper of barbarism, as the civilised Roman was submerged by the onset of the hardy natives of the German forests? We have the teachings of history for our guidance, and those of us who draw from its pages the lesson that humanity, in spite of all obstacles, staggers resolutely upwards, will believe that the better part will rescue itself from any such impending social or political cataclysm. The lesson we may have to learn may be that there is something else for the individual civilised man to do than studying how to prolong his days.



In the meantime one of the ogre nations is having as much trouble as

the one-eyed giant who fell a victim to the wiles of Noman. His adventures in war are still of the disastrous kind. He seems to be doing everything too late. His European fleets are starting for the scene of conflict just at the juncture when they can neither aid, nor expect aid, from their brethren at Port Arthur or Vladivostock. Forty million dollars' worth of battleships, cruisers and Wasps and Hornets lie battered like old tin kettles at the bottom of Port Arthur harbour. Relieved of watching these, Admiral Togo is free to go forth and turn his attention to Vladivostock or the approaching Baltic fleet. The future that looms before the latter mailed argosy is epic in its possibilities. All sorts of mortuary ideas crowd the mind while thinking of it. The procession to the scaffold, the night before the fatal duel, and other similar mental pictures arise, but the uppermost thought is that Russia and the whole world feels that it is steaming around the globe to its doom. The unexpected may happen, but it is a safe species of prophecy to say that when the Baltic fleet has met the enemy the word "delenda" may be written.



In the meantime the Russian authorities have trouble at home. The representatives of the municipalities are pressing to be called together in a central gathering, which might be regarded as the germ of a Parliament or states-general. While this movement is progressing serious riots break out in St. Petersburg, giving rise to the fear that any disposition that the Czar might have had towards granting the wishes of the Zemstvos will be chilled by the inopportune outbreak of the populace of the capital. Alto-



gether the condition of the huge empire both at home and abroad is perilous, and King Richard's conclusion, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," was never more strikingly illustrated than in the case of Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias.



So large a place is held by the problems to which the Russo-Japanese war has given rise that the affairs of other nations seem tame and almost insignificant in comparison. But it is a case where "happy is the nation whose annals are dull." France is able to look abroad on the New Year with confidence. In spite of all assaults of its enemies, the Combes Ministry maintains a firm hold on power, and proceeds with its secularising programme with a ruthlessness that one would think would eventually arouse sympathy with the excluded religious and teaching orders. Thanks to M. Delcassé, France's foreign relations were never on firmer ground. The only ominous thing is the staggering load of taxation which the country bears, from which there is no hope of relief while her armaments are maintained on their present scale. Some level-headed man may happen along one of these days and have the courage to propose retrenchments in the military expenditures, to give industry and energy a chance to breathe.



Germany is chiefly engaged in endeavouring to find a solution for its economic problems, and seems to be interesting itself so little in foreign problems that the campaign of the anti-German *National Review* and other English publications is beginning to look a little like a nightmare. It is



CHRIST AND BUDDHA ON THE SHAKHE

"And they ask our aid for this!" —*Jugend* (Munich)

true that the German Minister at Peking is represented as making trouble there over the approval of the British-Thibet treaty, but, with or without the approval of Peking, the Anglo-Indian authorities will insist that the relations between Delhi and Lhasa shall be on the basis of that treaty. The German Bogey has been overdone. The only real point of abrasion between Germany and Britain is the trade one. As both nations are pursuing fiscal policies diametrically opposite to each other, students of economics ought to have some valuable material for the enforcement or abandonment of their arguments within the next few years. In the meantime the great problem for the German statesman is to satisfy the agrarian interest with almost prohibitive duties on farm produce, while at the same time affording the masses of workingmen food at reasonable figures. It is not the first time that a solution has been sought for this, and it grows no simpler with the flight of years.

*John A. Ewan*

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



## CHILD AND MOTHER

O mother-my-love, if you'll give me your hand

And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet posy-garden out there,  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,  
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air

With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you;  
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead

A song which our dreaming shall soften.  
So, mother-my-love, let me take your dear hand,

And away through the starlight we'll wander—

Away through the mist to the beautiful land,  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

—EUGENE FIELD.

## WELCOMING HER EXCELLENCY

ON the arrival of their Excellencies Earl and Lady Grey at Government House, Halifax, on Saturday, Dec. 10th, the Countess was presented with an address by the National Council of Women of Canada. Mrs. R. L. Borden, in the absence of Mrs. Thomson, of St. John, president of the National Council, read the address, and Mrs. Archibald, on behalf of the local Council of Women of Halifax,

presented a bouquet of carnations and pink roses. The bouquet was accompanied by a specially bound copy of the year book of the National Council.

After the graceful welcome and introduction, Mrs. Thomson said :

“Essentially a union of women workers along all lines of philanthropic, charitable and educational effort, the National Council of Women knows no barriers of class, race or creed, imposes on its members no restrictions as to the nature of the tasks they shall undertake; but, recognising only the great need of an intelligent and united interest in whatever makes for the highest good of the community, it has set itself to study the best methods of work, and to help, if possible, to solve the many problems which present themselves in the building up of national character. We realise that the foundations must be well laid, that our outlook must be at once broad and comprehensive, and yet quick to note each detail that might either help or hinder. Thus, while each society or group of societies has its own special work, which from the very nature of things it prefers to do in its own special manner, the effect of the correlation of these societies is to compare methods, to broaden views, to deepen and quicken interest, while we seek to apply the golden rule: “Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you,” to society, custom and law.

“Such, then, in brief, are the aims of the National Council of Women of Canada, and very gratefully do they acknowledge to-day a lasting debt of



A CURLING SCENE IN MONTREAL

gratitude to the noble women who have been your Excellency's predecessors: the Countess of Aberdeen, who, by her active and never-failing interest in Canadian women, inspired them by precept and example to this patriotic service; and also Lady Minto, whose valuable work in establishing cottage hospitals will be her lasting memorial.

"We hope that Your Excellency will befriend us in no less degree; we have heard much of your public spirit and valuable services in the motherland, and we welcome your coming among us, one to whom we may look with confidence as a leader in all that makes for the highest good of Canadian women. And, if we may say so, as a comrade who will work with us for our beloved country.

"We desire to extend a most sincere and respectful greeting to His Excellency the Governor-General, and to your daughters, and to bid you all a very hearty welcome."

The address was signed by Emma Jones, honorary vice-president of the

National Council of Women for Canada; Laura Borden, vice-president of the National Council of Women for Nova Scotia; Joanna M. Daly, life member of the Council for Canada, and Edith J. Archibald, president of the Local Council of Halifax.

Lady Grey expressed her thanks for the cordial welcome extended her by the women of Canada. She said she had already heard a great deal of the work of the National Council, and now hoped to be able to see it for herself. She was anxious to co-operate with them in their endeavour for the greater well-being of the country, and would give her best work to them.

#### THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

THE National Council of Women for Canada has indeed a great work in hand. It has already accomplished much, but the greatest thing it has ever attempted it is just beginning now, in conjunction with the other eighteen National Councils of the world. This is an organised effort

to cope with the great organised white-slave traffic. "Its proportions are awful," said Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, the secretary of the International Council, "and our people—our mothers and fathers and daughters—are entirely ignorant of it. In Canada the trade has not reached such a height as it has on the continent, but it is bad even here. And the only thing we can do at present is to give warning to everybody. The 'white slave' dealers are organised as perfectly as any insurance company, and their methods are constantly changing. For instance, one of our own Toronto papers recently inserted an ordinary ad. for a governess. A well-educated, refined girl from near Guelph answered, was accepted, and received directions. On her arrival here she was met at the station, and has completely disappeared. Not a trace of her can be found, although the policemen have been working hard on the case. The clerk at the office who took in the want ad. remembers perfectly the well-dressed woman who brought it in in a businesslike way, but no trace of her can be found. The address given the unfortunate girl is a vacant lot here."

The national and local councils of these strong, earnest women are asking all girls who contemplate leaving home to write to them before taking any step. Any member will find out if the offer of a situation is genuine, and will report immediately. "We will not spare ourselves," Mrs. Cummings continued, "until we can down this awful work. A friend of mine has told me of two young ladies, acquaintances of hers, who were crossing the channel from France with their aunt and footman. On their trip they became naturally acquainted with an exceedingly gentle and well-bred woman, even the aunt admiring her and being drawn to her. Before taking the train at Dover the lady remarked casually: "My, I would like a cup of tea, but do not want to go into the eating-room alone. Would you come with me?" The two young ladies politely acquiesced. When the

train began to move out the footman, who was waiting on the platform, decided he had missed his charges, and boarded the platform. The most untiring efforts of police and frantic relatives have failed to gain any clew of the whereabouts of the vanished girls.

These cases are out of many and many that the noble Council of Women have undertaken. Owing to their well-organised methods they can quickly communicate with each other, making a circuit of the whole globe. They are to be thanked for the passing of the anti-spitting by-law, and are now seeing some success in the enforcing of the clause. "It is not a small thing," the international secretary said, "for by expectation alone consumption is spread." Inside of half an hour Mrs. Cummings had answered the telephone some fifteen times, interviewed a young English-woman who had carried her baby with her to find work, secured her a good place by 'phone, given her specific directions and matronly advice, and had, besides divulging a fund of information, helped a Salvation Army officer to locate a lost comrade.

"I am very much worried," she said, "over a woman I lost some weeks ago. She had come out from England through the Canadian Labour Agency, and, with her baby, had remained for the night at the Y. M. C. A. I found her a good place with a friend of mine, left word for her, and she completely disappeared, with the baby. Her name was Mrs. Punter. At last I have had to communicate with the police, although I was deterred for some time out of a fear of hurting her feelings if she had taken a little room anywhere. The police have not yet found her."

Any organisation may send a representative to the Local Councils; or, if a society have a membership comprising women or men and women living in different parts of the province, it may send a member and delegates to the National Council of Canada. The International Council, which met at Winnipeg last year, has been in-

vited to Canada for its next gathering, and will be held at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in July.

B. J. T.

#### CHURCH MARRIAGES

THERE is a great deal of significance in the adoption by the Anglican synod recently convened in Vancouver of a motion prohibiting marriages in private houses instead of in churches. Marriage, in Canada at least, is a sacred thing, and the churchmen have realised that it was befitting to sanctify the outward union of "whom God hath joined together" in the holy precincts of the church. There are exceptional cases, of course, where it seems necessary and best for the bride to enter her new sphere from the protecting walls of her maiden home, and these are not overlooked, but may be allowed by special permission of the bishop.

B. J. T.

#### A VALUABLE RING

COMBINED with a real fund of inexhaustible humour, Rev. J. E. Stackhouse, Baptist Missionary for the Northwest, possesses the feeling and magnetism that so often go with real humour. He was preaching recently in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church at Toronto. His subject was Consecration.

"A year ago, when I was in Aylmer," he said at the close, "I was speaking on the needs of missions in the Northwest, and met a motherless little deformed girl. Her father, in the West, was unable to support her, and, in spite of her deformity, she was making her own living. Moved by the appeal, she offered me her diamond ring—the gift of her dead mother. I refused to take it, but she insisted. Finally I took it, and went to a jeweller's with it. He offered me twenty dollars for the ring, but this I refused. No—" he broke in, suddenly, producing the ring in the pulpit and holding it up to the light, "I determined that, instead of selling this ring, I would raise \$2,000 with it for Western Mis-

sions. Already I have raised over \$1,900. Perhaps I shall get the balance of the \$2,000 here to-night."

And when the service was over donors came forward by the score, and the total amount put in the plate held by Mr. Stackhouse was \$288.

The ring was returned to the little girl the next day.

Verily, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth."

#### PRESENTATION TO LADY MINTO

IT was a nice thing—the giving of a diamond maple leaf to Lady Minto on her leaving Canada. The citizens of Ottawa could not have thought of a more befitting souvenir from "the land of the maple." Aside from its intrinsic value, the leaf is of beautiful form and emblematic. When her scheme for establishing lending libraries in the Northwest, a proposal which has been adopted and will be put into operation as soon as the details are perfected, is in working order, the people of Canada will have a very tangible and immense souvenir of Lady Minto. The libraries will be supplied by the Victoria League, through the Aberdeen Association. The Victoria League, of which Mrs. Drummond is the London president of the Canadian branch, is an English organisation for supplying good English literature to the sparsely-settled districts of the colonies, and it is the main source of the supply of the central branch of the Aberdeen Association.

Lead lives of love, that others who behold your lives may kindle, too, with love, and cast their lots with you.

—ROSETTI.

O give to us a finer ear  
Above the stormy din!  
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer  
Ring peace and freedom in.

—WHITTIER.

A kind word often does more good than a large gift.

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.



NEW Governor-General may mean much to Canada, or he may mean little. There were days when the Governor was everything to a North American Colony. Governor Simcoe and Sir Isaac Brock were the men who made Ontario. There would have been a province here, and there would have been people here, had these two men never visited this part of America, but it would not have been the Province of Ontario, a part of His Majesty's world-wide Dominions. Later on, Lord Elgin meant much to the Province of Canada, Governor Douglas to the colony of British Columbia, and other governors to other colonies. These men were real

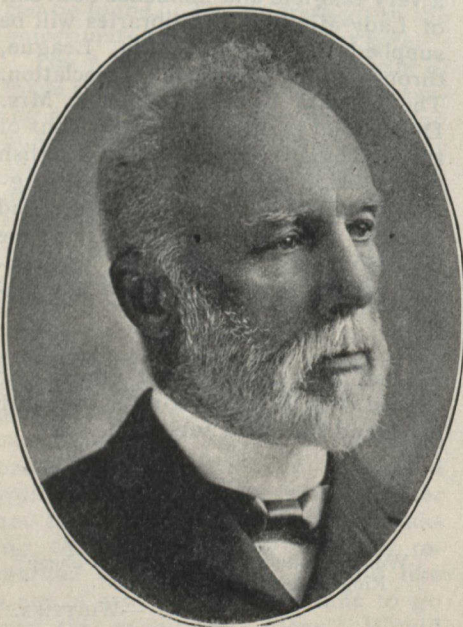
leaders, active organisers, creative statesmen.

To-day the governor-general is shorn of much of his power and of some of his influence. He has come to be little more than a link between the loyalty and royalty of Canada and Great Britain. His influence is indirect. He openly advocates no political policy except that which his Cabinet approve. Yet he may have an Imperial policy, not necessarily political, which he both advocates and supports. Lord Minto had, and he won a great victory at a critical period in the Empire's history.

That Earl Grey will prove to be any less an influence than Dufferin, Aberdeen or Minto, is not to be expected. A man who has been associated with great Imperial colonists, as Earl Grey was with the Cecil Rhodes group, and who has seen several examples of the successful extension of Imperial power, should be at least as potent as men with even less colonial experience.

Earl Grey arrived at Halifax on December 10th, and was duly installed in his office. He at once expressed the feeling that the loyalty of Canada was acknowledged throughout the world as one of the brightest jewels in the British Crown. To increase the lustre of that jewel would be his ambition while in Canada. In a word, he will follow the lines struck by his predecessors, and he will endeavour to gain the confidence of Canadians by courtesy, generosity and force of character, so that his influence may be used to forward what is thought to be the best interests of Canada, the great interests of the Empire, and—will it be too bold to say?—the highest interests of western civilisation.

Was there ever knight-errant of old charged with more magnificent, more



SIR HENRI TASCHEREAU

Chief-Justice of Canada, and acting Governor-General pending the arrival of Earl Grey.

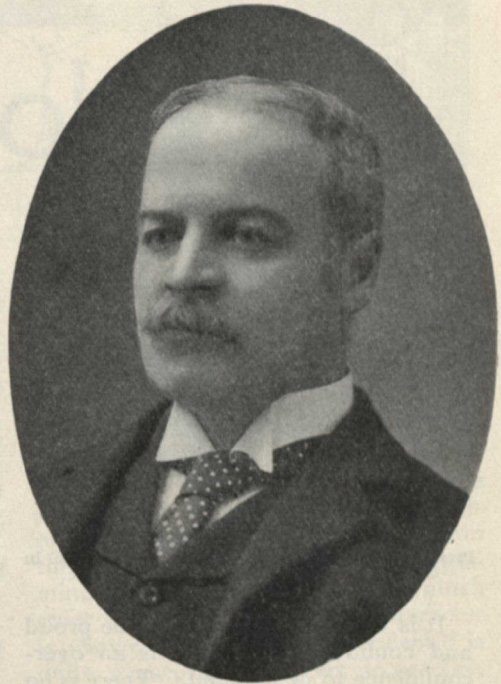
lofty commission? Was there ever a poet or philosopher with a mightier conception of patriotic service? Truly the steel-kings, the bankers, the monopoly-mongers of the world seem but as chattering school-boys compared with the men, such as governors and diplomats, who mould the destinies of races.

#### WORK FOR HIS EXCELLENCY

THERE is one point to which His Excellency's attention might reasonably be directed: the absence of British literature in this country. If he will visit the book-stores in Ottawa, glance over the reading-table in the Rideau Club, or visit the libraries of that city's prominent citizens, he will find an almost entire absence of British weeklies and monthlies. If he asks why these are not displayed or taken, the answer will be that they cannot be procured. The reason for this lies in the exorbitant rate levied by the British Post Office on all exports of British-made reading matter. In Canada sealed letters may be mailed for two cents an ounce, or eight cents a pound. This is exactly the rate charged by the British Post-office on magazines or weeklies mailed to outlying portions of the Empire. A pound of magazines means only one or two parcels; a pound of letters means eight or more parcels, and requires much more handling and greater speed in transportation. From this it is easy to see that the rate should vary in favour of the bulkier article.

Then, of course, there is the question of British sentiment. If that is to be maintained in this country, there must be British information. There must be a knowledge of what Great Britain is doing and aiming at, both at home and abroad. The younger generation must be kept interested in the affairs of the Empire.

The British authorities have been appealed to again and again; the subject has been discussed several times in a perfunctory manner in the British House of Commons, but nothing has



HON. ARTHUR PETERS, K.C.  
Premier of Prince Edward Island. The recent Election in that Province went in his favour.

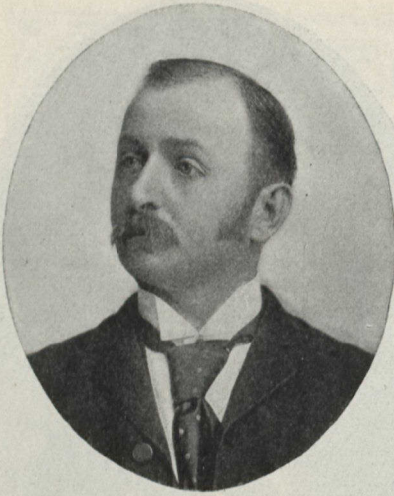
been done. His Excellency's influence might be considerable in this most urgent of reforms.

A step in the right direction has recently been made by the Toronto News Co., which is now under the guidance of an energetic and broad-minded Canadian. This is the introduction of special Canadian editions of *The Windsor Magazine*, the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *Weldon's Journal*.

#### LOUD TALK

THERE is one point in the address presented to His Excellency Lord Grey by the Nova Scotian people to which exception might be taken. It says:

"We look forward confidently to the time when the development of our country, which is now proceeding so rapidly, will equal, if it does not surpass, that of the great country to the south."



HON. S. N. PARENT.

Premier of Quebec, whose following were successful in the recent general election in that Province.

It is well for Canadians to be proud and confident, but there is an over-confidence to be avoided. There is no reason why we should wish the progress of the United States to cease. Let us rather wish them well in the grand work which they are doing. There is no need of comparing the two countries. Each has different ideals, different methods and different problems. Let us accept this difference and work out our own destiny without reference to theirs.

In his annual address to Congress, President Roosevelt was guilty of a similar over-stepping of the mark. The following paragraph contains a most objectionable principle, one to which Canada should decidedly object:

"It is not true that the United States feels any land hunger or entertains any projects as regards the other nations of the western hemisphere, save such as are for their welfare. All that this country desires is to see the neighbouring countries stable, orderly and prosperous. Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendship. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with reasonable efficiency and decency in social and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, it need fear no interference from the United States.

Chronic wrong-doing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilised society may, in America as elsewhere, ultimately require intervention by some civilised nation, and in the western hemisphere the adherence of the United States to the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, in flagrant cases of such wrong-doing or impotence, to the exercise of an international police power."

If Canada were to say to the United States that if lynching and lawlessness were not immediately suppressed we would be compelled to ask Great Britain to interfere in our behalf, there would be a royal row.



THE Province of Ontario has been disgraced several times in recent years by interference with the sanctity of the ballot-box and by a general looseness of political methods. The people of the other provinces have been somewhat shocked by these proceedings in the premier province of the Dominion, and the provincial reputation has been rudely shattered at its political point.

These evils, however, are not general, and the recent exposures are likely to lead to a genuine reform in political methods. Political partisanship does little harm where the leaders of the parties are animated by unselfish and patriotic ambitions, but when the opposite occurs it is detrimental to the best interests of democratic institutions. There is less likely to be political partisanship in the voting at the general provincial election which is to be held on January 25th. The prospects are that the verdict of the election will be that men with high political principles, men with clean, patriotic motives will alone be tolerated as members of a Legislature which should be among the best of the parliaments of the world. The only difficulty in the way of a clear rendering of that verdict is that it is often difficult to find political uprightness and constructive statesmanship in one and the same set of individuals.

*John A. Cooper*



# About New Books.

## THE PROSPECTOR

THE success of Ralph Connor's books has been pleasing to every lover of Canadian literature. No one begrudges him the fame to which he has come, or his share of the profits which follow in the wake of successful novels. He has thrown some light upon phases of our life which were waiting for the interpretation of the artist. He has given us pen-pictures which must henceforth be part of the national heritage, which must hereafter be reckoned with our historical documents, our archæological and ethnological specimens and relics, our memories of national struggles and national heroes, our crude art productions—with, in short, all the tangible and intangible records of our national history, development and progress. His pictures of Glengarry life and his pictures of missionary life in the foothills country are essentially characteristic. Both fields were practically virgin when he began his explorations. He is not called upon to share his credit with any other writer. "Pierre and His People" touched some phases of Western life, but Parker did not maintain his interest in that field. One or two of W. A. Fraser's short stories are strong Western pictures, but single pictures are not to be compared with a series. E. R. Young and John McDougall have given us chronicles of the West, but not interpretations. Ralph Connor's studies of the West have gone farther and deeper than any of his co-workers.

On the other hand, judged by such standards as have been erected for the guidance of novelists, Ralph Connor has fallen short. His pictures are over-coloured, just as those of Roberts are under-coloured. His contrasts are

overdone, just as Roberts' are underdone. His dramatic scenes are spoiled by a supra-sentimentalism which cloy. He has attempted to paint manly men, but has stepped just over the line of common sense and reason, especially in his latest work, "The Prospector."\* Shock McGregor is an Apollo, a John Wesley and a Livingstone all in one. He is great at too many points. There are sky-pilots, prospectors for the souls of men, who have been almost ideal in their self-sacrifice, devotion and single-mindedness. Father Mike is a much truer person so far as his character is shown. The "Superintendent" is quite a natural character; so are Ike, The Kid, and a dozen others. Only "Shock" is too good to be true.

In much the same way, Mrs. Fairbanks and Lloyd, the Park Church minister, are too brutally drawn. Surely it was not necessary to make the mother of Shock a saint, and the mother of Helen, Shock's fiancée, a pillar of stone. There is no reason for the excessive contrast. The white is too white and the black too black. The same is true in comparing Shock with Lloyd. Both are ministers of the Gospel, they have been educated at the same school, their early environment was much the same; why should one be whitest white, and one blackest black? Surely there is no "Lloyd" type in the priesthood of any Canadian Church! The difference between the two men is explained by a difference in ideal—yet surely Ralph Connor will not deny that a man's ideals must be affected by his college life. Shock's was—why not Lloyd's?

While the book seems open to criticism from this point of view, yet one

\* "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor. Toronto: The Westminster Co. Cloth, 401 pp.

cannot say that it were better unwritten. Canada to-day needs many Prospectors, such as Shock McGregor, to go out upon the frontiers and search for the men who are continually drifting beyond the reach of civilisation and religious influence. For many years to come, the work will require such men, for the settlements are ever encroaching upon the wilderness. If the story impresses upon the people in the older districts the importance of this work, if it will enthuse a constant stream of young volunteers for the field, it will have done a grand work. If it is not a perfect work in its construction, it is nevertheless ideal in its intention.

Just here may be remarked the striking similarity of the appeal made by Norman Duncan in "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," and by Ralph Connor in "The Prospector." As a novelist, the one is easily superior to the other; as men, they are both to be loved and respected. Away to the East, they need doctors and clergymen; away to the Northwest, they need churches and hospitals and men who will voice the truth. Both writers are actuated by the highest motives. They have lived on the frontiers and felt the need. Their appeals for the brave people who are extending our boundaries should not fall on deaf ears.

#### THE MASQUERADER\*

WHILE "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, was running in *Blackwood's*, it made quite a sensation. It aroused an almost breathless interest because of its seeming impossibility, and because of the strangeness of the problems with which it attempted to deal. Two men, looking very much alike, meet by accident in a London fog. The one is married, a member of Parliament, and prominent in society. The other is a bachelor whose life has not yet opened definitely. The former is addicted to the morphine habit, and

is tired of the strong part he is compelled to play in life; the other would like to play a strong part, but has never had the chance. They meet again, and agree to exchange places. The bachelor plays his new rôle well, and falls in love with the other man's wife. The complications are exciting, entrancing. The sequel is dramatic.

There is nothing very elevating in the story, but it is certain to hold the interest of any one who is reading for amusement and excitement. The author's purpose is nothing more than this, and is wonderfully accomplished.

#### WHO DISCOVERED THE NORTH-WEST?

IN the latest Canadian history, that of Mr. Duncan, of Winnipeg, there is a paragraph entitled, "Marquette and Joliet discover the Mississippi, 1673." In Clement's school history the paragraph headed "Discovery of the Mississippi" deals only with the explorations of Marquette and Joliet. Calkin's school history does the same; Roberts' history gives the same story, the same impression. Turning to the more authoritative works we find that Kingsford decides (Vol. I, p. 399) that Joliet (he uses two l's) was the discoverer of that great river. He says the honour has been claimed for La Salle, but that he had seen only the Ohio and did not know that it was a tributary of the Mississippi. Kingsford here takes the same ground as Parkman did in his volume, "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." Parkman, however, mentions that in 1658-59 Radisson and Groseilliers penetrated the regions west of Lake Superior and reached the Forked River, but passes over the occurrence either as not to be believed or as of little importance. Kingsford ignores these two explorers.

And now comes a slim-waisted woman, once a journalist in Winnipeg, now an author of note living near New York, who says that these historians are all a pack of fools; that they do not know their business; that Marquette

\* "The Masquerader," by K. C. Thurston. Toronto: The Poole Publishing Co. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and Jolliet were *not* the pathfinders of the West (she herself puts the italics at this point). Truly this is startling. Must we all go to school again—and to a “school-marm?” Here is a quotation from the “Foreword” to her new book, “Pathfinders of the West.”\*

“The question will at once occur why no mention is made of Marquette and Jolliet [two I’s, mark you!] and La Salle in a work on the Pathfinders of the West. The simple answer is—they were *not* pathfinders. Contrary to the notions imbibed at school, and repeated in all the histories of the West, Marquette, Jolliet and La Salle did *not* discover the vast region beyond the Great Lakes. Twelve years before these explorers had thought of visiting the land which the French hunter designated as the *Pays d’en Haut*, the West had already been discovered by the most intrepid *voyageurs* that France produced—men whose wide-ranging explorations exceeded the achievements of Cartier and Champlain and La Salle put together.”

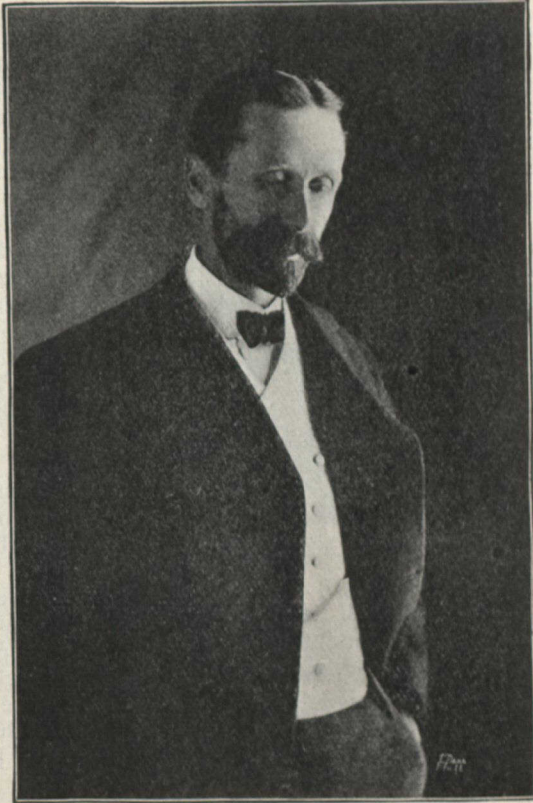
Was there ever a more startling paragraph?

For over two hundred years the English-speaking world and the French-speaking world have been betraying a dense ignorance, and it was left to a little slip of a woman to unravel the error of the centuries! What a wonderful woman she must be! Surely there will be large excursions of Canadians down to Wildwood Place, Wassaic, N.Y., to see this resourceful person! Surely there will soon be another monument on Parliament Hill!

In her dedication of the book, she says: “I assume *all* responsibility for upsetting the apple-cart of established opinions by this book!” This she says to Mr. Benjamin Sulte, President Royal Society, Ottawa, Canada. How relieved Mr. Sulte must be!

Just in passing, it may be mentioned that on p. 85, Miss Laut consents to leave Columbus in undisturbed possession of his laurels, being content to put Radisson second in her Hall of Fame.

\*Pathfinders of the West, by Agnes C. Laut. Illustrated, cloth, 380 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.



RALPH CONNOR

#### THE BRETHERN

RIDER HAGGARD, whose romance of the crusades, “The Brethren,” has just been brought out here by The Copp, Clark Co., will, of course, always be considered a romancist only, by the general public, because of the great popularity of his “King Solomon’s Mines,” “She,” etc. But Mr. Haggard’s activities are very wide indeed; and those who look at the list of his works catalogued opposite the title-page of his new book will find him credited with nearly thirty volumes, not all romances, by any manner of means. There is a volume of political history dealing with South Africa, two works on agriculture and country life, “Rural England” and “A Farmer’s Year,” a book of travel, and then the novels and the romances.

Mr. Haggard is carrying on a propa-



RIDER HAGGARD

ganda for small farm holdings, for village banks and for an agricultural parcels post, things which in his opinion and in the opinion of a great many of the economists of England will go far towards saving the country. Mr. Haggard is working not only in the interest of the farmer, but also in the interest of the city people. He is passionately keen in his endeavour to counteract what he calls the town fever, and to persuade people to live in the country rather than in the city. One of his strongest arguments is based on the hardships which children in England have to suffer because of the over population of the cities. It appears that in Birmingham there are six thousand children who go to school breakfastless, and there were thirty-nine proven cases of death by starvation in London last year.



## NOTES

The municipal history of the various provinces has been a subject of special investigation for some time by S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D., lecturer in Political Economy in the University of Toronto. He has just issued in paper (50 cents) a volume dealing with the

Municipal History of Quebec, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, an admirable companion volume to his previous publications, which dealt with Ontario and the Maritime Provinces.

Messrs. Adam & Charles Black, of Soho Square, London, have just issued new editions of "Who's Who," "Who's Who Year Book," and "The Englishwoman's Year Book." "Who's Who" is a large volume of short biographies of the leading men in Great Britain and the colonies. It is invaluable as a work of reference. "Who's Who Year Book" is a smaller volume which merely gives lists of names and addresses of members of the Governments, professors, artists, judges, bishops and other prominent people (7s. 6d.) "The Englishwoman's Year Book" deals with Education, Employments and Professions, Medicine, Science, Literature, Art, Music, Sport, Philanthropy, and other public work in which women are taking more and more interest.

The latest number of *Acadiensis* (St. John, N.B.) contains much valuable material concerning Champlain and about the early judges of New Brunswick. This is an excellent quarterly.

The *New Brunswick Magazine* has been revived, and should be on file in all Canadian libraries.

Canadians who desire to keep in touch with British literature will be able to get *The Windsor Magazine* and *The Pall Mall Magazine* from their booksellers this year at fifteen cents a copy. The English editions are one shilling. *Weldon's Journal*, that excellent publication for women, is also available here at ten cents a copy, through the energy of the Toronto News Company. All these Canadian editions are uniform with the English editions, a compliment which cannot be paid to the Canadian edition of *Strand* and *Pearson's*. Among the London weeklies which should specially interest Canadians, the "Outlook" and "Public Opinion" may be specially mentioned.



# Idle Moments.

## ETIQUETTE

THEY are telling a good one on a certain aristocratic young Englishman who was taken to witness the joys of a social dance at one of the logging centres of British Columbia, the "assembly" proving something of a catch-as-catch-can affair. Yankee, Canuck, French-Canadian, Swede—all nations were represented among the gentlemen dancers. There would have been a woeful shortage of ladies but for the presence of a number of dusky damsels from the Reservation. Warming up to the spirit of the occasion, the Englishman onlooker finally approached one of the handkerchief-crowned maidens and inquired with cheerful condescension, "Suppose we dance this one?" The youthful klotchman shrank into her shawl as though to emphasise the intense frigidity of her reproof to the presumptuous. "Halo introduce," said she.—*Progress.*

## CHRISTMAS SCIENCE

"Here's a scientist who says that for everything that goes out, there is always an equivalent to balance it exactly."

"Nonsense. For instance, everybody gives away more Christmas presents than he receives."—*N. Y. Life.*

## THOUGHT HE WAS AT HOME

An Irishman somewhat under the influence of liquor, ambling toward home on a recent evening, happened to pass a church, and, being attracted by the sound of the music, paused for a while and then staggered toward the entrance.

With his natural bump of caution,

however, he looked at the spire to see that the proper kind of cross was on it, for to the mind of most good Catholics it would be almost a sacrilege to go into a Protestant church. He saw the cross, which apparently satisfied his scruples, and he went in, sitting down in a pew near the door.

The heat being somewhat oppressive, he fell asleep.

After the service had ended the sexton began at the altar to turn out the lights.

Coming down the aisle he tripped over the foot of the sleeping man in the pew and, looking down, diagnosed the case in a moment.

He gave the sleeping man a shake and said: "See here, my good man, wake up and get out of here at once. You are in the wrong place, anyway—this is not your church."

The Irishman sat up, rubbed his eyes and, developing an argumentative strain, said in a rather thick guttural voice:

"It ain't my church? Whose church is it if it ain't mine?"

"This is the Protestant Episcopal church—"

"It's no such thing!"

"I tell you it is, and you must get out of here."

He straightened himself up, and pointing a wavering finger toward the altar, said:

"Isn't that the statue of St. Joseph up there on the right?"

The sexton was forced to reply in the affirmative.

"Ain't that the Virgin's statue on the left?"

"Yes," replied the sexton.

"What is that in the centre?"

"That is a statue of our Saviour."

The Irishman, with a look of min-



A FELLOW-FEELING

DISTRICT VISITOR—"I've just had a letter from my son Reggie, saying he has won a Scholarship. I can't tell you how delighted I am. [I—]"

RUSTIC PARTY—"I can understand yer feelings, Mum. I felt just the same when our Pig won a Medal at the Agricultural Show!"—*Punch*.

gled triumph and contempt, said, looking the sexton as nearly in the eye as he could:

"For Heaven's sake, whin did thim turn Protestants?"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

#### THE PLAYWRIGHT'S COMPLAINT

A popular author, who has lately turned to playwriting, has not succeeded in impressing managers with the availability of his productions. Not long ago, thinking to get some useful pointers from the current drama, he made an observation tour of the theatres.

"Well," he remarked to a friend at the end of the evening, "I seem to be the only man alive who can't get a poor play put on."—*Harper's Weekly*.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman walking along a country road on a summer's day talked of their favourite flowers: "Give me the red

rose of old England," said the Englishman. "Give me the shamrock of ould Ireland," said the Irishman. "Na, na," said the Scotchman, "the flower of my country is the best. Ye may sit on the rose and the shamrock, but ye'll no sit lang on the thistle."

Professor William James, of Harvard, is well-known as good in repartee as in a lecture. Not long ago a sophomore thought he was extremely wise and expressed some atheistical views before Professor James. "Ah," said the professor, "You are a free thinker, I perceive. You believe in nothing." "I only believe what I can understand," the sophomore replied. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Professor James.

Lady: "Has your little sister got any teeth?" Little Girl: "I guess she's got 'em, but she ain't hatched 'em yet."

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



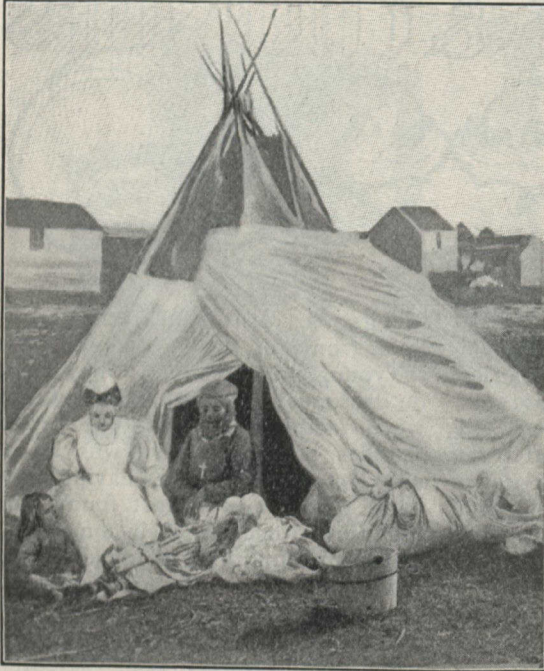
## INDIAN LIFE IN LABRADOR

AN interesting sight to a tourist on the Labrador Coast is the originals of the accompanying photograph. It represents a group of squaws and children taken on their arrival from the interior. Though they look scantily clad for winter, they are dressed in deer skins under their outer clothing. Their livelihood is gained by hunting different furs. They start out in July generally, three or four families hunting together, taking provisions for part of the year. They paddle up the rivers in small canoes made from birch bark and camp along the banks, where they remain eating salmon until the snow falls. They then travel further north, carrying their provisions on

toboggans. It is wonderful to see the loads some of the squaws and even the young children haul. They depend on deer meat for food, and frequently, when unable to find it, one or two families starve. There was a case only last winter. After having separated, one family at last found deer; they turned back to their comrades in distress to find them all dead of starvation, except one, who is now fully recovered. The next picture shows an Indian tent in the background and a camp, in front of which is seated a squaw watching with interest the actions of a graduate of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, who is feeling her little patient's pulse. The little sufferer has been seized with measles, an



A GROUP OF INDIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN LABRADOR



A NURSE WORKING AMONG THE INDIANS OF LABRADOR

almost always fatal disease with Indian children, but thanks to her faithful nurse soon recovered.

*Elise Racey Viel.*

#### A FISH STORY

A CONTRIBUTOR to a recent number of the *Educational Review* tells of seeing earth-worms by the hundred lying on the top of some inches of snow. They were frozen stiff when he first saw them, but it was a thawing day, and soon they were crawling on the snow. "Can you explain it?" the contributor asks. The *Review* does not attempt to account for it. But, even aside from the fact that worms border closely on to snakes, there may be an explanation. In a little town in which the writer lived for a number of years there was a new fence contemplated by a neighbour. The postholes were dug, but a steady rain set in and the workmen left. The next morning when the householder, a fine, dignified old man, went to look at his postholes, what

was his surprise to find five or six small fish in each hole.

"Now, how," he asked every old friend to whom he told this puzzling incident, "did they get in? Did they rain down—an utter absurdity—or did they squeeze through the solid ground from the canal?"

Until the day of his death the old gentleman told of this phenomenon. Some months afterwards, however, one of his sons, a jolly, joking fellow, explained that he had been fishing the day of the rain, and had carried home a pail of fish quite too small for cooking. He realised this on reaching his home, and wondered what to do with them. Suddenly he espied the postholes, now half-filled with water, and divided up his perch in them.

"My father," he said in closing, "was so interested that I did not have the heart to undeceive him, and later, when he had theorised and analysed and 'sciencised' so much over the occurrence, I was actually afraid to tell him. So he never knew." *B. J. T.*

#### A CURIOUS PROBLEM

THE following curious problem was propounded at a recent university dinner in Toronto:

"Two women are accustomed to sell apples on the streets, the one giving three apples for a cent and the other two for a cent. It chanced one day that one woman fell ill, and handed over thirty apples to the other to sell for her. The latter had thirty apples to start with, and sold the sixty apples at five for two cents, receiving 24 cents in all. If each woman had sold her thirty apples separately, the price received would have been 25 cents. How was the one cent lost?"

The best solution of this problem received will be published in this department next month. This is a chance for the mathematicians.



# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —  
Business Men.

## MADE IN AUSTRALIA



THE latest journals from Australia give accounts of a campaign organised by the Victoria Chamber of Manufactures and other bodies in order to popularise goods "made in Australia." They are using the same arguments there that are being used in Canada. The speakers all say that there is "a prejudice against home-made goods," that Australian buyers prefer imported goods; and they proceed to urge people to ask for Australian brands and makes.

Australia has gone much farther than Canada in its protection of its home trade with much less excuse. In fact, the Canadian policy looks to be decidedly conservative in comparison. They are not near to any great advertisement-printing company as Canada is, yet they put a tax of six cents a pound on all periodicals containing more than fifteen per cent. of advertising. They also put a tax on trade catalogues and price-lists, even from Great Britain.

The day seems fast approaching when the British manufacturer will be able to get into the colonies only by colonial "treaties" or "special arrangements." The colonies, getting no preference for their products in Great Britain, are slowly moving towards "Canadian goods for Canada," "Australian goods for Australia," and "South African for the South Africans." Whether Mr. Chamberlain is right or wrong in his propaganda, there is no doubt that he and many other Englishmen see this rising tide of industrial independence. The majority of the people of Great Britain will

not likely see it until Canada and Australia have asked for and obtained their independence.

## POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS

THE system of appointing aged politicians and ex-members of parliament or legislature to important positions in the Civil Service is being carried far in this country. There are many protests against it, and this is the one hopeful sign. The following moderate article from the *Montreal Gazette* is a sample of this:

"Mr. H. S. Harwood will make as good a postmaster as Montreal has had in recent years. It is, however, hardly to be expected that at his age, and with no previous training, he will prove to be the official the post requires. It is, in a way, strange that a public service, in which the business public is so vitally interested as that of the post office, should be left practically to run itself, except for such directions as minor officials, limited in their powers, are able to give it. That the Montreal Post Office is efficient no one who has had much to do with it will pretend. This must not be taken as a reflection upon the staff generally. It has probably done as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The evidences of disorganisation and of inability to properly handle the mail matter entrusted to it are too plain to be ignored. It is, therefore, regrettable that in the present instance an appointment has not been made which would have infused new life into the institution, and given the commercial public some guarantee that it would be given the service its work demands."

## NOVA SCOTIA COAL

IT is encouraging to note that coal shipments from Nova Scotia to Montreal by the St. Lawrence route are steadily increasing, says the *Maritime Merchant*. "Until a comparatively recent date our

mines were able to sell but a moderate quantity of coal to Upper Canada. This year (1904) the water shipments from Nova Scotia collieries to Montreal will be close on to one million and a half tons. Up to the end of October the shipments were 1,170,095 tons, and as the different companies will be able to send their steamers up the St. Lawrence until the beginning of December, this will be added to materially before the close of navigation. Of this amount over a million tons were shipped by the Dominion Coal Company to fill its large contracts with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways, and the Montreal Heat, Light and Power Company. The next largest shipper was the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company. The Montreal shipments this year will be nearly half a million tons larger than in any previous year. The most pleasing feature from a Nova Scotia standpoint is the displacement of large shipments of Scotch and Welsh coal by the bituminous coal from our own province."

#### THE STEADY MARCH

THE ratepayers of the town of Westmount, Montreal's model suburb, have decided by an overwhelming majority to borrow \$225,000 to instal a municipal electric light plant and an incinerator plant. The assessment of those who voted yea was two and a half times that of those who voted nay, showing a remarkable confidence among wealthy people in favour of municipal ownership.

The ratepayers of Toronto recently decided by vote that the City Council should buy \$1,000,000 worth of Gas Stock in the discretion of the officials. This is the first move toward securing a voice in the management of the Gas Company, so as to prevent, if possible, any wasteful administration or excessive profits on the part of those who

hold this valuable franchise. Since the vote, the city has purchased enough stock to give the Mayor a seat on the Board of the Consumer's Gas Company, as the franchise-holding corporation is called.

#### THE HOME MARKET

ONE of the great arguments of the protectionists is "the value of the home market." They explain and re-explain, illustrate and re-illustrate with a commendable resourcefulness. Here is a recent example from the *Montreal Gazette*, the most forceful of the "protection" journals:

"There were slaughtered in Montreal last week for local use 2,172 horned cattle, 792 calves, 4,354 sheep and 3,341 hogs, a total of over 10,600 animals. Multiplying these figures by 52 gives over 150,000 cattle and calves, 220,000 sheep, and the same number of hogs, or over 550,000 animals in all, as the consumption by one city of the live stock product of Canadian farms. The trade does not figure in the customs returns, but it is more important than any single item of the live stock business that does. It is a home market argument of the forcible kind."

#### TELEPHONE BARGAINS

The Bell Telephone Company is now making municipal bargains where compelled to do so. A five years' arrangement has been made with the City of Kingston, which accepted an offer that was as follows:—The company will erect a new building; instal metallic lines with the most approved instruments; pay the city \$700 a year; allow the city free use of their poles for fire alarm wires; supply subscribers with the Blake instruments at \$30 per annum for business premises and \$25 for residences; for two party lines for residences, \$18 each; for two and not more than four \$15 each. The company will proceed at once with the erection of a building on Clarence street opposite the post office.



# BOVRIL

There is a quality in **BOVRIL** that promotes digestion and makes the delicate person

## HALE AND HEARTY

Old and young alike are benefited by the use of **BOVRIL**, as it is not only palatable, but exceedingly nutritious and invigorating.

**BOVRIL MAKES YOUNG  
BLOOD IN OLD VEINS**

### The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

# Labatt's

(LONDON)

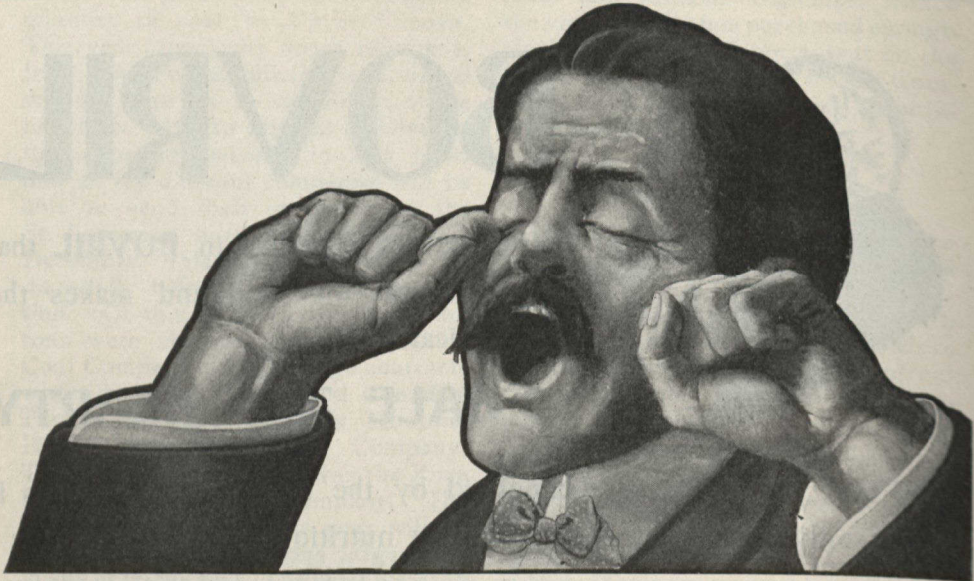
### Will make you STRONG

As a strengthening tonic in declining health, or during recovery after exhausting illness, the effect of Horsford's Acid Phosphate is wonderful. It nourishes and strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and digestion, and gives restful sleep.

It restores to the body nature's strengthening phosphates, a deficiency of which means general physical weakness, dyspepsia, headache and nervousness.

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If your druggist can't supply you, send 25 cents to RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I., for sample bottle, postage paid.



## Don't Want to Hear

### What Medical Science Says About Coffee.

Many intelligent people don't care to listen to the truth about coffee causing their aches, ails and disturbances.

They keep on using the drug coffee and suffer from heart derangement, liver or kidney disorders, or some kind of stomach and nervous troubles. They "don't believe coffee is to blame," and don't want to listen to medical science.

They should keep on with the coffee until Nature forces her facts home in the form of sickness or organic disease if they want absolute proof. Suppose, on the other hand, one should quit coffee in time and get well. It is easy if you shift to properly made Postum. In a few days you will feel a great change for the better.

Coffee sets up disease. POSTUM dissipates it and sets up health again. Medical science has found this out by experience, the Great Teacher. A prominent physician of Des Moines, Iowa, tells how he learned it:—

"I am a physician of 18 years' practice. I felt the need of a stimulant, and for the first five or six years of my practice drank strong coffee. Eight or ten years ago I began to notice symptoms of heart disease. This seemed to be a regular organic type, and year by year became aggravated by dizziness, faintness, and later inability to walk at times. Finally I became such a confirmed invalid that I had to give up practice.

"Several years elapsed with the symptoms growing worse. I was considered marked for an early grave. I honestly believed that coffee was the trouble, and it finally became impressed upon me to give it up. This I found easier to do when POSTUM FOOD COFFEE was used in its place. I made the change more to satisfy my friends than with any hope of benefit from such a simple change, especially in such an incurable case as mine. I was debilitated and very weak, and about 30 pounds short of my old weight.

"From the first week I noticed a marked change, and within three months I was almost fully restored to my old strength and health, with the heart trouble and dizziness all gone.

"These facts are known to hundreds of my friends and acquaintances throughout this city."

Name and address given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

**There's a reason.**

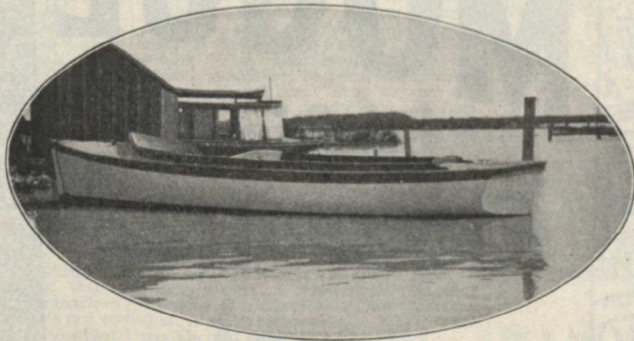
"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY SHE SHOULD GO"



THE SIMPLICITY OF  
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way of washing has brought  
MILLIONS OF WOMEN  
to use it and be grate-  
ful for its help—Besides,  
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FAST CRUISER, 25 FEET, 7½ H.P.—9 MILES

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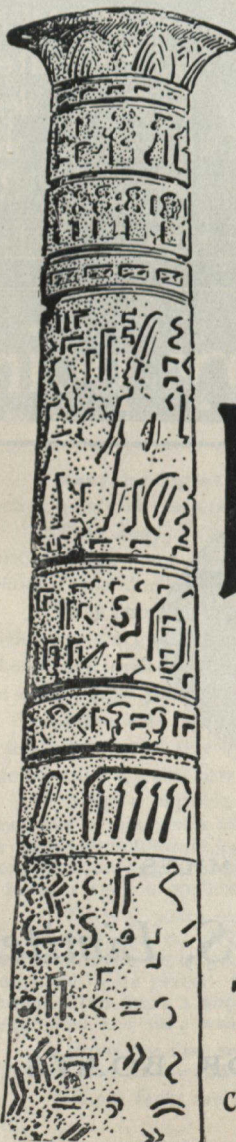
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Cork Tips.

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# That Strangers May Know I Offer a Dollar's Worth Free



I know of a remedy for certain forms of illness that brings the utmost relief that medicine can. I am so sure of it that to any ailing one who has not tried it, I will willingly give a full dollar's worth free to test.

My offer is born of confidence unlimited. I ask no deposit—no promise. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. The dollar bottle is free.

Mine is no ordinary remedy. It represents thirty years of experiment—thirty years at bedsides—in laboratories—at hospitals. Thirty years of the richest experience a physician can have. I tell below wherein my remedy differs, radically, from other medicines.

My offer is as broad as humanity itself. For sickness knows no distinction in its ravages. And the restless patient on a downy couch is no more welcome than the wasting sufferer who frets through the lagging hours in a dismal hovel.

I want no reference—no security. The poor have the same opportunity as the rich. To one and all I say "Merely write and ask." I will send you an order on your druggist. He will give you free the full dollar package.

## Inside Nerves!

Only one out of every 98 has perfect health. Of the 97 sick ones, some are bed-ridden, some are half sick, and some are only dull and listless. But most of the sickness comes from a common cause. The nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that unguided and unknown, night and day, keep your heart in motion—control your digestive apparatus—regulate your liver—operate your kidneys.

These are the nerves that wear out and break down.

It does no good to treat the ailing organ—the irregular heart—the disordered liver—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them. There you will find the seat of the trouble.

There is nothing new about this—nothing any physician would dispute. But it remained for Dr. Shoop to apply this knowledge—to put it to practical use. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this very line. It does not dose the organ or deaden the pain—but it does go at once to the nerve—the inside nerve—the power nerve—and builds it up, and strengthens it and makes it well.

## Many Ailments—One Cure

I have called these the inside nerves for simplicity's sake. Their usual name is the "sympathetic" nerves. Physicians call them by this name because each is in close sympathy with the others. The result is that when one branch is allowed to become impaired, the others weaken. That is why one kind of sickness leads into another. That is why cases become "complicated." For this delicate nerve is the most sensitive part of the human system.

Does this not explain to you some of the uncertainties of medicine—is not a good reason to your mind why other kinds of treatment may have failed?

Don't you see that THIS is NEW in medicine? That this is NOT the mere patchwork of a stimulant—the mere soothing of a narcotic? Don't you see that it goes right to the root of the trouble and eradicates the cause?

But I do not ask you to take a single statement of mine—I do not ask you to believe a word I say until you have tried my medicine in your own home at my expense absolutely. Could I offer you a full dollar's worth free if there were any misrepresentation? Could I let you go to your druggist—whom you know—and pick out any bottle he has on his shelves of my medicine were it not UNIFORMLY helpful? Could I AFFORD to do this if I were not reasonably SURE that my medicine will help you?

## Simply Write Me

The first free bottle may be enough to effect a cure—but I do not promise that. Nor do I fear a loss of possible profit if it does. For such a test will surely convince the cured one beyond doubt, or disbelief, that every word I say is true.

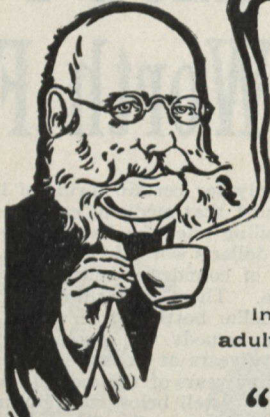
The offer is open to everyone, everywhere. But you must write ME for the free dollar bottle order. All druggists do not grant the test. I will then direct you to one that does. He will pass it down to you from his stock as freely as though your dollar laid before him. Write for the order to-day. The offer may not remain open. I will send you the book you ask for beside. It is free. It will help you to understand your case. What more can I do to convince you of my interest—of my sincerity?

For a free order for a full dollar bottle address Dr. Shoop, Box 25, Racine, Wis. State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.  
Book 2 on the Heart.  
Book 3 on the Kidneys  
Book 4 for Women.  
Book 5 for Men.  
Book 6 on Rheumatism

Mild cases are often cured with one or two bottles. For sale at forty thousand drug stores.

# Dr. Shoop's Restorative



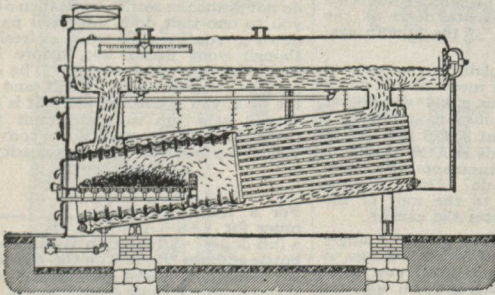
**"Seal Brand"** stands for all that is best in coffee. It is a guarantee of purity, full weight, extra strength and delightful flavor.

In 1 and 2 pound tins to protect you against adulterations and substitution.

**"Seal Brand" Coffee**

**Chase & Sanborn, - Montreal**

## Internal Furnace Saves 10%



An externally fired boiler wastes fuel because of the radiation of heat from the outside of the brickwork and the leakage of cold air above the fire, which causes a double loss by heating the excess of air and by producing imperfect combustion.

In a Robb-Mumford internally fired boiler the heat is transmitted directly to the water, and air cannot get into the furnace except through the regular drafts. This makes a saving of at least 10 per cent.

**Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.**

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by all the  
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SEE THE GOODS AT  
ALL THE BEST DRY  
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A Tailor-made Costume in "Panneau"  
Face-cloth.



*"Master thinks I'm a dandy  
at mixing cocktails."*

**CLUB  
COCKTAILS**

**YOU** can do it  
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

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## COLUMNIAN SPIRITS

IT IS AN ODORLESS ALCOHOL  
AND CAN BE USED FOR ALL  
EXTERNAL PURPOSES

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

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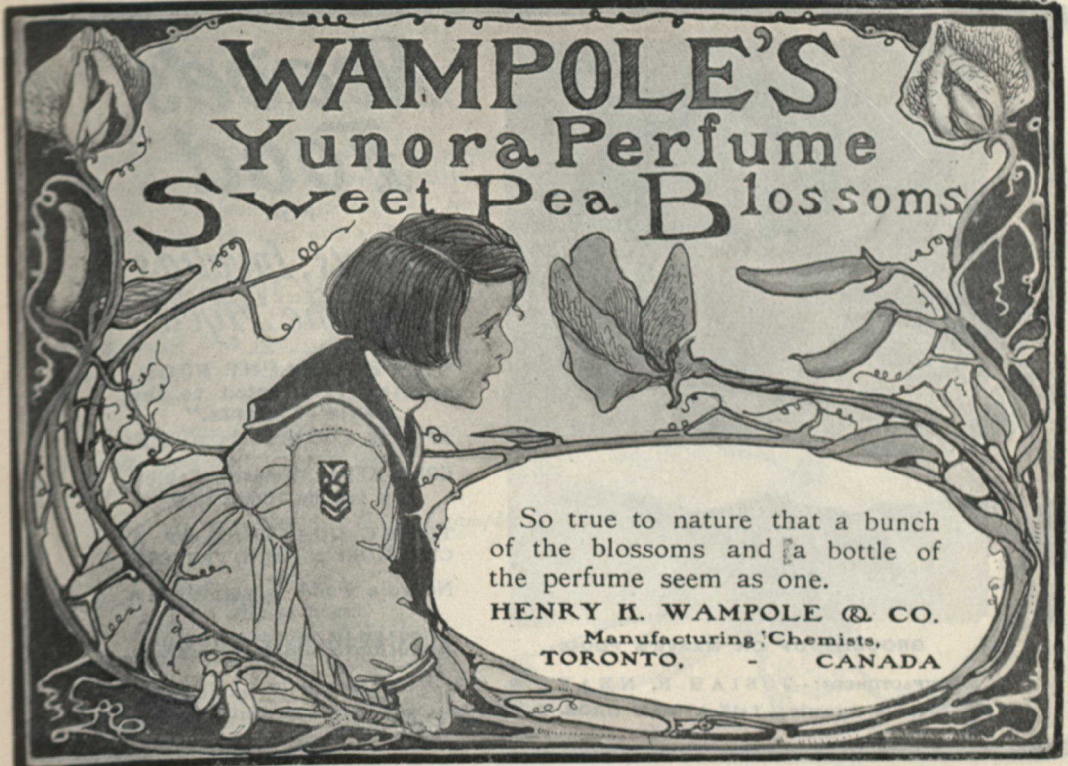
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**WAMPOLE'S**  
**Yunora Perfume**  
**Sweet Pea Blossoms**

So true to nature that a bunch of the blossoms and a bottle of the perfume seem as one.

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## Home Dyeing

is a disagreeable job. You are never sure of the result. You may ruin your finest curtains. Sending them to us is a different matter. We dye and clean curtains, draperies and furniture covers perfectly. Not the slightest risk of injury to the goods.



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BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

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FOR

*Infants, Invalids  
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
admirably adapted to the  
wants of infants."

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GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
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THREE-QUARTERS OF A  
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Neave's Food is regularly  
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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

## Everybody Says

"INDISPENSABLE"

THEY ARE CORRECT

THE  
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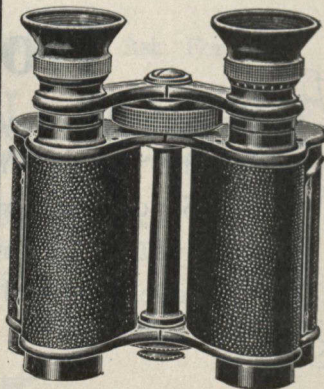
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A Full Line  
in Stock  
made by  
the well  
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House of

**ROSS**  
Limited  
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These are unexcelled by any other make, and  
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8 power, \$37.70 and \$42.00  
10 power, 45.00 and 49.30  
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We mean our business—thirteen years old this month. During that time we have been making a success of our work and have popularized the Princess Toilet Preparations. None better are made anywhere. We can't describe them all here, our book does that, but one of the choicest and most popular with ladies is

## PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

for removing lines and wrinkles and rejuvenating the complexion. Every well-groomed woman who desires looking no older than she is should have it. Price \$1.50, postpaid anywhere.

**Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc.,** always permanently destroyed by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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THIS Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of

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For terms, etc., Address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE



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Insure against the  
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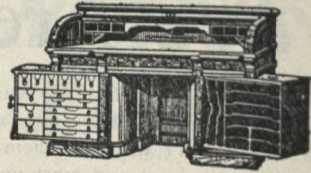
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**Formolid**<sup>TM</sup>  
Tooth Paste

Antiseptic in  
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The toilet equip-  
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Put up in Collapsible Tubes, which are on  
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**THE DESK OF THE AGE.**

**Every Device**

necessary to make a desk reliable,  
labor saving, economical, is found  
in those we manufacture. In ma-  
terial and construction, in finish  
and utility, in durability and design  
they lead all other makes. They  
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.  
**Canadian Office & School  
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PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.  
Office, School, Church and Lodge  
Furniture.

**Clark's**  
**Potted**  
**Meats**  
are unrivalled  
**For Sandwiches.**  
Potted Ham, Tongue, Chicken,  
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Clark's Pork and  
Beans are delicious  
Try them  
W. CLARK, Mfr.  
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**COWAN'S**  
PERFECTION  
**COCOA**

Such dainty and delicate Confections are

**COWAN'S**  
SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE,  
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ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 03

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES  
AS WELL AS  
Beautifies  
the Skin  
No other cosmetic  
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hastion* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macy's, Stearn's, Ehrich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

**\$1<sup>00</sup>** for 500 neatly printed Business Cards, Note Heads, Tickets, Bill Heads, Statements or Envelopes. Price list and samples free.

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77 Queen St. East, Toronto.

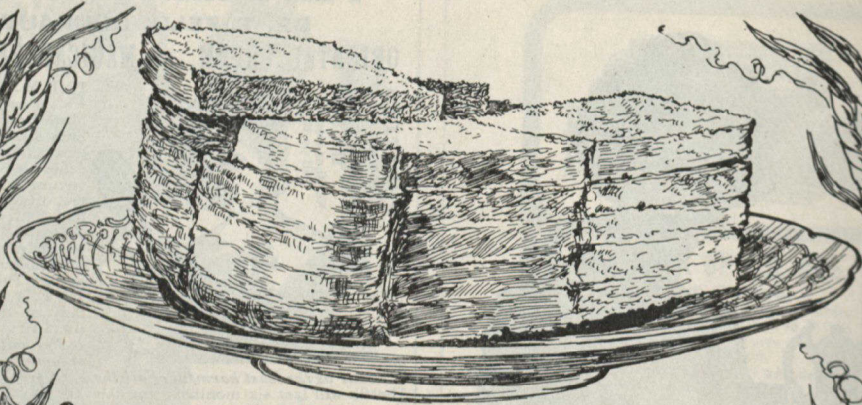


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**BABY'S OWN SOAP**

Pure, Dainty, Delicate.  
Beware of Imitations.

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ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.



**There's  
Health  
in every slice**

**Royal Household**

**Next time-Try it**

*The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS Co. Ltd.*  
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Warrant

Miller's to  
H.R.H.  
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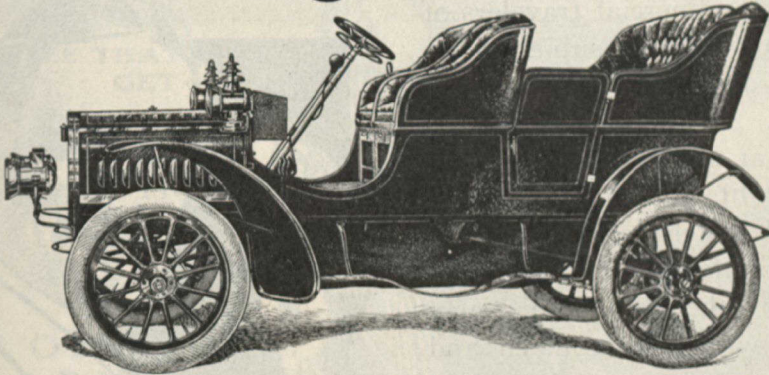


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SURREY, TYPE ONE, 1905 MODEL  
 16 ACTUAL HORSE POWER, \$1350  
 Other models \$750, \$850, \$2000, \$3000

**T**he *throttle wheel* which regulates the speed is immediately beneath the steering wheel so that both can be controlled with one hand. The timing of the spark being entirely automatic, once the machine is in motion, all is resolved into pleasure. Send for "The Rambler Magazine" and other printed matter.

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## THE WISE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER

The commercial travelers of the country are subjected to many demands that tell on health. They have to catch trains at all hours of the day and night, put up at all kinds of bad hotels, eat poor food and swallow it in a hurry, and do other things that play havoc with the stomach and cause dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. To relieve these bad effects the traveling men of the country have united in the use of



## STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

They find—just as every one else who tries them finds—that there is nothing on earth that equals this remedy in affording immediate relief and effecting permanent cures for indigestion, dyspepsia and bad stomachs.

### *A St. Louis Traveling Man Says:*

**"I would as soon think of being without my sample case or mileage book as a box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They keep my stomach in perfect condition no matter what I eat and under all circumstances."**

The reason for this is plain. They themselves digest the food perfectly and properly, and permit the stomach to rest and get well and strong.

**All Druggists, 50 Cents a Box.**

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CANADA'S  
FINEST  
FOOD PRODUCTS

SEE THAT YOU  
GET

**UPTON'S**  
PURE FRUIT  
JAMS  
JELLIES  
AND  
ORANGE  
MARMALADE




**Barley  
Purity**

The best malting barley in the world is grown in certain favored localities of Western Ontario.

All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

Before being used it is put through special machinery which separates all the impure and foreign substances.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

**Carling's Ale**  
The Ale that's Always Pure.



**Awarded  
First Gold Medal  
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22 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT. 13 Bleury St., MONTREAL, P.Q.



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ABSOLUTELY VISIBLE writing means time saving.

RIBBONLESS writing means beautiful, uniform work and economy. The Sun is the only typewriter in the world to combine these features.

For nearly three months we have offered \$50.00 in each instance where any other machine could equal the Sun in swiftness, clearness of writing, visibility and manifold power. The challenge still holds good.

No. 2 (THE BABY SUN) \$55.00 No. 3, \$95.00

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TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES FOR  
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Send for our booklet which explains why.

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**Electro-Silicon (powder)**  
 has been used by owners and makers of Valuable Plate for more than a quarter century. It imparts a charm to the table service that crowns the efforts of the hostess. Grocers and Druggists everywhere. Trial quantity free.  
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 made by an expert for washing and polishing Gold, Silver and Glass possesses the exceptional merits of Electro-Silicon (powder) in a form best adapted for the purpose.  
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**The Exchange of Blind Machines for VISIBLE UNDERWOODS** is now an every-day occurrence. The old plea of the opposition to buy a machine on its "reputation" is no longer effective. The Underwood NOW HAS the reputation and exclusive features. 5,000 satisfied users in Canada testify to this.

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"RENE" is the only brand of cigars we manufacture, made in one style, one size and one quality, packed in one style of box (50). We sell same at one cash price only. It is the only cigar factory of its kind on the American continent making a specialty of one high-class cigar only.

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These contain a very fine variety of countries and are great value for the money asked.

100 Different Foreign Stamps..	\$.10
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Remit by Postal or Express Money Order; small amounts in unused stamps. All sent Post Free. COLLECTORS, send for our Catalogue of Stamps, 40 large pages mailed free.

**MARKS STAMP CO., 526 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Canada.**

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"Winds up run down systems."

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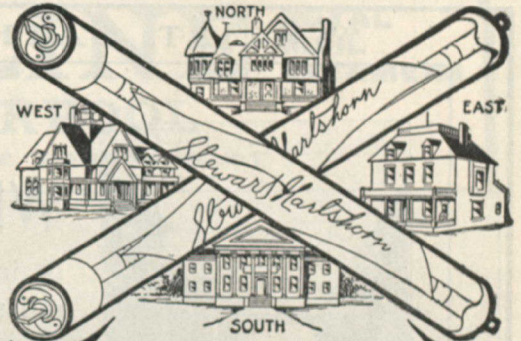
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has come into prominence quicker than any other Canadian make. It combines all the qualities of a high-grade Piano at a moderate price. Before purchasing examine a Palmer—and enquire the price.

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Manufacturing Stationers, Etc., Toronto.

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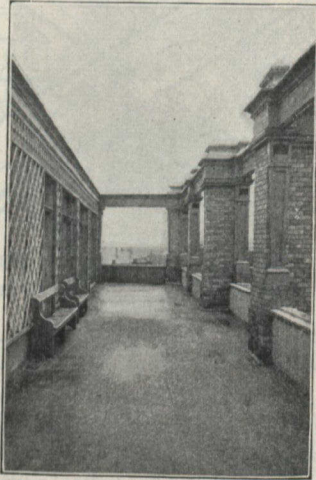
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CANADA'S  
WINTER RESORT

is in the NIAGARA PENINSULA, 11 miles from Niagara Falls, where is the famous

"ST. CATHARINES  
WELL"

Here can be found everything necessary for health or pleasure.



**THE "WELLAND"** is a combination of Sanatorium and family hotel. Among the features are Sun Room, Roof Promenade, Music Room, Long Distance Phones in each Room.

**THE ST. CATHARINES WELL** is a strong saline water of very penetrative qualities and its use combined with massage, electricity, diet, etc., is most beneficial in Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration. Its use is a splendid tonic for run-down business men.

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**"THE WELLAND"**  
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OR

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GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT,  
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**MONTREAL**



THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

HEALTH, RECUPEARATION OR PLEASURE

CANADA'S WINTER RESORT

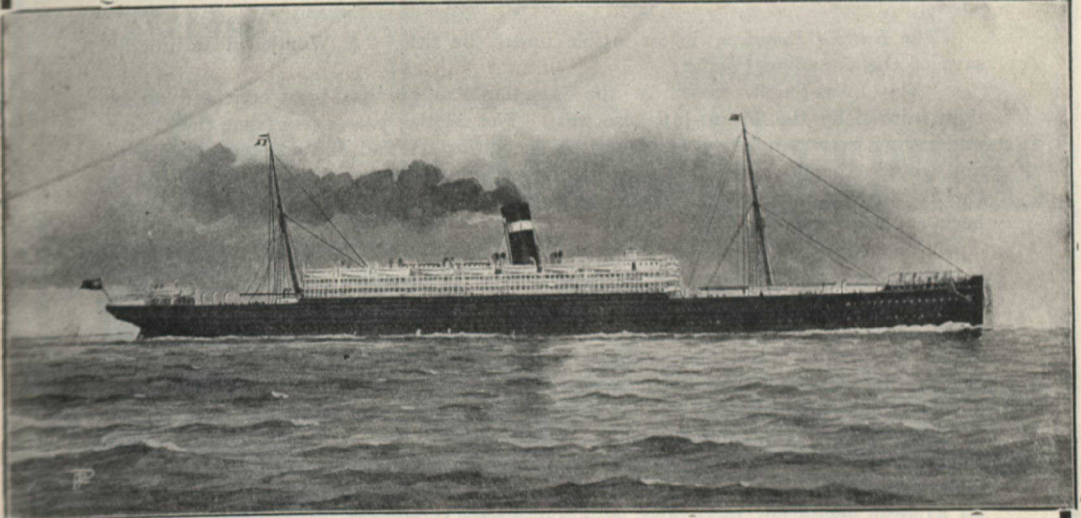


# ALLAN LINE

## TO LIVERPOOL

**ROYAL  
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CALLING AT MOVILLE, LONDONDERRY



The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

**TURBINE-ENGINED STEAMERS BUILDING**

**VICTORIAN, 12,000 Tons**

**VIRGINIAN, 12,000 TONS**

**NEW STEAMERS**

**TUNISIAN, 10,575 Tons, Twin Screws**    **BAVARIAN, 10,375 Tons, Twin Screws**  
**IONIAN, 9,000 Tons, Twin Screws**

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines, and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and all above the main deck, thus securing perfect light and ventilation. Bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

Electric lights are in use throughout the ships, and the cabins have all the comforts of modern first-class hotels. Cuisine is unsurpassed.

1904		PROPOSED SAILINGS		1905	
From LIVERPOOL	STEAMERS	From ST. JOHN		From HALIFAX	
1 Dec.,	PARISIAN	Sat., 17 Dec.,	7.00 a.m.	Mon., 19 Dec.	
8 "	SICILIAN	" 24 "	12.00 noon	" 26 "	
15 "	IONIAN	" 31 "	7.00 p.m.	" 2 Jan.	
22 "	PRETORIAN	" 7 Jan.,	2.00 p.m.	" 9 "	
29 "	CORINTHIAN	" 14 "	6.00 p.m.	" 16 "	
5 Jan.,	PARISIAN	" 21 "	6.00 p.m.	" 23 "	

**TUNISIAN** embarked mails and sailed from Rimouski Sunday, September 6, 1903, 12.25 noon; arrived at Moville and landed mails Saturday, Sept. 12. Time of passage, after deducting difference in time, 6 days, 5 hours, 27 minutes.

**BAVARIAN** is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10,375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Moville to Rimouski, 6 days, 3 hours, 12 minutes, the fastest on record over this course.

**IONIAN**—Latest addition to the fleet (9,000 tons, twin screws). Average time of this Steamer between HALIFAX and MOVILLE is 7 days, 6 hours. Her record passage is 6 days, 11 hours, 30 minutes.

**PARISIAN** sailed from Rimouski Sunday, October 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, October 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 12 hours, 50 minutes.

Greatly reduced rates now in effect. For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

**H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto**  
**or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal**

## "A Wonderful Railroad"

### A United States Paper's Glowing Tribute to the C. P. R.

The *Buffalo Enquirer*, in an article under the title, "A Wonderful Railroad," says of the Canadian Pacific:

"The trans-Pacific travel of the Canadian Railway has been benefited rather than injured by the Russo-Japanese war. The regular passengers from the Orient understand how completely localized the hostilities are and the constant stream to and fro of officers, newspaper correspondents, contractors and others interested in the fighting, has swelled the passenger lists to unusual size. Freight business has been equally brisk.

"The convenience of travelling half round the world under one management is, moreover, gaining recognition in many lands. Passengers put themselves under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Liverpool, and are conveyed 12,000 miles to Hong Kong. They have no difficulties in making connections; arrangements are settled and information obtained from one office; heavy baggage is checked at one end of the world and claimed at the other, and ladies and children find their comfort attended to and their perplexities solved with uniform courtesy by agents of the company thousands of miles apart.

"As an example of commercial organization, the Canadian Pacific Railway takes premier place among the transportation companies of the world. Last winter its Atlantic steamship lines were strengthened by the addition of a regular freight service from Antwerp to Canada; this winter two fine passenger steamers are being built in England. The run across the continent is most comfortable and the cars are equipped with every device for the comfort of the passengers. To sit in the dining-car and enjoy a first-class table d'hôte meal, while the train rushes through the rocky solitudes of the shore of Lake Superior is to have exemplified in a most remarkable way the triumphs of civilization over nature.

"The journey culminates in the prairies, the greatest wheat-growing and ranching district in the world, and the splendid scenery of the Rockies. Even in winter it is well to stop over for a few days in the latter. At Banff this year the Sanitarium Hotel is organizing winter sports under ideal conditions, and at Field and Glacier, the Canadian Pacific Railway hotels remain open the whole year round.

"From Vancouver the Empress liners sail and a most delightful ocean voyage begins. In every appointment, in service, in cuisine, a very high standard is maintained, and it is with real regret the passenger goes ashore at Yokohama. He may, if he so pleases, however, stay on board, and, after touching at Kobe and Nagasaki, and traversing the inland sea, go on to China. Here he will have a few hours at Shanghai, and will disembark at Hong Kong. Twelve thousand miles has he travelled in about six weeks under the auspices of one company, and, though he may no further journey in its ships and trains, he may continue his trip right around the world with every arrangement made and every need foreseen by buying a ticket for one of the many Around-the-World tours organized by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company."

**ROBERT KERR,**  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
**MONTREAL**

**C. E. E. USSHER,**  
General Passenger Agent,  
**MONTREAL**

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**TORONTO**

**Deserves  
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**CANADA'S FAMOUS TRAIN**  
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**MARITIME EXPRESS**



**INTERCOLONIAL**  
**RAILWAY**

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**Montreal, Quebec, St. John, Halifax  
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Connection made with Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland

Write for Descriptive Pamphlets to

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MONCTON, N. B.**

IMPORTANT.

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of Travel and Education

From 130 to 160 pages each issue, every one of which is of human interest.

Subscriptions for 1905 only will be received until December 31st, 1904, at 50 cents per year; to foreign countries, \$1.00.

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AND there is nothing like a sea voyage on a comfortable ship, with pleasant people to revive and invigorate your energies and interest. There would be fewer doctors' bills to pay if everybody went to the West Indies each winter on a

### P. & B. STEAMER

A 42 days' passage  
for \$130.00

is a cheap way of escaping doctors' bills.

ASK

R. M. MELVILLE . . . . Toronto

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PICKFORD & BLACK - Halifax

# Dominion Line Steamships

WEEKLY SAILINGS  
MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

IN SUMMER  
PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL  
(Via Halifax in Winter)

S. S. "CANADA"

S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "DOMINION"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

The S.S. "CANADA" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

## To Europe in Comfort At Moderate Rates

Per S. S. "KENSINGTON" S. S. "SOUTHWARK" S. S. "VANCOUVER"

To Liverpool, - \$35.00

To London, - \$37.50

These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public, who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

CHAS. A. PIPON,  
41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,  
17 St. Sacramento St., MONTREAL, QUE.

**THE  
"DOMINION"  
PIANO**

WE HAVE BEEN MAKING  
**"Dominion Pianos"**

for more than 11,000 working days—about 34 years.  
When we started in the business we thought we knew how to make good pianos, and after we had sold a few other people thought so, too.  
Since then we have made and sold about 19,160 "Dominion" Pianos and more than 46,000 "Dominion" Organs.  
Every one has given satisfaction.  
What some of the 19,160 purchasers say about their "Dominion Pianos" is told in an interesting booklet, which we'll gladly send you if you're interested in good pianos.  
We want you to "Get Familiar" with "Dominion" Pianos.

**THE DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO  
COMPANY, Limited**  
BOWMANVILLE, - ONT.

THE TOUCH IS EXQUISITE

# The Wabash Railroad

is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, including Old Mexico, the most interesting country on the face of the globe, Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers.

Round trip tickets on sale daily at greatly reduced rates. The Wabash is the great trunk line between the east and the west, and runs the finest equipped trains in America.

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**RAD** Radnor Springs **NOR**  
Mineral Water.

For table use  
Refreshing, tonic  
and stimulant.

Radnor Mixes With Anything

Art Dept. Canadian Magazine

## The Way We Grow

There has never been a cracker made in Canada that won friends like

### Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

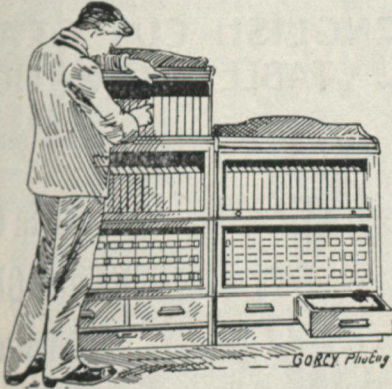
They have made the nation cracker hungry; made us double the size of our factory the first year, and made everybody think of MOONEY'S PERFECTION CREAM SODAS when they think of delicious crackers.

## CLARK'S Pork and Beans

When Pork and Beans is mentioned one naturally thinks of "Clark's," as no other is in the same class. 5c. and 10c. tins.

**W. CLARK, Mfr., Montreal**

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**A Necessity to Every Home**

Have you seen the Sectional Bookcase? Built on the Unit System, every multiple complete in itself, yet never finished; absolutely dust-proof. Saves the books, besides being a handsome ornament. 3 Sections, 1 Top, 1 Base, for \$12.75. A card will bring a circular.

Full line of Office Furniture and Labor-Saving Devices in stock.

**The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.**

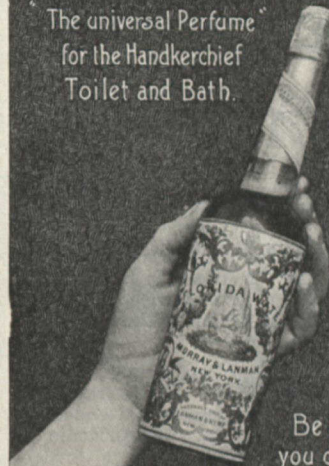
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The universal Perfume  
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you get the  
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**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA WATER.**  
Refuse all substitutes.

**ALWAYS stand by the name with a  
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ESTABLISHED A.D. 1851

**FIBRE  
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is now **universally** used in Canada.

Besides being **handsome** in **appearance**, it surpasses all other makes as regards **durability** and in **all points essential to a high-grade article.**

**E. B. Eddy's Fibre Tubs, Pails, Wash Basins, etc., are for sale at all first-class dealers.**

# Pneumonia Bronchitis

It is an important point in the treatment of pneumonia to reduce the dyspnea and irritating cough.

This may be done without internal medication and without disturbing the patient, by the use of Vaporized Cresolene.

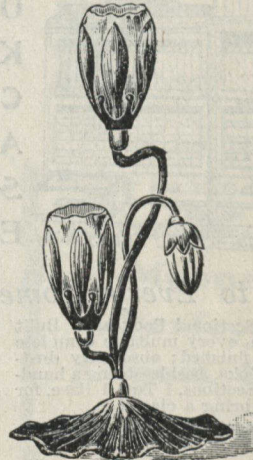
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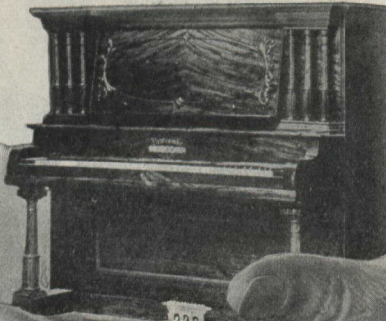
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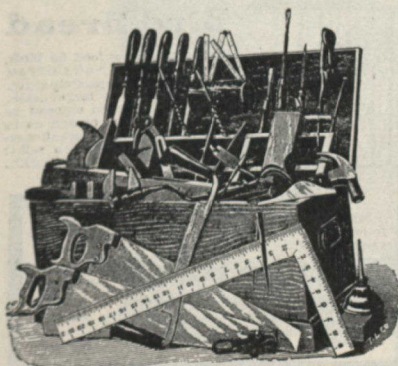
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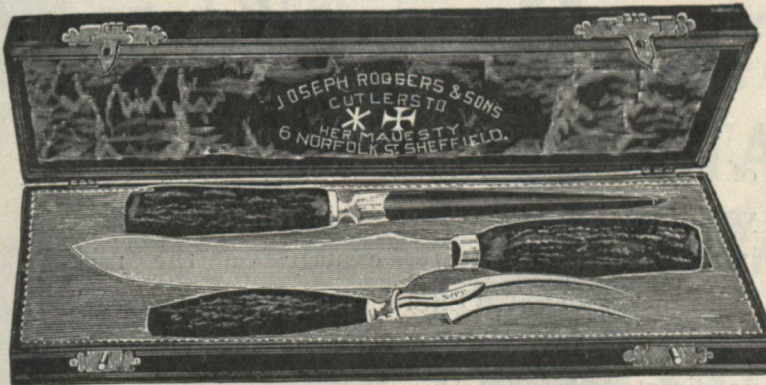
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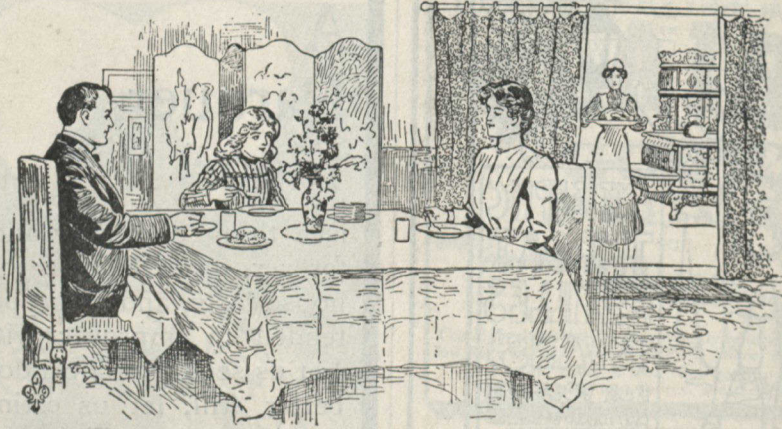


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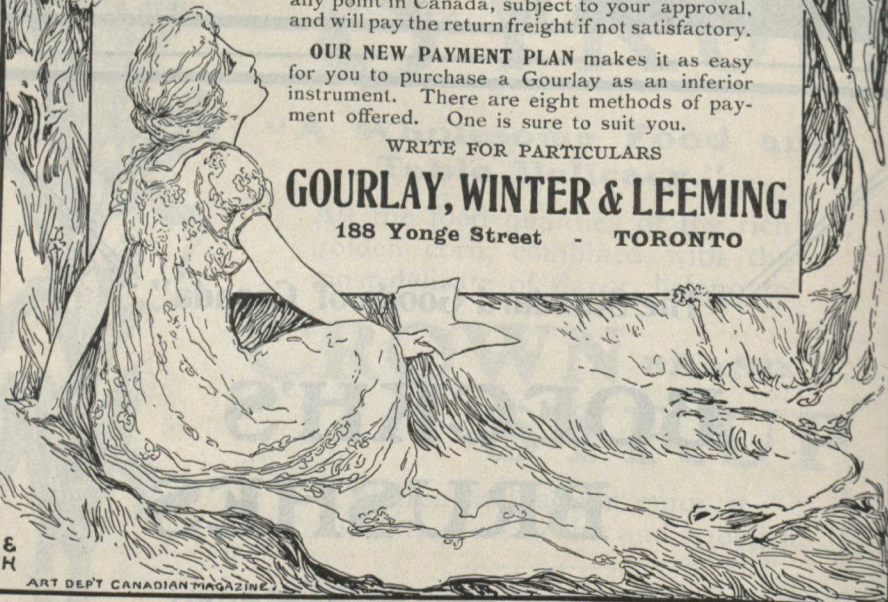
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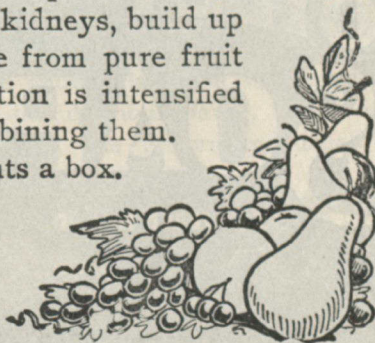
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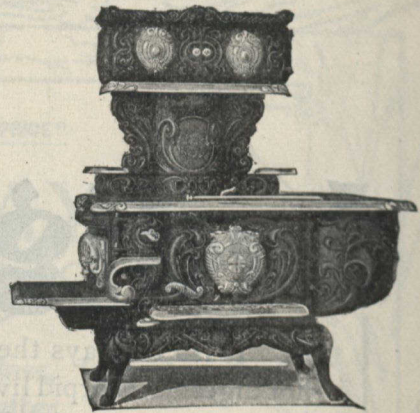


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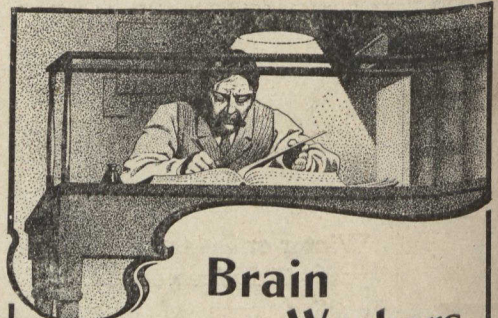
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