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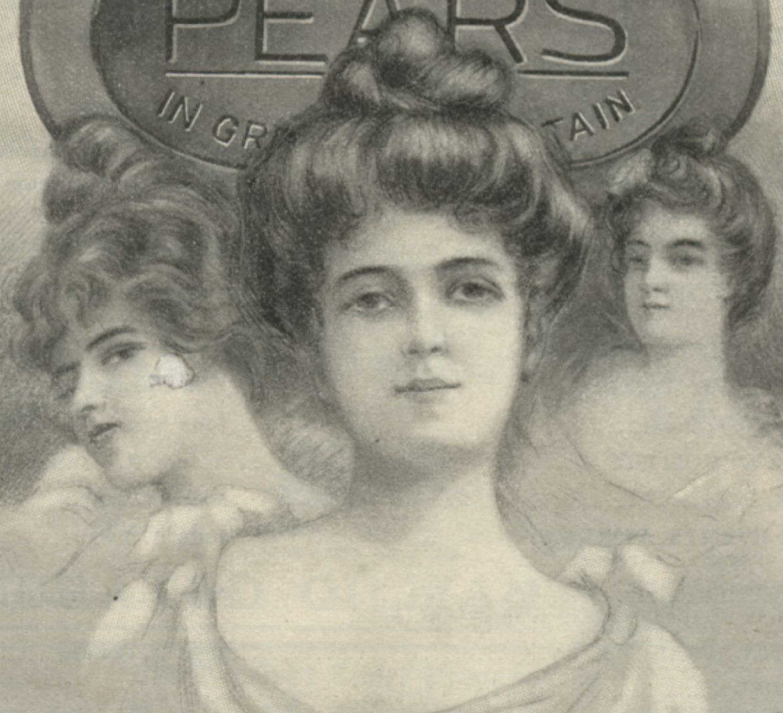
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APRIL, 1902.

No. 6.

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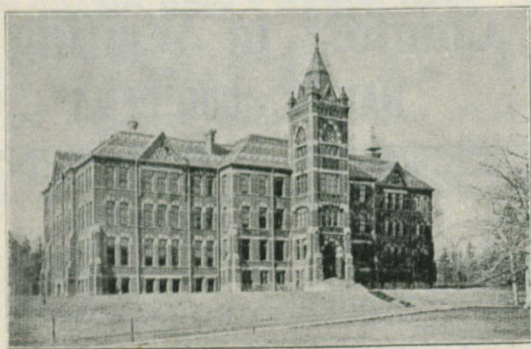
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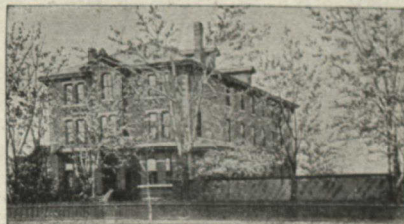
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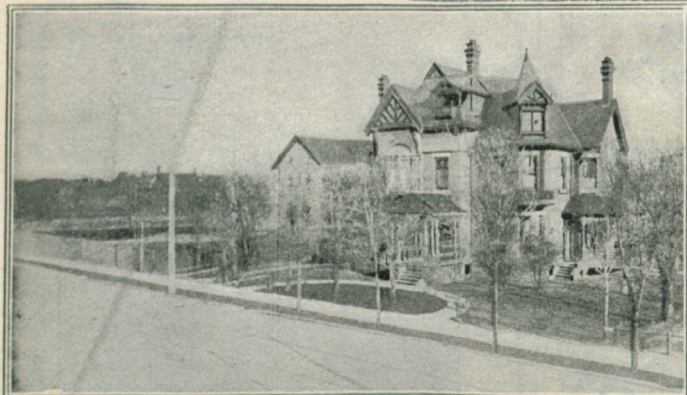
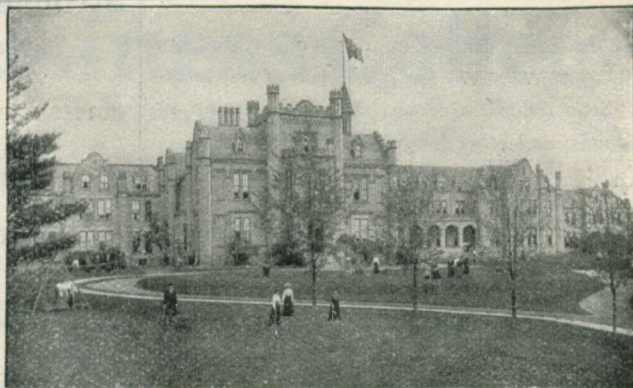
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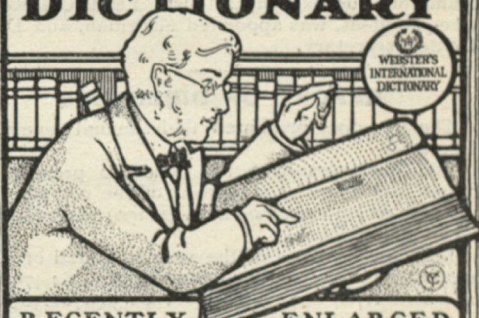
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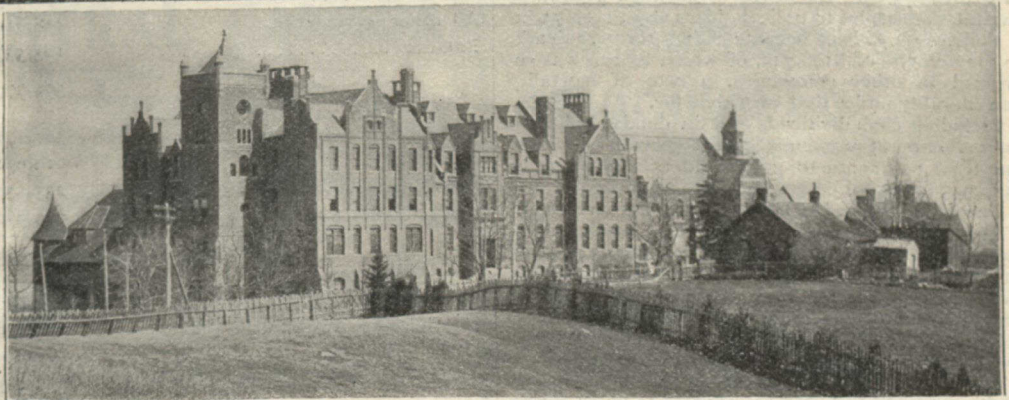
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## REPORT OF DIRECTORS

The directors presented their annual report, as follows:—

Your directors have the honor to present the report and financial statement of the company for the year which closed on Dec. 31, 1901, duly vouched for by the auditors.

The new business of the year consisted of 1,793 applications for insurance, aggregating \$2,479,500, of which 1,704 applications, for \$2,385,768.50 were accepted; applications for \$93,731.50 were rejected or held for further information.

As in previous years, the income of the company shows a gratifying increase, and the assets of the company have been increased by \$178,584.66, and have now reached \$1,449,925.58, exclusive of guarantee capital.

The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted at the close of the year to \$2,319,925.58, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, \$1,290,849.94, showing a surplus of \$1,029,075.64. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was \$159,075.64.

Policies on 56 lives became claims through death, to the amount of \$126,745, of which \$5,000 was reinsured in other companies, a rate of mortality considerably under that provided for.

Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums \$30,638.70, with annuities, the total payments to policyholders amounted to \$182,925.67.

Careful attention has been given to the investment of the company's funds, in first-class bonds, mortgage securities, and loans on the company's policies amply secured by reserves. Our investments have yielded results better than the average results of insurance companies doing business in Canada.

Expenses have been confined to a reasonable limit, consistent with due efforts for new business.

The field officers and agents of the company are intelligent and loyal, and are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interests. The members of the office staff have also proved faithful in the company's service.

The assurances carried by the company now amount to \$13,058,777.61, upon which the company holds reserves to the full amount required by law, and in addition thereto, a considerable surplus, as above shown.

The work of the current year, now well under way, has produced results even better than for the same period last year, leading to the belief that a like advantage may be maintained throughout the year.

DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director.  
WM. KERNS, Vice-President.

## AUDITORS' REPORT

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:—

Gentlemen,—We have made a careful audit of the books of your company for the year ending Dec. 31, 1901, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company, as on Dec. 31, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted,

H. S. STEPHENS,

J. J. MASON,

Auditors.

Hamilton, March 1, 1902.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR 1901.

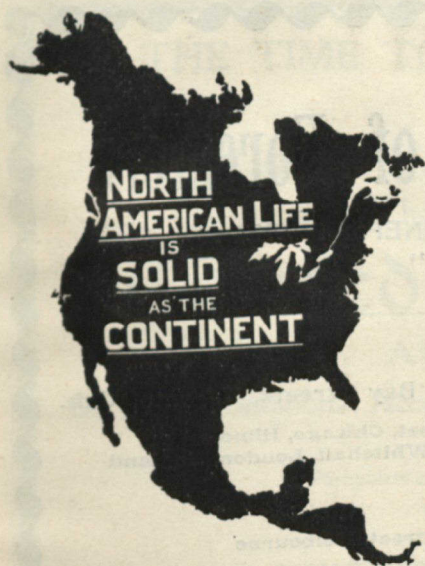
Premium Income.....	\$ 439,504.05
Interest.....	57,554.64
Capital Stock.....	7,715.00
	<u>\$ 504,773.69</u>
Paid to policyholders for death claims, endowments, surrender values and profits.....	\$ 182,925.67
All other payments.....	158,310.16
Balance.....	163,537.86
	<u>\$ 504,773.69</u>
Assets, Dec. 31, 1901—	
Debentures and bonds.....	\$ 321,172.84
Mortgages.....	619,691.65
Loans secured by policy reserves....	235,530.59
Cash in bank and other assets.....	273,530.50
	<u>\$ 1,449,925.58</u>
Liabilities—	
Reserve fund.....	\$ 1,255,056.31
Death losses awaiting proofs.....	20,400.00
Other liabilities.....	15,393.63
Surplus on policyholders' account....	159,075.64
	<u>\$ 1,449,925.58</u>
Guarantee capital.....	\$ 870,000.00
Total security.....	<u>\$ 2,319,925.58</u>
Policies were issued assuring.....	\$ 2,385,768.50
Total assurance in force.....	<u>\$13,058,777.61</u>

On motion of Lieut.-Col. Kerns, seconded by Mr. Macpherson, the report was adopted.

The medical director presented a statistical report showing a favorable mortality experience.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and, at a subsequent meeting, David Dexter was elected president and managing director; Lieut.-Col. Kerns and Mr. Macpherson, vice-presidents.





WHY INSURE? Because no man with a family dependent on him is free from reproach if his life is not insured.

WHY INSURE NOW? Because it will cost more as you grow older, and you may be unable to obtain a Policy to-morrow.

WHY INSURE IN THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE? Because it is a leading home Company offering absolute security and paying excellent results to its Policyholders. Write to Head Office for information as to its guaranteed and other plans, or see one of its Agents, who are almost everywhere.

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

112-118 King Street West, TORONTO

L. Goldman,  
Secretary.

Wm. McCabe,  
Managing Director.

### THE CENTRAL CANADA LOAN AND SAVINGS CO., TORONTO, CANADA.

Senator GEO. A. COX, - - - - - President  
E. R. WOOD, Vice-President and Managing Director

<b>4%</b>	CAPITAL, - - - - -	\$2,500,000
	RESERVE FUND, - - - - -	500,000

#### INVESTMENT BONDS.

This Company accepts sums of \$100 and upwards, issuing therefor its 4% investment bonds, payable to the order of party remitting the amount, upon the following conditions:—

- I. The Company agrees to pay 4% interest, payable half-yearly.
- II. The Company agrees to pay interest from date of receiving money to date of repayment.
- III. The Company agrees to pay exchange on all remittances.
- IV. The Company agrees to cash the bond at any time upon receiving 60 days' notice from party holding same.

Executors and Trustees are authorized by Ontario Government to invest in the Bonds of this Company—  
R. S. O., 1897, chapter 132, section 5-6.  
The Dominion and Ontario Governments accept the Bonds of this Company as security to be deposited by life and fire insurance companies doing business in Canada.

Write for sample bond, copy of annual report and for further information to  
F. W. BAILLIE, Assistant Manager, Toronto, Ont.

## The Northern Life Assurance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

1901 was the Banner Year.

		Increase over last year.
Insurance written. . . . .	\$1,267,500.00	52 2/3%
Insurance in force. . . . .	2,769,870.00	34 %
Premium Cash Income, . . . . .	75,928.72	32 1/4%
Total Cash Income. . . . .	84,755.92	29 %
Government Reserve. . . . .	122,983.93	51 1/3%
Total Assets . . . . .	284,275.55	11 1/4%

The Ratio of Expenses to Premium Income shows a decrease over last year of 15%.

The Interest Income has more than paid all Death Claims since the Company commenced Business.

Our Policies are up-to-date.  
Rates Reasonable.

For particulars, see our Agents, or address

**JOHN MILNE,**  
Managing Director, London, Ont.

(ASSESSMENT SYSTEM)

# Independent Order of Foresters

"THE BEST FRATERNAL BENEFIT SOCIETY  
IN EXISTENCE"

## HEAD OFFICE

The Temple Building Cor. Richmond and Bay Streets, Toronto, Can.

Office for the United States, 431 E. 63rd Street, Chicago, Illinois  
Office for Great Britain, 24 Charing Cross, Whitehall, London, England  
Office for France, 31 Rue Tronchet, Paris  
Office for Norway, Porsgrund  
Office for India, 4 Lyon's Range, Calcutta  
Office for Australia, Temple Court, Collins Street, Melbourne

## FIVE CARDINAL POINTS

IN THE I.O.F. SYSTEM OF FRATERNAL ASSURANCE UPON WHICH ITS  
SUCCESS HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED:

LIBERAL POLICY  
EQUITABLE METHODS  
CAPABLE MANAGEMENT  
PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS  
NO ASSESSMENTS AT DEATHS

For further information respecting the I.O.F. System of Fraternal  
Assurance apply to any Officer or Member

## EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R., Toronto, Canada.  
HON. JUDGE W. WEDDERBURN, P.S.C.R., Hampton, N.B.  
VICTOR MORIN, B.A., LL.B., S.V.C.R., Montreal, Que.  
JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, K.C., S.S., Toronto, Canada.  
H. A. COLLINS, S.T., Toronto, Canada.  
T. MILLMAN, M.D., M.R.C.S., England, S. Phy., Toronto, Canada.  
E. G. STEVENSON, S.C., Detroit, Mich.

THE TIME TO SECURE INSURANCE IS  
**NOW**

While you are well, strong and insurable.

The policies issued by the

**Confederation Life**  
ASSOCIATION

On the Unconditional Accumulative Plan are free from conditions from  
date of issue.

Pamphlets and full information sent on application.

W. H. BEATTY, ESQ.,  
President.

W. D. MATTHEWS, ESQ., FREDERICK WYLD, ESQ.,  
Vice-Presidents.

W. C. MACDONALD,  
Actuary.

J. K. MACDONALD,  
Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

**Federal Life Assurance Co.**

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, ONT.

**Statement for the Year 1901**

Net Premium Income, - - - - -	\$ 428,205.70
Amount of New Policies issued and paid for, -	2,281,710.50
Insurance in Force Dec. 31st, 1901, - -	13,058,777.61
Capital and Assets, - - - - -	2,319,925.58

**DAVID DEXTER**

Managing Director

The funds placed with The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation, Toronto, for investment, increased during the year 1901 from \$14,967,889 to \$15,436,879.

Will it interest you to see a Miniature Specimen of our Four per cent. Bond and copy of an Order of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council authorizing Trustees to invest Trust Funds in these Bonds? If so, send us your address.

HEAD OFFICE,  
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

# The Mutual Life of Canada

## Financial Summary, January 1st, 1902.

<b>Assets,</b> - - - - - \$5,757,822	<b>Insurance in Force,</b> - \$31,718,031
Increase over 1900, \$575,807	Increase over 1900, \$2,199,605
<b>Income,</b> - - - - - \$1,277,686	<b>Interest Income,</b> - - \$255,817
Increase over 1900, \$105,741	Increase over 1900, \$33,717
<b>Reserve (on 3½ and 4%),</b> \$5,301,100	
Increase over 1900, \$463,366	
<b>Surplus (on 3½ and 4%),</b> \$379,970	<b>Decrease in Expenses,</b> - \$23,947
Increase over 1900, \$69,620	(Compared with 1900)
<b>Payments to Policyholders,</b> \$493,532	<b>Decrease in Death Losses,</b> - \$7,487
Increase over 1900, \$61,967	(Compared with 1900)

In 1901 the Interest Earnings exceeded Death Losses by \$67,307. During the past five years Interest has exceeded Death Losses by over \$150,000. This produces handsome profits for policyholders.

ROBERT MELVIN,  
President.

GEO. WEGENAST,  
Manager.

W. H. RIDDELL,  
Secretary.

**First and Paramount—**

**Absolute Security to Policyholders**

# IMPERIAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

## THE YEAR'S RECORD

THE following figures are the result of the most successful year's business in the Company's history, and indicate that the Imperial's unexcelled record is being maintained in every essential which contributes to the upbuilding of a strong, progressive and sound life insurance institution.

	Jan. 1, 1901	Jan. 1, 1902	Increase	%
1. Total Assurance in Force .....	\$9,226,350	\$11,236,700	\$2,010,350	21.8
2. Total Assets.....	1,102,092	1,339,804	237,712	21.6
3. Reserves for Policies and Annuities.	597,488	798,785	201,297	33.7
4. Annual Premium Income.....	319,860	395,170	75,310	23.5
5. Annual Interest Income .....	36,273	53,502	17,229	47.5
6. Total Annual Income.....	356,133	448,672	92,539	26.0

## FIVE YEARS' RECORD

WHILE the Imperial Life has made rapid progress, there has been nothing spasmodic in its advance. In every one of the six cardinal items instanced in the following table, each year shows a substantial increase :

	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901
1. Assurance in Force.....	\$1,185,725	\$4,169,125	\$7,142,625	\$9,226,350	\$11,236,700
2. Annual Premium Income..	32,399	117,887	215,827	315,724	395,170
3. Annual Interest Income....	10,987	12,464	27,406	36,272	53,502
4. Total Annual Income.....	43,387	130,352	243,233	351,996	448,672
5. Total Assets .....	340,479	677,061	930,443	1,102,092	1,339,804
6. Reserves for Policies and Annuities.....	38,426	180,761	441,112	597,488	798,785

**HEAD OFFICE, - - TORONTO, CANADA**

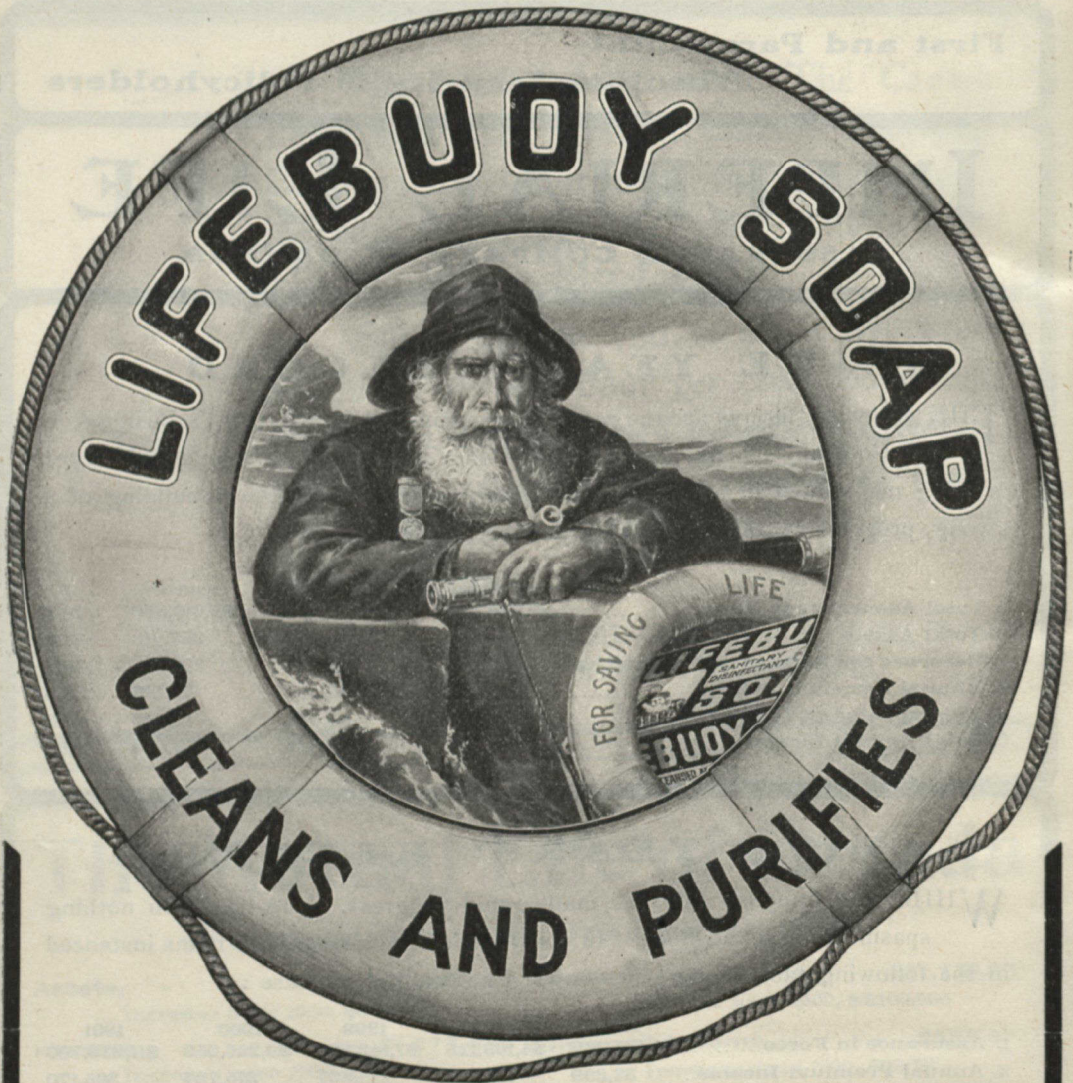
HON. SIR OLIVER MOWAT, P.C., G.C.M.G., President

A. E. AMES, 1st Vice-President

F. G. COX, Managing Director

T. BRADSHAW, F.I.A.,  
Actuary

J. L. DAVISON, M.D., M.R.C.S.,  
Chief Medical Referee



"Loyal and Royal" Life-Savers:

LIFEBUOY <sup>ROYAL</sup> DISINFECTANT SOAP—An antiseptic and disinfectant invaluable for household cleaning.

LOYAL—in serving all who constantly use it.

LOYAL—in fulfilling its function as germ or infection killer.

LOYAL—to the best interests of those who keep their homes sweet and healthy by its daily use.

ROYAL—being King of disinfectant soaps.

ROYAL—being a *Sovereign* protection from the scourge of infection.

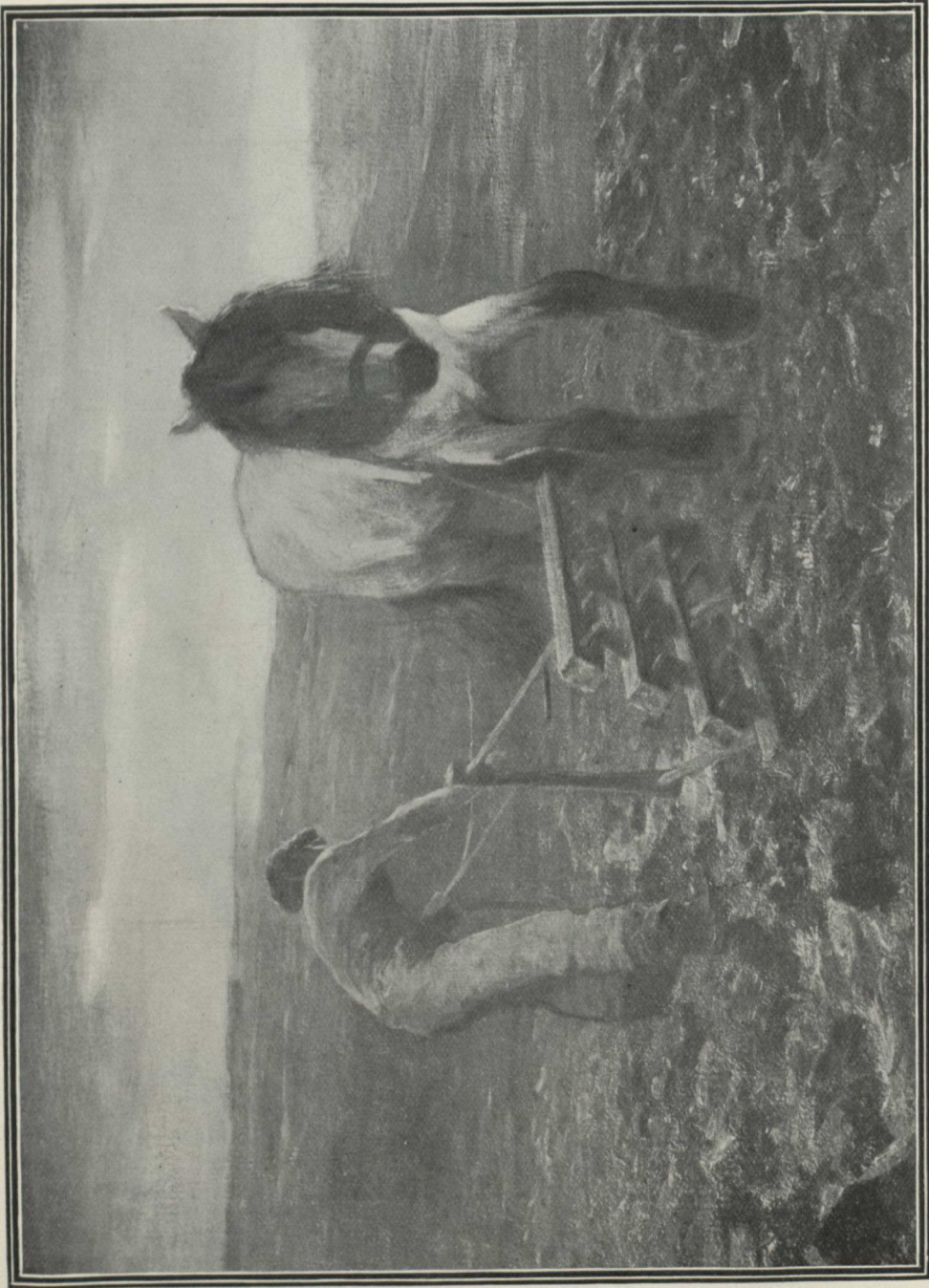
ROYAL—because it receives the homage of thousands and *reigns* over numberless healthy and happy homes.

LIFEBUOY <sup>ROYAL</sup> DISINFECTANT SOAP is acknowledged by Press, Public and Experts as a Safe, Sure and Simple Protection from Infection.

LEVER BROTHERS Limited

TORONTO





CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TURNING THE HARROW—EARLY MORNING

FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER; BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII

APRIL, 1902

No. 6

## HORATIO WALKER AND HIS ART

*By M. L. Fairbairn*

CANADA has not produced many great artists, but there are some worthy of better recognition than they have yet received. A short time ago, a New York connoisseur remarked: "You will wake some morning, you Canadians, to find what a great man you have to be proud of in Horatio Walker." Perhaps the same might be said of us in connection with several other artists; but it is certain that the work of Horatio Walker is more talked about in the United States and England than it is in Canada.

Outside of Montreal Mr. Walker's work is little known, for the simple reason that it has not been shown. Urged by his friends he held an exhibition of his work in the Art Gallery of that city in 1900, there being at the same time a loan exhibit of the work of the three Maris brothers in the Gallery. However odious comparisons are, they will be made, voluntarily or involuntarily, and this instance proved no exception. But our artist suffered nothing by juxtaposition with the world-famous Dutchmen. The intense individuality of his

work was no echo or imitation; it was the utterance of one who had seen and felt and learned; who had known "the artist's hunger and thirst, and the things that give him peace."

Because Mr. Walker's pictures have been little exhibited here, the lack of appreciation of, or rather better ac-



WOOD CUTTER—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER,  
BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK



SHEEP WASHING—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS

quaintance with, the work of one of our fellow countrymen, who is well known elsewhere, must be forgiven, but at least it need not continue. Our cousins over the line have grown to appreciate him, thinking, perhaps, that we are not otherwise in things of art. This good opinion might be best shown by a quotation from one of the keenest art critics of the New York press, who has this to say with regard to one of Mr. Walker's pictures, "The First Gleam" :—

"The theme is simple, but in its treatment we have an epic. The mystery and the majesty of the morning are in these labouring forms, and the canopy of fire and cloud. In the driver we see no 'man with a hoe,' dull, hopeless, dragging his way through an existence that means no more to him than food and shelter; it is a man who, though brother to the ox, feels joy and purpose in his work; a man in whose air there are resolution and command; a man into whose life has come something of the calming greatness of Nature. He is sprung from the earth, and the strength of the soil is in him. His environment is of a splendour kings cannot command. The freshness and the fragrance of the morning are around him, and distances

recede into glowing infinities. The immense sky, shot with rays and shadows, is pouring its light on a freshened earth, and the curtains of the night are rolling away before the sun. Life, power, joy are the meaning of the picture."

Horatio Walker was born at Listowel, Ont., in 1858. His art career began while yet a boy, when he had a habit of sketching at odd times with all sorts and conditions of material. His training in art is very simply stated: it consisted of the old-fashioned process of going to nature, and the other process, equally old, of keeping on and on and on. The first pictures, real oil paintings, he ever saw were in Toronto, in 1872. They proved most unsatisfactory to the art-hungry youth to whom they gave nothing but the keenest disappointment, his instinct telling him these were not that for which he longed. Later, in the same city he saw a number of old English pictures which were as a shower in a desert; as water to a thirsty soul.

Continued work from nature brought increased power to the young artist.

He moved to Rochester, N.Y., but did not yet devote all his time to study; this came later, as the demands of art became more imperative, and the interest in it more absorbing, but at no time did he work in any studio or place himself under any master. As with most of the great landscape painters, he was compelled to find his own way of expression. Occasionally a picture was attempted, but for a time without success; still, whether discouraged or elated, the persevering student never ceased work. The result of this may be seen now in slight sketch or finished picture. From these the student will learn that success is not attained as the result of superficial observation and clever handling; it comes of continuous searchings, strivings, and close application.

At last, in 1883, came the turning in the long lane, the first distinct success met with, and since that time no

year has passed in which one or two canvases have not been exhibited, which have from year to year shown a growing mastery of technique, and of penetrating subtilty.

One who knows Mr. Walker well, both before and after the turning of fortune's tide, and who was with him much, tells of long days spent in sketching; of tramps afar in search of subjects for anatomical study, the dead body of a horse or cow or sheep; of busy days in the studio when the artist worked in a cloud of smoke, always quite alone; of over-elaborated studies, in which every detail was carefully noted, that appeared in the complete picture broadly brushed in—a matter of suppression and selection which only thorough knowledge could achieve. To those familiar with the colour sense shown in Mr. Walker's later pictures it may seem strange to know that in his earlier work that first attracted atten-



HAULING THE LOG—WINTER—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS



TREE-FELLERS AT WORK—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION N. E. MONTROSS

tion there was little colour, "it just escaped being in black and white." A final remark sums the secret of Mr. Walker's charm—"He felt everything so; he could paint the very soul of an ox!"

For his motive Mr. Walker from the first has gone to the peasant of his own country. Not the up-to-date farmer of the west, neither the pioneer nor the man from "way back," nor yet the owner of many acres and city culture; none of these has he sought, but the French peasant, the *habitant* of the Province of Quebec, whose life, dress and manner of living are of the simplest, who in many ways is now where his French ancestors of two centuries ago stood. "The *habitant* has manners," Gilbert Parker tells us; he has besides a warm heart and much trust in those he deems worthy. Among this people Mr. Walker has made his home on the Ile d'Orleans, where he lives and works the greater part of the year and here he is looked up to by the farmers with unlimited veneration

for his art and affection for himself. To oblige their friend they will hasten or delay the ploughing of a field; and they will change or modify the daily routine of work to suit artistic demands with the greatest good will and interest in the undertaking.

There is a story of a French peasant from the island who was in Quebec on business and who, happening to look in a bookseller's window, espied in a number of *Harper's Weekly* a reproduction of one of Mr. Walker's pictures, a ploughing scene in the early morning. His attention was arrested—the field certainly looked strangely familiar, surely he knew those oxen; and that man's figure—who but himself! It was wonderful! To think all this should be in this great paper of another country! Delighted, he bought up all the copies for sale there, that his friends might share his pleasure in his own importance and his enthusiasm for their artist and his picture.

Mr. Walker was made a member of the Society of American Artists in 1887, a



A STY—FROM THE PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER, BY PERMISSION OF N. E. MONTROSS

full member of the National Academy in 1891, is a member of the Water-Colour Society and also of the British Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, has been the winner of a gold medal at Chicago, of the Webb prize at the National Academy and other honours. In 1901 he exhibited in the Royal Academy, England, at which time the *Art Journal*, among its thirty-six reproductions of the leading pictures of the year included one by our artist, and its criticism was: "Mr. Horatio Walker shows a Millet-like realism which is yet charged with poetry—charm, the outcome of power, and not of mere desire to achieve the pretty, is the characteristic of this water colour. England should give welcome to Horatio Walker."

With regard to the artist's scope and ability there remains much to be said. He is not a painter of incident only, nor does he strive to give a correct map of some part of the earth. He is a deep thinker; his attitude is reverential; the landscape, the cattle, the people, all nature, are but the language for the utterance of a truth, of an idea, of the infinite. Each picture is the re-

sult of some thought, some strenuous feeling to which he seeks to give expression; it follows that there is no repetition, each picture is a separate and individual creation. Nor may there be any haste in finishing. One canvas we know of has been carried every summer for eight years to the Canadian sketching grounds that when opportunity offers for the requisite effect of time and lighting something may be added. No pecuniary consideration could induce the artist to let a canvas go until he was satisfied he had given it his utmost.

Sometimes one must acknowledge the drawing uncouth, or the use of the pigment hasty and crude, but the result is always honest, the product of no trifler, but of a serious gifted man. Perhaps a remark of the artist may be a key to the better understanding of one who is usually silent about what he feels most, and who has little to say about art and his own work, "I have two patron saints, Michael Angelo and Turner." To the immense strength and intense feeling of the one, and the magnificent colour sense of the other, there

is that in him which has responded as deep to deep.

The subject of Mr. Walker's pictures are mainly pastoral; they appeal to the elemental in us as do Homer's tales or the story of Jacob and his flocks and his long service of love. The intense repose, the large suggestiveness, of many of them recall the breadth of Troyon; they seem in sharp contrast to our modern unrest and triviality.

In a large canvas, "Morning," a flock of sheep have just emerged from the shed and are beginning to disperse through the meadow. The dew glistens on the grass and the cold feeling of early morning is in the air, the light is quickening in the eastern sky but has not yet penetrated the shade of these trees. Gradually, as you give yourself sympathetically to the understanding of the painting, its meanings unfold, you appreciate the chill of the dawn, the first stirrings of the daily round of toil, the subtlety with which the great expanse of meadow is indicated, the charm of the cool green tones, the drawing of the sheep at once characteristic and broad. This reserve is one of the marked things in Mr. Walker's work; he does not tell you everything at once. It is all there as in nature, but the artist's purpose only comes to you gradually, bit by bit.

There are other subjects pleasant to recall—a sheep-washing in a shady pool in the foreground with a sunny vista showing beyond; massive oxen standing with patient heads against the

drinking trough, a drifting sky overhead; a *habitant* felling a tree in the dim woods; a pastoral with the unpoetical pig to the fore; a limekiln seen by moonlight, the conflicting lights making an interesting problem; a careworn peasant woman who drives home her cow in the glow of evening, stopping reverently before the wayside shrine and bowing in simple faith.

There is in these none of the pitifulness, the hopelessness of Millet's peasant, although the comparison has been made. Rather Mr. Walker has expressed something of the pathos and tenderness to be seen in Israel's work, though with a dignity quite his own. They are alike in discovering to us the beauty of the daily routine of life with its homely joys and cares.

During the last part of January and the first of February this year Mr. Walker held an exhibition of a number of his newer pictures, the best collection of his best work yet seen, at the Montross Gallery, Fifth avenue, New York.

There is a sentence of John Addington Symonds, in speaking of Michael Angelo, which might be applied to our artist's work in a degree. He says of certain of the great Italian's creations, "they became to him the hieroglyphs of his impassioned utterance." So here, whether the "hieroglyph" be landscape, figure, tree, or some effect of light, there is always the mind "to see through nature, to pass beyond the actual to the abstract, and to use reality only as a stepping-stone to the ideal."

## INHERITANCE

THERE lived a man who raised his hand  
and said

"I will be great,"

And thro' a long, long life he bravely knocked  
At Fame's closed gate.

A son he left who, like his sire, strove  
High place to win—

Worn out, he died and, dying, left no trace  
That he had been.

He also left a son who, without care

Or planning how;

Bore the fair letters of a deathless name  
Upon his brow.

"Behold, a genius, touched with fire divine!"  
The people cried.

Not knowing that to make him what he was  
Two men had died!

Isabel E. Mackay



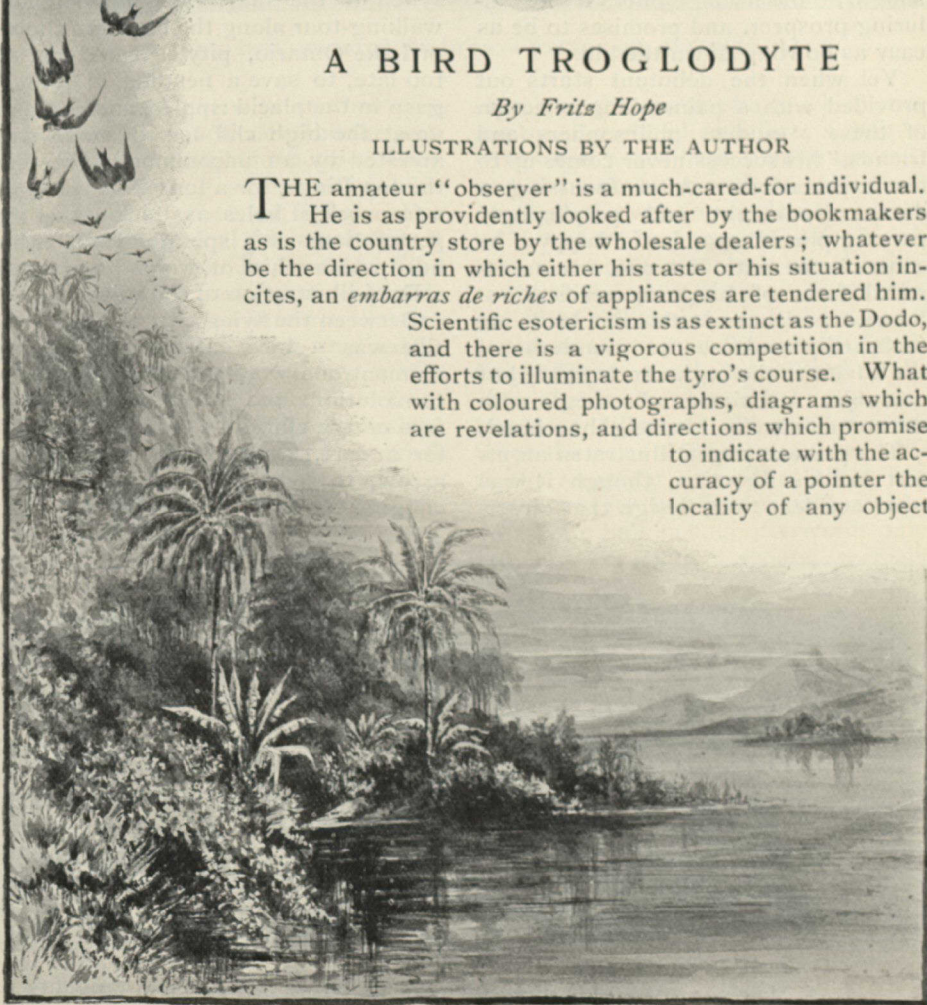
## A BIRD TROGLODYTE

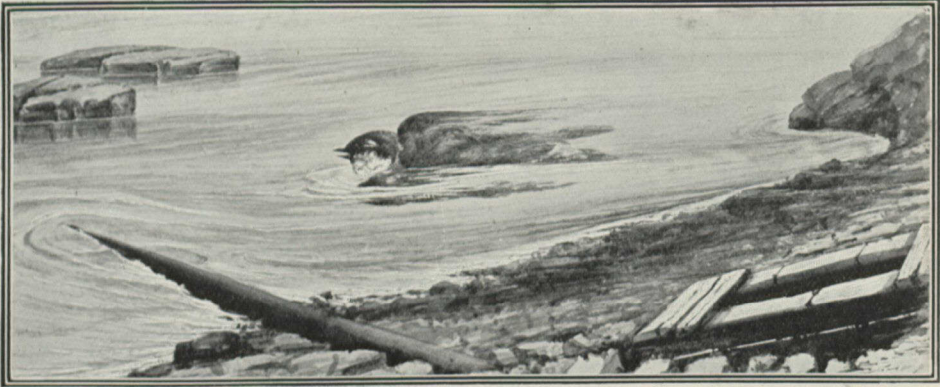
*By Fritz Hope*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE amateur "observer" is a much-cared-for individual. He is as providently looked after by the bookmakers as is the country store by the wholesale dealers; whatever be the direction in which either his taste or his situation inclines, an *embarras de riches* of appliances are tendered him.

Scientific esotericism is as extinct as the Dodo, and there is a vigorous competition in the efforts to illuminate the tyro's course. What with coloured photographs, diagrams which are revelations, and directions which promise to indicate with the accuracy of a pointer the locality of any object





THE BANK SWALLOW

sought, "observing" offers a most alluring prospect, and promises to be as easy as bowling down the hill.

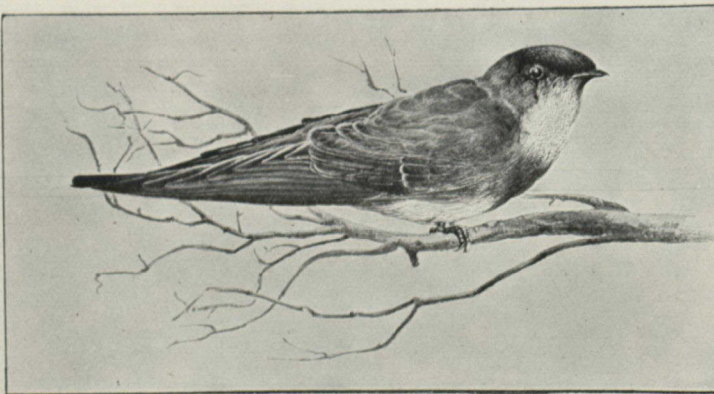
Yet when the débutant starts out provided with a painstaking selection of these "guides, philosophers and friends," his success never comes up to his expectations. After focussing a dozen evanescent and perplexingly varying phenomena, he is happy if he comes home with but one or two assured facts of his own verification. Some experiences in this line leads me to heartily endorse the soundness of the advice to the beginner, to study but one object at a time, and to begin with the commonest in his neighbourhood.

The present paper illustrates an effort in this direction, though it was more accident than design that direct-

ly led to the subject. On a summer walking-tour along the northern shores of Lake Ontario, pity arrested me, all too late, to save a nestling at its last gasp in the placid ripples, and a glance up at the high cliff for its home was arrested by an uncommon sight. In the top fringe, for a long distance, was a fretwork of holes as thick set as the perforations of a sponge, while overhead was a whirl of wings as mazy as a Doré illustration of Paradise.

Between the flying host and the cliff-side was a busy intercourse. Every moment one would start from its airy convolutions and sweep to and fro the face of the cliff till a point was gained for a dart, straight and swift as an arrow, to some destined hole, where, clinging for an instant at the entrance,

half hidden in a little cloud of dust, it would creep in and vanish, while from some mysterious depth in the tunnelled earth another would flash out to be as quickly lost in the bewildering bird waltz; amongst the swaying crowd, short sweeps and sudden tangents of



THE BANK SWALLOW





BANK SWALLOW BURROWS—LORNE PARK, LAKE ONTARIO

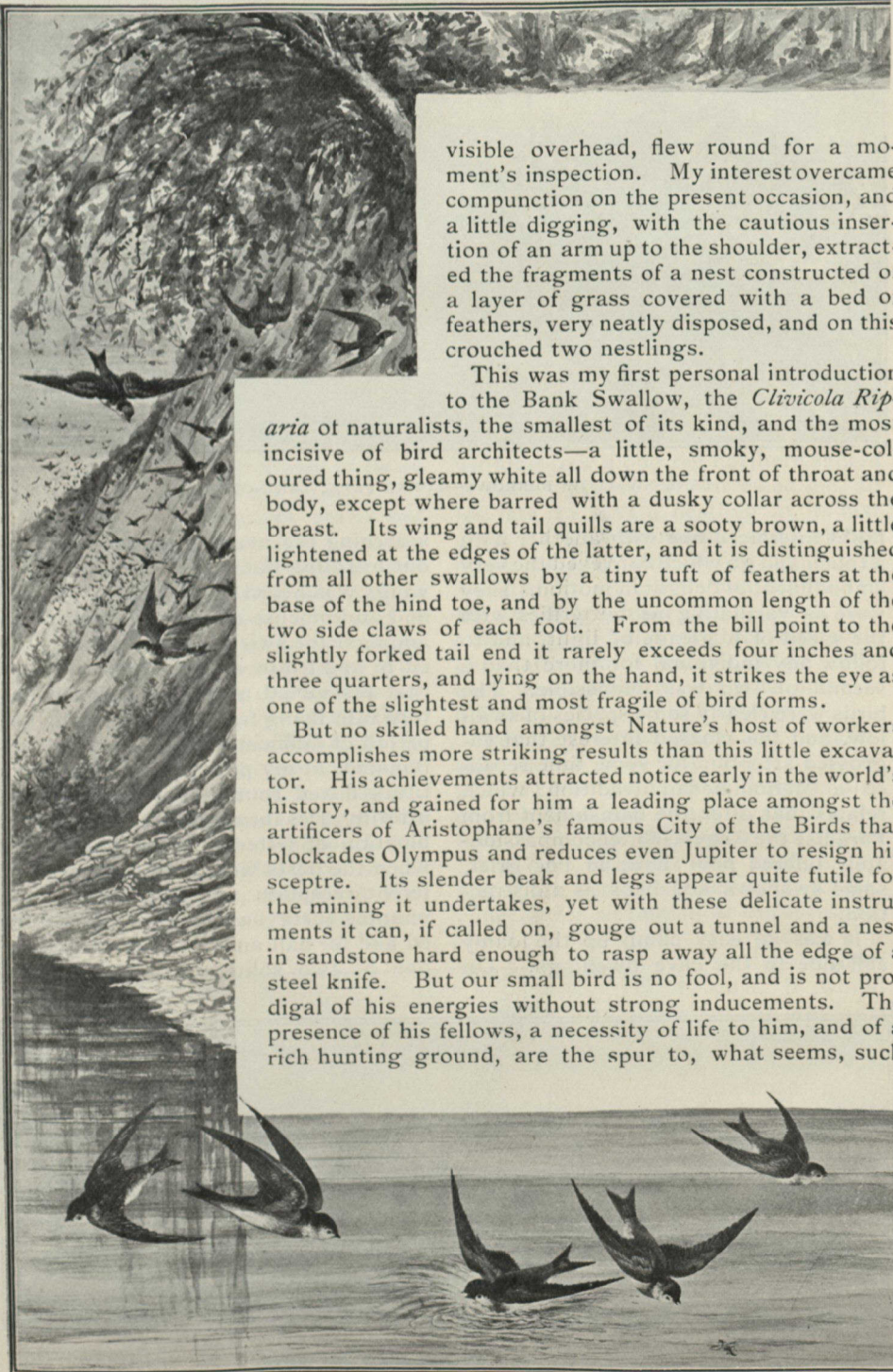
flight interlaced one with another with a touch and go which conveyed the very embodiment of delight in motion. They were as vacillating as butterflies with the speed of a gleam of light, and to follow any individual for more than a second or two was impossible. The birds were clearly some species of swallow, and the pleased interest that engrossed attention for some time recalled a Mahommedan tradition which relates that after the banishment from Paradise the Angel Gabriel compassionately offered poor Eve, in her grief, some swallows and hens as a distraction.

It was an easy climb up the loamy cliff-side to the cave dwellings. On

searching the nearest hole, a bird shot out brushing hand and face, a rush of wings was heard from tunnels around, and an immense commotion took place amongst the swirling birds; they jerked to and fro in an agitated confusion that resembled a tornado-cloud being torn into flying fragments. It was the period of nidification, and as long as I remained at my post the outraged multitude flitted round, soared and sank, uttering cries inexpressible by any combination of letters. On a later visit, when the nests were empty, a very different reception was given. In a few minutes every swallow around vanished and for half an hour afterwards only one or two solitary scouts, scarcely



LORNE PARK BANKS, LAKE ONTARIO



visible overhead, flew round for a moment's inspection. My interest overcame compunction on the present occasion, and a little digging, with the cautious insertion of an arm up to the shoulder, extracted the fragments of a nest constructed of a layer of grass covered with a bed of feathers, very neatly disposed, and on this crouched two nestlings.

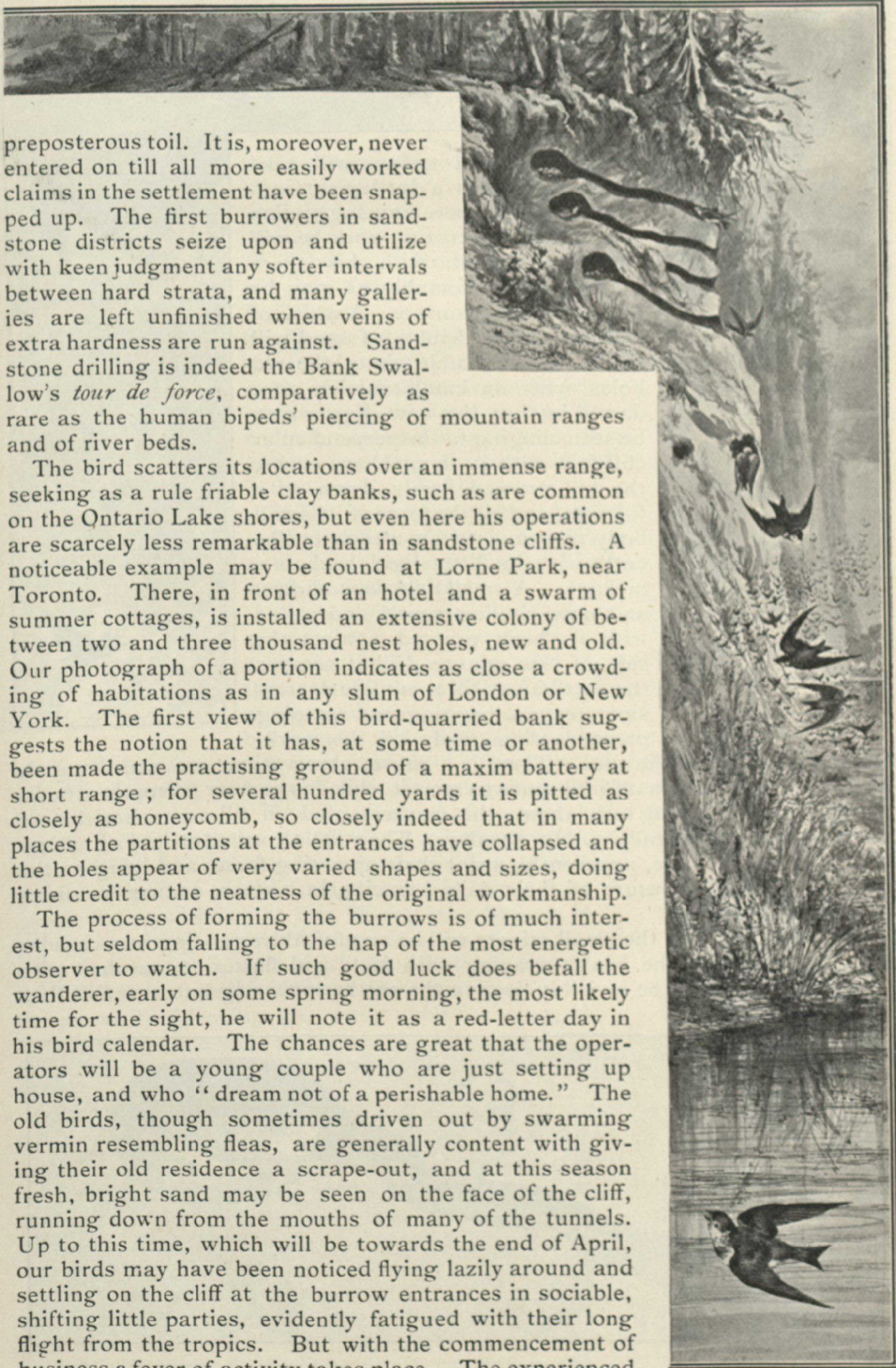
This was my first personal introduction to the Bank Swallow, the *Clivicola Riparia* of naturalists, the smallest of its kind, and the most incisive of bird architects—a little, smoky, mouse-coloured thing, gleamy white all down the front of throat and body, except where barred with a dusky collar across the breast. Its wing and tail quills are a sooty brown, a little lightened at the edges of the latter, and it is distinguished from all other swallows by a tiny tuft of feathers at the base of the hind toe, and by the uncommon length of the two side claws of each foot. From the bill point to the slightly forked tail end it rarely exceeds four inches and three quarters, and lying on the hand, it strikes the eye as one of the slightest and most fragile of bird forms.

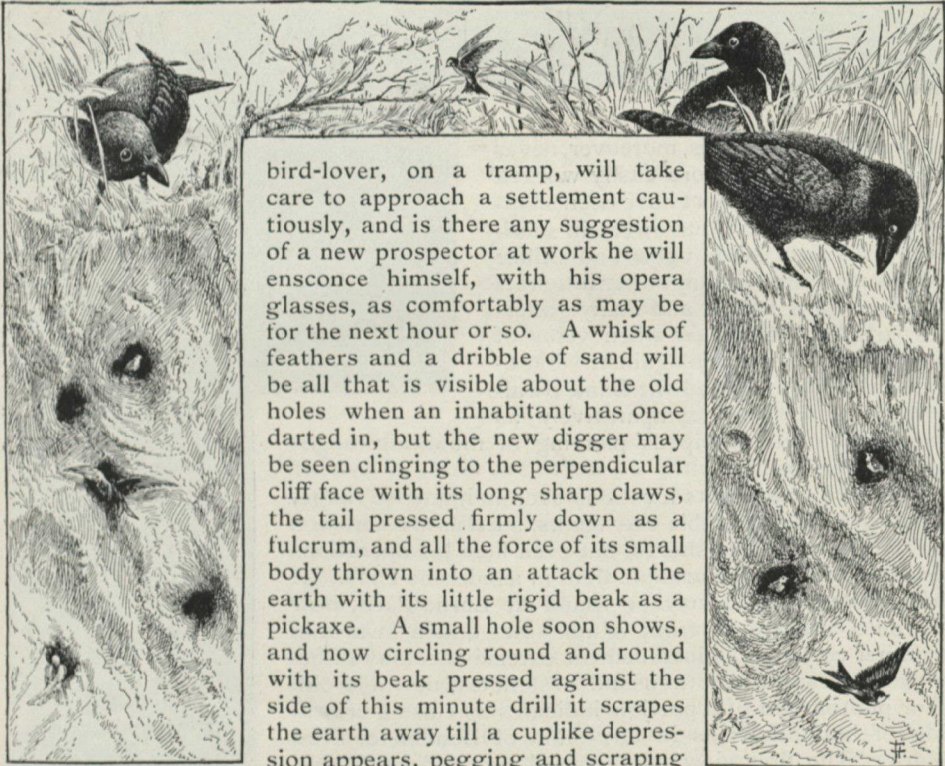
But no skilled hand amongst Nature's host of workers accomplishes more striking results than this little excavator. His achievements attracted notice early in the world's history, and gained for him a leading place amongst the artificers of Aristophane's famous City of the Birds that blockades Olympus and reduces even Jupiter to resign his sceptre. Its slender beak and legs appear quite futile for the mining it undertakes, yet with these delicate instruments it can, if called on, gouge out a tunnel and a nest in sandstone hard enough to rasp away all the edge of a steel knife. But our small bird is no fool, and is not prodigal of his energies without strong inducements. The presence of his fellows, a necessity of life to him, and of a rich hunting ground, are the spur to, what seems, such

preposterous toil. It is, moreover, never entered on till all more easily worked claims in the settlement have been snapped up. The first burrowers in sandstone districts seize upon and utilize with keen judgment any softer intervals between hard strata, and many galleries are left unfinished when veins of extra hardness are run against. Sandstone drilling is indeed the Bank Swallow's *tour de force*, comparatively as rare as the human bipeds' piercing of mountain ranges and of river beds.

The bird scatters its locations over an immense range, seeking as a rule friable clay banks, such as are common on the Ontario Lake shores, but even here his operations are scarcely less remarkable than in sandstone cliffs. A noticeable example may be found at Lorne Park, near Toronto. There, in front of an hotel and a swarm of summer cottages, is installed an extensive colony of between two and three thousand nest holes, new and old. Our photograph of a portion indicates as close a crowding of habitations as in any slum of London or New York. The first view of this bird-quarried bank suggests the notion that it has, at some time or another, been made the practising ground of a maxim battery at short range; for several hundred yards it is pitted as closely as honeycomb, so closely indeed that in many places the partitions at the entrances have collapsed and the holes appear of very varied shapes and sizes, doing little credit to the neatness of the original workmanship.

The process of forming the burrows is of much interest, but seldom falling to the hap of the most energetic observer to watch. If such good luck does befall the wanderer, early on some spring morning, the most likely time for the sight, he will note it as a red-letter day in his bird calendar. The chances are great that the operators will be a young couple who are just setting up house, and who "dream not of a perishable home." The old birds, though sometimes driven out by swarming vermin resembling fleas, are generally content with giving their old residence a scrape-out, and at this season fresh, bright sand may be seen on the face of the cliff, running down from the mouths of many of the tunnels. Up to this time, which will be towards the end of April, our birds may have been noticed flying lazily around and settling on the cliff at the burrow entrances in sociable, shifting little parties, evidently fatigued with their long flight from the tropics. But with the commencement of business a fever of activity takes place. The experienced

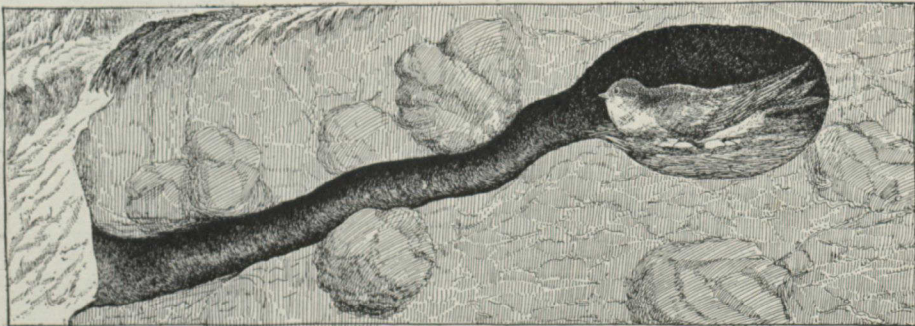




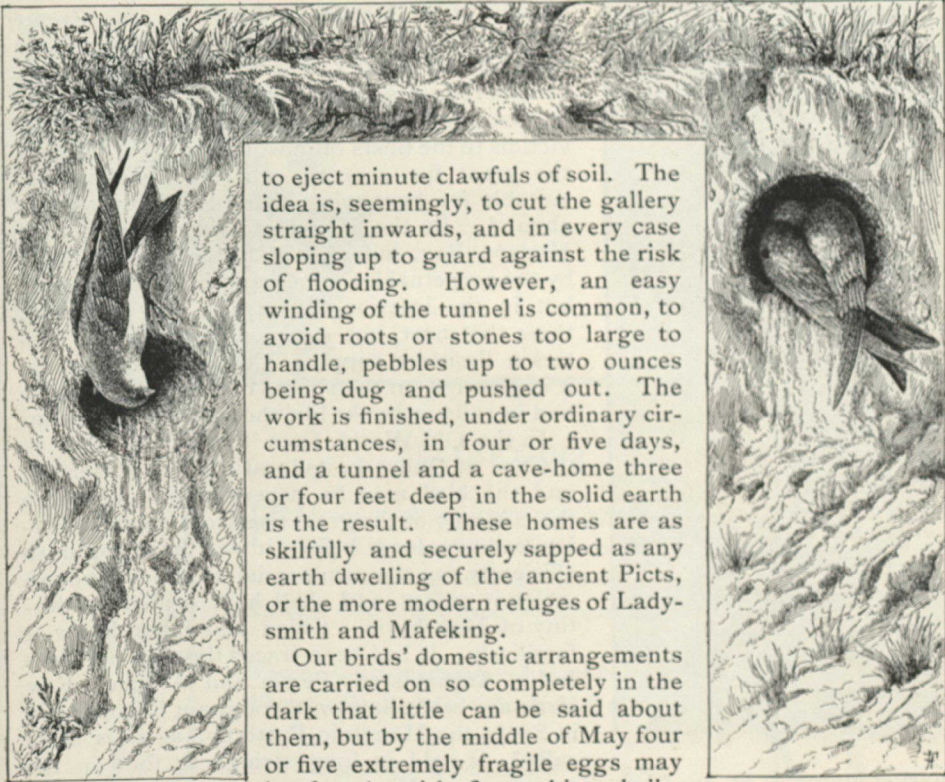
bird-lover, on a tramp, will take care to approach a settlement cautiously, and is there any suggestion of a new prospector at work he will ensconce himself, with his opera glasses, as comfortably as may be for the next hour or so. A whisk of feathers and a dribble of sand will be all that is visible about the old holes when an inhabitant has once darted in, but the new digger may be seen clinging to the perpendicular cliff face with its long sharp claws, the tail pressed firmly down as a fulcrum, and all the force of its small body thrown into an attack on the earth with its little rigid beak as a pickaxe. A small hole soon shows, and now circling round and round with its beak pressed against the side of this minute drill it scrapes the earth away till a cuplike depression appears, pegging and scraping proceeds strenuously till the work-

er's mate flutters to the spot. There is a pause, observations are interchanged, and the digger sweeps off into space to recruit while his partner promptly attacks the cavity. Turn and turn about, the workers plod on till some time before noon when it is generally quit for the day. Their little concentrations of energy will have by that time, apparently, spent their operating force, and lying on the cliff-side will be a measure of their daily capacity, in sixteen or twenty ounces of excavated soil.

On the second day the small miners will be comfortably standing in a circular hole, pegging with the beak, scraping with feet, and fluttering out dust with wings, and will soon be invisibly deep in the earth, appearing but now and then



BANK SWALLOW'S NEST

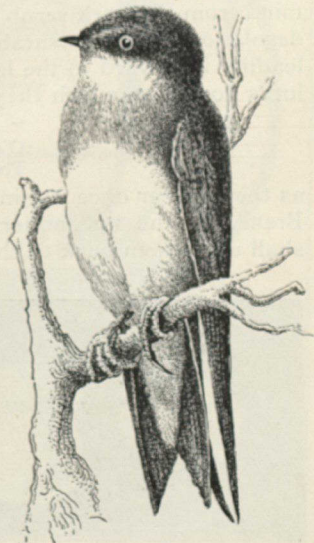


to eject minute clawfuls of soil. The idea is, seemingly, to cut the gallery straight inwards, and in every case sloping up to guard against the risk of flooding. However, an easy winding of the tunnel is common, to avoid roots or stones too large to handle, pebbles up to two ounces being dug and pushed out. The work is finished, under ordinary circumstances, in four or five days, and a tunnel and a cave-home three or four feet deep in the solid earth is the result. These homes are as skilfully and securely sapped as any earth dwelling of the ancient Picts, or the more modern refuges of Lady-smith and Mafeking.

Our birds' domestic arrangements are carried on so completely in the dark that little can be said about them, but by the middle of May four or five extremely fragile eggs may be found, with fine white shells,

having a delicate roseate hue when full. They are slightly enlarged and flattened at one end, perhaps as a provision against the chance of a push and roll out at the gallery mouths, to look out on the world. One untoward result that awaits them was indicated at the beginning of this article. Another of their dangers to life comes from piratical crows, which at this season may be seen in parties watching on the cliff-tops to snap up any unwary innocent, but once fairly launched on the air their risks are small. A close observer may catch the parent bird feeding the young upon the wing, as they flash by, and their nurture is so soon completed that it is common for the old birds to raise two broods in a season.

Our delicate little friend so well guarded by its habits from "ravaging" tooth and claw, and with a nest construction so well fitted to meet extremes of temperature, fares bravely in the struggle for existence, and finds safe breeding grounds in all parts of the northern half of the world. None of the numerous and very varied order of Passerines to which it belongs, can compare with it in the enormous range of its settlements, though that order includes more than half of all living birds. It is found on Melville Island far into the Arctic Ocean. It swarms in the





mouths of the Mackenzie River on the extreme northern verge of our continent. It populates the cliffs of Alaska, where insect life may be considered, in some of its forms, to culminate; in that region stray bears being known to fall victims to the hosts of mosquitoes. Throughout the great fur country, wherever banks exist suitable for burrowing, Bank Swallow colonies abound. In the immediate neighbourhood of Hudson Bay, indeed, the bitter winds, chilled by the perpetual ice, render insect life too scarce, but in the interior the case is very different; there the short, hot summer, as in Alaska, fosters a limitless supply. Coming nearer home, it is plentiful on the shores of our Lake Ontario and in railway banks like those about Hamilton.

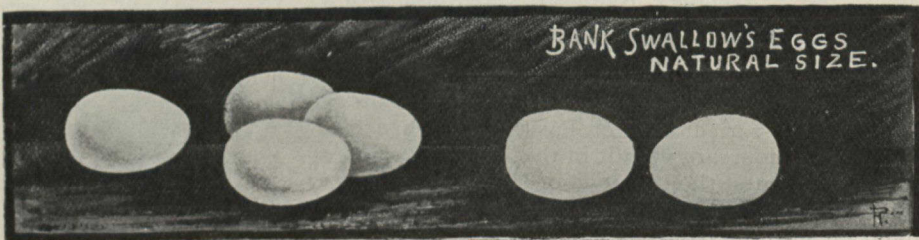
In the Old World, from the North Cape to the Sea of Okhotsk, its locations are numerous, and the bird may be depended upon to utilize the cuttings of the great transcontinental Siberian railway long before it will have begun to efficiently tap the commercial eldorado through which it passes, and shall have sealed the destiny of Manchuria. China and Japan know it familiarly. It has been traced through northern India, Afghanistan, Persia and Arabia. Few birds are better known throughout Europe, and in Spain the Mountain Butterfly, as it is there called, is sold in long strings as food in the

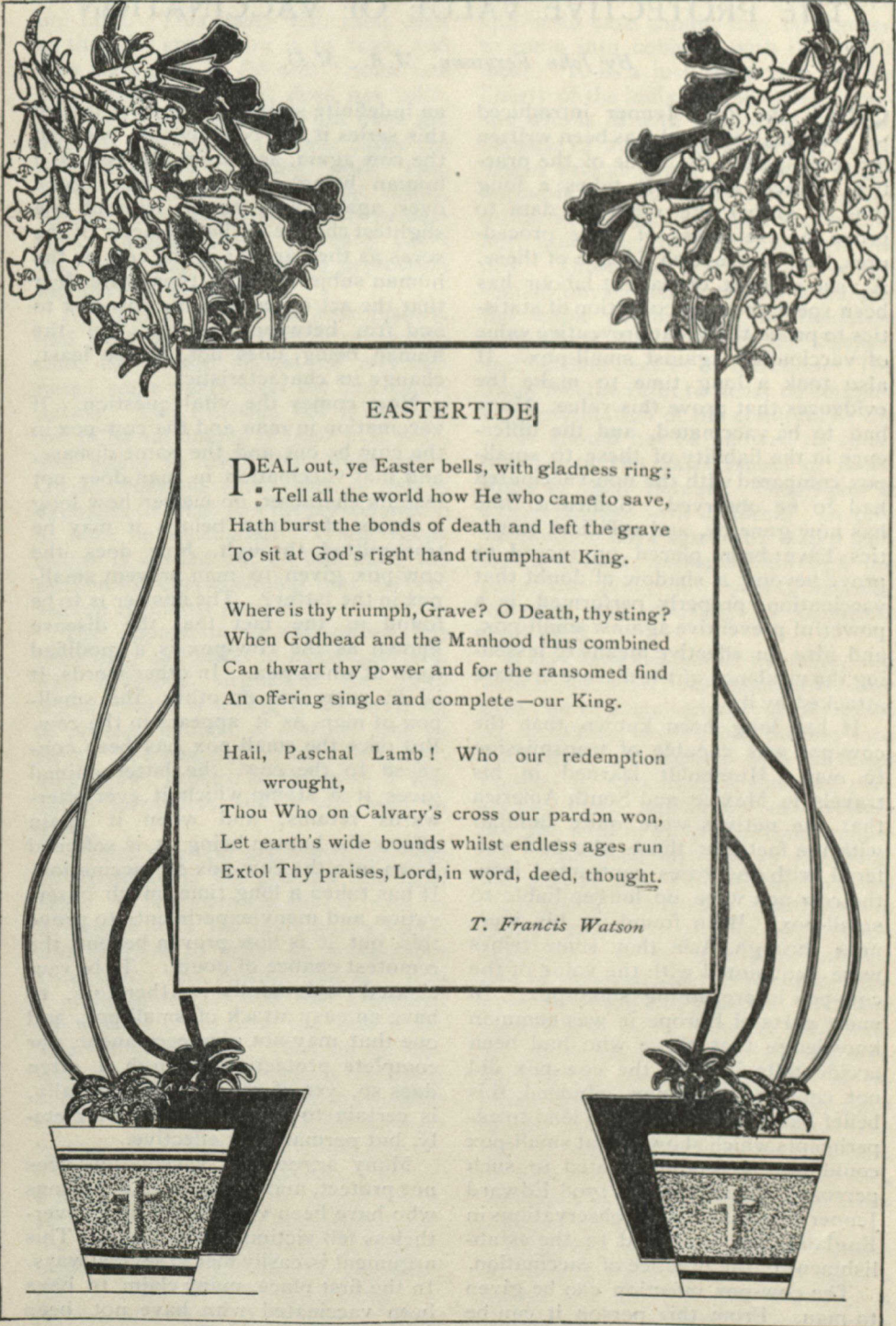
market places. At one time Zanzibar and Morocco were imagined to be its limit in Africa, but it has been traced far to the southward of these points, specimens having been sent from the seat of war in the Transvaal and from Teneriffe.

In the New World, about October, the northern hosts may be seen surging southward in vast clouds of loose flocks, many miles in extent, carrying the mind from the dark scrub pine forests, bare bluffs, gloomy skies, and oppressive desolation of immeasurable wild tracts from which they have gathered, and leading it onward to the lands of the cocoa palms, the tamarind pod and the lotus flower, to which they are bound and where

“ . . . . . tossed wide around  
O'er the calm sky in revolution swift  
The feathered eddy floats, rejoicing,”

as they gather once again about the sun-kissed cliffs of the West Indies and Brazil, till the unconquerable impulse that comes with the revolving summer shall urge them back to the old hunting fields and the toils of breeding.





### EASTERTIDE]

PEAL out, ye Easter bells, with gladness ring;  
Tell all the world how He who came to save,  
Hath burst the bonds of death and left the grave  
To sit at God's right hand triumphant King.

Where is thy triumph, Grave? O Death, thy sting?  
When Godhead and the Manhood thus combined  
Can thwart thy power and for the ransomed find  
An offering single and complete—our King.

Hail, Paschal Lamb! Who our redemption  
wrought,  
Thou Who on Calvary's cross our pardon won,  
Let earth's wide bounds whilst endless ages run  
Extol Thy praises, Lord, in word, deed, thought.

*T. Francis Watson*

## THE PROTECTIVE VALUE OF VACCINATION

*By John Ferguson, M.A., M.D.*

SINCE the time Jenner introduced vaccination much has been written for and against the value of the practice of vaccination. It takes a long time to gather the requisite data to prove the usefulness of some procedures, and vaccination is one of these. A vast amount of patient labour has been spent upon the collection of statistics to prove the great preventive value of vaccination against small-pox. It also took a long time to make the evidences that prove this value. Many had to be vaccinated, and the difference in the liability of these to small-pox compared with the non-vaccinated had to be observed. Sufficient time has now gone by, and sufficient statistics have been placed on record to prove beyond a shadow of doubt that vaccination, properly performed, is a powerful preventive against small-pox, and also an effective means of lessening the virulence of the disease in those attacked by it.

It has long been known that the cow-pox was capable of transmission to man. Humboldt learned in his travels in Mexico and South America that the natives were quite familiar with the fact that those who had suffered with the sores contracted from the cow-pox were no longer liable to small-pox. Brun found in his journeys through Asia that some tribes were acquainted with the value of the cow-pox in preventing small-pox. In many parts of Europe it was common knowledge that those who had been accidentally ill with the cow-pox did not contract small-pox. Indeed, this belief had gone so far as to lead to experiments which showed that small-pox could not be communicated to such persons. From 1768 to 1798 Edward Jenner was making his observations in England, and these led to the establishment of the practice of vaccination.

The cow-pox infection can be given to man. From this person it can be given to another, and so on through

an indefinite series. From the last of this series it can be conveyed back to the cow again, and from this cow to a human being, and the process gone over again and again, without the slightest change in the character of the sores as they appear in the cow or the human subject. It is thus quite clear that the act of passing the cow-pox to and fro, between the cow and the human being, does not, in the least, change its characteristics.

Now comes the vital question. If vaccination in man and the cow-pox in the cow be one and the same disease, and that vaccination in man does not lose its character, no matter how long a series of human beings it may be transmitted through, how does the cow-pox given to man prevent small-pox in the latter? The answer is to be found in the fact that the disease known as the cow-pox is a modified form of small-pox. In other words, it is, in some way or other, the small-pox of man as it appears in the cow. But once the small-pox has been conveyed to the cow, the latter animal gives it a stamp which it ever afterwards retains, and when it again affects the human being it is softened down into the cow-pox or vaccination. It has taken a long time, much observation and many experiments to prove this, but it is now proven beyond the remotest chance of doubt. To be vaccinated successfully is, therefore, to have an easy attack of small-pox, and one that may not give permanent, nor complete protection, though it often does so, yet, if repeated occasionally, is certain to prove not only completely, but permanently effective.

Many argue that vaccination does not protect, and quote cases of persons who have been vaccinated, and nevertheless fell victims to small-pox. This argument is easily met in several ways. In the first place, many claim to have been vaccinated who have not been vaccinated at all. The attempt may



have been made, but the vaccine did not take. This meets with their wish as they did not desire it to take, and they were glad it did not. Some are vaccinated, and, if it does not take, they are careless and do not have the attempt repeated. In some cases the vaccination is a very poor one. There may have been a slight result, but not such as to yield much protection. In other cases, so many years may have elapsed that the protection has become dissipated.

In order to obtain the best results, and yield the fullest degree of protection, the person should be re-vaccinated some years after the first vaccination. The Prussian law is that all are to be vaccinated in their first year, and again in their fourteenth year. On all occasions when there is risk of exposure to small-pox the person should at once be vaccinated. When vaccination is carried out on this plan, the evidence is overwhelming that the protection is almost perfect.

The opposition to vaccination has been long and bitter in many quarters. The religious argument has been urged, that it is wrong to do anything to protect against a disease sent by God. We hear but little of this argument now, though in the past it was boldly advanced, and is still held by some.

A much stronger argument has been advanced along the political and legal lines. It is contended that it is an interference with the individual's rights and liberties to insist on compulsory vaccination and re-vaccination. It is a remarkable fact that this argument has always come from the side of the anti-vaccinationists. They are the persons who seem to possess a monopoly of this tender regard for the individual's rights. This position is taken by them to gain the sympathy of those who are indifferent about vaccination, and who are likely to yield to an appeal of the sort whose basis is the interference with the liberties of the subject. It must be urged in opposition to this argument that it rests on a wholly wrong conception of individual liberty. Liberty

and freedom have their proper limits, and in no case should they be allowed to come into collision with the public weal. It is a just restriction on the liberty of the individual to isolate a person who is ill with small-pox, or who, because of mental derangement, is no longer safe at large. Similarly, vaccination is just, because it not only gives protection to the individual vaccinated, but, indirectly, to the whole community. Those who of their own volition remain unvaccinated greatly endanger the whole populace by the readiness with which they contract the disease, and become centres of infection. The State has the right to insist on compulsory vaccination of the children, as the latter should not be allowed to suffer because of the carelessness or omissions of their parents. Small-pox is a fatal disease with children. In pre-vaccination days small-pox was a children's disease, sweeping through the countries every few years, slaying, maiming and scarring its countless thousands.

It has been contended by some, and with some force, that vaccination may give rise to some serious complication, or introduce some other disease into the system. Compared with the large number of vaccinations that are performed these unpleasant occurrences are met with in an insignificant minority. Improved methods of obtaining the vaccine has still further lessened these risks. Thorough cleanliness in the performance of the vaccination operation reduces to a minimum the risk of erysipelas or severe inflammations in the part vaccinated. In many cases where there is severe inflammation in the part, it is due to some accident to the part, or some dirt or infection getting into the sore from some source other than the vaccine. The risk of introducing disease is almost nil with vaccine obtained from the calf, instead of the former custom of arm-to-arm vaccination.

Much has been made of the cry that we have no right to lay hands upon a person and compulsorily introduce a disease into his system. This is at once

met with the statement that the state has the right to regulate matters pertaining to the prevention of disease and the protection and saving of life just as it has the right to protect property. In this case there is a minimum of pain and risk and a maximum of protection against pain, deformity and death. The whole populace must be considered as well as the individual. It has been argued that the general introduction of vaccination has weakened the human race where the practice is general. In reply to this it need only be said that the death rate has steadily decreased as vaccination becomes more and more universal in a country. In Sweden, from a time when there was no vaccination to a time when it became general the death rate fell from 30 per 1,000 to 20. Likewise in London it fell from 42 per 1,000 to 20. In Europe there is abundant proof of a similar nature that the race has not deteriorated, the sanitary conditions have improved, and the expectation of life has been lengthened since the general employment of vaccination.

In Sweden, just prior to the introduction of vaccination, the small-pox death rate was 2,050 per 1,000,000; during the transition period it fell to 686; and since vaccination became general it has fallen to 169. In Bohemia for seven years before vaccination the population averaged 3,039,722 annually; the yearly deaths were 94,955; and from small-pox, 7,663. During twenty-four years after the introduction of vaccination the population averaged 4,248, 155 yearly; the deaths were 113,412; and the deaths from small-pox 287. In the first period 1 in every 12 deaths, in the second period 1 in every 458 deaths was due to small-pox. In Brandenburg prior to the employment of vaccination 9 per cent. of all the deaths was due to small-pox; since the introduction of vaccination only 0.8 per cent. is due to this disease. In Berlin, prior to vaccination, the percentage of all the deaths due to small-pox was 8; since the introduction of vaccination it has been 0.8. In Stuttgart in the pre-vaccination period the deaths per 1,000 of the

population were 69; during the transition period they were 43; and during the period of general vaccination they were 0.8. From a careful selection of statistics it appears that the predisposition to small-pox is three times greater among the non-vaccinated than among the vaccinated; that the predisposition to the severe form is more than four times as great among the non-vaccinated as among the vaccinated, and that the death rate is quite twelve times as great among the non-vaccinated as the vaccinated. In Prague it has been shown that among the vaccinated 1 in 368 suffered from small-pox, while among the non-vaccinated 1 in 12 had small-pox. During the Franco-Prussian war Germany had an army of a million in the field. There were 297 deaths from small-pox. France had a similar army, and lost 23,469 men by the same disease. In the German army vaccination was strictly enforced; whereas in the French army it was not. In Germany vaccination and re-vaccination is enforced, and in every 100,000 of the population in the following cities the death rate from small-pox has been: Berlin 1.16, Hamburg, 0.74, Breslau, 1.11, Munich 1.45, Dresden, 1.03 yearly. On a similar basis in Paris it is 26.24, in St. Petersburg 35.82, in Vienna 64.90, in Prague 147.90.

Turning to Britain for a few minutes we note that on every 1,000,000 of the population the annual deaths from small-pox have been as follows: in London, 1660-79, 4,170; 1728-57, 4,260; 1771-80, 5,020; 1801-10, 2,040; 1831-35, 830; 1838-53, 513; 1854-71, 388; 1872-83, 262; 1883-92, 73. In Sheffield in 1887-88 under common conditions, among children the attack among the unvaccinated was 100 per 1,000; among the vaccinated it was only 5. The death rate among the vaccinated was 0.09; among the non-vaccinated it was 44. Dewsbury is an anti-vaccination centre. In the epidemic of 1891-2 among children under ten years, there were 45 cases with 1 death among the vaccinated; and 174 cases and with 56 deaths among the unvaccinated. It is not necessary to go further, nor to tell

wonderful stories of the value of vaccination as revealed by the statistics of the Italian army for the past 25 years.

One word more. Doctors and nurses require no other protection than vaccination and re-vaccination. In 1871, 110 nurses were sent on duty to small-pox patients in London. Of these re-vaccination was omitted by only two, and these were the only ones who contracted the disease. In 1876-77, in the same city, there were many cases of small-pox; all the nurses escaped with the exception of one, who, by accident, had not been re-vaccinated. In the epidemic of 1881, in the same city, of 90 nurses and attendants, the only one who fell

ill was a housemaid who was not re-vaccinated. In another group of nurses and attendants, numbering 1,500, only 43 took the disease, and of these 43 not one had been re-vaccinated. Of 1,201 persons engaged on small-pox hospital ships, only 6 contracted the disease, and all recovered. Were it not for vaccination, epidemics could not be brought under control until they had run their course, and a certain number of persons became immune by having had the disease. These could then wait upon new cases. It is in this way that small-pox epidemics formerly wrought such havoc, because there were no protected persons to take care of those who had the disease.

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#### THE SETTLER

HE strikes into the wilderness,  
 Remote from man, alone with God,  
 To hew or delve, and force success  
 From forest land or prairie clod.  
 Alone he went and wrought, but see;  
 The hermit multiplied by three!

The thicket from his sturdy strokes  
 Recedes or shrinks to slender clumps;  
 The clearing where his hearth-fire smokes  
 Is green with grain midst blackened stumps.  
 Ere thrice the summer shall be gone,  
 A hamlet round him will be drawn.

Or virgin plains, that ne'er before  
 Were wrinkled by the plough-share's trail,  
 Grow brown beyond his cabin door  
 With furrows sown with wheat for sale.  
 Alas! no buyer comes; but wait;  
 The road of trade shall pass his gate!

By force centripetal, ere long,  
 Now one, now many, seek his side;  
 And Commerce brings unto the throng  
 What was to him at first denied.  
 Thus fast and faster hamlets grow,  
 Then centrifugally o'erflow.

By such who wield the axe and spade,  
 More than by rifle and the sword,  
 Are earth's most gainful conquests made,  
 Are nature's wealthy wilds explored.  
 Go, write above his lowly grave:  
 "Here lies the bravest of the brave!"

*William T. James*

## THE GREAT SEAMAN OF THE NORTH

By George Johnson, Dominion Statistician

**H**ENRY HUDSON is a place-name father whose progeny are found in many parts of this continent.

Who Hudson was; where he was born; how he came to enter the employ of the Muscovy Company; how he died—of these matters absolutely nothing is known. He comes before us in the pages of history in 1607. He disappears in 1611 and we know no more of him after the 21st June, 1611, than we do of him before the 23rd April, 1607. His place among great navigators was gained in these four years.

From Lossing's description of a dingy painting hanging in the Governor's room in the New York City Hall, which, however, considerable research leads me to believe is not a genuine portrait, one gleans some idea of Hudson's sonal appearance: "A broad-headed, short-haired, sparsely-bearded man with an enormous ruffle about his neck and bearing the impress of an intellectual, courtly gentleman of the days of King James the First of England."

His first voyage was undertaken in the belief that an English writer, Robert Thorne, as early as 1527 had propounded the true plan of making the Arctic Ocean yield up its secrets, viz: by sailing right across the North Pole, just as the Duke of Abruzzi in the year of grace 1900 has declared can be done, nothing but sea being around the Pole.

After bargaining with "certaine worshippeful merchants" in the parlour of a son of Thomas Gresham, concerning a voyage in search of a Northeast passage to India, he knelt in St. Ethelburge Church in Bishopsgate Street on the last Sunday of April and, as the pious custom was, partook of the Sacrament in company with his mate and crew—a dozen in all.

On the first day of May, 1607, with branches of the hawthorn in bloom fastened to the masthead of the *Hopewell*, 60 tons burden, the vessel in which Frobisher had sailed on his

last voyage to the North 29 years before, Hudson left Gravesend amidst all the signs of jollity with which the 1st of May was ushered in by our merry forefathers and mothers.

The year is ear-marked in English and Canadian history by two or three noteworthy events. A dip into Goldwin Smith's marvellous specimen of "picked and packed words," his history entitled, "The United Kingdom: a Political History," will supply some of these events.

Of Bacon he says, "If he did not advance science by discoveries, he opened the gates of the morning and never had science so magnificent a preacher." Bacon had published his "Advancement of Learning," a couple of years before Hudson's sailing, and King James, who, with all his failings, possessed shrewdness and a keen appreciation of learning, in the month following the *Hopewell's* departure made Bacon his Solicitor-General, the future Lord Chancellor thus gaining a step on the ladder of promotion after long years of patient waiting.

The same writer says: "In Shakespeare with his little Globe theatre, his want of scenic apparatus, of general culture and of models, for he evidently knew nothing of the classical drama, we are struck, as in the case of the maritime adventurers, by the achievements of sheer power." The great dramatist in the year of Hudson's sailing put on the boards "King Lear" "in which," as Sidney Lee remarks, "Shakespeare's tragic genius moves without any faltering on Titanic heights."

In the same year Dr. Cowell gave to the public his law dictionary in which he affirmed the absolute power of the King above law, admitting Parliament to a share in legislation by his mere benignity, but not bound or hampered in any way by the law—a dictum to which the House of Commons took umbrage and, as its best answer, sup-

pressed the Doctor's dictionary by public proclamation, thus again supplying the English people with a precedent for future guidance in their relations with the monarch.

In the same year and in the very month of Hudson's sailing, Captain John Smith with Bartholomew Gosnold (who on a previous voyage named Cape Cod) and others were landing at Jamestown to commence the settlement of Virginia, amidst such severe privations that out of 105 colonists living on the 22nd June, 68 were dead by the time the year ran its course. Captain John Smith was a man of many adventures in many lands and was destined to have many more besides the one he had in Virginia when Pocahontas, the Indian Chief's daughter, saved him from the Indians' wrath by hugging him so closely that the arrows intended for him could only find a way to him through her shielding body. He was also the friend of Hudson, to whom he sent letters and maps, informing him that there was a sea leading into the western ocean by the north of Virginia.

In the spring of the same year a little colony of Frenchmen in Port Royal, Acadie, after a winter marked by the gastronomic pleasantries and rivalries of Champlain's Order of "Le Bon Temps," was busy building two little craft—the pioneers of Nova Scotia shipbuilding—on the shores of the basin whose beauties had won Poutrincourt's love, varying their toil by watching the Indian Chief Membertou and his fighting men gathering in their war canoes for an invasion of the country of the Almouchiquois Indians of Cape Cod. In that same year, Champlain, having, as geographer to the King of France, explored during three years over a thousand miles of the Atlantic coast line, arrived in France to be rewarded by the King with the title of Lieutenant-Governor of New France, with authority to establish a citadel of French power on the heights of the promontory of Quebec.

Sailing, as we have seen, on May-day, Hudson arrived on the 13th June, 1607, off Greenland, in lat.  $67^{\circ} 30'$ . He turned his vessel's bows northward and, because of the easterly trend of the coast, came again in sight of Greenland in lat.  $73^{\circ}$ , and named the headland he saw "Hold with Hope." The stormy passage and the ice and fog had not daunted him. He purposed to hold on his way with hope strong in his manly heart, and to-day on the map may be seen Cape Hold-with-Hope to remind us of Hudson's sight of the land which to him suggested hope of success in his perilous undertaking.

Still sailing northerly he skirted the ice barrier till he arrived at Spitzbergen, having vainly sought for a passage through it to the North Pole. After fifty days of "fogge, thick fogge and slabbie weather," with a few days of clear sunshine and with others of gales, gentle and furious, during which he explored the coast line of Spitzbergen and "sought passage by the north of Groneland (Greenland) to Davis Strait, and so for England," he lost hope and sailed for home, reaching Cherie Island on the 1st of August, and on the 15th September he was in the Thames once more. He was the first man to sail along that ice barrier between Spitzbergen and Greenland which, three centuries after, Abruzzi almost overcame, having penetrated six degrees farther north than Hudson was able to accomplish, and reaching as near the pole as the distance of Morrisburg from Toronto, on the Grand Trunk.

The objective point of his second voyage, in 1608, was Nova Zembla, from which group of islands he hoped to make a dash for the North Pole, or, failing in that, to reach China by sailing along the north shore of Russia till he found a passage leading to the North Pacific. But the ice barrier successfully resisted his efforts, and a second time he had to return to England without accomplishing anything of importance for his main purpose,

beyond adding to his already large store of experience.

His third voyage was made under directions from the Dutch East India Company, a corporation of great importance in the commercial history of Holland, then striving to wrest from Spain her dominant position as a maritime State. He sailed from Amsterdam on the 25th March, 1609, and by the 5th of May he was off the Finmarke Cape.\* When he arrived near Nova Zembla his crew refused to continue the voyage. They mutinied. Whether he was more pleased than displeased does not appear. What he did, however, was to propose to them to sail across the Atlantic and either go north and make trial for the Northwest passage or go south and, following up Capt. John Smith's idea, explore the North American coast in the neighbourhood of the 40th degree. They agreed to the latter proposition, and on the 14th May they sailed westward.

After a voyage of 56 days the vessel arrived off the coast of Nova Scotia, where they saw several French fishing vessels and "spake with a Frenchman fishing on the Banks of Sablon" (west of Halifax.) A month was spent in getting a new Nova Scotian mast, theirs having been lost in a storm, and in coasting along the wild New England shores, to which eleven years later the Plymouth colonists were to come and begin their home-making in the New World. There he found traces of Champlain; for the Indians drew for him the outline of Massachusetts Bay with a crayon given to them by the great French navigator, who had been

there in 1606. In a few days (18th August), Hudson reached the Virginian coast, partially explored it, missed seeing the nine ships and 500 colonists (sent to reinforce his friend Smith's colony) that arrived in Jamestown on the 11th August, to bring disaster upon the colony by their vicious acts; and finding that he was too far south, turned his vessel to the north-east, and arrived off Sandy Hook on the 2nd of September.

He went 150 miles up the river that bears his name, his primary object being to ascertain if Smith's conjecture that beyond the barrier of the Alleghanies there existed a great sea, on whose bosom borne he might go to China, was well founded.

Finding that the river was not deep enough to float his vessel beyond the spot where Waterford now stands, he returned to the mouth of the river. He was delighted with the climate, the great oaks that covered the land, the abundance of blue plums, the fertility of the soil, and the size and quality of the oysters. He had agreeable experience of the natives, and they of him.

One of these mutually agreeable experiences is related by the Rev. J. Heckewelder. It seems that when the Indians first saw Hudson's vessel in the distance they were puzzled. They saw a great way off something remarkably large floating or swimming on the water. Some concluded that it was either an uncommonly large fish or other animal, while others were of opinion that it must be a very large house. Runners were sent in all directions to summon the chiefs and the medicine men of the tribes. While these were preparing to receive the vessel as the home of their Manitou coming to visit them, the watchers came running to the Council with the information that the approaching thing was a house of various colours, crowded with living creatures of a different colour to themselves.

The red-clothed man they saw must be the Manitou. He hails them in an unknown language. They crowd

\* Juet says "Thursday, 19th May, 1609:— 'Then we observed the sun having a slacke.' G. M. Ashe, in 'Henry Hudson the Navigator,' one of the Hakluyt Society's valuable publications, says the word slake, as a substantive, seems to be a north country word, meaning, according to Brocket, an accumulation of mud and slime, from Slijck. If Hudson observed a spot on the sun on the 19th of May, 1609, he was undoubtedly the earliest discoverer of this most interesting phenomenon; the observation of Thomas Hariot, which is considered as the first on record, being more than a year and a half later—December 8th, 1610."

around him as he steps ashore. He pours something into a small cup and drinks it off; fills the cup and passes it. The chiefs smell it, but do not imitate his example and drink the contents. One of the chiefs makes an oration, the burden of which is that the Manitou will be offended if the cup is returned to him unemptied. The orator declares his willingness to sacrifice himself since it was better for one man to die than a whole nation to perish. He bids farewell to his friends, and drinks off the liquid. It courses through his blood. He dances. He falls down. He seems about to expire. But he gets up and declares he never was so happy before in all his life. The others press forward for a drink. They drink and are all in a state of intoxication, and to this day the Indians call the place Mannahattank—the place of general intoxication—where they got gloriously drunk. The name the white men call the place is Manhattan Island, and from all accounts it retains its reputation and lives up to its name in spite of Raine's law.

It seems a pity to spoil this story by throwing doubt upon its accuracy. But the fact is that Juet, who was with Hudson and who wrote the account of the voyage, says "the place is called Mannahata," indicating that this was the name the Indians gave it before Hudson arrived.

In the pleasing pages of Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," one may read of Champlain's expedition up the lake that bears his great name; how at twilight of each day embarking in their canoes his Indians paddled their cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden; how in the morning of the 30th July, after paddling all night, they hid in the forest on the western shore between Crown Point and Ticonderoga; how on the night of the same day, at ten o'clock, when near a projecting point of land, which was probably Ticonderoga, they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them and found that they were Iroquois canoes; how the

Canadian Algonquins and the Iroquois passed the night in flinging abuse, sarcasm and menace at each other, following up these linguistic preliminaries, when day dawned, with a fierce battle, in which Champlain's arquebus and those of his two French companions gave victory to the Algonquins and defeat to the Iroquois.

Fifty days later (22nd Sept.) Hudson's boats were at Waterford, less than 60 miles from the scene of Champlain's Indian battle. Thus near were these two white men to a hand-shaking, or perhaps to a shooting match with each other.

Hudson arrived at Dartmouth, Devonshire, on 7th November (*stilo novo*), 1609, having skirted a portion of our Canadian coast and given the Dutch a claim to the possession of a tract of land on which they erected habitations four years later, calling the little hamlet New Amsterdam, which as New York has grown to be the first commercial city of this continent, and the second in point of population in the world. It is noteworthy that two descendants of the Dutch of New Amsterdam, Messrs. Van Wyck and Roosevelt, were the Democratic and Republican candidates for Governor of the State of New York in 1898; and also that we have a lake in our Northwest named Roosevelt Lake, after the present President of the United States, a name given by Munro Ferguson, one of Lord Aberdeen's Canadian household.



Hudson's fourth voyage (1610) was undertaken under the auspices of several noblemen and merchants of London, among them being the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Dudley Digges and Master John Wolstenholme. His ship was the *Discoverie*, and it had been employed by the East India Company, in 1602, to convey George Weymouth to the Northwest on a voyage of discovery in the course of which he sailed nearly 100 leagues into the Strait now called Hudson.

On the 17th April, 1610, Hudson brake ground from St. Catharine's

Pool, near the Tower of London, and, being beset by contrary winds, reached Resolution Island on the 24th June after 68 days' buffetings of wave and storm. Thence he crossed the mouth of the Strait, seeing on the 5th of July land which he named Desire Provoketh, now Akpatok Island, the original Eskimo place-name having held its own against all rivals, in accordance with that singular persistency some place-names possess. He named several other places; some islands, for instance, among which he sought shelter in a storm he called the Isles of God's Mercie, and another island to which he gave the name of Hold with Hope, the same name he had bestowed on a point on the northeast coast of Greenland on his first voyage. Most of these names have failed to hold their place on the charts. Some have been modified. Queen Anne's Foreland is known as Queen's Cape and Hold with Hope Island holds Cape Hope, having dropped the other part of the original name. Mount Charles is now Charles Island, and so on.

On the 2nd of August "we had sight of a faire headland which I called (he says) Salisburie's Foreland" (now Salisbury Island). The island is an outpost of Hudson Strait, at the western end. So that by the place-names we are able to ascertain that after leaving Resolution Island Hudson had gone into Ungava Bay, had explored it, had then turned westward and passing through the Strait had reached the great Bay itself. The next day he crossed the Strait going south and named Cape Wolstenholme, distant as the crow flies about 1,000 miles from Cape Farewell, a distance which he had very considerably increased by the zigzag course he took.

He had now to consider what course he should take; for he remembered he was seeking a northwest passage through our continent to the Pacific Ocean. His passage up the Hudson River in search of the great inland sea by which he hoped to find outlet to the Pacific, convinced him of the futility of exploration in that direction.

As he looked upon the terraced heights of Cape Wolstenholme (named after one of the men at whose expense his expedition had been fitted out); as his men going up the cliffs saw a broad expanse of water stretched far to the south of the jagged, perpendicular heights\* over which they pushed their toilsome way; as he himself watched the swift current flowing to the north between the creviced cape and Digges Island, he must have concluded that he had happened upon the mouth of the great inland sea he had vainly sought by the Hudson River route, and must have decided that his true course was to the south and not to the west. If the great inland sea he had heard about (probably Lake Superior) could not be reached by the southern river, possibly he might have better luck by following the southern course on the great inland sea, at the foot of one of whose lofty headlands his vessel was anchored. Some such motive must have determined him on calling in his men and refusing to delay, even though they told him of the quantity of wild fowl to be had on the cape and the outlying island. He was eager to press on and find the passage to the central sea.†

\* Cape Wolstenholme terminates in a small point 200 feet high, immediately backed by jagged, perpendicular cliffs—about 1,000 feet high—full of crevices, where the guillemot breed in tens of thousands. The noise of the birds' wings when a gun was fired was like heavy thunder, and the first time I fired I dodged behind a mass of rock thinking that the report had dislodged a large piece of the cliff above.—A. P. Low, *Report of Geological Survey for 1898*.

† Abacuk Prickett says: "Our master sent the boat ashore with myself (who had the charge) and the carpenter and divers others, to discover to the west and north-west and south-west; but we had further to it than we thought, for the land is very high, and we were overtaken with a storme of rain, thunder and lightning. But to it we came on the north-east side, and up we got from one rock to another till we came to the highest of that part. Here we found some plain ground and saw some deer. Thus going from one place to another we saw to the west of us an high hill above all the rest, but it proved further off than we made account, for when we came to it the land was so steep on the east and north-



Along the shore he sailed his vessel through the fringe of islands till he came to the point now called Portland Promontory. Then they lost sight of the land, as it curves to the eastward. Still on the intrepid seaman pushed, heaving his lead and groping his way through shoaling water, over broken ground and among protruding rocks, till they came to a passage into which they guided their vessel with land in sight on both sides. There they came to an anchor, and Hudson sent the boat ashore to see what that land was and whether there was any way through. They soon returned and showed that beyond the point of land to the south there was a large sea. The passage was, then, not the one he sought. The land on his right was an island, probably Charlton Island. On again pressed the ardent explorer between the two lands till they reached the bottom of the bay. This he desired to explore. What he did is described by Prickett: "Then up to the north we stood until we raised land, then down again to the south, and on Michaelmas Day came in and went out of certain lands which our master sets down by the name of Michaelmas Bay, because we came in and went out on that day."

If we assume this bay to be the one now called Hannah Bay, we find that Hudson, on sailing out went north, and came into "shoal water, and the weather being thick and foul, we came to an anchor (says Prickett), and there lay for eight days." From there they "stood to the south and southwest, and came to a sea of two colours, one black and the other white. Night coming on, we stood to the east into deep water, then to the south and southwest, and so came to our westernmost bay of all and came to an anchor on the north shore." This bay is likely to be the one into which Moose River pours its waters. On going out

east parts that we could not get into . . . .  
In this place great store of fowl breed . . . .  
We came aboard and told him what we had seen, and persuaded him to stay a day or two in this place, telling him what refreshing might there be had; but by no means would he stay who was not pleased with the notion."

they went on the same course they had gone in, but struck on a rock and there remained for twelve hours. After getting off they stood to the east and raised three hills lying north and south. "And so into a bay, where we came to an anchor."

Hudson sent out a boat with Prickett and the carpenter to seek a place to winter in. The two went down to the east to the bottom of the bay, but returned to report no success. The next day they went to the south and southwest and found a suitable place, where the vessel was taken and hauled aground; and this was the 1st of November.

It is very difficult to follow with any degree of certainty Prickett's statement of the three months' movements in a labyrinth of islands, with its "up to the north and down to the south, and over to the east and back to the west." But, with a good map before me, I conclude that the devious wanderings of the last fortnight of that memorable October included the bay into which Moose River empties, the bay now called Hannah Bay, and the three-hilled tongue of land or peninsula, the extreme point of which is called Point Comfort,\* and finally the bay, now called Rupert's Bay, in which, after searching along the east side in vain, they found the wintering place they wanted, where the Nottaway River with its abundant stream would supply the fresh water required for the long winter before them. No doubt, Hudson, with his methodical ways, entered in his log-book all his movements and the names he gave to the islands, bays, capes and rivers he saw.

\*Curiously enough, the dividing line between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec runs through the peninsula, the extreme point of which is named Point Comfort. Thus Ontario has Hudson's Michaelmas Bay, and Quebec possesses the bay in which Hudson's ship wintered. Ontario might with propriety restore the old name Michaelmas Bay, and Quebec adopt an appropriate name for the other bay, while on Point Comfort the dividing line might be marked by a suitable memorial, partly on Ontario and partly on Quebec land, to the great navigator whose name our Canadian Mediterranean bears.

But the portion of his journal covering the two months of September and October has disappeared; either the mutineers destroyed it or (probably) Prickett kept it, used it in preparing his "larger discourse," and then destroyed it to prevent its statements being used against himself and his shipmates.

It seems clear, however, that all the movements which so perplexed Prickett were made by Hudson for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was a water communication between the south and the west shores of Hudson Bay, including James Bay and the great inland sea, of whose existence he was positive. He did here as he had done on his first voyage, when for fifty days he was dodging about now in this and now in that direction, seeking at various points to penetrate the ice barrier and sail over the North Pole.

By the 10th of November, old style, or 20th, new style, Hudson's vessel was frozen in. The ship had supplies for six months. But it was uncertain how long they would have to remain in what I may call Frozen-in-Bay. Hudson, therefore, ordered short commons, and offered a reward to those of his crew who killed either beast, fish or fowl. "In the space of three months," says Prickett, "we had such a store of one kind (which were partridges as white as milk) that we killed about an hundred dozen, besides others of sundry kinds." In the spring these fowl left them, and in their place came divers sort of other fowl, as "swanne, gease, duck and teale." In time these flew to the north. "Then went the men," says Prickett, "into the woods, hills and valleys for all things that had any show of substance in them, how vile soever—the moss of the ground (than which I take the powder of a post to be much better) and the frog were not spared." In their long season of idleness scurvy seems to have visited them, but fortunately one of the crew brought home buds of a tree full of a turpentine substance, and of this the surgeon made a decoction to drink, and applied the buds hot to them that were troubled with ache in any part of

the body, all receiving great and present ease of pain," as Prickett states. Probably it was from the same species of tree that Cartier obtained a remedy for the scurvy, which carried off so many of his men in the winter of 1535-36, as they wintered near Quebec.

When the ice began to break a savage came to the ship. Hudson treated him well, hoping to receive valuable information from him. The savage described the country as well peopled, and after bartering beaver skins for knives and beads and a hatchet, departed, promising to return after so many "sleeps," but that was the last they saw of him.

The ice having gone out of the sounds, some of the men went fishing to fill up the larder. Others took in wood, water and ballast. Hudson himself fitted out the shallop with provisions, and with others of the crew started off along the coast, hoping to meet some of the natives and obtain from them flesh and other provisions, but they would not let him come near, setting fire to the woods on his approach and decamping. He was compelled to return empty-handed.

Soon after his return, the wind serving, they weighed anchor and stood out of the bay in which they had spent 227 days, and on the 18th of June they encountered ice.



Some of the crew had been hatching a conspiracy during the long winter. They objected to spending another summer in exploring. They wanted to get home as soon as possible; as one of them expressed it, "he would rather be hanged at home than starved abroad." Robert Juet, who for insubordination had been deposed from his position as mate, and Henry Greene, who had a personal grievance against Hudson, were the ringleaders and they had poisoned the minds of several of the crew. The first plan they concocted was to seize the shallop and the net and leave the ship. But this was unintentionally frustrated by Hudson, who, as we have seen, took the shallop for his expedition. Their second plan

was to put Hudson, his son and all the sick men into the shallop, turn them adrift, and take the ship to England. When it was dark on the night of the 21st they were in readiness to put their deed of darkness into execution. Two of the rascals engaged Hudson in conversation and a third came behind him and tied his arms fast. The shallop was hauled to the vessel's side. They forced the poor sick and lame men into the shallop and put Hudson in it. The carpenter refused to remain in the ship with such a band of murderers and managed to obtain from them a fowling piece and powder and shot, some pikes, an iron pot, some meal and other things, and with these he went into the shallop. The mutineers hoisted sail and stood out from the ice, the shallop being fast to the stern of the vessel. When they were nigh out they cut the rope and sailed off. The shallop followed and came in sight while the vessel was lying to and the men were ransacking the vessel. They at once put on sail and "fled as from an enemy." What became of Hudson and the shallop no one knows.

In the summer of 1613 Champlain left Montreal to explore the Ottawa River (the Grand River he called it). He took with him a young man, Du Vignau, who declared that he had seen a great sea in the north; that the English had landed there; that one of the vessels had been wrecked there and that the sailors who were not drowned had been killed by the Indians. Champlain found out that Du Vignau had lied to him about himself having been in the great North Sea (Hudson Bay) and therefore disbelieved all his story. A lively time followed when Champlain confronted Du Vignau with the Indians and forced him to admit his falsehoods.

But, as we have seen, Hudson had been in the North Sea. He had been cast adrift. Is it not likely that Du Vignau had conversed with some Indians who described to him the fate of Hudson?

It might possibly be that the story Du Vignau had heard, and which he falsely told as an eye-witness, referred to the mutineers; for when these left Hudson to his fate they made for the Cape on which they had seen the vast assemblage of water-fowl which Hudson would not stay to take. There they hoped to supply themselves with the food they needed. But on going ashore they were attacked by the natives, and before they could escape to their boat, Henry Greene, one of the leaders, was slain outright. William Wilson died of his wounds, "swearing and cursing in most fearful manner;" others also died within a few days. This encounter may have been the one that Du Vignau heard of from his Indian friends. But—there was no wrecked vessel and no sailors were drowned.

It seems to me that the reports Du Vignau had heard and told to Champlain were connected with the fate of Hudson and give us an inkling of the manner of his death.

This is, of course, a mere guess. Hudson faded away in the bay on that fateful 21st June as completely as an ice-floe vanishes under the summer's sun, and during nearly 300 years no trace has been found of him, his shallop or his friends.

The mutinous crew of eight survivors suffered severely from hunger and hardships as they slowly made their way out of the Strait and across the North Atlantic, their sufferings intensified because of the loss of the five men in the conflict with the natives. But Bylott had been made captain and succeeded in carrying the vessel to the shores of Ireland, not arriving there till the despicable Juet had miserably perished.

Bylott appears to have proved himself innocent of guilty participation in the crime, for a few years later he was sent in command of an Arctic expedition with Baffin for his pilot.

Great interest was naturally aroused by the statements of Prickett and By-

lott respecting the discovery of the great bay which goes by Hudson's name. Still greater interest was aroused in Hudson's fate. An expedition was despatched in the following year, by Henry, Prince of Wales, and the Muscovy Co. The ships sent out were commanded by Sir Thos. Button, a gentleman of Prince Henry's household. He sought in different directions for Hudson and spent the winter in the bay. His efforts to unveil the mystery were unsuccessful. To him we owe the place-name of Resolution Island, named after his vessel. His winter quarters were on the west coast of the Bay, and there one of his officers, named Nelson, died and was buried. To this circumstance we owe the place-name Fort Nelson, afterwards used to designate the River Nelson and the Lake which is its source.

G. M. Asher says: "Many great men attempted, before and after Hudson's time, to solve the problem of a short northern route to China. But he surpasses all his predecessors and all his followers in the variety of means he employed to obtain that great end . . . Within the last few years of his life he tried first the way across the North Pole; then the way by the north of Spitzbergen, eastward; he attempted to penetrate through the Nova Zembla group. He afterwards tried to cross what seemed a narrow isthmus between the Atlantic and the Pacific in lat. 40. He at last sailed far west-

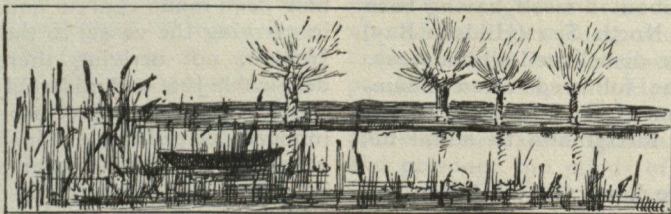
ward through his Strait and Bay, ending his life in the effort."

It is probable that when he left his wintering place at the southeastern extreme of James Bay he intended to spend the summer of 1611 trying to pass to the west by Davis Strait and Baffin Bay.

He had mapped out in his mind and had actually attempted to solve the problem by all the ways that ocean navigators have since tried to reach the North Pole and to discover a short northern cut from Europe to the land of the yellow race.

He failed. Yet his name is not forgotten. "It is borne by his Strait and by the Bay in which he wintered and died. It is inscribed on the vast territory between the Bay and the ocean. It is affectionately remembered by the millions of human beings now living on those banks which he found scantily inhabited by savage races. He gave to his country the fisheries of Spitzbergen and the fur-trade of the Hudson Bay territories. The Dutch owed to him their North American Colony which, falling into English hands, is now peopled and ruled over by the united descendants of both nations. He has erected for himself a far prouder monument than ever entered his thoughts."

Isaac Taylor says: "Hudson Bay, the American Mediterranean, is both the tomb and the monument of the daring seaman who discovered it."





## THE IDEAL



A Legend of the Northern Lights

SWEET Evening passed—a maiden fair—  
S Down the Western hills she came,  
Behind her died the sunset flame—  
A single star was in her hair.

Beside the sleeping Night she stood,  
Strange wonder in her dreaming eyes,  
The tremor of a sweet surprise  
That moved her gracious maidenhood.

She stooped and kissed him where he lay,  
The rose-cloud from her shoulders fell,  
Calm silence breathed a magic spell—  
He dreamed the splendid dreams of Day.

Soft whispers moved the shadowy trees,  
The crimson faded in the West ;  
Her scarf was tangled in his crest ;  
She sighed—there rose the evening breeze.

Sweet Evening on the lips of Night  
Pressed one last kiss of soft farewell,  
The rose-scarf quivered where it fell  
With visions of departing light.

The last faint, melancholy ray  
Had faded from the darkened skies,  
When Night awoke, his sombre eyes  
With starry dreams alight for aye.

He sprang his armoured watch to keep,  
When, like an Angel's pinion gleamed  
The scarf that from his helmet streamed  
In light along the heavenly deep.

He gazed upon its rose and gold  
With reverence and tender awe,  
In evanescent flame he saw  
Divinely perfect thoughts unfold.

With steadfast strength that craved no rest  
He dared anew each high emprise ;  
Her dreams were ever in his eyes,  
Her token on his splendid crest.

And still afar its wonders gleam,  
A symbol set that all may see  
The half-lights of Eternity—  
The Selfless Quest—the Perfect Dream.

*Minnie Bowen*

## REMINISCENCES OF LORD DUFFERIN

*By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun*

ELOQUENCE, humour, courage, intellectual acuteness, were pre-eminently the qualities of the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. So many men are said to have had brilliant careers that the term has lost much of its force. Lord Dufferin's brilliancy was almost unexampled in a prosaic age. He won success in half-a-dozen different ways. He was a powerful orator, charming you with his wit, impressing you with his vigorous sagacity. He wrote with distinction. He was an excellent, though not a profound scholar. He was agreeable and lively in social life, drawing men to him by genial courtesy and commanding them by sheer force of character. In public affairs he exhibited firmness, tact, and almost a genius for rule. It is a marvel that he declined politics for diplomacy since his qualities would inevitably have carried him to the first place.

True, in the diplomatic service he achieved continuous and conspicuous triumphs. He was a failure nowhere. That a man of so many parts may have had defects, and serious ones, is quite possible. He selected a career where they never obtruded themselves. It may be that he lacked the patience to be a good politician, that he would have proved impatient of restraint, and reckless of consequences. But this is pure speculation, since in diplomacy he was always accounted safe and solid.

Ten years before he came to Canada his abilities were recognized, but it was here that he first revealed his talents in all their fulness. As every one knows, he served as Governor-General during the most trying period of our political history. He was first accused of partiality toward the Conservative Ministers whom he found in office, and afterwards of turning them over without mercy to a relentless public opinion. Both the Prime Ministers who served him are dead, and it is improbable that either of them found him

an easy man to deal with. Indeed, I have heard it said that he sometimes made his power unpleasantly felt. The chances are that he was stronger in the country at that period than they. Sir John Macdonald's popularity was under a cloud. Mr. Mackenzie never did much homage to the favour of the crowd. Lord Dufferin was the central figure of the time, the ornament of every banquet, public gathering, or official ceremony where politics were barred and he might with propriety grace the occasion.

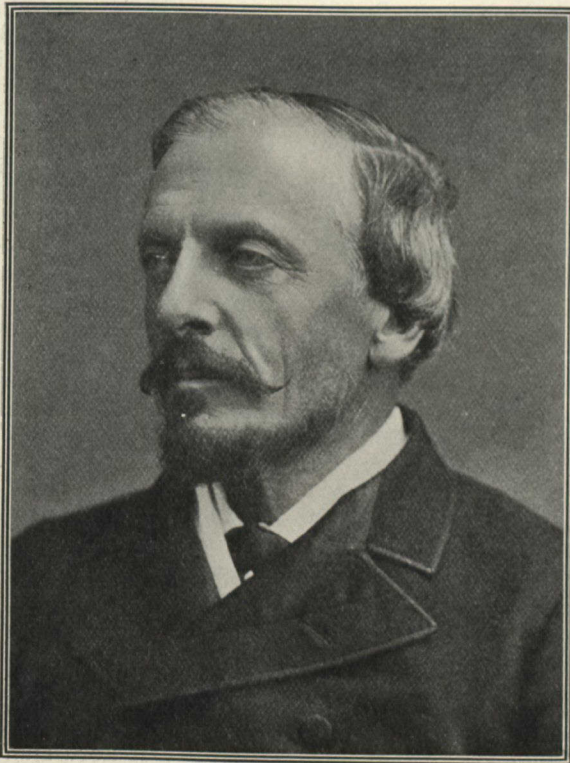
His achievements are so familiar to all but the younger generation of Canadians that it seems superfluous to recount them. He modified the asperities of party conflict, then raging with a bitterness which almost entitles them to the passing admiration of the United States Senate. He spurred the flagging patriotism of Canadians to take a pride in their young Dominion. He showed how important the office of Governor-General could be in itself, and how it might be used, with adroitness and address, to augment the popularity and authority of the Crown. His speeches breathed the warmest friendship toward the neighbouring Republic, and he was almost as popular within its borders as he was in Canada. He overlooked nobody, neglected nothing. In all the ordinary functions that fall to the lot of the Sovereign's representative he exhibited the requisite dignity and industry.

He had a fund of humour which never deserted him. Some of his best stories were told about himself. He had been asked to address a public meeting once while passing through Chicago, but declined. The request was again pressed upon him, but with civil firmness he persisted in refusing. Finally he consented to be present at a private reception of the local commercial dignitaries. This informal ceremony over, he was shown out through a corridor, a door was opened leading to a large hall, and

the presiding officer called out to a waiting audience of several thousand persons: "Ladies and gentlemen, the Governor-General of Canada will now address you." Finding himself trapped, Lord Dufferin was equal to the occasion, as indeed to what emergency did he not prove himself equal? This instance of Yankee sharpness he used to relate with keen enjoyment. Another of his pleasant jests at his own

bodies." This daring sally was characteristic of Lord Dufferin. As the Liberals, commonly called Grits, were then in office, his assurance that no political significance attached to his words served to heighten the jest.

Another of his humorous allusions was keenly appreciated in the United States. The Republic seemed to be on the verge of a revolution caused by the corrupt exclusion of Tilden from the



THE LATE LORD DUFFERIN—HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH

expense, with reference to his early official life, consisted in describing himself as "maid-of-all-work to the British Government." In one of the most famous of his Canadian speeches he likened a Governor-General to the humble functionary who went about a mass of complicated machinery with a little tin can of oil in his hand pouring in a drop here or there to make it run smoothly and to "prevent the intrusion of dust, 'grits' and other foreign

Presidency. Lord Dufferin pointed out how valuable a British Governor-General would be under the circumstances—an arbiter between factions and an impartial authority possessing the confidence of both. He professed to feel intense anxiety when venturing near the frontier in case they would come over and kidnap him. But he promised his hearers with mock solemnity, so attached to Canada was he, that, even under threats of violence,

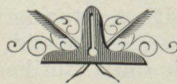
"I will not sit one moment longer than I can help in the Presidential chair of the United States."

But the most noteworthy of his telling witticisms was his famous allusion to the Halifax Fisheries Award which effectively pulled the teeth of the agitation in the United States against paying the award. Lord Dufferin had just returned from Washington. At a great banquet in his honour in Montreal several distinguished Americans were present, including a son of the President, Mr. Hayes. Lord Dufferin, with characteristic audacity, referred to the Halifax Award which then threatened to become an international dispute. He declared that he had not brought the money back in his pocket, but was sure it would be paid, as General Ben Butler (one of the protesters against payment) had been overheard to propose the sale of the Treasury buildings at Washington rather than that the great Republic should remain an instant longer in Canada's debt. When dining with the Secretary of State, he had refrained from taking fish, and the Secretary had said nothing. This, in the subtle language of diplomacy, involved a reference to the Greek apothegm, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold," the natural inference being that the Americans would not only pay up like men, but pay up in gold like gentlemen, and the President had sent his son to Canada as a hostage. "But," concluded Lord Dufferin, "we have had a narrow escape; if by a stroke of Machiavelian policy he had only substituted his daughter we are so gallant I believe we would have kept the young lady and let the money go." This speech excited much amusement when it was flashed by the telegraph all over the United States. It imparted an air of comic opera to the threats of the "tail-twisters," and almost before the general laughter had quite

died away the five and a half millions of money were paid over to Canada.

The language of eulogy soon grows wearisome, but what else is there to say, except that Lord Dufferin's subsequent career fully justified the estimate of his powers formed by Canadians? At St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Cairo, Calcutta, Rome and Paris, he did brilliant service for the Crown and Empire, and when he retired not long ago it was felt that one of the most eminent of Queen Victoria's servants had left the scene.

The end of all this is sad enough. His gallant heir, the Earl of Ava, was mortally wounded during the siege of Ladysmith. Soon after, the discreditable failure of a financial company to which Lord Dufferin had lent the influence of his name and reputation, involved him in heavy pecuniary losses. He, who had tasted so deeply of the sweet draught of worldly success, power and honour, found himself in his old age the victim of a vulgar swindle, his name bandied about as the companion of unscrupulous persons, and his fortune, never large, much impaired by the disaster. That this cruel misfortune embittered his closing days admits of no doubt. One thinks of the melancholy reflection of Thackeray who so often saw the hollowness of human triumphs, and the evanescent nature of human happiness: "What boots it whether it be Westminster or a little country spire which covers your ashes, or if, a few days sooner or later, the world forgets you?" But Lord Dufferin will not be wholly forgotten. His achievements are hidden away in the secret records of British diplomacy. Some day the world will know them in detail. His name, meanwhile, will be handed on by many warm admirers, for his was a life rich in personal friendships.





# CURLING in CANADA.

by John K. Munro.



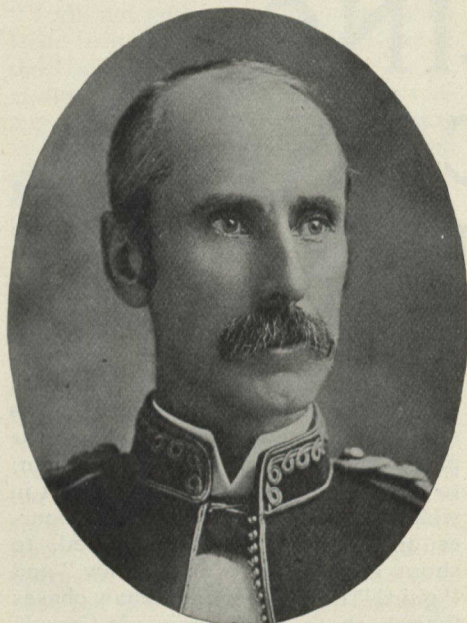
"It boots not whence the curler hails  
If curler keen and staunch be he,  
Frae Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales  
Or Colonies ayont the sea.  
A social britherhood are we,  
An' after we are deid an' gane  
We'll live in literature an' lair  
In annals o' the channel stane."

*J. Usher*

SCOTLAND must always have first claim on the roarin' game, not only because she gave it birth, but by reason of her 595 clubs, her twenty thousand and more Brithers of the Broom, and of the song and story with which she has enriched the literature of the sport. Still it is admitted, even by some of the cannie Scots themselves, that the game has become more nearly an exact science in the Dominion of Canada than even on the lochs and burns of its native land. The steady winters, which give to the sons of "Our Lady of the Snows" their strong vitality, impart to curling the same healthful quality and give continuity to the game that cannot be hoped for in a land where ice is only a casual visitor. While in the old land

thousands of curlers watch for symptoms of the coming of Jack Frost with "Night or Blucher" eagerness, and as soon as the ice will bear, hurry to the pond, carting their stones with them, to indulge in a wild revelry of sport in which clergy and lay, laird and labourer are indistinguishably mingled, to shout and "soop" and "draw" and "gaird" till the inevitable thaw chases them back to earth again—in Canada the ice is, comparatively speaking, always with us, and the sport is taken not in spasms, but as a regular exercise and recreation. Thus it is that the curling club is as much an institution of many Canadian villages as the village church or the village council. It has its annual meeting, its annual contests, its annual births and its annual deaths. For, as one old curler draws to the tee for the last time, some growing boy, with less Scotch in his accent and more steadiness in his hand and eye, steps into his place, leaving never a gap in the curling community.

That a game, which has thrived in the fickle Scottish climate through all the early wars with England, through those perilously religious times when Covenanter and Churchman in turn held sway, through the troubles of the "fifteen" and the "forty-five" to flourish and bloom in the peace and prosperity of the Victorian era, took kindly to Canadian frosts is not to be wondered at. Taking root in Quebec in the early days of the last century, it has spread eastward to the Atlantic coast and westward to where the peaks of the Cascade Mountains mark the boundaries of the frost king's realm.



E. B. EDWARDS, K.C., PETERBORO'  
President Ontario Curling Association—  
81 Clubs

And away up in the Arctic circle, men exiled to Dawson through love of gold or Government office, chase the long, long winter night with the same old game that has come down to them through the centuries of Scotland's woes and joys.

Some idea of the hold the game has on the Canadian people may be had by a glance at the standing of the following curling associations :

NAME.	PRESIDENT.	NO. OF CLUBS.
Quebec .....	David Guthrie....	26
Ontario .....	E. B. Edwards...	81
Manitoba .....	W. L. Parrish....	90
Maritime Provinces	A. O. Skinner....	21*
Total .....		218

In addition, there is a sprouting association in the eastern part of British Columbia, with flourishing clubs in Rossland, Nelson and half a

\*The Maritime Provinces are usually credited with a greater number of clubs, but my authority for the number given above is Mr. W. P. Robinson, of St. John. He estimates the total membership at 1,000.

dozen other towns, and the before-mentioned club in Dawson, Yukon Territory. All told, Canada has a curling population of nearly 10,000 souls, every one of whom is practically wedded to the sport, for "once a curler always a curler."

It was in Montreal in the year 1807 that the first curling club was formed on this side of the Atlantic. It suffered from the scarcity of stones, and finally adopted irons of a rude description. And to this day, not only in Montreal, but all through the Province of Quebec, the game is played with irons, a fact that practically prohibits inter-provincial matches, and is a formidable obstacle to that dream of the old promoters of the game, to form the whole Dominion into one grand association, and to have meetings at stated intervals to foster, by curling together, that



DAVID GUTHRIE, ESQ., (MONTREAL)  
President Canadian Branch, Royal Caledonian Curling Club. The Headquarters of the R.C.C.C. are in Edinburgh, and it is made up of 595 clubs in Scotland, 41 in England, 30 in Canada, and several in Ireland, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Switzerland and the United States.



W. L. PARRISH (WINNIPEG)

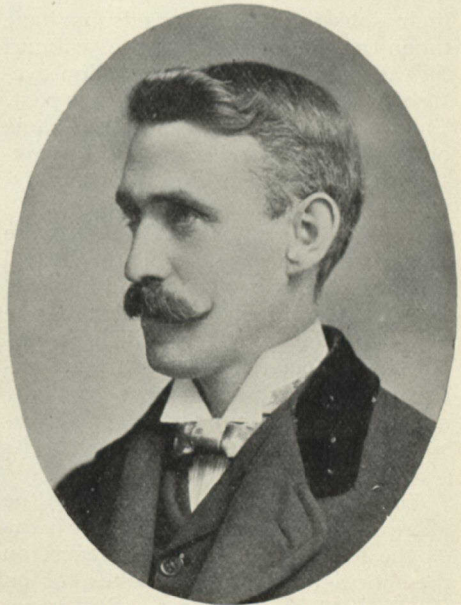
President Manitoba Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. This Association consists of 90 clubs and over 3,000 members

spirit of brotherhood and good fellowship that is one of the grandest features of the game. However, the Montreal Club struggled along under its disadvantages, and in 1821 another club was started in Quebec. But it was not till 1835 that the two clubs met at Three Rivers. The match was played under disadvantages, too, for Colonel Dyde, a famous curler of those early days, states that "there was no good, not even tolerable, whiskey to be had in Three Rivers."

When the Grand Caledonian Club was formed in Scotland as a governing organization, the Canadians threw in their lot with it; and the Quebec Association is still known as the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonian Club. The Montreal Thistle Club was organized in 1842, and a third club, the Caledonia, in 1850. These three are all flourishing to-day, while among other clubs well known in Quebec curling history are Ottawa, Rideau, Orms-town and Montreal Heather.

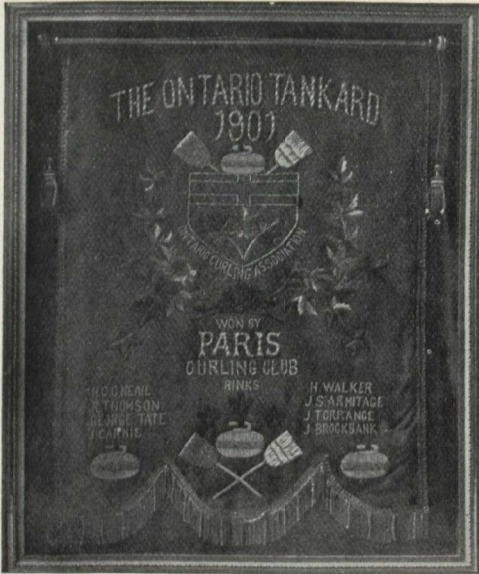
In Ontario, the first club was formed

at Fergus, in 1834, by some sons of Bonnie Scotland who had learned the game ere they crossed the ocean to hew out homes for themselves on the banks of the Grand River. They had neither stones nor irons—nothing but ice—but they were not daunted. From the hearts of the beach and maple trees with which their farms abounded, they cut solid blocks of wood, fashioned them like the stones they had used in other days, and made the woods ring with the noise and laughter of many a game as full, perhaps fuller, of enjoyment as any of those now played with polished stones on sheets of pebbled ice. Ontario was full of Scotchmen, and clubs sprang up on all sides. Flamborough, Toronto, Milton, Galt, Guelph, Scarborough, Paris and Elora all had clubs before 1850 was reached. And all these clubs are flourishing yet, as are scores of others originated ere the century's closing years were reached. The old pioneers who started



ROBERT RENNIE

A Toronto Skip who played through all the Ontario Tankard Matches in 1901-2 without losing a game. His club, the Caledonian, was beaten in the finals by Lindsay. This skip has also won the Walker Vase for single rinks three times in seven years



A SAMPLE OF THE BANNER WHICH GOES TO THE ANNUAL WINNERS OF THE ONTARIO TANKARD

the game have been laid away, but their sons and their grandsons have taken their places. They too will curl till the shaking hand and the dim eyesight warn them that their day is past. Then will they, in turn, pass the game on to their sons and stand by the rink-side to watch them curl till their last winter has given place to spring.

In 1874 the clubs in Ontario were formed into a branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and in 1882, the Ontario branch obtained a degree of independence. It is still a corresponding association of the parent Scottish club, and has the most friendly relations with it, but the Ontario Association has since that time made its own by-laws.

The game has not flourished in the Maritime Provinces to the extent it has on the banks of the St. Lawrence, on the shores of the Great Lakes, or on the Prairies of the West. Still it got a start early in the century and stuck. And though even at the present time the governing organization has been allowed to droop and almost die, there have been and are yet many clubs of keen curlers both in Nova Scotia and

New Brunswick. Among these might be mentioned Halifax of Halifax, Truro of Truro, New Caledonia of Pictou, Antigonish of Antigonish and Bluenose of New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia, all pioneer clubs; while St. Andrews of St. John, founded in 1865, and Fredericton of Fredericton, founded 1847, figure prominently in the curling history of New Brunswick. Among the other older New Brunswick clubs are Chatham, Bathurst, Campbellton, St. Stephen, and Thistle of St. John. From 1886 to 1891, there was a Maritime Provinces Branch of the Royal Caledonian Club, with the McLellan Cup as the trophy. The cup has not been competed for since 1895.

Manitoba, with its association of ninety clubs, is the youngest and most enthusiastic member of Canada's curling family. With almost six months of ice in the year the facilities for curling stand unequalled, while the good-fellowship and joviality that are part of the game are a sure guarantee of its popularity with the warm-hearted Westerners. The game was carried out to the prairies by curlers from Ontario who went west to grow up with the country. In 1882 a branch of the Royal Caledonian Club was formed with 14 clubs and 737 players. That is only fourteen years ago, but to-day that branch has ninety clubs and over three thousand players. With the filling up of the Province and Territories—for the Manitoba Association includes clubs in both—it is hard to say how long Scotland will retain her supremacy of numbers.

Of annual competitions and bonspiels there are so many in Canada that it would take a volume instead of a chapter to tell of them. As early as 1859 a "Big Canadian Bonspiel" was played on Toronto Bay with 21 rinks a side, the East being pitted against the West. Fergus, Guelph, Scarborough and Toronto clubs contributed five rinks each, Bowmanville and Hamilton Thistle four each, Ancaster and Flamborough

three each, and London and Montreal one each. Again, in 1865, a big bonspiel took place at Black Rock, Buffalo, between Ontario and the United States, 23 rinks a side. In these early days too, there were frequent meetings between Montreal and Toronto clubs, but as one used stones and the other irons the results were not very satisfactory. The general custom was to play two rinks a side, irons being used on the one rink and stones on the other. But the curlers accustomed to the stones invariably won on the "stone" rink, while the iron players ran up the score on the other. It was no true test of skill and was finally discontinued, leaving unsettled a controversy as to which were best, stones or irons. It is said for the latter that they run "truer," in keen frosts, but in soft weather have a tendency to sink into the ice. But the fact that the stones are used in Manitoba and the Territories where the frosts are more severe than in Quebec would appear to throw the weight of evidence on the side of the old Ailsa Craigs.

But in these later days the big bonspiel has given place to numerous smaller ones, while the Ontario and Quebec Associations have their annual Championship competitions, and Manitoba has the greatest of all present-day Canadian curling gatherings—the Winnipeg Bonspiel. In Ontario the "Tankard" is the acme of the curler's ambition. It is a two-rink competition, and during the past season sixty-six of the strongest clubs in the Province took part in it. They were divided into eight groups, the winners of which met in Toronto early in February and played off. Lindsay secured the coveted prize, defeating Toronto Caledon-

ians after a hard fight in the final game. At the same time as the Tankard finals the Governor-General's prize is played for. It is open to runners-up in Tankard groups, losers in Tankard finals and winners and runners-up of District Cup competitions. Sixteen clubs took part in this competition, Southampton winning out. The Southampton Club also won the Western Tankard, a trophy played for by the Western Ontario Clubs. The Walker Vase, limited to Toronto city clubs, is another notable competition. Sixty rinks played in it this winter, and the gold trophy went to a rink from the Granites.

In Quebec, the Governor-General's prize is the most valued of curlers'

M. A. Rice (2) W. R. Hill (1)



J. C. Scott (Skip)

G. S. Lyon (2)

THE QUEEN CITY RINK, WHICH WON (1901) THE WALKER GOLD VASE, PRESENTED TO THE CURLERS OF TORONTO, FOR ANNUAL COMPETITION, BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS, WALKERVILLE. THE GRANITES (MCMURTRY, SKIP) WON THE VASE THIS SEASON.

trophies, and this year it falls to the Rideau Club, who defeated the Heatherers of Montreal in the final match before the Earl and Countess of Minto. The Jubilee Trophy, the second in importance, goes to the old Ormstown Club for a second year, their final opponents being the Thistles of Montreal. Both of these are also two-rink competitions.

There have been no large bonspiels in the Maritime Provinces in recent years, but their players are still good stone handlers. In 1894, the Thistles of St. John won a place at the Montreal Carnival, and other honours have fallen to Maritime Province players when they came east. This season two rinks from St. John successfully visited Quebec and Montreal, and such excursions may be made annual and extended to Toronto.

In Manitoba the curling event of the season is, of course, the Winnipeg

bonspiel. It offers numerous trophies, nearly all of which are for single rink competitions. The Grand Challenge Trophy is probably the proudest curling prize on the continent, and the rink that wins it must be made up of brilliant, strong and steady curlers. The bonspiel was inaugurated in 1889 and has steadily grown in importance and popularity. The last one was the greatest of all, no less than 123 rinks taking part, while Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia, the Territories and United States were represented on the ice. The Grand Challenge Trophy went to D. M. Braden, of the Winnipeg Thistles, who defeated E. J. Rochon of Fort William in the finals. Doig of Glenboro and Flower of Birtle reached the semi-finals. The Walkerville Tankard was won by C. Town of Wawanessa against F. L. Patton of Assiniboine. The Royal Caledonian fell to H. J. McLean of Holland, his

Lt.-Col. Sherwood (Skip)

E. Waldo (Skip)



MEMBERS OF THE RIDEAU CURLING CLUB OF OTTAWA

Winners of the Governor-General's Prize for 1902. The Heather Club, of Montreal, were in the final match, which was played at Government House Rink on February 20th



MEMBERS OF THE ORMSTOWN CURLING CLUB, OF ORMSTOWN, QUE.

Winners of the Royal Jubilee Trophy for 1902. The Thistles, of Montreal, were in the final match. This same club won this trophy (lower large trophy in picture) last year, and have been holders of the Quebec Challenge Cup (upper large trophy) since 1899. The smaller cups shown have been won in other contests

last opponent being S. G. Harstone of the Winnipeg Granites. The International was won by J. D. Flavelle of Lindsay, Ont., and the Whyte Cup for Veterans fell to Pace of the Winnipeg Thistles. Mr. Flavelle also won the Galt Tankard. W. Ferguson of Hamiota took the McMillan Cup.

So much can be written of curling that it is almost impossible to discriminate between what should be told and what should be left untold. There is the stone—its gradual development from the rough-hewn block with a hole in each side to seize it by, to the polished, silver-handled beauties of to-day, nearly 1,000 pairs of which come each year from Ailsa Craig, Scotland. for the use of the curlers in Canada; there's the rink with its "tees" 38 yards apart, and its smooth surface of ice between, over which the granites

or irons must be "thrown" to the spot indicated by the skip; there's the peculiar fascination the game has for all who ever played it—English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian or American—that can never be described on paper—to know the delights of curling you must throw the first stone. There's the men who play the game, "good fellows all" and the majority of them taken from among the successful business classes of the country; there's the freedom of the sport from any taint of gambling; there's the even temper, the clear, cool head and the ability to grasp and grapple with emergencies that are essentials of the successful skip, and there's many another thing besides.

Still even in this limited space a word must be said of the "Canadianizing" of the game. Those were good old days when our grandsires shovel-

ed the snow off the rivers and ponds to make rinks on which to follow their sport with irons or wooden blocks or home-made stones. Those were happy days when they wielded the broom with tremendous energy to clear the falling "feathers" from the track of the "stone." There was something of romance in those winter nights when, with torches stuck in the snow banks

Scottish accents are fading out of the game and in clear-cut Canadian the skip's orders ring out; in stately rinks and on sheets of pebbled ice as level as a billiard board the games are played while the electric lights have turned the outside darkness into a second edition of the day. Yes, all is changed save the game itself. "Elbow oot" and "Elbow in" may now be



THE ONTARIO TANKARD AND THE PARIS CLUB, WHICH WON IT IN 1901

It was won by Lindsay (Flavelle and McLennan) in 1902

at the rink-side, their Scottish accents floated out through the shadows of the trees towering up through the surrounding darkness—"Play the broom, Geordie," "Anither o' the same, Psalms o' David," "Yer fer a curler; come up an' look at it yersel', mon." Now all this is changed. The romance of the pioneer has given place to the comforts of civilization. Even the

"Out turn" and "In turn"; "A when more borra" may now be "A little more ice," and the Scotch-bonnetted red-sashed shouter may have given place to a quieter and more carefully groomed player, but the old game with its same old fascination is there still. And while it lasts and the frost holds Canada will never lack for curlers.



## MONTREAL STREET NAMES

*By Martha E. Richardson*

CANADIANS are beginning to realize the richness and vastness of the natural resources of their great domain, but few of the citizens of its metropolis appreciate the wealth of history, poetry, religion and romance hidden in the familiar names of the city. Like fossils of a forgotten age, they lie unheeded by the creatures of the present, yet, like those lovely stone imprints of the past, they are well worth a fleeting glance for their beauty and a closer inspection for their story.

"That is best which lieth nearest" was one of those unlooked-for thought-guests that so often, unbidden, claim the hospitality of the mind. This one entered while the writer was aimlessly treading a familiar street that follows the trend of the swift-flowing river, and allows through its unbuilt spaces glimpses of the old mountain, looking in the distance like

Some Titanic grave-mound  
Tufted with giant moss.

Slowly the old names seemed to become illumined, and from every battered or brilliant sign board shone forth its story. Here were history, religion, poetry and romance, naturalism and supernaturalism, the tragedy of defeat and the triumph of victory, the struggle of the pioneer and the achievement of the later settler, the exalted enthusiasm of the saint and the wild license of the soldier, the chivalry of France and the statesmanship of England.

No utilitarian spirit has, as yet, robbed the city of its storied birthright; no prosy fifty-firsts and fifty-seconds and fifty-thirds designate the veins of even the newly laid-out suburbs, while the long thoroughfares that follow the graceful trend of the river or the curve of Mount Royal, are not dignified with the name of avenue and have no flavour of Arabic numerals.

A comprehensive list of city names would form an almost complete nomen-

clature of Canadian history; old régime and new régime are here crystallized, the French saint-worship and the British hero-worship. Notre Dame, St. Catherine, Dorchester and Sherbrooke, the four great arteries of traffic—side by side for miles they run like the two great peoples who throng them, side by side, but never mingling.

Most noticeable even to the casual observer is the large proportion of streets that bear the name of some saint. Surely no saint in the calendar, however insignificant, has been slighted; male saints, female saints, ancient saints, mediæval saints, modern saints, saints of France and saints of Italy, saints of Spain and saints of England, saints well known and saints obscure. In the older portions of the city these names of saints bear silent yet eloquent witness to the piety and religious enthusiasm of the founders and early inhabitants, but a trip through the newer sections must bring the conviction that their descendants have not wandered far from the old paths. The old city has stretched out into St. Cunegonde, St. Henry, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Luc, St. Louis, St. Gabriel, Notre Dame de Grace, even yet the saints hold sway.

In a quaint old square and a still more quaint old street is commemorated the name of the brave old seaman of St. Malo, who was the first European to enter the great Canadian waterway. Devotion to their religion and loyalty to their king were the motive forces in these chivalrous Old France men, and Jacques Cartier was a fine specimen of his race. On the day of Saint Lawrence he entered the great mouth of the river and named it in honour of the saint, while to the wooded majesty of the Hochelaga hill he gave the name Mount Royal in honour of his kingly master. One of the old suburbs and its main street still bears the saint's name, while the modern trolley car carries the tourist along Mount Royal

Avenue to the still more modern elevator that has cut a swath through the old-time verdure of the Royal Mount. North-east at some distance from the square runs Champlain Street, calling to mind perhaps the noblest of the heroes of New France, while St. Helen breathes memories of his beautiful and saintly wife. Nothing more warlike than banking and insurance buildings is to be seen in the Place d'Armes to-day save the bronze figure of the soldier founder of the city, Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve. The eastern suburb of the city bears his last name, while a little street, Chomedey, in the extreme west, makes one fancy that his spirit loves to hover over limits broader than ever his wildest earthly dreams could shape. Laval is not forgotten, the Jesuit priest and bishop who, more than any other one man, stamped his personality on Canadian Catholicism. La Salle, the seigneur of La Chine and discoverer of the Mississippi, has not been overlooked, but D'Aulac or Dollard, the heroic young saviour of Ville Marie and by the same deed of the whole of New France, has as his sole verbal monument a short, dirty, insignificant lane. Hochelaga is about the only reminder of the dusky aboriginal inhabitants.

Between Notre Dame Street and the river, east of McGill St., lies the district of the wholesale trade, colossal stone warehouses, filled with the products of an Empire's mills and equipped with all modern appliances; streets whose foot pavements echo the tread of merchant princes and their myriad clerks, and where the rattle of drays and the shouting of drivers give daily evidence of a busy thriving trade. But turn a moment from the high grey walls of these cañons of commerce to the blue-lettered signboards at their entrances, and you will be transported as swiftly as by the aid of the magic carpet into other times and among other peoples: Hospital, St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Jean, St. Alexis, St. Francois Xavier, St. Sulpice, Bonsecours, De Bressoles, Recollet, LeMoine. Here the founders and early settlers fought and

conquered foes of earth and foes of air, enemies of flesh and blood, and the still more subtle enemies of soul and spirit. When human weapons were powerless Our Lady of Heaven or the Infant Jesus saved by miracle. Here was the Hospital, the Hotel Dieu, where Jeanne Mance and her devoted band of nuns nursed the sick and the wounded in those awful early days, when every labourer was a mark for some skulking Iroquois, when strength failed for lack of food, when the sisters swept the snow out of their cells and shook it off their coverlets in the piercing cold of those merciless winters. Do not imagine when you see De Bressoles St. almost impassable with loads of merchandise that the name suggests some old-time merchant or peltry trader; Judith de Bressoles was one of three nuns whom Mademoiselle Mance brought out to the colony when its need was sorest. Parents, friends and comforts she had left behind, and it is recorded of her in the bareness and poverty of her new surroundings that "with a piece of lean salt pork and a few herbs she could make a soup of a marvellous relish." St. Sulpice, Recollets—rivals for spiritual supremacy—whose wordy weapons were as skilfully used as the swords and muskets of their soldier comrades. Sulpitians hated and strove against Recollets, both united in the same feeling against the Jesuits, who were struggling hard for the sole control of both Church and State. These Sulpitians were once feudal owners of the settlement. As one watches from the corner of St. Sulpice the steady stream of well-dressed women passing in and out between the stately towers of Notre Dame, it is hard to realize that these old shepherds dealt more rigorously with the vanities of their flock than the stern New England Puritans. They launched their thunderbolts against frills and furbelows, crinolines and hair bows, balls, parties, dancing or promenading. Somewhere around these very streets there marched nightly these old curés with a band of soldiers compelling women and girls to

shut themselves up in their houses by nine o'clock every evening—rather a rigorous curfew.

Notre Dame is now to many only a name, but when the little settlement was living in hourly dread of extinction by the savage Iroquois, Our Lady of Heaven was to many a very real presence and a very present help. In LeMoine is preserved the name of one of the truest and most capable of those early settlers. There is a long, narrow lane running parallel between Craig and St. James Streets. The back entrances of a long line of warehouses, banks, hotels, and newspaper building is suggestive of anything but its name, Fortification; yet it honestly earned its title, for this marked one of the fortified bounds of the old city. Frontenac mirrors the stately, fiery, stubborn, high-spirited, energetic old governor under the old régime.

In times a little less troublous than those of Jeanne Mance, Madame d'Youville founded the Grey Nunnery. There is little at the busy corner of Youville and McGill to remind one of the grey-robed sisters, save the rough-hewn stone wall of the old convent grounds, now begrimed with coal-dust and tottering with age. Grey Nun Street, in the heart of the shipping and manufacturing district, suggests little of the stillness and purity that must have brooded over the neighbourhood of the sisters' domain. College Street at the north of the Haymarket has nothing but its name to hint to the passer-by that it was once the site of a school of learning. Almost equally incongruous seem the names of a series of streets in the same section: King, Queen, Prince and Duke have no savour of royalty, yet old residents will tell you of the time when these streets so begrimed with smoke and dirt were the abode of "very nice people."

Many streets bear the names of landed proprietors or property-holders. Redpath, Simpson, Coursol, Quesnel, Donegani, Guy, Mackay, Torrance, McTavish. Others suggest their own

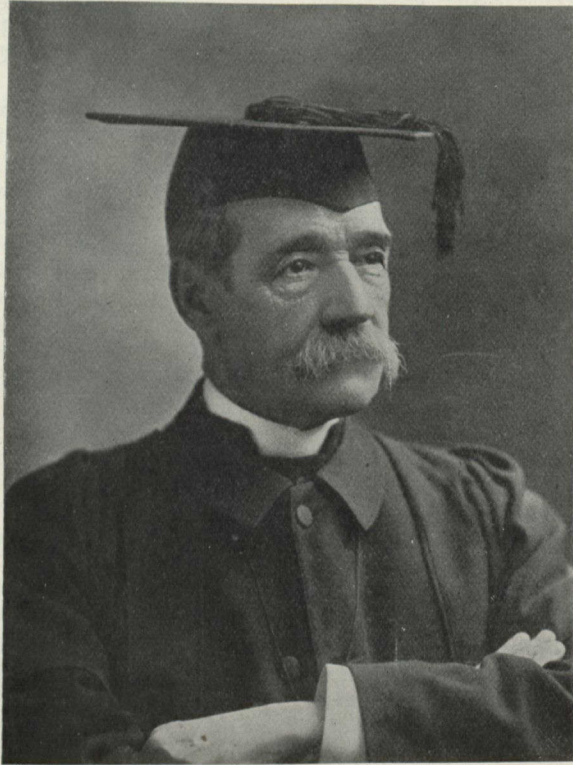
*raison d'être*: University, the eastern boundary of the College grounds, Mountain, Aqueduct, Cathedral, Palace.

The most rapid growth of the city has taken place since it passed under British rule. In Wolfe and Montcalm, Amherst and Murray we are carried back a century and a-half into the climax of the strife. French names henceforward do not indicate the ruling power, but almost every British Governor has been honoured with a street namesake. Dorchester, Sherbrooke, Metcalfe, Elgin, Dufferin, Lorne, Colborne, Richmond.

De Salaberry brings us down to the War of 1812, when that gallant officer fought as bravely and successfully in defence of British rule in Canada as in the century before the heroic defenders of New France had fought against it.

Papineau and Viger keep green the memory of the rebels of '37.

Many changes of name have taken place within the memory of those who could not yet be classed among the oldest inhabitants. Montreal is practically two cities. East of Bleury is a French town, west of Bleury, an English, while the line of demarcation is almost as clear as that curious line of separation above the city between the blue-green waters of the St. Lawrence and the brown-tinted flood of the Ottawa. A change in the West End usually means that the French cognomen gives place to an English, in the eastern section French supplants English. In the west Cote St. Antoine has become Westmount, in the east, Logan Park is now Parc Prefontaine; St. Francis de Salle has become Windsor; in the east, old Brock, whom Queenston could kill but not conquer, has fallen before a Frenchman. Once the two nations strove like gladiators, and their arena was a continent; at times the strife seems not yet ended, but the amphitheatre is a smaller one, and the weapons are the bloodless ones of pen and tongue, and industry and enterprise.



PROFESSOR CLARK

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

No. XXXIII—PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L.

AMONG the well-known public men of Canada few occupy a position so all but unique as does the Rev. William Clark, M. A. (Aberdeen and Oxon.), LL. D. (Hobart College, N. Y.), and D. C. L. 1891, of Trinity University, Toronto. Dr. Clark, though not a Canadian either by birth or extraction, is by adoption; and few of Canada's adopted sons have done more to reflect credit upon the Dominion or on the place of their abode, within its confines, than he.

The parish of Inverurie in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, is the place where Dr. Clark was born on March 26, 1829, his father being the Rev. James Clark, M. A., a Presbyterian minister. His early education was received *privately* in the parish and grammar schools,

but in 1845 he entered Aberdeen University where he took his degree as M. A. in 1848. His university course was one of distinction, and in the final examinations he was high in the honour list. Subsequently he studied and graduated at the University of Oxford.

Proceeding on the completion of his academic course to England, Dr. Clark becoming through study, thought and possibly also predisposition, convinced of the truth of the doctrines of the Anglican Church as set forth in her Articles and formularies, he formally joined that communion, then studied for its ministry, being ordained deacon in 1857, and priest in the following year by the Bishop of Worcester. His first charge was as curate in the parish of St. Matthias, Birmingham, the "toy

shop of Europe," and it was in Birmingham where he first attracted attention as a forcible and eloquent preacher.

The parish of St. Matthias was not one (in those days at any rate) to cause any one to have very great love for ministerial work in a large, densely populated town. It was in the northeast of the city, and was the abode of a large working-class population, most of them living from hand to mouth, great numbers of whom never entered a place of worship from one year's end to the other. There were some few large factories, the owners of which did not live at their places of business, and there were only two other churches, a Methodist and a Congregational, in the parish, which numbered some eight thousand souls. However, the young clergyman entered with zest upon his duties, going in and out among the people, urging them to send their children to the Sunday schools, and to take themselves a higher interest in life and its duties. For a year Dr. Clark remained in Birmingham; now, though it is forty-four years since he left it, he looks back upon the time spent in that city parish as one of the pleasantest portions of his life.

Whilst in Birmingham, Dr. Clark made the acquaintance of some notable English public men. One of these was the Rev. John Cale Miller, D.D., rector of St. Martin's, the mother church of Birmingham, who was afterwards Vicar of Greenwich and Canon of Rochester. Another of his acquaintances was the famous Congregational minister, the Rev. John Angell James, minister of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, whose name fifty years ago was a household word in England. Another popular preacher, lecturer and educationalist, who for many years was noted throughout Great Britain, and with whom Dr. Clark came in contact, was George Dawson, the minister of a Birmingham place of worship, the pastor and congregation of which were unpledged to any form of religious belief. Among the many "men he has known" either slightly or intimately,

perhaps no one filled a larger place in the literary and reading world than did George Dawson. He accompanied Carlyle when he made his first visit to Germany, and later, in 1848, he was with Emerson when the latter visited the barricades of Paris. Dawson was the friend of Mazzini, of Kossuth, and of many of the Polish exiles whose cause he heartily espoused and pleaded for with eloquence and fervour. Leaving Birmingham in 1858, Dr. Clark proceeded to Taunton, in Somersetshire, where for more than twenty years he was successively curate and vicar. It was whilst Dr. Clark was in his Somersetshire parish that his fame as a preacher became so extended. He was in request from all parts of England as a preacher on special, or even on ordinary occasions. He has preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, in Westminster Abbey, in many of the cathedrals, and in many more of the most important pulpits in towns and villages throughout England; everywhere was he welcome and everywhere did he attract attention.

In 1882 Dr. Clark decided to come to Canada, did so, and in the following year was appointed Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Trinity University. This position the learned Doctor still holds, and it is the earnest wish of his thousands of friends and admirers that he may yet be spared for many years to discharge its duties. joining the Royal Society of Canada soon after he came to Canada in 1891 Dr. Clark was made a Fellow thereof and in 1901 was honoured with the Presidency.

Dr. Clark is seen at his best in his charming study in Trinity University. A cheery welcome is given you as you enter, and you are at once with high-bred courtesy on your host's part made to feel at home. If it is winter a bright fire burns in the open fireplace, and near it a most luxurious chair and comfortable position is at once bestowed upon you. All around the walls of the room are books, books, books. Here and there, wherever they can be placed on the walls or over the fireplace

(where is the most room not occupied by book shelves) are paintings, engravings and photographs. As is only to be expected, there are many portraits, most of them, as is also but natural, those of noted ecclesiastics. There are also various statuettes, among them those of Tennyson, Scott and Shakespeare.

There is no lack of variety in the contents of the volumes on Dr. Clark's book shelves. History both sacred and profane is well represented, so is theology, so also is poetry from Chaucer to Tennyson, so are architecture, music and the drama, art in its many forms, philosophy, and almost every conceivable subject upon which pamphlets have been written or books published.

But though a book-lover and collector, Dr. Clark is no pedant, immersed in his tomes and their study, unable to take interest in anything outside the range of his clerical and academic life. He is indeed the very reverse, for he not only takes the keenest interest in all political and social questions, but delights in discussing them and in hearing them discussed. In political opinion the learned and versatile Doctor may be classed as a moderate Tory with Whig proclivities, and in his church views he is a high churchman of the type of Bishop Ken. Though Dr. Clark holds firmly and tenaciously to his own convictions respecting the Anglican Church, her apostolic origin and divine mission, he is tolerant of the opinions of others who differ from him either to a greater or less extent, while he is always ready to admit the many sidedness of Truth.

As a raconteur Dr. Clark has few if any equals, while his stock of good stories is almost unlimited, extending over the clerical, political and literary life of Great Britain during the past half century.

Before concluding this brief and imperfect sketch of one of the most interesting of "Canadian celebrities," a few words must be devoted to speak of Dr. Clark more particularly as a preacher and a lecturer.

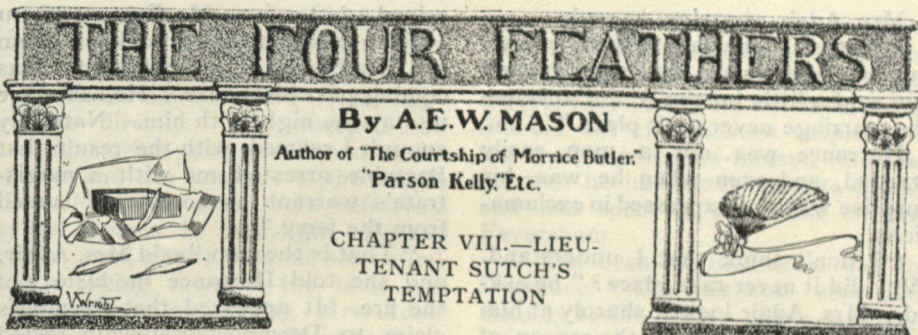
In the pulpit he is clear, forcible and direct in his style. He eschews sensation, yet is always impressive, is often poetical, yet is never prosy. He is interesting at all times; occasionally his remarks may appear to a thoughtless hearer to savour of want of seriousness, but this is not so; interesting as he tries to make his sermons, he never lets his hearers forget the momentous character of the message he is delivering.

As to his lectures, to hear him deliver a course, say of half-a-dozen, on "Tennyson," or on "Dante," or on varied subjects, such as "Charles Lamb," Kingsley's "Water Babies," the "Passion Play," and many others, is an education in itself. He deals with the subject he is handling so delicately, unfolds its beauties to his hearers so carefully, teaches them so pleasantly, and is withal himself so free from being the "very superior person" that those who have heard him once wish to hear him twice, and having heard him twice, are always ready to hear him again.

In addition to his oratorical and literary gifts Dr. Clark is a devotee of music, a competent critic, and has had on his list of friends not a few of the many eminent musicians of the Victorian era. In 1887, the University of Michigan chose Dr. Clark to deliver the "Baldwin Lectures"; these were subsequently published under the title of "Witnesses to Christ." In 1891 he was chosen by the same University as Slocum lecturer; these lectures are all embodied in the volume published by Dr. Clark in 1899, entitled "The Paraclete." Of his other writings his work on the Anglican Reformation has gained him far more than a local reputation, while his "Life and Times of Savon-rola" has had a wide circulation.

It is as the earnest preacher, as the eloquent lecturer, as the warmest of friends, as the most generous of opponents, as the kindest of hosts, and as the most sympathetic of men, that Dr. Clark is best known, and as he would wish to be remembered.

*Thos. E. Champion*



RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

DURRANCE reached London one morning in June and on that afternoon took the usual first walk of the returned exile, into Hyde Park, where he sat beneath the trees marvelling at the grace of his countrywomen and the delicacy of their apparel—a solitary figure, sunburnt and stamped already with that indefinable expression of the eyes and face which marks the men set apart in the distant corners of the world. However, amongst the people who strolled past him, one smiled, and as he rose from his chair Mrs. Adair came to his side. She looked him over from head to foot with a quick and almost furtive glance which might have told even Durrance something of which he was not aware. She was comparing him with the picture which she had of him now three years old. She was looking for the small marks of change which those three years might have brought about, and with signs of apprehension. But Durrance only noticed that she was dressed in black. She understood the question in his mind and answered it.

"My husband died eighteen months ago," she explained in a quiet voice. "He was thrown from his horse during a run with the Pytchley. He was killed at once."

"I had not heard," Durrance answered awkwardly. "I am very sorry."

Mrs. Adair took a chair beside him and did not reply. She was a woman of perplexing silences; and her pale and placid face with its cold correct outline gave no clew to the thoughts with which she occupied them. She sat without stirring. Durrance was embarrassed. He remembered Mr. Adair as a good-humoured man whose one chief quality was his evident affection for his wife, but with what eyes the wife had looked upon him, he had never up till now considered. Mr. Adair, indeed, had been at the best a shadowy figure in that small household, and Durrance found it difficult even to draw upon his recollections for any full expression of regret. He gave up the attempt and asked:

"Are Harry Feversham and his wife in town?"

Mrs. Adair was slow to reply.

"Not yet," she said after a pause, but immediately she corrected herself and said a little hurriedly. "I mean—the marriage never took place."

Durrance was not a man easily startled, and even when he was, his surprise was not expressed in exclamations.

"I don't think that I understand. Why did it never take place?" he asked. Mrs. Adair looked sharply at him as though inquiring for the reason of his deliberate tones.

"I don't know why," she said. "Ethne can keep a secret if she wishes." And Durrance nodded his assent. "The marriage was broken off on the night of a dance at Lennon House."

Durrance turned at once to her.

"Just before I left England three years ago?"

"Yes. Then you knew?"

"No. Only you have explained to me something which occurred on the very night that I left Dover. What has become of Harry?"

Mrs. Adair shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not know. I have met no one who does know. I do not think that I have met anyone who has seen him since that time. He must have left England."

Durrance pondered on this mysterious disappearance. It was Harry Feversham then whom he had seen upon the pier as the Channel boat cast off. The man with the troubled and despairing face was his friend after all.

"And Miss Eustace?" he asked after a pause with a queer timidity. "She has married since?"

Again Mrs. Adair took her time to reply.

"No," said she.

"Then she is still at Ramelton?"

Mrs. Adair shook her head.

"There was a fire at Lennon House a year ago. Did you ever hear of a constable called Bastable?"

"Indeed, I did. He was the means of introducing me to Miss Eustace and her father. I was travelling from Londonderry to Letterkenny. I re-

ceived a letter from Mr. Eustace whom I did not know, but who knew from my friends at Letterkenny that I was coming past his house. He asked me to stay the night with him. Naturally enough I refused, with the result that Bastable arrested me with a magistrate's warrant as soon as I landed from the ferry."

"That is the man," said Mrs. Adair, and she told Durrance the history of the fire. It appeared that Bastable's claim to Dermod's friendship rested upon his skill in preparing a particular brew of toddy which needed a single oyster simmering in the saucepan to give to it its perfection of flavour. About two o'clock of a June morning the spirit lamp on which the saucepan stewed had been overset; neither of the two confederates in drink had their wits about them at the moment, and the house was half burnt and the rest of it ruined by water before the fire could be got under.

"There were consequences still more distressing than the destruction of the house," she continued. "The fire was a beacon warning to Dermod's creditors for one thing, and Dermod, already overpowered with debts, fell in a day upon complete ruin. He was drenched by the water hoses besides and took a chill which nearly killed him, and from the effects of which he has never recovered. You will find him a broken man. The estates are let, and Ethne is now living with her father in a little mountain village in Donegal."

Mrs. Adair had not looked at Durrance while she spoke. She kept her eyes fixed steadily in front of her, and, indeed, she spoke without feeling on one side or the other, but rather like a person constraining herself to speech because speech was a necessity. Nor did she turn to look at Durrance when she had done.

"So she has lost everything," said Durrance.

"She still has a house in Donegal," returned Mrs. Adair.

"And that means a great deal to her?" said Durrance slowly. "Yes, I think you right."



"It means," said Mrs. Adair, "that Ethne with all her ill-luck has reason to be envied by many other women."

Durrance did not answer that suggestion directly. He watched the carriages drive past, he listened to the chatter and the laughter of the people about him, his eyes were refreshed by the women in their light-coloured frocks; and all the time his slow mind was working towards the lame expression of his philosophy. Mrs. Adair turned to him with a slight impatience in the end.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked.

"That women suffer much more than men when the world goes wrong with them," he answered, and the answer was rather a question than a definite assertion. "I know very little of course. I can only guess. But I think women gather up into themselves what they have been through, much more than we do. To them what is past becomes a real part of them, as it were, as much a part of them as a limb; to us it's always something external, at the best the rung of a ladder, at the worst a weight on the heel. Don't you think so too? I phrase the thought badly. But put it this way. Women look backwards, we look ahead, so misfortune hits them harder, eh?"

Mrs. Adair answered in her own way. She did not expressly agree. But a certain humility became audible in her voice.

"The mountain village at which Ethne is living," she said in a low voice, "is called Glenalla. A track strikes up towards it from the road halfway between Rathmullen and Ramelton." She rose as she finished the sentence and held out her hand. "Shall I see you?"

"You are still in Hill Street?" said Durrance. "I shall be for a time in London."

Mrs. Adair raised her eyebrows. She looked always by nature for the intricate and concealed motive, so that conduct which sprang from a reason obvious and simple was likely to baffle

her. She was baffled now by Durrance's resolve to remain in town. She heard of his continual presence at his Service Club and could not understand. She did not even have a suspicion of his motive when he himself informed her that he had travelled into Surrey and had spent a day with General Feversham.

It had been an ineffectual day for Durrance. The General kept him steadily to the history of the campaign from which he had just returned. Only once was he able to approach the topic of Harry Feversham's disappearance, and at the mere mention of his son's name, the old General's face set like plaster. It became void of expression and inattentive as a mask.

"We will talk of something else, if you please," said he, and Durrance returned to London, not an inch nearer to Donegal.

Thereafter he sat under the great tree in the inner courtyard of his club, talking to this man and to that and still unsatisfied with the conversation. All through that June the afternoons and the evenings found him at his post. Never a friend of Feversham's passed by the tree but Durrance had a word for him and the word led always to a question. But the question elicited no answer except a shrug of the shoulders and a "Hanged if I know!" Harry Feversham's place knew him no more; he had even dropped out of the speculations of his friends.

Towards the end of June, however, an old retired naval officer limped into the courtyard, saw Durrance, hesitated, and began with a remarkable alacrity to move away.

Durrance sprang up from his seat.

"Lieutenant Sutch," said he. "You have forgotten me?"

"Colonel Durrance to be sure," said the embarrassed Lieutenant. "It is some while since we met but I remember you very well now. I think we met—let me see—when was it? An old man's memory, Colonel Durrance, is like a leaky ship. It comes to harbour with its cargo of recollections swamped."

Neither the Lieutenant's present embarrassment nor his previous hesitation escaped Durrance's notice.

"We met at Broad Place," he said. "I wish you to give me news of my friend Feversham. Why was his engagement with Miss Eustace broken off? Where is he now?"

The Lieutenant's eyes gleamed for a moment with satisfaction. It had always been doubtful whether Durrance were aware of Harry's fall into disgrace. He plainly did not know.

"There is only one person in the world, I believe," said Sutch, "who can answer both your questions."

Durrance was in no way disconcerted.

"Yes. I have waited here a month for you," he replied.

Lieutenant Sutch pushed his fingers through his beard and stared down at his companion.

"Well, it is true," he admitted. "I can answer your questions, but I will not."

"Harry Feversham is my friend."

"General Feversham is his father, yet he knows only half the truth. Miss Eustace was betrothed to him, and she knows no more. I pledged my word to Harry that I would keep silence."

"It is not curiosity which makes me ask."

"I am sure that on the contrary it is friendship," said the Lieutenant cordially.

"Nor that entirely. There is another aspect of the matter. I will not ask you to answer my questions, but I will put a third one to you. It is one harder for me to ask than for you to answer. Would a friend of Harry Feversham be at all disloyal to that friendship, if"—and Durrance flushed beneath his sunburn—"if he tried his luck with Miss Eustace?"

The question startled Lieutenant Sutch.

"You?" he exclaimed, and he stood

considering Durrance, counting up his rapidity of promotion, speculating upon his likelihood to take a woman's fancy. Here was an aspect of the case, indeed, to which he had not given a thought, and he was no less troubled than startled. For there had grown up within him a jealousy on behalf of Harry Feversham as strong as a mother's for a favourite second son. He had nursed with a most pleasurable anticipation a hope that in the end Harry would come back to all that he once had owned, like a rethroned king. He looked at Durrance and saw the hope stricken. Durrance appeared the man of courage which his record proved him to be, and Lieutenant Sutch had his theory of women. "Brute courage! They make a god of it!"

"Well?" asked Durrance.

Lieutenant Sutch was aware that he must answer. He was sorely tempted to lie. For he knew enough of the man who questioned him to be certain that the lie would have its effect. Durrance would go back to the Soudan, and leave his suit unpressed.

"Well?"

Sutch looked up at the sky and down upon the flags. Harry had foreseen that this complication was likely to occur, he had not wished that Ethne should wait. Sutch imagined him at this very moment, lost somewhere under the burning sun, and compared that picture with the one before his eyes—the successful soldier taking his ease at his club. He felt inclined to break his promise, to tell the whole truth, to answer both the questions which Durrance had first asked. And again the pitiless monosyllable demanded his reply.

"Well?"

"No," said Sutch regretfully. "There would be no disloyalty."

And on that evening Durrance took the train for Holyhead.



#### CHAPTER IX—AT GLENALLA

THE farm-house stood a mile above the village in a wild moorland country. The heather encroached upon

its garden and the bridle-path ended at its door. On three sides an amphitheatre of hills, which changed so

instantly to the season that it seemed one could distinguish from day to day a new gradation in their colours, harboured it like a ship. No trees grew upon those hills, the granite cropped out amidst the moss and heather, but they had a friendly sheltering look, and Durrance came almost to believe that they put on their different draperies of emerald green, and purple and russet brown consciously to delight the eyes of the girl they sheltered. The house faced the long slope of country to the inlet of the Lough. From the windows the eye reached down over the sparse thickets, the few tilled fields, the white-washed cottages to the tall woods upon the bank, and caught a glimpse of the bright water and the gulls poising and dipping above it. Durrance rode up the track upon an afternoon and knew the house at once. For, as he approached, the music of a violin floated towards him from the windows like a welcome. His hand was checked upon the reins and a particular strong hope, about which he had allowed his fancies to play, rose up within him and suspended his breath.

He tied up his horse and entered in at the gate. A formless barrack without, the house within was a place of comfort. The room into which he was shown with its brasses and its gleaming oak and its wide prospect was bright as that afternoon itself. Durrance imagined it too with the blinds drawn upon a winter's night and the fire red on the hearth and the wind skirling about the hills and rapping on the panes.

Ethne greeted him without the least mark of surprise.

"I had a thought that you would come," she said, and a smile came upon her face.

Durrance laughed suddenly with a great contentment as they shook hands, and Ethne wondered why. She followed the direction of his eyes towards the violin which lay upon a table at her side. It was pale in colour; there was a mark close to the bridge where a morsel of worm-eaten wood had been replaced.

"It is yours," she said. "You were in Egypt. I could not well send it back to you there."

"I have hoped lately, since I knew," returned Durrance, "that nevertheless you would accept it."

"You see I have," said Ethne, and looking straight into his eyes she added: "I accepted it some while ago. There was a time when I needed to be assured that I had sure friends. And a thing tangible helped. I was very glad to have it."

Durrance took the instrument from the table, handling it delicately like a sacred vessel.

"You have played upon it? The *Musoline* overture perhaps," said he.

"Do you remember that?" she returned with a laugh. "Yes, I have played upon it, but only recently. For a long time I put my violin away. It talked to me too intimately of many things which I wished to forget," and these words, like the rest, she spoke without hesitation or any down-dropping of the eyes.

Durrance fetched up his luggage from Rathmullen the next day and stayed at the farm for a week. But up to the last hour of his visit no further reference was made to Harry Feversham by either Ethne or Durrance, although they were thrown much into each other's company. For Dermot was even more broken than Mrs. Adair's description had led Durrance to expect; his speech was all dwindled to monosyllables; his frame was shrunken and his clothes bagged upon his limbs; his very stature seemed lessened; even the anger was clouded from his eye; he was become a stay-at-home dozing for the most part of the day by a fire even in that July weather; his longest walk was to the little grey church which stood naked upon a mound some quarter of a mile away and within view of the windows, and even that walk taxed his strength. He was an old man fallen upon decrepitude, and almost out of recognition, so that his gestures and the rare tones of his voice struck upon Durrance as something painful like the

mimicry of a dead man. His old collie dog aged in company, and to see them together, one might have said that they aged in sympathy.

Durrance and Ethne were thus thrown much together. By day in the wet weather or the fine, they tramped the hills while she, with the colour glowing in her face and her eyes most jealous and eager, showed him her country and exacted his admiration. In the evenings she would take her violin, and sitting as of old with an averted face, she would bid the strings speak of the heights and depths. Durrance sat watching the sweep of her arm, the absorption of her face. He was counting up his chances. He had not brought with him to Glenalla Lieutenant Sutch's anticipations that he would succeed. The shadow of Harry Feversham might well separate them. For another thing he knew very well that poverty would fall more lightly upon her than upon most women. He had indeed had proofs of that. Though the Lennon House was occupied by a stranger, and its lands gone from her, Ethne was still amongst her own people. They still looked eagerly for her visits; she was still the princess of that country side. On the other hand she took a frank pleasure in his company and she led him to speak of his three years' service in the East. No detail was too insignificant for her enquiries, and while he spoke her eyes continually sounded him and the smile upon her lips continually approved. Durrance did not understand what she was after. Possibly no one could have understood unless he was aware of what had passed between Harry Feversham and Ethne. Durrance wore the likeness of a man, and she was well-nigh sick with anxiety to know whether the spirit of man informed it. He was a dark lantern to her. There might be a flame burning within or there might be mere vacancy and darkness. She was pushing back the slide so that she might be sure.

He was speaking in this strain upon the last day of his visit. They were seated upon the hillside, on the edge

of a stream which leaped from ledge to ledge down a miniature gorge of rock, and flowed over deep pools between the ledges, a torrent of clear black water.

"I travelled once for four days amongst the mirages," he said. "Lagoons, still as a mirror and fringed with misty trees. You could almost walk your camel up to the knees in them, before the lagoon receded and the sand glared at you. And one cannot imagine that glare. Every stone within view dances and shakes like a heliograph; you can see—yes, actually see—the heat flow breast-high across the desert swift as this stream here, only pellucid. So till the sun sets ahead of you level with your eyes! Imagine the nights which follow—nights of infinite silence with a cool friendly wind blowing from horizon to horizon—and your bed spread for you under the great dome of stars. Oh!" he cried, drawing a deep breath. "But that country grows on you. It's like the Southern Cross—four over-rated stars when first you see them, but in a week you begin to look for them, and you miss them when you travel North again." He raised himself upon his elbow and turned suddenly towards her. "Do you know—I can only speak for myself—but I never feel alone in those empty spaces. On the contrary, I always feel very close to the things and to the few people I care about."

Her eyes shone very brightly upon him, her lips parted in a smile. He moved nearer to her upon the grass and sat with his feet gathered under him upon one side and leaning upon his arm.

"I used to imagine you out there," he said. "You would have loved it—from the start before daybreak in the dark, to the camp-fire at night. You would have been at home. I used to think so as I lay awake wondering how the world went with my friends."

Her bosom rose as she drew in a breath.

"And you go back there?" she said.

Durrance did not immediately answer. The roar of the torrent throbbed about them. When he did speak, all the enthusiasm had gone from his voice. He spoke gazing into the stream.

"To Wadi Halfa. For two years. I suppose so."

Ethne knelt up on the grass at his side.

"I shall miss you," she said.

She was kneeling just behind him as he sat on the ground, and again there fell a silence between them.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked, and she bent forward as she asked, so that all unawares her breast lightly touched his shoulder. He was thinking, indeed, of the words which she had spoken at their first meeting. There had been a time when she had sorely needed her friends. Now she told him that she would miss him. He put those sayings together.

"That you need not miss me," he said, and he was aware that she drew back and sank down upon her heels. "My appointment at Halfa—I might shorten its term. I might perhaps avoid it altogether. I have still half my furlough."

She did not answer nor did she change her attitude. She remained very still and Durrance was alarmed, and all his hopes sank. For a stillness of attitude he knew to be with her as definite an expression of distress as a cry of pain with another woman. He turned about towards her. Her head was bent, but she raised it as he turned, and though her lips smiled, there was a look of great trouble in her eyes.

Durrance was a man like another. His first thought was whether there was not some obstacle which would hinder her from compliance, even though she herself were willing.

"There is your father," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "there is my father too. I could not leave him."

"Nor need you," said he quickly. "That difficulty can be surmounted. To tell the truth I was not thinking of your father at the moment."

"Nor was I," said she.

Durrance turned away and sat for a little while staring down the rocks into a wrinkled pool of water just beneath. It was, after all, the shadow of Fever-sham which stretched between himself and her.

"I know, of course," he said, "that you would never feel trouble, as so many do, with half your heart. You would neither easily care nor lightly forget."

"I remember enough," she returned in a low voice, "to make your words rather a pain to me. Some day perhaps I may bring myself to tell everything which happened at that ball three years ago, and then you will be better able to understand why I am a little distressed. All that I can tell you now is this: I have a great fear that I was in some way the cause of another man's ruin. I do not mean that I was to blame for it. But if I had not been known to him, his career might perhaps never have come to so abrupt an end. I am not sure, but I am afraid. I asked whether it was so and I was told 'no,' but I think very likely that generosity dictated that answer. And the fear stays. I am much distressed by it. I lie awake with it at night. And then you come whom I greatly value and you say quietly, 'Will you please spoil my career, too?'" and she struck one hand sharply into the other and cried, "But that I will not do."

And again he answered:

"There is no need that you should. Wadi Halfa is not the only place where a soldier can find work to his hand."

His voice had taken a new hopefulness. For he had listened intently to the words which she had spoken, and he had construed them by the dictionary of his desires. She had not said that friendship bounded all her thoughts of him. Therefore he need not believe it. Women were given to a hinting modesty of speech, at all events the best of them. A man might read a little more emphasis into their tones, and underline their words and still be short of their meaning, as he argued. A subtle delicacy graced them in nature. Durrance was near to

Benedick's mood. "One whom I value"; "I shall miss you"; there might be a double meaning in the phrases. When she said that she had needed to be assured that she had sure friends, did she not mean that she needed their companionship? But the argument, had he been acute enough to see it, proved how deep he was sunk in error. For what this girl spoke, she habitually meant, and she habitually meant no more. Moreover upon this occasion she had particularly weighed her words.

"No doubt," she said, "a soldier can. But can this soldier find work so suitable? Listen please till I have done! I was so very glad to hear all that you have told me about your work and your journeyings. I was still more glad because of the satisfaction with which you told it. For it seemed to me as I listened and as I watched, that you had found the one true straight channel along which your life could run swift and smoothly and unharassed. And so few do that—so very few!" And she wrung her hands and cried, "And now you spoil it all."

Durrance suddenly faced her. He ceased from argument; he cried in a voice of passion:

"I am for you, Ethne! There's the true straight channel, and upon my word, I believe, you are for me. I thought—I admit it—at one time I would spend my life out there in the East, and the thought contented me. But I had schooled myself into contentment for I believed you married." Ethne ever so slightly flinched, and he himself recognized that he had spoken in a voice overloud so that it had something almost of brutality.

"Do I hurt you?" he continued. "I am sorry. But let me speak the whole truth out, I cannot afford reticence, I want you to know the first and last of it. I say now that I love you. Yes, but I could have said it with equal truth five years ago. It is five years since your father arrested me at the ferry down there on Lough Swilly because I wished to press on to

Letterkenny and not make delay of a night by stopping with a stranger. Five years since I first saw you, first heard the language of your violin. I remember how you sat with your back towards me. The light shone on your hair, I could just see your eyelashes and the colour of your cheeks. I remember the sweep of your arm . . . My dear, you are for me, I am for you."

But she drew back from his outstretched hands.

"No," she said very gently but with a decision he could not mistake. She saw more clearly into his mind than he did himself. The restlessness of the born traveller, the craving for the large and lonely spaces in the outlandish corners of the world, the incurable intermittent fever to be moving, ever moving amongst strange peoples, and under strange skies—these were deep-rooted qualities of the man. Passion might obscure them for awhile, but they would make their appeal in the end, and the appeal would torture. The home would become a prison. Desires would so clash within him, there could be no happiness. That was the man. For herself—she looked down the slope of the hill across the brown country. Away on the right waved the woods about Ramelton, at her feet flashed a strip of the Lough; and this was her country; she was its child and the sister of its people.

"No," she repeated as she rose to her feet. Durrance rose with her. He was still not so much disheartened as conscious of a blunder. He had put his case badly, he should never have given her the opportunity to think that marriage would be an interruption of his career.

"We will say good-bye here," she said, "in the open. We shall be none the less good friends because three thousand miles hinder us from shaking hands."

They shook hands as she spoke.

"I shall be in England again in a year's time," said Durrance. "May I come back?"

Ethne's eyes and her smile consented.

"I should be sorry to lose you altogether," she said, "although even if I did not see you I should know that I had not lost your friendship." She added, "I should also be glad to hear news of you and what you are doing if ever you have the time to spare."

"I may write?" he exclaimed eagerly.

"Yes," she answered, and his eagerness made her linger a little doubtfully upon the word. "That is if you think it fair. I mean, it might be best for you, perhaps, to get rid of me entirely from your thoughts," and Durrance laughed and without any bitterness, so that in a moment Ethne found herself laughing too, though at what she laughed, she would have discovered it difficult to explain. "Very well, write to me then." And she added dryly, "But it will be about—other things."

And again Durrance read into her words the interpretation he desired; and again she meant just what she said, and not a word more.

She stood where he left her, a tall, strong-limbed figure of womanhood, until he was gone out of sight. Then she climbed down to the house and going into her room took one of her violins from its case. But it was the violin which Durrance had given to her, and before she had touched the strings with her bow, she recognized it and put it suddenly away from her into its case. She snapped the case to. For a few moments she sat motionless in her chair, then she quickly crossed the room, and taking her keys, unlocked a drawer. At the bottom of the drawer there lay hidden a photograph, and at this she looked for a long while and very wistfully.

Durrance meanwhile walked down to the trap which was waiting for him at the gates of the house, and saw that Dermot Eustace stood in the road with his hat upon his head.

"I will walk a few yards with you, Colonel Durrance," said Dermot; "I have a word for your ear."

Durrance suited his stride to the old

man's faltering step and they walked behind the dogcart, and in silence. It was not the mere personal disappointment which weighed upon Durrance's spirit. But he could not see with Ethne's eyes, and as his gaze took in that quiet corner of Donegal, he was filled with a great sadness lest all her life should be passed in this seclusion, her grave dug in the end under the wall of the tiny church, and her memory linger only in a few white cottages scattered over the moorland, and for a very little while. He was recalled by the pressure of Dermot's hand upon his elbow. There was a gleam of enquiry in the old man's faded eyes, but it seemed that speech itself was a difficulty.

"You have news for me?" he asked after some hesitation. "News of Harry Feversham? I thought that I would ask you before you went away."

"None," said Durrance.

"I am sorry" replied Dermot wistfully, "though I have no reason for sorrow. He struck us a cruel blow, Colonel Durrance. I should have nothing but curses for him in my mouth and my heart, a black-throated coward my reason calls him, and yet I would be very glad to hear how the world goes with him. You were his friend. But you do not know?"

It was actually of Harry Feversham that Dermot Eustace was speaking, and Durrance, as he remarked the old man's wistfulness of voice and face, was seized with a certain remorse that he had allowed Ethne so to thrust his friend out of his thoughts. He speculated upon the mystery at times as he sat in the evening upon his verandah above the Nile at Wadi Halfa, piecing together the few hints which he had gathered. "A black-throated coward" Dermot had called Harry Feversham, and Ethne had said enough to assure him that something graver than any dispute, something which had destroyed all her faith in Feversham had put an end to her betrothal. But he could not conjecture at the particular cause, and the only consequence of his

perplexed imaginings was the growth of a very real anger within him against the man who had once been his friend.

So the winter passed and summer came to the Soudan and the month of May.



#### CHAPTER X—THE WELLS OF OBAK

IN that month of May, Durrance lifted his eyes from Wadi Halfa and began eagerly to look homewards. But in the contrary direction, five hundred miles southwards of his frontier town, on the other side of the great Nubian desert and the Belly of Stones, the events of real importance to him were occurring without his knowledge. On the deserted track between Berber and Suakin the wells of Obak are sunk deep amongst mounds of shifting sand. Eastwards a belt of trees divides the dunes from a hard stony plain built upon with granite hills; westwards the desert stretches for fifty-eight waterless miles to Mahobey and Berber on the Nile, a desert so flat that the merest tuft of grass knee-high seems at the distance of a mile a tree, promising shade for a noon-day halt, and a pile of stones no bigger than one may see by the side of any roadway in repair, achieves the stature of a considerable hill. In this particular May there could be no spot more desolate than the wells of Obak. The sun blazed upon it from six in the morning with an intolerable heat, and all night the wind blew across it piercingly cold, and played with the sand as it would, building pyramids house-high and levelling them, tunnelling valleys, silting up long slopes, so that the face of the country was continually changed. The vultures and the sand-grouse held it undisturbed in a perpetual tenancy. And to make the spot yet more desolate there remained scattered here and there the bleached bones and skeletons of camels to bear evidence that about these wells once the caravans had crossed and halted. The remnants of a house built of branches bent in hoops showed that once Arabs had herded their goats and made their habitation there. Now the sun rose

and set and the hot sky pressed upon an empty round of honey-coloured earth. Silence brooded there like night upon the waters, and the absolute stillness made it a place of mystery and expectation.

Yet in this month of May one man sojourned by the wells and sojourned secretly. Every morning at sunrise he drove two camels, swift riding mares of the pure Bisharin breed from the belt of trees, watered them and sat by the well-mouth for the space of three hours. Then he drove them back again into the shelter of the trees, and fed them delicately with dhoura upon a cloth, and for the rest of the day he appeared no more. For five mornings he thus came from his hiding place and sat looking towards the sand-dunes and Berber, and no one approached him. But on the sixth, and as he was on the point of returning to his shelter, he saw the figures of a man and a donkey suddenly outlined against the sky upon a crest of the sand. The Arab, seated by the well, looked first at the donkey, and remarking its grey colour half rose to his feet. But as he rose he looked at the man who drove it, and saw that while his jellab was drawn forward over his face to protect it from the sun, his bare legs showed of an ebony blackness against the sand. The donkey driver was a negro. The Arab sat down again and waited with an air of the most complete indifference for the stranger to descend to him. He did not even move or turn when he heard the negro's feet treading the sand close behind him.

"Salem aleikum," said the negro as he stopped. He carried a long spear and a short one and a shield of hide. These he laid upon the ground and sat by the Arab's side. The latter bowed his head and returned the salutation.



"Aleikum es salam," said he, and he waited.

"It is Abou Fatma?" asked the negro.

The Arab nodded an assent.

"Two days ago," the other continued, "a man of the Bisharin, Moussa Fedil, stopped me in the market-place of Berber, and seeing that I was hungry, gave me food. And when I had eaten he charged me to drive this donkey to Abou Fatma at the wells of Obak."

Abou Fatma looked carelessly at the donkey as though now for the first time he had remarked it.

"Tayeeb," he said no less carelessly. "The donkey is mine," and he sat inattentive and motionless as though the negro's business were done and he might go.

The negro, however, held his ground.

"I am to meet Moussa Fedil again on the third morning from now, in the market-place of Berber. Give me a token which I may carry back so that he may know I have fulfilled the charge and reward me."

Abou Fatma took his knife from the small of his back and, picking up a stick from the ground, notched it thrice at each end.

"This shall be a sign to Moussa Fedil," and he handed the stick to his companion. The negro tied it securely into a corner of his wrap, loosed his water-skin from the donkey's back, filled it at the well and slung it about his shoulders. Then he picked up his spears and his shield. Abou Fatma watched him labour up the slope of loose sand and disappear again on the further incline of the crest. Then in his turn he rose and hastily. When Harry Feversham had set out from Obak six days before to traverse the fifty-eight miles of barren desert to the Nile, this grey donkey had carried his water-skins and food.

Abou Fatma drove the donkey down amongst the trees and, fastening it to a stem, examined its shoulders. In the left shoulder he found an incision and the skin neatly stitched up again with fine thread. He cut the stitches and,

pressing open the two edges of the wound, forced a tiny package little bigger than a postage stamp. The package was a goat's bladder, and enclosed within the bladder a note written in Arabic and folded very small. Abou Fatma had not been Gordon's body servant for nothing; he had been taught during his service to read. He unfolded the note, and this is what was written:

"The houses which were once Berbera are destroyed, and a new town of wide streets is building. There is no longer any sign by which I may know the ruins of Yusef's house from the ruins of a hundred houses; nor does Yusef any longer sell rock-salt in the bazaar. Yet wait for me another week."

The Arab of the Bisharin who wrote the letter was Harry Feversham. Wearing the patched jubbeh of the dervishes over his stained skin, his hair frizzed on the crown of his head and falling upon the nape of his neck in locks matted and gummed into the semblance of seaweed, he went about his search for Yusef through the wide streets of New Berber with its gaping pits. To the South and separated by a mile or so of desert lay the old town where Abou Fatma had slept one night and hidden the letters, a warren of ruined houses facing upon narrow alleys and winding streets. The front walls had all been pulled down, the roofs carried away, only the bare inner walls were left standing, so that Feversham when he wandered amongst them vainly at night, seemed to have come into long lanes of fives' courts, crumbling to decay. And each court was only distinguishable from its neighbour by a degree of ruin. Already the foxes made their burrows beneath the walls.

He had calculated that one night would have been the term of his stay in Berber. He was to have crept through the gate in the dusk of the evening, and before the grey light had quenched the stars his face should be set towards Obak. Now he must go steadily forward amongst the crowds like a man that has business of mo-

ment, dreading conversation lest his tongue should betray him, listening ever for the name of Yusef to strike upon his ears. Despair kept him company at times, and fear always. But from the sharp pangs of these emotions, a sort of madness was begotten in him, a frenzy of obstinacy, a belief fanatical as the dark religion of those amongst whom he moved, that he could not now fail and the world go on, that there could be no injustice in the whole scheme of the universe great enough to lay this heavy burden upon the one man least fitted to bear it and then callously to destroy him because he tried.

Fear had him in its grip on that morning three days after he had left Abou Fatma at the wells, when coming over a slope he first saw the sand stretched like a lagoon up to the dark brown walls of the town, and the overshadowing foliage of the big date palms rising on the Nile bank beyond. Within those walls were the crowded dervishes. It was surely the merest madness for a man to imagine that he could escape detection there, even for an hour. Was it right, he began to ask, that a man should even try? The longer he stood, the more insistent did this question grow. The low mud walls grew strangely sinister; the welcome green of the waving palms after so many arid days of sun and sand and stones, became an ironical invitation to death. He began to wonder whether he had not already done enough for honour in venturing so near . . .

The sun beat upon him; his strength ebbed from him as though his veins were opened. If he were caught, he thought, as surely he would be—oh very surely! He saw the fanatical faces crowding fiercely about him . . . were not mutilations practised? . . . He looked about him, shivering even

in that great heat, and the great loneliness of the place smote upon him, so that his knees shook. He faced about and commenced to run, leaping in a panic alone and unpursued across the naked desert under the sun, while from his throat feeble cries broke inarticulately.

He ran, however, only for a few yards, and it was the very violence of his flight which stopped him. These four years of anticipation were as nothing then? He had schooled himself in the tongue, he had lived in the bazaars to no end? He was still the craven who had sent in his papers. The quiet confidence with which he had revealed his plan to Lieutenant Sutch over the table in the Criterion Grill Room was the mere vainglory of a man who continually deceived himself. And Ethne? . . .

He dropped upon the ground and drawing his coat over his head, lay a brown spot indistinguishable from the sand about him, an irregularity in the great waste surface of earth. He shut the prospect from his eyes and over the thousands of miles of continent and sea he drew Ethne's face towards him. A little while and he was back again in Donegal. The summer night whispered through the open doorway in the hall; in a room nearby people danced to music. He saw the three feathers fluttering to the floor; he read the growing trouble in Ethne's face. If he could do this thing, and the still harder thing which now he knew to lie beyond, he might, perhaps, some day see that face cleared of its trouble. There were words too in his ears: "I should have no doubt that you and I would see much of one another afterwards." Towards the setting of the sun he rose from the ground and walking down towards Berber, passed between the gates.

TO BE CONTINUED

# IN THE SECRET SERVICE

A Series of Thirteen Distinct Episodes

By ROBERT BUCKLEY

## EPISODE X.—TRIFLING WITH RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE

“SPEAKING of tea,” said my friend Anthony a few evenings after his return from the French capital, “speaking of tea, the thought occurs that the English, as a nation, know nothing of tea.”

This was a staggerer. I had entertained the idea that England was a country of tea drinkers. I humbly ventured to submit that Britons had disposed of a few million tons of the fragrant leaf and that the consumption of tea was increasing on every hand.

“True, O free-born Briton—in a sense. The consumption of what people call ‘tea,’ is certainly increasing. But I contend that the average Briton has not the faintest notion of what tea really is. He drinks the miserable slops prepared by persons as ignorant as himself and he thinks he is drinking tea. I declare that the credulity of the human male, was never more strongly exemplified than in this matter of tea. ‘Will you take a cup of tea?’ asks the charming lady at the head of the table. The poor deluded fellow at the bottom says ‘Yes,’ and the lady then pours out a most abominable and deleterious concoction which both believe to be tea!”

“And you contend that it isn’t anything of the kind!”

“Not in the true sense. The English are built for beer, not for tea, which is too gently stimulating, too Arcadian, too ideal for the beef-fed Anglo-Saxon—as he facetiously calls himself. English ‘tea’ is generally one of two things; either soup with enough tannin to madden a horse, or—warm water made sickly by the addition of sugar, with a spot of milk to

mask any flavour the sugar might have left. There are people still extant who stew their tea with the object of ‘getting all the good out of it.’ Horrible, most horrible!” And Anthony Hallam’s expressive countenance exhibited symptoms of a keen internal agony.

“I hope you find the ‘nectar’ to your liking,” I ventured to say.

“Excellent—since the gentle Phyllis consented to be reasonable. But I never succeeded in obtaining the delicate effect of St. Petersburg. Ah! the Russians understand tea; moreover, they pay the best prices, and have the pick of the market. Then it all enters the country overland, which makes a great difference. The best artists never allow the tea to lie in the water. They simply pour boiling water *through* it—a sort of touch and go. To allow tea-leaves to stand in water for one moment would be considered a sort of sacrilege, to be expected only from barbarians.”

“Then they flavour it with lemon?”

“In slices. But I prefer cream—not milk, mind you; but cream. The best tea procurable; the water run through it; the aroma only caught, and all the bitter and poisonous elements left in the leaf. Ah! that is an ideal drink! But perfection is only attainable in Russia. Levinsky taught me to make tea. Levinsky, I drink to you!”

And Anthony, who is a great drinker of healths, once more drank of the fluid he loved.

“Levinsky,” he said, “was an excellent young man; industrious, talented, steady, and most loyal. Like

Shylock, he was an unbelieving Jew, but there are just as many good Jews as good Christians—perhaps more.

“The powers that be had hinted in their usual manner that Russia was a remarkably interesting country, and that, as we were likely at some future day to have trouble with the Czar on the Indian frontier, or in the Far East, any information that could be picked up beforehand concerning armaments, fortifications, fleets, guns, and popular feeling, would be acceptable. For if we quarrelled with Russia, even in the Far East, of course we should ‘go for’ her in Europe wherever she might be vulnerable.

“Russia is a difficult country to know; a particularly difficult country to work in the style suggested. You can’t travel a mile without a passport: you can’t send a letter home without the risk of its being read; you can’t receive one without the same risk; you can’t receive a newspaper that is not permitted by the authorities. However they contrive to exercise the censorship in the thorough manner they do is a mystery to me. For if a *Punch* cartoon is thought in the smallest way disrespectful to the Czar, or to Russia, or to the Russian Government, your private copy sent by post from London is painted out with tar varnish, so that you cannot read it or enjoy the picture of the offending page.

“Then you are not permitted to photograph any part of any fortifications that may exist. And the eternal officialdom that crushes out of the people all individuality, and makes them mere atoms of a mass, is to an Englishman not only disagreeable and intolerable, but almost appalling.

“Nevertheless I made the best preparations I could and determined to leave no stone unturned in the effort to deserve well of my country. You will understand that in a time of continued peace, information is at a discount—to bring in useful facts concerning the military power of a country with which we are on the best of terms, is like trying to sell coal in the dog-days. But when rumours of wars

arise, then the smallest reliable information is as precious as much fine gold. So the proper authorities, knowing this, are wise beforehand, and collect all the information they can while yet there is time. Everything is carefully entered and tabulated, and from time to time corrected up to date. This preliminary canter is just to give you an idea of the kind of work I was expected to do. It was a sort of roving commission without any especial object. I was to go where I liked and pick up what I could. Further, I was to go alone.

“I had been in Russia before—but that is another story. Moreover, I did not learn the true method of making tea on my first journey, which was not altogether unconnected with Nihilism and the Nihilists. So that the thing was not so very strange. Nor was it in the smallest degree alarming; though I confess that I expected to reap but a small harvest of useful information.

“Being an enthusiastic student of military affairs, especially the famous campaigns of my own countrymen, you will at once perceive why my first thought turned to the Crimea. I determined to be an English tourist bent on visiting the scenes of British valour and British calamity on the slopes of the Chersonese. And in order that that there might be no difficulty in the matter, I arranged with a wealthy cousin of mine, who was about to start on a two years’ expedition after big game in the Rocky Mountains, to take out a passport for Russia, in his own name, my object being to disarm suspicion, should inquiries be made. The thing was practicable enough. The passport described me as Harry Gibson Campbell, tall, spare, age 35 (for this was a long time ago), blue eyes, brown hair, and so on. I answered to these particulars well enough, and if information concerning the real bearer of the name had been required during my absence, my cousin’s character was good; he was a sportsman, not a politician; he was absent abroad—in short, the whole thing was fixed up so

as to guard against possible as well as probable eventualities.

"Harry brought me the passport, I took it, and he went away to New York *en route* for the Rockies. I went quietly to Dover, thence to Calais, and travelling gently and luxuriously, landed in due course at Constantinople (I had a very alarming adventure at Constantinople the year after; you shall hear that some day, if you're good), and having seen the sights and smelt the smells of the Golden Horn, I went, by an abominable Russian boat to Balaklava—of which you may have heard?"

I admitted having heard of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

"One of the severest defeats ever sustained by the British, yet lauded to the skies; while the magnificent victory of the Heavy Brigade, one of the finest achievements of the British army, at any period, and which took place on the same day, is quite unknown to ordinary Englishmen. Sweet are the uses of advertisement! Well, I landed at Balaklava, and thence marched off to Alma, where you will remember the Russians had planted fourteen guns in a battery, and the commanding officer walked the British right up the hill to the muzzles of the guns, just as they were marched up at the Tugela and elsewhere. By these trips I became well known to the military authorities of the district, and Russian officers are about the politest men in the world. France is not in the running for downright refined urbanity. Though they soon discovered I was only a civilian they treated me as one of themselves. This was convenient, for Crimean hostilities are far below the English ideal, and, in fact, the country is so thinly populated that if the military men had not assisted me, I should have had but a rough time of it.

"My object in lingering on the scenes sacred to the memory of the grandfathers of the gallant men who went out to settle the Boer business was twofold; first, business; second, pleasure. It was needful to lay a good foundation. Russia abounds with

spies. In no country is the spy system carried out so thoroughly; in no country are spies so universal, or so little suspected. And I may add, that in no country do they better know their business. Europe is saturated with Russian spies, many of them ladies of high rank. I knew that when I left the Crimea my movements would be watched, and that reports detailing everything I had done would follow me everywhere. So I did nothing to arouse suspicion, while I did everything I could to allay any doubts that might arise. I aimed at being thought a dunder-head Englishman, who, having been educated in Germany, had learned the language. For nearly all educated Russians speak German, and it was needful to converse with somebody. But I took care never to drop a word of Russian, except a few I had picked up day by day, as it were. And the way I pronounced these words always put my Russian friends in good humour with themselves. I was so comically stupid! But as I really understood Russian very well, I had the advantage of learning much that I should have missed had I admitted my knowledge of the language.

"Arrived at last at Sebastopol, I began to think of real work. So far, I had only been paving the way. I had photographed the English burial-ground at Cathcart's hill, with other objects of interest, nobody objecting in the slightest degree. But the fortifications of Sebastopol were quite another affair. Fortunately, I had made very complete arrangements—relying principally on telephotography which people would have you believe was invented yesterday, but which has been constantly practised *sub rosa* for nearly thirty years. It was too good to give away, but its time has come. Somebody has sold it for the price of a magazine article, and at the same time has earned undying fame as its inventor. Oh this dreadful old planet! When will it have a modicum of reality to modify its everlasting and universal falsity!

"I suppose you know how the coun-

try about Sebastopol is all heights and hollows? Well, I exploited that feature to the full—biding my time, and bit by bit getting fine views of the fortifications from lonely hills miles away. It seemed as though the regulations in force at St. Petersburg were relaxed at the southern port. Nobody seemed to watch me; nobody dogged my photographic steps, and when I showed my new friends in the city developed prints of *some* things I had taken they were delighted, and begged copies—to be sent from England. You will understand that I took two sets of photographs, one for business purposes, and—one to act as a blind. I showed them my photos of churches, taken in the streets under their noses, and, of course, at spots whence no angle of a fortification was visible. No doubt the police would have stopped me had I ventured too much. So I went in for ships in harbour, and churches, and typical groups of peasants, till one day the buxom lady who ran the hotel in which I was staying intimated, in excellent German, that she wished to have a few words with me concerning a matter in which she was interested.

"I bowed assent, and she went on to say that I might have noticed that she and her husband were of the Hebrew persuasion. I admitted that the thought had occurred, and congratulated Madame Goldenberg on belonging to a race so ancient and so talented. She bowed, and said that the English had the reputation of treating the Jewish people with much kindness and liberality. I bowed and said that the human race were the debtors of the Hebrews. She smiled as though the double meaning struck her. I smiled in return; she smiled still more and said that my kindness emboldened her to proceed with her request; she wished to ask a favour. I said that anything within my poor abilities, *et cetera*.

"She sailed in at once. A sort of poor relation, one Samuel Levinsky, a Jew like herself, but unfortunate. I knew the severity of the Russians in

all matters relating to the Jews? Very good. Samuel's father had been so ill treated that he had left Sebastopol some years, for London, and ill-fortune having still pursued him had lost his wife by death immediately on his arrival in England. I knew the intense family affection of the Jews? Very good again. Old Levinsky was so miserable that he had felt, come weal come woe, he needed the consolations of his relatives. Besides, his spirit was broken. He returned after a sojourn of one year in England, bringing with him his only child, Samuel. The old man never looked up again, and died in a few months, leaving the lad an orphan, but not a helpless one. On the contrary, Samuel Levinsky had done fairly well, bearing an excellent character, and being respected everywhere. But his ambition was to return to England and to settle there. He detested Russia, and, more especially, the Russian Government. Samuel was almost a Nihilist, she feared.

"Could I do anything for Samuel? Could I give any advice? Could I, would I, see him? Samuel was a clever photographer: could he assist me? At the present moment any employment would be welcome, his late master in Odessa having failed in business. Samuel would give the world to be able to practise speaking English. He was a good lad, very willing, as well as very clever. He was nearly nineteen. She hoped I had no prejudice against Jews?

"The first thought that occurred was this: He might assist me in perfecting my Russian, and, being a Jew, and therefore subtle and highly intelligent, as well as a hater of Russia, he would have no hesitation in giving me all the information he possessed about Odessa and Sebastopol, besides being useful in developing the photos I showed to my friends. I flattered myself I should still be able to keep my own counsel; and, in short, I consented to see Samuel Levinsky. He came, he saw, he conquered.

"He was one of the most smiling,

sunny young fellows I ever met. He was quite a boy in simplicity, and instead of nineteen, looked sixteen at the outside. There was a gentle sweetness about him such as you may see in some Italians and Hindoos, but never in the English breed. He wished to develop my prints; he wished to carry my camera; for besides the cunning little hand-camera which by an ingenious arrangement I worked with the telescopic lens, I had a heavy concern of the tripod sort—and such things *are* heavy, I can tell you. Samuel spoke English wonderfully well, considering the shortness of his stay in London, but a clever Jew will pick up a language in a week or two. Continental Jews will speak almost any language you wish; their faculty in this respect is astonishing to Englishmen who are the worst linguists in the world.

“I was immensely taken up with Samuel, and well did he repay my interest. After a week’s trial, I engaged him as a sort of assistant, as a courier, as a companion. He advanced in English; I progressed in Russian; he developed my photos in the dark room, while I in the early mornings took a few I did not show him. Madame Goldenberg thanked me profusely; even wept to see my kindness to the lad, but he deserved it all. As I have said, he taught me the true way to make tea, fixing up a little spirit-lamp arrangement in my bedroom, so that I might imbibe first thing in the morning. He was ‘a handy man.’ He shaved me—in bed; he sprayed me with bayrum, which is delightful when you awake, and then he handed me the most delicious tea, with biscuits and caviare. It was a pleasure to wake in those days.

“Another charming trait in Levinsky’s character was his invariable good humour. He was always cheerful, not with a perpetual grin, but with a staid brightness always ready to brim over into laughter, and to make the best of everything. One subject only ruffled him—the Russian Government. Any sort of officialdom irritated him. He hated Russia and the Father Em-

peror with a terrible hatred. I urged him to bear a Christian spirit. He laughed and said he was a Jew, and the Scriptures distinctly permitted revenge. I urged him to beware, and to remember the consequences of any indiscretion. He said the consequences were the only arguments that appealed to him, and that he was discreet elsewhere, but ventured to unburden his mind with an Englishman, knowing he could do so with safety. Mme. Goldenberg, he said, was just as bitter, though she had not lost both father and mother as he had through the direct action of iniquitous laws and racial oppression.

“After a month I determined to take him with me to England, if he continued to suit me, and developed no unfavourable characteristics before the end of my expedition drew near, Mme. Goldenberg promising assistance in the matter of outfit. We left Sebastopol together, and for some months toured in all directions, touching Kherson, Odessa, and most of the fortified places in the south, and then making north for St. Petersburg and Kronstadt, the fortifications of the latter being my especial study. There was no concealment from Samuel now. At Odessa, he had said, calmly, but with some appearance of being hurt, “I could help you with the fortifications; I lived here two years. But I have not yet deserved the full confidence of your Excellency.” The tears sprang to his eyes. I saw that he was at any rate partly aware of my purposes. Should I tell him all? He read my thought, and continued with a request that I would defer any confidence until he had deserved it more fully. I nodded, and the subject dropped.

“It was, however, patent to me that Samuel had an inkling of how the matter stood. But at the same time it was quite clear that he had not slyly concealed his knowledge. He had shown his hand. His character for frankness and perfect ingenuousness was confirmed. I allowed him to be useful, and he brought in some splen-

did information, as well as some photographs of extraordinary value. Samuel was a gem, and I decided to introduce him into the service the moment I reached England; hinting only that I should be able to find him employment at once honourable, well-paid, and permanent. The gratitude of that poor Hebrew Jew was something touching. And of all the crushed creatures on this nether sphere, the poor Jew in Russia is perhaps the most ground down. Peter the Great said that his reason for excluding Jews from Russia was to prevent them being robbed by his subjects. This was a joke with a strong flavour of truth.

"Well, we worked together in perfect harmony for nearly eight months, when my objects having been attained in a larger degree than I had hoped, I decided to return to London from St. Petersburg. Here came the last, but the stiffest fence. How was I to get the photos over the frontier? The Russian douane regulations are severe in the extreme, and they are constantly changing. I knew what the regulations had been a year or two before. But were they still the same? Of course Levinsky knew nothing, and to have made inquiries would have evoked suspicion. For you must remember that this was Russia, and that Russia is utterly different from England, where you might sail round the fortifications of any given port snapping them to your heart's content, afterwards carrying your prizes from one end of the country to the other, gummed on the outside of your trunk, if you wished to be eccentric. Levinsky made some good suggestions, two of which I accepted. How he glowed with delight at the thought of beating the Russian douaniers! For, like the proverbial Irishman, the Russian Jew is always 'agin the Government.'

"He proposed that we should develop all our negatives; that he should go first with a sort of pilot portmanteau with churches, ruins, and the queer little shrines that abound in Russia, together with other subjects likely to appeal to an Englishman;

that he was to be my courier, proceeding in advance to make things comfortable, and, having once passed the frontier, and arrived at the first break on the journey to Berlin he was to wire the name of his hotel, which would mean that I might follow with the more delicate subjects carefully concealed in my Russia leather trunk, after a fashion suggested by Samuel, namely, between the leather lining of the lid and the thick leather top, the photos to be evenly spread over the whole surface. And not only did Samuel suggest the idea, but he carried it out with his own hands, closing the edges of the inner lining in a most workmanlike manner. Of course the prints so concealed were the dangerous ones. The others were neatly packed in the body of the trunk, where they would be found and examined.

"When all was ready Samuel left. He was to have three days' start, for the journey to the German frontier is no joke, and Samuel had to get beyond it. During these three days I was busy, very busy indeed. I suppose you can guess what occupied me?"

And my friend Anthony looked at me with an expression which plainly asked me to be less of a thickhead than usual.

I declined to commit myself. "I'll be hanged if I can," I said.

"Well, I *was* busy. At last Samuel's telegram came and I started. All went well to the frontier. There my passport was examined, also my luggage. I afterwards saw it placed in the Prussian luggage van, but I might have spared myself the trouble. When I reached Berlin, my first care was to open my big leather trunk. The lining of the lid hung loose; the photos were gone; a large envelope with an official stamp lay on the top of my clothes. I opened it, and read something like the following:—

ST. PETERSBURG.

DEAR MR. HALLAM,

I regret that during your extended visit to Russia, your engagements did not permit you to call upon your ad-



miring confreres, the Russian secret police.

Recognizing your eminence in the profession, and also remembering how harmoniously you worked with them a year or two ago, they have deputed me to convey to you the assurance of their profound esteem and consideration.

And in order that some token of the sentiments which animate them may exist in a substantial form, it has been decided to present you with enlarged and framed copies of the photos of fortifications, etc., for which you have shown a preference (as soon as the consent of the Minister of War is received). For the purpose we have ventured to borrow the originals. Receive, dear Mr. Hallam, the assurance of our admiration and esteem. May you often revisit Russia.

Faithfully yours,

NELIDOFF,

Chief of Secret Police.

"This was a blow," I said. "Nine months of labour lost. You lost Levinsky, too."

"I lost Levinsky, certainly; but not the labour. I told you that he had three days' start and that during that time I was very busy?"

"Busy at what?"

"In copying the photos."

"But you believed in Levinsky?"

Anthony made a really first-class smoke-ring, and blew it gently to the ceiling. Then he said very slowly:—

"H—m, yes—I suppose I did—

in a way—but—I made the copies and, having secured them in a bag of oiled silk, I wore them under my shirt as a chest-protector while Nelidoff's men collared those in the trunk. The temptation to post a complete set of copies to him from London was great, but I swallowed my professional pride and wrote a pleasant letter admitting that I had been done. It was hard, but it was best for the Service. Nelidoff replied, enclosing a photo of my cousin in the Rockies for which he said he had no further use! Very thorough, are not they? The fun of the thing was that Levinsky the clever spy, helped me after all. For both he and Nelidoff were content with what was found in the box-lid without searching further.

"And Madame Goldenberg?" I asked.

"Just a clever comedy—played for a consideration and to curry favour with the tyrant police. Still, Levinsky was a real friend, for not only did he, to gain my confidence, and relying on collaring the lot, give me some photos of Odessa which I could not have obtained otherwise, but he shaved me, and carried my camera, and best of all taught me to make tea. How he seemed to hate the Russians! He disliked Prussians, too. He used to say that Germans were a connecting link between Russians and human beings. An 'amusin' cuss,' Levinsky. Nelidoff said it was a case of 'diamond cut diamond,' and he was right, but not in the way he meant.

EPISODE XI. WILL APPEAR IN MAY

### THE FISHER-WIFE'S SONG—A LULLABY

**H**USH, baby hush, while the shadows are falling,

And winds blowing over the sea.

Hush, baby hush, for the Brownies are calling,

Are calling and waiting for thee:

In the land of sleep, where the pale moon shining

Lights valleys and meadows and streams,

In the Brownie land, in the downy land

In the soft, sweet land of dreams.

Sleep, baby sleep, while father is toiling

And thinking, my treasure, of thee;

Sleep, baby sleep, while the dark waves are boiling

Far out on the breast of the sea;

Far out on the sea, where father's wee vessel

Is braving and tossing the main,

And white-caps swirl, and torn clouds whirl,

And the north winds howl again.

*Crofton Uniacke McLeod*

## AN EASTER EVENT

BEING A ROMANCE OF COUNTRY LIFE

By Jean Blewett

**H**IRAM MATTHEWS had to pass the white house on the hill on the way to his own sugar bush, which was on his north "fifty." The north fifty was a fine piece of land lying a full mile and a half from the homestead. It was to have been Archie's, but—ah these family quarrels are the worst of quarrels.

Hiram Matthews passed the house on the hill with his grey head up in air. The reason was no secret, the whole neighbourhood knew it, even the white house with its gothics sticking impudently up in air, seemed to know it, and to frown down haughtily on the elderly man. Janie, who was trotting along behind her father, thought so anyway, and shook her head reprovingly at it. But as she looked it seemed to relax its sternness. The door seemed actually smiling, the windows blinking in friendly fashion. The little gate at the foot of the hill stood open coaxingly, and oh, how Janie wished she might speed up the path for a glimpse of Archie and Archie's pretty wife.

"Don't be poking along like a snail," her father grumbled, with a backward glance. He was always cross on his way to the north fifty, cross and out of sorts with himself, for conscience kept telling him that he had not dealt fairly with the lad in not building him a house on the land promised him long ago, and in withholding the deed of the same, and that if Archie was hot tempered and stubborn—being a chip of the old block—it was no excuse for all that had happened. Quarrelling with his only son, the boy whose mother had helped earn the land, and then slipped away to rest in the churchyard!

Then temper rose up and went over every angry word Archie had said that spring day of two years ago, called to mind how he had gone over to the enemy, married the daughter of the one man in the neighbourhood Hiram

Matthews despised, and settled down on one of that man's farms, just across the way from the fifty acres promised him. It was too much!

The frost was gone from the air, the sunbeams were beginning to be gloriously warm. The two crossed the road, climbed a rail fence, and entered their own property.

"This will be the last boiling down for the year, Janie," said the farmer, as he lifted her over a wet place." No more sugaring off and carrying on, eh?"

"Oh, I like it out here in the woods," cried the child, "isn't it lovely daddy?"

"A little later, when the trees are in leaf, it will be nice enough," he answered carelessly, "but now there's nothing to see."

Nothing to see! Why the pussy willows were making a great show of their smartness in thus coming out in spring dress before their neighbors, the creek beneath them was leaping over the stones with much splashing and foaming instead of slipping along slyly as was its wont, the stump of a beech tree pink with sap was here and there, and there was great stirring in the hearts of the trees, she knew it by the swinging and the singing of the branches overhead.

The first touch of the springtime was on the earth. Later the beauty would be fuller, the fragrance more satisfying, yet Janie found this first touch wondrous sweet.

The greyness of winter was gone. By the yellow green of the clinging moss, the deep green of the cress in the brook, the mottled green of daring adder-tongue, the bronze green of the slender parasol which Madam Mandrake was putting up in sunny places, she knew it was gone. Up through the dead leaves came the blades of grass, yonder in the shelter of a fallen tree was a knoll which, by-and-by,

would be blue as the sky above it with hardy wild violets, or "Johnnie-Jump-ups."

Janie's heart was light. When a coxcomb of a robin stopped his primping to nod down knowingly at her, then began his song, she smiled. She knew he was telling her of his plans, of the nest he meant to build, and the wee wife that would keep his house—saw all that he sang about.

When a squirrel stopped his frisking to shake an angry tail and chatter away she waved her mittened hand to him. His pantry—his nearly depleted pantry—was somewhere close by, and he feared a raid on it. "Silly fellow," whispered Janie, "as if I would take one nut he had gathered!"

Everything was so full of life. The wood that had been so still all the long winter was alive with sounds. There was scrimmaging among the dead leaves, squeaking and rustling among the bushes, frightened scampering, fun and frolic. Janie knew that beady little eyes were peering at her on every side, and went on her way smiling softly to herself.

"It won't take us long to-day," said Hiram Matthews, as he swung the big kettle in place, and kindled the fire beneath it.

The smoke went curling up gleefully, and Janie, on her stool, sat and watched the sap in the kettle begin to steam. Her father was away a part of the afternoon gathering the spiles and buckets to store in the log shanty for another season, but she was neither lonely nor afraid. She had her work to attend to. When the bubbling in the kettle grew too furious she raked the fire away; when it threatened to do no more than simmer she put on a fresh stick of wood. Once or twice she stopped it from boiling over by throwing in a small bucket of cold sap. Also there was a piece of fat pork on the end of a willow wand which she knew the use of and dipped into the kettle, when its contents began to thicken and turn golden, in a masterly way. When she grew hungry, which was early in the day, for the breath of the woods in

spring is a wonderful tonic, she took down her tin pail and ate a ham sandwich and a pickle. Her father came back in time to finish the cleansing and the boiling, but it was not until sunset they were ready for home.

The sky was a pale primrose, and the trees stood out plainly against it. Janie was glad that they faced the west on their homeward way. God had made the world so beautiful. They came out on the highway and she drew her cloak closer, for there was a chill in the air. The gate at the foot of the hill was still open; from the lane beyond came the sound of a whistle she would have known anywhere. A white-haired woman met them, and stopped to speak.

"Brother Hiram," she said, "you have never been in Archie's house, come in with me now. No; don't refuse," as he shook his head stubbornly, "for I've something there to show you. Come!"

"Can't help it," snapped Hiram Matthews; "I'd do a lot for you, Lizzie, but I couldn't bring myself to go in there. Don't ask me."

"Do you know what I was thinking of as I came along? I was thinking of the day twenty-four years ago, when you came hurrying through the fields crying that Alice needed me;" her voice was very gentle. "It was a hard day, Hiram; you and I will always remember it; but at sunset you could kneel and thank God for a little child. You were very proud, Hiram."

He nodded. "Every man is a fool over his first-born—especially when it's a boy," he said.

"And Alice was glad it was a boy, because you wanted a boy. She always wanted what you wanted—dear Alice!" said his sister, and Janie clung to her skirts and cried softly for the mother she had never known. "He was the handsomest baby in the neighbourhood, and the sturdiest," she went on. "Before he was two years old he was your shadow."

"Yes," he answered, "yes, I never got far away from Archie." Then, with sudden bitterness, "I was a good

father to him and look how he treated me!"

"The day we buried Alice," her voice grew softer still, "I remember how he stood close to you and checked his own grief to comfort you. 'Mother left dad and the baby in my care, I'll look after them,' he said. We were all so proud of him, weren't we, Hiram?"

"Look here," he cried, "you needn't try to soften me. I won't make no overtures of peace toward Archie, but your talk makes me recollect that I owe you a heap, Lizzie, a heap, and so I'll go with you since you ask it. I've no right to refuse you anything, Lizzie. Lead on, show me what you want to show me—and let me get on home."

She led him up the path, and around to the side entrance. She led him in through the parlour to a bedroom, pausing at the door; Janie followed close behind. Hiram Matthews felt dazed. His sister was saying to someone:

"Archie's father has come to see Archie's boy," and he was forced into a rocking chair and a soft bundle put in his arms. "Isn't he," his sister said, "the image of what Archie was at his age?"

He looked down at the little pink face, the downy head, one tiny hand clenched under a dimpled chin; looked a long, long while. Sometimes when we grow hard and bitter God sends an

angel to lead us back into some day of sweetness and hope, some day of the happy past, and once there the hardness and the bitterness melt in the glow of it.

Hiram Matthews saw himself a young man again with his first-born on his knee, saw his wife beside him; they were poor in worldly goods, but rich in love and hope. And now, now he was old and prosperous, but Alice was no more, and his boy had not looked on his face for two long years. A tear crept down his furrowed cheeks and fell on the baby's brow. Somebody laid a hand on his shoulder and he looked up to see his son standing beside him.

"Dad!" cried the young man. "Archie!" and the two clasped hands over the little new comer.

"Here, give me the boy," said the white-haired woman, with a glad tremor in her voice; "Janie hasn't had a glimpse of him yet. You two go out and do up the chores."

"Anything you say, Aunt Lizzie," said Hiram relinquishing his precious bundle. "Give my love to his mother, and tell her I never saw but one finer boy, and that was the one she married." And arm-in-arm he and Archie went out in the soft spring evening, and took their way to the barnyard, where the white-wooled lambs were cuddling close to the full-uddered ewes, and the cattle were lowing for their supper.

### THE OLD LOVE

OH! you may praise the old love,  
But I will praise the new;  
The snow that hid the violet has purged  
it sweeter blue,  
And so it is with love revived, and the  
sorrows it came through.

Yet when you praise the new love  
Give faith unto the old;  
A tale complete in summer is a story  
lightly told,  
But love that ripened through the years,  
in the harvest is all gold.

And you shall love the two loves:  
The love without alloy,  
When you were just a dreaming maid  
and I an untried boy,  
But never was love victor till grief and  
doubt had fixed its joy.

So back unto our first love's  
Eternal Paradise!  
Where we shall watch the world fade  
out and heaven about us rise;  
E'en now, Love! you are wonderful,  
with God's glory in your eyes.

*John Stuart Thomson*

# JOHN BULL in POLITICS

By Albert R. Carman



WE are fond of saying that Britain is a crowned democracy; but the Canadian tourist who, being in Great Britain, thinks to inform himself a little respecting the methods of British politics, begins to doubt whether it is Demos who wears the crown. He picks up the papers with their tabulated lists of future events to see when and where he will stand a chance of hearing the leading politicians, and he finds their names figuring pretty frequently in speech-making functions, when he promises himself more than a taste of the quality of British platform politics. But a study of details brings disappointment; this man is to speak at a dinner, that man at a "club," another at a civic affair, a fourth down in Cornwall—all equally out of reach—and few, indeed, intended for the winning of Demos. Demos must read it all in the papers.

But it was my good fortune to attend a great popular political demonstration—the famous Blenheim "garden party," at which Mr. Chamberlain gave indirect answer to Lord Rosebery's first hint that this would be a good time for the Liberal Unionists to come home and partake of fatted calf. I know it was a great popular demonstration; for I was informed, while making enquiries at Blenheim, that that was its purpose. Otherwise I never would have suspected it. My first knowledge of it came from a small item in a London paper, telling how many Unionist members of Par-

liament had promised to be present, and that Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain would both speak, but not a word about the date. When I got to Oxford, which is within some six or eight miles of Blenheim, and where I expected to spend a week or so, I began to make enquiries. The people we were lodging with had not heard of it, and recommended asking at a newspaper office. The first time I saw a newspaper office I went in. They thought that the date was about two weeks ahead—beyond the limits of my stay—but that, in any case, I could not attend unless I received an invitation from a committee in London. They had not even got their invitation yet, but they probably would have some news for their next weekly issue. So I gave up the idea as hopeless, and we rode over to Blenheim next day to see the grounds and the Palace. As we came out, the gate-keeper said: "Did you see the marquee?" No, we had not. That seemed to him a great pity. For the moment the Palace appeared in his mind a poor thing compared with the marquee. "What is it for?" we asked. Why! the great demonstration—and he told us how long it had taken the men from London to put it up. Ah! the demonstration—a week from the following Saturday. No! he contradicted with great emphasis; *next* Saturday. Was he sure? Of course, and here was the Secretary of the local committee coming down the drive-way, who would tell us all about it—which he did. Then we learned that the speaking would take place in the afternoon in "the Oval" in front of the Palace, that the public would be freely admitted after the delegates had taken their seats, that no tickets were required, and that it was a popular demonstration.

As we wheeled home we felt like publishing the news. There was not

a "poster" on a dead wall, though the two leaders of the Government in the Commons were to speak at a public meeting within a few days at Blenheim. And there never was any announcement, except a very mild statement about the affair in the weekly Oxford papers. If we had not busied ourselves with enquiries, we could easily have been mooning about Oxford while Balfour and Chamberlain were making important speeches to a "popular gathering" a few miles away. On the Monday after, the London papers had a verbatim report of the entire meeting—it was one of the events of the political year—yet if Demos heard about it in time to go, he is a very wide-awake individual.

As a matter of fact, Demos did not seem to be there, though there was plenty of room for him. Delegates from all over England flooded the little town of Woodstock and overflowed into Oxford; they had their dinner at the Duke's expense in the "marquee," and then filled their seats in "the Oval." We—the populace—stood in a fringe around the outside, and some of us were very eager to do conspicuous cheering for "the Jook"—the Duke of Marlborough—who presided. Possibly we were tenants of "the Jook." We thought a good deal, too, of "Good old Joe" and "Dear old Joe," and we liked him to say biting things about the pro-Boers—and we liked it just about as well when he attacked the Liberal Imperialists, who put their "Imperialism" in brackets. When he would pause just before launching an epithet, some of us would say—"Now, they're goin' to get it!" "Give it to 'em, Joe!" I think, on the whole, we liked "Joe" the best of the four speakers—for "the Jook," who opened the meeting, was in a class by himself. We were very loyal to Mr. Balfour—especially the delegates; but I think he was a little too tolerant for most of us—a little too inclined to reason with the enemy. We wanted them smitten hip and thigh.

As a Canadian, I was surprised at the shortness of the speeches. We

had the chairman's address, four principal speeches and the formalities of a vote of thanks; and I think the whole proceedings lasted about an hour and a-half. Both of the leaders stopped while the audience was apparently willing that they should go on indefinitely; but the President of the Primrose League, who came next, received a very impatient hearing, though Mr. Winston Churchill, the closing speaker, was warmly received and listened to with evident enjoyment. After the speaking, we were all permitted to wander at will about the grounds, and finally to walk through the show rooms of the Palace, where the young curates of the neighbourhood were on duty in the different apartments, answering questions and pointing out the choicest things to the slowly passing crowds. There they stood in their clerical garb, rolling out guide-book information in ringing, orotund voices, a natural link between Her Grace and the pushing populace—a little better than we, but very proud to be servants in her retinue. This is not ill-nature, for I liked the frank-faced young fellows, but the mere writing down of what seemed to me to be so. They certainly patronized us, who were not so close as they to the skirts of the great; and they as surely spoke always with a kind of awe of anything connected with the House of Churchill. One of them, however, had not prepared himself for all possible questions. There was in his room a costly cradle, which had been given to the young heir of the house by his grandmother; and we heard him, as we approached, announcing the fact again and again. When we got there, we asked: "Which grandmother?" "Why—eh!" he said, "It's from Mrs. —" And he paused. He had forgotten the puissant name of Vanderbilt. We supplied it interrogatively, and he beamed an affirmative.

Afterward, delegates and populace alike lined the fence of the private garden in open confession of their social inferiority, and watched the "house-party" take afternoon tea, while uniformed policemen occasionally moved

them on. Then they got tea themselves at booths outside the private grounds—booths where they had to pay—and finally thronged off down the main street of Woodstock to the railway station. It was all very unlike any popular political picnic here—no preliminary “booming,” no effort to get the people out, no democratic mingling with those who did come out.

But it would be unfair to put it all down to a contempt for Demos. Not a little is due to the Englishman's way of looking upon politics as the transaction of the nation's business, and upon party leaders as public-spirited men who place their services at the disposal of the country. A bank manager who should come to a community at a time of financial confusion and peril, and say—“I will straighten it out for you, if you like,” would not be expected to go about begging the people to let him do it. He would be conferring the favour—not they. And that is largely the way that John Bull looks at his party leaders. That is what he means when he pities our American cousins for being in the grip of “mercenary politicians.” He thinks—rightly or wrongly—that his politicians have no axes to grind—that they desire only to serve him or the Empire. Consequently, party chiefs are not expected to “jolly” Demos.

The same spirit animates the private members who are heard in the Commons—they are business men doing the nation's business, and not voting machines. There may be men of the voting machine class there, too; but, if so, they seldom trouble to catch the Speaker's eye. The members the House hears from do not seem to be concerned about either the defence or the arraignment of the Government—they get up to tell what they think of the measure under discussion, and they usually say some things which could be used against their party friends by their opponents. I am afraid I have fallen into the Canadian point of view in writing that last sentence—they could be so used in Canada; but when in England I came to doubt whether a

criticism of a Government bill by a Government supporter damaged anything but the bill. John Bull does not expect six hundred men to gather at Westminster and always think exactly alike—I fancy he would be suspicious of them if they did.

Nor does the Government expect it. Mr. Winston Churchill distinguished himself last year, as far as the Speaker would let him, in harassing the Government; yet at the Blenheim demonstration there were only four speakers—Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, the President of the Primrose League and Mr. Winston Churchill. And the boyish “Hooligan,” with his outspoken independence, was most heartily received by that gathering of party workers from all over Great Britain. There apparently was no one there who thought of him as an enemy to the Government—and least of all did Mr. Balfour think so. The phrase thrown in above, “as far as the Speaker would let him,” has reference to a story prevalent in England last summer—whether or not it reached here, I do not know—that the Speaker of the Commons determined to restrain the young man's assertiveness, entirely for his own good. So when Mr. Churchill would come down to the House, primed with a speech, and with a flower in his button-hole, the Speaker forthwith had an attack of blindness with respect to that part of the chamber in which the young man sat. At the conclusion of every speech—and they come often in the English Parliament—the young hero of the escape from Pretoria would spring to his feet and cry, “Mr. Speaker!” but the paternal presiding officer always saw someone else first. This is the story as I heard it, and I vouch for nothing except that the average Englishman seemed to regard this as very wholesome treatment of a young member; which leads us naturally to another political oddity of John Bull.

That is the nursery policy toward young politicians. John Bull takes great pains to always have public men in training. It is a part of his concep-

tion of politics as having to do with the transaction of the nation's business. When a bank wants men to shape its policy or direct its routine it does not ask the constituencies to send up a few successful grocers and popular philanthropists to take charge; it brings in young men in subaltern positions, and trains them to the great task. An Empire is greater than a bank, reasons John Bull; and so he trains his Ministers. He is training Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill may be the duly chosen representative of a certain section of a free and enlightened electorate; and thus have a blood-bought, British-free-speech, Magna Charta right to speak for his constituents on the floor of Parliament. But John Bull is not worrying about that. He is minded to make a statesman out of Winston, and so he brings him into Parliament, more as a pupil than as a representative; and he only smiles in his rotund way when the Speaker outrages every canon of Parliamentary free speech with a view to teaching the boy to do more thinking and less talking. It is an interesting corollary to this incident that, when the British Government is racking its brains for a method of dealing with obstruction in the Commons, no one in authority has yet even suggested that Britain might follow the United States and allow the Speaker to refuse to "see" members at his discretion. This would be a

real interference with Parliamentary free speech; and John Bull would endure much before resorting to it. But, as he felt kindly towards "rotten boroughs" because they gave him an opportunity to bring promising young men into Parliament, so now he seems to expect that each party will carry a certain number of apprentices for whom he is very willing to find seats.

John Bull has too many interests at stake to regard politics as a game, or Parliament as either a chess board or a debating club. He may be an "old dog" to whom it is hard to teach "new tricks;" but the working of a free Parliament is a trick he has taught the world. It is instructive, therefore, to note how he subordinates everything to the business purpose of Parliament. The inventor of the modern party system, he is the poorest partizan in the world; the champion of free speech, he does not let that interfere with the fatherly training of young politicians; a crowned democracy, he worships neither the Crown nor Demos. A Canadian may be forgiven the thought that he cares too little for Demos; but can a Canadian assure himself that, even with his brow free from the care of empire, he is building any more wisely on this virgin continent? When we have a city of five millions, are we confident that it will contain no Whitechapel?

### MADLINE

THERE'S a tear on the heather, a sob in the wind,  
 For Madeline, sweet Madeline, is dead.  
 They hae laid her awa' a' wi' flowers entwined,  
 Wi' the pansies she lo'ed, and bright daisies combined,  
 And fragrant white roses and red.  
 Like a radiant morning in June she was fair,  
 Her een were sae bonnie and blue,  
 While in rich, wavy masses her dusky brown hair  
 Fell about her like shadows that steal in the air  
 When daylight to earth bids adieu.

And there ne'er lived a lassie mair gentle than she,  
 Nor one wi' sic meek, timid grace;  
 She was like the wee bluebell that blooms on the lea,  
 Wi' its head bent sae shyly one scarcely can see  
 Its delicate, beautiful face.

There's a tear on the heather, a sob in the wind,  
 For Madeline, sweet Madeline, is dead;  
 And the lane, aching heart that remains here behind,  
 All its love, deep and tender, maun bury enshrined,  
 Sin' life's brightest hopes are now fled.

Martha Martin



# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

TWO incidents have been added to the current history of Ireland, one being the cheering of the news of Methuen's defeat by some of the Irish contingent in Parliament; the other the cancellation of the King's proposed visit to Cork during the holding of the Exposition there. If the palm for stupidity had to be awarded on one or other of these episodes the judge would have some difficulty in making a decision. As to the cheering on the announcement of Methuen's defeat, one wonders what good can be done the cause of Home Rule by such an exhibition. There need be no wonder that Irishmen dislike what is going on in South Africa, and sympathise undisguisedly with the Boer cause, but, after all, should not their own cause hold the first place in their thoughts? It would take a great deal of argument to convince the average man that the conduct of the Irish Parliamentary representatives in the last few years has advanced the cause of Home Rule by a single step. It would not be hard, indeed, to show that it has been thrown back many, many years.

It is only necessary to look at the position for a moment to realize this. A few years ago (it seems almost like a dream) Home Rule had actually got the length of passing triumphantly through the British House of Commons. The greatest personality in the public life of the last century had inscribed Home Rule on his banners, had virtually appealed to the country on that issue alone, placed it in the forefront, refused all equivocation and staked his political life on its submission to the test of the ballot-box. He came back to Parliament and passed

through all the stages of the House a most radical and comprehensive measure of Home Rule. It is true it did not become law. The House of Lords threw the bill out, largely on the plea that while there was a majority for it from the other parts of the British Isles, there was a majority against it from England itself—the predominant partner. This was disappointing to those of us who, while not Irishmen, believed that the pacification of Ireland could only be accomplished by conferring on its people powers of self-government. It must have been doubly disappointing to Irishmen, and if their resentment against the Lords had been loud and deep, it would have been but natural. But after all was said and done, the House which represented the majority of the people of the United Kingdom had approved of the principle of self-government. Hope should have ruled high. The opposition of the Lords is a common incident in the progress of every great reform, but it has invariably been found that steadfastness and persistence have never failed to overcome their obstruction. The soaring fact that rose high above all other considerations was that Ireland had now on her side one of the great historic political parties and a majority of the voters of the realm.

Surely here was a situation to be saved by wisdom and patience. Then seemed a time for the making of more friends, for a demonstration as far as possible to those people in England, Scotland and Wales, who were willing to trust Ireland and to do justice to her aspirations, that their confidence was not misplaced. It is not necessary to recount how little this



THE EASTERN SITUATION

WARNING LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

—*The Boston Herald*

course has commended itself to the Irish leaders. The election of Col. McBride and the cheers over a British defeat are typical instances of the gentle methods now being employed to conciliate non-Irish sentiment. The result is that the Liberal party which put the Home Rule measure through Parliament is divided into two camps on the Home Rule question, and even



THE EASTERN SITUATION

SAVING KOREA FROM THE BEAR

—*The Minneapolis Journal*

John Morley, that unflinching friend of the Irish cause, has felt impelled to express his chagrin at the cheers that greeted the announcement of the Methuen disaster. It is not hard to see what the Irish idea is. It is to harass England into granting Home Rule or anything else that may be demanded for the sake of peace and quietness, and the fact that that policy has been so successful in the past perhaps justifies a superficial observer in deeming that it is still a winning card.

There are limitations to its success, however. Thoughtful Englishmen, Welshmen and Scotchmen who glance back at English rule in Ireland find in it such a record of inefficiency, vacillation and violence, alternating with weakness on the part of the governing race, that they are tempted to ask if this is the same people that have reared the solid and splendid fabric of British dominion. One scarcely wonders that the blood of an Irishman boils as he reads the sordid tale of commercial and industrial jealousy, repression, hatred and cruelty. Unfortunately, too, he rarely reads more than one side of it. If he is an Irish

Catholic he reads the histories which carefully suppress all that is discreditable to that side of the question, and if he is an Irish Protestant he similarly confines his reading to the catalogues of the misdeeds of the representatives of the other faith. The fact is, that there is no deed of infamy or fiendishness—and Irish history fairly coruscates with such deeds—of which the one side was guilty which could not be matched by one of equal turpitude performed by the other. But, in any event, the responsibility can be brought home to Englishmen, for they undertook the government of the country, and must bear the punishment which falls on those who abjectly fail to perform a task voluntarily assumed. They were bound either to govern Ireland or let the Irish govern themselves. They did neither. The egregious

failure of their administration may be gathered from the recurring disorder which ever and anon turned the land into a cesspool, where every villainy that the heart of man can conceive weltered and fermented. If this language may seem too strong the reader may turn for its justification to the record of the abduction and violation of women and girls which had become quite an ordinary incident of Irish life in the early part of the eighteenth century, and which English rule was not strong enough to punish and repress. A Government which is powerless in presence of disorder that would be shocking in Congo-land is self-condemned. It was the remembrance of these shortcomings that imparted moral strength to the Home Rule agitation among the Saxon and Protestant sections of the United Kingdom.

Is not every reader of the newspapers aware that there is a reaction in this respect? Is not the opinion growing that whatever the failings of the past may have been, the British Parliament has been steadily redressing grievances, has latterly been willing to do more than justice, and is steadily moving along that line. When even the man with a tender historic conscience feels that all the atonement that is possible has been made, and he finds that no concessions, no disposition to make amends wins any recognition from the Irish people, the grand climacteric in the relations between England and Ireland will have been reached. He will have to make up his mind really to rule Ireland or decide to let it rule itself. Real rule would mean that every man who obeyed the laws would be protected in his domestic peace and civil rights if the whole of the rest of Ireland had to be put in jail to secure it, and perhaps if this were once understood, there would be a long and unbroken peace. At present it is the man who contemns the laws who has the easiest lot in Ireland.

If Englishmen cannot alter this state of affairs they should give up the task they have assumed. The programme that a colonial would suggest would be the inauguration of a policy which would as rapidly as possible vest the ownership of the land in the man who cultivates it, and at the same time bend all the powers of government to the end of assuring the cultivator in the peaceful enjoyment of his property, his rights and his liberties. Under such a policy it would not be long be-



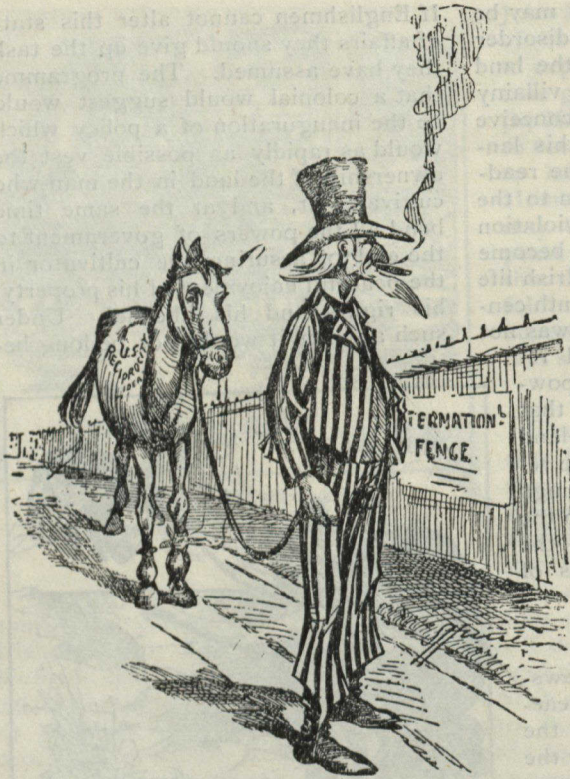
THE AMERICAN HONEYSUCKLE AND THE HOHENZOLLERN BEE

COLUMBIA (singing): "I am the Honeysuckle!"  
PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA: "I am the Bee!"

—Punch (London)

fore the contented and order-loving, men with a stake in the country, would outnumber the discontented and disorderly. When that would be attained the Irish problem would be in process of solution.

It would be easy to be satirical at the expense of the democrats across our borders who have been entertain-



## TIMES HAVE CHANGED

DEACON JONATHAN: "Waal, th' was a time I could have traded this old "skate" to Jack Canuck for a big advantage hoss, but, say—Jack's gittin' foxy."—*Toronto World*

ing a prince, but as curiosity characterizes mankind everywhere there would not be much point to such satiric touches. If there is any it is furnished by the protestations of our cousins of their superiority to anything which approaches worship of rank or heredity. In the main their protestations are doubtless well founded, but anyone who has observed the attitude of respect, it might be said the awe, which the average American in his inmost mind maintains towards the person who happens for the time being to be President, will conclude that the worship of persons in authority, no matter how they have acquired it, is a quite common failing of humanity. The custom of making pilgrimages to Washington or other places for the purpose of shaking hands with the

President, which is at length recognized to be not only a nuisance, but dangerous, was a surface indication of the prevalence of this failing amongst our neighbours. A President of the United States might make a more worthy spectacle than a Prince. The latter may have within him the stuff out of which greatness is made, but has had no opportunity to show it. The man who achieves the Presidency of the United States may be a singularly uninteresting personage, but he must be something more than a non-entity. I confess that, while not a hero-worshipper, I would walk a good many miles to hear Abraham Lincoln tell a story, or see Gen. Grant smoke a cigar. The misfortune is that our great ones pass away before we quite realize that we are in the presence of colossi. One has the utmost respect for Americans and their institutions, but it must be confessed that election does not seem to be any surer a method of securing greatness

on the throne than heredity is.

Rumours are in circulation from time to time of a vast amount of unrest in the dominions of the Czar, and recently these reports indicate that the revolutionary movement was making headway in Siberia. The transformation of Russia will be one of the most remarkable political spectacles that the next generation will see. The Czar, or at least his advisers, are ambitious of turning the country into an industrial career. This can scarcely be done with ignorant workmen. Education must go hand-in-hand with industrialism, and how the Russian system will endure the light that a diffusion of knowledge will entail is a question that the boldest hesitates to answer.

# WOMANS SPHERE

Edited By

M. Maclean Helliwell

Love may be joy unspeakable, and love  
May be a woe too deep for moans and tears ;  
Love may be a chrism of blessing poured  
above

The quiet days of uneventful years ;  
And love may sometimes be just patience  
spent

In trying how to find and keep content.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

AN interesting account has been sent to *Woman's Sphere* of a reception given by the Westmount Sunshine Society of Montreal at which the important question was debated as to which can scatter the most sunshine—the Home Woman or the Club Woman. The Home Woman was championed by Captain E. J. Chambers, of the *Montreal Witness*, and Mr. P. St. Clair Hamilton, of the *Star*, the cause of the club sister being advocated by Messrs. D. S. Moffatt and E. E. Howard. Despite the eloquence of the legal gentlemen decision was given in favour of the Home Woman.

With all due respect for the clear and convincing arguments pro and con set forth by the debaters, it seems to me that it is scarcely possible to discuss this question fairly from either side, in that by the form of its presentment it seems to be taken for granted that no woman can possess interest in both spheres, that she must be a club woman *or* a home woman—that and nothing more, which on the very face of it, is a *reductio ad absurdum*. The wise woman who knows how to arrange her time, systematize her work, and intelligently manipulate her strength and resources, can very efficiently serve both masters ; and in these days when so many women are successfully fulfilling all the obligations laid upon them by the various clubs to which they be-

long, without in the least neglecting their home duties, it seems a trifle ridiculous to attempt to differentiate the two spheres of activity as though between them a great, unbridgeable gulf were fixed.

The unfortunate female who for so long has been the pet butt of caricaturist and satirist, the loud-voiced, badly-dressed, ill-mannered, self-assertive, and altogether undesirable creature yclept "Club-Fiend" is now (if, indeed, she ever really existed outside the dim chamber of some masculine mind) an extinct species, her place having been usurped by a well-bred, soft-voiced, thoroughly capable, yet entirely charming personality who knows just as much about the proper food for babies and the making of preserves and pickles as she does of parliamentary procedure and the need for real reform in every corner of this good old world of ours.

Mr. Moffatt in the debate above referred to, voiced the surely universal belief that woman has outside duties as well as inside, imperative duties towards the weak, the helpless and the unfortunate, which had been sadly neglected until she awoke to a realization of her responsibility, and he gave facts and figures to show what splendid results have been attained through united energy and power, results impossible of achievement by individual effort. Lack of space forbids the giving of details, but he who reads as he runs already knows what women have done and are doing to comfort and help the weak-hearted, to raise up them that fall, and to strengthen such as do stand—work, which it is safe to assume, would still be undone had every woman been content to remain in the

serene and comfortable seclusion of her own inglenook.

Mr. Howard—and without doubt a man may speak with authority in this connection—declared that a man does not want for a wife merely a good cook or a capable housekeeper, but desires that in addition to possessing these accomplishments his life-partner shall be a true comrade and congenial companion, able to sympathize with him in his highest aspirations and capable of appreciating his greatest achievements. No woman, he truthfully announced, could do this whose interests were confined within the four walls of her home.

Of course, it were folly to attempt to deny that there are many absurd clubs now in existence that really have no legitimate *raison d'être* except as safe and harmless time-killers, but even these are not wholly open to sweeping condemnation, for the type of woman who "goes in for" such milk-and-water recreations is doubtless employing her time just as profitably and harmlessly in attending her little meetings as she would be were she anywhere else—in her home or out of it!

●

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

The much-heralded Canadian visit of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is now only a memory, and one cannot but regret that the memory is not a more pleasant and wholesome one. No one can deny the rare grace and wonderful dramatic power of this gifted woman, but the very magnitude of her talents makes it the more deplorable that her taste and sympathy should move her to choose the peculiar class of plays that comprise her repertoire.

One is frequently hearing of the moral laxity prevailing in all classes of society to-day, now this town, now that city being referred to as an example of the lamentable moral degeneration of the descendants of those sturdy pioneers who first settled this great continent, whose ethical code was simple, clearly and rigidly defined, and not to be trifled with with impunity! A

gentleman who has given much thought to the important social questions of the day, announces as his fixed belief that the looseness of morals that characterizes a certain class of the American people is due entirely to the baleful influence of the theatres which the nation so universally and continuously patronizes.

Whether or not this be so, it is certainly beyond question that a more or less steady course of modern problem plays, varied by copious doses of the same kind of literature, cannot fail to have its ultimate effect upon one's moral attitude. It is, alas, only too true that vice which at first "to be dreaded needs but to be seen" has, indeed, only to become familiar to be not only endured and pitied, but embraced. The girl who at her first problem play is overwhelmed with shame and repulsion, becomes, after attending a few more such performances, quite callous, and from a state of moral callousness to a state of moral perversion is but a short step. The sight of young men and maidens flocking in couples and parties to listen to such plays as "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" or "Magda," is a spectacle to fill one with amazement and sorrow.

"But what makes a pernicious play, a pernicious book?" was asked not long ago in the course of a discussion brought about by the recent disappearance here of Mrs. Campbell. "Do not almost all the classics of all languages treat of the same unpleasant subjects?" The answer is surely simple. If the wrong is made to appear the real right; if right is pictured as repulsive, far-fetched, untrue; if the righteous man is held up to ridicule, a stilted prig, whom to behold is to despise, while the fascinating sinner is presented as a creature pure in spirit, lofty in ideals—a creature who sins only because circumstances and an implacable, all-conquering fate drives her relentlessly on into wrong-doing, a creature towards whom the hearts of the audience go out in a great wave of admiration and sympathy—surely there

can be no doubt as to the pernicious influence bound to be exerted by such a play.

Undoubtedly in life there are many men and women who, having fallen under the world's condemnation, would yet appear to be more sinned against than sinning; and man, who never can know all the inner side of anything, should be careful how he pronounces judgment upon his fellows, knowing that with what measure he measureth, justice will inevitably be meted out against him. Nevertheless, the art which teaches in any form that right is wrong and wrong is right, that clothes vice in the attractive mantle of virtue, and disguises virtue in the unlovely rags of vice, is an art to be repudiated and trampled under foot.

It is the same note of "It is fate.

To struggle is useless," that runs through the books of Hall Caine, making one feel as he reads that all the direful catastrophes, which are in reality brought upon the suffering hero by his own misdeeds, are but the slings and arrows of a capricious, outrageous Fate, omnipotent, pitiless, unappeasable. When one closes the book and gets away from the glamour of the

author's style, one realizes that the sorrows of such men as Danny in "The Deemster," for instance, are but the legitimate harvest of the seed that he himself has sown, and that if he had not been weak, irresolute, and lacking in all "self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control," he would never have had to pass through such deep waters in order to work out his salvation. And

so with the plays which Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Langtry and others of today's most talented players are so fond of presenting. It has been urged in defence of such plays that they are the only vehicles adequately adapted for the display of rare and subtle emotional acting, that pleasanter plays lack opportunities for the revelation of the actresses' greatest talents. This



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The English Actress who recently visited Canada

seems to be rather a reflection on the talent! Mrs. Campbell's art, like that of Mrs. Fiske, appeals to the understanding as well as to the heart, is an intellectual as well as an emotional treat, and it would be conspicuous in any play.

Mrs. Campbell's personality is not only distinguished, but unusually attractive. She is the happy possessor of that intangible but fascinating attri-



THE LATE MRS. ROSS  
Wife of the Premier of Ontario

bute which we call charm, and is quite free from affectation or any unpleasant mannerisms. Her peculiar grace and musical voice are not to be easily forgotten, and one can only cherish the hope that some day Mrs. Campbell may return to us in a play which will let us see the higher, purer and better side of life, a play which will teach the gospel of hope and courage, of faith and love, a play which will at the same time delight and inspire.

*M. MacL. H.*

THE LATE MRS. G. W. ROSS.

"A perfect woman nobly planned."

When the news of the sudden death of the wife of the Premier of Ontario was flashed abroad, a wave of sorrow and sympathy swept the country. Love is never wasted; the sympathy given so ungrudgingly to rich and poor by the woman who fell asleep on the 12th of March, was returned as ungrudgingly to those near and dear to her when the shadow of the great loss touched them.

Mrs. Ross filled her position as wife of a leading public man with honour to herself and him. Her charming personality, her wisdom, her never-failing kindness and tact left nothing to be desired. It was no conventional compliment her husband paid her when, in reply to a flattering reference to her in the address of welcome tendered them on their arrival from England, last year, he spoke of her as a tower of strength—the shadow of a rock in a weary land. Her wifely devotion was beautiful, and, realizing something of what this devotion meant to Mr. Ross, men of both parties forget to think of him as the successful public character, and regard him only as a man stricken with a great sorrow in the loss of so perfect a helpmeet, so true and tender a companion.

Mrs. Ross was a social centre; there were innumerable calls on her time and strength; she was warmly interested in many charitable enterprises, but withal she was, essentially, a home woman. An old Scotchman, a member of the Legislature, lately deceased, used to say of Mrs. Ross, "She's a nice home body." The quaint words describe her well, for home, and the folks of home, held first place in her thought—nothing was allowed to infringe on the claims of her family—love of husband and children was the motive-power of her life. In her death the people of this Province lose a grand woman, one who, while discharging the onerous duties which fell to her lot as wife of Ontario's Premier with a grace and dignity peculiarly her own, was also a woman to be held in pride, and patterned after by all of her sex who believe that home is woman's highest sphere.

Her circle of friends was large. Broad of mind, and big of heart, she drew people by her graciousness, and held them by her sincerity. We will miss her much, miss the clasp of her hand, miss the brightness of her smile, the cheer of her greeting—miss, most of all, the light of her tender eyes.

*Jean Blewett*



# PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

IT is unfortunate that in Canada, journalists with uncommon views on certain subjects must take constant care lest these views be publicly expressed. The writer once had the courage to speak in favour of home missions as against foreign missions, whereupon this publication was in receipt of several angry letters from clergymen claiming that they were insulted.

It is therefore with considerable misgiving that the subject is again touched upon in this department. The Fourth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions was held in Toronto recently. The object of this organization, which dates back to 1886, is to make "the student communities strongholds and propagating centres of missionary intelligence, enthusiasm and activity." This in itself is good. But the missionary spirit is confined to "foreign" missions and does not embrace "domestic" missions. Surely these students are not well advised, and surely their supporters and sympathizers have not broadly considered the subject which has called forth such successful sympathy.

Let us call to the witness stand President Schurman, of Cornell, of whom the students must say that he understands the subject as well as any other man on this continent. He has spoken and written on the new Imperialism of the United States, and is said to be closely in touch with the views of President Roosevelt. He condemns the annexation of the Philippines as the work of the exploiting capitalist—the man who was fascinated with the riches of the Philippine forests, lands and mines. So far the students will not be prepared to quarrel with Mr. Schur-

man. He then goes on to explain who, in his view, were the assistants in this crime against civilization. These assistants were the reckless missionary spirit and the Yellow Press! This is the dictum of a university president and the head of the first Philippine commission.

The reckless missionary spirit! Here is something for the students and their supporters to think over. The students are in earnest and unselfish, that must be admitted; but let us be equally sure that they are wise before we encourage them to be reckless.

She had spent three winters in Paris and three summers in England and Scotland; she had seen the art of Europe from London to Berlin, from Paris to Rome; she had come back to her Canadian home and we met at an art exhibition.

"Do you feel like going back to Paris?" for I thought this paltry exhibition of native art must surely grate upon her nerves.

"Yes, I would like to go back. Paris is so nice in every way, only one snowy day in three winters."

"And the galleries, and the studios, and the musicales?"

"Of course. But do you know that this little exhibition is surprising. When one goes to Europe one realizes how young Canada is. For a young country, these pictures are splendid, and make me more hopeful," and the dark-brown eyes gleamed with patriotic ambition.

"I suppose most of the good pictures have gone to Montreal for the Academy exhibition next week?"

"So I have heard. But these are noteworthy under the circumstances."

"Did you notice," said I, "that one of our wealthiest citizens has given Toronto one of Paul Peel's pictures on the condition that it be hung in an art room in the City Hall? It is an encouraging sign."

"No, I hadn't heard. Isn't that a splendid idea! What a fine collection Toronto might have in a hundred years. But I must go."



The question will some day be asked and will some day be answered, "What are the influences which have had most effect upon Canadian art?" A part of the answer is given in a newspaper article over the name of an untiring toiler in the field of art, M. E. Dignam. Our students have gone to France to study in the Paris ateliers, to sketch in Brittany, to follow the Barbizon painters at Fontainebleau, and have returned to Canada to adapt French art to Canadian requirements. Therefore, up to the present, French art has been most influential in Canada with both the French and the English Canadians. A large public collection of paintings of all schools and all countries—a national gallery—would have lessened the French influence, and made Canadian art subject to more cosmopolitan impulses. But while we have been spending millions for railways and canals, we have had nothing, or almost nothing, for national art galleries. Lately, however, a number of Canadian painters have gone to Holland and brought back Dutch studies and Dutch impressions. And now Toronto has a loan exhibition of Dutch pictures and of Scotch pictures which show Dutch influence.

And so we grow in art knowledge and art love. It is not all of life to found hospitals and libraries. The more enduring national influences are being studied, and helped and extended by those who see past the glittering tinsel and the blood-red gold. The employer of a thousand white slaves may build a charitable institution,

buy a senatorship and a colonial title, but he has little influence on that part of the national life which passes from generation to generation for unnumbered years, leading the chosen peoples on and on to that goal which means moral and intellectual greatness. When the spiritual shall predominate over the physical, and the ideal over the practical, the civilization of the world will be guided by art and learning.



There is such a thing as being too formal. So long as the Imperialists—in which term is included the imperial federationists, the British Empire leaguers, *et al.*—were content to discuss a federation of the Empire, on purely sentimental grounds, they gradually won their way, they carried the Empire with them. But they are becoming too practical, too formal. Preferential tariffs, cheap inter-imperial postage, improved telegraph service, and increased sympathy in trade are worthy ideas. They would have been worthy of all acceptance had they been applied to countries which were politically inimical. They would be equally worthy if applied to the whole world of struggling nations. But when these Imperialists go farther there is more opposition.

The Hon. G. W. Ross recently addressed a letter to Lord Avebury, Honorary Treasurer of the British Empire League, in which he congratulates the League on having increased the British interest in colonial matters. Very good. Mr. Ross, however, laments that the results have not been more practical, and shows a desire to be formal. He is anxious about three points (1) The Federation of the Empire; (2) more intimate trade relations between the colonies and the Empire; and (3) the Defence of the Empire. He desires that the colonies be called to the councils of the Empire to share directly in its Imperial legislation. He desires Great Britain to bind the

colonies to her not by affection only, but by giving colonial goods a preference. He favours a formal defence scheme in which all the colonies would share. These are the desires of a constructive Imperialist of the formal type.

On the other hand, Professor Shortt, in an article in the February CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has objected to such formalism. The essential unity of the Empire is spiritual, he says, and spiritual unity is consistent with an endless variety in all other things. Instead of a formal Imperialism, the Professor would favour only a common type of civilization.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in accepting an invitation to discuss Imperial matters at the Colonial Conference to be held in London after the coronation, seems to agree more nearly with Professor Shortt than with the Hon. Mr. Ross. He is not yet prepared to discuss Imperial Federation and Imperial Defence, two of the three points upon which Mr. Ross insists. He is, however, willing to talk over commercial relations, though it is doubtful if he is willing to go as far as Mr. Ross and the formal Imperialists would go in this matter. Sir Wilfrid's attitude is the attitude of all the French-Canadians, who are intensely conservative concerning their political relations with Great Britain, and his attitude is also heartily endorsed by a large section of the Ontario people. The *Globe* (Toronto) declares there is no urgent necessity for readjusting our relations with the Empire, and that as Canada grows more self-reliant she will grow in strength as a part of that Empire. The *Star* (Toronto) also sounds a warning note against formal reorganization in a hasty manner. The same position is taken by other journals.

Mr. Chamberlain may be willing to go as far in formal changes as Mr. Ross, but the Imperial Conference will not likely bring him any colonial support, unless it be from New Zealand.

The *British Empire Review* for March waxes wroth with Professor Shortt, and describes his article as

“the most sinister and wanton misrepresentation of the Imperial movement that has lately come under our notice.” Because Professor Shortt has misunderstood the spirit of Imperialism, his critic defines it afresh for him:

“the broad and generous spirit of mutual trust and co-operation which is leading the various members of the Empire to seek some means whereby the problem of completely reconciling Imperial unity with the free working of national and local forces and institutions may be successfully solved.”

He then goes on to disapprove of Professor Shortt's “Imperial chaos”—the terms is the critic's, of course—in which conflicting elements may war endlessly until there is complete disruption. There need not be unity, but there must be unification. In other words, the editor of the *British Empire Review* is in favour of the position assumed by the Hon. G. W. Ross as outlined in his letter to Lord Avebury.

The article by Professor Shortt and the letter by Mr. Ross clearly indicate the two sides of this great and important movement. The true student of Imperial affairs will carefully study both.

The Ontario Legislature has completed a short but busy session. The members have gone back to their constituencies to prepare for the general election which will be held about June.

The Prohibition Bill has been the star feature of the session. It is a Bill based upon the Manitoba Act, with a referendum added. That is, the people are asked to vote on it before the Government decides to enforce it. The vote will take place on December 4th, and the Prohibitionists must poll one-half as many votes as were cast in the general provincial election of 1898.

Professor Goldwin Smith thinks this is not a true referendum, because the

bill does not come into force, nor will it remain in force by virtue of the vote given. It is a reference to the people to find out whether they are really ready to try a prohibition law. A real referendum is something quite different and more in harmony with the Constitution.

The prohibition people are dissatisfied both with the Liberals, who have introduced and carried through this measure, and with Mr. Whitney, the Conservative leader, who has declared himself against either prohibition or the referendum. Therefore it is likely that the prohibitionists will not be a great factor in deciding the June elections. They may influence the vote in certain constituencies where they are strongly in favour of approved candidates, but their action will not likely affect the general result.

The anti-prohibition vote may decide the elections as a whole. If satisfied with the course pursued by the Hon. Mr. Ross and his Government, the chances are that they will be re-elected. If the anti-prohibitionists should turn strongly to Mr. Whitney and the Conservatives, there might be one Liberal Government less in Canada.

The writer would not care to express his views as to which side will win or which side should win. He is satisfied that Ontario will keep pace in progress with the rest of Canada whether Liberals or Conservatives are in power. The more one views politics from the outside, the more one is convinced that in Canada there is little choice between parties, provincial or federal; both have similar faults and similar virtues.

Mr. F. C. Wade, who has recently returned from the Yukon, says that Canadian goods are not to the fore in that district as they should be. Our butter, IN YUKON. bacon, woollens and other manufactures have not been thrust forward as have American goods. He regrets our slowness in realizing the value of the trade in a district which has produced one hundred millions in five years, in which only 50 miles of creeks out of 7,000 have yet been prospected. The district is accessible without hardships; and our commercial men should look more sharply after its trade.


John A. Cooper

## THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN LITERATURE

The March *Review of Reviews* (New York) says that the Americanization of Canada is as inevitable as the Russianization of Manchuria.

This is a sample of the tone of the periodical literature which Canada prefers to British or Canadian literature. The booksellers, or some of them, have recently signed a petition to the Ottawa authorities, asking them not to remove the tariff discrimination against Canadian periodicals. They desire, apparently, that unprinted paper should be taxed 25 per cent., but printed paper should come in free if in the form of a United States periodical.

Principal Grant, in a recent address, states that journalists are weaving the organic filaments of a new and higher social state. Why, then, allow foreign journalists and literary men to weave the organic filaments of this young nation? Why fill our libraries and homes with the enemy's literature?



# BOOK REVIEWS

## LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER.\*

IN Canada that upas-tree of modern life—the Divorce Court—is so strictly prohibited from gaining a strong foothold, that in reading Basil King's new novel, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," we have to adjust our minds to the consideration of facts that do not present themselves in the ordinary intercourse of life in our land. We have, so to speak, to breathe a different atmosphere—an unwholesome atmosphere to the morally inclined—when we undertake an analysis of the conditions of marriage existing across the border.

With the unintellectual people, to whom marriages and divorces are mere incidents, arousing no speculation, and practised only for gratification, or whim, or caprice, this book has nothing to do. It deals with clever people, and, presumably, the author has drawn from life; people who consider the questions of life; who are educated, who have taste and refinement, and whose actions we might expect to be guided by common sense. They are people who feel keenly, whose chief aim in life is to enjoy it; and precisely because it is with such reasoning, fashionable, clever society people that the web of his story is spun, its success as a novel could not be the reward of any ordinary writer of tales.

Basil King has given to the world a most wonderful exposition of the danger of trifling with marriage and divorce; without preaching, he teaches a stronger lesson than the greatest of sermons could convey. Out of the mouths of his brilliant men and women

of the day he brings forth epigrams, the seemingly comforting philosophy of which turns to Dead Sea apples as events follow experiments and tortured human hearts—misled by pride of intellect—finally assert their mastery over all delusive infatuations.

Petrina Faneuil is a New England young woman, born to estates, riches, and a pedigree, with an ambition to be prominent in the "worldly" world. She has no religion; what comfort she needs for her mind, when it becomes uneasily inquisitive, she derives from sophistries—made over by herself and friends of her own way of thinking to fit the needs of the occasion. Of the future she reckons not, save that she may enjoy bodily comfort during her stay on earth, and that all her life may be pleasant. She is proud of her position, her abilities, and her independence. She knows that her position as a leader in her set will not be complete until she marries. She decides to espouse Henry Vassall, a New Englander, with many of the old Puritan traits latent in his character. She likes him well enough—better than any other man she knows. She thinks he will be a docile husband. If he will not—well, she can divorce him. Vassall loves Petrina with a clean, strong man's love. His ideas of a wife's duties are far different from Petrina's, but she is not aware how firmly established are the old Puritan principles in her husband's character. After their marriage, Petrina's entertainments and deportment become unbearable to her husband, although she does not sin unpardonably, and finally there is separation followed by divorce. Vassall buries himself in business, and Petrina

\* Harper & Bros., New York.

travels in England, France, and in Italy. In the company of spirits of her own class she finds that life is not such a pleasant affair in her condition as she had fancied it would be. She marries again—a creature named Lechmere—and finds that she has bound herself out of the reach of happiness by utterly estranging her first husband. The tragic ending of this second union, which reunites her to common sense and to Vassal, is a triumphant climax for any novelist.

It is a matter for congratulation to be able to claim the author as a Canadian. He was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and after a primary course at St. Peter's School in that city, he attended the University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and graduated with the degree of M.A. He took Holy Orders, and his first duties were those of assistant priest at St. Peter's Cathedral (Anglican), Charlottetown, in which position he remained but a short time, leaving it to accept the Assistant Rectorship of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax, N.S. After several years' occupancy of the latter position he resigned, and was for a time connected with the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston. While in the latter charge he was offered, and he accepted, the Rectorship of Christ Church, Cambridge, Mass. His marriage soon followed. His withdrawal from the Church shortly afterwards, caused by failing health, was succeeded by a period of travel on this continent and abroad, and the devotion of his time to literature.

He has always had a ready pen, and besides contributing to various periodicals, has written a novel entitled "Griselda," which, compared with his latest book, hardly deserves to be mentioned. Judging from the favour with which "Let Not Man Put Asunder" has been received, we may expect a fair measure of fame for "Basil" King, his name is really William Benjamin King, for he has not yet numbered much more than two score years of life.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A political economist has been defined as a person who is sure he knows how all mankind can be made perfectly happy, but who never gets a majority of mankind to listen to his words of wisdom. Mr. Wood, mindful of the fate of his predecessors, has determined to catch his hearers young. His modest little work\* is defined as a primer "within the comprehension of pupils in the fourth forms of the public schools." It is written with admirable clearness and simplicity, and if we can imagine the innocent youth of the country addicted at all to the habit of thinking, we can see them poring intently over this book, which carries them back from practical conditions that are familiar in their daily experience to the economic laws under which these conditions work out. Selecting John Doe, a farmer, who comes to the city to buy a pair of boots, as a suitable illustration of the complexity of our modern social life, the author enquires into the origin of the various articles that make up the boots, how are assembled together, and how human beings, by a system of co-operation, often unconscious, are working for one another's benefit in different parts of the world. All this is vastly interesting and is set forth with a power of description often picturesque and ingenious. From the boot transaction we are led naturally on to taxation, to money, to the relations of labour and capital, and the other fundamental facts of the social system. In the manner of stating the whole case there is really nothing at which the most contentious of persons can find ground for cavil. As to whether all the consequences that logically flow from the statements here presented will be endorsed with equal readiness is quite another matter. Now, we know that it is as dangerous to step in between an economist and his theory as it is to intervene between a dog and its bone, but even at risk of life and

\* A Primer of Political Economy. By S. T. Wood. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

limb we are bound, in the sacred cause of truth, to warn our young friends in the fourth form that when an economist looks most innocent he is apt in reality to be most dangerous. If he approaches with a bland smile and a deprecatory gesture it is well to beware of a pitfall. We find, for example, in this inviting and agreeable little treatise more than one time-honoured proposition which—once admitted—involves you in awkward consequences. There is a polite but veiled attack on Governmental interference, without any corresponding admission of the truth that labour has its own protective tariff in the shape of trade unionism. There is conveyed, both in the chapter on taxation and in that entitled "schemes for betterment," a kindly feeling for the system of land taxation which bears the awe-inspiring name of Single Tax. Not that the author mentions it, but as he specially invites the reader, in the preface, to extend the condensed arguments in the book one cannot well help obliging him. One arrives, therefore, by this process at the conclusion that Mr. Wood has found the Elysian fields to be under single tax, and to that haven of happiness where the wearisome cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest, he would fain lead the human race.

A. H. U. C.

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STEPHEN PHILLIPS' "ULYSSES."\*

Four years ago the name of Stephen Phillips† was unknown, save to a few; to-day he is unhesitatingly placed first among contemporary British poets by nearly all students of literature. He has done what no other writer has achieved for many a day—written dramas that

\*Ulysses"—a Drama in a prologue and three acts, by Stephen Phillips. New York: the Macmillan Company; Toronto: Morang & Co.

† For an article on Stephen Phillips, see CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Vol. xv., p. 146.



BASIL KING—AUTHOR OF "LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER"

combine poetic beauty and power with the practical requirements of stage-craft. His latest play shows an advance in power as compared with "Herod," and yet has lost little of the lyrical sweetness of "Paolo and Francesca." While retaining their literary charm, it is a better acting play than either of the others. Stephen Phillips has attempted a bold subject in each of his dramas and has thrice succeeded where many had failed. "Ulysses" is a great play—strong in dramatic qualities, and from the literary standpoint, a noble piece of work. It opens with a prologue in rhymed heroic couplets: the gods are seen in conclave on Olympus, Athene begging that Ulysses be at last permitted to regain his home, while Poseidon craves of Zeus the right to toss him still upon the seas. The prologue is, on the whole, successful, but one wishes that the poet had treated the gods somewhat more seriously.

In the first act of the play we are shown the home of Ulysses given over to the impudent riot of the suitors. They have, by persistence and insolence, well-nigh worn down the loving endurance of Penelope, who cries in her last despair :

"Come, come Ulysses! Burn back through the world!  
Come, take the broad seas in one mighty leap,  
And rush upon this bosom with a cry,  
Ere 'tis too late, at the last, last instant—  
come!"

Then we find Ulysses under the spell of Calypso, in her—

"odorous, amorous isle of violets,  
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep."

But the moment his will is freed, the old yearning for Penelope and the homeland returns :

"Ah, God, that I might see  
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,  
You lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,  
The screaming gull, and the wild-flying cloud :—

To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,  
To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,  
To spring alive upon her precipices,  
And hurl the singing spear into the air ;  
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,  
And plunge into the midnight of her pines ;

Now am I mad for silence and for tears,  
For the earthly voice that breaks at earthly ills,  
The mortal hands that make and smooth the bed.

I am an-hungered for that human breast,  
That bosom, a sweet hive of memories—  
There, there to lay my head before I die,  
There, there to be, there only, there at last!"

In the second Act, Ulysses is, by command of Zeus, forced to descend into Hades ere he can win back to Ithaca. This difficult part is well sustained throughout, and the passage between Athene and Ulysses is one of the finest in the poem. The third Act deals with the return of Ulysses, the overthrow of the suitors, and the first rapturous embrace of those "much-enduring" ones, whose love nor time nor gods themselves could overcome. The play is admirable for the splendid handling of the blank verse, for its

dramatic power, and for the finely restrained yet intense and growing passion of the final scene. The close is almost perfect in its silent expression of emotion. The poet realized that words must fail here, so there are no words.

In closing, I must quote one more passage to illustrate the beauty of a play which everyone should read. Once read, the lover of the best in poetry will return to it again and again with fresh delight. In the first Act, as the minstrel sings to the roystering suitors, his words strike upon the sad heart of Penelope until she is fain to descend from her chamber and stop him :

*Minstrel:* "O set the sails, for Troy, for Troy  
is fallen,  
And Helen cometh home ;  
O set the sails, and all the Phrygian winds  
Breathe us across the foam !  
O set the sails unto the golden West !  
It is o'er, the bitter strife.  
At last the father cometh to the son,  
And the husband to the wife !  
And she shall fall upon his heart  
With never a spoken word—

*Penelope:* "Cease, minstrel, cease, and sing  
some other song ;  
The music floated up into my room,  
And the sweet words of it have hurt my  
heart.  
Others return, the other husbands, but  
Never for me that sail on the sea-line,  
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,  
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight :  
Never Ulysses!"

E. R. PEACOCK.

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#### THE TOUR OF THE "OPHIR."

The Royal Tour will be one of the leading features of the British history of the first decade of the new century. Already several volumes concerning it have appeared. William Maxwell, one of the correspondents, has given his impressions in an interesting book.\* Unfortunately, the prominent features of it are descriptions and pictures of the coloured citizens of the Empire—the Malays of Ceylon, the "black fel-

\*With the *Ophir* Round the Empire, by William Maxwell, special correspondent of *The Standard*. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



lows" of Australia, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Zulus of Natal, and the Indians of Canada. As a "seller," the book may be first-class; as a picture of the Empire, it is lop-sided.



#### PROGRESS OF CANADA.

Mr. Castell Hopkins as an historian has not won great praise from the critics. It is quite evident, however, that his latest book, "Progress of Canada"\* is a distinct improvement on his previous work, and worthy of high ranking. It deals almost exclusively with the nineteenth century, and is the embodiment of the newer spirit in history-writing. This spirit is well expressed by the author in a paragraph from his preface:

"In the pages which follow I have laid more stress upon pioneer labours in the field and farm than upon political contests, and have attached more importance to the development of education and religion, and the progress of transportation facilities, than to the political views of Mackenzie and Papi-neau, or Macdonald and Brown."

This is the spirit which must animate our historians, and it is to Mr. Hopkins' credit that he has, more than any other of our historians except Parkman, recognized and adopted it. In addition he has outlined the development since Confederation in a broad and generous manner, which will assist any careful reader to recognize the causes and tendency of our present progress.

It would be a pleasant thing to have a school-history written from the standpoint which has been adopted by Mr. Hopkins in this admirable volume.



#### NOTES.

"Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is an entertaining, humorous sketch,

\*Progress of Canada in the Century, by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S. Nineteenth Century Series, Vol. IX. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

with a pathetic side. The author is Alice Caldwell Hegan (Toronto: William Briggs.)

W. W. Rogers has a splendid musical poem, "The Dunes of Cascumpec," in the February number of the *Prince Edward Island Magazine*.

Mr. George N. Morang, of Toronto, has issued a pamphlet on Copyright. As a publisher Mr. Morang speaks with some authority, and the purpose of his monograph is, apparently, to oppose any change in the copyright laws which would make printing in this country a necessity. On this point he is at variance with the Canadian printers, but has the sympathy of the Canadian Society of Authors and other persons who have knowledge of the copyright situation.

The *Canada Lancet* has been devoting considerable attention to Tuberculosis, and has issued two special numbers dealing with the latest knowledge in connection with the disease. This publication is now a national magazine worthy of the profession which it represents. (63 Yonge St., Toronto.)

The Rev. J. O. Miller, of St. Catharines, has issued a neat little volume of "Brief Biographies, supplementing Canadian History." The heroes described include all the well-known names from Columbus to Laura Secord. A splendid book to put in the hands of children who are just beginning to read history. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

John Dicks, 313 Strand, London, is publishing a handsome illustrated work on "The Castles and Abbeys of Great Britain and Ireland." It is issued in monthly parts at sixpence. The text is popular and contains a good collection of stories and legends, as well as a more formal historical description of each of these ancient buildings. Some of the full-page illustrations are well worth framing.



# IDLE MOMENTS



## MURPHY'S ORDERS.

A CRITIC of military discipline was engaged in a very earnest debate with a colonel over the alleged arbitrary methods of those commanding the rank and file.

The colonel had warmly contended that there was every effort to be just, and that departures from equity were exceptional.

"You have given this matter considerable attention, and I venture that you cannot give an instance of abused authority towards a private."

"Can't I?" and the army critic's eyes twinkled. "Did you ever hear of the case of poor Tim Murphy?"

"Never did, sir."

"Tim enlisted in the Rangers, though he had never bestrode a horse

in his life. He was taken out for drill with other recruits under command of a sergeant. As luck would have it, Tim had one of the worst buckers in the regiment.

"'Now, min,'" said the sergeant, addressing them, 'no man is allowed to dismount without orders from a superior ossifer; moind thot.'

"Tim was no sooner in the saddle than he was propelled through a lengthy parabola and came down so hard that he had barely enough breath to subsist upon.

"'Murphy,' shouted the sergeant, as he discovered the offender spread out on the ground, 'yez dismounted.'

"'I did, sor.'

"'Did yez have orthers?'

"'I did, sor.'

"'From headquarters?'

"'No, sor; hind quarters.'

"'Take him to th' guard house.'

## TAKING NO RISKS.

"It happened last winter," said Jones, "but I have never before been able to tell the story without getting excited. Business took me to a little country town where I was forced to pass the night in the only hotel that the place boasted. It was a cold, stormy night, and I thanked my lucky stars that I did not have to be out in it. Some time about midnight I was awakened by someone yelling 'Fire!' at the top of his voice. The hotel was nothing more than a fire-trap—a fact that I had only realized when I had turned in, and the cry of 'Fire!'



NEW YORK'S SAVING MILLIONAIRE

Uncle Russell Sage was bitterly disappointed recently by the man who repairs his trousers.—*Life*

sent my heart into my mouth. Hastily jumping out of bed, and without waiting to dress myself, I seized what clothing I could in one hasty clutch, and rushed outdoors and joined the guests who were already there, clustered together in a shivering group.

“ ‘They’re all out, dad!’ yelled the landlord’s son, who was standing at the door, as another half-dressed guest rushed out.

“ ‘Confound them,’ grumbled the landlord, ‘they ought to do better than that. They’re three minutes behind the record!’

“ ‘Where is the fire?’ I asked.

“ ‘There ain’t no fire,’ he answered, closing the watch that he had been holding in his hand. ‘Taint nothing but a fire drill.’

“ ‘You old fool!’ I shouted. ‘Do you mean to say that you have routed us out on a night like this on a false alarm?’

“ ‘That’s all right,’ he answered. ‘I had a guest burnt up once in a fire, an’ he owed me fifteen shillings, an’ I ain’t takin’ any more chances than I have to. People what put up with me has got to learn to jump when the alarm is given.’”

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

One day the Anglo-Saxons came.

“ ‘We bring you the blessings of liberty and civilization,” said these.

“ ‘Your price?’ asked the natives.

“ ‘Your territory!’ said the Anglo-Saxons.



PARSON : “ ‘Why, John, what are you doing there?’”

JOHN : “ ‘It be too wet to work.’”

PARSON : “ ‘Well, if it’s too wet to work, why don’t you go home?’”

JOHN : “ ‘Well, my old ‘ooman, she do jaw so.’”—*Punch.*

“ ‘Dirt cheap!’” said the natives.

“ ‘Only a limited amount to a customer at this price, of course!’” said the Anglo-Saxons.

“ ‘Of course!’” said the natives, for it ill-beseemed them to haggle.

IN THIS ADVANCED DAY.

“ ‘Some men are brutes!’” exclaimed the man who had been reading the newspaper.

“ ‘That is quite true,’” answered Mr. Meekton. “ ‘I know a man who habitually forgets to put the key under the door mat when his wife goes out to lecture. The way he keeps her ringing the bell while he wakes up out of a sound sleep, strikes a light, puts on some clothes, and gets down to the door is positively inhuman.’”



DEVILS

Gluttony. Quick Temper. Sly. Indolence. Gossip. Hypocrisy. Conceit. Stubborn.



## ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES



### AUSTRALIAN SPORT.

WHILE Canada is playing hockey and other ice-games, the sportsmen of Australia are revelling in horse-racing, cricket, swimming and other summer amusements. The cricket matches between Australia and

England have been the features of January and February, as many as 20,000 people attending a match. A thousand spectators at a Canadian cricket match would be considered a good crowd. A notable race-day in Canada may bring out seven or eight thousand people, a hockey match may draw 3,500 people at Winnipeg or 2,000 in Toronto or Montreal; 5,000 may attend a baseball match in a Canadian city, but we have nothing in this country to equal the crowds which attend cricket matches in Australia.

Yachting in Australia is just as popular as in Canada. In Australia the harbours of the larger cities are the scenes of the races. Halifax harbour is used similarly in Canada, but the St. Lawrence at Montreal and the Great Lakes are used in Quebec and Ontario. The latest papers from Australia describe the sailing regattas that have recently been held there. Canoeing is a sport which Canada has all to herself.

From March 29th to April 5th, are the days named for the "autumn" race meeting in Victoria, under the auspices of the Australian Jockey

Club. It is at this meeting that both the local trainers and those who have a first-class one amongst their lots in the other States, make every effort to score for the winter, as the prize-money is given with such a liberal hand that one race, with its accompaniment in the way of a good win in bets, means something substantial to place away in the bank on settling day. Nothing less than 200 sovs. is given in added money to any race, while the highest sum is 3,000 sovs. to the Sydney Cup, and the total amount in added money to the twenty-four races is £10,150. When the sweepstakes are added to this, it makes a goodly sum to be divided amongst the owners of a couple of dozen horses. What makes the stakes so liberal is the fact that the Australian Jockey Club does not take to itself a single shilling in the way of sweepstakes or nomination fees, all of which go to swell the prize money. What with the Agricultural Show and yearling sales, the autumn is a very busy time, and attracts from the country districts no end of people. This means more money for the races, and good betting.

Swimming seems to be a very popular sport in Australia, swimming meets being held every week during February and March. The Australian championship meeting was held at Wanganui, New Zealand, on February 25th, 27th, and March 1st. The accompanying illustration from an Australian weekly shows a lady diving. Canadian ladies have not yet shown themselves willing to engage in public athletic contests of this nature.

The Victorian legislators recently paid a visit to Sydney and had some pleasant competitions with the mem-

bers of the New South Wales Legislature. The games indulged in were: billiards, bowls, cricket and rifle-shooting.

Apropos of this difference in seasons between Canada and Australia, a Canadian lady, now living in North Sydney, Australia, has sent *The Canadian Magazine* the following poem:—

FEBRUARY.

It is Summer in the South ;  
Soft and sweet the breezes blow,  
And with sunshine and with love  
the air is throbbing ;  
But my heart is in the Northland,  
In the land of ice and snow,  
Where the pines and firs are sob-  
bing, sobbing, sobbing.

In the radiant, sunny South  
All is rest and lang'rous bliss,  
And the days go by like benedic-  
tions falling ;  
But I long for Winter's breathing,  
For the North-wind's frozen kiss,  
And the pines and firs are calling,  
calling, calling.

LOUISE C. GLASGOW.

38

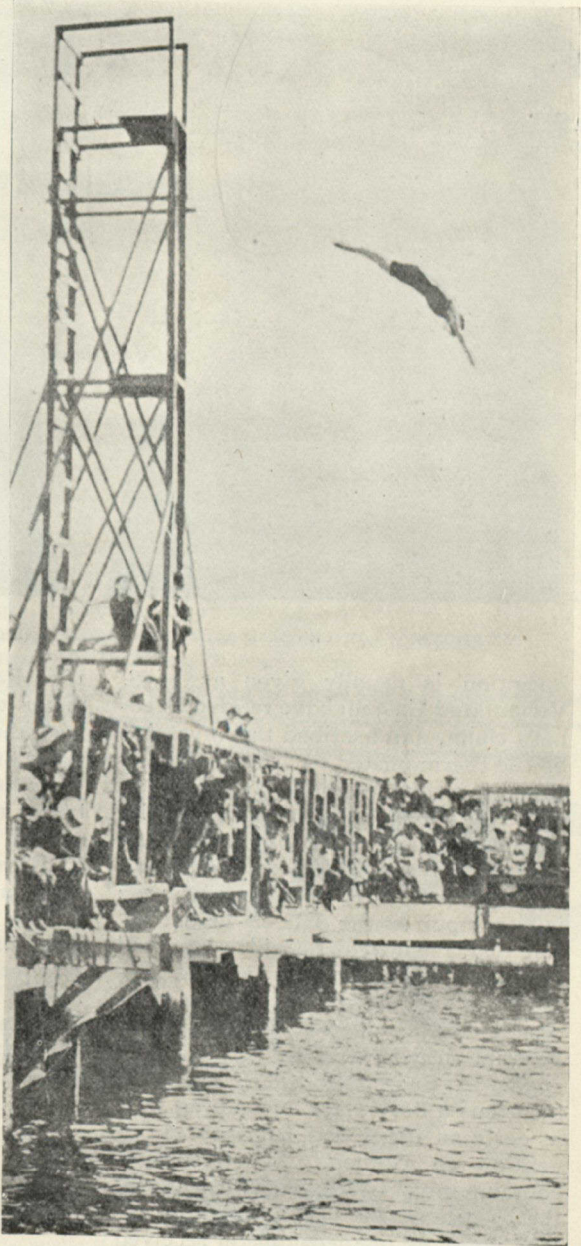
AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

The accompanying illustration shows two wild aborigines brought to Adelaide from Central Australia by an explorer. At present an ethnological expedition is going through the interior for the purpose of studying the native. These tribes are very superstitious, and have many ceremonies similar to those once in vogue among the Indians of Canada. Civilization, however, does not seem to have touched the Australian aborigines to the same extent as it has the North American Indian.

39

THE INVENTOR OF THE THERMOMETER.

Like many another invention before and after it, the origin of the thermometer is rather nebulous, although the instrument has hardly been known for



LADIES' HIGH DIVING CONTEST

At the East Sydney (Australian) Swimming Carnival on December 7th, 1901. Height 50 feet. At this Carnival, the 100 yards was done in 60 4-5 sec., and the 1,000 yards in 13 min. 51 1-5 sec.

more than 300 years. As a general rule this invention is ascribed to Cornelius Drebbel, who lived in Alkmaar, in North Holland. The date of the



ABORIGINES FROM CENTRAL AUSTRALIA—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ADELAIDE

invention is usually given as 1638. Viviani and Castelli have refuted Drebbel's claim, and ascribed the invention of the thermometer to Galileo, giving the year of the invention as 1597. In a recent monograph published by H. C. Bolton, the results of Viviani and Castelli's investigations are confirmed, with the exception, however, that 1592 is fixed upon as the date of invention. The instrument which Galileo invented seems to have been an air thermometer; at all events, such is the reasonable conclusion to be drawn from a description published by P. Castelli in 1638. A pupil of Galileo, Sagredo, mentions a device for measuring heat as early as 1613, and ascribes its invention to Galileo. Sanctorious, a contemporary of Galileo's, speaks of the thermometer "as a very old instrument." The thermometer received its present form at the suggestion of the Accademia del Cimento of Florence, and Grand Duke Ferdinand II. used such an instrument in 1641, in carrying out experiments in incubation. At that time various cities in Italy had become more or less familiar with the new device for measuring heat. In

1662 Robert Boyle exhibited a thermometer to the Royal Society. Hooke was the first to determine the zero point of the scale so that it could always be ascertained, the standard used being the melting-point of ice. The second fixed point was determined by C. Rinaldini in 1694. The use of mercury as a thermometric fluid was known to the Florentine academicians. The most accurate mercury thermometers were first made in 1714 by Fahrenheit at Danzig. In spite of the manifest inadequacy of the Fahrenheit scale, it is still used to this very day in England and North America.

38

#### ROMANCE IN SHORT.

Contemplation;  
Adoration.  
(Gallant thinks her great).  
Preparation:  
Decoration.  
Off to learn his fate.  
Palpitation,  
Trepidation  
On the lover's side.  
Desperation,  
Osculation.  
Now she is his bride!

HAMILTON Z. CHIPMAN.

# 75 REMINGTON

have just been purchased by the

## Federated Business Colleges of Ontario

Here is their Order:—

HAMILTON, February 8, 1902.

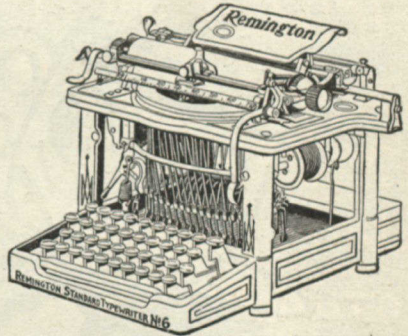
THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER CO., LIMITED.

Gentlemen.—Please book our order for seventy-five (75) of your latest style No. Six (6) machines, to be forwarded to our various schools as per shipping instructions attached hereto.

We have decided to confine our purchases hereafter principally to Remington machines, finding by experience that they are the most durable and give the best satisfaction to our pupils and to the public. Your early attention to the order will oblige.

C. R. McCULLOUGH,  
Managing Director.

## TYPEWRITERS



THE FEDERATED BUSINESS COLLEGES OF ONTARIO,  
LIMITED.

The mission of business colleges is to instruct pupils for practical business needs. The business world knows the superior durability and reliability of the Remington, therefore the use of the Remington overwhelmingly predominates in commercial life.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER CO., Limited  
Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Can.

*Labatt's*  
(LONDON)

ALE AND PORTER

AWARDED

GOLD MEDAL

AT

Pan-American Exposition

1901

# MAGIC



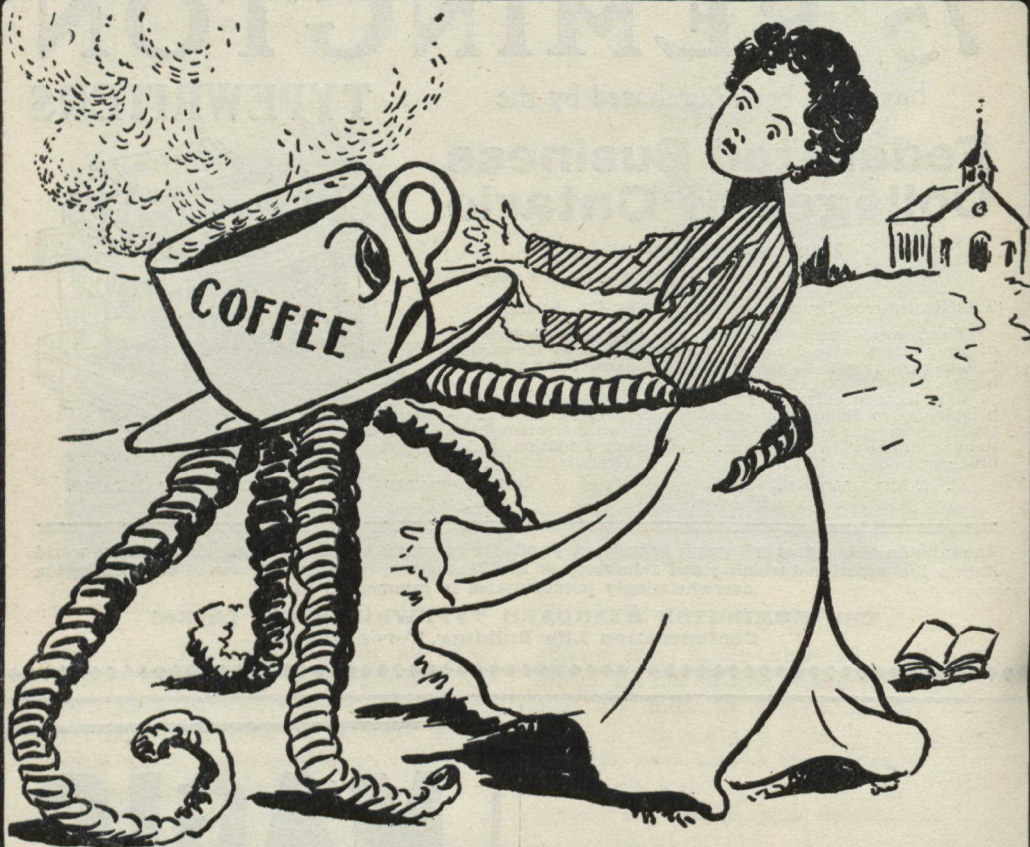
# SODA

OR

SALE RATUS

IS THE BEST

E. W. GILFETT, CHICAGO, ILL.  
LONDON, ENG. TORONTO, ONT.



## SCHOOL TEACHER

### Pulled Down Hill.

"I relied on coffee so much to keep me up, having been told that it was a 'mild stimulant,' that I hardly knew what to do when I found it was really pulling me down hill. My sleep was badly broken at night and I was all unstrung, exceedingly nervous, and breaking down fast. My work is teaching school.

"When it became evident that I was in a very bad condition, I was induced to leave off coffee and try Postum Food Coffee. Mother made it first, but none of us could endure it, it was so flat and tasteless. She proposed to throw the package away, but I said, 'Suspend judgment until we have made it strictly according to directions.' It seems she had made the Postum like she always made coffee, taking it off the stove as soon as it began to boil. I got sister to make the Postum next morning strictly according to directions, that is, allow it to boil full fifteen minutes after the boiling begins.

"We were all amazed at the difference. Sister said it was better coffee, to her taste, than the old, and father, who is an elderly gentleman and had used coffee all his life, appeared to relish the Postum as well as my little brother, who took to it from the first. We were all greatly improved in health and are now strong advocates of Postum Food Coffee. Please omit my name from publication." Flagler, Col. Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



Imitation is  
Sincerest  
Flattery



I know Pearlline to be the  
best Washing Powder

SARAH J. RORER.

ELECTRO LIGHT ENG. CO., N.Y.

**Pearline**  
is the original  
Washing  
Powder

do you think  
it would have  
been so widely  
imitated if it  
had not justified

**Our Claims**

S. 59

## Shredded Wheat Biscuit

A  
Handsome  
Tribute

I commend, with emphasis, the use of Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuits, not only as a general food for the family, but especially as a food which has merit peculiar to itself and which ought to be known to every one who desires a strong and well-nourished frame. The food has no equal in the market as a nutriment of nerves, bones, tissues and blood.

It not only makes a delicious dish with cream, but is unexcelled in the preparation of hundreds of dishes which enter into the daily diet. It ought to be a favorite with athletes, as it has no equal for giving strength and tone to the system. In its life-giving and sustaining properties, it is especially to be commended to those who wish to fit their system for endurance, activity and long-sustained pressure, either upon the mental or physical organs.

HERMAN DOWD, Colonel.



THE UNDERWOOD

I find that the pupil can learn the art of typewriting with very much less effort on the Underwood as compared with other makes, as the writing is continually in full view of the operator. This is a decided advantage, and I would consider it a retrograde step to confine pupils to machines on which the carriage has to be raised to inspect the writing.

As a further proof of this, I may state that an Agent of another Company recently offered to replace my entire outfit of machines, none of which are four years old, with an equal number of new machines of the very latest pattern even up.

I declined the proposition, as our school must be up-to-date in every respect, and especially so in the Shorthand and Typewriting Department, in which I cannot afford to use antiquated machines.

You may be pleased to learn that I propose, during the ensuing year, to give every pupil who attends our school an opportunity to learn Typewriting, and that I intend to increase my present number of Underwood machines to an even ONE HUNDRED, so that then I shall have the very best Typewriting equipment to be found on this American continent.

I remain, yours truly,

W. H. SHAW, Principal,  
Central Business College.

TORONTO, Feb. 26th, 1902.

J. J. SEITZ, Esq.,  
Gen. Mgr. Creelman Bros. Typewriter Co., City.

DEAR SIR—Nearly four years ago I purchased my first Underwood Typewriter, and on account of the great satisfaction this machine has given me, I have gradually increased my equipment until now I have eighty machines in daily use—sixty of which are Underwoods.

I have given the typewriter question most careful attention during the past few years, owing to the increased demand for expert operators, and after watching results carefully I have no hesitation in most heartily endorsing the Underwood machine.



Pleasantly perfumed.

❖ Antiseptic. ❖

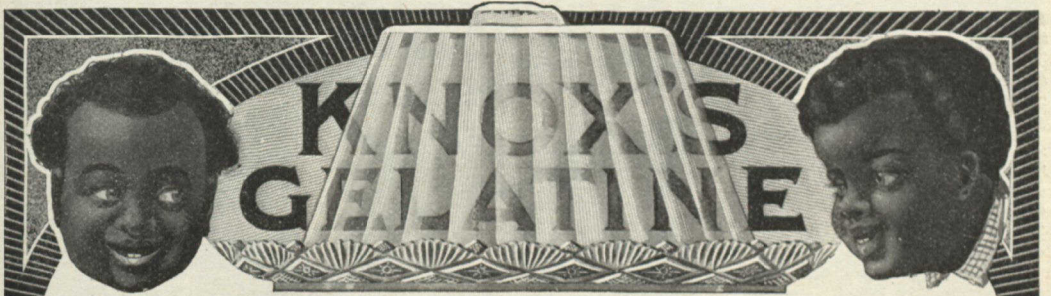


# CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP

(Contains 10% pure Carbolic.)

Most refreshing and agreeable for Bath or Toilet use, acting as preventive of skin irritation or contagious diseases, besides having a very healthy and beneficial effect on the skin and complexion.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, England.



**P**LEASES the palate and does not try the digestion. It is the most suitable of all desserts for children and people who use their brains. Used in connection with fresh fruit it makes a seasonable dainty.

It is absolutely pure (its transparency proves it); it is granulated—measure with a spoon like sugar. When buying

# Knox's Gelatine

Speak the name plainly. This is important because unfair competitors take similar names to trade on my reputation. Remember that

## Knox is Spelled K-N-O-X

### BUY A PACKAGE

of Knox's Gelatine from your Grocer. Send me the label (or Signature) from the box, with the name of your grocer, and I will mail you *free* my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

If you are skeptical of the merits of Knox's Gelatine, I will mail a sample package for a trial, for 5c. in stamps.

A full-sized package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts (a half gallon) of jelly. Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

**CHAS. B. KNOX**

69 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.



THE OLDE FIRME OF  
**HEINTZMAN & CO**  
TORONTO CANADA



The Piano used at all great functions and musical gatherings—the Piano of Royalty—used exclusively by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in the Royal Train on their Canadian Tour.

PIANO SALON 115-117 KING ST. W. LONDON B' FACTORY HAMILTON B'  
217 DUNDAS ST. TORONTO - JUNCTION KING ST. E.

## One Pound Will Make 200 Cups

The growth of a whole year of six Tea bushes is required to produce one pound of



**Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea**, but so carefully is it manufactured and so rich is its character that one pound, brewed according to the directions on the package, will make enough liquid to fill two hundred tea cups.



# “Crispine”

THE LATEST  
HIT IN LADIES’

DRESS  
GOODS

AND ONE OF  
THE BEST  
PRODUCTIONS  
OF

# Priestley’s

ASK TO SEE THESE  
FASHIONABLE  
GOODS FOR YOUR  
SPRING SUIT

# Coke Dandruff Cure

A  
Hair Tonic  
Most  
Cleansing  
and  
Invigorating.



A  
Dressing  
Most  
Refreshing  
and  
Effective.

## A World-renowned Remedy for the Prevention of Baldness

**LADIES**—Ask for a bottle of **Coke Egg Shampoo** at your druggist's. It was made purposely for you. You will not find its equal as a cleanser and a mild tonic for the hair. It adds a glossiness and lustre that no other remedy can produce.

GOLD MEDAL Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.) 1900

# NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND  
THE AGED

Market Place, Ashbourne, Feb. 1, 1896.

MESSRS. R. J. NEAVE & CO.

Gentlemen.—Enclosed I am sending you a photo of our girl twins—seven months old. They have been fed on your Food since being nine days old, and have never had an hour's illness all the time. They are perfect in temper, and the admiration of the town for their healthy appearance. Many mothers have specially called to ask Mrs. Lee how she feeds them. I thought you would like to see some fruits of your excellent Food for Infants.

I remain, yours sincerely, (Signed) J. C. LEE.

USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

Manufacturers—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge  
Wholesale Agents—England

LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD

# W B ERECT FORM CORSETS

This long hip  
"Erect Form" is the  
very latest corset!

The extra pieces at the side cover and fit the hip with perfect smoothness, rounding off the lines into exquisite curves. In no other makes of corsets will you find this very latest Paris model. The new tight skirts demand that you wear it.

Just now there are two numbers:

Note.—This cut represents styles 711 and 713

711, which costs \$2.50

713, which costs \$5.00

## Seven Other Styles of Erect Forms

Prices, \$1.25 and upwards

**ERECT FORMS 973 and 701.** For medium figures. Low-busted, medium hip. Sizes 18 to 30.

**ERECT FORM 974.** Like 973, but made of fine coutil. Sizes 18 to 30.

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Your dealer will supply you

If he does not carry the models you desire, mention his name and forward the price direct to

**WEINGARTEN BROTHERS**

Largest Manufacturers of Corsets in the World

377-379 Broadway, New York

No other corset can take the place of the W. B. Erect Form. Accept no substitute



# Mannlicher Repeating Rifles

(The Haenel)

8m/m



CUT OF No. 2

PRICES — No. 1, \$45.00. No. 2, \$35.00. Carbine, \$25.00.  
Cartridges, \$6.50 per 100

## Luger Automatic Pistol



116 Shots per Minute. Adopted by the U.S. and Swiss Governments

PRICE — \$30.00. Cartridges \$3.00 per 100

All prices duty paid, delivered in Montreal.

Sole Agent: **A. H. FUNKE**

101-103 DUANE STREET

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## NATURAL FOOD

builds strong bodies and healthy minds.

*Disorganized food* causes weak bodies and weak minds. Logicians tell us that there can be no physical defect without a corresponding defect mentally. All criminal tendencies come from disorganized minds. Scientists of several nations declare that "what we eat, we are."

# SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT



gives mental as well as physical health because it is a Naturally Organized Food; that is, Contains all the Properties in Correct Proportion necessary for the Complete Nutrition of the human body and mind. White flour is a disorganized food because properties that build strong bodies and minds have been removed from the wheat.

*"Deny me not my birthright,  
I want to be a man,  
My birthright includes Natural Foods."*

Sold by all grocers. "The Vital Question" (sent free) is a hand book of right living. Send for it.

**THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**



Now Ready  
The New  
**Pittsburg Wall Papers**

STYLE  
BEAUTY  
NOVELTY  
QUALITY

Leading Dealers everywhere.  
Valuable hints and colored Reproductions free.  
**The Pittsburg Wall Paper Co.**  
New Brighton, Pa.

SOMETHING NEW!

# SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

*New Style Can, put up in a box. Price, 25 Cents.*

The taste, fragrance and purity of this strictly pure vegetable Powder makes it easily the superior of any tooth powder on the market. When used in connection with SOZODONT (liquid) it makes an ideal dentifrice.

Both together in the Large Size, Price 75c. At all stores, or by mail for the price.

*(Reduced from Full Size.)* **HALL & RUCKEL, N.Y.**

PERFORATED

# Rubber Door Mats

With Name Inlaid

GLEN FOY

We will accept mail orders from our Illustrated Catalogue just issued for any kind of Rubber Door Mats or Rubber Matting

**A PERFORATED MAT.**  
RUBBER DOOR MAT, 1/4 INCH THICK, BEST MATERIAL, WITH ANY NAME INLAID IN DIFFERENT COLOUR RUBBER, SIZES 18 x 30, FOR \$3.50.

**The Dunlop Tire Co., Limited**  
Makers of  
DUNLOP TIRES for CARRIAGES, CYCLES and AUTOMOBILES  
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*The Great  
Canadian People*

are loud in their  
praise of

**“SOUVENIR”  
Stoves and Ranges**

They are now in use in hundreds  
of thousands of homes.

They are sold everywhere.

Ask your dealer about them

They are THE BEST.

MANUFACTURED BY

**The Gurney-Tilden Co.,** Limited

HAMILTON, - CANADA

# Develop Your Muscle

with a "Professional New"  
Punching  
Bag



can be attached  
to a Door casing,  
a window casing  
or a wall, or a board  
fence or any where.

The best and liveliest Bag ever  
devised. 20 minutes a day on  
it for a month will not only improve  
your muscle but your health.

## Price

delivered \$ 6.95  
complete

## Childrens Size

delivered \$ 4.50  
complete

**H.D. Crippen**  
52 Broadway DEPT. NO.  
New York. 105

# Clark's

## CANNED

# Lunch Tongues

—Are tender, juicy, tasty.

—You may pay more for other kinds, but you cannot improve on Clarks.

**Have you ever tried Clark's delicious  
Pork and Beans?**

**WM. CLARK**

**MONTREAL**

## THE WILLIAMS PIANO

The only piano to buy is the one that gives you the most complete satisfaction. All we ask is for you to examine the WILLIAMS PIANO and you can use your own judgment to decide that it is the best Canadian instrument. Visitors welcome. Warerooms always open. Old pianos taken in exchange. Easy terms arranged.

TRAD. DES. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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A camera is known by the pictures it takes—not by its size.

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have the capabilities of cameras of triple their bulk. Though of small compass they possess the very elements of successful picture taking—a simple mechanism and optical perfection.

Kodak quality and Kodak film quality have made the Kodak way the sure way in picture taking.

**Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$75.00.**

**CANADIAN KODAK CO.**

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**Toronto, Can.**

*\$4,000 in Prizes for the best Kodak and Brownie Pictures*

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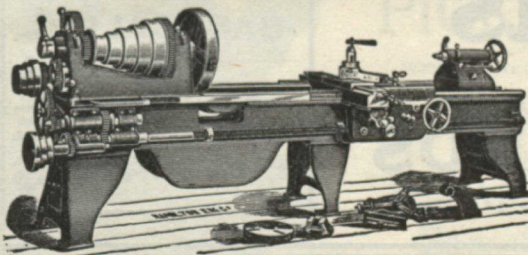


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A positive relief for **Frickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn**, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get MENNEN'S** (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.

Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25c.** (Samples free.)  
**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.**

# LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



*Correspondence Solicited.*

*Send for Catalogue.*

## John Bertram & Sons

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**EQUIPMENTS FOR**

**Ship Yards, Boiler Shops,  
Locomotive Shops, Car Shops  
Machine Shops, etc.,**

Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.

# RADNOR

From the heart of the Laurentides. Absolutely Pure.

# CARLSBAD NATURAL Mineral Waters

From the Celebrated Alkaline and Saline Springs,  
**SPRUDEL, SCHLOSSBRUNNEN, MUHLBRUNNEN,**  
 At the Famous Health Resort of Carlsbad, Bohemia,

are now imported in bottles and may be used in the treatment of all cases in which the CARLSBAD Cure is indicated when patients are unable to visit the Spa for

**CHRONIC GASTRIC CATARRH,  
 HYPEREMIA OF THE LIVER,  
 GALL STONES, DIABETES,  
 CHRONIC CONSTIPATION,  
 RENAL CALCULI, GOUT,**

and diseases of the spleen arising from residence in the tropics or malarious districts.

## The Natural Carlsbad Sprudel Salt

contains all the essential ingredients of the "SPRUDEL," is alkaline, and readily soluble in water.

To avoid imitations, please see that the WRAPPER round each bottle of SALT bears the Signature of the Sole Agents,

**INGRAM & ROYLE, Limited,**  
 LONDON,  
 LIVERPOOL and BRISTOL.

TO BE OBTAINED AT  
 ALL  
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# Sporting Goods

## OF ALL KINDS

GOLF	SUPPLIES
TENNIS	
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FOOTBALL	

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# Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

COR. KING AND VICTORIA STREETS
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# Fry's Pure Cocoa

Nourishing,  
healthful, economical, because so pure. Rich and deli-  
cate. Over 200 Medals and Awards taken. A quarter-  
pound tin makes 50 cups, and costs but 25 cents.

*Sold Everywhere.*

FOR  
PURITY and QUALITY

## Bow Park PICKLES

WERE AWARDED THE  
SILVER MEDAL

AT THE

Pan-American  
Exposition.

SHUTTLEWORTH  
& HARRIS

Brantford.



BOW PARK  
Sweet  
Pickles

AP  
PURE

BOW PARK FARM  
BRANTFORD ONT.  
CANADA.



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

J.P.H.

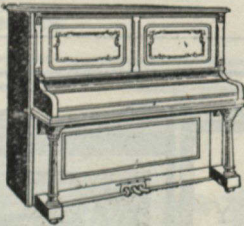
TORONTO.  
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GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING.

## PLAIN PRICES IN PIANO SELLING



WE make a specialty of selling by mail order and shipping on approval. Our retail Piano and Organ business is the largest in Canada. The main feature in our business is that we advertise the prices of our pianos—new or used—at plain, unmistakable net figures. There is nothing unusual in advertising the prices of *used* pianos, but we believe that we are the only firm who plainly advertise the net prices of *new* pianos.

This has been a boon to the public, and is one of the secrets of our success. We here take the opportunity of quoting our net prices for Gerhard Heintzman Pianos—

Style 14, \$375, less 20 per cent. for cash, net \$300  
 Style 16, \$400, less 20 per cent. for cash, net \$320  
 Style 22, \$450, less 20 per cent. for cash, net \$360  
 Style 28, \$475, less 20 per cent. for cash, net \$380

### Our Offer as to Terms

We offer to supply the Gerhard Heintzman Piano **on payments of \$15 cash and \$7 per month**, and instalment purchasers will have the privilege of buying at our net cash prices (see above), plus interest on the terms required. Write us telling what terms will meet your convenience and we will send you full information by return of mail.



# PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

Send Your Address for our New Illustrated Catalogue; Foreign Edition Post Free. The most complete List of Lace Goods issued.

Import your own Goods DIRECT FROM the LOOMS, and save three Profits.

LACE CURTAINS, REAL SWISS GUIPURE D'ART. MADRAS MUSLINS, ROLLER BLINDS, LACES, ALL MAKES. CAPES, BLOUSES, COLLARETTES. LADIES' AND GENTS' LOON HOSIERY, HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

POPULAR PARCEL, \$5.10

LOT No. 306 CONTAINS:—1 pair Rich Artistic Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 2 pairs alike, Handsome Dining-room Curtains, choice old lace design, 3½ yds. long, 60 in. wide; 1 pair neat Floral Pattern Bed-room Curtains, 3 yds. long, 50 in. wide; 1 pair new fashionable Sash Curtains in table centre, renaissance design; 1 set of Duchess Toilet Covers, one 45 in. long, and 5 smaller, Ecru if desired. On receipt of Post Office Order for \$6.30, the lot sent per Parcel Post, direct to your address in Canada, well packed in oilcloth.

Customers throughout the Empire testify to the reliable work, Marvellous Value and Durability.

First Prize Medals, Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893.

S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham, England.

Abbreviated Price Lists can be obtained at the office of this paper.

ESTABLISHED 1857

THE REPRESENTATIVE  
of CANADA  
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PIANO  
HEAD OFFICE  
AND WAREHOUSES  
THE NORDHEIMER  
PIANO & MUSIC CO. LIMITED  
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I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can theobesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. I am a regular practicing physician, having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from 3 to 5 pounds weekly, according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced your flesh to

the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome, you will feel years younger. Ailment of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person; all correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new pamphlet on obesity; its cause and cure;—it will convince you. Address

**HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D.,**  
22 EAST 23d STREET NEW YORK.

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Manufacturers of the

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are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed.

Catalogue free.

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Limited  
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The only  
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Mattress Made



The Most Comfortable Mattress Made  
"PERFECTION"  
is the only word to describe it.

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Toronto, Canada

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D<sup>r</sup> J. M. BARRIE says:—"WHAT I CALL THE ARCADIA IN 'MY LADY NICOTINE' IS THE **CRAVEN** MIXTURE AND NO OTHER."

THE CRAVEN (Mild), Invented by the 3rd Earl of Craven.  
 HANKEY'S (Medium), " " Major-General Hankey.  
 GUARDS' (Full), " " J. J. Carreras.  
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the hardwood floor idea is invaluable. Only of late years have our medical men realized how much danger lurks in the dusty carpet. Spread rugs over parquet floors and have your house clean the whole year through.

All kinds of floor wax, polishing brushes, etc.

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Plan suitable for those desiring to own their own homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

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**Confederation Life Building,  
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The **DOMINION BREWERY Co.**

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**BREWERS AND MALTSTERS**

**TORONTO**

Manufacturers of the Celebrated

**WHITE LABEL ALE**

ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT OUR BRAND IS ON EVERY CORK



FAC-SIMILE OF WHITE LABEL ALE.

Our Ales and Porters have been examined by the best Analysts, and they have declared them Pure and Free from any Deleterious Ingredients.

**WM. ROSS, Manager**

# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



Is used by every one who can afford to use the Best.



Beware of Manufacturers who attempt to sell a **WORTHLESS** imitation.  
 J. M. DOUGLAS & Co.,  
 Sole Canadian Agents, MONTREAL.

# ELEVATORS

Passenger or Freight Elevators and Dumb Waiters built on most modern, up-to-date plans. Write for specifications and full particulars.

**MILLER BROS. & TOMS, MONTREAL, P.Q.**

## IMPROVE YOUR SHAPE

We never use drugs, obesity tablets or pills of any kind to reduce fat as they weaken the system and often cause death.

**OBESITY BELT.**

FOR MEN OR WOMEN  
\$ 2.50

We reduce the flesh without any discomfort to the wearer. Obesity belts used to advantage by corpulent people, both ladies and gentlemen, to reduce corpulency and give shape to a pendulous or relaxed abdomen. The use of these belts reduces your size and leaves no room for surplus fat to accumulate; also gives absolute safety from Navel Rupture; relieves the dragging sensation peculiar to a pendulous abdomen and improves the shape. We will send the belt to any part of the United States or Canada. **Special Price, \$2.50.** Send measure around the largest part of abdomen when ordering belt.

**Comfortable belts made to order to be used after any operation.**  
**We also make belts invaluable to prospective mothers.**  
 Those interested in the subject call or write and get an illustrated book—**FREE.**  
**We Manufacture Trusses for all Cases of Rupture.**  
**IMPROVED ELASTIC TRUSS COMPANY.**  
**768 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**  
 (Two doors below Wanamaker's, near Ninth Street.)  
 Ladies in Attendance for Ladies. Examination Free. Closed Sundays.  
 Established 20 years in New York.

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TEETHING  
POWDERS**

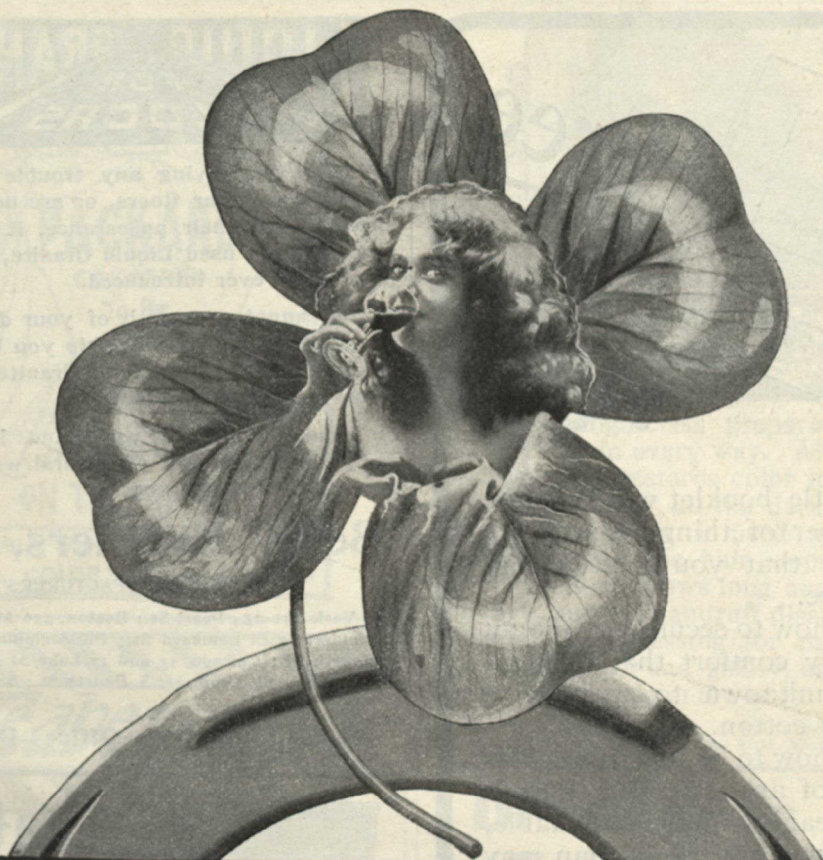
**GUM LINCTET  
TRADE MARK.**

**WARNING.**—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S  
TEETHING POWDERS.**

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road,  
**HOXTON, LONDON, ENG.**



After a winter of pleasure, or a winter of work, spring is apt to find you tired. Just here is the indication for

## **Pabst Malt Extract** *The Best Tonic*

It has positive nutrient elements, and feeds the tired brain. The weary body gets from it just the stimulation necessary to fit it to assimilate food. It combats lassitude, and enables you to go through the early spring days in good shape. Try it just once—and you will be converted to its use.

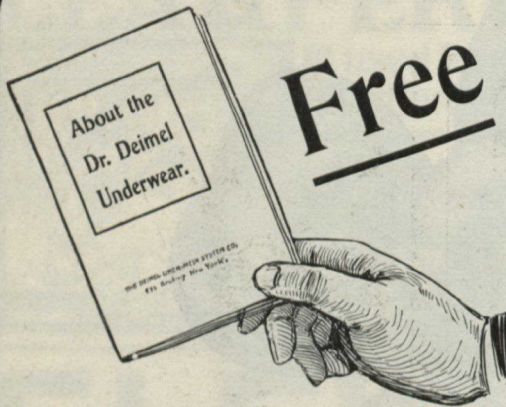
I wish to say that I am more than ever convinced of the valuable tonic properties of "Best" Tonic.  
E. S. KELLEY, M. D., Com. of Health, Minneapolis.

I am constantly using The "Best" Tonic, and find it very helpful in cases of anemia and nervous prostration.  
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**Pabst Malt Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wis.**

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We have a beautiful ornament, an easel of most unique design, which we send **Free** to any address, upon receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps to cover postage and packing.



This little booklet will tell you a number of things about underwear that you never heard of before.

It tells how to secure an amount of bodily comfort that is absolutely unknown to wearers of wool or cotton.

It tells how to be free from colds—tells of an underwear that is more cleanly, more comfortable, and more healthful than any other—the Dr. Deimel Underwear—which is now worn by thousands of intelligent people the year round, who wonder how they were ever satisfied with the prickly, irritating wool, or the cold and clammy cotton. Write for a copy. Free for the asking.



All genuine Dr. Deimel garments bear this trade-mark.

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**I**F YOU are having any trouble with the finish on your floors, or are not entirely pleased with their appearance, it is certain you have not used Liquid Granite, the finest floor finish ever introduced.

If you cannot procure it of your dealer send us 75 cents and we will ship you by express charges paid a can of Liquid Granite sufficient to cover 150 square feet.

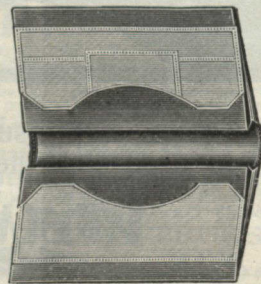
Finished samples of wood and instructive pamphlet on the care of natural wood floors sent free for the asking.

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Our stock is complete in all the LATEST DESIGNS, STYLES and PRICES.

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LADIES' and GENTS' PURSES  
PORTFOLIOS  
LETTER and CARD CASES  
PHOTOGRAPH and DRESSING  
CASES**

We have just added to our assortment a splendid line of MEXICAN HAND-CARVED BAGS, PURSES, CARD CASES, etc., the finest and most stylish goods made. See them.

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Manufacturers of  
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 CONCEDED  
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**ON THE MARKET**  
 AT ALL SHOE STORES  
 ALL COLORS · 15 & 25¢ SIZES

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years standing—if you once try it you will use no other.  
 At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

**FOR THE TEETH.**

**FISTULA AND POLL EVIL**

Fleming's Fistula and Poll Evil Cure is a new, scientific & certain remedy.

**NO COST IF IT FAILS.**

Write today for important circular No. 569

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 VEGETABLE SICILIAN  
**HAIR RENEWER**

A high-class preparation in every way. Always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and glossy, and preventing splitting at the ends.

Sold by druggists for 50 years. If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1 to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

## Drunkards Easily Cured

Miss Edith Williams, Wants Every Lady Reader of This Paper to Know How She Saved Her Father.

### TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or cooperation. Send name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 2442 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food. Nothing could be more dramatic or devoted than the manner in which Miss Edith Williams, Box 33, Wayneville, Ohio, cured her drunken father after years of misery wretchedness and almost unbearable suffering.

"Yes," she said, "our friends think it a miracle I cured him without his knowledge or consent by using a remedy secretly in his coffee and food. I hadn't seen him sober for half a day before in over fourteen years. But the very day he got the first dose of it he came home sober," said Edith, "I don't know what has come over me but I hate the sight and smell of liquor and am going to stop drinking forever."

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to Break*



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# HENRY BIRKS & SONS

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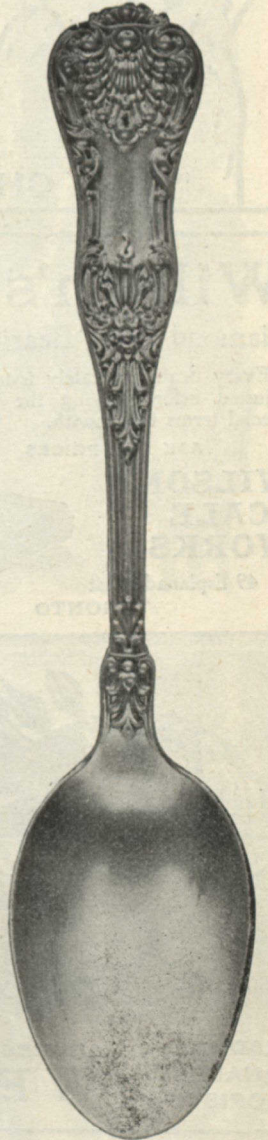
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Beauty of Form  
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- No. 1559—Coffee Spoons.....\$11.00 per doz.
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**Every piece manufactured  
by our own silversmiths.**

**A Sample Spoon will be  
mailed on approval to  
any one so requesting.**

# HENRY BIRKS & SONS

Manufacturers of Fine Jewellery, Silverware  
and Rich Cut Glass.

**MONTREAL, CAN.**



**IF  
I WERE  
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

# Wilson's Scales

Diamond Steel Bearings.

Every Scale accurately tested and adjusted before leaving the works  
Special terms this month.

ASK FOR PRICES

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**Baby's Own Soap**

is a guard against all skin troubles in children. It cleanses, softens, soothes and prevents chafing and sores.

**IT IS AS GOOD FOR THE  
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To convince you of the superiority of **WEBSTER'S "BEAVER BRAND" ROSES** we will send a large one-year-old plant of each of these best of all house roses—Clothilde Soupert, white. Bridesmaid, pink. Hermosa, pink. Roi de Cramoise, crimson. Etoile de Lyon, golden yellow—sent post-paid to any Canadian address for only 30 cents; two or more sets to one address 25 cents each.

## Our Dominion Rose Collection

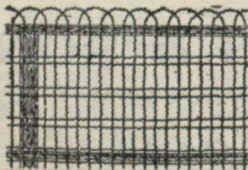
of twenty, one year old, Ever-Blooming Roses, each plainly named and each a different variety, sent post-paid and safe arrival guaranteed, for only \$1.00.

The above are the greatest offers ever made to Rose-growers. With each order we send our Descriptive Catalogue "Canadian Plants for Canadian People," and full cultural directions for the Roses.

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The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 3



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Phillips Square,  
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Novelties from  
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**Costume Crackers and Mottoes,  
Dainty and Attractive Baskets  
and Boxes.**

**Fine Quality Chocolates, Fruit Creams,  
Buttercups, Caramels and Nougats.**  
Variety and Choice Flavours—one, two, three and  
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**Maple Sugar Cream,** a delicacy for friends abroad.  
Special Wrapping for Post or Express Packages.

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**Fancy Assorted Iced Cakes, Macaroons,  
Almond Sponge, Vanilla and Duchess Wafers,  
Shortbread, etc.,** for Dessert and Receptions.

They're "Joyce's".

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*The  
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Standard of  
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Delicious Dessert less than  
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Rennet Tablets—10 cts. for  
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It needs no tacks; requires no labor in fixing, causes no trouble and gives universal satisfaction.

Every genuine Hartshorn Shade Roller has signature of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

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 IT RESTORES THE STOMACH  
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Whooping Cough,  
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*Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.*

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

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**THE LAST  
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Are all of the best in the  
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They are sold exclusively to high-class dealers

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### THE NEW SCALE.

When you buy a piano ask to see and hear "The New Scale" Karn. Its musical beauties are a revelation. There is a dulcet, flute-like quality in the middle register, a pearly crispness in the upper notes, and a sonorous majesty in the bass which are not to be compared with those of the ordinary commercial piano. Connoisseurs who have tried it carefully pronounce it a great success. Don't forget what to ask for, "The New Scale Karn."

The D. W. KARN CO., Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

KARN PIANO

*If the road to a Man's heart lies through his Stomach*

**A FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGE**  
*is necessary to reach it.*

Its Ventilated Oven keeps all the Baking so fresh and sweet that when a fine juicy roast is ready for the table it retains all the appetizing flavor always found in good Beef. . . . .

THE  
**"Famous Active"**  
 has not a weak point in its whole make-up.

BOOKLET FREE

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## THE NEW ROUTE TO THE FAR-FAMED SAGUENAY

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### CANADIAN ADIRONDACKS

Trains connect at Chicoutimi with Saguenay Steamers for

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A round trip unequalled in America, through matchless Forest, Mountain, River and Lake Scenery, down the majestic Saguenay by daylight and back to the Fortress City.

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on the Lower St. Lawrence, with their Chain of Commodious Hotels. **Hotel Roberval**, Lake St. John, has first-class accommodation for 300 Guests (Golf Links), and is run in connection with the **Island House**, at **Grand Discharge**, of Lake St. John, the Centre of the **Ouananiche** Fishing Grounds.

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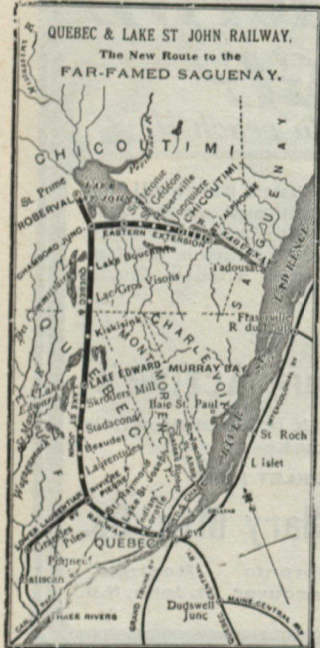
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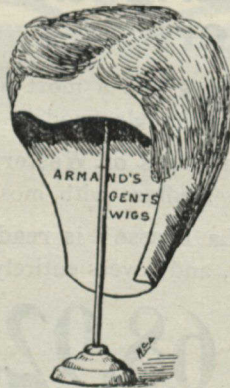
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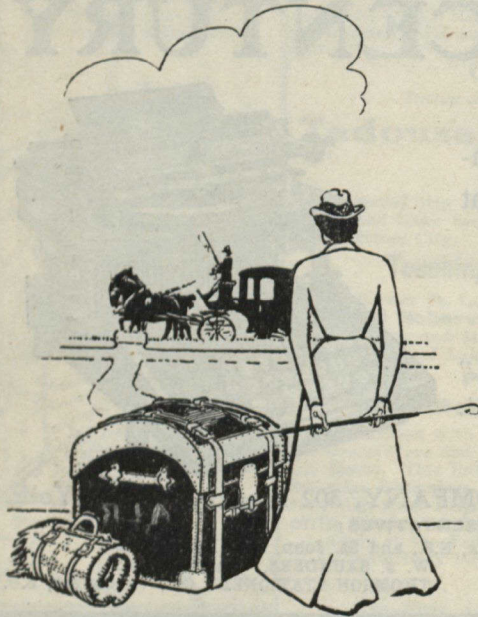
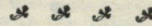
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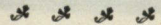
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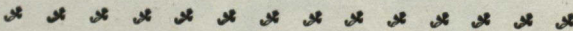


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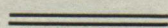
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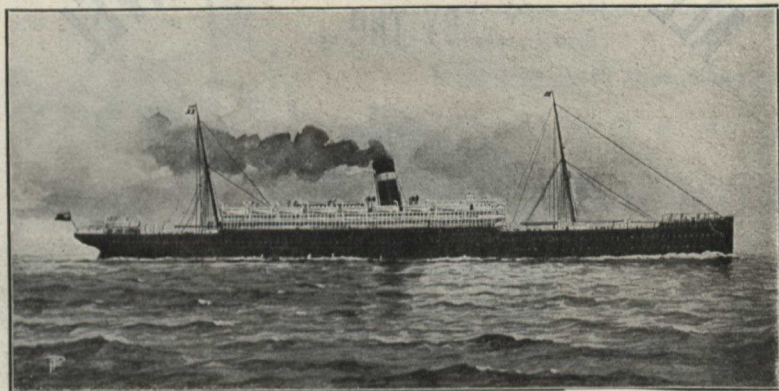
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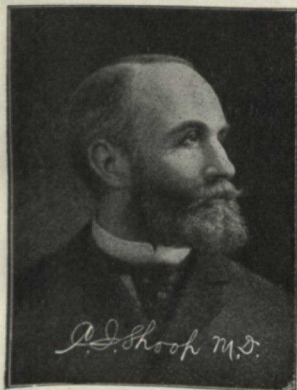
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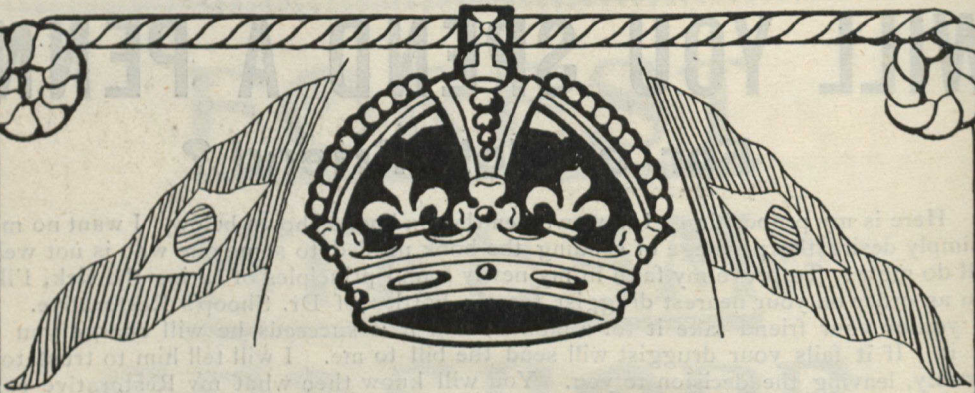
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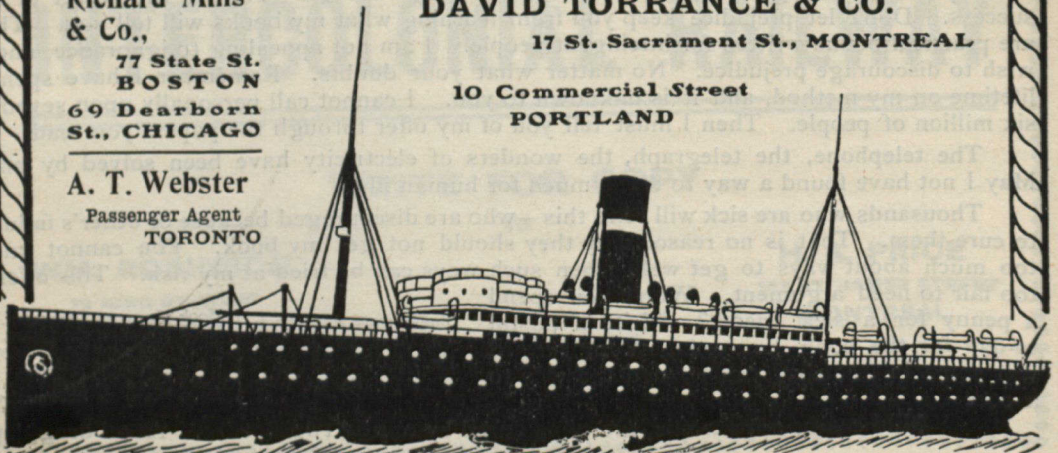
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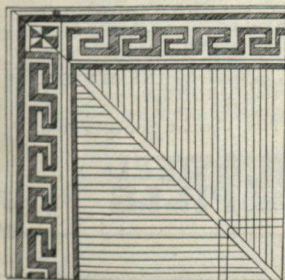
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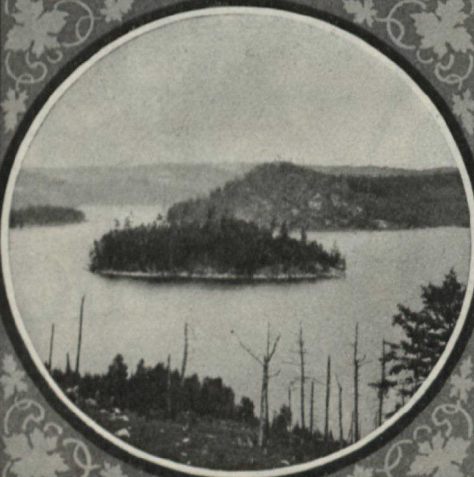
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The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff Street, New York.

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The thorough methods that we employ in dyeing and cleaning household articles—carpets, curtains, furniture coverings, drapes, etc.—make us surprising helpers to everyone who keeps house. The labor of house-cleaning and keeping things attractive at home the year round is much lessened if you call in our assistance.

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AT THE  
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If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

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Quality as of old—  
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# Hunyadi János

IS THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER KNOWN.

One Thousand prominent physicians have testified to this fact. Read what Professor Picot of Bordeanx, France (Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University) writes: "Hunyadi Janos is indisputably the best of laxatives, it is admirably tolerated by the stomach, it acts without giving rise to intestinal irritation, and it, therefore, deserves its universal popularity."

Nature's Remedy for the cure of

## CONSTIPATION,

Disordered Stomach, Bilioussness and Liver Complaints.

ASK For the Full Name, "HUNYADI-JANOS" | LABEL on bottle is BLUE with RED Centre Panel

# Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy  
No adulteration. Never cakes.

**THE MEGGA COFFEE**

AS USED IN TURKEY.

AS GUARANTEED TO BE  
OF THE FINEST QUALITY  
BY THE  
ORIGINS OF  
THE WORLD  
PRODUCE



THIS COFFEE  
IS SOLD ONLY  
IN THE BERRY  
AND THE NAME IS  
PROTECTED BY LAW  
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FOR THE BERRY

IMPORTED & PREPARED BY  
**JAMES TURNER & Co**  
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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 material  
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  
Furniture Co., Limited.**  
PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.  
Office, School, Church and Lodge  
Furniture.



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**ENGLISH  
BREAKFAST  
BACON**

THE STANDARD OF  
EPICUREAN TASTE  
For Sale by all Leading  
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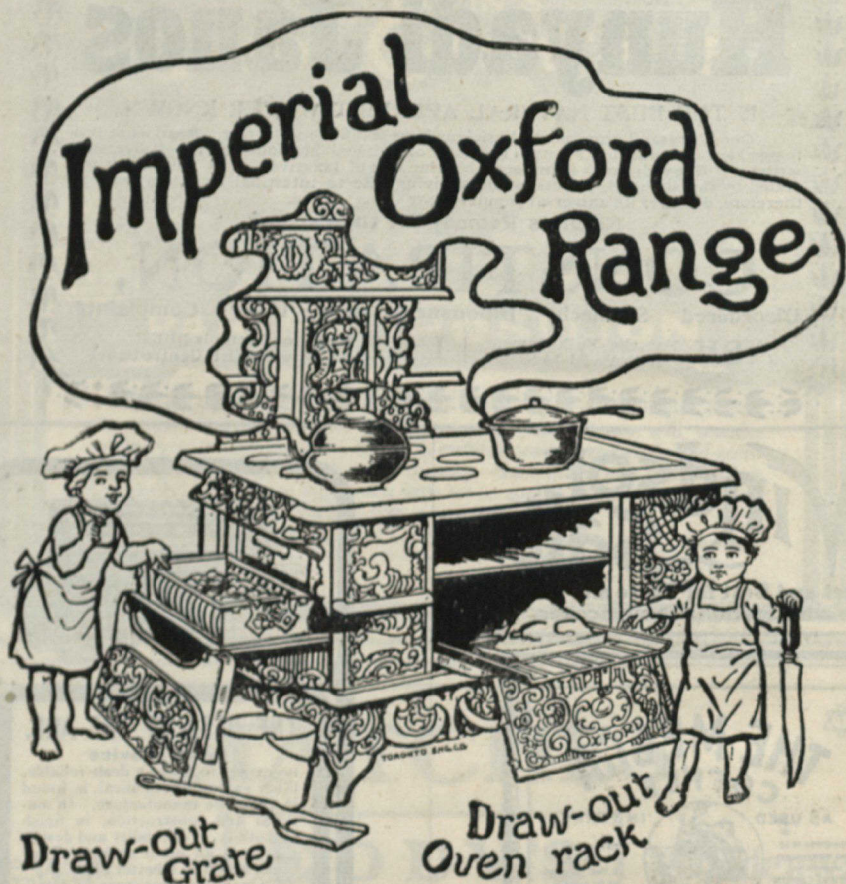
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These are the patented mechanical features that have made the Imperial Oxford popular all over Canada.

A glance shows you their practical advantages.

In addition you must remember that the fire always responds to a touch—burning fast or keeping slow, as required—which saves an immense amount of fuel.

As the ovens are perfectly ventilated, with the heat absolutely uniform at back, front and sides.

If you're thinking at all about ranges call and look the Imperial Oxford over, and be your own judge of its economical superiority.

Sold by Leading Dealers  
in All Parts of Canada

**THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited**  
Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver

**THE GURNEY-MASSEY CO., Limited**  
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## Fasting and Feasting

The Lenten Season, with its Fasting, is too often followed by a period of over Feasting, which brings more real pain to the individual than his former efforts at self-sacrifice.

### We Should Be Careful

that in the joyous Easter Feasting we do not outrage our Organs of Digestion, and especially is this incumbent on him whose stomach has already given warning. All danger may be avoided by using

## Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets

One or two of these dainty digestive tablets taken immediately after a meal, no matter how hearty, will digest the food, every particle of it, and thus prevent Heartburn, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, or Bloating. And they do more than prevent. When a full treatment is taken

**They Cure**

**FIFTY CENTS A BOX.**  
Wherever Medicine is Sold.

# YOU ARE ON THE WRONG TRACK

You are troubled with Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart and pains throughout your body, and have been dosing for the Heart, Nerves, etc., and have lost confidence in medicine. It is your Stomach, the vital centre of the body, that is deranged, and when your Stomach is wrong your whole system suffers . . . . Use

# Abbey's Effervescent Salt

The Tonic Laxative—it will cure you. Your mind will become clear and active, your will and nerves strong. Irritableness will leave you. Constipation will no longer trouble you, for your Liver will act in harmony with your Stomach. Your digestion will be perfect, your blood pure, and your entire body will teem with vigor and vitality.

SEND FOR BOOKLET TO  
**THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT COMPANY, Limited**  
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## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.

Belfast, Ireland, AND

164, 166, & 170 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



Appointments to His Most Gracious Majesty the King, the late Emperor Frederick, &c.

**CAMBRIC  
 POCKET  
 HANDKER-  
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Samples  
 Post Free

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Children's .....	30c. per doz.
Ladies' .....	54c. "
Gents' .....	78c. "
	<small>HEMSTITCHED.</small>
Ladies' .....	66c. "
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**LINEN  
 COLLARS,  
 CUFFS, &  
 SHIRTS.**

Price Lists  
 Post Free

Ladies', from	84c. per doz.
Gents' 4-fold,	\$1.18 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen	from \$1.42 per doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality, Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs,	\$8.52 the half-dozen (to measure, 48c. extra).

**OLD SHIRTS** made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half-dozen.

**IRISH  
 DAMASK  
 TABLE &  
 HOUSE  
 LINEN.**

Fish Napkins,	70c. per doz.
Dinner Napkins,	\$1.32 per doz.
Table Cloths, 2 yards square,	60c. each.
Table Cloths, 2 1/2 x 3 yards,	\$1.32 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths,	23c. each.
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide,	46c. per yard.

Roller Towelling, 6c. per yard. Dusters, from 78c. per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per doz.  
**N.B.—TO PREVENT DELAY, ALL LETTER ORDERS AND INQUIRIES FOR SAMPLES SHOULD BE SENT DIRECT TO BELFAST, IRELAND.**

NOTE.—Beware of parties using our name, we employ neither Agents nor Travellers.

# Libby's

GOOD  
THINGS

TO  
EAT ~



## Luxurious Living

Need not imply expensive living, it is having the best. The best usually costs a lot, because it involves waste.

In using

## Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

you get them absolutely without waste, cooked and **Ready to Serve**.

If you choose, you can fix them up a little, in some of the dainty ways suggested in the book we give away for the asking, "How to Make Good Things to Eat." This way they **cost no more than inferior things done at home**.

### Ox Tongues, Soups, Veal Loaf

Are troublesome and expensive—Libby's are not. In convenient key-opening cans. Libby's Atlas of the World mailed free for ten cents postage.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

# SWEET CAPORAL" CIGARETTES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Kinney Bros., New York

## THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED

without such a simple precaution as

## ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

It assists the functions of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS by natural means



It prevents any over-acid state of the blood, and should be kept in every bedroom and traveller's bag in readiness for any emergency. It always does good—never any harm. It forms a delightful, invigorating, cooling, soothing and health-giving beverage. It acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It is impossible to overstate its great value in health or disease. Its effect on any disordered or feverish condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's own remedy, and an unsurpassed one.

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.—*European Mail*.

**CAUTION.**—Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S. E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

## Walpole Bros.

LIMITED

"BELFAST HOUSE"

Established 1766.

## DAMASK AND LINEN MANUFACTURERS,

For Excellence of Quality and Moderation of Price Stand Unrivalled.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

## HOUSE LINEN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Ladies writing for samples and estimates to any desired amount will be pleased with what WALPOLE BROS. undertake to give.

All goods hemmed and marked in ink free of charge.

DUBLIN, BELFAST

AND

89]New Bond Street, LONDON, ENGLAND.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

## Walter Baker & Co.'s

PURE, HIGH GRADE

## Cocoas and Chocolates



TRADE-MARK.

**Breakfast Cocoa.**—Absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

**Premium No. 1 Chocolate.**—The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.

**Sweet German Chocolate.**—Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

## WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

BRANCH HOUSE, 12 and 14 St. John St., MONTREAL

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE

## Grape-Nuts

A DAINTY DISH.

With the Delicate Sweet of Grape Sugar.

The meat eater and the vegetarian alike are charmed with the Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. It has the delicate flavor of Grape-Sugar, and is entirely ready for the table without necessity for cooking.

Made by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

This furnishes one of the daintiest dishes ever placed upon a breakfast table. Can be served hot instantly by pouring hot milk or cream over the Grape-Nuts. Many prefer the food dry with cream on the side.

A distinct gain in mental force follows its use. There's a reason.

IN ONE BOTTLE  
REQUIRES  
NO HEATING  
MIXING

Indelible and Harmless  
On any Fabric.  
Try it once and you will

# Lion Series of Steel Pens

THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited, TORONTO

"FINE WRITER 068" is the style of pen chosen by many women of the smart set. If your stationer can supply you send 6c. for sample to the selling agents