

THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE

PRICE 25 CENTS



AUGUST

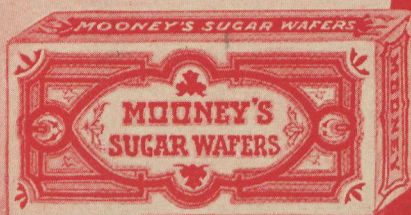
Vol. XXXV

No. 4

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
TORONTO



MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS



*A PERFECT
DELICACY,
in Tin Boxes
10¢ and 25¢
sizes.*



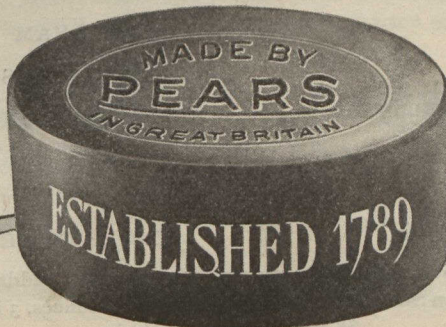
About Wrinkles

If the skin be kept soft and smooth, wrinkles will not easily develop—indeed they may be staved off almost indefinitely. But the question is, How is it possible to keep the skin in such a condition? The natural, and therefore the most effective, way of achieving this is to use

Pears' Soap

The soap that was invented 120 years ago for this special purpose, and has never been equalled for its exquisite emollient and skin-vivifying properties. Its action is at once protective and preservative, maintaining the skin in a healthy condition and retaining its youthful freshness.

The best
of all
aids to



Beauty of
skin and
complexion

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXV.

No. 3

CONTENTS, AUGUST, 1910

I'm Lucky to Find You In DRAWING BY J. W. BEATTY	FRONTISPIECE
Storied Halifax ILLUSTRATED	ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN 363
When Donald's Ship Came Home A STORY	A. CLARK McCURDY 300
Goldwin Smith at Oxford WITH PORTRAIT	W. L. GRANT 304
Goldwin Smith in Canada ILLUSTRATED	A. H. U. COLQUHOUN 315
The Blot. (Act II) A Play	ARTHUR STRINGER 324
The Gray Angel. A Poem	KATHERINE HALE 334
Martyrs' Hill and Shrine.	MARGARET LILLIS HART 335
Hamilton Revell WITH PORTRAIT	A BRIEF SKETCH BY V. S. 339
The Passenger. A Story ILLUSTRATIONS BY ESTELLE M. KERR	THEODORE ROBERTS 340
Companioned. A Poem	L. M. MONTGOMERY 345
The Orange Grove. A Story	SHIRLEY RAYNARD 349
Canada's Wonderland ILLUSTRATED	A. O. WHEELER, A.C., F.R.G.S. 353
The Truant. A Poem	H. O. N. BELFORD 365
The Black Sheep Club. A Story	PETER McARTHUR 366
Current Events.	F. A. ACLAND 370
At Five o'Clock	JEAN GRAHAM 374
The Way of Letters	BOOK REVIEWS 378
What Others are Laughing At	CURRENT HUMOUR 382

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to The CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Offices, 3 Regent St. London, S. W. 38 Rue du Louvre, Paris.



Hotel Cecil

LONDON



The Premier Hotel of Europe

The Cecil is a cosmopolitan hotel in the broadest sense of the term, with a fixed tariff based on strict relation to the MODERN COST OF LIVING. Accomodation can be had from the modest, but comfortable, Single Room to the most Elaborate Suite. The public Apartments—spacious and elegant—are unsurpassed in Europe.

TARIFF

BEDROOMS

Single
From \$1.25 per day.

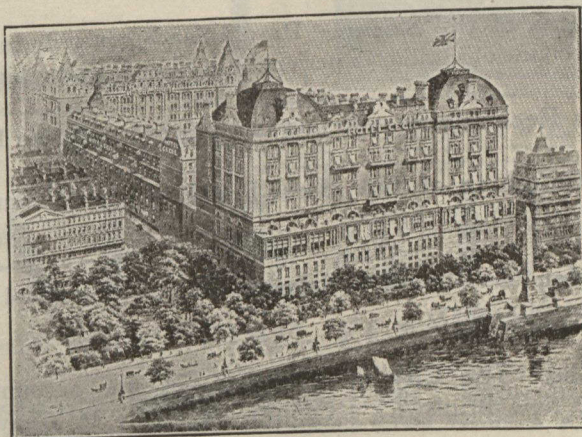
Double
From \$2.25 per day.

Suite of Rooms
From \$6.25 per day.

No charge for Light
or Attendance.

ORCHESTRA
AT ALL MEALS

On Sundays, Vocal
Concert after
Dinner.



TARIFF

BREAKFAST
60c., 75c. and 85c.

LUNCH
\$1.00

DINNER
\$1.25, \$1.85 and
\$2.50

SUPPER
\$1.00
Or à la Carte.

All "fixed price"
meals served in
Restaurant.

Inclusive Charges
Quoted.

**IDEAL LOCATION: CENTRAL AND CONVENIENT
BOTH FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.**

YOU can make a preliminary acquaintance with the Hotel by sending for the Cecil Booklet. This little volume presents by illustration and description a fair idea of the Hotel's luxurious interior, its imposing exterior, the cost of a stay, either brief or extended, and contains a variety of general information of service to the visitor to London. It can be had for the asking from

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TRAVEL BUREAU, TORONTO, CANADA

The Canadian Magazine for September

Napoleon's Burial and Exhumation.—Interesting reminiscences of an eye witness. Edited by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy-Minister of Education for Ontario. Well illustrated.

The Blot.—The third act of Arthur Stringer's fascinating drama. Drawing by J. W. Beatty.

Scientific Ghost Stories.—A consideration of attempts made by scientists to explain psychic phenomena.

Bonanzas of the Slocan.—Harold Sands contributes another stirring account of mining experiences in British Columbia.

Love's Recompense.—A fine short story by Marian Bower.

The Daughter of the Horse-Leech.—A serio-comic, short story by Peter McArthur.

Red Men of Vancouver Island.—A plea for control of lands, by Earnest McGaffey.

St. John: The City of Loyalists.—A fine account of the history of New Brunswick's Capital, by Emily P. Weaver.

The Struggle for Prince Edward Island.—Ida Burwash contributes an appreciative review of an old historical record.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR POSTPAID

H.P. SAUCE

is the new
Sauce imported
from England.

It is made by blending together the most delicious Oriental fruits and spices, with Pure Malt Vinegar by a secret process.

The Grocers and Stores over here are already selling H.P. Sauce.

Buy a bottle to-day!

CLEAN your Teeth with CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

15 cts. at your Druggists.

For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to
F. C. CALVERT & Co.,
349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

THE GREAT DIGESTIVE

The A I S A U C E

Excellent with "FISH, FLESH OR FOWL"

Sole Manufacturers—BRAND & CO., Ltd., Mayfair, London, Eng.
Agent, H. HUBBARD, 27 Common Street, Montreal, P.Q.

IT HAS NO EQUAL
FOR KEEPING
THE SKIN
SOFT,
SMOOTH,
AND WHITE

AT ALL SEASONS

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S
LAIT
Parola
Reg^d

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING

after Cycling, Motoring, Tennis, Boating, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all
**ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION,
HEAT, Etc.**

INVALUABLE
for Preserving
THE SKIN
AND COMPLEXION
from the effects of the
SUN, WINDS and
HARD WATER.

Ask your Chemist for it, and accept no substitute.

A Natural Remedy

Time was when disease was thought to be due to the direct influence of evil spirits, and exorcism and magic were invoked to cast them out.

Science has taught us wisdom. The evil spirits exist, 'tis true; we call them "Disease Germs," and they too, must be cast out. Once lodged in the stomach or intestines, fever with its hallucinations or biliousness with its aches and pains are the results.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

is the approved remedy for driving out disease germs. Its action is quick and thorough. It clears the intestines, awakens the torpid liver to new life, stimulates the mucus to a healthy flow, and cleanses and invigorates the whole digestive tract. A single dose will do wonders, a judicious use will make a new man of you and prevent you from backsliding into your old, half-sick self.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S.E., Eng.

Wholesale of the NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.,
Montreal and branches.

Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKLEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE

Agents for Quebec & Ontario:
B. & S. THOMPSON, LTD. ST. PAUL ST.
MONTREAL

JOHN OAKLEY & SONS, LTD.
Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS

Used by mothers the world over, for nearly
half a Century, the safest and best for

CHILDREN TEETHING

free from morphia or opium or any harmful ingredient

Observe the
Trade Mark



on every Packet
and Powder

27c. and 67c. per package of all Chemists and Stores.

Depot: 125, New North Road, London N, England

Est^d 1785

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.



THIS TRADE MARK
has been familiar to users of high-class knitting wools for a century and a quarter. It is the mark of Baldwin's famous

BEEHIVE WOOLS

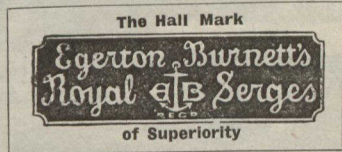
AND STANDS FOR
Quality Comfort & Durability
See that each Skein of Beehive Wool carries a ticket with the Beehive Trade Mark. This mark is a guarantee of reliability. Send for our free booklet "Beehive Wools and their Uses."
J. & J. BALDWIN, Halifax, Eng.
and Partners, Ltd.

24 ROYAL AND IMPERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

EGERTON BURNETT, LTD'S
Pure Wool
Royal Serges

possess essential characteristics which are the distinguishing features of Really Reliable Clothing Fabrics.

- A Guarantee of Warmth**
They are composed entirely of Pure Wool.
- A Guarantee of Durability**
They are very strong in make.
- A Guarantee of Good Appearance**
They are dyed and finished in a reliable manner.



Samples of these Pure Wool Royal Serges in various colors, suitable for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's wear, at prices from 49 cts. per yard, will be mailed, POST PAID, on request, to any part of the Dominion.

Costumes, Suits, etc. made to measure.
Please write for Samples and Illustrated Price List.
ADDRESS:
EGERTON BURNETT, LIMITED
R. W. WAREHOUSE, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

Do you want to learn to play
AT SIGHT

THEN USE
WICKINS' . . .

PIANO . . .

TUTOR . . .

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN FINGERING
60 cents, post free, of all Music Dealers.

WHAT RECOMMENDS ITSELF?

"MELANYL" THE MARKING INK

REQUIRES NO HEAT. WARRANTED INDELIBLE
NEW MATELLIC PEN WITH EVERY BOTTLE
NICKLE LINEN STRETCHER WITH EACH LARGE SIZE

Of all Stationers Chemists and Stores or Post Free for One Shilling (25c.) from the Inventors.

COOPER DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD. 7 & 9 St. BRIDE ST. ENGLAND
LONDON E.C.

SOUTHALLS' SANITARY TOWELS

Modern science and the spread of Hygiene made the invention and manufacture of Southalls' Sanitary Towels possible. Since 1880 they have become widely known and appreciated as an indispensable article for ladies' use, possessing advantages which recommend them to every woman.

Apply for full particulars and samples to the Agent for the Dominion, J. M. SCHEAK, Carlaw Buildings, Wellington Street West, Toronto.

- Southalls' Sanitary Towels** (the original and best).
- Southalls' Accouchement Sets** (containing all Requisites in Three Sizes).
- Southalls' Sheets for Accouchement** and other Sanitary Specialities.

Manufactured by **SOUTHALL BROS. & BARCLAY, LTD., Birmingham, England.**



DONEGAL SQUARE, BELFAST, IRELAND

Magnificent City Hall on right—Robinson & Cleaver Building on left—famous Irish Linen Store.

BENGER'S FOOD

is soothing and satisfying. It contains all the elements of a natural food in a condition suitable for immediate absorption.

When milk alone is heavy and unsatisfying, Benger's Food *made with milk*, is appetising and nutritive.

Benger's Food should be used for healthy development in infancy, for rebuilding strength in weakened systems, and for the preservation of old age in usefulness and vigour.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

The "British Medical Journal" says: "Benger's Food has by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

Readers can obtain a 48-page Booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use It," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants, and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER.

Write for Samples and Price List (sent Post Free) and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND

LTD.

Regent Street and Cheapside, London; also Liverpool.

Telegraphic Address: ("LINEN, BELFAST.")

IRISH LINEN AND DAMASK MANUFACTURERS

AND FURNISHERS BY WARRANT OF
APPOINTMENT TO

**Members of the Royal Family
and the Courts of Europe.**



Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels,
Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and
the General Public, direct with every description of



HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World.

Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer, and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last.
By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINENS: Linen Sheetings, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard; Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 9c. per yard; Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard; Dusters from 78c. Glass Cloths, \$1.18 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 23c. per yard. Our Special Soft-finished Longcloth from 10c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN: Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.56 per doz. Table Cloths, two yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, \$1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS: With 4-fold fronts and cuffs and bodies of fine Longcloth, \$8.52 the half doz. (to measure, 48c. extra). New Designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts for \$3.36 the half doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS: "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—*The Queen*. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Sylvia's Home Journal*. Children's, from 30c. to \$1.18 per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. to \$2.75 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. to \$3.84 per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', 66c. to \$8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to \$6.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS: Collars—Gentlemen's 4-fold, newest shapes from \$1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For gentlemen, from \$1.66 per doz. Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey, and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellent and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING: A luxury now within the reach of all Ladies. Chemises, trimmed embroidery, 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, \$1.08. India or Colonial Outfits from \$52.68; Bridal Trousseaux from \$32.04; Infants' Layettes from \$15.00. (See List).

N.B.—To prevent delay all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Addressed :

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, 42 A Donegall Place, BELFAST, IRELAND.

NOTE.—Beware of parties using our name. We employ neither Agents nor Travellers.

EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE



THE DOCTOR: "Ah! yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."

Steedman's Soothing Powders

EE CONTAIN NO POISON EE

BOY'S HIGHLAND COSTUMES

Send to-day for Patterns, Sketches, Self-Measurement Form and Catalogue.
We pay Half-Postage to all parts of the World.

Specimen Undress Highland Costume
(As Illustration.) Probable Age 6 years.

	1st Q ^{Ty}	2nd Q ^{Ty}
	s d.	£ s. d.
Tweed Jacket and Vest ..	15 6	1 0 0
Tartan Kilt ..	12 6	1 1 0
Do. Trews (to Wear Under Kilt)	3 6	4 6
Sporran (Head or Leather) ..	5 6	10 6
Chain Strap ..	1 6	1 6
Saxony Glen-garry or Bal-moral Cap ..	2 6	3 6
Cap Crest ...	1 6	2 6
Collar and Tie	1 0	1 0
Tartan Hose (Top)	3 6	4 6
Brushing Leather Brouges	8 6	8 6
	£2 15 6	3 17 6



The Price of the above Estimate Rises and Falls 3/6 according to size.

ESTIMATES GIVEN.
For Gentle mens Highland Costumes who'e or part of same
WE INVITE CORRESPONDENCE.

ADAIR & CO., HIGHLAND SPECIALISTS
74, South Bridge, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

FREE LACE COVER with Book of 1,000 BARGAINS.

PEACH'S TABLE DAMASK

53 Years Reputation. Latest Catalogue, largest issued. Post Free. Lace Curtains, Household Linens, Serge & Muslin Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Ladies' & Gents' Underwear, Shoes, Costumes, Gents' Clothing. A Whole Warehouse in Book form to look through. Import your own goods British made and Reliable. Write to-day.

TABLE DAMASK PARCEL Postage & Duty Paid \$6.25

- 2 White Damask Table Cloths, 24yds. by 2yds. &
- 2 White Damask Table Cloths, 60ins. by 58ins. all rich Scroll & Floral Designs, hemmed.
- 2 Half Bleached Table Cloths, hard wearing.
- 2 Irish Cambric Tea Cloths. 2 Handsome Tray Covers, all Irish Hand embroidered & drawn thread. Delivered to your home.

Postage and Duty Paid \$6.25.
Marvellous Value. Try One. Write to-day.

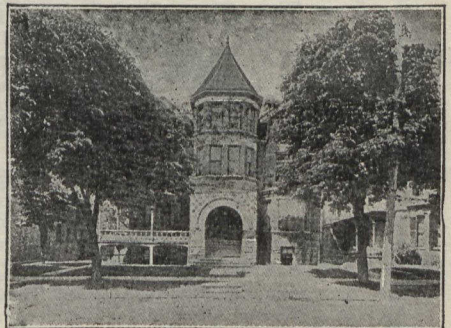
SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms, Box 664, NOTTINGHAM, England.



ONE PRICE

and the same exceptional value for our customers all over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction—splendid value and perfect fitting garments, whatever style you choose. We make the cloth, we make the clothes. Suits to measure from \$6 45 to \$13. 40. Cloth supplied from 75c. per yard. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of Canada, post free.

O. E. Brierley & Co., 50 Station St., Huddersfield, England



Toronto College of Music

12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

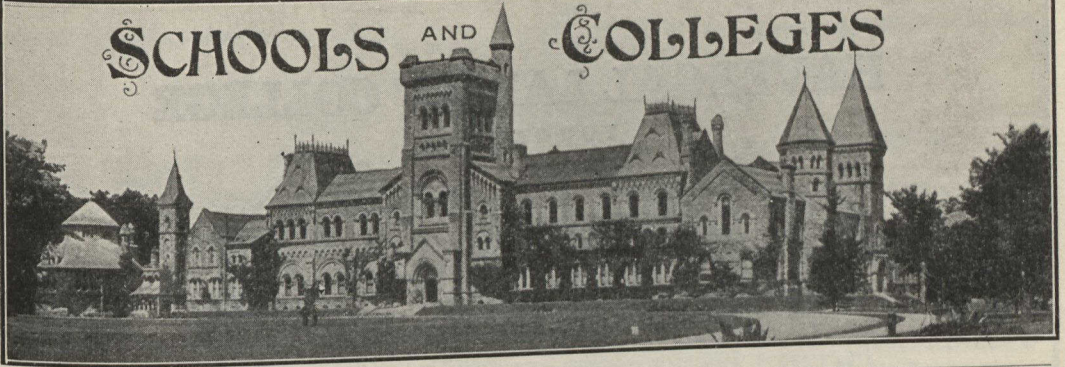
F. H. TORRINGTON,
Mus. Doc. (Tor.) Musical Director

**College Re-opens Thursday,
September 1st.**

Piano, Organ, Vocal, Violin, Theory.
Teachers' Kindergarten Course.

Send for new Calender and Syllabus.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES



Albert College

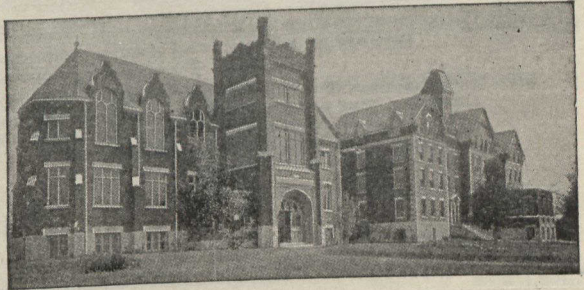
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

300 Students enrolled annually—
half of whom are young ladies.

Building heated by steam and
lighted by electricity.

Will re-open Tuesday, Sept 6th,
1910. For Callender, address :

Principal DYER, D. D.



HILL CROFT

BOBCAYGEON, ONT.

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY FOR
YOUNG BOYS

Very small classes. Careful attention. New building, specially designed, with all modern conveniences. Large grounds. Unexcelled climate. Staff of university graduates. Easily accessible by C. P. R.

Apply for prospectus to the Head Master, W. T. COMBER, B. A. OXFORD.

Next Term Commences Wednesday Sept. 14th, 1910

In WHAT? In

MILLIONS
W.H. Shaw

Such as you can get under best conditions at the Central Business College of Toronto. Catalogue explains fully. Write for it. W. H. SHAW, President, Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto

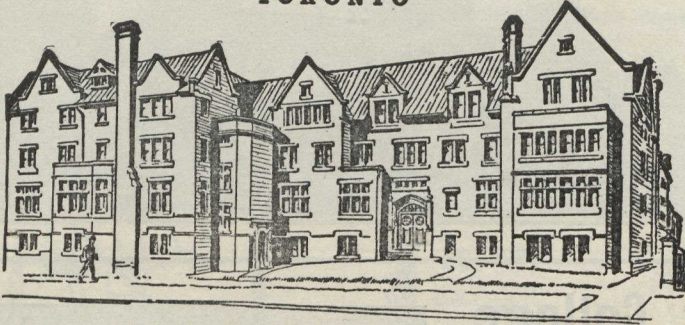
COMMON
Sense
EDUCATION

SUMMER TERM FROM JULY 4th.

AUTUMN TERM FROM AUGUST 29th.

HAVERGAL LADIES' COLLEGE

TORONTO



**Separate Senior and Junior Residential and Day Schools
with Preparatory Department**

Preparation for Honour Matriculation, Havergal Diploma, Examinations in Music and Art. Resident French and German Mistresses, Domestic Science School, with six Departments. Gymnasium, under graduate of the Boston Normal School. Cricket, tennis, basket ball, rink, swimming bath.

For illustrated calendar apply to the Bursar.

MISS KNOX, Principal.



The Royal Military College

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the college is organised on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course and, in addition, the constant practise of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the graduation for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' residence each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$300.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars of this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council Ottawa, Ont. : or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

Glen Mawr

651 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

Residential and Day School for Girls

Large Staff of Highly Qualified and Experienced Teachers and Professors. Native French and German Teachers.

Pupils prepared for the Universities and for Examinations in Music of Toronto University, the Conservatory of Music, and the Toronto College of Music.

Modern Educational Methods, Refining Influences, and Well-regulated Home.

Lawn Tennis and other games. Rink. The School will re-open on Tuesday

Sept. 13th.

For Prospectus, apply to

MISS VEALS, Principal

Woodstock College

Woodstock,
Ontario

A FULLY EQUIPPED RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN

Manual Training in Iron and Wood—First in
Canada.

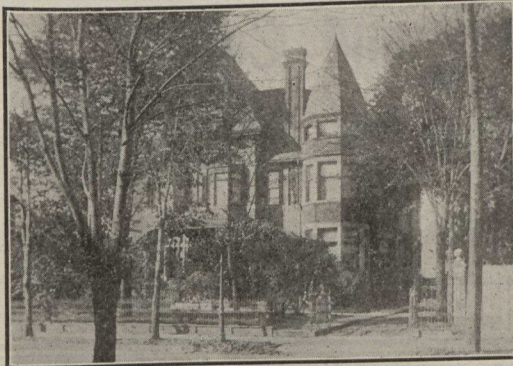
Large Grounds. First Class Gymnasium.

Noted for its high moral and Christian character.

53rd Annual Calendar sent on application.

A. T. MacNEILL, B. A.

Principal



WESTBOURNE School for Girls

340 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Canada.

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Students prepared for University Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R. C. A., Art Director. For announcement and information address the Principal,

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

Ontario Ladies' College

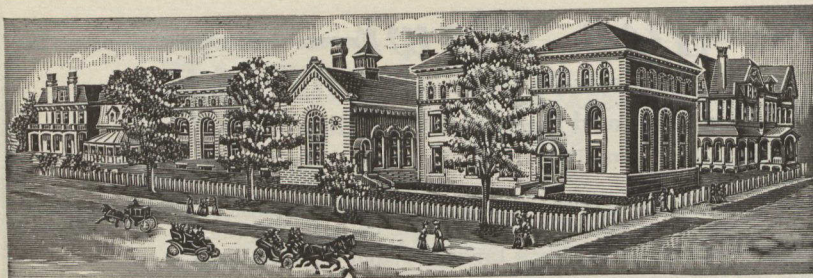
And
Conservatory
of Music
and Art

WHITBY
ONTARIO

(Trafalgar Castle)

Palatial buildings, acknowledged to be unequalled in Canada by those of any other Ladies' School or College: ideal location in a Collegiate town near Toronto, giving to those who desire it easy access to city concerts; magnificent College property embracing one hundred acres, and having a campus sufficiently large to enable all students to play at the same time without interfering with each other; gymnasium 40 x 80 feet; careful home and social training that will be likely to impart the essentials of good manners under moral and Christian influences; last, but not least, the recognized leader in staff, equipment and courses of study. Take note of the fact that **teachers of Dominion reputation** are at the head of the various departments. It will pay you to consider the above special advantages and send for calendar to the

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal



TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Musical Director

Send for 160 page Year Book

Special Calendar for School of Expression

Faculty of
100 Specialists

Women's
Residence
Re-opens on
Thursday
1st September,
1910

LOWER CANADA COLLEGE

Notre Dame de Grace
MONTREAL.

For Boarders and Day Boys.

HEAD MASTER:

C. S. FOSBERY, M. A.

Late Headmaster, St. John's School

Healthy situation. Use of Westmount Athletic grounds. 2 tennis courts. 2 rinks. Gymnasium. Sloyd (Manual Training) room. Excellent system of heating, ventilating and humidifying class rooms and dormitories.

Boys prepared for the Universities and the R. M. C., Kingston

TERM COMMENCES 9.15 A.M., SEPTEMBER 14

Queen's University and College

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE ARTS COURSE leads to the degrees of B.A. and M.A., D.Sc., and Ph.D.

THE EDUCATIONAL COURSES, under agreement with the Ontario Education Department, are accepted as the professional courses for (a) First Class Public School Certificate; (b) High School Assistant's Interim Certificate; (c) Specialists' Interim Certificate and (d) Inspectors' Certificate. They also lead to the degrees B.Paed., D.Paed.

THE LAW COURSE leads to the degree of LL.B;

THE THEOLOGICAL COURSE leads to the degree of B.D., Ph.D.

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degrees of M.B., M.D. and C.M., D.Sc.

THE SCIENCE COURSE leads to the degrees of B.Sc., and M.Sc., D.Sc.

THE ARTS COURSE may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session

Calendars may be had from the Registrar, **GEORGE Y. CHOWN, B.A., Kingston, Ont.**

SCHOOL OF MINING A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Affiliated to Queen's University

KINGSTON, ONT.

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I. Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> a. Mining Engineering. b. Chemistry and Mineralogy. c. Mineralogy and Geology. d. Chemical Engineering. i. Power Development. | <p>II. Three Years' Course for Diploma.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> e. Civil Engineering. f. Mechanical Engineering. g. Electrical Engineering. h. Biology and Public Health. |
|--|--|

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario

Bishop Strachan School

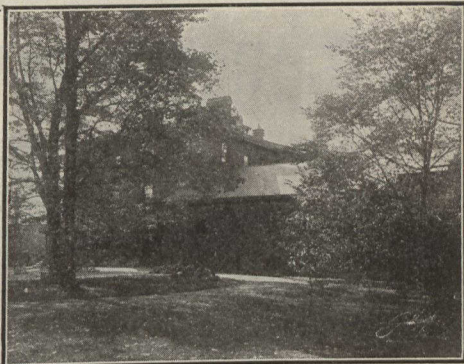
Forty-fourth Year

Wykeham Hall, COLLEGE ST., TORONTO.

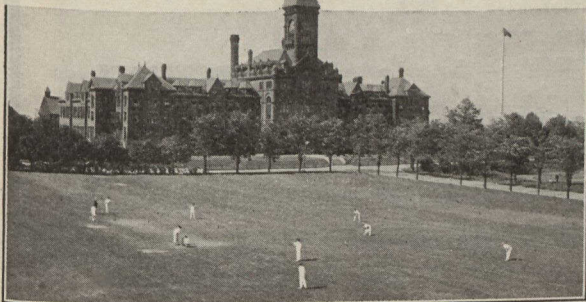
A Residential and Day School for Girls.

Full Matriculation Course as well as elementary work, Domestic Arts, Music and Painting. Centrally located yet with large grounds. Lawn for Tennis and other games. Skating Rink and good Gymnasium. For Calendar apply to

MISS ACRES, Principal.



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE



Founded 1829

TORONTO

Canada's Oldest Residential School.

Autumn Term begins on Tuesday, September 13th

Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, September 17th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, etc.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A., (Cambridge)

2552

Principal



ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

144 BLOOR ST. E., TORONTO, ONTARIO

A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Founded by the late George Dickson M.A. former principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—14 teachers of the highest Academic qualifications, of whom 8 are in residence, and of these 4 are European trained teachers of Modern Languages.

26 VISITING TEACHERS—Music 19, Art 3, Physical Culture 2, Elocution 1, Domestic Science 1.

DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 50 are in residence; classes average 10 each.

PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a specialty extended course for those not contemplating a university education,

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A.,

Principal.

CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work.
LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full sized outdoor skating rink in winter.

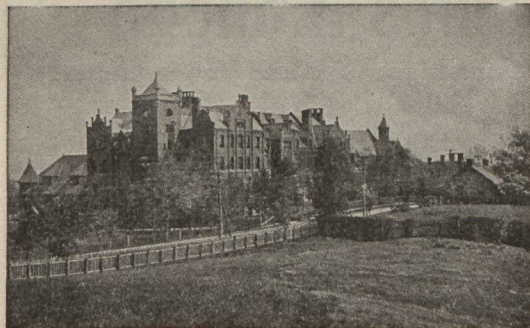
RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school. Specialists in every department.

RECORD—1905-06; 14 at Universities; 20 passed examination in Music at Toronto University, winning 11 1st class honors and 5 2nd class, and 10 at Conservatory of Music winning 3 first places in honor lists.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,

President.



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

PORT HOPE, ONT.

Residential School for Boys

Healthy Situation. Fire-proof Buildings.
Extensive Playgrounds, large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc.

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, and Business. Special attention given to younger boys.

*Next term begins Sept 14. New boys must report on Sept. 13.

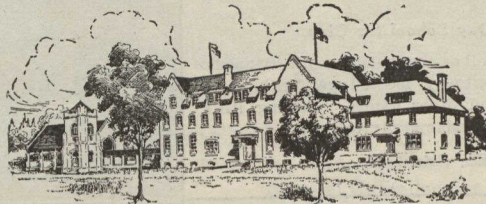
For calendar and all information, apply to the Headmaster

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge) L.L. D.

PORT HOPE, ONT.

ASHBURY COLLEGE

ROCKLIFFE PARK, OTTAWA



RESIDENT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Large, new fireproof buildings. Perfect sanitation. Beautiful and very healthy situation on high ground outside City. Ten acres of playing fields. Large up-to-date Gymnasium. Junior Department for little boys.

SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR R. M. C.

In 1910 entrance examinations for R. M. C. the school obtained **FIRST PLACE** on the list. All candidates sent in passed.

School will re-open Sept. 13th, 1910. For Calendar apply to

Rev. Geo. P. Woolcombe, M. A. (Oxon)
Headmaster

Established 1890

Incorporated 1908

WOODSTOCK BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED

AFFILIATED WITH

The Eastern Business Practice

Association of America.

GREGG SHORTHAND AND TOUCH TYPEWRITING
Practical Business from Commencement of Course

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE

M. J. Brophy, Principal
D. F. Currey, Sec'y

444-448 Dundas St.
Woodstock, Ont.

1860

THE BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

is a school with a history. Fifty years ago it was well known for its good work. Its work today is broader and better than at any previous time. If interested in securing the best business training, write for catalogue to T. M. Watson, Principal, Y.M.C.A. Building, Toronto.

Summer Term begins July 4th.

1910

The Ottawa Ladies College

One of the best Residential Schools in Canada for Girls and Young Ladies.

COURSES:—ACADAMIC (Matriculation).

SPECIAL (Finishing Courses):—ELOCUTION ART HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE
STENOGRAPHY MUSIC (At Canadian Conservatory.)

Write for Particulars

OTTAWA
CANADA

REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M.A., D.D.
PRINCIPAL

**UPPER
AND
LOWER
SCHOOLS**

Excellent Staff
Complete
Equipment



Large
Athletic
Fields

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Careful oversight in the Classroom and on the Athletic Field.

Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald,
M.A., LL.D.,
Headmaster

Autumn
Term Opens
Sept. 13th
1910

Calendar sent on
Application.

2500

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
TORONTO, CANADA.



RIDLEY COLLEGE
St. Catharines, Ont.

Lower School for boys under fourteen—entirely separate. Upper School prepares boys for the Universities and for business. Finest School Grounds in Canada—80 acres.
REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., D.C.L., Principal



Moulton College

34 Bloor Street East
TORONTO, ONT.

An Academic Department of McMaster University for Girls and Young Women. Senior School and Junior School. Fees for the year: Students in Residence, \$252 to \$262; Day Pupils, \$34 to \$72.

College Re-opens September 7th.
Calendar on request.

Miss Charlotte Thrall, Vice-Principal.
A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.

A BETTER SCHOOL

Its  Mark

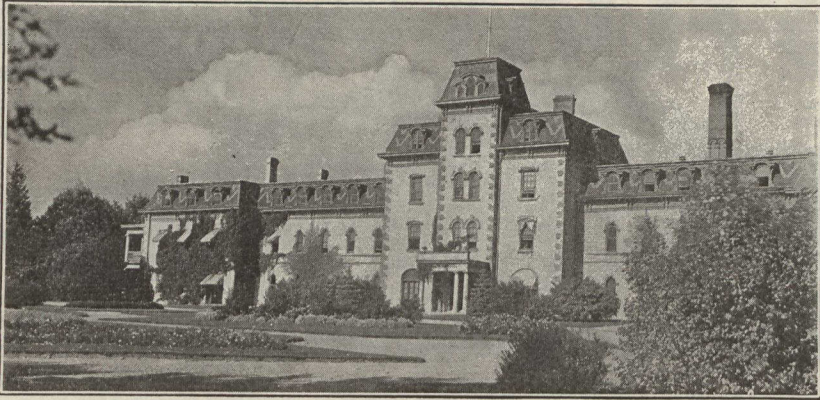
We do one thing only but we do it exceedingly well—we train boys and girls to be expert stenographers.

Our new book is ready, It contains sketches of our pupils who have won 22 typewriting contents, including the championship of the world 13 times in succession.

You may have a copy if you send now. It is an interesting book.

THE KENNEDY SCHOOL

Is at 9 Adelaide Street East in Toronto.



THE
Ontario Agricultural College
 GUELPH, - CANADA

Will Re-open September 20th, 1910

OUR course in Agriculture is designed not only to make specially trained agriculturalists, but also educated men. The course presupposes that a young man has had a good Public School training and that he has had the training in farm matters that usually comes to a young man who has lived on a farm. It supplements this training but does not repeat it.

No young man is well educated until he has been taught to do and to think. Both faculties are necessary and each assists the other. Experience and reason, however show that the students who enter the courses in agriculture have been better trained in doing than in thinking. Special emphasis is therefore laid on training the faculties of observation and reason; and of maturing the judgement. The laboratory methods and facilities are most thorough and complete in all scientific and technical courses, giving a training which is impossible to obtain merely from books.

A calendar will be mailed on request. Send for a copy to-day. Persons desiring to secure accommodation in Residence should apply for admission now to

G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A., LL.D.
 PRESIDENT

The Test of Value is Demand.

On this test the value of the Great-West Life Policies is strikingly obvious.

For three successive years popular opinion has given first place to the Great-West Policies. For three successive years the Great-West has written the largest Canadian Business of all the Companies.

During eighteen successful years—and especially during the last three exceptionally successful years—there has been a steadily increasing appreciation of the low premium rates—the high profit returns and the liberal conditions that characterize the Policies of

The Great-West Life

Assurance Company

Head Office . . . Winnipeg

Ask for personal rates—stating age.

The WESTERN

ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated in 1851

ASSETS,	\$3,267,082.55
LIABILITIES,	640,597.32
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,629,485.23

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
\$52,441,172.44

DIRECTORS:

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President
W. R. BROCK and JOHN HOSKIN, K. C. LL. D.
Vice-Presidents
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO



WHEN GOING ABROAD



To avoid unnecessary expense and inconvenience while travelling abroad, it is important to be provided with easily convertible funds.

The safest, most convenient and most practical form of exchange for foreign travel, is a book of

TRAVELLERS CHEQUES ISSUED BY THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

which carry our identification guarantee. These cheques are accepted in Every Civilized Country, and are issued in denominations of ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred dollars.

They prevent loss, avoid argument and furnish definite identification of the owner without expense or loss of time.

All prudent travellers should provide themselves with a book of these cheques before going abroad.

The Traders Bank of Canada

INTEREST

EVERY dollar you deposit with this Corporation will earn interest for you at **THREE AND ONE HALF PER CENT.** per annum, compounded four times each year; the highest rate consistent with the safety of the investment.

Combined with this is the advantage that your money is always available when you want it.

Observe the protection afforded you :

Paid-up Capital,	-	-	-	-	\$ 6,000,000.00
Reserve-Fund	-	-	-	-	3,250,000.00
Investments,	-	-	-	-	28,382,710.02

You will see that **NINE AND ONE QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS.** of Shareholders' money stand between the Depositor and any possibility of loss

YOU CAN DEPOSIT BY MAIL AS EASILY AS IN PERSON.

Write for Booklet

Do it now.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation
Toronto Street, Toronto

Stability



FEDERAL LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, CANADA.

Capital and Assets	\$ 4,513,949.53	Paid Policyholders in 1909..	\$347,274.43
Insurance in force	\$21,049,322.31	Surplus to Policyholders...	\$292,695.53

DAVID DEXTER,

President and Managing Director



IT IS UNWISE

to think that you have many years yet to live and so postpone insuring your life.

¶ Many a man having similar thoughts of living has been cut off with scarcely a moment's warning, leaving no provision for those dependent upon him.

¶ The only wise course is to recognize the uncertainty of life and insure at once.

¶ You cannot do better than procure a policy to-day from the

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY

"Solid as the Continent"

HOME OFFICE ————— TORONTO

IDEAL INVESTMENTS

FOLLOWING ARE A FEW SPECIALLY SELECTED DEBENTURES AND BONDS WHICH WE OFFER IN AMOUNTS TO SUIT EITHER LARGE OR SMALL INVESTORS AND WHICH WE UNRESERVEDLY RECOMMEND.

City of Belleville, Ont.
City of Port Arthur, Ont.
City of Fernie, B.C.
Town of Goderich, Ont.
Township of Scarborough, Ont.
County of Gloucester, N.B.
Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Railway Co.
Vancouver Milling and Grain Co.

THESE INVESTMENTS WILL YIELD FROM 4½% TO OVER 6% AND HAVE ALL BEEN PASSED UPON BY EMINENT LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

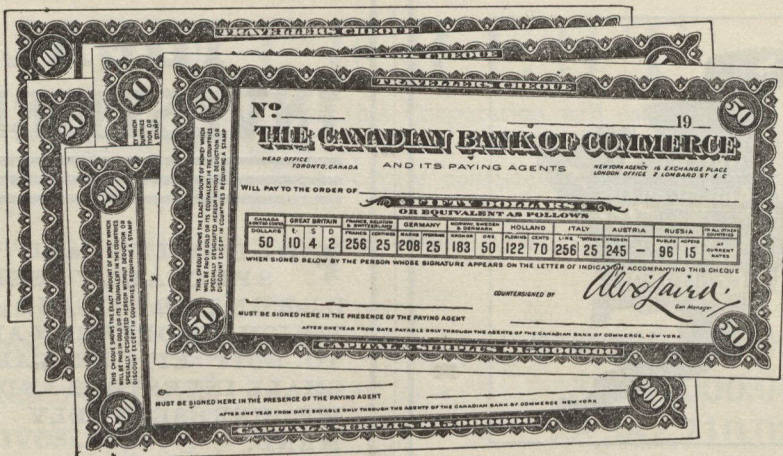
Write for full particulars which will be gladly sent upon request.

Æmilius Jarvis & Co.

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)

Toronto, Ont. Vancouver, B. C. London, Eng.

HIGH GRADE INVESTMENTS



THE TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

issued by

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

are the most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling and may be obtained on application at every branch of the bank. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING** and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is printed on the face of each cheque.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office: - Hamilton

Hon. William Gibson, President

J. Turnbull, Vice-Pres. and General Manager

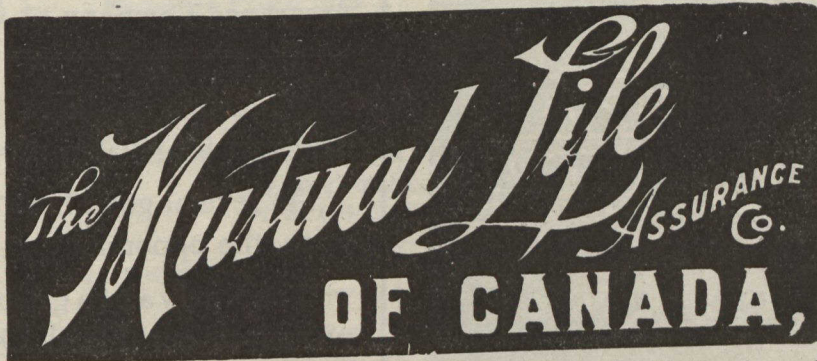
Paid up Capital	-	-	-	\$ 2,500,000
Reserve and undivided profits	-	-	-	2,900,000
Total Assets	-	-	-	over 35,000,000

The Bank of Hamilton invites the accounts of firms, Corporations, and Individuals.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

VERY SIGNIFICANT INDEED!

At the last Annual meeting of



two very significant statements were made, one by the President, and the other by the Auditor of the Company.

Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. said:

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the *security of the principal should be the paramount consideration*. As a result of this policy we are able to report that after *forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.*"

Mr. J. M. Scully, F.C.A. said:

"I have been the Auditor of the Company for *more than twenty-five years* and I wish to say to you that in all that time there has not been the slightest irregularity in its financial management. No director, officer or employee has at any time been in debt to the Company, nor has any of them either directly or indirectly made use of any of the assets of the Company for his personal benefit or for the benefit of others associated with him. I wish to say too, *that your investments are of such a high class and so well selected that within my term of office not one single dollar of them has been lost.*"

Amount invested in Mortgages, January 1, 1910,	-	-	\$6,885,865.
" " " Debentures and Bonds, January 1, 1910,	-	-	4,858,597.
Insurance in force, January 1, 1910,	-	-	60,000,000.

Head Office - WATERLOO, ONT.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., Pres't.

W. H. RIDDELL, Asst. Manager

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director

Chas. Ruby, Secretary.

ASSETS
\$ 8-617-909

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,250,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

NORTHERN LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

We have positions on our field staff for reliable producers.

As several good Districts are open, the opportunity is now.

Take advantage of it by writing to our Head Office at London.

W. M. GOVENLOCK,
Secretary.

JOHN MILNE,
Managing Director.

The Company's Investments

consist of

1st Mortgages	85.79%
Stocks and Debentures	6.56%
Loans on Policies	5.29%
Other Securities	2.36%

An excellent record of safe and profitable investment of funds.

Splendid rate of interest steadily maintained

London Life

Policies  "Good as Gold"

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up - - \$1,000,000.00
 Reserve Fund and
 Undivided Profits } - - \$1,307,809.25

DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq. President
 D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-Pres. ;
 SIR WILLIAM MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.

THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.
 JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.
 JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO
 W. D. ROSS, General Manager

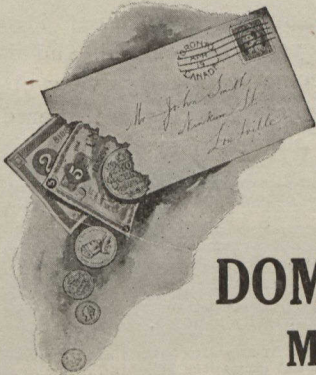
Every Department of Banking Conducted with Absolute
SECURITY and SATISFACTION.

LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in all parts of the world.

EXCHANGE, foreign and domestic bought and sold.

COLLECTIONS given prompt execution.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches.



Don't Put Money in a Letter

LETTERS ARE FREQUENTLY LOST
 AND NEVER RECOVERED. . . .

Always Remit By

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

Money Orders and Foreign Drafts

They are safe, convenient and economical and are issued in Dollars, Pounds Sterling, Francs, Gulden, Kronen, Kronor, Lire, Marks, Roubles, etc., payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails a prompt refund is arranged, or a new order issued without further charge.

Money Transferred by Telegraph and Cable
 Foreign Money Bought and Sold
 Travellers' Cheques Issued

HUNDREDS OF AGENCIES
 THROUGHOUT CANADA

GENERAL OFFICES
 TORONTO, CANADA

Mr. Frowde Announces

"The Dop Doctor"

by Richard Dehan

An Amazing Novel

Begins with the following dedication:—

TO ONE ACROSS THE SEA

"What have the long years brought me since first, with this pen for pickaxe, I bowed my loins to quarry from the living rock of my world about me bread and a home where Love should smile beside the hearthplace, and chiefly for Love's dear sake, that men should honour you who, above all on earth, I hold most in honour—a name among the writers of books that live?"

What have the long years brought me? Well, not the things I hoped. Just bread and clothing, fire, and a little roof-tree; the purchased soil to make a grave and a space of leisure, before that grave be needed, to write, myself, this book for me and for you.

Hope has spread her iridescent Psyche-wings and left me; Ambition long ago shed hers to become a working-ant. Love never came to sit in the chair beside the ingle. An ocean heaves between us, only for nightly dreams and waking thoughts to span. Were those dear eyes to see me as I am to-day, I wonder whether they would know me? For I grow grey, and furrows deepen in the forehead the dear hand will never smooth again. Remember me, then only as I used to be; my heart is the same always; in it the long, long years have wrought no change.

But what have the long years brought me? Experience, that savoury salt, left where old tears have dried upon the shores of time. Knowledge of my fellow men and women, of all sorts and conditions, and the love of them. Patience to bear what may yet have to be borne. Courage to encounter what may yet have to be encountered. Fortitude to meet the end, where faith holds up the Cross. Much have the long years brought me—besides your first smile and your last kiss. For your next, I look past death, God aiding me, to the Eternal Life beyond. . . ."

Never surely has a novelist indicated the line of his work more completely than Richard Dehan—an evident pseudonym—has in these lines. "The Dop Doctor" is pulsatingly real—gloomy, tragic, humorous, dignified, real. The cruelty of battle, the depth of disgusting villainy, the struggles of great souls, the irony of coincidence are all in its pages.

In the war picture there is not a page, not a word too much. There is red blood in every line. The siege finishes, and Lynette (over whom the shadow of the veldt tragedy always hangs) marries the doctor, but that is only the beginning. I cannot describe the great struggle that follows, and that finally finishes with love and happiness for them both.

Who touches this book touches a man. I am grateful for the wonderful thrills "The Dop Doctor" has given me. It is novel among a thousand.—Sidney Dark.

AT ALL BOOK STORES

Henry Frowde

25 Richmond Street West

TORONTO

ACCOUNTING MADE EASIER

with the

"Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Ledger



The feature of the "Kalamazoo" binder that appeals most to every practical bookkeeper is its unlimited capacity for expansion and contraction. It will hold tightly and in perfect alignment ten sheets or a thousand—just the exact number required for use.

The "Kalamazoo" is the best expression of the Loose Leaf idea that has yet been offered, and it has overcome practically every objection that has been offered against Loose Leaf systems.

It has no complicated mechanism to get out of order, and no exposed metal parts to injure the desk.

It is a book, not a box, and gives a firm, flat writing surface.

It is the simplest, strongest, lightest and most durable Loose Leaf binder on the market, and by far the most easily handled.

It can be made in any size to suit any purpose and our personal guarantee is behind every one.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

TO BE HAD FOR THE ASKING

Warwick Bros. & Rutter

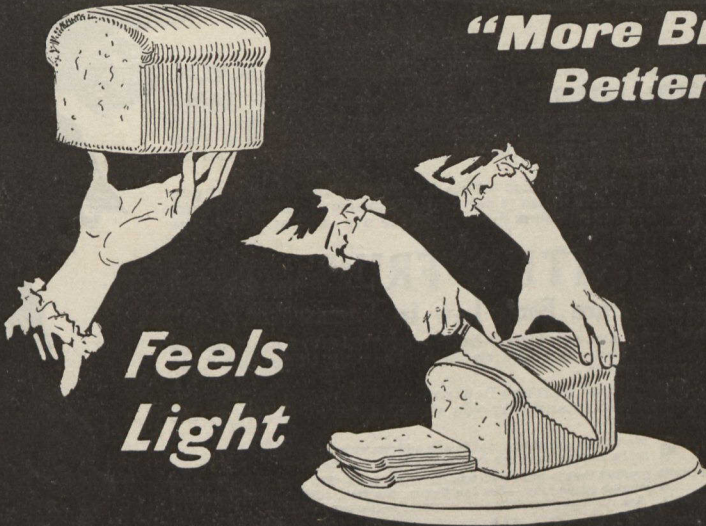
LIMITED

Bookbinders, Printers, Manufacturers of
Account Books and Loose Leaf Supplies

King and Spadina

Toronto

**"More Bread and
Better Bread"**



**Feels
Light**

Cuts White

**Milled From
All Western
Hard Wheat**



Tastes Right

**PURITY
FLOUR**

HOW OFTEN HAVE YOU EATEN SALICYLIC ACID AND CHEMICALS IN PLACE OF JAM?

☞ You don't know unless you have read Bulletin No. 194 of the Inland Revenue Department. This shows that forty-nine samples of Fruit examined by the Government Analysts contained glucose, preservatives, dyes, or an excess of water.

☞ The law does not forbid this—the Adulterated Pure Foods Act permits manufacturers to use 10 per cent. of glucose (instead of sugar) and dyes to give artificial colors that please the eye—and still label the compounds "pure jam."

E. D. SMITH'S FRUIT JAMS are a Pure Food Law in Themselves

☞ Smith's Jams are sun-kissed fruits—grown in the heart of the Ontario fruit belt—and true ripened. The only things added are sugar and spring water.

☞ Write to the Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa, for Bulletin 194, and you will understand why you should always buy Jam by the name "E. D. Smith."

☞ We will send a sample pot to any address on receipt of 5c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing.

☞ Another Smith product that is pure and true to name is **E. D. Smith's Grape Juice**. It is genuine grape juice—has the flavor; the rich, luscious fruity taste of the best Concordis. Ask for it at your druggist or grocer's—25c per bottle.

Manufactured by **E. D. Smith, - Winona, Ontario.**

The World's Greatest Glove House is The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY Cheapside, London, England

GRAND PRIX, Franco-British Exhibition 1908

Attention is directed to the following makes of Gloves all of which are of British or French manufacture and subject to Preferential Tariff.

Single Pairs at Warehouse Prices

No intermediate Profits

BRITISH MAKE

The "MELTON" Ladies' Tan Cape, pique sewn, 2 press buttons, **61 cents** per pair.

The "Connaught" Ladies' Strong Cape Gloves, in Tan or Oak Shades, spear points, pique seam sewn, 2 press buttons, **71 cents** per pair.

The "Blenheim" Best quality, Fine Cape Gloves, British Made in White, Tan, Oak, Dark Grey or Black, spear points, pique seam sewn, 2 press buttons, **91 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Doeskin Gloves, British Made in White, Grey, Beaver and Tan shades, pique sewn, 2 buttons, **46 cents** per pair

The Canadian, Buck Finish, British made, Pique Seam Sewn, Tan or Grey with Self Sewn Points, 3 Buttons, **95 cents** per pair.

Ladies' Real Deerskin Gloves, in Dark Tan and Dark Grey, British Made, Pique Seam Sewn, 2 Press Buttons, **\$1.19** per pair.

FRENCH MAKE

Ladies' Real French Kid Gloves, from selected skin, superior Cut, Finish and Sewing, in Black, White, Cream, Pastel, Beavers, Tans, Browns, Greys, Green, Plum, Mole, Navy, Amethyst, and Lavender, 4 Buttons.

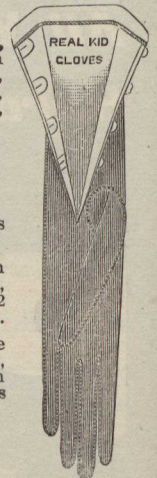
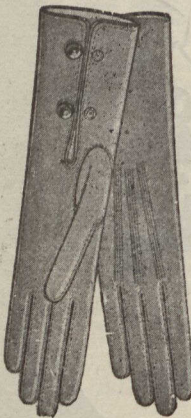
The "CLARETIE" quality **61 cents**

The "LEBON" quality **75 cents.**

The "MEISSONIER" quality **85 cents**
Pique Sewn.

BON AML Pique Sewn Real French Kid, in Tans, Browns, Beavers, Greys, and Black 3 rows self braid points, 2 large pearl buttons, **69 cents** per pair.

HESTIA. Pique Sewn French Suede Gloves, superior quality, in Greys, Tans, Beavers, Browns, Navy or Black, with braid points, 3 press Buttons, **71 cents** per pair.



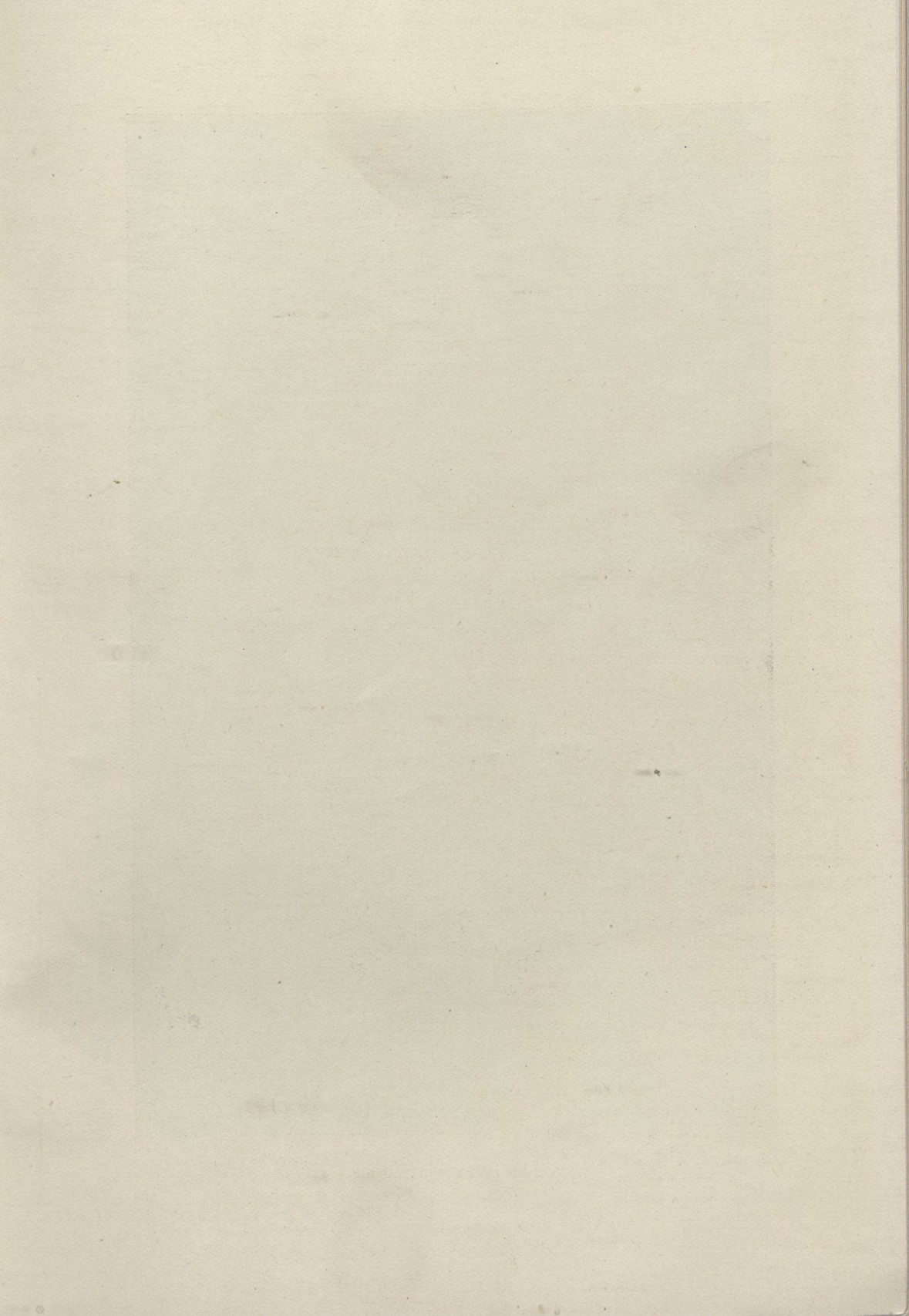
Mail Orders carefully executed and despatched by next steamer.

A detailed and illustrated Price List sent post free from England, or may be obtained from the CANADIAN MAGAZINE Office, Toronto.

Remittances, including postage, by International Money Order, payable to THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, General Post Office, London, England.

Address
all Orders

The LONDON GLOVE COMPANY, Cheapside, LONDON, England





Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"I'M LUCKY TO FIND YOU IN"

Illustration for "The Blot"

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXV

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1910

No. 4

STORIED HALIFAX

"THE WARDEN OF THE HONOUR OF THE NORTH"

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

OF course, if history is a sealed book to you, and if you have no imagination, you may visit Westminster Abbey, the Forum, the Acropolis, the Holy City itself and remain unmoved. So, as a hasty tourist, you may dash through Halifax, and put yourself on record as having seen only a certain number of buildings much in need of paint and the scrubbing-brush. In fact, more than one sapient traveller has done so; but Halifax is like Wordsworth's poet: you must love her ere to you she will seem worthy of your love. You must take time to study and learn her past before her special charm becomes apparent, but your patience will be rewarded in the end. Perhaps the unwavering devotion of twenty years may be considered as giving the present writer some title to discourse upon those attractions of our old gray city by the sea, which must ever remain hidden from the casual eye.

One feature must be plain even to the least observant, the unmatched magnificence of the setting. "Beautiful for situation"—the phrase of the Psalmist for his sacred city, fits the capital of the Mayflower Province. Before her feet lies the great, land-locked harbour, where the old three-deckers used to swing at their anchors; on her right hand extends

the long picturesque fiord we call the "Arm"; on her left is a second, inner haven, twenty miles in circuit, called Bedford Basin. In the very centre is the hill crowned with a citadel. From this point of vantage, you can see how the peaceful roofs huddle close around the base of the protecting stronghold, and how the dark blue water washes all sides of the triangular peninsula on which the city stands. No town in Canada has a finer park or more delightful walks and drives so near at hand, such ample accessible playgrounds for the health and diversion of its people. Look where you will, to whatever point of the compass, at whatever season of the year from the walk around the citadel walls, and

Straight the eye hath caught new pleasures,

While the landscape round it measures.

Haligonians are firmly persuaded in their own minds that nowhere else in the world are sky and water more deliciously blue than over and about their beloved city. As I have heard with my own ears a true-born Irishman confess that the harbour was bluer than Dublin Bay, perhaps they are not so far wrong.

This much any one, even the way-faring man, though a fool, can see for himself. My task is to reveal what

remains a secret to the eye of sense. That blue harbour once saw the remnant of D'Anville's shattered armada creeping in to the last act of its tragedy. It was alive with the sails of Saunders and Boscawen. It has floated every flag and every kind of craft from eighteenth-century privateers to Southern blockade-runners and the steel leviathans of modern war and commerce. Past Thrum Cap, the sand-spit at the harbour mouth, came slowly two frigates on Sunday

seem to the historic sense more real and living than those who tread the pavements to-day. Halifax owed its existence to a military necessity. It was built and first settled by men from disbanded regiments and paid-off ships, which had just been fighting the nation's chivalrous battles in defence of Maria Theresa's queenly right. For a century and a half it was a garrison town and a naval station, and on its history the pageantry of war has left its ineffaceable mark.



HALIFAX HARBOUR AND TOWN, AS SEEN FROM DARTMOUTH
From the original drawing by R. Short, circa 1760

the sixth of June, 1813, with their scuppers running red, as the sailors swabbed the decks. They were the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, after their historic battle six days before. Beneath the modern city of the twentieth century, an ancient city lies buried. Up and down these time-worn thoroughfares have passed thousands of dead men, soldiers, sailors, citizens great and small, empire-builders in their way; they did their work and took their wages. Sometimes they

It does not matter where you turn. The suggestion of the place begins to work at once. Here in the centre of the town is the square called "The Grand Parade," just where it has always been since the pig-tailed axemen of Cornwallis hewed it out of the spruce wood in the year of grace 1749. Halifax was then a rude encampment of log-huts, ruled by a British colonel, and defended against the French and Indians by a line of palisades and abattis of felled trees



LOOKING UP GEORGE STREET, SHOWING SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH AND CITADEL HILL
From the original drawing by R. Short, circa 1760

running between five block-houses. For ten years and more, it was as much as a man's life was worth to stray outside the pickets. A decade later, Short's drawing shows that the parish church had been built as well as substantial houses. The Parade is clear, if not level, and four companies are drilling on it with halberdiers, field-guns and bells of arms. Almost every marching regiment on the army list has lain in Halifax barracks at one time or another and has been put through its facings on this small plot of ground. In the olden days, the impressive ceremonial of guard mounting took place here every morning with the salute and troop before relieving. Now the band of the "Royal Canadians" plays for an hour on Saturday mornings, the last flash of the ancient military ritual which once brightened this historic spot with the bravery of martial scarlet and gold.

Along Argyle street there, sedan-

chairs could once be had for hire. Sedan-chairs! the whole eighteenth century is in the word.

At the southern end of the Parade stands the old parish church of Saint Paul's, the oldest Protestant church in Canada, just where it has stood for a century and a half. The entrance has been changed about, the steeple has been rebuilt, wings and a chancel have been added, but the original frame and design remain unaltered. It is essentially a London church of the eighteenth century, such as Sir Roger de Coverley rejoiced to see rising outside the city and such as Hogarth used to draw. It boasts a Royal foundation. Its walls are covered with marbles and brasses inscribed with the history of our old families. Two monuments came from the studios of Gibson and Chantrey. Here lies Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek. The old church has seen strange sights in its time—a congregation of Miemac Indians



LOOKING DOWN PRINCE STREET, HALIFAX
 From the original drawing by R. Short, circa 1760



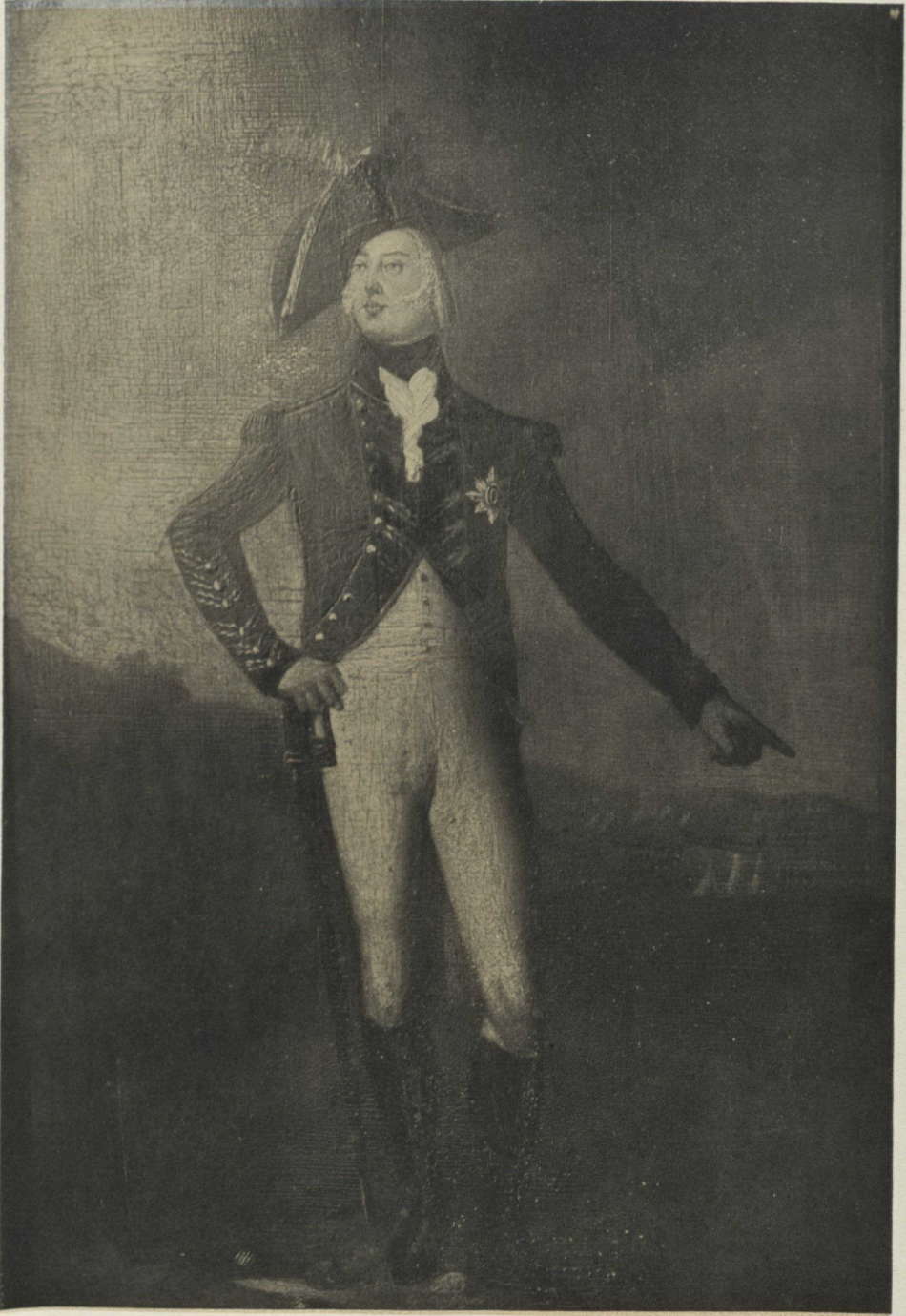
PRINCE STREET, HALIFAX
 From the original drawing by R. Short, circa 1760



HALIFAX FROM SAINT GEORGE'S ISLAND, LOOKING TOWARDS THE NARROWS
 From the original drawing by R. Short, circa 1760



LOOKING DOWN GEORGE STREET TO DARTMOUTH
 From the original drawing by R. Short, circa 1760



THE DUKE OF KENT

From the original painting by J. Weaver, in the library of the Legislative Building at Halifax

hearing service in their own wild tongue, a whole battalion of Hessians receiving the communion at one time, pompous funerals, weddings, christenings, processions. In the entry hang the hatchments of forgotten worthies, rich in armorial devices. The communion plate dates from Queen Anne.

Once upon a time, the church was balanced by a college at the other end of the Parade. It was a plain, solid, dignified structure like the Province Building and Government House, and belonging to the same architectural era. Many were the scenes the old college witnessed before it moved away and gave place to our present Guildhall, which I refuse to characterise. Few institutions of learning began more auspiciously. The corner-stone was laid by a Royal governor with most imposing ceremony. With colours flying and music playing, the red-coats made a lane from Government House to the Parade, through which passed the stately procession—His Excellency and his glittering staff, the civic magistrate, dignitaries of all sorts, officers of the army and navy, citizens. The Grand-Master of the Free Masons had his part. Prayers were said, the stone was lowered into its place and duly tapped with a silver trowel. Symbolic oil and corn and wine were poured out in pagan libation, speeches were spoken and so was Dalhousie College publicly instituted on May 22nd, 1820. For years it served all sorts of purposes, save the one for which it was designed. A museum, a debating-club, a Mechanics' Institute, a post-office, an infant school, a painting club, a cholera hospital and a pastry-cook's shop all found shelter at different times under this complaisantly hospitable roof. It was used for its proper purpose also; and the early collegians are believed to have sported the Scottish gown of flaming scarlet, now only to be seen at Saint Andrew's.

Looking west towards the Citadel, from the Parade, I see half-way up the steep hill, the clock-tower built

by the Duke of Kent, to remind Hali-gonians, saith Dame Rumour, of the exact time of day. His office at headquarters, reporteth the same trusty gossip, was full of all varieties of clocks, watches, time-pieces, chronometers, horologes, sun-dials and hour-glasses, for the encouragement of punctuality in all and sundry with whom he had to do, military and civilians. In truth, His Royal Highness was a martinet formed in the hard old Prussian school, and a rigorous enforcer of discipline. When he took final leave of Halifax in 1800, he left eleven poor fellows under sentence of death for mutiny and desertion. Eight were reprieved under the gallows and three were hanged on it by the neck until they were dead. Altogether, he lived in Halifax for six years as commander of the forces; and this period, when we had a Prince of the Blood resident among us, is justly regarded as our Age of Gold. Those were very splendid and jolly days, but I am afraid that they were exceedingly improper. Why pretend or blink the facts? Old Halifax was an eighteenth century city with morals to match. In those high and far-off times, the army and navy were not exactly convent schools, and the city itself was perilously rich. The invincible fleet swept the merchantmen of our enemies off the seas; lawful prizes came in almost daily, and streams of guineas flowed like water. Privateering was a profitable speculation. Fortunes were made rapidly and kept as well as made. The generous hospitality of the old-time Halifax merchants was famous. In such a community, the Prince was the social centre and set the example. In the address of welcome, he was hailed as a second Cæsar. He arrived with a very beautiful French lady in his train from Martinique, where he had been campaigning, who was known as Madame de Saint Laurent. I have heard her described quite seriously as his morganatic wife; but the French have the exact term, *maitresse en*

titre. Over his household she presided and respectable Halifax, with the Bishop's lady at their head, had to recognise and call upon her. The Duke lived for the greater part of his reign at Friar Lawrence's Cell, the fine place of Sir John Wentworth on the shores of the Basin, now known as Prince's Lodge. All that remains of its ancient splendour is the rotunda where the band used to play on gala days: but the ruins inspired the finest page of Haliburton's prose. Years before the Duke's time, good Mr. MacGregor and saintly Henry Alleyne gave their testimony as to the moral condition of the city. To them it was the City of Destruction. No doubt the moralist had cause to shake his head. At the same time, the balls, parties, levees, dinners, the Sunday reviews on the Common, the illuminations for great victories by sea and land, the feasting, the fighting, the raids of the press-gang, the constant military bustle in the streets, the coming and going of ships in the harbour, the prizes sold at the wharf had made life in this demure old town a brilliant, stirring spectacle down to the dramatic close of the great Napoleonic wars.

At the bee-hive-like portal of the Citadel stand two muzzled mortars that were used at the siege of Louisbourg, when it fell before the genius of Wolfe. Though mute now for ever, they speak by their silence of the great deeds done in days of old. Another reminder of that feat of arms is the little hotel beside Saint Paul's. When Pitt's sappers and miners blew the great rampart of Louisbourg into the moat, Mr. Secretary Bulkeley, Irish gentleman, ex-dragon officer and King's messenger procured him a shipload of the good cut stone to build this mansion. Bulkeley was a character, a little man of many accomplishments, an excellent chess-player, a fine horseman, and a draughtsman of no mean skill. He was the right-hand of Cornwallis in founding the city, and for years he managed it and

the Province and the successive governors as they came, a quiet tactful power behind the throne. His hospitality was famous; the present hotel dining-room with its black marble mantel-piece from Louisbourg has seen Royal Princes and foreign potentates entertained with by-gone ceremony and splendour.

George street traverses the Parade and runs down to the market wharf. A fanciful view of Halifax "from ye topmast head" published in London in 1750, six months after its foundation, shows the waterside decorated with a gallows and a pillory. I have talked to an old lady who remembered as a child being hurried by her nurse past the pillory, where an old man stood to be pelted by the ragamuffins of the town. When the poor-house was built, the estimate included a whipping-post. Criminals were hanged in chains beside the harbour. Soldiers were flogged in the barrack square, and sailors, round the fleet. Thieves were branded with hot irons. These were the usual punishments of those hard old times.

When Cornwallis came first, he held council in the cabin of the *Beaufort* transport, round the long oak table still to be seen in the ante-room of the Council Chamber. By the middle of October, 1749, there was ready for him a small, low building of one storey, the frame of which came from Boston. Eight or nine years later, it had given place to the rather fine two-storey building to be seen in Short's plate with a sentry-box at the gate and an original British Grenadier mounting guard. It was the official residence of the Governor and often the scene of high wassail in the olden time. The present House of Parliament dates from 1811 and cost £52,000. Government House was begun in 1800 but it was not "rendered habitable" until about five years later.

Perhaps some readers may remember Hawthorne's sketch of the old Province House and the old Tory and

how gloomy he makes both. Our Province House has no such associations. Ours has ever been the honoured centre of the life of the community; and the "Tories," whom we call Loyalists, played a great part on this stage. Here are found many relics of provincial history; and here is the home of our legislature. The House still opens with imposing ceremony. The gravelled court-yard within the tall iron railings is filled with the guard of honour with the colours and the band. The Governor drives up under the thunder of a salute from the guns on the Citadel. Before entering, our ruler pauses on the low platform before the door, the band plays the opening bars of the National Anthem, and the soldiery present arms. In January, 1842, no less a personage than Charles Dickens, passenger on the Cunarder the *America*, was present at the ceremony and has recorded that it was "like looking at Westminster through the wrong end of a telescope."

Our local House of Lords is housed in the Council Chamber, a magnificent room which happily remains in its original state, unspoiled by modern improvements. Here danced the Prince of Wales in 1860; and here Sir John Thompson lay in state in a wilderness of flowers and greenery one day of January, 1901. This room is our local Valhalla or Westminster Abbey, containing portraits of the most distinguished sons of the Province: Sir Fenwick Williams, whose brilliant defence of Kars redeems Britain's part in the Crimea; Colonel John Inglis of the Rifle Brigade, who held Lucknow throughout the darkest days of the Mutiny, and Haliburton, who first brought Nova Scotia into literature. The portrait of Chief Justice Strange is by Benjamin West. There are also full-length portraits of George II. and George III. in royal robes, and their resplendent queens.

The library is another quaint room with its alcoves and gallery and tall

windows facing the east. Here is preserved the "North Atlantic Neptune," the very charts that were once owned and used by Nelson himself. It was once the court-room and the scene of many trials. The first man to be tried in it was Richard John Uniacke for the fatal duel in which he shot William Bowie at the north government farm near the Lady Hammond Road. An old lady of my acquaintance remembered the seconds coming in the early morning to her father's house for pillows to put in the carriage which was to convey the wounded man to his home. Uniacke entered the court-room leaning on the arm of the father, the attorney-general of the Province, an aged giant of a man dressed in a snuff-coloured suit and carrying a seven-foot staff in his hand. He made a little speech to the judge and jury; it was in the days of the code; and his son was acquitted. Howe fought a duel near the Martello Tower, but no one was hurt. Here, too, were tried the wretched pirates of the *Saladin* for their stupid crime. A small full-length panel of the Duke of Kent in uniform decorates this room together with portraits of distinguished Nova Scotians like Sir Samuel Cunard and Sir Provo Wallis, Admiral of the Fleet.

All this does not begin to exhaust the historic significance of old Halifax. I have only walked in fancy down one short street and pointed to three or four old buildings closely bound up with our civic life. The associations of the other churches, the cemeteries, the forts, the environs, the streets, the public buildings, the dockyard, the personalities and achievements of distinguished citizens, the share of Halifax in the great wars, the civic jests and legends and anecdotes I am forced to leave untouched. My subject is almost inexhaustible; I have barely stirred the surface; I have merely hinted at the mines of interest in the past of Halifax.

WHEN DONALD'S SHIP CAME HOME

BY A. CLARK McCURDY

THE little body of Big Donald McDonald stood leaning against the gate-post. It had come in and shut the gate with a vague feeling that its master had intended calling upon pretty Maggie Morrison; but the atmosphere of the garden, redolent of the lilacs which bordered the walk, had soothed it into a quiet contentment. And yet, through the deserted brain ran a troubled feeling that the cows had not been milked that evening, while it dutifully tried to recall its master from his absent wanderings.

For Big Donald was an anomaly: his body was as distinct from his personality as is a house from its owner. The mind might roam at will through the realms of imagination and vague memories while the body stood or sat or lay, dimly seeking to comprehend its master's eccentricities.

His very name was contradictive: Big Donald, little Big Donald. His brother, Little Donald, was by far the larger of the two; but upon the birth of this younger brother, their parents, being unable to think of another name, had called the baby Little Donald; and, of course, the other little fellow, wearing trousers now, became Big Donald. Thus it remained, though in after years, the younger had far outgrown the older—bodily as well as mentally; that is, mental capacity, for Big Donald's brain was a fairly good one. Its incapacity came from its owner's roving

habits, while the poor brain did its best to keep up a semblance of appearance during its master's absence.

Click, click. Was that Maggie opening the window? The master instantly reëntered his habitation, the eyes blinked, the body responded with a violent start, and strode, with its master, quickly up the walk.

Maggie, trim, neat, pretty Maggie, with her sweet smile, met him at the door.

"I knew you would come to-night, Don," she said as she placed her soft warm hand in his in a firm welcome handshake. "It's so cosy in there in the alcove this evening with the half-moon shining through the windows. I have been sewing, but as it is growing dark, I'll just put it away, and we'll have such a pleasant evening together."

He looked at her with a faint, surprised smile as, still holding his hand, she led him where the moonlight, half filling the alcove, bathed it in a fascinating, soothing light.

She was so sweetly gracious to-night. It was sweet, yes, far sweeter than watching the everlasting needle at work; and the hurrying back of his absent personality to answer the odd questions which, at regular intervals but in the most inopportune moments, she would never fail to ask.

The light which shone in her eyes, as he looked into their deep blue depths, was so plainly love that his heart thrilled, and it was with an

effort he remembered that his steamer was not yet paid for, that he was not yet an independent man.

The silence was golden. Maggie was dreamily wondering if she would not be justified in telling him of her love; to ask *him* to marry *her*. She knew all the inmost workings of that simple, loving heart, of that strange, affectionate nature. She loved the long silences and his strange absent wanderings; she loved the half pathetic expression of that noble face, his manner of playing with a cushion in his lap was sweet to her eyes; his way of shuffling his feet along the floor was (strange maiden) music to her ear.

She loved all these peculiarities because she loved him as he was, because he loved her as she was, because he was honest, sincere, simple, undefiled. But one thing she did not love, his reticence in asking her to marry him. All his life he had loved her, she was sure; more than three years, perhaps always, she had loved him, and yet no word—and, why?

Oh, well she knew that too! He wanted first to be independent; to own, without debt, his third of the little regular freighter which plied between Alcroft and the towns along the coast.

It was for her he wanted all this. And he could not realise—here is where the shoe pinched!—he could not realise that she loved him as he was. She did not want to see him one of those many money-mad demons, to have his simple nature spoiled and turned into a money-grasping capitalist. She did not want him mixing with all the sordid temptations of the cruel world. And yet, more and more, she could see his all-absorbing interest in money matters. Even now she could see slight dark circles under those dear eyes.

And had she not enough for both in *her* little farm? Had he not enough for both in *his* little farm? Then why should this steamer come

between them? What right had he to set his whole heart, almost his life ambition, on the free owning of a miserable steamer when it came between them in this manner? It was the one thing he owned which she came to hate. She could not hate his ambitions, for were they not, she fancied, however deplorable, part of his own sweet peculiarities?

But this steamer seemed to be apart, distinct, a thing luring him on, a wedge forcing its way, harder and harder, into their happiness. "Oh, I hate it!" her passion spoke aloud.

"What? You hate what, Maggie?"

"Did I speak, Don? I didn't know, but I was thinking of something unpleasant, though I know I shouldn't on such a lovely night."

"I think I'll do it next fall, Maggie, if freights come in good."

She knew he was speaking of that horrid steamboat, and, strange to say, the prospect of paying off this debt was not at all pleasing to her. She wished this thief to their happiness, this thing luring him on to a sordid life, wiped out of existence. Her little foot tapped the floor impatiently.

"What do you think you'll do next fall?" she asked petulantly.

Big Donald, having departed for a moment, came back with a start. "Next fall? Why, no, to-morrow, I think I'll have to put a new bulkhead in the barn to keep the calves separate somehow, and—I forgot to milk the cows to-night, Maggie; I never thought of it till now!"

He picked up his hat hurriedly.

Maggie was laughing. "Oh, you blessed innocent, do you really have to go?"

"Yes, yes."

She gave him again that soft, firm hand-shake, and he started down the walk, caught sight of his horse and carriage at the gate and turned back hurriedly.

"Maggie!"

"Yes, Don."

"I—I came over to take you for a

drive but I—well, I guess I forgot." He looked crest-fallen.

"It's all right, Don. I'll go with you now and help milk the cows," and, as she tripped away with him in the moonlight, the world seemed brighter for those two fond hearts.

As a bright thought flashed through Big Donald's brain, it always went down in a little note-book to be compiled and used later to advantage. Thus, the next spring, approaching on his bicycle the bridge that spanned the little brook which divided his farm from Maggie's, a brilliant idea flashed. One hand left the handle bars to get the note-book, the other to reach for the pencil. The front wheel, of course, turned, and all fell into the brook.

When he crawled out Maggie stood there laughing and yet with a troubled look in her pretty eyes, for was not this caused, indirectly it may be, by that horrid steamer? What business had Don's body to be riding into town on a bicycle when his personality was following his steamer on her precarious journeyings? She saw with vexation the ever deepening shadows under those ever sharpening eyes, the ever increasing hollowness of those cheeks, and her heart sighed in her impotency.

"You look cross, Maggie, for all your laughing. What is it?"

"Don, why don't you sell your share in that steamer?" She smiled, for the thought was a happy one.

"Sell it! Why I haven't paid for it yet, but I'll have it paid this fall, and then, Maggie, and then!" his eyes shone with a divine light.

"Then what?" craftily she led him on.

"Then!" he looked at her so tenderly, so lovingly, that she hadn't the heart to press him and yet, in that moment, she might have won all had she tried.

She walked slowly back to the house and went into the little alcove where his presence always seemed to linger. She sat sideways on a chair and fold-

ed her arms on the back. She looked through the window at the harbour in the distance, then laid her head on her hands, and from her young heart came two tears that filled her eyes and flowed over. That fall! No, it might be five years, perhaps never. What chance had her Don against all those money sharks from whom he was being infected by that terrible disease called "lust of wealth"? What was it that brought those dark circles under his eyes? Was it not that nervous attention to his steamer and the eager greed of gain which, more and more, was beginning to possess him? And was it not taking her own lofty place in his heart? Oh, how she hated the whole thing! How happy she'd be if he'd give it all up! How much more suited to his simple nature would be the life on the farm where he need not change; where he might throw off that money lust and continue his own dear self!

That summer a new industry came to the little town. Business was brisk for the little steamer; freight piled up, money piled up, far surpassing all expectations, and Big Donald saw, in truth, his debts would be paid. But ambition held him in its iron grip. He would go on earning money! He would have a whole fleet of boats! He would be a power in the land and all this he would lay an offering at the feet of his beloved.

He thought of her sitting with her sewing in the cosy alcove off her sitting room; he thought of her, his wife, and of coming home to meals and being met by her glad smile and the firm pressure of her soft warm hand. Ah, he had dreams! They were rosy as he contemplated them.

Then he noticed his hands, thin and emaciated. He knew his health was failing; he knew he was becoming, save for his dreams, more and more miserable. Yes, this also he must lay before his beloved. He had an indistinct feeling that she would prefer him strong and well to all his wealth. Yet he must push on, there

was no other way—work and succeed!

One evening, down in the bare office where the steamer landed, his partner, George Nealon, sat with him going over accounts. The door opened sharply and Kenneth Townsend, the strong master partner, laid a paper on the desk.

"The last receipt; we have a clear title to her now, boys!"

The tone, sharp, clear, failed to send that thrill through Big Donald which he had anticipated. He was pleased, but not happy. He could bring Maggie wealth, but he must also bring a constitution on the verge of bankruptcy; yet he must speak, for that was the logical sequence.

There, where he had so sedulously worked for this stepping-stone to the consummation of his hopes, he sat, with his two partners and a friend, celebrating the event by playing "king pedro." This was the one thing which could have kept him from going straight to Maggie, as it was likewise the one thing which could keep his personality and his body together with certainty for any length of time.

The night was dark and still: no moon, no stars. On the wharf a dim light flashed here and there. In the office a kerosene lamp stood on the card-table. The luck had been against Big Donald and his partner, but it was changing; their opponents had bid and still held the king, the all-important card, but it was the last round, and Big Donald held the ace. His face was intensely serious, yet a

smile of coming victory hovered over the lips.

Rudely the door crashed open. A man burst in, then stopped, panting, while his lips quivered excitedly.

"What's the matter?" The two partners were on their feet in an instant.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh," panted the man.

"It's your play, Kenneth!" Big Donald hadn't lost his interest in the card game.

"She's wrecked! Sheer Cliff Point! Rocks!" he panted. "She's lying on the rocks with a bad list to starboard—going down."

The two partners made for the door. The murmur of excited voices grew dimmer and dimmer as they sped down the wharf for the boats and the wreck.

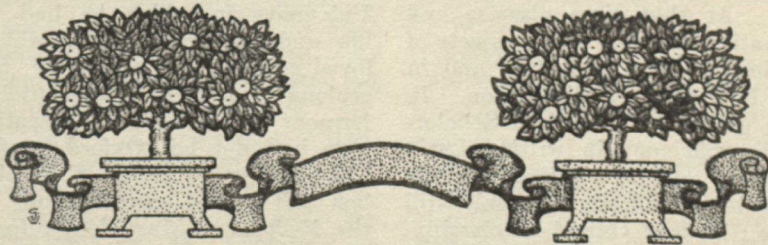
Big Donald, slowly realising the catastrophe, rose and wandered aimlessly out into the still night and the faint light of the scattered lamps. A soft warm hand slid silently into his, grasped it firmly, and drew him over to a packing case upon which they sat. Then slowly, silently, but with an inevitable force, there pervaded him an intense happiness.

"Do you think she is a total loss?" she asked.

"Yes, for the other fellows, but not for me, if— Will you marry me, Maggie?"

She placed her arms about his neck as he passed his about her waist; she laid her face to his while her tears wet his cheek.

"Yes, Don, and isn't it sweet to be poor again?"



GOLDWIN SMITH AT OXFORD

BY W. L. GRANT,

LECTURER ON COLONIAL HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD

FORTY-FOUR years ago Goldwin Smith resigned the Regius Professorship of Modern History in the University of Oxford; two years later he left England for the United States; though he has revisited and lectured in his old University, he has never since been in residence; yet Oxford memories of him are still vivid; he lives as Jowett and Newman live; as Stanley and Mansel do not. Of his Oxford life Canadians know little; he has been the stormy petrel of so many Canadian controversies that we have had scant leisure to consider his former days. That he was a prominent figure in the Oxford of the 'sixties we know; but of himself and of the Oxford in which he played his part our ideas are vague.

Goldwin Smith was born at Reading in 1823, went to Eton, and in 1841, at the age of eighteen, came up to Christ Church, whence the offer of a Demysnip, as the Scholarships at that College are called, soon took him to Magdalen. In 1845 he graduated as B.A. and two years later was made Stowell Fellow of University College. At that time classics and mathematics were the only subjects of study leading to a degree, and in classics he won great distinction. In 1842 he gained the Hertford Scholarship for proficiency in writing Latin prose, verse and translation. To this in 1845 he added the Ireland, still the blue ribbon of Oxford scholarship. In the same year he won the Chancel-

lor's prize for Latin verse, in 1846 the Chancellor's prize for a Latin essay, and in 1847 the same for an English essay, of which the subject was "The Political and Social Benefits of the Reformation in England," which ran into a second edition within the year.

From the first he made an impression. As a recent writer of memoirs says: "'Vastiest Goldwin,' as Rolleston always called him, towered above his fellows as undergraduate and bachelor. We all saw in him the coming man." As early as 1848, discussing a movement for improving the standard of lecturing within the University, Jowett mentions his attempt to induce Smith to give lectures, apparently in "Scholarship and Moral Philosophy." (Abbott and Campbell. *Life of Jowett*, Vol. 1, p. 193). Thus it was not remarkable that when in 1850 her many abuses compelled the appointment of a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the University of Oxford he was appointed Assistant Secretary.

What was the state of the University in which he had passed his undergraduate days, which he loved so well, but which he was so zealous to reform? The intellectual ferment of the early Nineteenth Century had not left Oxford unaffected. The days were past, of which Gibbon tell in his autobiography, when the Fellows of Magdalen, refusing to take any interest in the undergradu-

ates, dozed over their port, and "by their deep but dull potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth." It was no longer possible to take the degree of Bachelor of Arts as John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, had done, as the result of a *viva voce* examination, on which the two questions asked him were, What is the meaning of the Hebrew word Golgotha? and Who was the founder of University College?

Early in the Nineteenth Century the Honour Schools of Classics and of Mathematics had been organised, and a degree with honours in these subjects implied real knowledge. But universities, unlike individuals, are rarely reformed from within, and such reforms as might have been effected were soon thrown into a corner by the rush and swirl of a great religious reaction. That the Oxford Movement did much for the Church of England even its bitterest opponents admit; but on secular education its influence was evil. "Newman's poetic version of mediæval religion, together with the spiritual graces of his style and his personal influence, for a time filled the imaginations and carried away the hearts of youth, while the seniors were absorbed in the theological controversy, renounced lay studies, and disdained educational duty except as it might afford opportunities of winning youthful souls to the Neo-Catholic faith." (G. Smith: Oxford and her Colleges, 1894). This reactionary tendency in matters academic was intensified when the collapse of the movement, at the secession of Newman, "cast the wrecks of her most gifted intellects on every shore." "When the head of Tractarianism, having gone over to Rome, was waiting anxiously, but in vain, for the tail to join it" (G. Smith: Essay on Pattison's Milton, p. 322), the control of Oxford religion, and with it of the University, swung over, not as might have been expected, either to the Liberals, the Evangelicals, or the Agnostics, but

to Doctor Pusey, who had held the rank and file of the Church to their allegiance in face of the shock of the apostasy of Newman; and Pusey was firm in his belief that the University must be maintained as a close preserve of the Establishment. Writing in 1894, Goldwin Smith conceives the whole later movement for reform to have grown out of Newmanism through a reaction:

"Newman's romantic picture of the mediæval Church carried away the young, who had before seen nothing but high and dry Anglicanism, with its social and political accompaniments. But Newmanism, though ecclesiastical and reactionary, was at the same time revolutionary in its way. It was a revolt against the old high and dry régime. It cut active minds loose from their traditional moorings and launched them on a sea of speculation over which they at last floated to a great diversity of havens. Nor was Newmanism politically conservative. On the contrary it sneered at conservatism, which was closely connected with Protestant orthodoxy, and a particular object of its hatred and contempt was Peel. Ward, if I remember rightly, professed himself a Radical. Then came the crisis, brought on by the condemnation of Ward, which was followed by the secession of Newman. Those who refused to leap recoiled more or less from the brink. Some of them, such as Mark Pattison, recoiled, as you know, the whole length of thorough-going Liberalism. They by degrees tacitly coalesced with the knot of original Liberals, though they were rather liable to mental irresolution, and to recurrences of asceticism in a new form.

"In some of us Liberalism soon took the practical shape of an effort to reform and emancipate the University, to strike off the fetters of mediæval statutes from it and from its Colleges, set it free from the predominance of ecclesiasticism, recall it to its proper work, and restore it to the nation.—(Life of Jowett, Vol. I., pp. 176-7).

Religious narrowness was not the only defect. The whole structure of the University was mediæval. Latin was the regular language of debate in Convocation, the Parliament of the University; English could be used only by grace of the audience, a grace sometimes denied by clerical reactionaries to the advocates of reform. Of

clerical and academic obscurantism the Colleges were the stronghold. Oxford is a federation of Colleges, which, though supposedly under the control of the University, had ever since the reorganisation by Archbishop Laud had complete control of Oxford teaching and of Oxford administration. The days of non-collegiate students were not yet, and no one could reside in either Oxford or Cambridge without belonging to a college. The University officials did little save draw their salaries and exact fees. The professors held their appointments as sinecures, or occasionally devoted themselves to research. "How often do you lecture?" one of them was asked by the Commission of 1877. "Once a term, but not every term," was the reply. Even if they wished to lecture, their lectures were of profit to no examinee, and an audience was often wanting.

College reform was even more needed than University reform. Most of the Fellows were in Holy Orders, and vowed to a celibacy from which they finally took refuge in a country living; no dissenter or agnostic could hold any position; as late as 1864 Goldwin Smith wrote that "many of the Fellows, a large majority of them indeed, are habitually non-resident, and merely draw their income." (A plea for the abolition of tests, p. 80). A few non-resident fellowships for a short term of years are not a bad thing in a university. Offered as prizes, they stimulate the enthusiasm of the undergraduate; carefully given, they may be used to further research, or to keep the university in touch with other classes in the community than pedants and school-masters. It is not without value to Oxford that Gladstone was a Fellow of All Souls. But no one can defend a system in which the fellowships were so numerous and so awarded that the greater part of the college revenue went to maintain third-rate absentees in idleness. The effects of this régime still remain. One Oxford College has since

1827 paid £200 a year to an absentee fellow whose existence has no justification outside itself. Another still suffers under the burden of a loan of over \$100,000, contracted in the agricultural depression of the 'sixties by the absentee fellows to keep their own salaries up to the proper level, for it must not be forgotten that absentees had the same right to vote in the College meetings as the residents. Nor were these positions awarded after open competition. Many were restricted to the descendants of the founder; others to boys from a particular school, or to the inhabitants of a particular English county, or even village. Others were coöpted or were in the gift of one or other College or University official, who was careful to look after his own. "I came here to vote for my old friend's son, and vote for him I shall, whatever the examiners may say," said a sturdy supporter of the old régime, when more modern methods were beginning to creep in. "I don't know what we are coming to," said Barnes, the Senior Canon of Christ Church. "I've given studentships to my sons, and to my nephews, and to my nephew's children, and there are no more of my family left. I shall have to give them by merit one of these days." [Tuckwell, p. 134.] Social gradations were strictly maintained, and what with Noblemen, Gentlemen Commoners, Commoners, Scholars, Grand Compounders, Sizars, Servitors, and I know not what beside, snobbishness was rife. The very poker-bearers, who still amuse the Canadian visitor as they strut in front of the Vice-Chancellor, were divided into Esquire Bedells and Yeoman Bedells. The three Esquire Bedells were Masters of Arts, and took the same pride in their office as do to-day Gold Stick in Waiting and Silver Stick in Waiting. They represented the three senior faculties of Law, Medicine, and Theology, and for some symbolic reason were paid different salaries for doing the same work. The office was

abolished by Doctor Pusey, who, however narrow his views on University organisation, was a stout foe of nepotism and jobbery. Loud were the wails of the last holder of the office, who saw in this "plan for getting a few hundreds a year to endow a professorship or two" a step "towards Americanising our Alma Mater." (G. V. Cox, *Reminiscences*, pp. 419, 421.)

Doubtless there is another side to the question. If most of the Common Rooms were filled with gentlemen who tarried long over their port, and veiled with a thin veneer of scholarship their ignorance of true education, Oriel can hardly have been a dull place when Arnold and Newman, or Balliol when Tait and Ward were the protagonists. These two colleges owed their superiority to having thrown their fellowships open to competition. Even in the others, a few tutors, and those usually the most brilliant, did their duty. Living before the days of organised athletics, the reading men probably worked harder, walked and talked more than they do now. The college system throws young men into such close contact that there can hardly be absolute torpor. As Carlyle says in his "Life of Sterling": "One benefit, not to be dissevered from the most obsolete university still frequented by young ingenuous living souls, is that of manifold collision and communication with the said young souls; which, to every one of these coevals, is undoubtedly the most important branch of breeding for him." Socially Oxford is probably less agreeable now than then. At its best the Common Room of the 'forties approached the ideal depicted by Tennyson:

"To take
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy—
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life."
—Lucretius.

An Oxford Common Room to-day is but a dull place, wherein over-worked tutors discuss the merits of

their pupils, or prattle scandal picked up from their wives. Then dinner was the event of the day; anecdotes were carefully treasured, epigrams carefully furbished; much as Oxford has gained since then as a seat of learning, she has lost something as a club.

From about 1834 on, the cry for reform grew loud. The dissenter clamoured for admission, science claimed to be recognised. The wise tutors, such as Jowett and Stanley, longed to make the University not the training ground for the faction of a sect, but the possession of the nation. This the High Church party resisted in the name of the sacredness of religion, and the still greater sacredness of the wishes of the pious founders. Their leader was Pusey, their guerilla chief Mansel, wit and metaphysician, fellow of Saint John's and Magdalen, afterwards Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Dean of Saint Paul's, who in 1850, in *Phrontisterion*, satirised the claims of the professors:

"Professors we,
From over the sea,
From the land where professors in plenty
be;
And we thrive and flourish, as well we
may,
In the land that produced one Kant with
a K
And many Cants with a C.
Where Hegel taught, to his profit and
fame,
That something and nothing were one and
the same;
The absolute difference never a jot being
'Twixt having and not having, being and
not being,
But wisely declined to extend his notion
To the finite relations of thalers and
groschen."

But the fact remained that close foundations had made Oxford education the laughing stock of Europe, and that the despised professor was one, if not the chief, element in the regeneration of Germany, and in 1850 a Royal Commission of investigation was appointed with A. P. Stanley, already well-known as an advocate of

reform, as its secretary, and with the more polemical Goldwin Smith as his assistant. The Commission left much undone; but it did much, and it gave the impulse to more. It did not make a university; but it made the colleges efficient, and paved the way for inter-collegiate coöperation. Close fellowships and local restrictions were almost wholly swept away, fellowships and scholarships were thrown open to public competition, professorships were revived, and colleges compelled to contribute to their maintenance. Science was introduced, and though long looked on with suspicion, has now grown to portentous size. While never abandoning the classics, Goldwin Smith had turned the main current of his thought to history, and his "statement on colleges and halls" which occupies eight pages of the report, is a model of lucid condensation.

What qualities had made this young man of twenty-seven already a leader in Oxford thought and life? Of striking personal appearance, of some independent means, a brilliant classic in a society in which the classics were still the indispensable outfit of a gentleman, he was already known when he took his degree. Of especial importance in the Oxford of that day were his gifts as a talker. Those who knew him then still tell of the urbanity of his conversation, an urbanity not without a grain of vinegar. His wonderful style, whether as writer or talker, which has been the envy of so many of us, he seems to have had from the first. "Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist" we may say of his earliest prize essay. He was a born phrase-maker. Early in his career came his description of the Hebdomadal Board which at that time controlled the University executive, as "an organised torpor," a description which extreme reformers apply to-day to its successor, the Hebdomadal Council. Though not robust, he was wiry, and very fond of riding. We may picture him to ourselves as Car-

lyle described the Cambridge Liberal of twenty years before: "A young ardent soul looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new, which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning without delay, and sweeping into their native chaos out of such a cosmos as this. Which process, it did not then seem to him could be very difficult; or attended with much other than heroic joy, and enthusiasm of victory or of battle, to the gallant operator, in his part of it." (Carlyle, "John Sterling, chap. iv.) Goldwin Smith was always "a bonny fighter;" and he never concealed his opinion, or hesitated to take the unpopular side; but in his Oxford days he had a hope of victory, a buoyant confidence which he afterwards lost. To the last he had been the unwearied foe of sham and injustice; but in his later years we missed the trust in the result, the confidence that once made him feel that with free and unwearied allegiance to the God of truth a man might even in his own day bring the ideal within reach.

In 1858 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History, an appointment to which the Commission had attached a fellowship at Oriel. His inaugural was a masterpiece, delivered with all his wonted elegance and urbanity. It is full of striking phrases, many of them as true and as needful for the Canada of to-day as for the Oxford of 1858. Yet his conception of the rôle of history in education is curiously humble. Doubtless he felt it incumbent on him to go delicately at a time when old-established classics and newly-admitted science alike looked askance at the

experiment of giving a degree in history alone. He describes his subject as well fitted to give some, if not the best, mental training to the wealthy and high-born, whose wealth and birth will make them the natural leaders of the country, but who shrink from the discipline of classics and philosophy. "History and its cognate subjects may not prove of as much intellectual power as the mixed philosophical and philological culture of the old classical school. If in them, as compared with severer studies, some concession is made to the comparative feebleness of the principle of industry in those who are not compelled to work for their bread with brain or hand, it is only a reasonable recognition of the facts of the case, to which all ideals of education, as of politics, must bend." But Goldwin Smith touches nothing from which he does not strike fire, and later on, when he pleads for the cause of religious and political liberty, he strikes a higher note. "True religion there cannot be where there is not free allegiance to the truth" is a lesson which some in Canada have yet to learn.

Though the Commission had revived the professorships, and though history had been made in 1853 a subject of examination leading to a degree, entire control of the undergraduate, and almost entire control of the teaching and lecturing, was still in the hands of the colleges. To this day the Oxford colleges tend to go on the principle of "keeping their ain guts for their ain sea-maws," and professors of European reputation are much less sure of an audience than is the college tutor who can be depended upon "to lecture for the schools," *i. e.*, to give only such teaching as can be reproduced in tabloid form at examinations. Goldwin Smith's lectures often had an audience of no more than three or four, even though among his fellow professors his reputation was so great that one of them, finding that his own

lectures clashed with those of Smith, walked over to those of the Regius Professor at the head of his pupils. For one term at least he had a larger audience. Though no man has said harder things of the two senior estates of the realm, few have taken more pleasure in their society, and the following extract from Thompson's life of Dean Liddell of Christ Church, to which college the Prince of Wales, afterwards His Majesty King Edward, came up as an undergraduate in 1859, is interesting in more ways than one:

"He did not read for a degree, but he attended courses of lectures in history and kindred subjects. It may be permitted to describe one of these; a scene still imprinted on the memory. It was a private course given to the Prince by the Regius Professor of Modern History, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was then residing at New Inn Hall; and the lectures took place in the dining-room there. Nearly opposite to the Hall was an ancient gateway, belonging originally to Saint Mary's College, and at this time forming the carriage entrance to the Prince's residence. Through this gateway he would pass at the hour of lecture, and quickly cross over the street. He always wore a nobleman's cap and gown, and was attended by his tutor, Mr. Herbert Fisher, and by an equerry or sometimes his Governor, Colonel Bruce. He took a seat at one end of the room, with his tutor and equerry on either hand; and at the other end, nearest the fire, sat the professor. On the side by the windows was gathered a small and specially selected group of four or five Christ Church undergraduates, who had been invited to make an audience, and afford the Prince a sense of companionship. All took notes, as the lectures went on; and they were well deserving of the compliment. The text-book was the 'Annals of England,' and the professor began with the earliest times; and he would sit with one leg folded over the other, and talk delightfully, in his brilliant, epigrammatic style, about the various subjects which were suggested as page after page was turned." H. L. Thompson: "Life of H. G. Liddell." 1899, pp. 178-9).

Soon afterwards he moved from New Inn Hall to a house in Norham Gardens, just north of the parks. The only other house near was that of Commander Burrows, and the two

were known as Pass and Class (Pass and Honours). Here the timid professor, with a somewhat exaggerated sense of solitude, is said to have slept with a pistol beneath his pillow.

Many of his lectures were promptly printed, and so increased his fame throughout England that when he lectured in London or in Liverpool his audiences were large and enthusiastic; only by undergraduate Oxford, intent on degrees, was he not always appreciated. Of a lecture on Lord Chatham, delivered to a handful at Oxford and to a crowd at London, one of the handful thus recalls the beginning: "Burke tells us somewhere that even in the eighteenth century the Church of Rome upreared her mitred head in the palaces of kings. 'I was on the Lord's Day at Versailles,' says Horace Walpole, 'and there sat the King, leaning upon the shoulder of Du Barry. At her feet were gathered fifteen Bishops and Archbishops.' Thus it was that the Church of Rome upreared her mitred head at the Court of Louis XV." However well-fitted to attract attention, we cannot but feel that the mother of vinegar, borrowed from Swift, is beginning to spread somewhat dangerously. The spirit of truth is less manifest than the desire to score a point at all hazards.

But if never a scientific historian, always picturing history as the record of an Armageddon between clericalism and liberty, the acute, piercing, restless intellect, to which the work of rummaging amid dusty manuscripts was so distasteful, made him the prince of controversialists and of pamphleteers. In 1861 he got into a quarrel with his old opponent Mansel, who in 1858, in his Bampton lectures, delivered in the University Church, had sought to base Christianity on the philosophy of the unconditioned, which he had learned from Sir William Hamilton. The provinces of the human and Divine reason and morality are separate; knowledge of God can come only from His revela-

tion of Himself; therefore the arguments of the sceptic are vain; such was in effect the argument of Mansel. Smith showed that on such reasoning all religious argumentation was vain, and the lectures themselves superfluous. Mansel had undertaken to defend some of the actions imputed by the Old Testament to the Almighty by saying that "It is one thing to condemn a religion on account of the habitual observance of licentious or inhuman acts of worship, and another to pronounce judgment on isolated facts, historically recorded as having been done by Divine command, but not perpetuated in precepts for the imitation of posterity." "How," asks Smith, "but by transcending what he lays down as the limits of human thought, can he be assured that the difference between the Divine and the diabolical nature is this, that whereas the diabolical nature is habitually criminal, the Divine nature commits only isolated crimes?" Mansel, himself a wit and a pamphleteer, must have chuckled over this almost as much as its author.

In 1862-3 he engaged in a violent controversy with *The Times* and the Colonial Secretary on the subject of the colonies. His own letters, published in *The Daily News*, and afterwards reprinted under the title of "The Empire," may still be read with interest and profit, though his prophecies are as invariably wrong as his criticisms are pointed and just. A little later on he defended with splendid success the cause of the North in the American Civil War, in which the hardships of the Lancashire cotton-spinners, and the natural tendencies of a society still largely feudal, had tended to make England Southern in sympathy. Here the moral elevation of his character shone out; his pamphlets on the American Civil War show Goldwin Smith at his purest and his best. In 1867, just after resigning his professorship, he fell foul of Disraeli, with whom he had frequently tiffed, and apropos of the Treaty

of Utrecht went a little out of his way to say that "The natural alliance between politicians of easy virtue and intriguing ecclesiastics did not begin or end with Bolingbroke and Atterbury." Disraeli bided his time, and in due course took a terrible revenge.

But his greatest controversy was with the Oxford clericals. Whether because they felt that the time was not ripe, or because most of them were ecclesiastics, the Commissioners of 1850 had left the question of tests pretty much alone. The Act of 1854, passed on their recommendation, had indeed done away with tests at matriculation, and for the degree of B.A. in arts, law and medicine. But fellowships, professorships, the higher degrees, and thereby all share in college or university government were still restricted to those who had signed both the thirty-nine articles, and the three articles of the thirty-sixth canon. To many this did not seem unfair. In 1863 Gladstone said in the House of Commons that "it was a fair and just demand of the Church of England that the governing body in her university and her colleges should be composed of her members." But the exclusion of Non-Conformists was perhaps the least of the evils of the test. To all thinking young men there comes a time when the old formulas prove inadequate, when the soul is thrown back upon itself, a time of questioning and striving and agony of soul, a time from which many emerge with faith purified and strengthened, but which for the moment leaves them struggling on what seems a shoreless sea. In most of us this time coincides roughly with the age at which we take our B.A. degree. Thus just when the soul of the student was in its deepest perplexity, just when all formulas seemed to him false and

vain, he was forced, if he wished academic preferment, to sign articles drawn up at a time of bitter ecclesiastical strife, and containing hundreds of positive statements on all the most disputed points of religion. Small wonder that, as Osborne Morgan said in the House of Commons in 1869, the tests "excluded conscientious and high-minded men, and were disregarded by those who preferred their prospects to their principles." What was more, the tests were used by the still triumphant clerical party as weapons against their opponents. In 1855 the heresy-hunters forced the Vice-Chancellor to compel Jowett to re-sign the articles, and though he did it with a characteristic jest, saying merely: "Oh, yes, if you'll give me a little ink," none the less the insult rankled. Three years later Jowett wrote bitterly to his friend Stanley of "this abominable system of terrorism, which prevents the statement of the plainest facts, and makes true theology or theological education impossible." (Life, p. 114).

Of this system, "exterminating as Islam," as he wrote in 1866, Goldwin Smith was the unwearied foe. The final abolition of the tests did not come till 1871, when Mr. Gladstone extemporised a life-long conviction in its favour; but no one did more to make it a living issue than did Smith.* In 1864 the question was discussed at large public meetings in Liverpool and in London. Among the chief speakers were Smith and Mr. (now the Right Honourable) James Bryce. In the same year Smith published his "Plea for the Abolition of Tests," from which I have already quoted. On the iniquity of the system he heaps mingled scorn, indignation and ridicule. "If we were not made callous by official custom and party casuistry, should we fail to perceive that no

*The abolition of tests, and the general increase in efficiency, has led to a corresponding increase in the number of the undergraduates. In 1860 there were about 1,600; in 1874 about 2,500; there are now about 3,500. Magdalen, when Goldwin Smith came up, had forty undergraduates, "mostly profligates," he has been heard to say; it has now over 140.

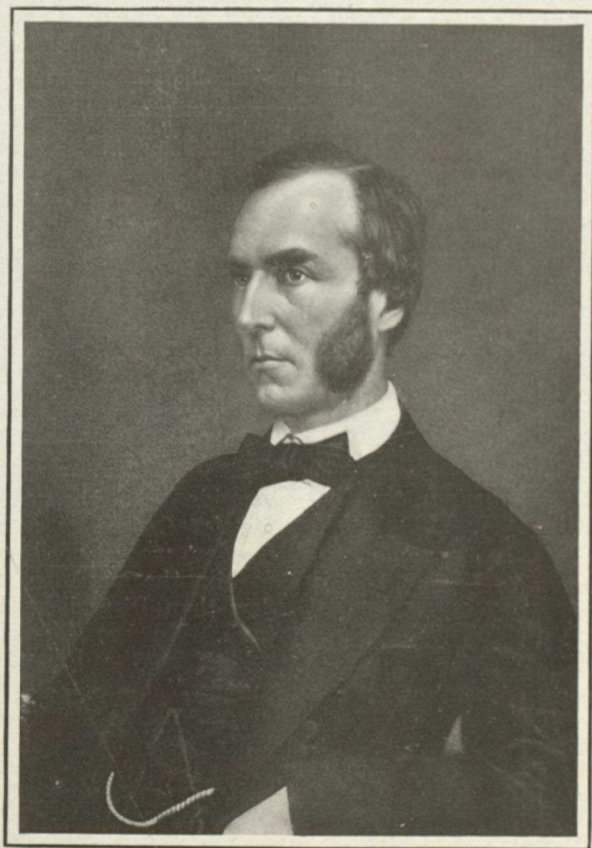
imaginable sin against the God of truth can be greater or more deadly than that of deliberately corrupting the spirit of truth in a young heart?" Of the forcing of Jowett to re-sign the articles he says: "Nobody supposes that the suspected person is at all better affected to the doctrines of the articles after repeating his subscription than he was before. Nobody feels that any further assurance of his orthodoxy has really been given to any human being. Persecution, and attempts to drive the supposed heretic from the University by insult and prejudice, go on after the pretended act of satisfaction, just as they did before. One object only has been attained, the open humiliation of an opponent. This interpretation, and this interpretation alone, is put upon the proceeding on all hands; and whether the feeling produced in the minds of the beholders is that of malignant exultation, or of disgust, the effect on the interests of religion is the same. . . . Oxford, with her closed degrees, and her open libraries and book-shops, is a city with strongly fortified gates, but with no walls." Here and there the passion of the rhetorician masters him. In cold blood he would not have described Charles II. as "a Defender of the Faith, who lived a careless infidel, mocking at morality and God, and who died a craven infidel, calling in his panic for the viaticum of a superstition." With all his faults Charles II. died like a gentleman. It is the vice of the pamphleteer to read into the facts just a little more than they will bear, and from this vice Goldwin Smith has never been wholly free. But his pamphlet remains a noble piece of rhetoric, a nineteenth century *Areopagitica*. In the very year in which he wrote, the acquittal by Lord Westbury of the authors of "Essays and Reviews" marked the turn of the tide, an acquittal which so angered the saintly Pusey that he declared his only consolation to be that the

Lord Chancellor would one day feel what was meant by eternal punishment.

In 1866 Smith suddenly resigned his professorship, and two years later accepted a position at Cornell. His last official act before leaving Oxford was an act of mercy. The undergraduates of University College were at the time a riotous set, whose career of indiscipline had culminated in screwing up in his rooms an unpopular fellow of the College. The work was done with coffin-screws, and so effectually that the prisoner had to call in the local locksmith to effect his release. The culprits refused to confess, and the fellows took the drastic step of "sending down," *i.e.*, of expelling, the whole college. In consternation, a deputation of the undergraduates waited on Goldwin Smith and urged him to plead their cause. This he did, and in deference to the parting genius the penalty was remitted.

The reasons which led to his resignation have never been divulged. He may have longed for a country not encumbered by tests and aristocracies; may have longed to see the young democracy at close hand, perhaps not without a hope that he might mould its education to his will. To his brilliant, hectic, impulsive mind such a thought was likely to come. Whatever his reasons, it was a great mistake. The happiest years of his life were spent in Oxford. He had understood her, and she had understood him. The crude, raw, strenuous democracy of the United States and of Canada he never wholly understood. He came to us a great Oxford Don, and a great Oxford Don he has remained.

One reason which I have heard given for his retirement to the United States may be set aside. It is that he was driven out of England by the attack of Disraeli in "Lothair." Disraeli had been biding his time, and with Semitic malice introduced into "Lothair" an Oxford professor, de-



From an engraving by George E. Perine

GOLDWIN SMITH,
AS HE APPEARED WHEN
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

scribed in words full of those half-truths which bite like an acid:

"The Oxford Professor, who was the guest of the American Colonel, was quite a young man, of advanced opinions on all subjects, religious, social and political. He was clever, extremely well-informed, so far as books can make a man knowing, but unable to profit even by that limited experience of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevented him from ever observing or thinking of anything but himself. He was gifted with a great command of words, which took the form of endless exposition, varied by sarcasm and passages of ornate jargon. He was the last person one would have expected to recognise in an Oxford professor; but we live in an age of transition.

"A Parisian man of science, who had passed his life in alternately fighting at barricades and discovering planets, had given Colonel Campian, who had lived much in the French capital, a letter of introduction to the Professor, whose invectives against the principles of English society were hailed by foreigners as representative of the sentiments of venerable Oxford. The Professor, who was not satisfied with his home career, and, like many men of his order of mind, had dreams of wild vanity which the New World, they think, can alone realise, was very glad to make the Colonel's acquaintance, which might facilitate his future movements. So he had lionised the distinguished visitors during the last few days over the University; and had availed himself of plenteous opportunities for exhibiting to them his celebrated powers of exposition, his talent for sar-

casm, which he deemed peerless, and several highly finished picturesque passages, which were introduced with extemporary art.

"The Professor was much surprised when he saw Lothair enter the saloon at the hotel. He was the last person in Oxford whom he expected to encounter. Like sedentary men of extreme opinions, he was a social parasite, and instead of indulging in his usual invectives against peers and princes, finding himself unexpectedly about to dine with one of that class, he was content to dazzle and amuse him." (Disraeli, "Lothair," chap. XXIV.)

Goldwin Smith, who had all the sensitiveness of a man bred in the Common Room, must have felt a sting in every word. Only the master of satire can feel its full force in the hand of an opponent. But the attack cannot have driven him out of England, for the good reason that while he left England in 1868. "Lothair" was not published till 1870.

But we must not leave Goldwin Smith with the arrow of the bravo in his side. One who sees how much he did for Oxford at a time when her freedom was in peril will rather apply to him the words in which a greater Jew than Disraeli wrote his own epitaph. He was, like Heine, "a noble soldier in the liberation-war of humanity."





MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AT HIS DESK

GOLDWIN SMITH IN CANADA

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

BEING once asked by a newspaper interviewer if the report were true that he had promised to bequeath his brain to a Cornell professor, Mr. Goldwin Smith replied smilingly that he had no objection to the University acquiring it "when I am done with it." This wonderful mechanism worked unceasingly for nearly three-quarters of a century. Its vitality scarcely flagged until the very last. Mental powers of unusual vividness and tenacity devoted themselves, almost exclusively, to literary work. In youth delicate, he built up his constitution by out-door exercise. He avoided over-study, and the brain-re-

warded its possessor for the care by a long period of productiveness.

When he arrived in Canada the new Dominion was in the early and troubled stage of its childhood. Political conditions were unstable. It was the era of experiment. Canadians themselves were uncertain of the future. The idea of a state of independence within the Empire was scarcely grasped even by British statesmen. Such a situation appealed to a mind with a natural bent toward journalism. Goldwin Smith's literary gifts had as yet produced little of a permanent character. The Oxford lectures and the controversial pamphlets

and letters respecting the American Civil War sufficiently indicated the possession of intellectual insight and brilliancy of style. Candid friends had urged him to write books. Addressing the Canadian Press Association, he replied, with gentle satire, to this proposal: "It is perfectly true that the works of a journalist are ephemeral: they go into the nether world of old files and are forgotten. But does not the same fate befall a good many books? Look at the back

graphical vein, he dealt also with his own ambitions: "I suppose it may be true that as a student I did set out in life to write a book. I suppose that was my manifest destiny, but like other manifest destinies it was not fulfilled. I was taken away from my college early in life, became mixed up with public men, and was at length drawn into the press. So I became a journalist, and a journalist I have remained; though I came to Canada not with the slightest intention of going



MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, ON THE LAWN IN FRONT OF "THE GRANGE"

shelves of any great library. What a necropolis of the immortals is there. There, amidst inviolate dust and cobwebs which are never disturbed, sleep great masters of the civil law who were once as gods for their wisdom. There sleep the authors of many a system of philosophy which now has no disciples. There sleep the authors of many a system of science which has been superseded a hundred times by the advance of modern thought."

On this occasion, in an autobio-

on the press, least of all on the political press, which for some time, in fact, I then steadfastly eschewed. I thought only of making a home for myself among my relatives; but I was drawn in by the current of national life which began to flow after Confederation in the intellectual as well as in the political sphere." The temptation being too strong to resist, Goldwin Smith joined the school of honest doubters who questioned the permanence of the new



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF "THE GRANGE"



THE HALLWAY OF "THE GRANGE"

constitution. Like Sir Alexander Galt he advocated independence at first and thus drew upon himself the wrath of George Brown and other fathers of Confederation who resented an effort to destroy a movement which they had carried to success after immense personal sacrifice. He was one of the writers for *The Nation*, the independent Liberal paper which looked to

Donald, who, being in Opposition, welcomed recruits from any quarter. About this time he wrote for *The Fortnightly Review* the famous article on "manifest destiny" which created such a stir. If his independence views aroused criticism, the prediction that Canada was bound in time to join the American Republic evoked a stronger feeling. At the outset, no

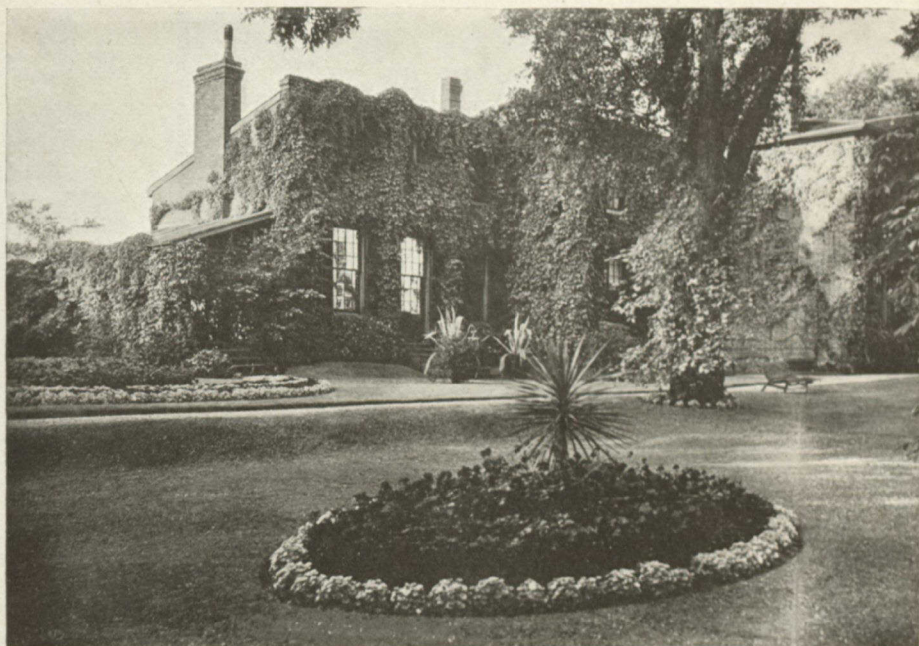


MR. GOLDWIN SMITH AT THE ENTRANCE TO "THE GRANGE"

Mr. Blake as its leader rather than to the somewhat rigid domination of Mr. Brown and *The Globe*. He wrote also many articles for *The Canadian Monthly*, and kept up his connection with the periodical press of England and the United States.

As the years went on, he drifted away from the Liberals, and began to associate himself with Sir John Mac-

doubt, he intended his opinions to be considered in the academic sense, with the realisation remote. But bitter opposition strengthens the beliefs of an independent man. These views were not uncommon. They had been widely held in England prior to Confederation. The Colonial Office, when the Union measure was being framed in London, wondered why the colonial



"THE GRANGE": A SIDE VIEW



THE LIBRARY OF "THE GRANGE"



THE DINING-ROOM OF "THE GRANGE"



THE GOLDWIN SMITH HALL, AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

statesmen wanted to make two bites of the cherry. Gladstone had written to Mr. Smith, at the close of the American war, suggesting the cession of Canada as the price of peace. The letter was prudently suppressed, but to suppose that Goldwin Smith originated the policy of annexation, or even that he was its chief protagonist, is an error. For the time being his relations with the Canadian Conservatives continued unimpaired. Although never what is termed an active party politician, he came, on this occasion, very near to being one. He appeared on the hustings in a constituency close to Toronto, in support of a Conservative candidate and defended proposals to raise the tariff. Later on in *The Bystander* he pronounced upon the National Policy, not a benediction, but at least a very charitable judgment. That he modified this opinion later on is well known.

From this period of his life to its close he wrote fearlessly on every political question, always with the air of authority and with the distinction of style that commanded attention. It became necessary for a

student of affairs to read his writings, enriched as they were with a wealth of knowledge and experience. Whether you agreed by his conclusions or not, he represented journalistic criticism upon current events in its most telling and valuable form. A Canadian felt obliged to keep a vigilant eye upon all his comments. The aloofness of his point of view was of importance. No one bent upon honest investigation in the domain of political thought would dream of tossing aside an essay from his pen simply because the arguments were unacceptable or the treatment partisan. You had to read him or you were not fully informed in contemporary controversy. To keep abreast of his literary activities was a tax in itself. A London editor, Sir Robertson Nicoll, declared a few years ago that no writer of note was so hard to track down. He wrote in newspapers, in magazines, and in reviews—English, Canadian, and American. He wrote books and republished, in book form, fugitive essays and lectures. The place of publication would be London one year, New York the year after, and

adopted before? Because the former necessary for the
 adoption of any policy is not possible with a government the
 members of which hold their office by so brief a tenure and
 must be always thinking of re-election. The occurrence of
 the present crisis in our fortunes may be salutary if
 it heartily impresses on us the necessity of exchanging
 the present system for an expert, stable, and really
 responsible government.

Goldwin Smith

Toronto the next. No special effort to have his literary product widely noticed in the press seems to have been made. If the reviewers happened to be indifferent, the author seemed equally so. He seldom referred in one article to previous assertions of his own. His style was almost uniformly impersonal. He possessed also the journalistic habit of considering the day's programme complete in itself. In consequence, if you desired to pursue him through the mazes of his literary meanderings you were forced to follow faithfully the periodical press and certain leading newspapers of three countries. I missed for some time—because it appeared in an unexpected quarter—one of the most interesting of his many articles, the defence of England's attitude toward the North in the Civil War.

Debarred by his own inclinations from party politics in Canada, Mr. Smith began to take up the more serious tasks of authorship. It is probable that no one except Mr. Arnold Haultain, his secretary and literary executor, could furnish a complete bibliography. The difficulty of tracing all his publications would, for the reasons already given, be enormous. He had sixty years of active literary life, and the range of subjects covered was large. As is inevitable in journalism, many matters dealt with were ephemeral and soon dropped out of sight. Without my having made any special effort to collect his books, there are on the table beside me thirteen volumes and some pamphlets. During his residence in England he published his lectures on history, a little book on Ireland (which he expanded in 1905 into "Irish History and the Irish Question"), the "Three English Statesmen," and the contributions, in the form of booklets or pamphlets, to the defence of the North in the Civil War. The Peel papers were entrusted to him in the hope that he would write the biography. This task he unfor-

tunately declined, and we have no adequate life of Peel to this day.

Mr. Goldwin Smith became Professor of History at Cornell in 1869 and for two years held that post, removing to Toronto in 1871. During the ensuing years he devoted himself to Canadian problems, helped to found the old *Canadian Monthly*, and wrote for the second number (March, 1872) an article on the downfall of the Sandfield Macdonald Government in the Ontario Legislature. This was signed "A Bystander" and was, as far as I know, the first use of the literary pseudonym which he maintained to the end of his days. He was a regular contributor to the *Monthly*, while it lasted, and in 1880 produced *The Bystander*, a periodical written entirely by himself. In 1884 he founded *The Week*, and in recent years had been the mainstay of *The Weekly Sun*. In 1881 there appeared a volume of his essays and lectures selected from various quarters and exhibiting the diversity of talent and intellectual energy which indicate how impossible it is to make a full chronicle of his writings. This was printed for private circulation only, as were several other works of his. He was the author of three biographies, "Cowper" (in the English Men of Letters series), "Jane Austen," and "William Lloyd Garrison." "Canada and the Canadian Question," published in 1891, was one outcome of active participation in the movement known as Commercial Union, a highly controversial subject, and one which aroused much of the criticism that centred about him for several years. It was mainly a narrative of political events, a form of effort which seems to have been peculiarly congenial, for his histories of the United States and Great Britain are similar in character. "The United States; An Outline of Political History" was published in 1893 and is, from some points of view, considered the most valuable, as it is the most attractive, of his books. Certainly no Canadian who desires to

have on this theme the judgment of a competent critic, who was at least not prejudiced against the Republic, can afford to leave it unread.

Of "The United Kingdom; a Political History" produced in 1899 he himself said that it was "performed by the hand of extreme old age," although it betrays no sign of failing powers. It is a striking proof of vigorous intellect at the age of seventy-six. Mr. Smith was fond of small books, embodying in a condensed form the conclusions he had reached after years of reflection and experience. To this partiality were due: "A Trip to England," "A Memory of Gladstone," "In the Court of History," "Revolution or Progress," "Commonwealth or Empire," "Labour and Capital" and several others. A word must be said upon his share in religious controversy. This seems to have begun in 1861 when he wrote "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections" and in recent years "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" drew him into the stormy sea of theological polemics. Many of his disquisitions on this matter were contributed to the *New York Sun*.

That he desired to do for education in Canada what ripe scholarship and an Oxford experience could do was shown from the first years of his residence here. He became a member of the old advisory committee which aided the Government in administering the state system of schools, and was once, I believe, elected by the teachers to be the President of their Provincial Association. He delivered a course of lectures at McGill University, Montreal, but his chief interest lay always with the Ontario system, especially with the colleges. The pages of *The Bystander* exhibit his keenness for university consolidation. If he did not originate federation, he was a pioneer in the movement. First in an address at Trinity

and afterwards in frequent discussions with the promoters of union he urged a combination of forces in order to give the Province one really strong university. But he was not a member of the original conference summoned by the Ontario Government, and there is ground to suppose that he felt the omission to enlist his services in behalf of a cause which he had deeply at heart. In 1905 when Sir James Whitney appointed the Commission to re-cast the constitution of the University of Toronto, Goldwin Smith was eighty. On the score of declining health he refused the chairmanship, but displayed great energy in attending the meetings and taking part in the discussions. By his invitation the Commission held all its regular meetings at *The Grange*. In the dining-room of the historical mansion the findings of the Commission were drawn up, and in the library the final report was signed. The report bears evidence, in more than one place, of his literary skill and the concluding paragraph, at the request of his fellow-members, was written by himself. In the lucid and direct style of which he was a master, a statement of the spirit and work of the Commission does not occupy more than a few sentences.

What place, some will ask, may we expect posterity to assign to the labours of Goldwin Smith? It would be presumptuous in me to attempt a reply. In his historical writings there is no ground which he made exclusively his own, and to his comments on current events the future students of our history, more than any other persons, will be apt to refer. This is the fate of even the best journalistic writings, which, to quote again his own phrase, "go into the nether world of old files." There we may be sure they will often be consulted by those who write the history of our times.

THE BLOT*

BY ARTHUR STRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER POPPY," "THE WIRE TAPPERS,"
"THE WOMAN IN THE RAIN," ETC., ETC.

ACT II.

"MAN MADE THE CITY."

Time: In the afternoon—two years later.

Scene: Library of Mrs. Tupper's Fifth Avenue home. The room is a beautiful one, but obviously overfurnished. A heavily carved rosewood writing table standing in the centre. On this a desk telephone, metal desk ornaments, statuettes and French silver vases of cut flowers increase the impression of overlavish and over-luxurious environment. Mr. Slater and Mrs. Tupper are discovered, facing each other.

Slater. It's not often I find my authors in such gilded cages.

Mrs. T. [*Shaking box of chocolates.*] This had to be a gilded cage, or the bird wouldn't have come to it. We actually fought over Helen Rider like hens over a worm.

Slater. She came to very beautiful surroundings.

Mrs. T. Yes; and took to 'em like a duck to water. Poor Ezra fitted this study up for me after the Coffee Importers' Annual printed my poem on Motherhood. [*Slater coughs.*] No, Ezra wasn't literary. He said most literary people made him nutty. But he was always so proud of my creating. He'd always ask for that little thing of mine on Motherhood as soon as he'd got into his house-coat. Then he'd sit and read it by the hour, over

and over; and say it was our child, our Soul Child.

Slater. [*Wincing.*] I never thought of you as an author, Mrs. Tupper.

Mrs. T. I've found I can write only at the rare moment. I must have orchids in front of me; and my thoughts come so much clearer if I've eaten a *café parfait*.

Slater. I wish orchids and *café parfaits* would have the same effect on Miss Rider. Has she never intimated when I'm to get that second book of hers?

Mrs. T. She always seems to be working on that second book, and worrying over it, and never getting it done. But she tells me precious little about her work. She hates to talk about it. When I had her come here I thought she'd be such a help to me in my creating. But I certainly picked a lemon. I might as well have given my rooms to a crystal-gazer. [*Wistfully.*] And poor dear Ezra did want me to restore the spirit of the French *salon*.

Slater. Yes, I find the world divided into two classes: those who *can* write, and won't, and those who *can't* write, and want to. Candidly, what's been the trouble with Miss Rider?

Mrs. T. Don't ask *me!* But the way that woman rides my horses when she gets one of her blue days is enough to drive me back to Spirit-Rapping. She's always on the go, as though she's

* Copyright, 1910, by Arthur Stringer. All rights reserved.

afraid to stop long enough to remember things. It's teas here and receptions there, and chocolataires and invitation-lectures somewhere else, and patroness for this and that, until I feel I was housekeeper for a canary-bird with St. Vitus dance.

Slater. Ah, but don't you find her rather bright?

Mrs. T. Yes, she's bright enough. That's why I've got to take her to Florida with me. Those Palm Beach snobs won't even bite at a good dinner, nowadays, unless you can bait it with a celebrity or two. Oh, she's clever enough; but I must say I always felt her best things were re-hashed from that book of hers. And it doesn't thrill me any more to see a real novelist wearing my Worth opera cloak to the Metropolitan.

Slater. I remember when she came to me with her first book two years ago. I couldn't say she was exactly a country girl, not exactly awkward, you know. But she was different, very different. She actually begged me to put a man's name on her title-page. Nothing but shyness—dread of publicity.

Mrs. T. [*Sniffs.*] Most people say its startlingly like a man's book.

Slater. Precisely. That's the point. It's so virile, so strong. With a man's name it would have been—well, not commonplace; no one could call Smoking Torches commonplace, but I saw from the first how the combination of that book and Helen Rider herself, with her youth, her freshness, would be a seven days' wonder, a novelty

Mrs. T. Yes, I've seen her pictures on everything from the cobblestones to the magazine covers.

Slater. [*Ignoring interruption.*] That's what struck me when I first went through those wonderful pages of hers, so mature, so mordant, so vigorous! [*Slyly.*] I actually tried to trip her up on the text, as it were. But she knew it, every chapter, every line, word for word. [*Wilson enters and announces "Mr. Whitgreave."*]

Paul enters, dreamily abstracted, carrying book-mss. wrapped up, under his arm. He shakes hands with Mrs. Tupper, absently.]

Paul. Is Helen in? [*His directness is almost child-like.*]

Mrs. T. This is one of her blue days again. That means she's been out all day—riding in the Park all morning, lunching at the Plaza, and giving a reading this afternoon for the Bide-a-Wee Home. Mr. Slater, this is Mr. Whitgreave, Paul Whitgreave. [*Confidentially.*] He's the nephew of the Earl of Aburthnott, you know. [*Aloud.*] The laziest boy who ever came over from Oxford, but he writes beautifully, just beautifully.

Slater. Glad to know you, Mr. Whitgreave. I suppose you're one of us—one of the two hundred thousand who've read Helen Rider?

Paul. [*Diffidently.*] Like all lazy men, I have a great admiration for people who do things; so I must be one of you.

Slater. Ah, then you've read Smoking Torches?

Paul. [*Examining book-shelves.*] Three times, in fact.

Tupper. [*At window.*] That's the car now.

Slater. By the way, I'd like to get a photo of Miss Rider and the car. Good advertising! And our house always pushes its authors. The imprint of Slater & Slater means success. And before we get through we intend to make the name of Rider a household word.

Paul. Like Sapolio? [*Enter Helen Rider, Buoyant, yet forces gaiety; handsomely gowned.*]

Helen. Oh, here you all are, clever people trying to kill the worm of ennui. [*She nods to Mrs. Tupper, shakes hands with Paul. As she turns to Slater her face changes. Forces laugh.*] I broke the speed law to get here from the Astor. They say the way of the transgressor's hard, but he gets even by being able to afford pneumatic tires. [*To Paul, who*

always eagerly watches her.] And Paul, we were talking about you. When the Princess Trubetskii asked if you were a genius, somebody said genius was the faculty of having faith in everything, especially oneself.

Slater. [Pompously.] Genius, I understood, was the capacity of taking pains.

Helen. After meeting so many of them I'm beginning to think it's the capacity of giving pains. [Laughs.] That doesn't mean you, Paul; you're too nice to be a genius. But what do you suppose? John Burke's come back to New York. He was in line with all those delightful queer people who insist on shaking hands with you because your picture's been pasted on the ash-barrels. He said he'd been scouring New York to get trace of me—and me a celebrity!

Paul. [Disturbed.] Who's John Burke?

Helen [More seriously.] He used to be a friend of mine out West—a very good friend, a very close friend. [Facetious again.] But dear-o-dear-o-me, how old friends drift apart in this world! And don't you hate to have old friends come and tell you that you've changed? That means I've got to have all the pink shades on before he comes.

Slater. [Who has been fidgetting.] Really, I must be off. I'll drop in later, Miss Rider, when I can see you alone. [Solemnly.] We've only three weeks left, three weeks.

Helen. Is it that bad?

Slater. I don't want to crowd you, but this second book of yours is already announced.

Helen. Yes—I must get at it.

Slater. [Sadly.] This will make the third postponement, you know.

Helen. A book in the hand's worth two in the head, isn't it? I suppose authors are really as hard to handle as melons and bananas and things: they have to be picked green and humored and kept warm and marketed at just the right moment.

Slater. [Taking up hat.] Well, the moment's ripe, you know. Good afternoon.

Mrs. T. To think of having a publisher begging you for a book. That'd be the millennium to me. It'd seem like heaven. [Exit Mrs. Tupper with Slater.]

Helen. Like heaven! Then, as my uncle Daniel used to say, I'll choose heaven for climate and—er—hell for society. Paul, do you know what my idea of Paradise really is? It's a big open fire where you can watch publishers broiling and toasting to the sound of trumpets.

Paul. You are awfully clever.

Helen. I'm only frightened. Every woman's clever when she's frightened. She has to be. Ugh! I feel exactly like Cinderella waiting for that awful stroke of twelve.

Paul. But you see how we'd all like to be in your shoes.

Helen. They're not very comfortable shoes, I'm afraid. Blue-stockings never do get into very comfortable shoes.

Paul. But I could never imagine a blue-stockings wearing a Paquin gown.

Helen. [Unwrapping parcel he has handed her.] Is this your novel at last?

Paul. It was mine once, before I chucked it.

Helen. Chucked it, why?

Paul. It turned out so confoundedly yellow. I was ashamed of it.

Helen. [Examining pages.] The Chain Gall—A Novel. Why, it hasn't got your name on it!

Paul. I'd be ashamed to put my name to such a thing. I've grown past it. You must read it now as though it were written by somebody that's dead.

Helen. [With a start.] By somebody that's dead!

Paul. One of my dead selves, if you can call it that. And I'm jolly well glad that part of me is dead.

Helen. Parts of us can die, can't they? I feel exactly as this city would

if somebody came and carried off its Central Park—all asphalt and stone and brick?

Paul. Don't you know what you need, Helen? You need love. You can't live without love. You were made for it. Every glance of your eye, every line of your face, is a pleading for love. Every smile of your lips, every rise and fall of your bosom, is a call for love. You can't escape it if you want to. You can't steal it out of your heart. You are love-hungry. You must love and be loved, whether you want to or not. You are only the torch-bearer of a passion that is as old as the world.

Helen. [*Studying him.*] You see you're going back to your poetry again. My dear boy, you might as well try to melt a glacier with the flame of a wax candle as turn the head woman.

Helen. That's what Mr. Slater's just been insinuating!

Paul. I love you—I—

Helen. Paul, I always want to be honest and open with you, because I think you're honest and open by nature. It's your honesty that's always appealed to me, that's made me trust you, that's almost made me depend on you.

Paul. That's all I want—your trust. Let me help you: let me work for you. Then the rest will come—I know it will. Here's Slater bullying you for this book. If we're going to be a month in Florida with Mrs. Tupper, why can't we spend that month working on your book?

Helen. But that's exactly what I'm running away from—from books and worry and everything this place of stone and steel has made of me. I think that's why John Burke said I'd changed so much.

Paul. But why couldn't you let me do your fighting for you? You weren't made for fighting. You were made for love, to be loved.

Helen. And lie like a seed-oyster in a river-bed and have some watery

emotion bring me everything—food and drink and air and life?

Paul. No; that's not like you. That sounds *hard*.

Helen. Life makes us hard.

Paul. Then we need love more than ever to redeem it. And you know I love you.

Helen. Foolish boy!

Paul. Love is never foolish.

Helen. Yes, it is, Paul. I've caught sight of it in the parks. It's terribly foolish, sometimes. [*Seriously.*] Have you ever thought you were in love, Paul?

Paul. I thought I was, once, with a girl at home. But when I met you I knew it wasn't love, real love. Not a man's love.

Helen. You dear foolish boy.

Paul. Boy?

Helen. Yes, boy. But even boys mustn't talk that way to a woman when she's tired and lonely—and desperate.

Paul. But I have a right to, just as I've a right to protect you.

Helen. Paul, how old are you?

Paul. Twenty-two.

Helen. And I am twenty-five.

Paul. What difference does that make—three years?

Helen. The difference is on the wrong side, that's all. And now I'm in "Who's Who," they'll never never let me drop a year out.

Paul. But that doesn't count. All I know is that I love you. [*She shrinks back a little as he draws nearer.*]

Helen. I shouldn't let you say that.

Paul. Helen, you're tired of books and authors and all that. Why can't you marry me—why can't we go home to England and be happy together?

Helen. And live on Devonshire cream and kisses!

Paul. I've two hundred pounds a year.

Helen. My dear boy, one gown like this would gobble up half your income and my cab bills would take the rest. No, you'll go back to England and

marry that nice girl and be happy ever afterwards.

Paul. I couldn't go back. I love you.

Helen. It's a wonderful thing, Paul, to have a good man, a truthful man, say he loves you. It's a wonderful thing to a woman.

Paul. Then you could learn to care? [*Noticing her flinch.*] Helen, is there anyone who stands between us?

Helen. [*After pause.*] No.

Paul. Then why are you almost afraid of me, like this?

Helen. I'm not afraid of you. I'm afraid of your ideals. How would you feel if I wasn't what you'd taken me for? If I'd done things that would hurt and disappoint you?

Paul. I'd be glad of it—glad of something for a test. Yes, a test. That's why I want you to let me help you on this book, help you always, in everything, in all your work.

Helen. And we'll go on and on, year after year, writing big books and growing old and illustrious and trying to live up to our early photographs—for a photograph's harder to live up to, with a woman, than a reputation. Ugh!

Paul. But don't you glory in your work—aren't you proud of it?

Helen. [*With sudden bitterness.*] No! I hate it! I hate everything it's brought.

Paul. [*Studying her, in amazement.*] But don't you intend to finish this second book of yours?

Helen. Yes, I've promised Mr. Slater. I'm under obligations to him—he's even advanced me money on it. It must be written, in some way. [*Rebelliously.*] But it only gets harder and harder. Oh, I feel as though I were being crowded and cramped up into a corner, closer and closer. [*Desperately.*] I feel that I've got to have open spaces again, air and room to breathe in, to move about in!

Paul. I'm glad you say that—I'm glad. It shows you need help—that I can help you. You say it's all up-hill

work, that you can't advance. But two together, in double harness, that would make it easy.

Helen. But Paul, I couldn't use you. I couldn't—

Paul. [*Quickly.*] But I'd be glad to do it—I'd glory in it.

Helen. [*Studying him detached.*] And you think it would be fair to you?

Paul. But if we were partners in this, surely in time we could be partners in—in other things. Work and love—they're the only two big things in life.

Helen. But this would be tying me to you. I'd feel, then, that I ought— [*Wilson enters and announces "Mr. Burke to see you, Miss."*]

Helen. [*After pause.*] Show him up, please. [*Exit Wilson.*]

Paul. Helen, you can't draw back now. And we'll have a month in Florida to prove it's right.

Helen. [*Looking away.*] I'm not sure I'm going to Florida.

Paul. [*With almost boyish petulance.*] Then if you don't I shan't. I—I don't think I could stand for Mrs. Tupper alone. That woman actually fibbed to me, twice.

Helen. [*Unhappily.*] All women fib, Paul, when they have to.

Paul. [*Admiringly.*] You never would. [*She draws back as he crosses.*]

Helen. Paul,—

Paul. [*Divining her wish.*] You want me to go?

Helen. No—not that. But— [*Wilson announces "Mr. Burke." Burke enters. His quietness implies a sense of power. The earnestness with which, from time to time, he studies Helen's face shows solicitude and uncertainty.*]

Burke. [*As he shakes hands.*] I'm lucky to find you in.

Helen. [*Meeting his gaze.*] I'm always at home to old friends. This is Mr. Whitgreave, Mr. Burke. [*Paul bows coldly. Burke puts out his hand. Paul finally shakes it without enthusiasm, instinctively depressed by the larger man's intrusion.*]

Burke. [To *Helen.*] But they tell me you're going to Florida to-morrow. [Turning to *Paul.*] And you, Mr. Whitgreave, are to be one of the party.

Helen. [Ill at ease.] Yes, Mrs. Tupper has a villa there—at Lake Worth, I think it is. I'm going South to work on my new book.

Paul. [Constrainedly, to *Helen.*] I really must go. Good-bye. Please don't ring. [Paul bows coldly and withdraws.]

Burke. [After a silence.] I wonder why you are always surprising me?

Helen. [Forcing a smile.] Oh, I can see from your face you're going to ask, "Do you unfeignedly repent?" or something or other like that out of the Catechism. And so, on advice of counsel, I decline to answer.

Burke. No; I was going to make a confession.

Helen. [Speaking rapidly in her nervousness.] Do you know, I've been thinking all afternoon about my letters not reaching you. You must have thought me very forgetful of—of people I cared for.

Burke. They reached me to-day, from the Department at Washington. You see, I was seven months in Costa Rica, at San Jose, after my touch of fever.

Helen. Fever?

Burke. I recuperated by building a railway bridge up in the mountains.

Helen. And I never knew it!

Burke. And I never knew you'd grown famous, that you were so successful, so happy.

Helen. [With a quaver she cannot conceal.] Oh, not too dangerously happy! Believe me, it's all much worse than your fever could have been. I think it is only a kind of fever, after all.

Burke. But why no word about it in any of your letters?

Helen. [Temporising.] What was the confession you were going to make?

Burke. [Laughing.] That I'd never so much as seen your book.

Helen. [Also laughing.] Oh, that seems such terribly ancient history now.

Burke. Then I must read it to catch up with you. I never want to think of anything you do as ancient history.

Helen. [Laughing as she hands him *Smoking Torches.*] Then, there's the bridge between my ancient world and this, the modern one.

Burke. [Riffling through pages.] And here's something about bridges now; and railway bridges, too. [He stops, reads, starts and looks up in amazement.]

Helen. What is it?

Burke. [Reading.] "And in this human souls are like railway bridges, for they can be rebuilt even while the trains of temptation are creeping over them." [Looking at her.] How did that thought ever come to you?

Helen. [Smiling.] Straight from heaven, I suppose, since it's not a wicked one.

Burke. Isn't that a coincidence?

Helen. That we should be speaking of bridges and the first thing you see in my book is something about them? It is, isn't it?

Burke. No; I didn't mean that altogether. [Turning to last page and reading slowly.] "And we grope on, dreaming To-morrow to be the threshold of a new life, only to find it thronged with the ghosts of Yesterday, the ghosts who whisper that the future is still the Past, peered at from a narrower door."

Helen. [Rising quickly, after silence, and taking the novel from him.] Please don't. That book gives me the blues, nowadays.

Burke. Then I'll read it and see what it does to me. [He quietly takes up the book and retains it.]

Helen. [Restlessly, turning back to him.] You're disappointed in me, in some way.

Burke. [With grave kindness.] I was wondering if you weren't in some way disappointed with your life.

Helen. No, I'm only afraid of it.

[*She laughs.*] But I'm not going to show the white feather. You know a woman never shows that until she's quite sure about white being her color. [*Sobering again.*] Er—why were you so surprised when I compared human souls to railway bridges?

Burke. Only because I happened to say the same thing.

Helen. When?

Burke. Years ago.

Helen. [*Laughing, relieved.*] Which goes to show there's nothing new under the sun.

Burke. [*Tenderly, as he stands over her.*] Nothing new? Yet, I see new light in your eyes every time I look into them.

Helen. [*Arrested by this more intimate tone.*] I wonder if you'd—you'd rather I didn't go to Florida?

Burke. But are you still free to choose?

Helen. [*With increasing vehemence.*] Yes, I'm still free—I'll make myself free. If you don't want me to go, I won't go. I've been driven and driven, always driven, it seems to me. And now I'm going to take the reins of my own life in my own hands! [*Burke's look of surprise at this outburst is interrupted by the entrance of Wilson, who waits, tentatively, before speaking.*]

Wilson. A young man, Miss, to see you. And Mr. Slater is below, waiting.

Helen. Please ask them to wait. [*Turning to Burke.*] You see, this isn't like Colorado—we can't say nothing ever happens here.

Wilson. But the young man insists on seeing you. He's here. [*As Wilson turns to door Syd Rider steps quickly in. He stands furtive, yet determined, close to door, eyeing his sister, who starts at the sight of him.*]

Helen. Why, Syd, is it you?

Syd. [*Ignoring Burke.*] Yes, it's me. And I had a hell of a time getting here, too.

Helen. [*In alarm.*] What has happened?

Syd. I want to see you alone.

Helen. But this is Mr. Burke; you remember Mr. Burke, of the Gunnison Camp. [*Syd nods curtly, but he is still turned towards Helen. Burke sees her predicament and advances and holds out his hand.*]

Burke. This is not going to be good-bye. You won't let it be that, will you?

Helen. [*As their eyes meet.*] No; it's not good-bye. [*She watches him as he goes out; then she turns again to Syd, her face distressed.*]

Helen. Syd, what has happened?

Syd. I'm up against it—I've got to have help.

Helen. What have you done?

Syd. I've put the kibosh on my career.

Helen. Syd, what is it?

Syd. Oh, I haven't done such a much—but they think they've got me in bad.

Helen. Who?

Syd. The Whole United States and then some.

Helen. Here, sit down. Now tell me everything, everything. Begin at the first.

Syd. It began when you quit sending me out that allowance. I got to figgering on it coming, right along.

Helen. But I had no more to send; I thought it'd make you more of a man not to take a woman's money. I wanted you to be manly—honest and manly. I wanted to see if we couldn't both be straight, if we couldn't do the right thing just because it was the right thing.

Syd. That wasn't buying me any meal tickets.

Helen. But I thought you'd work again, that you'd earn your own way.

Syd. Well, I tried to. I got a job braking on the D. & R. G., but the work was too heavy for me.

Helen. Go on!

Syd. I quit the road and got into the Victor Smelter offices. It was easy enough—doing the pigeon-stool act. After I'd been there three or four

weeks a man named Tiernan opened up and said he'd got on to the combination of the vault. He said it was rotten the way those smelter people lambasted the union and underpaid their men. He said he could prove it if he got a good look through their books. He said if I'd just leave the doors so he could get at the vault and skim through their ledgers he'd make it worth a cold two hundred to me.

Helen. Oh, Syd, I should have been watching over you!

Syd. He made me dizzy, talking about his troubles and how he'd never been able to get even and how it was no special risk to me.

Helen. And you did it?

Syd. All he wanted was coin. And he got everything that was lying round loose. Only twenty-two hundred dollars, but it was my finish. Then he got a bullet in the leg from Doogan, the watchman, as he was handing his haul outside to his partner. And when they nabbed him he began to lie and squeal and say I was in on the job from the first. And Lorimer, the Smelter boss, says he's going to pound me until he gets that twenty-two hundred back or gets me behind the bars. He's drummed up that old Opdyke shooting-business and tried to hitch it on to me. That shows how square he's acting!

Helen. [*Anxiously.*] But how'd you get here?

Syd. I cut and run soon's I heard of Tiernan getting plugged—hit the trail for St. Louis. And when I heard the Pinkerton people were getting busy I worked my way East with a Phillie freight-jumper. I got cold feet. I guess I lost me nerve.

Helen. Oh, Syd, I haven't watched over you enough!

Syd. The only thing that will keep me out of the pen is twenty-two hundred. [*Amazed.*] Why, what's that to you?

Helen. I have no money.

Syd. Where's all the dough from that book of yours?

Helen. I never took that money.

Syd. Where'd it go?

Helen. Where I thought it would do some good—to a hospital.

Syd. And me almost down to pan-handlin' to get me three squares. We're a fine bunch of business folks, we are! [*Turning.*] But you've got friends here, big folks!

Helen. [*Forlornly.*] Very few friends.

Syd. You don't mean you can't keep me out o' stir?

Helen. Wait; I'm trying to think.

Syd. Good Gawd, you've been mixing with these high-rollers for nearly two years. You're living with a woman worth a million, and you can't put your hands on twenty-two hundred? Why, look at the stuff around you here. There's two hundred dollars' worth of stuff on that desk.

Helen. None of it's mine.

Syd. Whose is it?

Helen. Mrs. Tupper's. Everything of my own is gone. I'm nothing but a visitor here, a visitor on sufferance. I'm not even that. I'm a sort of court fool who's forgotten how to be amusing.

Syd. But look at those clothes you've got on.

Helen. These are part of the show, too. They're not even paid for. You're not the only one who's been making a mess of things.

Syd. Well, you needn't rub it in.

Helen. Oh, we both went wrong.

Syd. Went wrong? How'd you go wrong? I thought you'd this graft cinched for life.

Helen. You can't cinch anything that isn't straight. I've found that out.

Syd. Well, the money's the only thing that'll turn the trick with me. Aren't you making money? Aren't you writing things?

Helen. I've never finished my book. I can't get money that way until it's finished.

Syd. But couldn't you get an advance on it?

Helen. I've had two advances already. I can't get more. I've even had to sponge here. I've had to scheme and plan. I've had to endure humiliations, just because I couldn't afford to go somewhere else, to pay my own way. I've had to do things I've hated, that were detestable to me, just to keep up the farce.

Syd. Then why don't you finish your book and get your money out of it?

Helen. I can't.

Syd. You can't! Why can't you?

Helen. I haven't the power. I haven't the gift. I can't create. [*Bitterly.*] Oh, I envy those people who can sit and build a world up all about them, out of their own brain. I envy them! I'm not one of them.

Syd. Then why t' hell don't you get someone to help you, the same as you got that lunger Opdyke to help you with your first book?

Helen. There's no one to help me! I think I've reached the end of my rope.

Syd. Then what're you goin' to do about it?? I'll look fine in stripes, won't I? Worse than I do now. And I thought you had Laura Jean Libby lashed to the mast—all New York beaten to a frazzle.

Helen. This money—must you have it all at once?

Syd. In a lump sum, sure. I've got to make good, first move, or get me curls cut. And if I can't hand them the money I've got to have four or five hundred to get out of the country.

Helen. No, Syd, no! You mustn't run away. You must stay and fight it out. You must put it right from the first. That's the only way. I've found that out. Running away won't end it—you can't end things by being afraid of them. I know what *that* means. No, Syd, we must fight it out. We ought to be glad we've still got a chance to fight it out. Sometimes we don't have that kind of chance.

Syd. Be a great fight, won't it? Me

against Uncle Sam, and Lorimer and the Pinks thrown in for good measure.

Helen. We must get that money, we must.

Syd. Course we must—but how? [*With sudden turn.*] What's the matter with this man Burke? He's—

Helen. No, Syd—don't even say it.

Syd. But speakin' of him, did you ever think he knew Opdyke?

Helen. John Burke knew Opdyke?

Syd. Sure he did. He must have. I heard 'em chewin' and talkin' about something or other, that same night Opdyke plugged himself.

Helen. It's impossible. You're mistaken.

Syd. I may've been wuzzy, but it kind of came back to me, soon as I saw Burke's face. But hell, what's that now? I'm in a hole and I've got to get out of it.

Helen. Are you sure Burke knew Opdyke?

Syd. I dunno. That ain't the trouble we're up against. What're you going to do about the money?

Helen. [*With sudden decision as she crosses and rings.*] I'll get it for you. Where can I meet you to-night?

Syd. What's the matter with that fountain in Madison Square?

Helen. Yes; at eight. [*As Wilson enters.*] Now, you must go. [*To Wilson.*] Will you please ask Mr. Slater to come up? [*To Syd.*] Good-bye, Syd.

Syd. H'h, you're not crying, to see me go.

Helen. I can't cry. I wish I could.

Syd. But you're not going to throw me down?

Helen. No; I won't disappoint you. [*Exit Syd and Wilson. Helen ponders, crosses to desk, makes gestures of helplessness, etc. Enter Slater.*]

Helen. [*Pointing to chair.*] I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

Slater. I've waited over six months, so what does an extra half hour matter? Miss Rider, I've never wanted to be hard. Genius is erratic and all that. But before we go any further I

want some assurance I'm going to get what I've been paying for, that you're putting a second book in shape for us.

Helen. [After pause.] I'm working on a second book, of course.

Slater. Then where is that book?

Helen. Where should it be?

Slater. To be frank, it should be here, in my hands! [More bluntly.] Doing this social game is all right in its way. But I don't see how pink teas and Panhard touring cars is going to turn out a novel.

Helen. You yourself insisted that I should keep up appearances. You said nothing succeeded like success; you warned me to get my heel on the neck of this town or it would plant its heel on mine.

Slater. Of course, I did. Advertising counts. You've done well; you've got yourself talked about. But what's the good of it all, without the book? It's like giving a circus parade and not stopping to take in tickets for the tent-performance.

Helen. For months and months I've had to keep up a false front. I was led into it all, against my will. It seemed to engulf me, inch by inch, like a quicksand, until I couldn't get away from it. It's left me helpless—worse than helpless.

Slater. You mean you haven't been free to work as you wanted to?

Helen. Yes, I mean that. I haven't been free. It's foolish for me to beat about the bush. I'm compelled to come to you for help—for the last time.

Slater. [Guardedly.] What kind of help?

Helen. I've got to ask you for twenty-two hundred dollars.

Slater. It's impossible.

Helen. Why impossible?

Slater. Because it's pouring money into a rat-hole without any signs of the hole filling up. I'm from Missouri. I've got to see the goods. You're asking me to subsidise a mine without even showing me ore-samples. We may as well get down to pan-rock,

right away. We're only wasting time, until I see this second book of yours.

Helen. It's not finished.

Slater. Well, how near finished is it? [Looking about, he sees Paul's mss. on desk and laughs.] Ah, this looks suspiciously like a book manuscript.

Helen. [With a start.] But it's not that.

Slater. [Beaming.] Such modesty! [Again views mss.] Ah, now we're getting somewhere. Now I begin to understand why you've been able to ask for this advance.

Helen. [Watching him as he takes up Paul's mss.] It's—it's not what I want it to be—it's not finished.

Slater. We've a dozen hacks who can sandpaper it into shape. It's the originators, like yourself, who count. [He reads mss.]

Helen. But if somebody else finished a book like this, it couldn't be called mine. It couldn't honestly bear my name, unless I did everything.

Slater. H'm, then a good many lies get off the presses nowadays. But, gad, madam, you've struck a new vein in this, a new vein. It's as crisp as lettuce. [He reads on.]

Helen. [Desperately.] If you advanced me this money, you'd merely hold the book, as a kind of security, until I got someone to help me, until I worked out what I wanted to give you?

Slater. [Still engrossed.] Yes, of course, if you insisted. Ah, this is excellent, excellent! [Sinks back in chair, still reading.]

Helen. You'll wait, you'll wait until I do my work?

Slater. If you, in turn, are willing to wait.

Helen. I can't.

Slater. But look how you held back on Smoking Torches. And things would have been different if I'd never brought that book out for you.

Helen. Yes; things would have been different.

Slater. [Writing in check-book.] Then I can't see any need of our quibbling over the case. If you've anything to supersede this book, of course we'll bend to your wishes.

Helen. Oh, it's all wrong, wrong!

Slater. [Triumphantly, without seeing her gesture of despair.] On the contrary, it's excellent, most excellent. So different, so buoyant and youthful! [Taking hat and gloves.] And I hope it brings us all success.

Helen. [Bitterly, and without looking at him.] Success! [She has taken up Paul's mss. from table, as though to draw back with it. Slater holds out the check as she still looks down at the written sheets. He coughs; she looks up, peers at the check in his hand; wavers and then slowly hands him the mss. She does not look at the check as she takes it from him; her attitude is one of unhappiness and utter despair.]

CURTAIN.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAY ANGEL

BY KATHARINE HALE

THEY wings are close, O Sorrow,
When other loves brush by,
For they would laughter borrow,
But you a sigh.

The lighter loves remind me
That joy is fleet and vain:
Then in the dark behind me
You stir again.

And when bright youth and laughter
Sing songs and blow them high,
Like some sonorous rafter
Where echoes lie.

You chant the consummation
Of suffering's ancient worth:
The high gods' full libation
To gray-winged birth;

Till, groping for to-morrow,
Amid the joys that die
On thy dark wings, O Sorrow,
I reach the sky.

MARTYRS' HILL AND ITS SHRINE

BY MARGARET LILLIS HART

TO the shrines visited by modern-day pilgrims and of which the best known to Canadians are perhaps those of Lourdes in France and Sainte Anne de Beaupre in the Province of Quebec, another has lately been added which to the people of Canada should be of peculiar interest, as it is the first that marks a locality or event purely Canadian in its colouring and history.

On the seventh concession of the Township of Tay, in the County of Simcoe, Ontario, is a spot now known as the Martyrs' Hill but once the site of the old Huron mission of Saint Ignace. Here on March the sixteenth and seventeenth, in the year 1649, were put to a barbarous and excruciating death, the heroic Jesuit missionaries De Brébeuf and Lalement. The exact point at which the atrocities of the martyrdom took place was for a long time a matter of conjecture, but recently all doubts were set at rest through the untiring research of the well-known archivist and archaeologist, Reverend Father Jones, of the Society of Jesus, Montreal, and by his *confrères* in the Order, the spot is now marked by a shrine that bids fair to be a future rendezvous for visitors not alone from Canada but from all parts of the American continent.

As a resort for pilgrims the Martyrs' Hill is already over two years in existence. It was on August the fifteenth, 1907, that the first pilgrimage took place. Among those who took part were Archbishop O'Connor, then Metropolitan of the archdiocese

of Toronto, a goodly number of the local clergy, many Jesuit representatives of the northern missions, and hundreds of laymen from the vicinity and outside points, including Toronto. On that occasion the shrine was publicly dedicated, and this credential of the Church placed the final authority on the work of those whose research had at length been rewarded by the satisfactory location of the object upon which so much time and labour had been expended.

To wander over the place where history or tradition asserts a great conflict to have taken place, is always accompanied by certain feelings of wonderment. The peaceful Plains of Abraham stretching out, silent and green under the blaze of a noonday sun, give no hint of themselves of the grim contest in which the Lilies of France vied with the Rose of England for supremacy or that the fate of half a continent was there sealed forever. And yet one almost expects the stones lying by the wayside to rise and give testimony of the past, with all its tragedy. But the stones and grass are alike silent and unresponsive, and one is forced into the area of retrospective thought for sentiment in keeping with the place.

So it was at Martyrs' Shrine. On that bright August day that saw the first important concourse that had visited its summit in modern days the peaceful landscape of field and tree, the workmen busily engaged on laying the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which passes the very slope of the hill, the crowd of pil-

grims which covered its surface, and the general air of twentieth-century life gave no clue to the story, which, written in the blood of heroes, shall remain indelible till the extinction of time itself.

Civilised humanity shrinks from opening the book which reveals to us in all its horror the story of the cruelties emanating from the tortuous and, to us, unthinkable labyrinth of the savage mind. Yet the missionaries de Brébeuf and Lalement were amongst the most cultured and refined of their time, and the events of their lives, which in the dim distance seem to us something not to be grasped in all their fullness by the senses, were for them realities with an ending environed on the one hand by evidences of the most barbarous cruelty of invention and on the other by a sublime endurance seldom equalled in the entire annals of the human race.

Jean de Brébeuf, one of the two whose names are inseparably connected with Martyrs' Hill, is from his very entrance into the story of Canadian life a picturesque character with a nobility of mind and person which catch the eye and intellect, holding them fast in the powerful grasp of their fascination. Even amongst the six earnest and, as circumstances proved, extraordinary men who formed the Jesuit Colony at Quebec in 1634, Brébeuf was conspicuous. Of stalwart frame and magnificent physique, he was the son of a noble family of Normandy, France. Early in the career of the community at Quebec it was seen that hope for success amongst the Algonquins of the region was but slight, and the chief expectation of fruitful soil lay with the Huron tribes, clustered about Georgian Bay. In the Huron country Brébeuf had spent three years previously (his first mission), of which unfortunately there are few details. This period ended with the English occupation of Quebec.

The return of Champlain witnessed the return of the dauntless missionaries, and Brébeuf, in preparation for the work which he knew would again be his, set himself to a renewal of the study of the Huron tongue. He was also the teacher of his companions in the language. After some delays they set out on their journey northward. The nine hundred miles that lay between them and the point for which they were destined, were covered by canoes and portage. Brébeuf and his companions, Fathers Daniel and Davost, were for the most part obliged to discard their shoes, for fear of injuring their frail craft. Each, too, tried his unpracticed hand in assisting to propel the canoe, and all were subjected to the unfathomable caprice of their changeable Indian companions. Despite his great strength, Brébeuf was often exhausted after a portage of several miles, when the baggage had to be carried on the shoulders of the party, and when perhaps four or five trips were necessary to convey the entire belongings of the enterprise. On the road, the Indians having the canoes of Daniel and Davost landed their passengers at different points, having first divested them of the greater part of their property. Brébeuf was thrown in nearer proximity to the place he sought, but, himself and his luggage being landed, the Hurons who had brought him so far took themselves off to their villages some miles distant and left him to his own resources. Hiding the things he had brought with him in the bushes, he set out to reconnoitre, and after some hours' search, in which he was guided somewhat by the knowledge of his former stay, he came upon an open clearing, and soon the bark wigwams of the Indian town of Ihonatria stood before him. The black-robed figure coming out into the open was recognised and the cry "Echom has come again! Echom has come again!" was heard throughout the entire settlement. Brébeuf had



THE SHRINE AT MARTYRS' HILL

previously won his way into the hearts of the Hurons, and his return was eagerly welcomed. By and by his missionary companions, weakened by hunger and many other hardships, joined him, and the Huron mission was started afresh. For some years its road was a peaceful one. Christianity flourished, and the seeds of civilisation were successfully sown. But the end had a colouring so lurid that its flame is still felt in the atmosphere that envelops the scene of its action, the now noted soil crowning the grass-covered summit of Martyrs' Hill.

Gabriel Lalement, the second of those whose memories now cluster about the holy hill, was only like his companion Brébeuf in the things that come to one by means other than nature. Of a delicate constitution, he was refined and sensitive to so remarkable a degree that it is mentioned in the annals of his life. A hard and rough career amongst the savages of North America, was seemingly the last to be connected with one of his constitution and temperament, but the tragedy of 1649, which terminated the Huron missions, found Lalement amongst those whose lives were passing in devoted service for the Indians, and he suffered a cruel death, when refusing to leave his

Huron people he fell with them in the Iroquois attack on that fatal sixteenth of March which saw the ruin of the peaceful missions that Jesuit effort had raised, a monument to the development of Christianity and civilisation its labours had effected.

It was a band of one thousand Iroquois who, after some months on the war-path, attacked the mission of Saint Ignace on March 16th, 1649, and, finding it an easy prey to their onslaught, enveloped it entirely in ruin and desolation. Three fugitives escaped and made their way to Saint Louis, where Fathers de Brébeuf and Lalement were stationed. Warned of what had taken place, the converts urged their faithful missionaries to flee, but their entreaties were unheeded, and when a few hours after Saint Louis was also attacked the priests ministering to the dead and dying were taken prisoners, stripped, bound and hurried to Saint Ignace. The Iroquois population come out to meet them and evinced their fury by administering blows with sticks and clubs.

For the sake of our readers the scenes that followed will be but briefly recorded. Brébeuf was tied to a stake and scorched from head to foot, but as he continued to speak of God and eternity his lower lip was cut away

and a hot iron thrust down his throat. As he uttered no complaint his companion Lalement was led out covered with pitch and tortured by fire in his presence. Poor Lalement, seeing his superior in such plight and frenzied by his own tortures, threw himself at the feet of Brébeuf, crying out, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and men." This angered the ferocious Iroquois and Lalement too was bound to a stake. A collar of red-hot hatchets was put about the neck of Brébeuf, boiling water was poured on his head in mockery of baptism; he was scalped, and lastly his breast laid open, his blood drunk and his heart literally eaten by a savage chief who thought in this way to imbibe some of the courage of the heroic victim. These were among the things endured by the heroic Jesuit in a silence which amazed even the Indians, inured as they were to suffering beyond our understanding. Poor Lalement endured the persecutions of his tormentors throughout the entire night, often offering aloud his sufferings to Heaven as a sacrifice. His life was finally ended by a blow from a hatchet.

Thus did these two, Brébeuf the lion-hearted and Lalement the gentle, equally noble in their death met while carrying on the work of Christ's ambassadors, win for themselves a glorious place among the martyrs and make the ground upon which they fell hallowed to the present generation.

The shrine that crowns the summit of Martyrs' Hill is but a small chapel, plainly built of wood. The chancel is neat and tasteful, and the solemn religious ceremonies that accompany the pilgrimages give the place the impressiveness its character demands. A large shed for the protection of visitors in case of rain is a recent and necessary adjunct. The genial and capable Reverend J. B. Nolin, S.J., pastor of Saint John's church and rectory at the town of Waubauskene, three miles distant, is in charge of the shrine. He is known both in

Eastern and Western Canada and for some years has been a worker in Northern Ontario. "Father Nolin has built the railway in these parts," said a well-known contractor, whose meaning we afterwards found in the fact that many little chapels had been built by the hardworking priest along the tracks of the iron roads of the north.

During the summer months of 1908 and 1909 pilgrimages took place to the Hill every Thursday, pilgrims coming from the nearby parishes and from Toronto, Peterborough, Hamilton and elsewhere. As a result, special favours have already been received and recorded. Owing to the uncompleted condition of the Canadian Pacific Railway large pilgrimages were heretofore considered too burdensome, but last month a great many persons went there from the American "Soo," and were joined by bands of pilgrims on the "Soo" and Sudbury and Toronto branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Every Thursday from now until the end of September there will be a mass at the shrine. The Eucharistic Congress to take place in September at Montreal, sets aside until next year plans for a great pilgrimage from Canada's commercial capital.

As yet many relics of cures effected are not visible at Martyrs' Hill as at the older shrines, nor are the magnificent basilica, paintings, statuary and other works of art present to please the eye and attest the faith of those who have visited its precincts. In matters like this both church and public move slowly. Still, as at Lourdes and Beaupré, there have been cures at which science has been forced to shake its head, acknowledging results to be far outside its ken: so the hope of those interested in this shrine is that history may repeat itself as with Peter of old and that the perishing ones of this day may find succour in the spot hallowed by the martyrdom of the hero missionaries Jean de Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalement.



MR. HAMILTON REVELLE

CANADIANS take a special interest in the distinguished young English actor Mr. Hamilton Revelle, as several of his boyhood's most delightful and impressionable years were spent in Toronto. Mr. Revelle often refers to Canada as a second home. He was born at Moorish Castle, Gibraltar, and is the second son of an English army officer, who, after having served in India, came with his family to Canada. Hamilton Revelle early showed histrionic talent, and when he was about fifteen years old, by Sir Charles Wyndham's influence, he entered Daly's Company.

His career has been one of marked success, for, besides being richly equipped for his calling, he has a talent for the hardest of hard work. After being six seasons with Daly, he played an important rôle in Klaw and Erlanger's "Great Metropolis." Then he was with John Hare in "A Pair of Spectacles," and later joined H. B. Irving's company.

His work with Mr. Cyril Maude in "Under the Red Robe" is well remembered; and following this he was

leading man for several seasons with Olga Nethersole. On leaving Miss Nethersole's company, David Belasco engaged him to play the rôle of *Cosse-Brissac* in "Du Barry."

Mr. Revelle played *Don José* in "The Rose of the Rancho" at the old Academy of Music, New York. The critics spoke of him through those two seasons as the most resplendent figure upon the New York stage—the central figure in some of the most exquisite stage pictures that David Belasco, the wizard of the stage, had ever made to pass before the eye.

Last winter Hamilton Revelle was starred by Frohman in a new play, entitled, "Fires of Fate," which opened early in December at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Those who know him, his kindliness of heart, honesty of purpose, and charm of voice and manner, as well as all Canadians who take an interest in true art, will undoubtedly watch with pleasure the earnest work of one they can almost claim as their own countryman.

V. S.

THE PASSENGER

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

Illustrations by Estelle M. Kerr

"MR. KILLIGREW, we're in for carryin' a passenger," said Captain Tukes to his mate. Killigrew took his pipe from his mouth and stared blankly at his commander. He was an old man, with more the looks of a fisherman than a sailor.

"A passenger!" he exclaimed. "Well, sir, I'd not take him if I was skipper."

"Twiddle-dee-dee," retorted Tukes, irritably. He took five steps forward, a twirl of his heels and five steps back again, with his hands clasped in the small of his back and his shore-going hat tilted over his eyes. "That is all very fine," he cried, halting close in front of his ancient mate. "The captain o' a Newfoundland barkentine is a great man, I'll admit. Rules everything in sight, he does—in yer eye! Let me tell ye, Mr. Killigrew, that if ever ye command a vessel, and the owners want ye to take a passenger into yer bosom, the quicker ye take him the better."

"I don't hold with ye there," replied the mate. "If I was master o' a vessel, by Garge I'd be master."

"Not for long. Ye'd soon be on the beach," said Tukes, with a chuckle.

Mr. Killigrew scratched his whiskers with the stem of his pipe.

"Did ye say he was a friend o' the owners, sir?" he enquired.

"Aye, some sort o' no-account relative, I take it," replied the captain. "He is fresh out from England, anyhow. 'Not very rugged,' says old Prowt — so, like as not, I'll have to feed him his meals out of a spoon.

'Nerves a trifle fagged,' says Mr. Harry—so ye'll have to sing him to sleep every night, Mr. Killigrew. He'll wear silk pyjamas, and turn up his nose at the grub, and ask where the hot water tap is."

The mate sighed dismally; and the captain stepped over the rail to the wharf, and strode away to find out, from a temporising grocer, why the cabin stores were not yet aboard.

Every man of the ship's company, except the passenger, slept aboard the *Primrose* that night, so as to be ready for an early start on the long voyage to Brazil. The cook began fighting the galley stove before five o'clock. He was a new cook, and wanted to decide the question of mastery in the first engagement. Fifteen minutes later, Mr. Killigrew appeared on deck, anxious to know why the washing-down process had not commenced. At the same moment, the boatswain and three men appeared as if by magic, bare-footed and in a storm of buckets and sloshing sea-water.

"Step lively, bo'sun, or ye'll not be done by supper time," cautioned Mr. Killigrew. Turning, he glanced up the length of the deserted wharf to the quiet, gray city rising as solid as rock along its climbing streets. At the head of the wharf appeared a man with a bundle under each arm and a leather bag in each hand. The stranger was tall and slight of build. The floppy hang of a tweed coat and trousers suggested recent convalescence from a serious illness. He walked the length of the wharf slowly

and came aboard without any sign of hesitation. "Like a skipper boardin' his own craft," mused the mate. The stranger laid his bundles and bags on the deck and extended his hand to the passive but observant Killigrew.

"Good morning," he said, very quietly and with a straight, grim sort of glance into the other's eyes. That glance, and the cheerlessness of the voice, and the thin, dry feel of the hand, gave the mate quite a turn. This was not the sort of passenger he was expecting, at all. Without so much as a grunt in reply to the greeting he turned and shouted through the door of the outer cabin: "Passenger come aboard, sir."

The captain replied promptly by appearing half-dressed and wringing the stranger's hand with true, old style ship-board vigour. The passenger seemed to try his best to respond in kind; but the grin that he forced to his lips had no real delight in it.

The *Primrose* was a day and a night out. Breakfast was over and Mr. Hornby was smoking his pipe on the poop, close beside the skylight that gave illumination to the outer and inner cabins. The port sash of the skylight was raised an inch or two for ventilation. The passenger was standing very still, brooding over a bitter thing in his mind that never cleared entirely away, and at the same time conscious of and thankful for the glory of the tumbling seas, the invigoration of the wind and the fine speeding of the barquentine under her rounded canvas. He became aware, suddenly, of the mumble of voices from the cabin below. Almost unconsciously, he fixed his attention on the sound. He recognised the mate's voice — and this is the gist of what he heard: "I don't like him, sir, an' that's the truth. He has two ways o' looking at a man that don't suit me — one's as much as to say, 'You poor old shell-back, when you are as wise as I am you won't think such an infernal heap o' yourself.' And t'other

way says, 'What for d'ye look at me like that? Who d'ye think I am, anyhow?'"

The captain's voice replied: "Mr. Killigrew, I advise ye to write a novel. Ye're as full o' silly notions as old Mother Gooby o' Heartache Cove. Ye'll be seeing a mermaid, next. Why, man, there is nothing out o' the ordinary about Mr. Hornby, that I can see. He is not what ye'd call merry, or talkative, and that's a fact; but ye must remember that the poor chap has been ill. Also, he's a land-lubber. Ye'd better not expect too much from a land-lubber." The mate was not silenced: "Sometimes he looks stuck-up, an' next minute he looks as if he was afeared someone was goin' to hand him a kick or name him for a murderer," he said.

The passenger stepped noiselessly away from the skylight. The muscles of his thin jaws twitched and his cheeks paled. For several minutes he stood motionless, leaning against the poop rail and gazing to windward with unseeing eyes.

The captain was all for taking a charitable view of Hornby's peculiarities; but old Killigrew grumbled and grumbled. Why didn't he talk up, like a man? Why didn't he laugh at the others' stories, and take his nip of grog of an evening, and fill himself out a bit with the good sea-grub? "I'd as soon put to sea with a coffin for ship-mate," growled the old man.

One night, in Killigrew's watch, the boatswain came aft to say that one of the men was suffering with cramps. So the old sea-dog stepped into the cabin to get ginger from the medicine chest. He moved quietly, so as not to disturb the sleep of the captain and passenger. The chest was under the passenger's berth. As Killigrew stooped to get at it, he heard stifled sobbing close above his head.

Abashed and puzzled, he straightened himself and glanced into the top berth. By the dim starlight that came through the open port, he saw



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"A PASSENGER," EXCLAIMED MR. KILLIGREW

the passenger lying flat on his back with one arm across his eyes. The gaunt body shook a little under the shroud-like sheet. Old Killigrew turned and tip-toed away like a thief; and the man with the cramps went without his ginger.

The mate said nothing to the captain of what he had seen in the passenger's berth. To catch a grown man off his guard, crying like a child—that was certainly a thing to keep quiet about.

At supper, one evening, the talk got around to the ethical side of a ship master's duty. Tukes and Killigrew were doing the talking, and Hornby was listening with more show of interest than was usual with him.

"There was Sims, o' the *Unicorn*," said the captain. "What good did he do anybody by going down with his ship? His duty? Twaddle! His staying aboard didn't save the old tub! The crew and the passengers were all safe in the boats. What I say is, Sims committed a crime, just as much as if he'd shot himself!"

The mate nodded. "But there was the *Chester Castle*, a year ago come June," said he. "Her skipper committed a crime, sure enough. He was saved—drunk! He was drunk when she struck the derelict. He was carrying a bunch of passengers—and twenty of them went down with the ship. Why wasn't he hung, I'd like to know?"



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"HE WALKED THE LENGTH OF THE WHARF"

"I have heard a good deal about that case," replied Tukes. "The captain's name was Marvin. He was a young fellow, and belonged to the cold-water school. He drank a little claret, and such, ashore, but never touched any sort o' liquor or wine at sea. His officers and the crew knew that, and swore to it in court. It was a queer case."

"I've known some o' these cold-water fellows," replied the mate. "Just like Marvin, they keep their liquor in their berths."

"I, too, have heard a great deal about the case of *The Chester Castle*," said the passenger. "I have talked to the man who was her second officer at the time of the accident."

The other two pricked up their ears. "The second officer," continued Hornby, "was the man who found the captain in his berth, drunk, just after the ship struck the derelict. He carried him up and threw him into one of the boats — and Marvin tried to kill him for that, afterwards, when he found himself disgraced before the



Drawing by Estelle M. Kerr

"HE GOT TO HIS FEET AND LOOKED PITIFULLY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER"

whole world. It would have suited Marvin better if he had gone down with his ship."

"Ay, 'twould have been plenty good enough for him," said Mr. Killigrew.

"How did this second officer explain the captain's condition — if what was said about his taste for water was true?" asked Tukes.

"He explained it, clear enough," replied the passenger. "He was the one man of the ship's company who could explain it — and the only one who didn't show up in court and do his best to clear his commander."

"How was that?" asked Captain Tukes, leaning forward eagerly.

"Well, this second mate was quite a chum of Marvin's. Both were young, and both had gone into the merchant marine through the front door. This mate often used to tell Marvin that he worked and worried too hard; that he should let his officers sweat themselves more than they

did. And sometimes, when the skipper was fagged, Scott would try to get him to take a nip of brandy or whisky, for a bracer. Scott was a well-meaning young chap. Oh, yes, he meant right."

The passenger paused, reflectively. Neither the captain or the mate said a word. They had the queer stranger started at last, and scarcely breathed for fear of shocking him back to his old silence.

"Well," continued Hornby, "for two days before the accident, *The Chester Castle* had been fighting a gale of wind. Marvin had stood every watch for those two days, and was on the bridge, with the first officer, an hour before she struck. Things were looking easier, by that time. Scott got him below, and into his berth, and brought him a glass of brandy. He was frightened, for Marvin looked half-dead. He was really fond of Marvin, too. He fed him that dose of brandy as easily as giving milk

to a child. Marvin was almost unconscious, from fatigue, even while he was swallowing it. It was the first strong liquor that had passed his lips for a year. Well, when it came time for people who knew anything to stand up and tell the truth, the second officer was not on hand. And they could not find him, either. He was hiding in the Welsh mountains, ashamed of himself and sorry for Marvin; but too much of a coward—of that sort of coward—to tell the truth and clear his friend's name. Marvin, of course, did not mention the fact that Scott had forced the drink into him. It was not the kind of yarn that ordinary people would likely believe."

The captain and Mr. Killigrew stared at the passenger and then at each other.

"The poor devil," exclaimed the mate, at last.

"The poor devils! They are both in a black fix," said the captain.

"Did ye say — did ye say Scott told ye the story himself?" enquired Killigrew, gazing earnestly at the passenger.

The passenger did not reply. He got to his feet and looked pitifully from one to the other of the expectant mariners.

"I am going, now, to write down what I have told you," he said. "It shall be mailed in Pernambuco — to England. If people refuse to believe it, then they are fools. *I have suffered long enough!*"

Captain Tukes sprang to his feet "You are Captain Marvin?" he cried.

"No—I am the second officer!" said the passenger.

COMPANIONED

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

I WALKED to-day, but not alone,
 Adown a windy, sea-girt lea,
 For memory, spendthrift of her charm,
 Peopled the silent lands for me.

The faces of old comradeship
 In golden youth were round my way,
 And in the keening wind I heard
 The songs of many an orient day.

And to me called, from out the pines
 And woven grasses, voices dear,
 As if from elfin lips should fall
 The mimicked tones of yesteryear.

Old laughter echoed o'er the leas,
 And love-lipped dreams the past had kept,
 From wayside blooms like honeyed bees
 To company my wanderings crept.

And so I walked, but not alone,
 Right glad companionship had I
 On that gray meadow waste between
 Dim-litten sea and winnowed sky.

THE ORANGE GROVE

BY SHIRLEY RAYNARD

I WAS just nineteen, and my heart was broken—so badly broken that I thought life could have no further interest for me. I had lived through weeks of excitement, which had culminated in the declaration of my lover, Herr Schuler, followed by my speedy banishment to Algiers. The wrath of my father was terrible when he found that I had thought seriously of the attentions of my brother's German professor, but then he could never possibly have realised how it felt to be the goddess of a poet-lover, who composed odes and sonnets to his beloved regularly three times a week. So I had been banished to my aunt's home in Algiers until such time as reason should prevail with me.

I lay in my luxurious bed and mused drearily of the past, and contemplated the empty future with dismay. This was my first morning in Africa. I had arrived in a storm of rain late the evening before, and had found things as depressing as the mind I brought to bear upon them.

There was a tap at my door, and my aunt's maid brought in water for my bath. She put down her cans, spread my bath sheet, then drew aside the curtains from the casement window, and retired. I lifted myself on my elbow preparatory to getting up, for a broken heart, though more serious than a broken leg, is hardly an excuse for lying in bed all day, however much one may feel inclined to do so.

It was the middle of January, and the sun was just rising. I was startled

by the beauty of the scene which met my eyes. For a moment I forgot my wounds. I sprang from my bed and ran to the open window, that I might have an uninterrupted view of the glorious pageant.

Directly beneath me lay the wonderful curve of the bay, enclosing the bluest of sea, from which all traces of storm had disappeared. Slightly to my right, beyond the open country, stretched the range of the nearer Atlas Mountains in their gray-blue misty beauty, and beyond again the Great Atlas, their peaks capped with snow. The sun himself had not yet appeared, but the glorious colour which heralded his coming grew stronger each moment. A golden orange, it lighted up peak after peak, portraying with magic pencil their wonderful outlines, and, finally, arose the crimson ball of the sun, and it was day.

I watched the scene until the whole landscape was aglow. I felt the delightful warmth of the sun upon my face and neck as I leaned out of the window to touch the flowering creeper.

"How well that gown suits you, Miriam, dear," said my aunt, sufficing me at full length after a "good morning" kiss, when I appeared at the breakfast table.

"I am glad you like it, auntie," I returned. "I felt it was a sacrilege to put on dark clothes on such a morning." I had, indeed, looked at myself in a long glass before leaving my room, and had seen that the sim-

ple heliotrope delaine became me well enough; but what matter when one's heart was broken?

"Ah, yes, I forgot that you had never seen an Algerian sunrise. It is a sight that one never becomes entirely accustomed to, however long one may live here."

I was grateful to my aunt that she never referred to the reason of my visit—in fact, as the days passed away, I began to wonder whether my father, in writing to her, had explained why he had so suddenly come to the conclusion that I needed change of air. I decided that if he had not done so she should never find out from me. I would take on the rôle of a whole-hearted girl, and sigh over Herr Schuler and his poems in secret.

"The car will be at the door at ten, Miriam," said my aunt, rising from the breakfast table. "I have shopping to do, and I thought we would lunch in town, and afterwards pay one or two calls."

"All right, auntie, I will be ready, and in the meantime I will explore the garden."

How beautiful everything was! Clear sky, soft warm air, and a profusion of lovely flowers. I wandered leisurely about, picking here and there a sweet-smelling blossom, and fastening the blooms in the front of my gown. How happy I could have been in such a garden with Herr Schuler quoting poetry by my side! Even in his absence the light and colour had a wonderfully soothing effect. I began to feel that life was at least livable in such a climate, even with a broken heart.

I was soon being whirled down the twisting roads of Mustapha Supérieur, passing in the hedgerows huge plants of cactus and aloe, which I had always looked upon as hothouse plants before, beneath orange and graceful pepper trees, and so down into the town, with all its Eastern, picturesque interest. Our programme was carried out. Shopping, lunch, a call at the dressmaker's, and, lastly, a visit

to the Saint George's Hotel. There were many English people in the town, and my aunt seemed to be on visiting terms with the whole of the English colony. On this occasion we visited an invalid and her daughters, who had been in the hotel some months, and who seemed to take much pleasure in the comparatively harmless tittle-tattle of the place. I was welcomed by my aunt's friends for her sake, and was soon in the swim of lunches, dinners, fancy dress balls, etc.

We had tea, and my aunt rose to leave.

"Of course you and Miss Vaughan will be at the fancy-dress affair next week?" said Mrs. Smithson. "The girls are looking forward to it very much, but, of course, it is out of the question for me. Have you heard that we have a new man in the district? His name is Lang, and he is doing something on one of the orange groves beyond Blida. The girls met him at Lady Carson's on Thursday, but I am told he does not come much into society." I heard these remarks about the "new man" as I shook hands with the Misses Smithson on the opposite side of the room, and having said good-bye, we took our departure.

As I said, I was soon in a whirl of engagements, some of which I found congenial and others just the reverse, but at any rate my days were so fully occupied that I had little time for silent grief. We were out so much, sometimes motoring in the beautiful and, to me, novel country, occasionally picnicking, and in other ways carrying out our social duties, that when night came I was tired, and slept almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. I am loath to confess it, for I hate fickleness, but I began to suspect that my father might not be far wrong after all when he said that my infatuation, as he called it, for Herr Schuler was a silly, romantic affair, which would not stand six months' separation.

How well I remember the thought and care which we expended over our costumes for the fancy dress ball. I had never been to such an entertainment before, for we had lived very quietly at home since my mother's death, four years ago. My aunt was most anxious that I should be a success, and she took no small interest in the choice of my dress, and also of her own, for she was still a comparatively young woman.

A whole morning was spent over pictures of suitable and unsuitable garments, our final choice being that of a Marseillaise woman for my aunt and a girl of Tunis for myself. Then there were the fittings, which involved many hours with an expert French-woman in town, but finally all was ready, and the eventful day arrived.

At length we were dressed. I felt somewhat strange, but my maid was charmed with my trappings, and every one said how well they became me. The long silver chains and beads were being fixed upon the front of my gown, when I caught my full-length reflection in the glass. I blushed, but I could not help smiling as I saw how well the thick band of orange colour upon my head toned with my dark brown curls. Just then my aunt appeared in her figured skirt, long dark apron, and white frilled cap. She looked lovely, and I was delighted.

"Miriam, you are splendid," she exclaimed enthusiastically as she turned me round.

"I don't quite know how I am to dance in these shoes, Auntie," I said, looking down at my feet in their loose Eastern gear.

"Elastic bands fixed to the heel are the thing," returned she, and no sooner said than done. They were quickly attached, and we were off.

What a scene met my eyes as we entered the hall. A great number of the guests had arrived and were already booking dances. My aunt and I walked quietly into the room, but she, of course, was quickly recog-

nised and surrounded, for she was a great favourite in the colony. This being my first public appearance, I was a complete stranger to the majority of the people present.

What an evening it was! What a dazzling scene of life and colour! The band struck up a well-known waltz, and I was claimed by my partner—a French peasant. It was not a particularly happy beginning.

Our steps did not suit. He jumped, and my shoes slipped, in spite of elastic bands; but it was soon over, and I was sitting laughing beside the Marseillaise woman. I had no lack of partners, thanks to my aunt, and the evening was passing rapidly away. None of them had interested me in the least, except as costume models, and I was getting a little tired of talking small English nothings to Eastern potentates.

"It's past twelve, Miriam," said my aunt at length. "If you do not mind, we will leave after the next dance."

"I shall be quite ready," I returned gaily, as my next partner came up. He was an Arab of Biskra. He offered his arm, and we walked down the room.

How strange it is that life seems to be broken into complete chapters! We come to some point when we turn, as it were, a distinct corner, an unsuspected corner, until we come to it. My life, as I look back upon it now, appears to have reached such a point that night. Before that dance I was a child; I had never grown up. After it, I was a woman, in love with an Arab chief. What is the power that draws one man to one special woman? I had danced all the evening with men, some of whom were better looking than the Biskra man, and none of them had attracted me in the least degree; but I had not been five minutes in the company of my last partner when I felt his power over me. He was a tall, somewhat spare man, and the clothes he wore became him remarkably well; but it

was not good looks which attracted me so much as personality, the strength of which was shown in his bearing, the quiet tones of his voice, and his penetrating glance.

"You are tired," he said gently, looking down into my face after our first round.

"Only slightly," I returned. "We are leaving after this dance."

Could I possibly have detected the least shadow of sorrow passing across his face at my words?

"Let us get out of this heated room for the last few minutes," he said.

My hand rested lightly upon his arm as he led me away—away from crowds and lights to an open balcony, where the plaintive strains of the waltz reached us fitfully through opening and closing doors.

"Forgive me," he said, throwing a thick Arab burnous round my shoulders. "It is almost cold out here."

I have often tried to recall all that we said in that brief ten minutes. It was so little and yet so much. The night was perfect, with no wind—only a scent-laden breeze.

"You do not seem like a stranger to me," he said, after we had talked for some little time. He turned to look into my face as he waited for my answer, and my pulses throbbed, for I had been feeling the same with regard to him, though I would not have said so for the world.

"Perhaps you have seen me in Tunis," I said jestingly, as I glanced down at my dress.

"I think more likely in Biskra," he returned, laughing. "But seriously," he went on, "don't you think I should have made a better Englishman than an Arab?"

"As I have never known you as an Englishman, I am afraid I am incapable of judging," said I.

The music having slowed down to a close, I rose to return to my aunt.

"Must you really go now?" he said pleadingly. "It seems strange that the pleasantest moments of life should always be so short!"

He led me slowly back by the way we had come, and my aunt being ready for home, we said "Good-bye" and were gone.

"I think your last partner was the Blida man, Mrs. Smithson was speaking of the other day," she said, as she settled herself comfortably in the corner of the car. "He has a fine bearing, and made a good Arab. Don't you think so, Miriam?"

"I have not a large experience of Arabs, but he seemed to me all right," I said guardedly.

"Well, I am glad it is all over, and that you were such a success, Miriam. We really could not have found anything to suit you better than that Tunis rig. I am tired. I believe I am getting old for this kind of thing."

I was glad when she relapsed into silence, for I wanted quietly to follow out a train of thought. Shortly I heard regular breathing from the car corner, and I knew I was free for the next ten minutes.

As I said, my life had taken a turn. From that day the Schuler episode was dead, and though I tried with all my strength to forget my Arab partner, I found it useless. The low tones of his voice were ever with me, although I felt out of all patience with my inconstant self. Fortunately the days were very full, and I entered heartily into every plan that my aunt proposed, as I was determined to divert my attention if possible.

As days and weeks passed by without my having seen anything further of him, I began to wonder if he had left the neighbourhood, but I would not ask my aunt any questions, much less her many friends. I had come to the last week of my stay in Algiers. I was to return home the following Thursday. We were taking some last excursions, and as the day drew near for my departure, I felt sad, for I had learnt to love dearly the land of sunshine and colour. Three days before I left my aunt suddenly exclaimed:

"Miriam, you have never been

through an orange grove. You must go, and why not to-day? The weather is perfect. It is a sight you must not miss."

My aunt was a woman of action. We were soon motoring rapidly along the smooth high road, and I found we were going towards Blida. I wondered should we chance upon the grove where my Arab partner was said to be. It was a mere chance, a hundred to one that we did so, even if he had not already left Algeria. But what was it to me whether he was there or not? I schooled myself to calmness, thinking that possibly he had already forgotten my existence. Some miles short of Blida we turned off to the right, making our way up what appeared to be a private road. This ended in a garden, and we pulled up in front of a fair-sized villa, where we were met by our host and hostess, who had been warned of our advent by telephone. They were known to my aunt in some small degree, and they gave us a hearty welcome, saying we had just come at the right time to see the orange trees at their best, as the fruit was ripe and gathering had begun.

They took us on a round of inspection at once, and it was a sight I shall remember for all time. Forty acres of orange trees, covered with golden fruit hanging amongst dark green leaves, the graceful trees standing out against a brilliant blue sky. I was charmed, thinking that I had never seen anything so beautiful before. My aunt walked on briskly, followed closely by our host, who was showing us round. I paused a moment to feel the weight of a particularly lovely orange, and at that moment they turned out of sight. I followed in the same direction, as I thought, but I must have unconsciously turned down another alley, for they had completely disappeared from view. I walked on slowly, expecting to meet them again at any moment. I came to a long line of cypresses, which had been grown to

protect the fruit trees from the wind. I was looking up at their tall spires when I was startled by a voice close by my side.

"This is neither Tunis nor Biskra, yet we meet," it said.

There was no mistaking those tones. They were music to me, yet I held myself well in hand and calmly greeted him, for it was my partner of the dance who spoke. Joy, too, shone in his face at the meeting—there was no mistaking it.

"What good angel has sent you to walk in the orange grove?" he asked.

"I am here with my aunt," I answered stupidly, "but for the moment I have lost sight of her. I did not know you were here," I added lamely.

He walked on by my side as we talked.

"I am so glad to meet you again," he said. "Do you know, I have been trying to plan a meeting with you ever since the dance, but somehow I have not been able to manage it. But now the gods have thrown you in my path, and I hope you will forgive me if I speak plainly. I fear I shall shock you when I tell you that I love you—yes, love you deeply, passionately, and have done since I first saw you. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at love at first sight, and until that day I believe I sneered with the multitude; but since then I know only too well that I gave my heart irrevocably to you within an hour of first seeing you."

He bent towards me and took my hand in both his own, and I think he must have felt it tremble, for he became very tender.

"Have I frightened you? I am so sorry. You must forgive me," he said. "I would not have been so hasty, but for the fear of losing you altogether. Tell me, do you think it possible that you could love me in time?"

My hand was tightly in his clasp, and he waited for my answer, but just at that moment we heard voices, and

he dropped it quickly before my aunt and her escort turned into the path. Introductions followed, and we all walked on together towards the house, my aunt and Mr. Lang being behind. I was in front with our host, but not so far away but that I could catch snatches of conversation from time to time. I heard my aunt say:

"My niece is unfortunately obliged to leave me on Thursday. The case of an obdurate father," laughed she. The idea of shutting a girl up in that desolate Woodbridge Manor House, of all places!" added she, with a touch of anger.

Lunch was spread for five in the garden, under a large palm tree, for the sun was hot. It was one of those meals that are ever remembered—an idyll to be looked back upon with joy. I have not the faintest remembrance of what we ate, only that the service was spotless and that we were hungry. Conversation flowed and we were very merry. Coffee and cigarettes followed lunch. We sipped the coffee under the shade of the verandah. I found myself next to Mr. Lang, who had moved, quite naturally, round to my side. We were within earshot of the others of the party, but under cover of the laughter at some joke he murmured almost beneath his breath:

"You forgive me for what I said before lunch?"

And I answered, "There is nothing to forgive."

Soon after this we were gone. Not another chance had offered for the exchange of a word, but I was happy—happy beyond all expression, for I knew that he loved me. What mattered it now that I was leaving. I trusted him wholly. I knew that we should meet again, and in the meantime my life was a dream. And Herr Schuler. What had become of him? His poems were burned in my bedroom fire, and I almost forgot his very existence, for I now knew the difference between a passing fancy, the root of which was a love of ad-

miration, and a deep and lasting affection which was almost painful in its intensity.

"What a charming man that Mr. Lang is," said my aunt, when we were well on the road; "I cannot think why he should bury himself in an orange grove."

"It seems to me a setting that suits him fairly well," said I, as the car turned a corner and we lost sight of the place.

I had arrived in Algiers in a storm of rain. I left it in glorious sunshine. I leaned upon the taffrail of the boat, and spoke last words to my aunt as she stood on the little wooden pier. The anchor was weighed, and shortly we were off. I felt a curious sinking of heart as I saw the shore receding from me. My aunt's figure became less and less as she stood waving her handkerchief in the breeze, and, finally, I could no longer distinguish her from the rest of the group of the people who stood around her. A little longer and the landmarks of the town became indistinct, and somehow I felt like one who leaves home.

I lay back in my chair watching the sunny land, and dreaming of the day in the orange grove. Was this to be the end? I wondered sadly. No further word had come from him. No letter, no sign, yet I trusted him absolutely, for I loved him deeply. Without him life would be a void, a thing maimed, to be passed through as best one might.

Being a good sailor, I had chosen to return by boat all the way, rather than overland from Marseilles. I was glad of the rest and quiet which this route gave me, and as there were few passengers I had several days for dreamy musing. I was in no hurry to land and make my way home, to take up my everyday duties, just as if there had been no day in the orange grove. Unfortunately for my wishes, we steamed into port almost to time, and very soon I was going as fast as the express could take me towards the old manor house. I pulled my

rugs closer around me, for I felt chill in the English air. It was a typical spring day, with fitful sunshine and gusty wind. I looked at the beautiful pale-green buds upon the trees, and thought of the warm glow of colour in Algeria.

At length the train pulled up, and I found to my surprise that my father had come to meet me. He did not usually drive eight miles on my account, but there he was, waiting to give me a warm welcome. We drove away, leaving my luggage to follow later, and it was only when we were well clear of the town that I began clearly to understand things.

"Miriam," he said, with some hesitation, "I want to have a few words with you before we reach home. And first, I should like to be assured that the Schuler affair is entirely at an end, and then it need never be mentioned between us again. You know, of course, that he has left?"

"I was a fool, father," I said hotly, "and I am glad he is gone."

A load seemed lifted from my parent's mind. He heaved a sigh of relief, and we drove another mile or so without speaking. At length he broke the silence.

"Miriam," he said, "I hope you will forgive me, but I must tell you at once, before we reach home, Lord Stanton is here, at the Manor House,

and he has come to make you an offer. Of course, it seems to me wonderfully sudden, but he tells me that he has met you more than once, and begs to plead his own cause."

"This is utterly absurd," I broke in hastily. "I do not even remember the man." I felt hot with indignation, as I remembered the man of the orange grove, and my loyalty said he should have no rival.

"I am sorry, Miriam, to give you pain," returned my father rather shortly, "and I shall ask you to do nothing against your will. The only thing I have promised is that you shall give him his answer yourself."

"That can soon be done," I said, for I was furious, and determined to make short work of him.

My father said I should find Lord Stanton in the library. I threw aside my wraps, I drew myself up to my full height, as I quietly opened the door and walked into the room. A figure came towards me from the window. Could my eyes have played me false? No, it was true, only too blissfully true, it was my partner of the dance, my man of the grove.

"Miriam," he said, clasping me in a loving embrace, "I have come overland to be here before you. You will not send me away, my darling?"

And I did not, and for once my father and I were of one mind.





Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

THE SELKIRK RANGE, FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT DONKIN

CANADA'S WONDERLAND

BY ARTHUR O. WHEELER, A.C., F.R.G.S.

MOUNTAIN ranges, and particularly snow-clad mountain ranges, the world over are a great asset to the countries in which they are situated, owing to the many attractions they furnish from commercial, scientific, recreative and salutary points of view. In the interests of commerce the upturned masses disclose economic resources, such as coal, minerals and other ingredients that lie hidden in their depths and furnish the material to keep moving the busy life of the large cities of the plains. The heavy precipitation that falls upon the highlands, particularly where snow-clad, induces a heavy forest growth producing wide areas of merchantable timber in the valleys and on the mountain sides. These sunlit valleys, moreover, owing to local climatic conditions, are especially adapted, in many cases, to cultivation and the growth of fruits. To the

scientist the upheaval of great thicknesses of the earth's crust and the consequent exposure of the layers of sand, gravel, rock, etcetera, of which it is composed have been the means of gathering a great abundance of information dealing with periods of by-gone time representing millions and millions of years. By such means has been established not only the first appearance of human beings, but the first appearance of life upon this planet. On the recreative and salutary points of view, there is little need to dwell; they are apparent.

Amidst all mountain forms there is something mysterious that attracts—the feeling of a something lying beyond that is hidden. This feeling is greatly intensified where the mountain range is snow-capped and rivers of ice wind between steep precipices of rock. We have in Canada one of the grandest mountain ranges on the face



Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

GENERAL VIEW OF THE WENKHEMNA GLACIER
A PIEDMONT TYPE

of the earth; one of which we may feel tremendously proud when we hear it spoken of; one replete with the most varied and attractive gems of alpine scenery. In these mystic regions wide snow-fields of dazzling whiteness undulate through miles of space; black cloud shadows chase one another across the shining surface; and ribs of rock stand out sharp like the frame of a mighty skeleton. Here ice-rivers drain lakes of snow up in

are spreading boughs, festooned with beards of moss, and the foliage is so dense that it creates a dim religious shade illuminated only by the slants of sunlight that find a way through the openings. These forests are filled with wonderful things: prickly shrubs, six feet high, that wound the flesh with sharp spines; rare flowering plants that delight the eye with beautiful blossoms, and bushes loaded with luscious huckleberries and full ripe



Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

A SNOW MUSHROOM IN THE SELKIRKS

the clouds and tumble in a wild confusion of *séracs* over rocky beds walled in by mountain sides; waterfalls leap down rock precipices; cascades thunder from the heights; rock falls cut wide gashes in the virgin forest; shining, jewel-like lakes of exquisite shades of blue and green reflect their surroundings so perfectly that it is difficult to know where land ends and water begins. In the primeval forests of mighty conifers there

raspberries. In sequestered nooks there are beds of rare orchids and other handsome flowers. Half-hidden by the foliage, great blocks of rock, as big as houses, have fallen from the surrounding heights; their sides are seared with age and covered with lichens, and on their crests are colonies of baby spruce trees that have settled there and thrive on the moss-grown surface. It is the home of the Little People, and though you



Copyright by Detroit Photographic Company

MOUNT LEPROY AND VICTORIA GLACIER



Photograph by H. W. Gleason

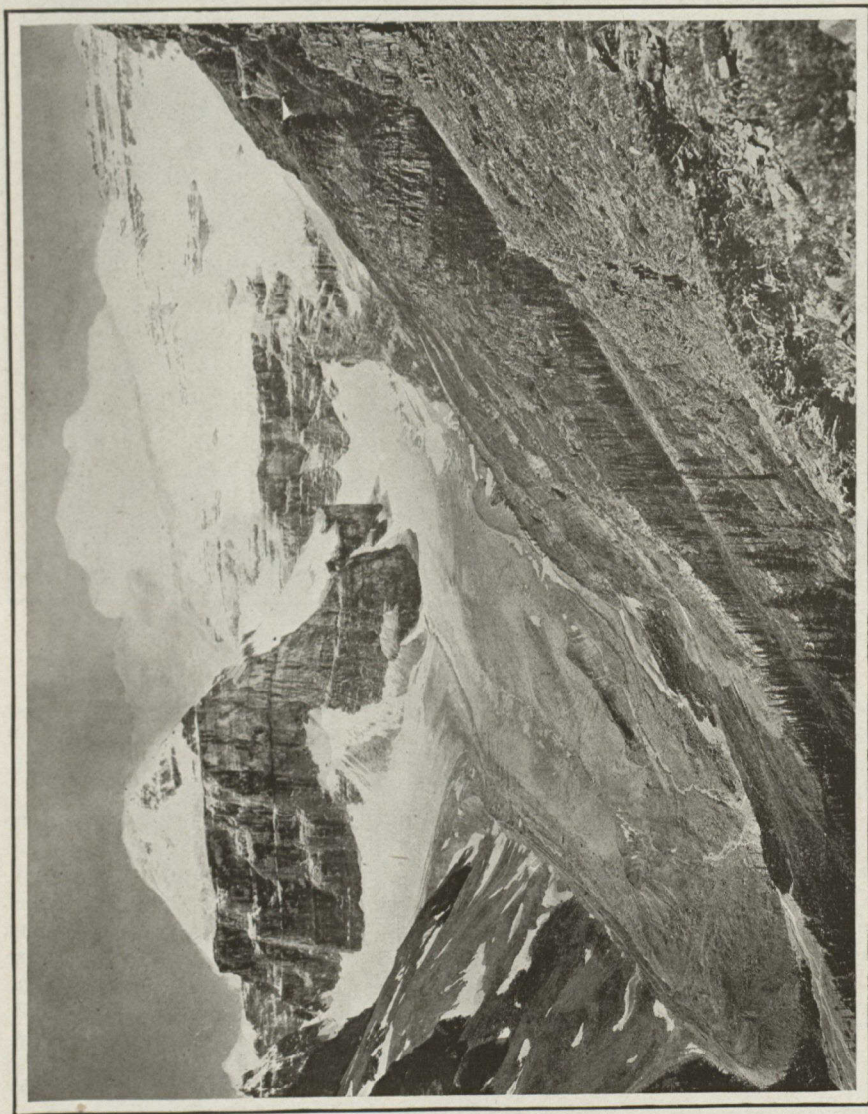
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER

only see them in the form of birds, squirrels, chipmonks and marmots, you know that they are there and feel their presence all around you.

The Cordilleras of the North American Continent comprise the chain of mountain ranges lying along the Pacific Ocean and extending eastwards to the open prairies. In Canada, it embraces four principal ranges, familiarly termed "The Canadian Rockies," which may be enumerated as follows: The Coast range, lying immediately adjacent to the coast line and reaching from the international boundary to the Arctic Circle; the Gold Range, between the Kamloops plateau and the Columbia River; the Selkirk Range, embraced in the loops of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, and the Main Range between the Columbia River and the prairies. The

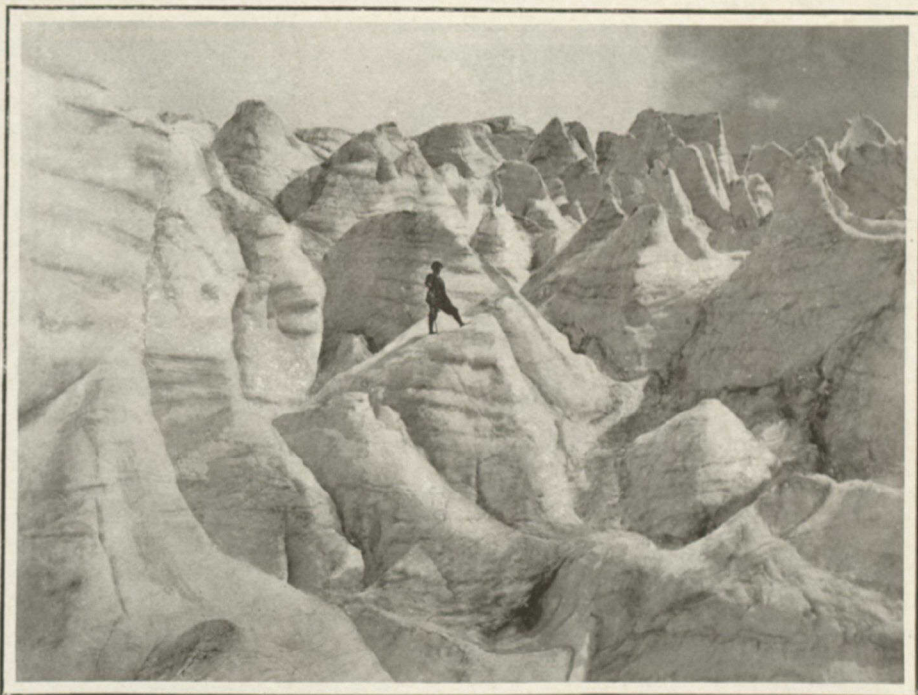
two presenting the boldest and most striking architectural structure, and consequently of the greatest interest, are the Selkirk and Main Ranges.

In the Selkirks the peaks rise to near 13,000 feet above sea level; in the Main Range to something higher. In both they rise to about 6,000 feet above their basal valleys. The warm air currents travelling eastwards from the sun-scorched Pacific sweep up the slopes of the Coast Range and, passing over at a high altitude, are next intercepted by the highlands of the Gold Range, where they deposit moisture from the lower strata. These highlands do not rise to much above 8,000 feet from sea level, so that the bulk of the precipitation, condensed from the moisture-laden clouds, falls upon the greater heights of the Selkirks.



Copyright by Detroit Photographic Co.

GENERAL VIEW OF VICTORIA GLACIER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES



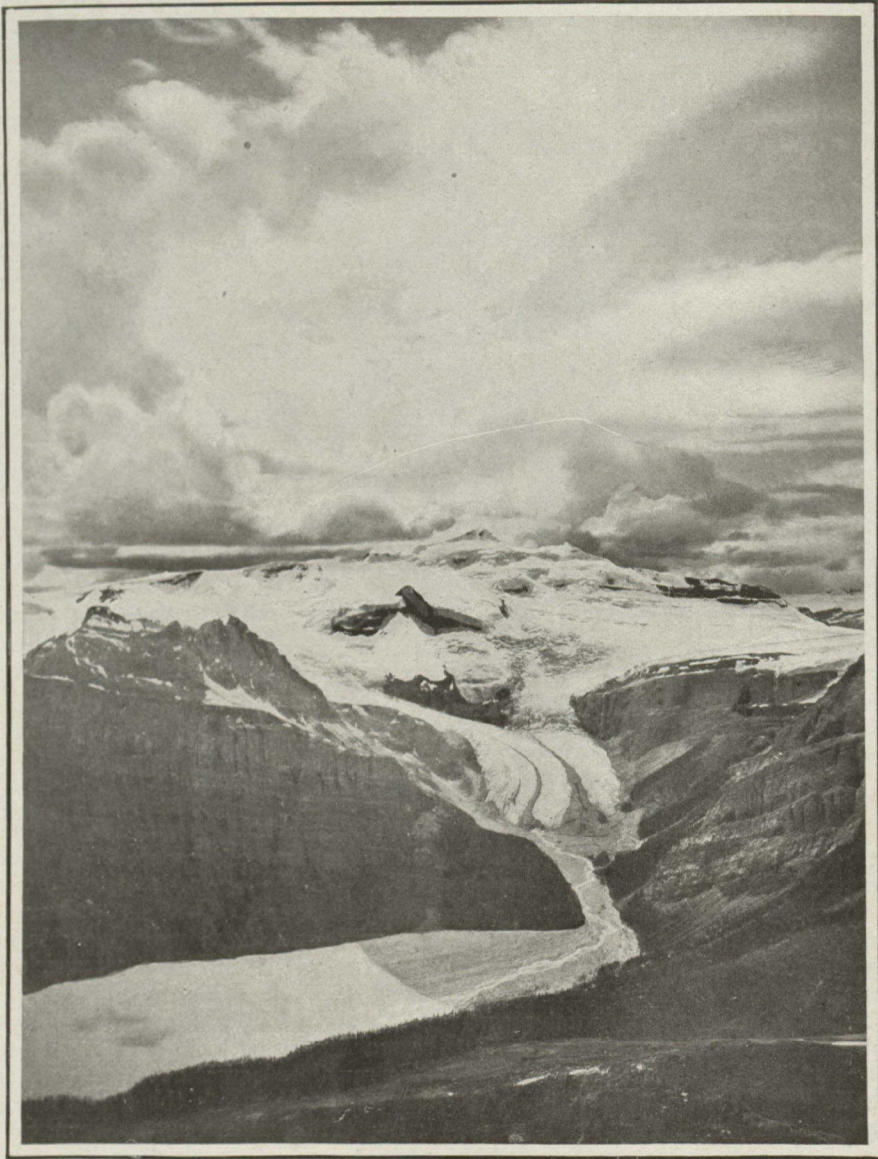
Copyright by Detroit Photographic Company

SERACS ON THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER,
SHOWING BY DARK LINES THE SNOWFALL YEAR BY YEAR

The average annual precipitation at the summit of the Range is fifty-seven feet. Of this the average snowfall is thirty-six feet, and sometimes it goes up to fifty feet for the winter. The climate here is very erratic, and it may rain or snow for weeks on end. It reminds one of a choice description to be found in a certain hotel record book near Zermatt in Switzerland: "First it rained, and then it blew; then it friz, then it snew; then it fogged, and then it thew; and, very shortly after, then it rained and friz and snew again."

The heavy precipitation during the winter months produces beautiful and fantastic shapes in the forest: snow fungi on the tree-trunks, great mounds and edifices where whole small trees are buried and, along the right-of-way, where the stumps are still standing, the snow gathers about their tops, producing perfect resemblances of gi-

gantic snow mushrooms. There are many other phenomena resulting from the heavy snowfall and erratic climate. On the summits of the mountains the action of the sun and frost, the wind and the rain produces beautiful honey-combing and fluting, and along the ridges the piled up snow is blown into most fantastic shapes resembling on a large scale the teeth of a mutilated cross-cut saw. Against the mountain crests the fierce winds, laden with drifting snow, have built cornices, which, seen from the summit, appear like a solid part of it, and yet are treacherous parasites, ready at a moment's notice, through a little additional weight, to slide away and precipitate climbers into the depths, thousands of feet below. This sliding away of cornices, or breaking through of them, is one of the most frequent causes of accident and loss of life to mountaineers.



Photograph by A. O. Wheeler

THE ICECAP GLACIER OF MOUNT BALFOUR
A PEAK OF THE GREAT DIVIDE

During the months of June and July magnificent cloud effects can be obtained by photographers from the piled up masses that gather from the Pacific around these first high summits where the vapour currents are intercepted and where they deposit

the bulk of their stored moisture. Nor is the Spectre of the Brocken confined alone to the Harz Mountains of Germany. Twice the writer has seen this phenomenon—once at close range and again at a greater distance. In the first instance we were standing on

the edge of a precipice descending 2,000 feet sheer. The sky was clear all around. From no apparent cause clouds quickly formed along the steep face of rock, seemingly coming from nowhere, and banked themselves above its edge. You could put out your hand and touch them. The sun was low in the west, directly on the other side. Suddenly there appeared on the screen of clouds a circular disc, apparently a yard or so in diameter, showing in vivid circles the colours of the rainbow. In the centre of the disc each member of the party saw his own shadow as a sharply defined mannikin. Every movement was perfectly represented by the double. An Irishman from Cork who stood close by exclaimed in huge delight: "Begorra that's foine. I wonder would it go away if ye threw a sstone at it." On the second occasion tht cloud bank was more distant and the circle larger, with the shadow that of an indistinct giant.

The chief and most numerous results of the heavy snowfall are seen in the glaciers. While not of such length as those of Alaska, the Yukon, the European Alps, the Himalaya, and other mountain ranges, the glaciers of the Main and Selkirk Ranges (of the Selkirks especially) are noted for their purity, their beautiful configuration and the mazes of crevasses and *séracs* by which they are intersected. Those who have studied the physics of nature will know that glaciers are the outflow from deposits of ice, held in depressions or pockets amidst the mountain peaks, which have their original supply from the winter snows falling in the district. At the high altitude at which the snowfall is held it thaws only during the very hot days of midsummer, and there is no melting adequate to the amount of snow that falls. So, if the snowfall kept piling up year after year it would rise to an indefinite height into space above the earth's crust. This is what happens when any portion of the continent becomes

covered by an ice-cap. The great weight of the snow compacts the under layers into ice and the force of gravitation starts the mass flowing outwards through gaps between the peaks, or even to overflowing, along the rim of the basin, a condition that is often seen in the Canadian Rockies. Thus, the surplus flowing outwards relieves the congestion of snow and ice that would otherwise ensue and, through its naturally regulated flow, maintains the equilibrium of forces that is found to be the key-note of the mechanism of the universe.

Ice is not very elastic, and the bed over which it is to flow is often very steep and rough, with frequent precipices and broken ledges in its course. When the ice comes to inequalities in the bed, not being able to bend over them, it splits into great cracks running crossways, at right angles to the flow. These are the crevasses of glaciers that we hear so much about in alpine literature. Sometimes the inequalities cause the cracks to occur parallel to the flow, or with its length. When the two series of crevasses intersect, the ice is broken into pillars of curious and fantastic shapes, which are known as *séracs* and which present very beautiful formations. There is an intense charm in climbing amidst these wonderful creations, for they give one the impression of a city of mummies; in gazing into the great ice cracks with which they are surrounded and watching the sunshine play in blue and green lights on the transparent walls; in wondering how deep are these huge caverns, set with sharp ice teeth that apparently extend into the bowels of the earth; in listening to the rush of subterranean streams in the depths below, or the splash of the water as it falls in circular well-holes and comes racing down the steeper parts of the ice in a series of miniature cascades; and again in counting the snowfall of many years as shown by the mummified *séracs* close by, for each year's fall is shown clearly on these pillars,

being separated from the next by a well-marked dirt band where the dust collected on the surface has been embedded in the ice year after year.

The species of glacier that is the outflow from an ice-field, or *névé*, as it is termed, is technically known as a glacier of the true alpine type. A splendid illustration is found in the Illecillewaet, close to *Glacier House*, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's tourist hotel near the summit of the Selkirk Range. It is a huge cascade of ice tumbling, in a wild confusion of *séracs* between steep walls of rock, more than three thousand feet from the sky-line. It is a wonderful and impressive sight. A lady from Seattle, Washington, who was a guest at *Glacier House* tramped out through the woods and, crossing the barren waste of stones, boulders, gravel and clay deposited by the ice in front of it, gazed steadfastly at the towering fall for fully half an hour. Then, returning to the hotel, she marched up to the counter and asked in all earnestness: "Is it a real glacier or one that has been put there by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for an advertisement?" There is a real feeling among a certain section of the travelling public that the railway company produces spectacular surprises for its patrons.

There are several types of glaciers, among them the Piedmont type, where there is no snow-field above the ice-flow; it is fed by masses falling from hanging or pocket glaciers high up in the depressions between the peaks. The ice-cap glacier is another type. An example is seen on the north and east sides of Mount Balfour, one of the peaks of the Great Divide. There the whole mountain top is covered with ice, which is gradually resolving itself into component glaciers. This ice-cap glacier illustrates on a small scale the condition that existed many, many years ago, during what is now known as the Ice Age, when a large portion of the North American Continent was cov-

ered by a similar ice-cap, no one knows how thick, reaching southward to far below Niagara; an ice-cap that has left behind it the great interior lakes of North America as a reminder of its existence. Again, we have hanging glaciers, which are formed through the collection of snow that has drifted into pockets on the mountainsides and, having compacted into ice, now sends broken masses to feed glaciers of the Piedmont type into the valleys below. The two on the north side of Mount Fox furnish excellent examples. The Victoria Glacier seen in the accompanying illustration is another example of the Piedmont type. It heads at the narrow gap between Mount Victoria on the right and Mount Lefroy on the left known as the Abbot Pass, and is fed by the avalanches falling from the heights of these two great monoliths. The narrow passage between them is known as the Death Trap. The name has been suggested by the danger incurred in travelling through it to make the ascents of Victoria and Lefroy from the crest of Abbot Pass. When the sun gets high in the heavens and its rays make the masses of snow and ice soft, great avalanches hurl themselves downwards and, sweeping across the narrow passages, convert it into a veritable death trap. It is always well to make this passage during the early morning hours while the snow is still hard. During the afternoon in summer time these avalanches fall almost continuously and fill the valley with a succession of roars resembling thunder.

In the same illustration the Mitre Glacier is seen, on the left of Mount Lefroy, joining the Victoria Glacier. It also is of the Piedmont type. Near the junction of the two ice streams still another type of glacier is presented. Here the ice masses falling from the heights of Lefroy send an ice stream directly across the surface of the Mitre Glacier, with a flow at right angles to it. This type has been termed *parasitic*.

Mount Lefroy, seen in the illustration, is of peculiar interest, for it was on this mountain that one of the three accidents that have occurred in the Canadian Rockies happened, when Philip S. Abbot, of Boston, lost his life in August, 1896. The story, a very sad one, has been told again and again. It reads of much courage and determination on the part of the climbers and, after the accident, of much devotion by the members of the party. Like many accidents of the kind, it is not known how it happened. Owing to the exigencies of the climb, Abbot was not in sight when he fell, and the first intimation his companions had of the accident was his body falling swiftly past them through the air. There seems little doubt that the fact of very few accidents happening in the annals of Canadian mountaineering is due to the lessons learned from the European Alps. When climbing in the Rockies became an established feature of their attractions, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company promptly brought out a number of professional Swiss guides, the best that could be had, and hired them out to their patrons. That, and the great care and precautions that have been taken by the Alpine Club, since its inception, have minimised these unhappy possibilities; for chances of accidents are here quite as great as in other regions that tempt the enthusiastic mountaineer.

A few words concerning the Wenchemna Glacier of which an illustration is here given. It is a perfect example of the Piedmont type, and it adds to its interest the fact that it is the only glacier in the Canadian Rockies known to be advancing. The cause is probably due to the fact that immediately to the south behind it are the much heard of Ten Peaks of Allen, which shut off the hottest of the sun's rays. Moreover, the *débris* falling from the peaks has so littered the surface of the ice that it is covered from the sun's heat by a veneer of broken rock. This glacier is even

now encroaching on the forest and is knocking down the trees. When the amount of snowfall in winter exceeds the melting in the summer the foot of the glacier advances; when it is less, the foot retreats. At the present time, and for many years previously, the latter has been the case, and all glaciers of the region and generally of the North American Continent are working backwards up the valleys or troughs they have carved out. It will thus be seen that there are two distinct motions: one a continuous downward motion through the force of gravitation, or weight of ice moving down an inclined plane; the other backward or forward as governed by climatic conditions. In the valley of the Illecillewaet Glacier, a mile farther down from where the ice tongue now stands, is seen a huge pile of immense blocks of rock, some weighing hundreds of tons, reaching quite across the valley. Through it the foaming torrent that comes from the melting ice has cut a passage. This pile, or moraine as it is technically termed, was carried down by the ice and left deposited in the form in which it is now seen. It has been estimated that it was deposited there in the thirteenth century, seven hundred years ago. Within that period the ice has retreated about one mile, on an average not quite a quarter of an inch a day, which fact gives a tangible idea of the slow workings of these mighty phenomena.

Another striking instance is the Muir Glacier in Alaska, where the ice has retreated more than fifty miles in 125 years and, in the course of its recession, has left vacant the inlet now known as Glacier Bay. In this case, however, the circumstances were different, for the front end of the ice was submerged in the Pacific Ocean and was subjected to its furious assaults during stormy weather.

A word about moraines: The flow of a glacier or ice river is very similar to that of an ordinary river, although so much slower; the current

moves faster in the centre or where the volume of ice is deepest. This is seen in the accompanying illustration of the Deville Glacier. First we have the ice lake, or *névé*, creating the source of supply. We then see where the flow begins to break into crevasses as the grade gets steeper. Next there is a ledge in the rock bed, over which the ice falls in a cascade. Below, the bed is more uniform and the broken ice joins together again, appearing in a series of beautiful fan-shaped circles, curving outwards and illustrating the more rapid flow in the centre. An ordinary river carries down on its surface the *débris* of the forests and other tracts through which it passes, and this *débris* gradually works towards the edges and is thrown up on the banks on either side, leaving a pile of material along each margin. An ice river exhibits the same characteristics. The rock *débris* that is disintegrated from the peaks bordering it, through the action of frost and sunshine, falls to the ice below. It is then carried down and deposited along the sides. As the glacier shrinks through melting, this *débris* is left in two regular lines, like well-built levees, at a considerable height above the surface of the ice. In walking over it you see a triangular-shaped pile of broken and rounded boulders cemented together by glacial mud formed of dust blown from the peaks, which collects in the hollows between the rocks. This mud is known as boulder clay. To all appearances, these are solid walls, but such is not the case. The rock and mud is a veneer over a core of ice that has been prevented from melting by its covering. Such deposits along the sides of a glacier are known as lateral moraines; they are seen in the illustration of the Dawson Glacier.

Again, when in course of retreat, the ice forefoot as it melts drops broken rock in front of it or uncovers boulders that have been rounded and polished by the grinding process of the ice as it moves down its bed. Not

infrequently great masses are seen pushed in front of the forefoot, which has acted like a huge ploughshare. The irresistible force of these mighty ploughs are seen in the deep valleys they have gouged out through the course of ages and in the polished and smoothed sides of the rocks lining the gorges in which they move. Such areas of rock, boulders and clay in front of a glacier are known as terminal moraines. There is still another kind of moraine, which is seen in the illustration of the Balfour ice-cap, at the foot of its main ice-flow. Here, the several streams of ice have thrown up the *débris* in the centre between them and formed ridges of rock and boulders, showing like black lines on the surface. These are called medial moraines.

Nearly all of the most beautiful features of Canadian alpine regions, as seen in these beautiful wilds of the Rockies and the Selkirks, spring from glacial sources: ice caves at their forefeet, swirling torrents that leap madly through rockbound gorges hundreds of feet deep and so narrow that they are often spanned by natural bridges consisting of a single boulder, thundering falls that break over ledges and drop in sheets of spray to the depths below, magnificent in their power and majesty, cascades that foam between walls of pine and empty into placid lakes of magic shades of blue and green, wonderful alp-lands clad with graceful waving spruce trees and many and gorgeous flowers of exquisite structure. These and many others should have a chapter to themselves.

What has been written will serve to give some idea of the magic and the mystery of this wonderland, where one finds oneself in *fay-dom* more surely than ever was written in the best told fairy story or the most enthralling pantomime produced on the modern stage. It serves to show that there is no need for Canadians to wander from their own land to see Nature in its most original or attractive forms,

to read the story of Creation in what may aptly be described as "A factory of the world."

The recently formed Alpine Club of Canada, gathers together its members yearly in the midst of such surroundings and gives them a full opportunity to see and study these great natural phenomena and beauties from the best points of vantage. There is a prevalent idea that such alpine lunatics congregate only to rush up peaks and down again. As Ruskin wrote with regard to the Alpine Club of England: "The Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide

down again with shrieks of delight." But Ruskin found that mountains might be climbed without vulgarising them, and he made full amends for his severe criticism by himself joining the club.

The foregoing will show that there is more than that. There is something to see, something to learn that will stick, and will remain in the pages of memory's scrapbook with a loving reverence for the great Creator of all things, whose wondrous power appears not only in the mighty ice-fall but in the brilliant colouring of the highest-up tiny flower that grows through the snow in the late September spring of the high altitudes near the snow-line.

THE TRUANT

By H. O. N. BELFORD

A WAYWARD breeze crept from the mountain height,
 Stole by the pines, and sought the moonlit sea.
 Caressed a sail all set in silver light,
 And bore my heart from me.

O mother mountain, call the children home
 To toss the streamlet sprays with laughter glad!
 Sad is their errand when they seaward roam—
 And watching eyes are sad.

A wayward breeze came tripping in one morn,
 With snowy, foamy feet—a wanderer she.
 And in her wake a perjured sail forlorn—
 A broken heart to me!

THE BLACK SHEEP CLUB

BY PETER McARTHUR

IF Mr. Ellis of Ellis and Company, importers of silks and fine fabrics, had applied to any one else the profane epithets he was applying to himself he would have been arrested. He was walking back and forth in his private room swearing at himself quietly but vehemently, with a skill that showed long experience. Anyone hearing him would have been certain that at some time in his career he had been either a truck-driver in New York or a sailor before the mast; but he took special care that no one should hear him. Presently he regained his self-control, seated himself at his desk and wrote a memorandum. He then gave his desk bell a vicious slap. In response to the signal his bookkeeper entered.

"Here, Jones, charge cheque No. 659, that I have just drawn, to profit and loss."

"Yes, sir. Anything more to-day?"

"Nothing more, thank you. Good evening."

He then closed his desk and was reaching for his overcoat when an office boy entered with a card.

"Mr. Hart, of Hart and Hall, wishes to see you, sir,"

"Um — Hart and Hall, dealers in heavy chemicals, dyestuffs. What can he want with me? Show him in."

A moment later Mr. Hart entered. He was faultlessly attired and, like Mr. Ellis, had all the appearance of a prosperous business man and member of good society. And they were alike in that the expressions of their faces were keen but kindly and showed great force of character.

"I presume," began Mr. Hart, as he seated himself slowly and gingerly, "that you are at a loss to understand to what you owe this visit."

"I confess that I am."

"Then I will come to the point at once. The Black Sheep Club has decided that you are eligible for membership, and I have called to ask if you can make it convenient to come up to our club-rooms to-night and be initiated."

"The Black Sheep Club! I never heard of it."

"Certainly not. It is the most secret and yet the most beneficent organisation in the world."

"Well, Mr. Hart, I know you by reputation as a business man and gentleman, and feel sure you would not try to play a joke on me; but I would like to know something more about this club before consenting to become a member."

"Naturally, and if you will pledge yourself to the most absolute secrecy I will tell you all I dare. I may say, however, that this pledge is hardly necessary, as no one to whom membership was offered ever refused to join. That is why the secret never got out."

The required pledge was given, and Mr. Hart resumed.

"If I am not mistaken you are just in the humour to be initiated. Before I came in you were reviling yourself with every emphatic word and phrase in your vocabulary, were you not?"

"See here! This club of yours is not a Theosophical affair, is it?"

"Not at all! I am no mind reader. But I know this is true because I met that loafer, Spencer Smythe, coming downstairs as I was coming up. You have been supporting him for the last couple of months — not because he has any claim on you, but because you are easy on wrongdoers for the reason that you know what it is to have gone wrong yourself."

"How dare you talk to me like this, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Ellis, angrily, springing from his seat. "I have never discussed such matters with my nearest friends."

"No," replied Mr. Hart calmly, "and no one is going to ask you to do it now. I merely do it in order to give you some idea of our club. It is wholly composed of hard-headed business and professional men who are tender-hearted and cannot help allowing themselves to be imposed upon by good-for-nothings like Smythe, just as you have been doing. Like you, every one of them began life by being a black sheep, and some of them still have Southdown markings."

"Look here! What do you know about my past life?"

"Pardon me for speaking of it, for you have already lived it down so far as the world is concerned, though it still worries you and makes you swear retrospectively whenever you think of it; but I know all about that little escapade of yours when you ran away from home and disgraced your family by tramping to Michigan, where you lived for several summers as shantyman in winter and a drunken dock-walloper in summer."

Mr. Ellis cowered in his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Yes, yes," he whispered brokenly, "and I have been punished for it enough without its coming back to disgrace me now."

"Disgrace nothing," said Mr. Hart cheerily. "It is what put backbone in you, and all your success has been due to the fact that you have been trying to live down that episode in your life. Believe me, there is no

such thing as ambition in the world. Men merely strive for success because they want to live down their past. It is the same with everyone in our club. I made a ——— idiot of myself when I was a boy, and I don't dare to be idle for fear I'll think of it. The result is that I work with the ferocity that compels success. Talk about your blithering fools! I was the—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Ellis, "I begin to catch your drift. You are all successful men because you have sore places in your memories that goad you on. But what benefit do you derive from your club?"

"What do you feel like when you think of your early misdeeds—or of any fool thing that you do?"

"I feel that I want to be kicked!"

"Exactly! So do we all! And the beauty of it is that we get kicked. It wouldn't do for a gentleman to hire someone to kick him, so we attend to that for one another."

Ellis laughed a nervous laugh, in which Hart joined.

"I tell you, our club fills a long-felt want!" he exclaimed. "Won't you join us?"

"Certainly I will," cried Ellis. "I am in just the mood for it."

"I thought you would be. Let us hurry, for they are holding dinner for us."

On the way uptown in a cab Hart explained more thoroughly the workings of the club.

"When a man is initiated we try to give him a kicking that will make up for all the kickings he has yearned for in the past. For this we charge an initiation fee of twenty-five dollars. We have no monthly dues, but whenever a man wants to be kicked he pays in ten dollars to the treasurer and is obliged. We find that this enables us to maintain our club luxuriously."

"But it isn't chartered as the Black Sheep Club, is it?"

"Certainly not! It is called the Business Men's Benevolent Associa-

tion. You will be surprised to learn that many of your dearest friends belong to it. They are men whom perhaps you have considered selfish because they always show a preference for cushioned and luxurious seats when visiting, because they sit in cushioned chairs in their offices. But that is not selfishness. It is the result of membership in this club. Though we knew that you must have a past because you were successful and allowed yourself to be sponged on, it took us a long time to discover what your past was. But we finally found that you too had been a black sheep."

"Oh, sink my past! Our peccadilloes are not the subject of all conversation, are they?" exclaimed Ellis.

"What do you take us for? A camp-meeting? We leave that sort of thing to unctuous deacons and callow boys. We are all men of the world, and, besides, there is a rule of the club which provides that anyone speaking of his past gets kicked free."

"But, of course," he continued, every member of the club knows your past. That was necessary before you could be admitted."

Mr. Ellis quailed. "Good Heavens!" he groaned. "How can I ever face them? They all know just what an ass I have been!"

"How does it make you feel?"

"As if I wanted to be kicked!" yelled the victim.

"That's good!" said Mr. Hart grimly, "for you are going to be."

A moment later Mr. Ellis was hurried into the general room of the club and Mr. Hart announced in a loud tone that he was to become one of them. While he was paying his initiation fee, the members of the club arranged themselves in two files about four feet apart and extending across the room. When Mr. Ellis was led to the rear rank, each member leaned forward, supporting his whole weight on his left foot and letting his right foot, which was extended backward, rest on the toe, ready for action.

Mr. Hart faced Mr. Ellis in the

proper direction, then stepped back and started him down the line with a kick that made his teeth snap like a bear-trap. As he passed along, each member, with practiced foot, contributed a kick that made him forget the sins of his past and his hopes of the future.

When he landed with a grunt against the opposite wall the President of the Club hastened to his side and picked him up. He then led him into the grill-room and gave him a seat in a softly cushioned chair.

"Do your sins trouble you now?"

"No," said Mr. Ellis, shifting uneasily. "With such a counter-irritant neither my conscience nor anything else can hurt me for weeks to come."

When he finally got more comfortable he looked about and recognised dozens of successful citizens—judges, doctors, lawyers, merchants, college professors and prominent men whose lives he had always supposed to have run smoothly from Sunday school to success. Finally when the dinner was over Mr. Hart came to him with a worried expression on his face, and before Mr. Ellis could thank him for his kindness, he exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Ellis, I feel that I made an ass of myself in the way that I introduced the subject of membership to you. I did it so clumsily you must have thought me a blackmailer. I want to be kicked."

Before he could be dissuaded he paid in his ten dollars and the double line formed again. As soon as Mr. Ellis learned that he being the youngest member it was his privilege to contribute to Mr. Hart his initial velocity, a dangerous gleam lit his kindly eye. When the word was given he started Mr. Hart on his way to peace of mind with a long swinging hitch and kick that lifted him past the first half dozen members.

Shortly afterward the two new friends went home arm in arm, totally oblivious of the blackened past and thinking only of the present, with its pleasures and pains.

Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

ONE must not expect too much from the conference which at the moment of writing is proceeding between the two great British parties on the constitutional question. The more advanced element of the Liberal party will protest most vehemently against any recession from the position taken up by Mr. Lloyd-George and sustained by the Government as a whole—a demand for the abolition of the Lords' veto. Mr. Asquith may in the end prefer to force this issue at a general election than to risk the certain anger of many supporters and the possible disruption of his party by adopting the more moderate policy which is commonly believed to be most in line with his own sympathies. Mr. Joseph Martin, the special contribution of Canada to the extreme Radical wing, has already broken into open rebellion at the mere suggestion of compromise, and declares he will no longer support Mr. Asquith. Mr. Martin is famous as an irreconcilable, and may be less vexatious to the Government as an avowed enemy than as a supposed friend; meanwhile to make his new attitude effective, it will be necessary for Mr. Martin to add his vote to the Unionist forces and support protection and the Lords, a most unhappy situation for an uncompromising Radical.

*

Neither party stands apparently to gain much from an election. The Unionists have had a little less than the average luck at bye-elections,

counting as yet not one gain to their credit though there have been several contests. Majorities for Liberal candidates have been almost invariably reduced, but this is a somewhat sorry consolation. The Unionists had counted pretty confidently on winning the Hartlepool division vacated by the unseating of Sir Christopher Furness for corrupt practices, but the Liberal candidate obtained a respectable though reduced majority; it is, in fact, likely that the occasion of the vacancy, no more than a technical breach of a rigorous, and properly rigorous, electoral law, induced a certain generosity towards the Liberal candidate, the more so because he was the son of the famous captain of industry who had been unseated. On the other hand, though the Government is able to pull through its bye-elections, there is every evidence that there is no accession of strength to the Liberal party to be looked for from an immediate appeal to the country—the indication being in part slightly the reverse. The desire of the country would seem to be that the Liberal Government, with its composite majority, should stay in power for the present, if Redmond approves, but that nothing in the shape of a revolution should be attempted. It will be for Mr. Asquith to decide whether, the Budget having become law, and the great reforms embodied in it having become an accomplished fact, a year or two of quiet administration and moderate legislation may not be a fairer inter-

pretation of the public will than would be a plunge into the chaos of constitutional change.

*

The problem involved in the difficulty between the Liberal party and the House of Lords is one of the most complicated and far-reaching within the whole realm of politics. The British House of Commons is accepted as the great organ of public opinion. No ministry can survive a loss of the confidence of the popular chamber. But the Lords are none the less an essential part of the British constitution, a constitution which is the growth of many centuries and under which, as all of British blood are proud to claim, Britain has led the world in social and financial reform, in political thought, and in all that makes for the uplifting of the race; if this is not true, there has been a vast conspiracy to deceive us all, and if true, then the constitution, Lords or no Lords, cannot be the ridiculous thing it is now alleged in some quarters to be.

*

There can be no doubt as to the real effect of the abolition of the Lords' power of veto. It removes all check on the House of Commons, and gives the United Kingdom over to the control of a single chamber. It may not prove to be an evil, but it is well to recognise the facts. The Liberal party indeed says, and not without truth, that Great Britain is under single chamber government now whenever the Conservative party is in power. It may be said in reply to this that a Conservative government is not prone to great changes, and that radical legislation such as the Lords are likely to oppose, must almost of necessity come from the Liberal party. An exception lies at the moment in the present agitation of the Unionist party for protective duties, and there can be little doubt that the Liberal party would modify

its present attitude towards the Lords if it felt there was any prospect of conservative legislation on this subject or on any other equally contentious matter, being held for a further test of public opinion. Truth compels the admission that the Lords would be unlikely to exercise their powers at the expense of the Conservatives even in such cases; hence the resentment and indignation of the Liberal party.

*

As to the practicability of rule by a single chamber, the question is at bottom an academic one. It is impossible to prove that it would be a failure. The most notable instance on record, the National Assembly of France, is not encouraging. It is the state absolute, of the order laid down by Rousseau, freed from any control whatever, a position easy enough to justify logically, but not from the analogies of history. "Those who are supreme over everything," wrote John Stuart Mill in his work on "Representative Government," "whether they be one, few or many, have no longer need of the arms of reason; they can make their mere will prevail; and those who cannot be resisted are usually far too well satisfied with their own opinions to be willing to change them, or to listen with impatience to any one who tells them that they are in the wrong." But Mill, though a great Radical in his day, wrote these words in 1861, and the world, we shall be told, has moved since then. The most dangerous feature of the present movement to remove all control from the House of Commons is, perhaps, not so much the sweeping nature of the proposed change in itself as the lightness of heart and absolute indifference to all consequence with which it is being entered upon.

*

Mr. Roosevelt has returned to his own country laden with honours by

the nations of Europe and royally received by his fellow-citizens of the United States. His tour has been quite unprecedented in character. General Grant, indeed, received ovations from many nations and courtesies from many rulers when, a generation ago, he too travelled the world as an ex-President of the United States; but General Grant figured in the single light of a great soldier who had, indeed, saved the Union but did not for that or any other reason arouse the intense and universal interest that has centred in the personality of Theodore Roosevelt from almost the beginning of his career as President. Mr. Roosevelt is accused of self-advertising, but the charge is made only by his enemies, and a very little examination shows that he has been rather exploited by the newspapers than that he has sought to exploit them. He has lived, however, in the open, in the fierce light that beats on Presidents and ex-Presidents as well as on thrones, and he has come out of the ordeal with no greater damage than a strengthening of the conviction already widely entertained that he is a little more blunt and outspoken than is the custom among men who have held the highest places. Perhaps he has not always said or done the wisest things in the remarkable round of receptions and incidents of which he has been the central figure during the past six months, but he has been throughout true to himself and his tone and attitude have been invariably such as point the way to the highest citizenship and the fullest development of manly character.

*

Mr. Roosevelt's latest speech of moment was that delivered on the occasion of his acceptance of the freedom of the city of London, the highest honour the world metropolis can bestow. The theme was the work of Britain in the various divisions of Africa from which he had just re-

turned. South Africa, where, under the British system, the greatest and happiest transformation of all had been accomplished, was not included in Mr. Roosevelt's itinerary and therefore escaped mention. As to East Africa, Uganda, and the Soudan, the American critic had only words of praise for what Britain had accomplished; but as to Egypt his remarks contained a very plain-spoken suggestion that, because of the modern proneness to sentimentality, there was danger of the loss of all the benefits that have resulted to the Egyptian people from British control during the past twenty-eight years. "If you feel," said Mr. Roosevelt, addressing an audience composed of the first men, and practically only the first men, of England, "that you have not the right to be in Egypt, if you do not wish to establish and keep order there, then by all means get out of Egypt. If, as I hope, you feel that your duty to civilised mankind and your fealty to your own great traditions alike bid you to stay then make the fact and the name agree, and show that you are ready to meet the responsibility which is yours."

*

These were daring words, words which could only be used by a privileged visitor, which would have been without value from the lips of any man who had not occupied a position of great responsibility, and would have been an unpardonable breach of etiquette from one still possessing authority; they would have been offensive from any man except Mr. Roosevelt. Coming even from the ex-President, they startled England, and evoked much doubtful and some unfavourable comment in the United States, where many, not unfriendly to Mr. Roosevelt, feared that he had at last made the dreaded *faux pas*. When the criticisms had spent their force, and not the least forceful among them were written in our own Canadian journals, the cables informed us that

Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, the British Premier and his Foreign Secretary, had shouldered all responsibility in the matter, Sir Edward Grey stating to Parliament even that he had personally approved an outline of the speech which had been submitted to him before delivery. No doubt the Foreign Secretary had sought in this way to strengthen the hands of the Government and to undo to some extent the evil which had resulted from the incendiary utterances of Mr. Keir Hardie and one or two other irresponsible British members of Parliament at the Young Egypt Congress at Geneva, one of the sequels of which was the assassination of the Egyptian Premier by the secretary of the Congress.

*

We in Canada can see the Egyptian problem only in its more general aspects and as a rule are as reluctant to condemn Britain for too great severity in her repressive measures as for laxity in enforcement of the law or failure to enforce order and authority. The difficulties are great, but we may be reasonably sure that Great Britain will achieve a fair compromise between harshness and sentimentality, and that her policy will inure to the benefit of the Egyptian people; this may sound like platitude, but Great Britain has no other excuse for being in Egypt at all. After a shrewd observation of conditions, Mr. Roosevelt expressed the strongest hope that Great Britain would continue to govern Egypt, but insisted that "if you stay in Egypt it is your first duty to keep order—above all to punish murder and bring to justice all who incite others to commit murder or condone crime when it is committed." There is much force in the remark of the ex-President and it will be a benefit to the British people to have thus bluntly placed before them the views of a distinguished and most friendly outsider. As *The Outlook* says, commenting on the incident and the criticisms passed, "There is some-

thing to be said for governing a dependent people by a nation that is stronger and more advanced; and there is something to be said, perhaps, for leaving them without government to blunder their way up to ordered liberty, but there is absolutely nothing to be said for pretending to govern without governing."

*

The definite announcement that the Duke of Connaught will succeed Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada has elicited the kindest comments on the personality and character of the brother of the late King and the warmest assurances of cordial welcome from all classes on his arrival. There is here and there, meanwhile, the expression of some slight mistrust lest so marked a departure from custom and tradition should prove in any way unfortunate. The appointment is made, of course, with the best of intention on the part of the British Government, and is said to have had the special approval of King Edward. It may be safely assumed that the Duke of Connaught himself is attracted by the prospect or he would not have agreed to take the position. The Duke's inclination for a position involving active duty and serious responsibility is sufficiently shown by his resignation of the military command in the Mediterranean because of its lack of these features. The suggestion of danger, if that is not too strong a word to be used, lies in the recognition of the fact that the presence in Canada as Governor-General of a leading member of the royal family, one closely related to the reigning sovereign, may provoke some notes of dissonance; it is feared that there may be too strong an inclination to convert Rideau Hall into the semblance of a court, and that it may, in short, be difficult for the King's uncle or for that matter any near relative of the sovereign, to combine vice-royalty and democracy in the

peculiarly fortunate fashion followed by Earl Grey, for example.

*

The doubts, on the whole, are perhaps grounded on the theory that the entourage of the Duke, domestic and otherwise, may fail to appreciate the difference of social atmosphere in the old world and the new, rather than on any suggested or problematical shortcoming on the part of the Duke; that a constraint may be imposed on a Governor-General of royal lineage or that a stricter etiquette may make too severe demands on the patience of a people not the less essentially democratic because it is deeply attached to the person of the monarch and the theory of the crown. No doubt there is room for an honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the step. No new step was ever yet taken that did not involve a certain risk. The risk will be greatly minimised by the tact and judgment of the Guelph family which the Duke is believed to have inherited in large degree, and for the rest the success or failure of the step taken, and the degree to which it will become a precedent for future action depends on our own people. In the meantime, there is general pleasure in the fact that the proposed arrangement entails the continuance in office for another year of Earl Grey, the most popular and successful Governor-General since the days of Lord Dufferin.

*

An excellent article appears in the June issue of *The National Review*

entitled "On a Canadian Farm," the writer being an Englishwoman, Mrs. Lloyd-Jones, now the wife of an Ontario farmer and living, as she states, in an old settled part about sixty miles from Toronto. Mrs. Lloyd-Jones' article was inspired by reports she had read of a headmasters' conference in England at which had been discussed the familiar question of farming in the colonies as a pursuit for boys trained in English public-schools. Mrs. Lloyd-Jones gives a lively and vivid, if not a wholly enheartening picture of life on a farm of 170 acres in the locality named, where "we keep one regular hired man and hire extra hands at busy times, my husband taking his part in the work." The object of the writer is to show the reason for the failure of the average English public-school boy who comes to Canada to farm, the inaptitude of his training and the falseness of the notions usually entertained as to the nature of farm work in Canada. Mrs. Lloyd-Jones rather more than proves her case, her picture being a truly terrifying presentment of the qualifications making for success in Ontario agriculture, while the view obtained of success achieved includes perhaps too small a measure of the comforts and refinements of life to render it specially attractive; in this last respect perhaps Mrs. Lloyd-Jones' article is hardly fair to the home of many an Ontario farmer. The article will, however, serve a useful purpose and it is to be hoped it will be widely read in England.





OUT OF BABYLON

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Their looks for me are bitter,
And bitter is their word—
I may not glance behind unseen,
I may not sigh unheard!

So fare we forth from Babylon,
Along the road of stone;
And none looks back to Babylon
Save I—save I alone!

My mother's eyes are glory-filled
(Save when they fall on me);
The shining of my father's face
I tremble when I see!

For they were slaves in Babylon,
And now they're walking free—
They leave their chains in Babylon,
I bear my chains with me!

At night a sound of singing
The vast encampment fills;
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"
It sweeps the nearing hills—

But no one sings of Babylon
(Their home of yesterday);
And no one prays for Babylon,
And I—I dare not pray!

Last night the Prophet saw me;
And while he held me there
The holy fire within his eyes
Burned all my secret bare.

"What! Sigh you so for Babylon?"
(I turned away my face)
"Here's one who turns to Babylon,
Heart-traitor to her race!"

I follow and I follow!
My heart upon the rack;
I follow to Jerusalem—
The long road stretches back

To Babylon, to Babylon!
And every step I take
Bears farther off from Babylon
A heart that cannot break!
—*The Independent.*

*

THERE was an English novelist who was so perverted in taste that he sat down one day and wrote an ode to the Northeast Wind. He went so far as to praise the "hard gray weather" and to express a preference for snowflakes. Alas for one so deaf to nature's most melodious voices. Or course, one may as well admit that Keats was right when he stated modestly that "the poetry of earth is never dead," instancing the cricket of the wintertime as the cold weather substitute for the grasshopper. But the cricket is a dull companion, in comparison with the chums of the summer days, who make our season of glad weather a delight to all children of the sunshine. I have no sympathy with polar explorers—whether they be the lost Franklin, the imaginative Doctor Cook or the indefatigable Peary. Anyone who would spend thousands of dollars and any quantity of nervous energy in a search for eternal snow and ice may have a spirit worthy of emulation—but give me the land of the Lotus Eaters, where it is always afternoon and there is nothing more strenuous to do than to watch the emerald

waters falling—falling—and the violet mists above the distant heights.

"What a lazy life!" exclaims the busy Martha. Really, life might be worth living, if it were not for the bustling Marthas who mean well (like all disagreeable creatures) and who are always trying to make other people do the things which are wearying and superfluous. Many months ago, I wrote foolish paragraphs for this page on the joys of toil and the wizardry of work. They were thoughtless remarks, of which, in the beautiful idleness of a summer afternoon, I do now repent. I feel a deep sympathy with that charming scribe, Mr. James Douglas of *M.A.P.*, who says that he would rather be a cow in Cornwall than anything else. We lose a great deal of comfort and content by being human beings, thereby becoming solicitous for the morrow.

The East has a vast experience in its estimate of leisure and reflection. Carried to a fatalistic extreme, it is dangerous, but to one who has found this noisy modern world a distraction and a weariness, there is a great world-wisdom in the Oriental attitude. We are so fond of boasting of our "progress" and our aggression that we forget the things which are more excellent and allow ourselves to believe that life consists in the abundance of the things which a man possesseth. We rush about the streets, almost choke ourselves over "quick luncheons," go to noisy musical comedies for recreation—and then send missionaries to the effete East to show the Oriental how to live. The missionary will do a great deal of good, if he have the wisdom of the serpent and be not possessed of a desire to make the East "hurry." But let him beware of misunderstanding the leisurely mind of the Oriental. Otherwise, he will meet with an early departure from the scene of toil.

"Now, it is not good for the Christian's health to nuzzle the Aryan brown, For the Christian riles and the Aryan

smiles, and he weareth the Christian down.

And the end of the fight is a tombstone white, with the name of the late deceased,

And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here, who tried to hustle the East.' "

We are still a very young people on this huge and hopeful continent, and, like all juveniles, we are extremely impatient of the advice or the example of those who have learned how to grow old gracefully. We buy a gross of mottoes, inscribed with "hustle" and "do it now" and imagine we are inspiring ourselves and others to the finest effort. We succeed in being fussy and think that we are busy. In this country, we are always urging our artists and writers "to do something Canadian and be quick about it," not realising that in all good work there must be the spontaneous element which produces poem or picture:

"As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue."
Then a captious reader remarks: "But there must be work. Don't you remember what someone said about genius being an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Of course he did, and work has its own place in the world, no doubt. But we are in danger of mistaking perspiration for inspiration and of getting the notion that the consumption of midnight oil will kindle "the light which never was on sea or land."

Let us buy a ticket for the Land of the Lotos Eaters and listen to the music of the Choric Song for two blissful summer months! These are the idle sentiments of an idle sister who believes that just to do nothing forever and ever would be paradise indeed.

*

ON the 31st of May, 1910, the union of the Provinces of South Africa became an accomplished fact. Henceforth the four communities — Cape Colony, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal—are to form

within the British Empire a single political unit. But this latest confederation means much more than appears from the simple announcement. It means the union of the British and Dutch races of South Africa. When one considers the history of the last quarter-of-a-century in that troubled corner of the Dark Continent, the present consummation is a matter for wonder.

"The union of South Africa," as a writer in the *Montreal Standard* remarks, "has cost not the passing labour of a constitutional convention, but a century of strife. It has left memories, good and bad, that cannot die. The story is written upon the broad face of South Africa; it is stained in the blood of Slagter's Nek and Spion Kop; you may read it in the Burghers' Monument at Krugersdorp, reared stone by stone for independence, or where the long shadows of Majuba fall westward on the grass-grown hills; and most of all in the uncounted graves where the young men of the five nations that might have lived and loved among the homesteads of the Saskatchewan or the gardens of Tasmania, sleep their untended slumber amid the silence of the veldt. Such is the record. And now is perhaps the end. The land that has proved itself a very mother of sorrow reaches the close of a tear-stained page of history, and turns to a brighter scroll."

Indeed it has been a land of strong men, who have played the game with all their might, even unto death. Kruger, Botha, Rhodes and Jameson were a quartette whose like we do not often behold. The President of the Transvaal and the English diamond king, who, after all, was "a dreamer, dreaming greatly," have passed from the troubled scene of political strife and clashing ambitions. One likes to think of the great financier, whose aims were so curious a mingling of the capitalist's schemes and scholastic patriotism, sleeping amid the lonely majesty of the Ma-

toppo Hills. Trim and cultivated England would have seemed no fit resting-place for the man who loved her Oxford so devotedly and yet who was possessed of that *wanderlust* which has made new colonies around the Seven Seas. "Doctor Jim" has had a career which reads like an old-fashioned romance, rather than the life of a Twentieth Century citizen. General Louis Botha, splendid general as he was in the days of conflict, has now his great political opportunity as premier of the new government, which means the leadership of Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The new governor, Viscount Gladstone, bears a name to conjure with, however politicians and historians may differ as to the wisdom of his distinguished sire's policy in South Africa. Lord Gladstone has no easy task ahead of him, for old enmities die hard, and it will take many years and the maximum of tactful dealing before the acrimony between Boer and Briton is ameliorated. Whatever may be England's blunders, she seems at the psychological moment to be able to find the right man for her service—a Cromer, a Milner or a Dufferin, who understands the gentle art of "sitting tight" and saying little. It is to be hoped that the present Governor-General of South Africa will prove one of these "essential" officials. Lady Gladstone, also, will have an excellent opportunity to exercise that graciousness and gentle charm by which the wife of a viceregal representative may assist so materially in making crooked places straight and rough paths smooth.

*

WE are a utilitarian people, and, except in the summertime, make but little use of the fan. Even then, it is strictly an article for "use" and is significant only as a means of inducing coolness. In the older lands, however, the fan is an instrument infinitely more subtle and has even

held an honoured place in diplomacy. Everyone knows the exquisite bit of verse which Austin Dobson has written on La Pompadour's fan.

A writer in *The Saturday Review* says:

"The fan to modern Europe a woman's dainty weapon, an instrument of coquetry, is a thing of high lineage and august descent. Like so many of our prized possessions, it was adopted from the East. It comes from lands of heat and sunshine. There in remote ages we find it not as the fluttering symbol of lively heartbeats, accenting quick turns of feeling or interpreting "flashes of silence" with mute wit, but as the solemn appenpage of power or sacred to priestly usage.

"It was the instrument, on the one hand, of the winnower; on the other, of those whose office it was to keep glowing the life of fire. We do not wonder, therefore, that like other things of lighter function it passed into the ritual of religion, was indispensable to the Dionysia and was borne by the Vestal Virgins. Later it served in Christian ceremonial. But this was not, of course, the folding fan of modern use; it was often of great size, and rigid, with a pole for a handle, swayed slowly and in majestic rhythms. The gorgeous plumes of the peacock, venerated as a sacred bird, with their hundred eyes, the emblem of kingly vigilance, appropriately enriched the fan's significance. Again, from its function of making a cool air, in the hands of slaves, about great personages, it became intimately associated with that other emblem of royalty and distinction, the umbrella, itself perhaps the origin of the symbolic halo.

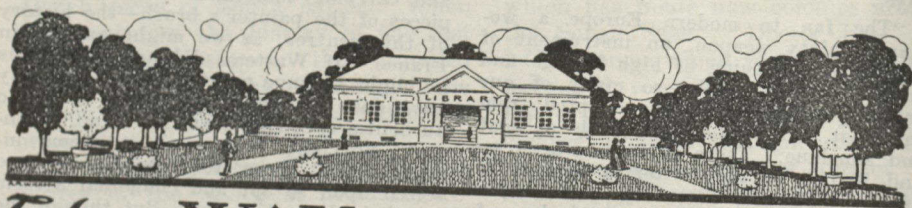
"It is to Japan, apparently, that we owe the invention of the folding fan, though the palmetto leaf gives natural suggestion of it. Almost everything in the arts of Japan is a borrowing from China, but in this case it was China which borrowed from Japan. It seems natural that the invention should come from their nimble-witted Japanese, with their genius for the light and dainty; but even with them it has its poetry, being regarded with its radiating sticks as a symbol of expanding life.

"Southern Europe, like other sunny climates, preserves primitive and popular forms of the fan, flag shaped or circular, in plaited straw, such as Italian

or Portuguese peasants use for fanning charcoal fires. Feathers, too, have been used in all countries. But the history of the fan as we know it, the folding fan, capable of so many refinements of craftsmanship, the joint handiwork perhaps of a score of different craftsmen, and carrying sometimes delicate masterpieces of the painter's brush—the history of this centres, as we might expect, in France. If Watteau did not paint fans he ought to have painted them. He may have done so, but there seems to be no authentic specimen from his hand. Lancret, Boucher, Fragonard—it seems incredible that these, too, should not have seized upon so apt and congenial a form for their decorative art. But though the spirit of these masters is reflected on the fan paintings of this period, we can point to no classic examples as rivals to those other classics of the Far East, the mounts adorned by the fiery brush of Korin, the exquisite calligraphy of Koyesu, the genial design of Hokusai. For similar creations of the actual brush of a Fragonard or Watteau would we not sacrifice even the sentimental associations that perfume fans once owned by La Valliere or Marie Antoinette?"

Such a profound and significant history has this fragile bit of silk and feathers! There is a curious fascination about the beautiful, old fans, which have fluttered in hands whose slender beauty crumbled long ago into dust and ashes. Some years since, at a Canadian exhibition, there was an exquisite bit of ivory and lace, a fan which had belonged to a famous princess. Many of the more pretentious exhibits in the case were neglected for this airy trifle, which had an unusual attraction for all feminine visitors. Perhaps the subtle charm of all these dainty reminiscent vanities lies in their permanence, in the face of human change. There is always the haunting wonder that these trifles should last through the centuries, while the human beings who fingered the fan or danced in the shoes have left but a wisp of lace or a scrap of silk to give us dim dreams about the wearer.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

THE author of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," Miss L. M. Montgomery, has written another idyll of Prince Edward Island — "Kilmeny of the Orchard." *Kilmeny* is the very opposite of *Anne*, and yet she is quite as lovable. She is a difficult person to form an acquaintance with through the limitations of a review, because no adjectives or set of phrases could describe her. And yet not to describe her is to give but a faint idea of the book; for she is the book, and around her personality and charm Miss Montgomery has developed a rather slight but piquant and wholesome romance. *Kilmeny* came into the world without the power of speech, a defect that seems to have been the result of the mother's transgression. But although she was speechless, her other senses were keen, and she was beautiful beyond anything that those who saw her had ever elsewhere seen. And few indeed were those who saw her, because her aunt and uncle with whom she lived from childhood, her mother having died when she was but a baby, kept her in rigid seclusion, except that she was permitted to take her violin and go away alone into the orchard and there improvise music in keeping with her various moods. And should she weary of the music she could commune with the flowers and the sky and the sea beyond. It was there that *Eric*, her lover, first saw her; it was there that he first spoke his love, and it was there also that the great joy of their lives came to them. Although they had soon learned to love each other, obstacles that appeared to be insurmountable confronted them. The maiden's inability to speak caused her to renounce all thought of marriage, and there was as well the terrible strictures of the guardians. The lover consulted a specialist, in the hope of discovering something that would give to the girl the power of speech, but the most that was obtained was the opinion that as the vocal organs were normal there was no reason why the girl should not speak if she could only have sufficient inducement. The inducement came sooner than expected. *Eric* had a rival, an Italian lad who had been in the family from his earliest days and who openly courted favour of the girl. This lad was murderously jealous of *Eric*, and one day, as *Eric* sat in the orchard pondering over his grievances, he crept up behind and was about to crush his rival's skull with an axe, when *Kilmeny*, observing the act, was sufficiently induced to cry aloud: "*Eric*, look behind you!" From that time on she was able to speak, and the pathway of

love looked smooth before her. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

"HE descended, with a sudden hawk-like pounce, which was one of his more recent achievements in the navigation of the air, checked himself again at about the level of the mast-head, with a flashing forward swoop, like a man diving into shallow water; then, with a sudden effort, brought himself up standing, his planes nearly vertical. . . . As he did so, he heard a little surprised cry, half of fear, half of astonishment. It was a girl's voice" writes Henry Kitchell Webster in "The Sky-Man." The hero of romance used generally to appear upon a prancing steed, suitably attired, to win the heroine's heart. Now, according to this most up-to-date of authors, he makes his debut in an aeroplane. But still, as one sees by the illustrations, attired for the horse and not the flying-machine, with the one possible exception of spurs! There are one or two other things in the book that seem to hover about the bounds of improbability; for instance, may one hope to stop a charging bear with revolver bullets? But then, the whole story has its being in the realm of the improbable, so one must not be too particular about details. *Cayley* is a nice young man under a cloud, *Jeanne* is a charming lass, and *Roscoe* as horrid a villain as could well be desired. Undoubtedly the best things in the book are the descriptions of *Cayley's* aerial flights, which are vivid, picturesque and alive in every word. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company Cloth, \$1.25).

*

IN "The Boston Museum of Fine Arts" Julia De Wolf Addison has made an important addition to her list of books on notable art collections. Few collections could have given her a like opportunity. Not only is the Boston Museum noted for its number

of fine paintings, but it as well contains a rare collection of tapestries, antique rugs, prints, porcelains, and what is regarded as one of the best, if not the very best, collections extant of Chinese bronzes. With a range of objects representing the arts and crafts of the world from remote antiquity down to the present time, the author has had a splendid opportunity to present to the public a comprehensive account of the development of art and the place that art has taken in the culture and refinement of succeeding generations. The volume is therefore a worthy addition to works of this nature. It is handsomely bound and illustrated. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

THE second book of the "Picturesque River Series" has just been published. The author is Clifton Johnson, and the river is the Saint Lawrence. Clifton Johnson is well known as a readable and entertaining relater of his travels, and in the present volume he writes of the great stream which has been the scene of so many historical events and which in natural beauty is not wanting, in much the same manner as he did of the Hudson in the first volume of this series. Beginning with the earliest explorers of the river, he treats successively of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids; of early Montreal and the Montreal of to-day; of Ottawa; of Richelieu and Lake Champlain; of Saint Francis; of Quebec, past and present; of the beautiful Saguenay; and of the Saint Lawrence in winter. There are forty-eight full-page pictures, all of them taken by the author. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"TWICE-BORN MEN," Mr. Harold Begbie's latest book, is a study of the work of the Salvation Army in the London slums. It purports to be a foot-note to Professor

James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," and as such we look for a psychological treatment of the subject—conversion. There is, however, little psychology, much less theology, in the book, with the possible exceptions of a few quotations from Professor James, which save the work from having the insipidity of a Sunday school tract. A pseudo-psychological work of this sort is nearly always unsatisfactory, and indeed unnecessary, particularly so when it comes as a sequel to a philosophical treatment of the same subject by an acknowledged authority. Instead of the harrowing narratives of "The Copper Basher," "The Puncher," "The Lowest of the Low," etc., one would prefer a passionate arraignment, in the form of fiction, of the avoidable evils which beset these social outcasts. Dickens under similar circumstances was wise in giving us *Oliver Twist*, and it would have been well had Mr. Begbie followed the great novelist's example in this respect. "Twice-Born Men" was evidently written as a protest against that species of Socialism which denies the worth of religious influence, and as such is worth a perusal. Nor is the book lacking in information; the style is lucid, and, though not passionate, at least sufficiently vigorous to hold our attention throughout. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

IT is a fortunate thing for any country to occasionally receive the calm reflections of a serious critic. Such is the good fortune of the United States in the publication of a book entitled "The Valour of Ignorance," by Homer Lea. The object of this volume is to give an idea of the unpreparedness of the United States for war, especially for war against Japan. To give a tone of authority to the work, there is an introduction by General Chaffee. The book has all the

appearance of having been written in a dispassionate and logical manner by one who has made a careful study of the subject. The main contention is that the United States could not compete with the Japanese forces either on land or sea, and it outlines a plan by which the Japanese could capture and hold the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Washington, Oregon and California. (New York: Harper and Brothers. Cloth, \$1.80 net.)

*

MR. ROBERT HERRICK, author of "The Common Lot" and "Together," has published another book, the somewhat sensational title being "A Life for a Life." It is not a crisp detective story, nor a commonplace murder novel, as the name might indicate. In fact, it is a novel that is not a novel; for, in the strict literary sense, a novel as the legitimate successor of the old-fashioned tale, must be written primarily to amuse, any purpose of the author being incidental. In this book the author's purpose glares at us so broadly from every page, that his attempt, if any, to amuse appears so insignificant by contrast that it is barely noticeable. "A Life for a Life" is a vigorous, merciless arraignment of the American plutocracy, which, of course, has its counterpart in other parts of the world. *Hugh Grant*, the hero, loves *Alexandra Arnold*, the daughter of his superior, *Alexander Arnold*, the eminent financier. *Grant* is at first merely a part of the great soul-crushing social machine of which old *Arnold* is the proprietor; but under the influence of "The Anarch," a strange, wild shadowy figure and in reality the old man's son, he becomes for the first time a man and dies a martyr in the cause of humanity. The doctrine of this book is that success as preached in this twentieth century simply means that the men who "do things" are only prompted by a thinly disguised animalism which reigns un-

trammelled in the ranks of the plutocracy. Hence in "A Life for a Life" a spade is called a spade. Indeed, the language even descends to Old Testament plainness of speech, though withal it is not a sensual book. The last chapters contain some fine descriptive writing; indeed the first notable introduction of the San Francisco earthquake into fiction. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

MR. W. M. MACKERRACHER, author of "Canada, My Land," has issued a second volume, entitled "Sonnets and Other Verse." The new volume is, if anything, an improvement on the first. We quote the two stanzas of "An Autumn Walk":

Adown the track that skirts the shallow
stream
I wandered with blank mind, a bypath
drew
My aimless steps aside, and, ere I
knew,
The forest closed around me like a
dream.
The gold-strewn sward, the horizontal
gleam
Of the low sun, pouring its splendours
through
The far-withdrawing vistas, filled the
view,
And everlasting beauty was supreme.
I knew not past or future; 'twas a mood
Transcending time and taking in the
whole.
I was both young and old; my lost child-
hood,
Years yet un-lived, were gathered round
one goal;
And death was familiar. Long I stood,
And in eternity renewed my soul.

*

NOTES

—"John Sanderson the First" is the title of an interesting biography by Camilla Sanderson, with an introduction by Reverend Professor F. H.

Wallace. John Sanderson was a pioneer Methodist minister in the Peterborough district. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—"Points About Poetry" is the title of a very useful volume for all who wish to know something about the fundamentals of poetry and its place in literature. The author, Donald G. French, has had a good deal of experience as a literary critic, and to the subject of poetry he has devoted much time. (Ridgewood, New Jersey: The Editor Company).

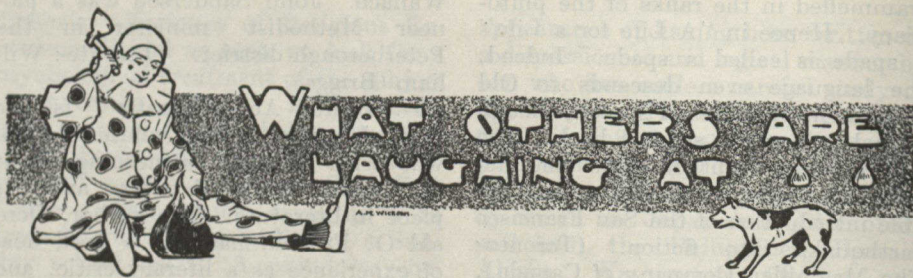
—Edward Breck, author of a new nature book entitled "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw," has made a careful study of animals at close range and has embodied his observations in a series of interesting chapters, each one a story in itself. This book should be a stimulus to genuine nature study, and it is therefore a capital one for boys and girls. There are a number of good illustrations from photographs. (New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

—"Students and the Present Missionary Crisis" is the title of a comprehensive volume dealing with the proceedings of the Rochester Convention (1910) of the Student Volunteer Movement. (New York: The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions).

—The Ottawa Canadian Club have issued a volume of the addresses delivered at their meetings held during the years 1903 to 1909. The volume is edited by the first vice-president, Mr. Gerald H. Brown. (Ottawa: The Mortimer Press).

—Miss Sara Stafford is the author of a booklet entitled "Discovery of the Five Great Lakes," which contains a number of attractive illustrations. (Toronto: The Hunter-Rose Company).





LONDON WEATHER

"Yes, this is bad weather," said Senator Tillman on a day of rain and sleet. "It is nothing to London, though.

"Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on a bus top beside a Parsee in a red fez.

"When the Parsee got off, the driver of the 'bus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me:

"'Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' chap that is?'"

"'He's a Parsee,' said I. 'An Indian, you know; a sun worshipper.'"

"'Worships the sun, does he, sir?'" said the wet and shivering driver. 'I suppose he's come 'ere to have a rest?'"—*Providence Journal*.



He put one arm around her waist
And placed upon her lips a kiss.
'I've sipped," he said, "from many a cup,
But never from a mug like this."

—*Life*

HARDLY TIME

"They say that when a mountain-climber has a fall all the sins he ever committed flash through his mind. Was that the case with you?"

"Oh, no. You see, I fell from a ledge only a hundred yards high!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

WORSE YET

Nodd—"Mourn for me, old man; I married a woman with absolutely no sense of humour."

Todd—"That's nothing to my cross."

Nodd—"What's that?"

Todd—"My wife has one."—*Life*.

*

LUCKY JUDAS

When the Passion-Play at Oberammergau was in progress ten years ago an American visitor spent much of his spare time looking up the actors in their homes and chatting with them about the play. One complaint he met almost everywhere was the tremendous fatigue the performers suffered at the close of the eight-hour performance. Coming to the home of Hans Zwink, the Judas of the play, he found the painter-actor in quite a cheerful mood.

"Does the performance fatigue you so much, too?" the tourist inquired.

Ere Herr Zwink could reply his little ten-year-old son chirped up:

"Pa, he don't get so tired. He hangs himself at three o'clock and comes home two hours before the others."—*Harper's Weekly*.



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON

It is rumoured that the man about town may possibly adopt the practice, so fashionable among ladies, of carrying a dog; but with a difference, the rule being—the larger the dog the smarter the man.

—Punch

FOR EXHIBITION

"Show me some tiaras, please. I want one for my wife."

"Yes, sir. About what price?"

"Well, at such a price that I can say: 'Do you see that woman with the tiara? She is my wife.'" —*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

TRUSTWORTHY

"Rufus, you old loafer, do you think it's right to leave your wife at the wash-tub while you pass your time fishing?"

"Yassah, jedge; it's all right. Mah wife don' need any watching. She'll sholy wuk jus' as hard as if I was dah." —*The Herald and Presbyter*.

*

THE MAIDEN'S BONNET

My bonnet spreads over the ocean,
My bonnet spreads over the sea,
To merely spread over the sidewalk
Is not enough for me.

—*Chicago Journal*.

INCORRUPTIBLE

The lady of the house hesitated.

"Are my answers all right?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the census man.

"Didn't bother you a bit, did I?"

"No, madam."

"Feel under some obligations to me, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, perhaps, you won't mind telling me how old the woman next door claims to be?"

"Good day, madam," said the census man.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

*

ON THE TRAIL

"Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?"

"Yes; I know him."

"I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone."

"No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe." —*London Sketch*.



"I suppose you're one of those idiots that touch wet paint to see if it's dry?"

"No, I'm not. I touch it to see if it's wet."

—Punch

ACCORDING TO THE TEXT

The father wanted to test the generous nature of his son, so as the boy was going to church one morning he said:

"Here, Benny, are a quarter and a penny. You can put whichever you please in the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church.

Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way. The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a penny a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the penny in."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

*

AT THE RAILWAY STATION

"Has the two-thirty train gone?"

"Yes, ma'am; five minutes ago."

"When's the next train?"

"Four-fifteen, ma'am."

"Thank goodness, I'm in time!"—*Lippincott's*.

THE "BO'N ORATAH"

It is narrated that Colonel Breckinridge, meeting Majah Buffo'd on the streets of Lexington one day, asked: "What is the meaning, suh, of the conco'se befo' the co't house?"

To which the Majah replied:

"General Buckneh, suh, is making a speech. General Buckneh, suh, is a bo'n oratah."

"What do you mean by a bo'n oratah?"

"If yo' or I, suh, were asked how much two and two make, we would reply 'foh.' When this is asked a bo'n oratah he replies: 'When in the co'se of human events it becomes necessary to take an integeh of the second denomination and add it, suh, to an integeh of the same denomination, the result, suh—and I have the science of mathematics to back me in my judgment—the result, suh, and I say it without feah of successful contradiction, suh—the result is fo'.' That's a bo'n oratah."—*Lyceumite*.

*

THE PERFECT MAN

"There was one man whose life was perfect," said the Sunday-school teacher. "What one of you can tell me who he was?"

Little Mary Jane's hand went up, and the teacher nodded to her.

"He was mamma's first husband," she said.—*Everybody's*.

*

THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN

A conscientious Sunday-school teacher had been endeavouring to impress upon her pupils the ultimate triumph of goodness over beauty. At the close of a story in which she flattered herself that this point had been well established, she turned confidently to a ten-year-old pupil and inquired: "And now, Alice, which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice after a moment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."—*Lippincott's*.

BOVRIL

THE GREAT SUMMER FOOD

☐ In BOVRIL you get all the goodness of prime beef in a most easily assimilated form.

☐ No matter how it is taken—in soup, in gravy or as a beverage, its benefits are immediate and lasting.

It strengthens the body without overheating.

BOVRIL LIMITED, 27 ST. PETER ST., MONTREAL

Kuyler's

"CANDIES OF RARE QUALITY"



Kuyler's

One of the Vacation Luxuries

Take it along with you or purchase it from any of our Sales Agents



Kuyler's
Candies
Have never been equalled in Purity and Flavor.

OUR CANDIES MADE ON THE PREMISES
130-132 YONGE ST. *Kuyler's* TORONTO CANADA

GOLD MEDAL



FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition

1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

A TABLESPOON IS THE HOUSEHOLD STANDARD OF MEASURE FOR SOAP POWDERS

DON'T be fooled by the size of the Soap Powder Packages. Some *look* big but *do* little.

Here are the results of an actual test:

You should be able to guess the story—think of Corn *before* and *after* it is POPPED

PEARLINE

ALWAYS HAS BEEN—IS NOW
ALWAYS WILL BE

Best by Test

TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL GET



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF PEARLINE WEIGHED ONE OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ONE OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ANOTHER OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE SCANT

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

**SOLD ONLY IN 15c AND 25c BLOCKS
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS**

Manufactured by
**THE INGERSOLL
PACKING CO., Limited**
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada





Begin Early—

Children “brought up” on

POSTUM

are free from the evil effects of *caffeine*—the habit-forming drug—in coffee and tea.

Postum is made of clean, hard wheat, skillfully roasted, including the bran-coat which contains the Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain) for building healthy brain and nerve tissue.

Begin early to insure a healthy nervous system for the little ones.

“There’s a Reason”

Iced Postum—served with sugar and lemon is a delicious, cooling Summer food-drink.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.

Take It With You

to the camp, to the sea-shore, to the bungalow in the woods—
no matter where you go in summer—

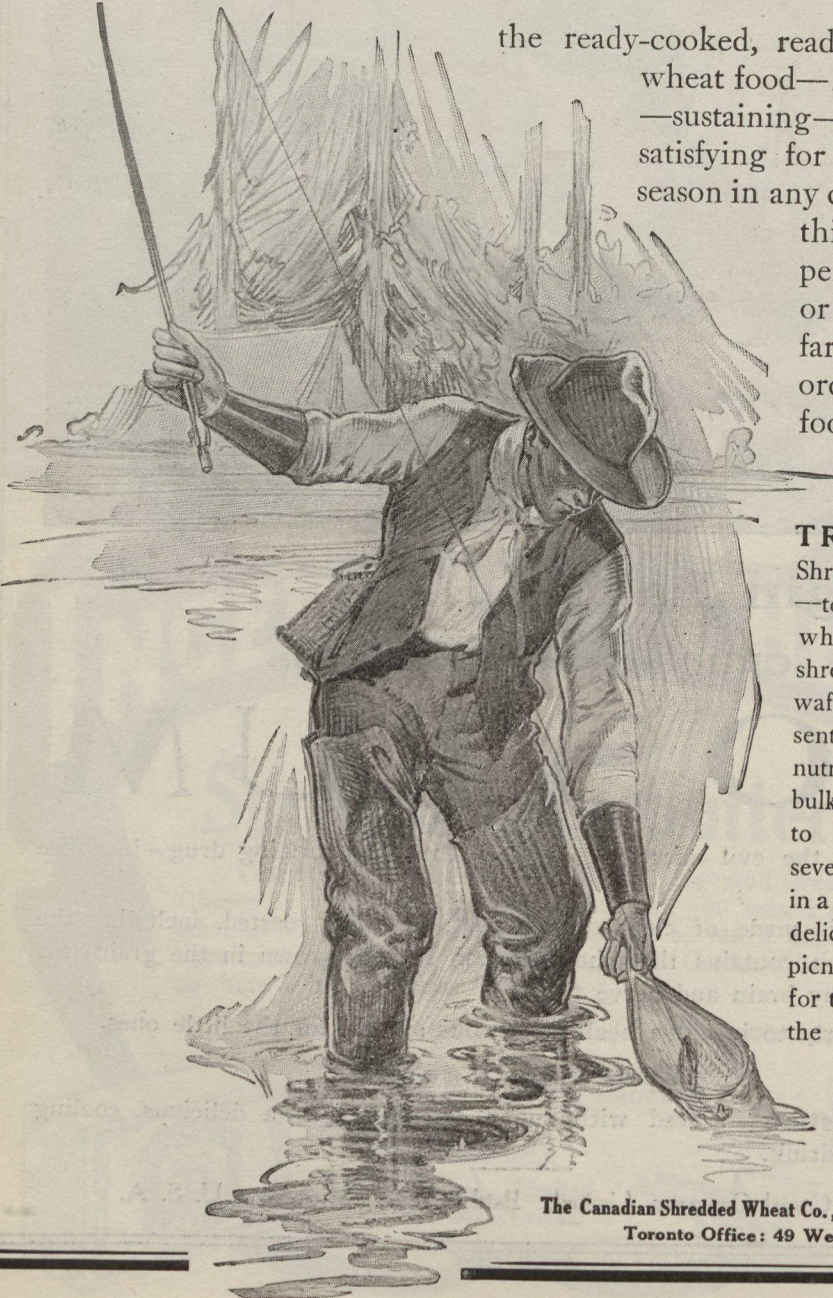
Shredded Wheat Biscuit

the ready-cooked, ready-to-serve whole wheat food—full of nutriment—sustaining—strengthening—satisfying for any meal in any season in any climate. Just the thing for the camper, the fisherman or the hunter who is far away from the ordinary sources of food supply.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—toast. It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded, pressed into a wafer and baked, presenting the maximum of nutriment in the smallest bulk. Enough Triscuit to sustain strength for several days can be taken in a fisherman's creel. A delicious "snack" for picnics, for excursions, for the long canoe trip or the tramp in the woods.

ALL THE MEAT OF
THE GOLDEN WHEAT

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East





A Champion of Woman's Rights

- the right to freedom
from household drudgery.
- the right to a clean home
and leisure to enjoy it.
- the right to spotless floors
and walls, shining pots
and pans, etc.,
without the penalty of
tired arms
and aching back.

Old Dutch Cleanser

Its many uses and
full directions on
Large Sifter
Can **10c**

insures all this
to every woman.

THE SUBSTANTIAL GOODNESS OF

CROWN

BRAND



CORN

SYRUP

YOUR children would probably tell you it was because it tastes so good and makes everything else taste good.

A good housekeeper would say it was because it can be used in so many ways making a delicacy of so many foods and dishes.

But this is not all—

Crown Brand Corn Syrup is rich in food value, its nutrition being its chief quality.

And with its palatability and nourishing qualities it is a most healthy and economic food costing much less than jams, preserves, etc.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup is always ready and can be had at your grocer's in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air tight tins with lift-off lids.

EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., LIMITED



Once used, makes you wish for more

Calabash

HIGH GRADE

SMOKING MIXTURE

Patent moistener with directions in each tin.

Sold in 25c, 40c, 75c, and \$1.50 tins.

CURTAINS CLEANED AND OTHER THINGS CLEANED

LACE curtains and portieres thoroughly cleaned without marring the design or affecting the natural drapery. ¶ We return them with edges smooth and straight; nothing harsh and stiff about them. ¶ And articles of personal wear we clean and dye with equal thoroughness. ¶ Drop post card for booklet.

R. PARKER & CO.
TORONTO, CANADA

Branches and Agencies in all parts of Canada.



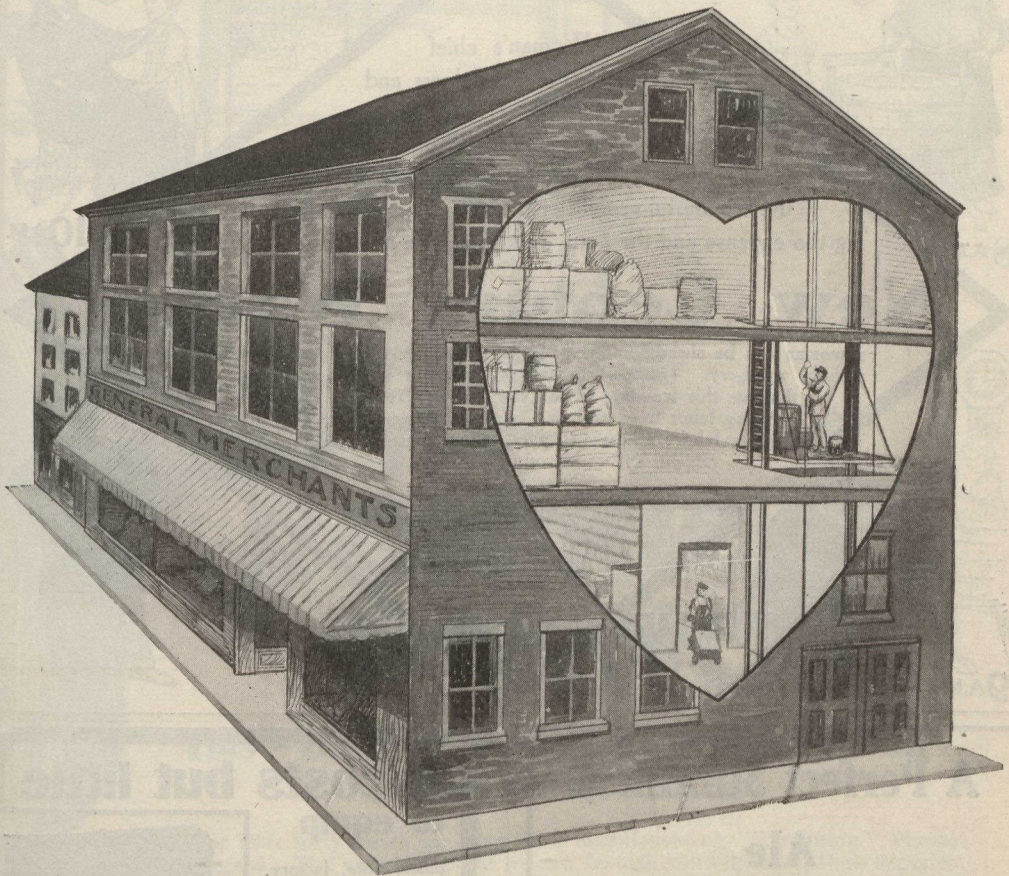
Ganong's
Chocolates (G.B.)

"EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages.

VILLAGE OF GRAND-PRE
GANONG Bros. Ltd.
ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts
covered with a smooth, rich chocolate

LOOK FOR THE "G.B." STAMP ON THE BOTTOM. IT IS ON EVERY "G.B." CHOCOLATE
GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.



An Otis-Fensom elevator goes right to the heart of your stock-handling problem

The Otis-Fensom hand-power elevator offers a practical solution of the difficulties encountered in the convenient and economical handling of your stock.

It reduces time and labor connected with stock handling to a minimum.

It restores order out of chaos, and makes possible the time, money, and labor-saving convenience of "having a place for everything and everything in its place."

With an Otis-Fensom hand-power elevator in the

building, preparations to receive new stock may be made quickly and economically compared with the old-fashioned slow and expensive hand labor methods of handling merchandise.

Goods may be transferred from one floor to another with ease, facility and despatch. No interference, no delay, no chance of breakage or accidents.

Write and plainly tell us your stock handling troubles. Our expert knowledge is at your service free. Your enquiry will entail no obligation, but it will put you in possession of much useful information.

Otis-Fensom Elevator Company,
 Traders Bank Building, - - - Toronto, Canada



8 A.M.

"Dey am 'dun quick"
Aunt Sazina

Woman's chief charms are cheerfulness and neatness. It is hard for a woman to be either on wash day under ordinary conditions. This accounts for the wonderful growth of the laundries, notwithstanding the expense and the hard wear they give the clothes. With the



10 A.M.

New Century Washer

a woman can be cheerful and neat, because she can do a big wash in two hours, without drudgery. The servants will work cheaper and stay longer in homes that use this washer. The New Century removes all back-breaking labor from wash day, will wash sweet and clean the daintiest fabrics or heaviest textiles without injury and will outwear any other make.

At all dealers.

"Aunt Sazina's Wash Day Philosophy" is a book full of secrets and hints on washing woollens, laces, nets, muslins, linens, prints, ginghams, etc., without injuring the fabric or loosening the dyes. It is FREE for a postcard.



9 A.M.



CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited
HAMILTON, ONT.



A Perfect Summer Ale

A light Ale that is not only cooling but nourishing. Brewed under the new carbonating method.

Cosgraves Pale Ale

Don't confuse it with ordinary Ale—try it and note the difference.

Served in Clubs, Hotels and at all dealers for family trade.

Keep a few bottles on ice.

THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.,
of Toronto, Limited.

it costs but little to equip

office, store, factory, club or school with the one cleanly, safe, thief-proof system for storing clothing, etc.,

D. L. STANDARD LOCKERS

Made of STEEL

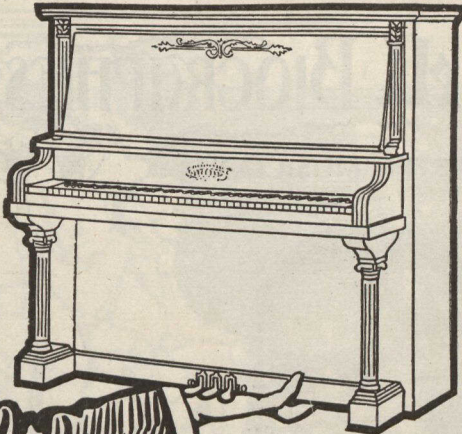
Compartments separated by steel self-ventilating partitions. Slightly Sanitary; fire-proof. Priced low—consult Catalog B. Where shall we send it?



DENNIS WIRE & IRON WORKS CO. Ltd., of LONDON, ONT.

TORONTO
105 Pacific Bldg.

VANCOUVER
615 Pender Street



THE DOMINION PIANO

**This "Old Reliable" Piano Will Save You
From \$50 to \$100.00**

For over forty years we have been manufacturing "Dominion" Pianos and Organs. The very best proof we can furnish you regarding their superior construction, permanency of tonal richness and moderate price, is the fact that over 80,000 people all over the world, some of them your neighbors, have put our instruments to the test, and have voluntarily testified that they have no equal in these essential features. Read this testimonial below—then act.

"Fourteen years ago I bought a 'Dominion' Piano. It is a beautiful instrument, still perfectly sound, with a fulness and depth of tone equal to a baby grand, and an unequalled touch. I lose no opportunity to offer praise for your beautiful pianos, and think Canadians may well be proud of them, as we are of ours."

(Signed). Dr. L. Bentley. M D., 307 Markham St., Toronto.

"DOMINION" Pianos and Organs

If there is no "Dominion" agent in your locality, we will ship you the same style piano as Dr. Bentley purchased on payment of a small deposit, and we will arrange terms to suit your convenience. Or you can select any other style of Piano, Organ or Piano-Player from our Catalogue that may appeal to you.

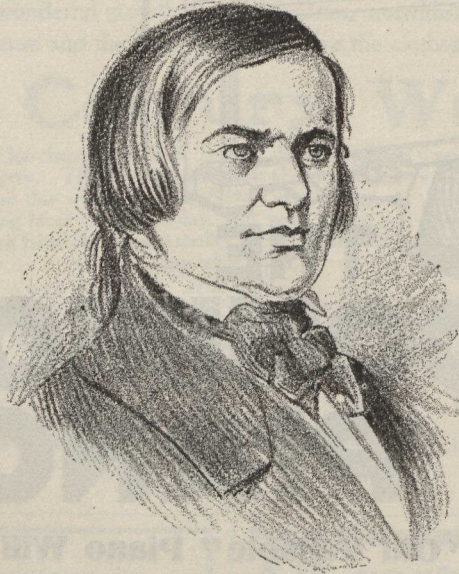
Please send To-day for our handsome FREE Catalogue, sent postpaid anywhere. Address:

Dominion Organ & Piano Co., Ltd.

BOWMANVILLE, - Ont.

LITTLE BELL BIOGRAPHIES

OF MASTER MUSICIANS



Q Schumann

ROBERT SCHUMANN, born at Zwickau, 1810, died near Bonn, 1856, was celebrated as a composer and as a critic of music. He might have become a pianist of the highest order had he not crippled the third finger of his right hand in an attempt to make it stronger and more facile by some mechanical device. This accident proves that there is no short cut to this end; it is reached only by persistent finger exercises in the hard old modern way at the keyboard.

If Schumann could not become a great pianist, he did become a great composer. Although he wrote an opera, choral and orchestral works, he will, like Schubert, retain a high place in the musical world by his songs, pianoforte pieces and other short compositions. His style is very striking and original. And all his songs and pianoforte pieces are of the highest excellence and beauty. There is not even among Schubert's vast collection any more perfect song than Schumann's "Ich Grolle Nicht" (I Do Not Complain). And for a pianoforte piece, strictly such, there is not in the realms of music anything so ravishing and haunting as his sensuous "Traeumerei" (Dreaming).

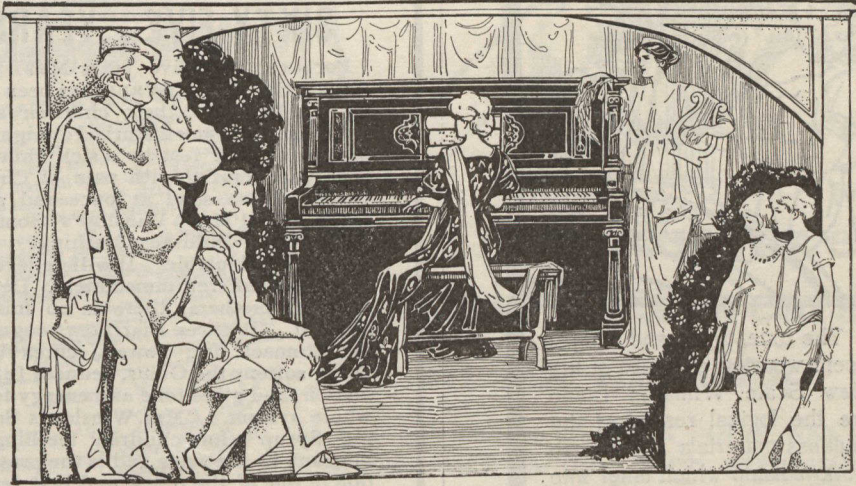
Schumann's pianoforte works have this virtue also—they are indispensable to the teacher and the student. To the young player Schumann had said—"Make Bach your Daily Bread," to which we add, and

The Bell Piano

With this perfect instrument to study and express the thought and style of Bach and Schumann, the young pianist is well on the way to become a virtuoso.

THE BELL PIANO and ORGAN COMPANY, Limited, - GUELPH, Ont.

Our Booklet C containing a series of Biographies free on request.



The Gourlay-Angelus Piano

Makes a Musician of its Possessor

The possession of a Gourlay-Angelus piano brings to the person who does not play a piano in the ordinary way, the ability to play **any music—the best of music**—whenever desired.

The exclusive patented expression devices of the Gourlay-Angelus further enable anyone to play with a degree of artistic feeling and freedom from mechanical effect, only otherwise obtainable by hand-playing after years of patient study.

If you become the possessor of a Gourlay-Angelus, you will find your desire for music stimulated and your musical knowledge increased. Then and only then, will you realize what a splendid possession such a piano really is. For all the music of the ages is at command, and the **Melodant** and **Phrasing Lever** of the Gourlay-Angelus give you the very soul of the music. These patented inventions are not procurable in any other Canadian piano.

If you have listened to other player pianos mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the playing of the Gourlay-Angelus.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
188 Yonge Street, Toronto



The tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities of the New Scale Williams Piano are the logical results of the faultless materials and superb workmanship which enter into its construction.

The Harmonic Tone Prolonging Bridge—Acoustic Rim and Special Method of Ribbing—Grand Piano Scale and Construction—and many other exclusive features add musical excellence and durability to

New Scale Williams

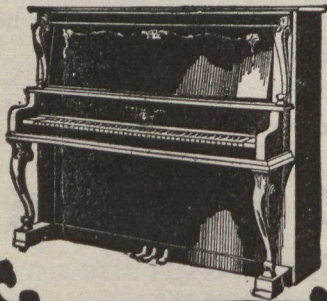
When you buy a piano, you want the best. May we send you our richly illustrated booklets, in which we give some of the reasons why the New Scale Williams is the universal choice of discriminating musicians and artists?

We also invite your investigation of our easy payment plan, full particulars of which will be sent on request.

The Williams Piano Co. Limited,
OSHAWA, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES:

Winnipeg, Man., 323 Portage Ave.
Montreal, Que., 733 St. Catherine St. W.
London, Ont., 261 Dundas St. 112 A



A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

For over sixty-five years MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 1098.



The
Original
and
only
Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
on the Merits
of

**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**



A new pair for every pair that wears out in six months.

NEVERDARN
Holeproof Hosiery

GUARANTEE COUPONS

We guarantee these six pair hose to wear six months without darning, if worn alternately, and will replace with new pairs, any that fail to do this, if returned within six months from date of purchase, in accordance with instructions at bottom of coupon.

Signature *John Smith*
of Dealer *Horseshoeville*
Chipman Holton Knitting Co. Ltd
Hamilton, Ont.

See that this Guarantee is dated and signed in INK by dealer on date of sale.

Coupon No. **19511**

A Date of Sale *May 19*
Chipman Holton Knitting
Hamilton, Ont.

Tear off here

Cou
B Date
Ch

If you can tell us about a fairer way of doing business we'll adopt your suggestion.* Our guarantee means **exactly** what it says. We believe "NEVERDARN" HOLEPROOF HOSE the **best** in Canada at the price. If our belief were not founded on actual facts we would have been bankrupt long ago. But we're doing more business than ever—Holeproof Hosiery is making good every claim.

NEVERDARN
Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

6 Pairs for \$2.00—Guaranteed 6 months

means absolute hosiery comfort for six months. That much is guaranteed. And more, "Neverdarn" Holeproof Hosiery are just as comfortable and as perfect fitting as the highest priced hosiery. Our special process of knitting makes them **soft and easy** on the feet and **extra durable** at the heel and toe. Only the finest Maco and Egyptian Lisle yarn is used—we could not guarantee the ordinary inferior grade—and the Hole proof dyes are **permanent!**

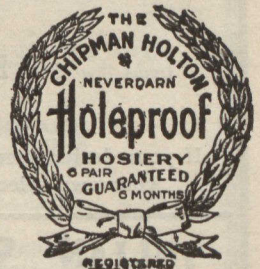
One trial will convince you of the difference between **ordinary** hose and "Neverdarn" Holeproof. Then think of the saving and the satisfaction—no darning, no worn or mended hose.

Our **Guarantee Slip** is in every box. It is positive and binding.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Enclose \$2.00 in money order or bills and state size and whether Black or Tan. One size and color to the box. We prepay express. Send to-day.

"Neverdarn" Holeproof Hosiery for Men and Women—6 pairs in a box. \$2.00. For Children—3 pairs in a box \$1.00.

"It is the name behind the guarantee that makes it good."



Chipman, Holton Knitting Co.

2461

Kelly Street, Hamilton, Ont.

Limited

"JULIAN SALE"

FINE LEATHER GOODS



Deep Club Bags

THE Cut shows a very handsome deep Club Bag of natural grain genuine Sea Lion Leather—made of practically one skin, there being seams at the ends only. The frame is the finest quality English make—the lock and catches are real gold plated—will not tarnish—the bag is full leather lined—has leather lined gusset pockets on one side and long pocket on other, and it has half round double handles—a grand bag and no mistake.

For ladies—2 sizes—16 and 17 inches
\$20.00 and \$22.00

For men—3 sizes—18, 19 and 20 inches
\$24.00, \$26.00 and \$28.00

If your dealer does not handle "Julian Sale" goods write for Catalogue No. 24 and make your own selection.

JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS Co., Limited
 105 KING ST. WEST - - - TORONTO



*"The Great
Double Track Road,"*

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY?

In reaching your conclusion you will do well to consult The Grand Trunk Railway System. It is the pioneer tourist route in Canada, and the only railroad reaching all tourist districts situated in what is known as "The Highlands of Ontario," the finest playgrounds in all America. What nature has not done for it—"the hand of man has,"—and in any of the districts included therein, you are sure to find your ideal, beautiful scenery, fine fishing, bathing, boating, first-class hotel and boarding house accommodation at moderate price, and all points are easily accessible by The Grand Trunk Railway System. "The Highlands of Ontario" embrace:

"THE MUSKOKA LAKES," "LAKE OF BAYS," "KAWARTHA LAKES," "LAKE NIPISSING AND FRENCH RIVER," "ORILLIA AND LAKE COUCHICHING," "30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY," "ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK," AND "TEMAGAMI."

FOR THOSE DESIRING A WATER TRIP

Nothing better can be suggested than "The Fresh Water Sea Voyage" afforded by the Northern Navigation Co.—Grand Trunk Route through the Georgian Bay, Lakes Huron and Superior. The trip will afford you a perfect week's pleasure.

FEATURES AFFORDED THE TOURIST AND TRAVELLER, on the line of the Grand Trunk—FAST TRAINS AND FINEST MODERN EQUIPMENT; DOUBLE TRACK AND PERFECT ROAD-BED; PULIMAN SLEEPING CARS ON NIGHT TRAINS; PARLOR-LIBRARY-CAFE AND DINING CARS ON DAY TRAINS.

Write to any agent of the System and obtain descriptive matter full of interest, information and maps relative to the numerous resorts mentioned above. They are sent you absolutely free on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, or J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

W. E. DAVIS,
Passenger Traffic Mgr.,
MONTREAL.

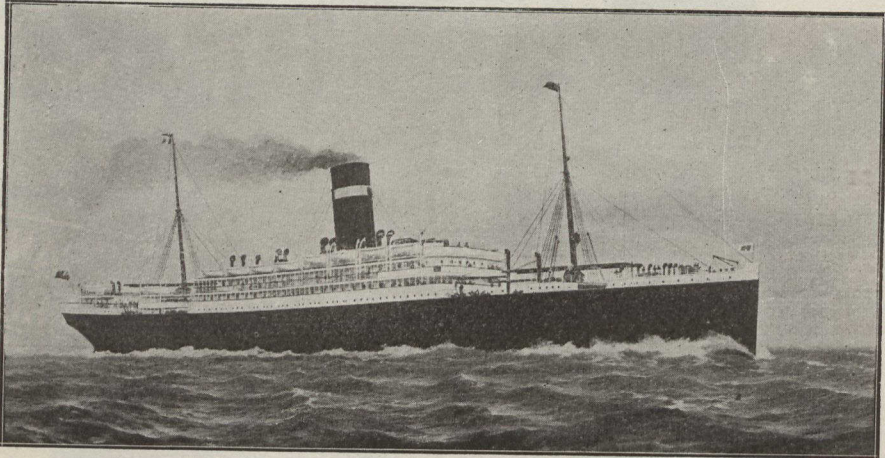
G. T. BELL,
Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr.,
MONTREAL.

GEO. W. VAUX,
General Passenger Agt.,
MONTREAL.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

ESTABLISHED 1854



The St. Lawrence Route

MONTREAL to LIVERPOOL

Shortest, Smoothest, Most Picturesque
3 Days, 21 Hours, 48 Minutes from Land to Land

The Turbine Steamers, VICTORIAN and VIRGINIAN (Triple Screws) have demonstrated the advantages of the Turbine for Trans-Atlantic navigation—No noise—No engine-room odours—No vibration—Elegant accommodation. Twin Screw S.S. Corsican and Tunisian,

Steamers sail from Montreal and Liverpool every Friday.

Rates of Passage—Saloon, \$87.50 and \$77.50; Second Saloon, \$47.50 and upwards.

MONTREAL to GLASGOW

Seven Days from Port to Port

New Twin Screw Steamers, GRAMPIAN and HESPERIAN, 10,000 tons. Saloon Passage, \$67.50 upwards; Second Saloon, \$45.00 and \$47.50.

One-Class Cabin Steamers IONIAN and PRETORIAN. Rates, \$42.50 to \$60.00, according to Stateroom, all passengers having the same privileges on the Steamer.

Montreal to Havre and London

CORINTHIAN, SICILIAN, SARDINIAN AND LAKE ERIE, **One-Class Cabin** called **Second Cabin**. Rates \$45.00 and \$52.50 upwards.

THE ALLAN LINE
TORONTO

SEND FOR
CIRCULARS

H. & A. ALLAN
MONTREAL



“Quaint
habitant
villages
lined the
shores.”

White Star-Dominion (Canadian Service)

Regular weekly sailings between
MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL
via **QUEBEC**

by the largest and most modern steamers from
Canadian ports

R.M.S. LAURENTIC
TRIPLE SCREW

R.M.S. MEGANTIC
TWIN SCREW

**Libraries, Lounges, Smoking Rooms,
Restaurant Saloons, Elevators, Bilge
Keels, Wireless Equipments, etc.**

In fact every comfort and convenience of
modern transatlantic travel. These steamers
also carry String Orchestras of skilled
musicians.

R.M.S. CANADA and R.M.S. DOMINION

Twin screw one class cabin (Second Class)
steamers affording splendid accommodation
at very moderate rates.

For particulars apply to

TORONTO **WINNIPEG** **MONTREAL**
41 King St. E. 205 McDermott Av. 118 Notre Dame St. W.



*S.S. Kingston. among the
Thousand Islands.*

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

Niagara to the Sea

The grandest trip in America for health and
pleasure. The Thousand Islands, Rapids,
Montreal, Quebec and the famed Saguenay
River, with its stupendous Capes “Trinity”
and “Eternity.”

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide to

THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Can.

The man whose vacation

has been spent'way in the western mountains gets back to the daily grind, feeling good and fit. He knows he has had a vacation—feels he had “the time of his life.”

THERE'S nothing that blows the City atmosphere—and what it carries with it—out of a fellow's brains and tired body much quicker than the fresh breezes and bracing atmosphere of the Rockies.

How far are the Rockies ?

In just four days after you leave Toronto you may be in the HEART of the Rockies—three days will bring you within sight. And the days will not be long or tiring. Travelling on a Canadian Pacific magnificent Transcontinental Express, whether you occupy a luxurious palace sleeper, or a tourist car, you will be comfortable, and there is plenty to see on the way.

The train service

is the best ever, heavy vestibule trains, fine new coaches, sumptuous palace sleepers and comfortable tourist cars—The employees are courteous and attentive, and the dining car service unexcelled. If you desire a boat ride, in four hours after you leave Toronto you can be on the Great Lakes aboard one of the C. P. R. Clyde built steamers, five of which ply between Owen Sound, Fort William, Duluth, maintaining practically daily service during

the season—and in style, comfort and speed they are unequalled—The cost of passage includes meals, berths, etc. assuring what is practically the cheapest route to the West.

And the cost ?

Probably not more than half you imagine. This year there will be low DAILY excursion rates to the Rockies and the Coast. There is such a vast diversity of routes and destinations, that figures could hardly be given here, but facts and figures will be mailed that will convince you that a long sight seeing vacation can be made at a small cost.

Now is the time to decide.

Write for particulars of rates that will be in effect during the summer, to Western Canada and Pacific Coast points—in fact anywhere you contemplate visiting or would like to see during 1910.



Daily Summer Excursions

Illustrated literature and careful reliable information as to rates and routes will be sent you, if you will write mentioning when you wish to leave and principal points you will want to visit.

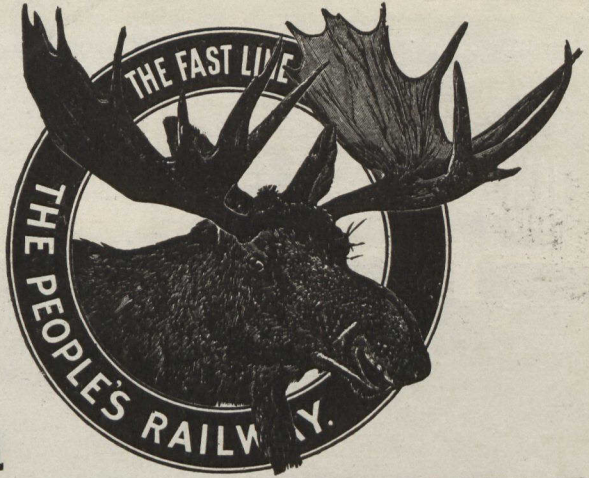
R. L. THOMPSON,

District Passenger Agent

67 Yonge Street.

Toronto, Ont.

The
Summer Train
**OCEAN
LIMITED**



via

**Intercolonial
Railway**

to the

**Provinces
By the Sea**

Leaves

MONTREAL 7.30 p.m. daily except Saturday

(Bonaventure Union Depot)

for

**LOWER ST. LAWRENCE RESORTS
QUEBEC
MATAPEDIA
MONCTON
CAMPBELLTON—North Shore Points**

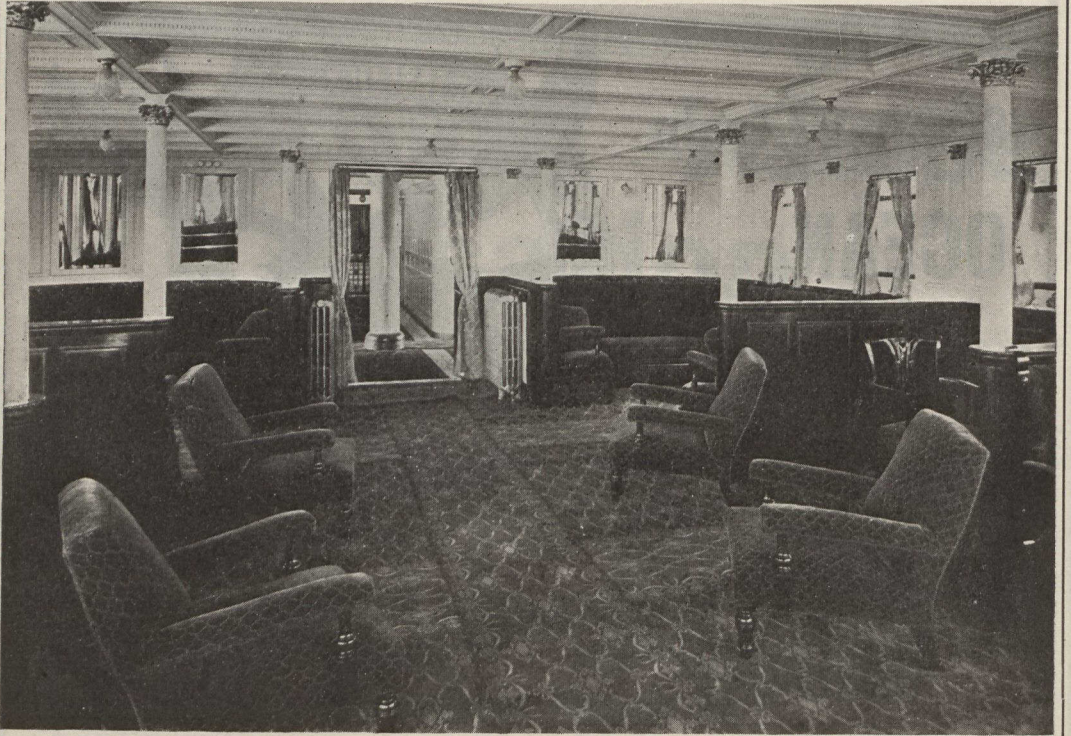
**ST. JOHN
HALIFAX
THE SYDNEYS
PRINCE EDWARD ISLE**

THROUGH MATAPEDIA AND WENTWORTH VALLEYS IN DAYLIGHT

Write for free copy of "TOURS TO SUMMER HAUNTS"

Advertising Dept.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, - Moncton, N.B.



YOU NEED A TRIP

Make Your Business Trip One Of Pleasure

The trip to the West is now made a holiday one, far from the noise, bustle and discomforts inseparable from land travel.

¶ The acme of convenience, luxury, surroundings and healthfulness is afforded by the Great Lakes Service of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Five Sailings Weekly from Owen Sound as follows:

Monday--SS. Athabasca Wednesday--SS. Alberta
Tuesday--SS. Keewatin Thursday--SS. Manitoba
Saturday--SS. Assiniboia

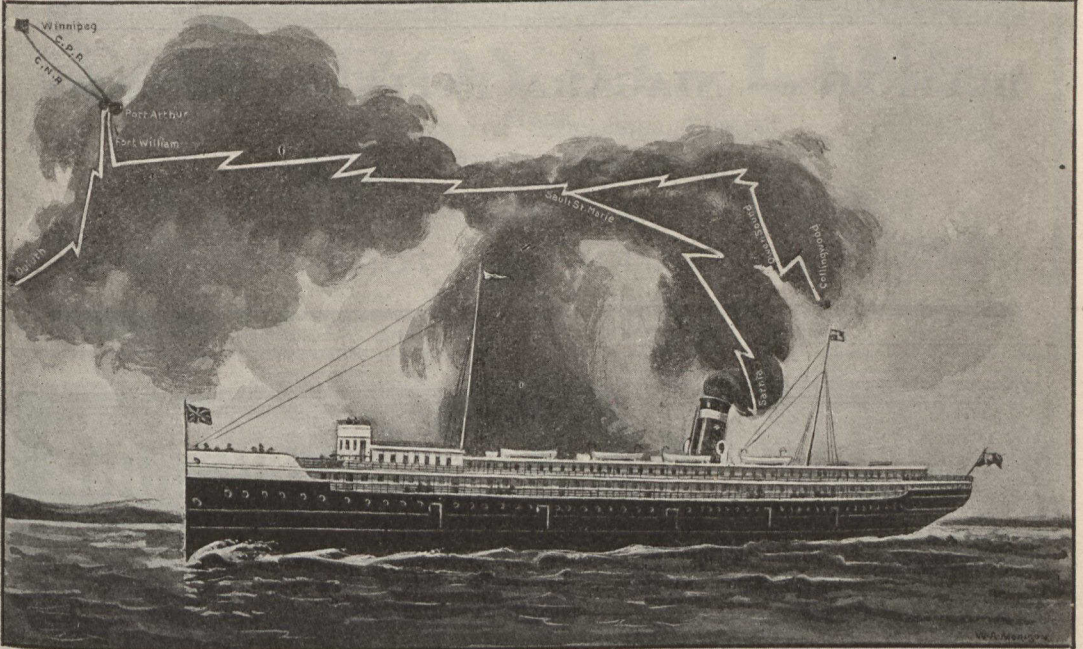
Ask any Agent to reserve accommodation for you, or write
R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent. TORONTO.

Northern Navigation Co.

Limited

GRAND TRUNK ROUTE

A "Chain Lightning Service" to the North-West
Via the Great Lakes



Magnificent Steamers
Magnificent Distances
Magnificent Scenery
STEAMERS LEAVE SARNIA
Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays

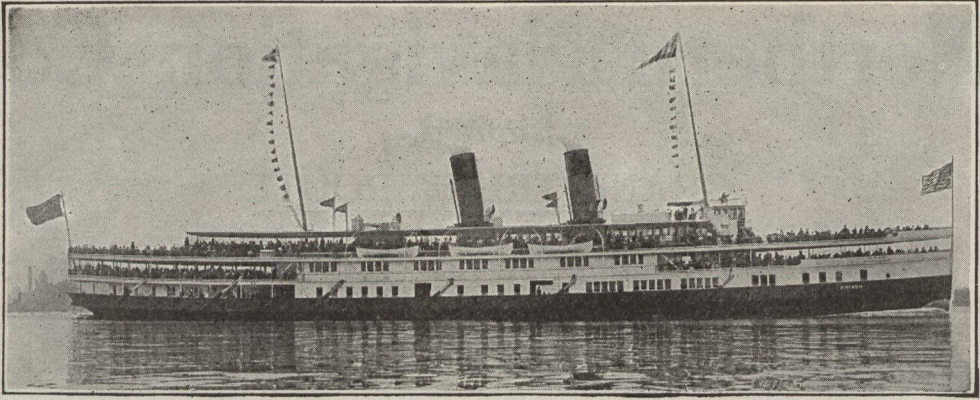


Direct train service Toronto and Detroit to Sarnia Warf. No transfer. Connections at Port Arthur with Canadian Northern and Canadian Pacific Railways. Wednesday and Saturday steamers through to Duluth, connecting with Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways.

TOURS OF GEORGIAN BAY. THREE TRIPS WEEKLY.
Collingwood and Owen Sound to Mackinac Island.

Tickets and information from all Ry. Agents.

E. W. Holton, Eastern Passenger Agent, Sarnia, Ont.



BUFFALO — NIAGARA FALLS — TORONTO

ROUTE

The Gateway to Canada

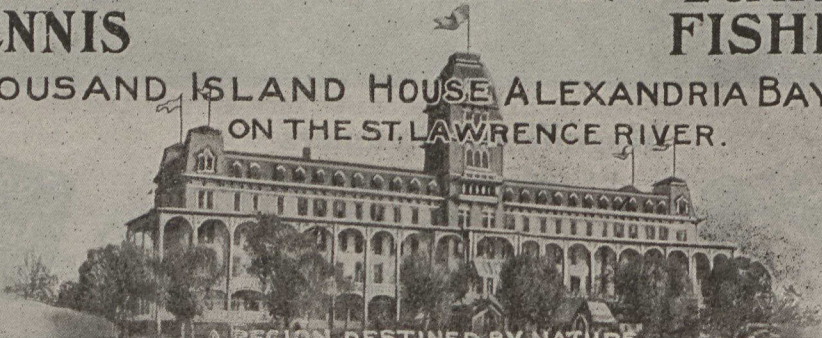
Would you like our Booklet?

NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO., TORONTO, CANADA

AMERICAS MOST BEAUTIFUL RESORT

GOLF ALL BOATING
TENNIS OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS FISHING

THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE ALEXANDRIA BAY, N.Y.
ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.



A REGION DESTINED BY NATURE
FOR RECREATION AND PLEASURE

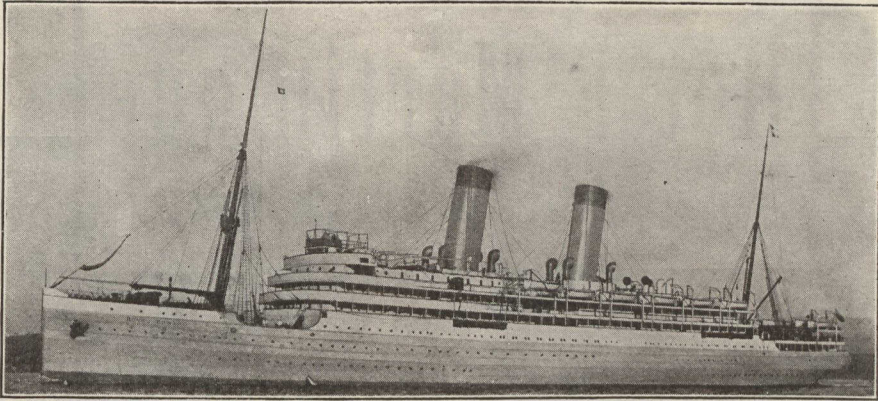
MODERN
APPOINTMENT

SEND FOR BOOKLETS AND RATES

MOST
PICTURESQUE

O. G. STAPLES PROPRIETOR

RIGGS HOUSE WASHINGTON D.C. O. G. STAPLES PROP.



Triple Screw Turbines

ROYAL EDWARD

12,000 tons gross

THE ROYAL LINE

Canadian Northern Steamships Limited
The New Fast Route between

Montreal, Quebec and Bristol

FROM MONTREAL	SAILINGS	FROM BRISTOL
July 7th	Royal George	July 21st
21st	Royal Edward	August 4th
	and fortnightly thereafter.	

For rates, reservations, etc., apply any steamship agent or Wm. Phillips, Acting Traffic Manager, Toronto; Guy Tombs, Acting General Passenger Agent, Montreal; Wm. Stapleton, General Agent, Winnipeg.

Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes

Quebec to New York

via the far-famed Saguenay River.

☐ Calling at Charlottetown, P. E. I. and Halifax, N. S. S. S. "Trinidad", 2,600 tons, sails from Quebec at 5 p.m. Fridays 8th and 22nd July, 5th and 19th August, and 2nd September.

New York to Bermuda

☐ Summer excursions \$20 and up by the Twin Screw S. S. "Bermudian", 5,500 tons, sailing from New York at 10 a.m. 6th, 16th and 27th July; 6th, 17th and 27th August. Temperature cooled by sea breezes, seldom rises above 80°.

River and Gulf of St. Lawrence

☐ S. S. "Cascapedia", 1,900 tons, recently fitted out on the Clyde specially for this service with all modern comforts, sails from Montreal, Mondays at 4 p.m. 1st, 15th and 29th August, 12th and 26th September; and from Quebec the Tuesdays following at noon, for Pictou, N. S. calling at Gaspe, Mal Bay, Perce, Grand River, Summerside, P. E. I. and Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The finest trips of the season for health and comfort

☐ For tickets and stateroom accommodation, apply to A. F. Webster & Co., Corner King and Yonge Sts., Toronto or to Thos. Cook & Son, Yonge and Richmond Sts., Toronto.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED,

--

QUEBEC

Hotel Martinique

BROADWAY, 32d AND 33d Sts., NEW YORK CITY

IN THE HEART OF THINGS—HIGH CLASS FIREPROOF HOTEL

Handsomely furnished, all outside rooms, with every modern appointment, one block from new Penn Depot, near all leading department stores and theatres.

ROOMS WITH PRIVILEGE OF BATH \$1.50 per Day and Up

ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATH \$2.50 per Day and Up

The highest class of accommodations at modern rates.

The new addition will be completed on September 1st, giving hotel capacity of 600 rooms and 400 baths.

WALTER CHANDLER, Jr. - MANAGER

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.

Charmingly Situated Summer Hotels on the Picturesque Lower St. Lawrence

**Manoir
Richelieu**

**Murray Bay
P. Q.**



**|| The
Tadousac**

**Tadousac
P. Q.**

These high-class Summer Hotels are replete with all modern improvements, and the Climate and Scenery at these points are unequalled on the continent.

For further particulars, and copy of "Where the Sea Breezes Mingle with the Pine" apply to

THOMAS HENRY,

Traffic Manager, Montreal



St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

The Convenient Location, Tasteful, Appointment Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristics of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

Hotel Cumberland

New York City

Broadway at
54th Street

*A Real Home
Luxurious
Comfortable*

**Absolutely
Fireproof**

Hardwood floors throughout, covered with genuine Oriental rugs, is a feature of the Cumberland which indicates the character of the entire establishment. Rare attention to home-like details eliminates the usual hotel atmosphere. Yet there is retained all the charm of hotel life—provision for every want immediately at hand, and at prices within the limits of the average income.



The Cumberland is within:

—A few steps of surface cars, elevated and subway.—Eight minutes' ride of the best shopping districts.—Ten minutes' walk of twenty theatres

"Broadway" cars from Grand Central Depot pass the door.

Rooms with bath, \$2.50 per day, upwards

Write for Booklet Today

HARRY P. STIMSON, Manager



"EXCELLENT"

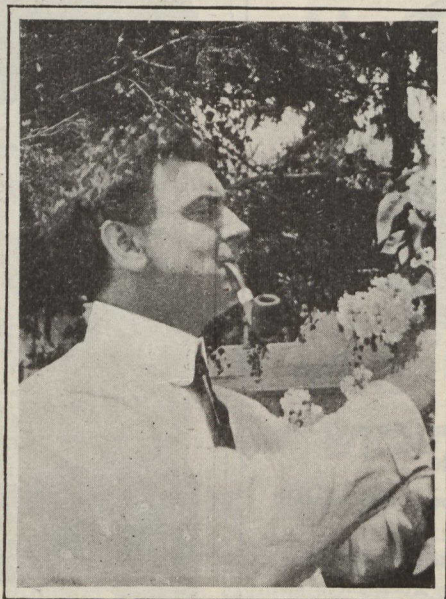
There is only one way to judge CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS fairly, and that is to try them, and there is only one opinion when they are tried, and that is "EXCELLENT".

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS are considered the standard of excellence, and whenever and wherever Pork and Beans are used, CLARK'S are naturally preferred to others.

*Clark's Pork and Beans
are the very best.*

WM. CLARK
Montreal

Manufacturer of High Grade Food
Specialties



MR. ARTHUR STRINGER AT HIS SUMMER HOME NEAR
CEDAR SPRINGS, ONTARIO.

The Blot

The first and second acts of this stirring four-act drama by Mr. Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian author who has made a brilliant success as a writer in New York, appear in this number. The play increases in interest as the plot develops. You will not wish to miss it, so subscribe now. And read the announcement of other features for September.

The Canadian Magazine

Toronto,

Canada

25c. per copy

\$2.50 per year



Copyright, 1910, Cluett, Peabody & Co.

THE NEW ARROW COLLARS

for Summer Wear, show above coat collar in the back, are cut low enough in front for comfort, and have room for cravat to slide in and tie in.

Made in two ways { CONCORD with notch
EVANSTON with buttonhole } 20c. 3 for 50c.

Cluett, Peabody & Company, Makers, Troy, N. Y.

Elite Cut Glass



Tumbler in New Thistle Pattern.

FEW things can equal and nothing can excel a fine piece of cut glass in the satisfaction it gives for the amount invested.

ELITE CUT GLASS

leads all others in this country in the beauty of its designs and the magnificence of its cutting. We use only European blanks of the finest color, especially imported. We employ craftsmen whose art is their life-long study. And finally on the bottom of each piece we affix the Elite trade mark as your sure protection.

Be sure to look for it—insist on having the Elite brand.



Trade Mark

Ask your local merchant for the genuine Elite Cut Glass. He carries it or can readily get it for you.

GOWANS, KENT & CO., Limited

MANUFACTURERS

16 Front St. E. :: Toronto



Headquarters for Fine Rugs

Look at all the handsome new residences being erected in Toronto. Hardly any other city in America has had so many built in the past year. The specifications for these houses call for hardwood floors, and hardwood floors are unsightly without the softening, beautifying charm of

High Class Oriental Rugs

Only the higher grades of Oriental Rugs are suitable for drawing rooms and reception rooms, and in this connection we wish to lay forcible emphasis on the fact that we carry the most perfect line of Kermanshah Rugs in Canada, and do not hesitate to say that few houses on this whole continent can show an equal assortment of soft, rich colorings, in delicate shades, and in such fine patterns in Kirmanshahs as we are showing. Kirmanshahs, Sarouks, Tabriz, Shiraz, and other fine specimens gladly shown to any intending purchasing new floor coverings. Ask for our booklet on Oriental Rugs. Out of town orders given our careful attention.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

40-44 King Street E.

Toronto, Ontario

Opposite King Edward Hotel



**Perrin
Gloves**

Style
Fit
Durability

**PERRIN
GLOVES**
Standard
of the
World

TRADE MARK

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL
BEAUTIFIER**

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them, I

recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

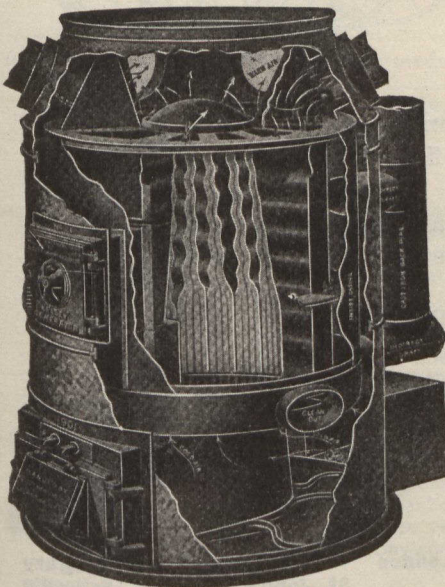
Removes superfluous Hair

Price \$1.00 by Mail

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

ALMA COLLEGE

gives practical training for any calling; prepares girls for home responsibilities. Conducted on sensible principles. Picked faculty. Refined home surroundings. Careful, thorough instruction. Situation, climate ideal. Tuition low. Address for prospectus and terms, Robert I. Warner, M. A., D. D., President, St. Thomas, Ont. 12



No Heat Lost in the Cellar

This is a Distinctive Feature of the

**KELSEY WARM
AIR
GENERATOR**

that all air, as quickly as heated, passes through the hot chamber, and on to the part of the building to be heated. There's no heat lost by radiation in the cellar or basement.

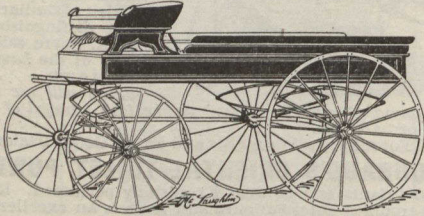
Churches, Schools, Halls, Dwellings, etc., can be evenly heated by the **Kelsey** with an amount of fuel which, with any other system, would be wholly inadequate.

Write for Catalogue "S" which gives full details.

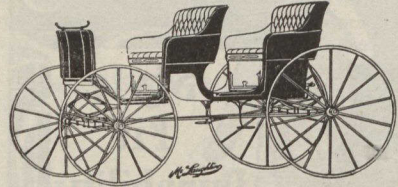
James Smart Mfg. Co., Limited BROCKVILLE, ONT.
Western Branch : WINNIPEG

McLaughlin Vehicles

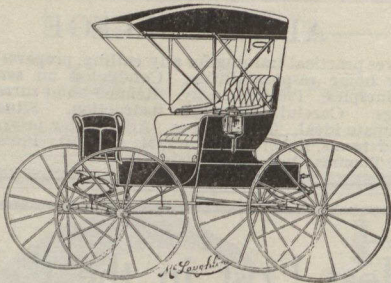
"ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST"



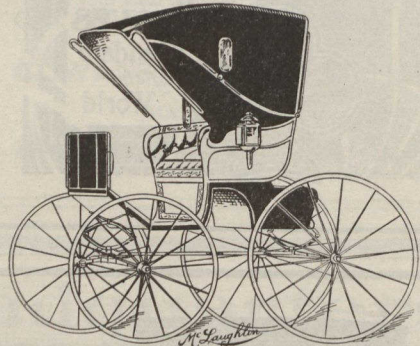
No. 91. DELIVERY WAGON.



No. 408. SURREY.



No. 492. DRIVING WAGON.



No. 447. STANHOPE.

We manufacture over one hundred and twenty-five different styles of Carriages and Spring Wagons, and offer to the purchasing public a wide range of nobby, up-to-date vehicles. When in the market call on our nearest Agent or Branch house and have the many points of excellence of the "McLaughlin Line" explained by our Salesman.

Catalog sent on application.

McLaughlin Carriage Company, Limited
Oshawa, - Ont.

BRANCHES }

Toronto
St. John

Hamilton
Montreal

London

Winnipeg
St. John's

Calgary
Belleville

AGENTS—Everywhere.

H & R REVOLVERS

A Revolver
you can ALWAYS
say "THE BEST" about

H&R ARMS CO

REVOLVERS

are the embodiment of perfection—the result of thirty-six years' experience in making firearms exclusively. Up to the minute in finish and detail, and absolutely reliable.

Sold by all first class dealers. *Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct.* Look for our name on barrel and little target trade-mark on the handle. *Send for Illustrated Catalog.*

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
620 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

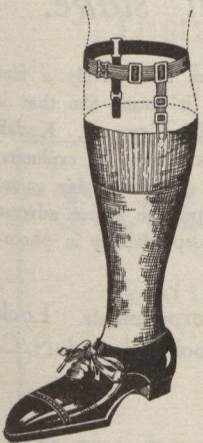


H & R
"Premier"
Automatic
Double Action,
22 caliber, 7 shot,
or 32 caliber, 5 shot,
3 inch barrel, finest
nickel finish, Target
Grip, \$7.00; 4 inch
barrel, as illustrated,
50 cents extra.



"COMMON SENSE"

Is the name of the best men's garter made



(Patented)

Why is it called
"Common Sense"?

Because:—

- 1st. It is the *only* garter made in Canada which supports the hose on both sides.
- 2nd. It is the *only* garter which does not bind or cord the leg.
- 3rd. It is endorsed by medical men as the most hygienic garter on the market owing to simple yet scientific construction.

If your dealer cannot supply "Common Sense" Garters send us 25c for a sample pair post paid.

The Common Sense Garter Co.
221 Queen St., Ottawa.

ACTS IN 30 MINUTES

Cures

Prevents



Boats

Trains

Mr. Mothersill gave demonstrations of this remedy in 1908, on the English and Irish Channels and received the universal praise of the leading papers of Great Britain. These test were considered of so much importance that reports were cabled over the world. The leading papers published these cable articles at the time; among these we may mention, New York Herald and Montreal Star.

We have also received the highest testimonials from many of the world's foremost men, among these being Lord Northcliffe and Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain General of the British Forces.

Write us for particulars.

50c. box sufficient for 24 hour sea journey.

\$1.00 box sufficient for longest continuous trip.

For sale at Druggists or write,

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Ltd.,

19 St. Bride St.,

London, E.C. Eng.

Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

You Don't Have to Stoop to Shake This Grate

This is an exclusive feature of the
"Economy" Furnace.

Consider this point for a moment. Isn't this arrangement much better than the old-fashioned back-breaking style? Simply work lever back and forth a few times, the ROCKING AND DUMPING GRATE clears itself of all ashes and breaks up any clinkers. And NO DUST—that is another important feature of the Pease

"ECONOMY" FURNACE

There is absolutely NO DIRT when you shake the "Economy." None in the cellar—the large dust flue carries it up to the combustion chamber. None in the outer shell of air because of the cup-joints and the steel-riveted construction of the dome. There's just pure, fresh, warm air when an "Economy" heats the home. You should see and investigate the "Economy" Furnace before investing in any heating system. Watch for my next talk. *Wright Furnace.*

Send to-day for our free booklet—

"The Question of Heating"

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY

LIMITED

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

NOTE—We manufacture exclusively Warm Air, Hot Water, Steam and Combination Heating Systems.



2557

Your Vacation Film

The success of your vacation pictures depends, most of all, upon your film. Look to it, if you hand over your Kodak for loading in a strange store, that no inferior substitute film is inserted. *The quality of your pictures is at stake.*

"Kodak film" means more than merely a film to fit your Kodak camera; it means film that is made by the Eastman Kodak Company. Kodak film is the film used the world over by explorers, by war correspondents, by hunters of big game, the film used by every expedition where adverse conditions demand absolute dependability in photographic equipment.

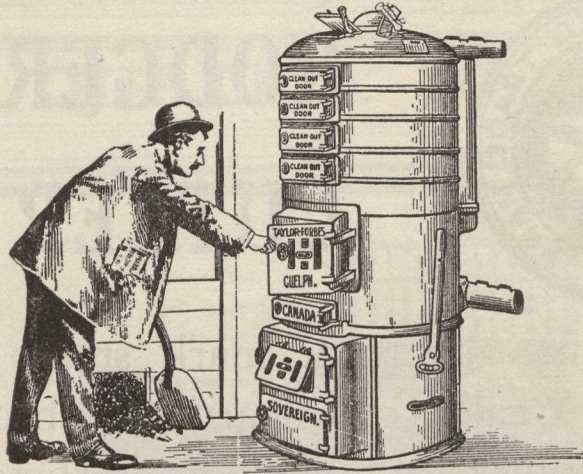
Experiment with no experiments. Look for "Kodak" on the spool end, and N.C. on the box.

CANADIAN KODAK CO.

Limited

TORONTO,

CANADA



Easy on
coal—
requires
little
attention

“SOVEREIGN” HOT WATER BOILER

The most perfect of modern
heating systems.

Installed by Heating Engineers and
Plumbers throughout Canada.

Taylor-Forbes Company Limited, **Guelph**

Send to my address your “Pocket Dictionary of Heating.”
(It’s free).

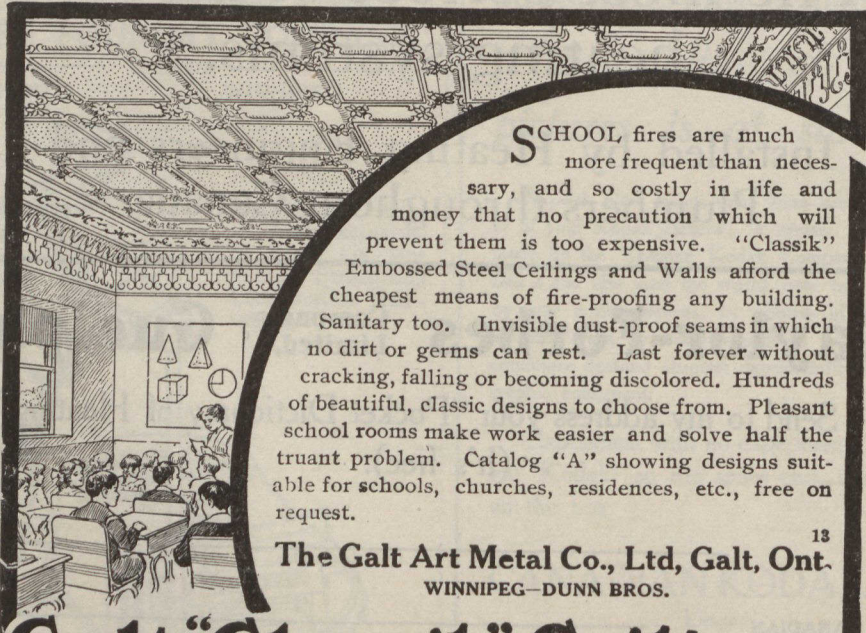


RODGERS CUTLERY

This name and trade mark stamp the superior quality of the article—absolute satisfaction is found wherever they are found.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Ltd.

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENG.



SCHOOL fires are much more frequent than necessary, and so costly in life and money that no precaution which will prevent them is too expensive. "Classik" Embossed Steel Ceilings and Walls afford the cheapest means of fire-proofing any building. Sanitary too. Invisible dust-proof seams in which no dirt or germs can rest. Last forever without cracking, falling or becoming discolored. Hundreds of beautiful, classic designs to choose from. Pleasant school rooms make work easier and solve half the truant problem. Catalog "A" showing designs suitable for schools, churches, residences, etc., free on request.

The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd, Galt, Ont.
WINNIPEG—DUNN BROS.

Galt "Classik" Ceilings

QUALITY BEDS

Quality
Brass Bed
No. 1844



Quality Beds Wear Longest and Look Best

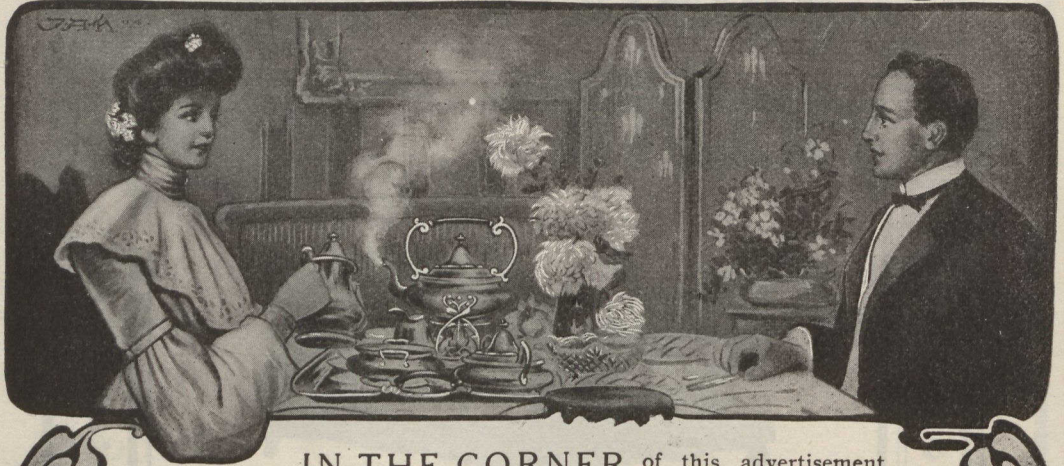
Nothing dresses a bedroom like a *brass* bed of good design, of good material and good workmanship. Quality Brass Beds are the *best* because they are best in construction, metal and finish. The brass in a Quality Bed is thicker and heavier than others think *necessary*. The workmanship leaves *nothing* to be desired. The finish is the best known to brass bed craftsmanship, and the double laquer *prevents* tarnishing and discoloration. Nothing looks so clean nor is so clean as a brass bed, and from the standpoint of service, no bed *costs so little*. Quality Beds cost no more than the kind that are sold without a guarantee; and Quality Beds are

**GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS
WITH A THIRTY DAY FREE TRIAL**

before you are asked to keep one. After thirty days' *trial* you will decide, like thousands of others, that your Quality Bed is the best you've ever had in your home. We *know* it. We are certain enough of the merit of Quality Beds to make the most liberal offer ever made in Canada—because Quality Beds really *have* the quality. We couldn't do this if we did not put the best of material and workmanship in our product. It's *there*. Send for "Bedtime," the Quality Catalog that tells you everything about metal beds. The beauty of Quality designs will delight you, and the low cost of Quality Beds will surprise you. Write for the catalog *now*. Sent free, postpaid. If there is no Quality dealer in your vicinity we'll ship direct, carriage paid. 31

Quality Beds Limited
MANUFACTURERS WELLAND, ONT.

The Standard Silver Co. Ltd



IN THE CORNER of this advertisement appears a *fac-simile* of our **TRADE MARK** Every piece of Silverware bearing this stamp carries with it our absolute Guarantee as to quality. The designs are always correct.

The Standard Silver Co., Limited
Toronto, Canada



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



MAGIC **POCKET TRICK**

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE INCLUDED **FREE**

Mysto Trick and Novelty Co.
80 Parkway Avenue, Toronto, Canada

C.H. ACTON BOND SANDFORD F. SMITH A.H. CASSELS

BOND & SMITH
ARCHITECTS

19 WELLINGTON STREET W. TORONTO

CANADIAN STEEL SPECIALTY COMPANY
GRAVENHURST, ONT.

Manufacturers of:—STEEL CHAIRS, OPERA CHAIRS, RESTAURANT CHAIRS, OPERA (SEATS FOR MOVING PICTURE SHOWS A SPECIALTY.)

For Catalogue apply to the above.
Write for special price.

J. L. THORNE AUDIT AND SYSTEM CO.

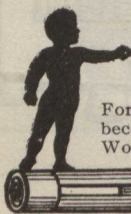
ACCOUNTANTS, - AUDITORS, SYSTEMITIZERS.

PHONE MAIN 3420

701-2 Confederation Life Building, TORONTO, CAN.

We Want to start you in the dyeing and cleaning business. Very little capital needed, excellent profits. Write for booklet.
Ben-Vonde Co., Dept. C-E, Staunton, Va., U.S.

Dunn Dutton System of Mental Control
Secure a correspondence course, it will enable you to make more money and retain good health. Full course by mail \$10.00
Address: SCHOOL OF MENTAL CONTROL, WOODSTOCK, ONT.



HARTSHORN SHADE **ROLLERS**

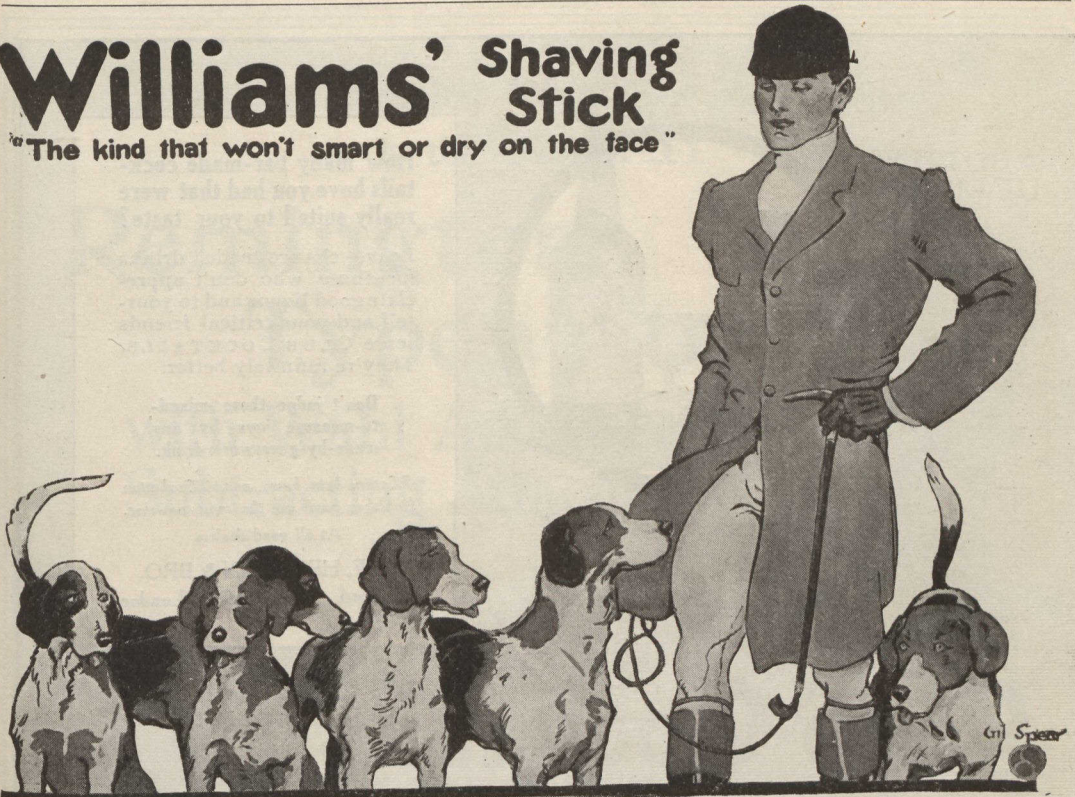
For 61 years this great invention has successfully withstood the attacks of all imitators, because of original merit and continuous improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. The inventor's signature on every roller. Look for it. Take none without it.



Stewart Hartshorn

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



You may shave often, you may shave close, you may expose your face to wind and sun, but you cannot get beyond the tender, soothing qualities of the lather of Williams' Shaving Stick.

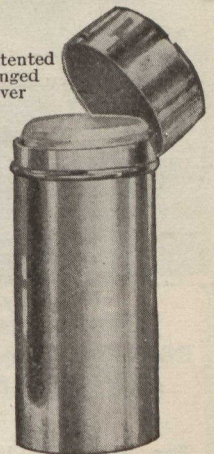


Patented Hinged Cover

Williams' *Quick & Easy* Shaving Powder

Shake a little on the moist brush and apply the brush to the face. The lather is instantaneous—the same emollient, creamy and satisfying lather that has made Williams' Shaving Soap famous. It is still Williams' Shaving Soap, though in powdered form.

Patented Hinged Cover



Both Williams' Shaving Stick and Williams' Shaving Powder are put up in the Williams' Patented Hinged Cover Box. Samples of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Williams' Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Ask your dealer for Williams' Toilet Soaps, Jersey Cream, Violet, Lilac, Heliotrope, Carnation, etc.

ABOTTLED
DELIGHT



How many bar-made cocktails have you had that were really suited to your taste?

Leave chance-made drinks for those who don't appreciate good liquor and to yourself and your critical friends serve CLUB COCKTAILS. They're infinitely better.

Don't judge these mixed-to-measure joys by any made-by-guesswork drink.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular.

At all good dealers

C. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London

Club Cocktails

Vancouver Island



"The Great Britain of the Pacific."

ASPECT.

Southern part of Island resembles Kent and Devonshire. Fruit and flowers.

CLIMATE.

Sunshiny, equable—no extremes.

OPPORTUNITIES.

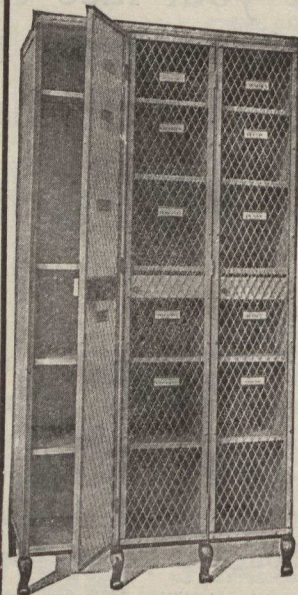
Good health, good living, and good profits for ambitious men with small capital ("A fine chance for the boys") in business, professions, fruit growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns.

INVESTMENTS.

Safe at 6 per cent.



For AUTHENTIC INFORMATION and new Illustrated Booklets, write VANCOUVER ISLAND DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE, Room A-41, Broughton St., Victoria, B. C.



FRUTLOKR

IS THE SHORT FOR

FRUIT LOCKER

A SHEET STEEL CABINET

made in

COMPARTMENTS EACH HAVING A LOCK AND KEY

Enameled White

SIXTEEN MOVABLE SHELVES

CAN STORE 216 QUART JARS

A Splendid Safe for Wine, Fruit, Pies, Cake, Meats etc.

**LIGHT,
HANDY,
SANITARY.
SECURE**

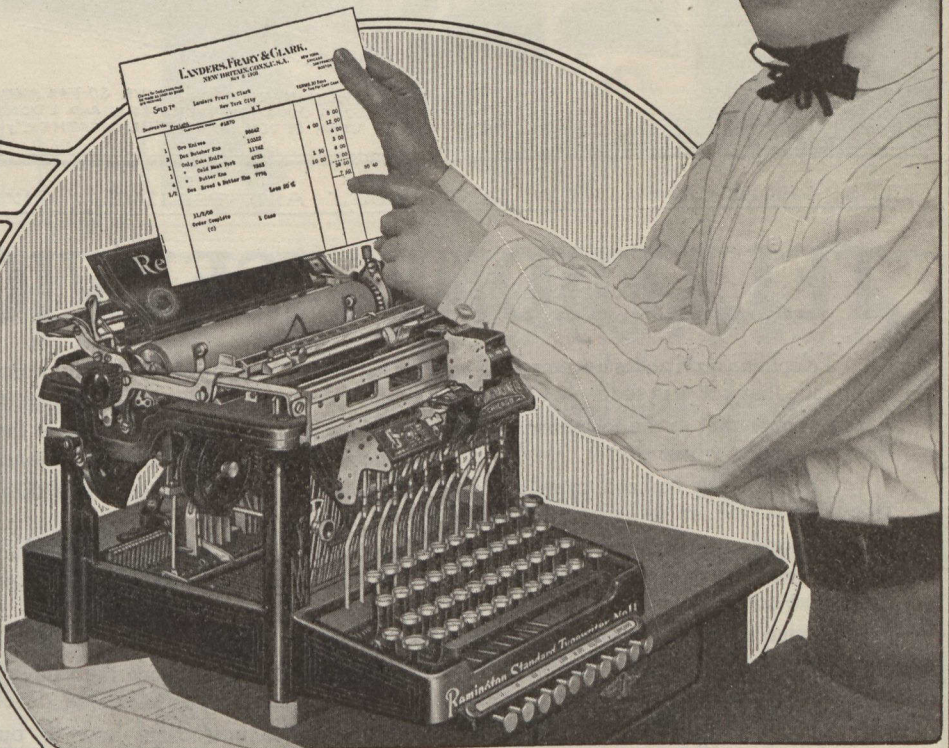
Made only by

The GEO. B. MEADOWS, Toronto
The Iron & Brass Works Company, Limited
479 WELLINGTON ST. W. TORONTO

The One Complete Writing-Adding Machine
is the Model 11

Remington Typewriter

with Wahl Adding and
Subtracting Attachment





"I WISH MARY DIDN'T LIVE SO FAR AWAY. IT'S A LONG JOURNEY OVER HERE AND I DON'T SEE HER VERY OFTEN WHEN THE WEATHER'S BAD."

"I WISH I KNEW HOW MOTHER WAS TO-DAY"

THE 'PHONE BANISHES LONELINESS AND RELIEVES ANXIETY

TELEPHONE SERVICE

Telephone service has become such an essential part of everyday business and domestic life in the city, that if it was suddenly stopped the whole fabric of city life would be torn to shreds.

But important as the telephone is in the city, it is of far more practical benefit to the man in the rural district whose doctor, lawyer, grocer or neighbor is some considerable distance away.

This is being realized more and more every day and new organizations to give local telephone service are springing into existence in all parts of Canada.

We are anxious to assist these organizations to start in the right way, to build their lines in a manner to ensure future success and to learn how to maintain the most efficient service at the lowest cost.

Write us if you are interested in telephone matters in any way.

"Canada and the Telephone" is an illustrated book showing the value of a telephone in the rural home and giving some interesting facts in regard to telephone development.

Our No. 2 Bulletin is illustrated and gives full instructions how to build and equip telephone lines.

We shall send these on request without cost to anyone interested.

We manufacture telephone equipment and handle everything in construction material to build telephone lines. In short, we are a Canadian company to assist the Canadian Independent Telephone movement and ensure to it first-class equipment.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANY, Limited

18-20 DUNCAN STREET,

TORONTO



GOOD STYLE FOR PLUMP FIGURES

A PERFECT FIGURE is impossible without plumpness, and even if you are a trifle stout, your figure will be the envy of your friends if your corset is right. Try our new

La Diva Reducing

MODEL 609.

You will at once be struck with its comfortable support, and also the absence of pleating. Then when you have adjusted the straps at the hips you will perceive the improvement in your profile. A difference of 3 inches or more can be effected with comfort. The band at the bottom prevents creasing of the flesh and the gown will fit with absolute smoothness.

Although equal in every particular to the most expensive custom made and imported corset and superior in many details, clasps, etc. the price is only \$3.50.

We know Madam they will please you.

If your dealer does not sell the La Diva Reducing write us and we will see that your order is filled.

THE DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC.

Every "D&C" Corset Guaranteed

THE PHONOLA

For the Summer Home

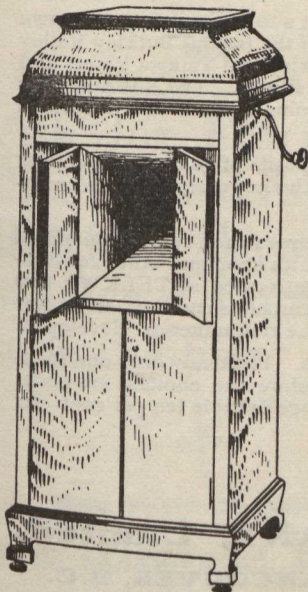
THE PHONOLA is the ideal entertainer for the Summer Cottage. It will sing, talk or play for you.

There is no limit to the pleasure it will give you and your friends.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

Pollock Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Berlin, - Canada



From the Atlantic to the Pacific

Seal Brand Coffee

finds a welcome in a hundred thousand homes
because of its unvarying high grade quality.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only.

116

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

Telkwa the Coming City

will be the BUTTE of BRITISH COLUMBIA. TELKWA is not a townsite or a paper town but is a thriving established town—the metropolis and centre of the famous Bulkley Valley farming country. TELKWA is located at the junction of the Bulkley and Telkwa Rivers and is on the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Transcontinental Railway. TELKWA adjoins fifty thousand acres of the richest coal fields in Central British Columbia, which will furnish fuel for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

The mountains surrounding TELKWA contain immense deposits of gold, silver, copper and lead, and after the railroad is running TELKWA should be the largest mining and manufacturing city in Central British Columbia.

TELKWA is a live town with good hotels and baths, good general stores, real estate offices Government Mining Recorder's Office, laundry, bakery, blacksmith shop and other substantial improvements. A good lumber mill and brick yard will be located at TELKWA this summer. TELKWA will have fifteen thousand people after the railroad is running, and a few hundred dollars invested now will make you independent after the rich mines are developed.

Good lots from \$100.00 to \$500.00 on easy monthly payments. Positively only one thousand lots in this prosperous town will be sold. Act quickly before the choicest are gone. Mail \$25.00 and a good lot will be reserved for you, the balance payable ten per cent. per month—NO TAXES—NO INTEREST.

Address

NORTH COAST LAND COMPANY, Limited,

Dept. A., 410-411-412 Winch Bldg., - VANCOUVER, B.C.



ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

It is the "Star" Brand

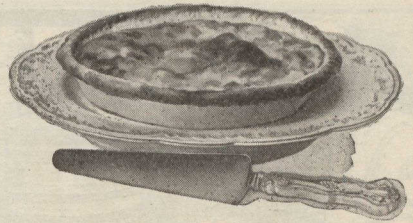


Ask for Fearman's
'Star' Brand English
Breakfast Bacon and
see that it is branded
with the Star.



Made for over 50 Years by

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA



PIES, Cakes, Puddings, and all kinds
of Desserts requiring Milk, will
be much more delicious if you use

**BORDEN'S
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK**



Convenience, Economy and Better
Results in your Cooking make the
use of Borden's **EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK** and Bor-
den's **PEERLESS BRAND
EVAPORATED MILK** (Un-
sweetened) a most valuable habit.

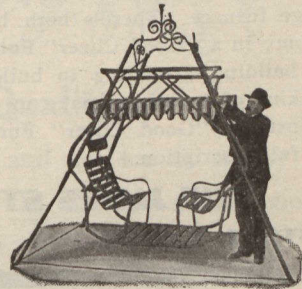
*Book of 80 Fine Recipes free for the
asking while they last.*

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

New York

Mothers and Children



get more real health and pleasure from
one of our
EAGLE STEEL LAWN SWINGS
than from any other household article.

Lasts a Lifetime.

Elegant in design.

Cannot rot or break.

Can be folded and taken down.

PRICE \$15.00

Ont. Wind Engine & Pump Co., Ltd.
Toronto.



LIKE

"The Kettle on the Hob"

of grandmother's time, the large Circle Water Pan of the "Good Cheer" Furnace supplies the moisture necessary to the air we breathe.

The ordinary Furnace with its apathy for a waterpan holding only a few quarts, is utterly unable to keep the air it heats half as humid as outdoor air. This dry air shrinks the woodwork, loosens the joints of the furniture, dries and shrivels up the house plants, and worse still, affects your skin, throat and lungs in much the same way. That's why you catch cold so easily in winter.

The

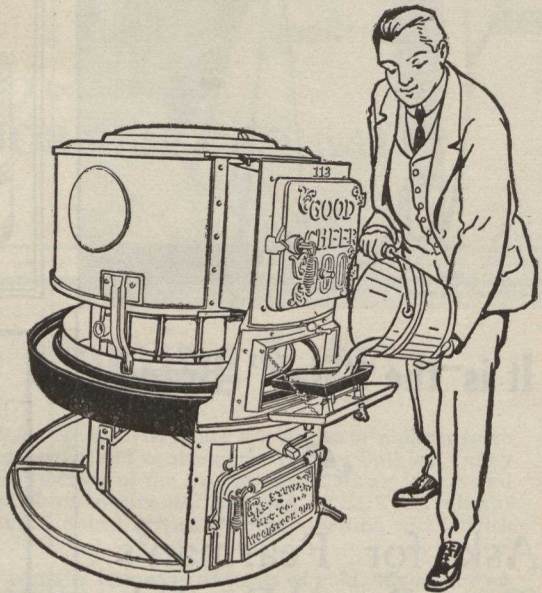
"Good Cheer"

FURNACE

with its new patented

"Circle Waterpan"

supplies air like the breath of summer—air that is not only warm, but humid, like the air outdoors. You can live more comfortably in this humid, healthy "Good Cheer" atmosphere at 68° than you can at 72° or 75° in the dried-out air supplied by the average furnace. There's both health and economy in a "Good Cheer" Furnace. If you're building, arranging to build, or even thinking of building—make up your mind to install a "Good Cheer" Furnace. Write for full description.



THE JAMES STEWART MFG. CO., LIMITED

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the Scientific and Effective Treatment of

CANCER

Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure

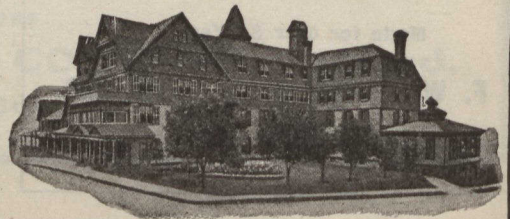
The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established thirty-two years.

For complete information address

BERKSHIRE HILLS SANATORIUM

North Adams

Massachusetts





More Attention to Quality.

AFTER five thousand years of cultivation and use tea is to-day more than ever the beverage of the world. In Canada consumption increases steadily and every day the Canadian housewife is giving more attention to the quality of the tea she buys.

When you use Red Rose Tea you have in each grade the very best value possible at the price. It is the quality of Red Rose Tea, its delicious flavor and delicate aroma combined with rich smooth strength, that accounts for its steadily increasing success. If you are using the 30c grade try a package at 40c. It is well worth the difference.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea."



ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' BARLEY

FOR INFANTS
AND INVALIDS

☐ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ☐ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ☐ But insist on having ROBINSON'S!



FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

UPTON'S

PURE

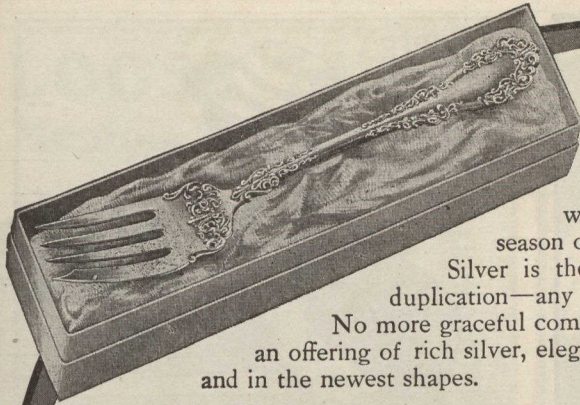
Orange Marmalade

All the concentrated goodness of the choicest Seville Oranges. Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

Made and guaranteed absolutely pure by

THE T. UPTON CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, CAN.





Silver for Gifts

Silver is the first thought when considering gifts for any season or occasion.

Silver is the one thing that permits of duplication—any amount being acceptable.

No more graceful compliment can be extended than an offering of rich silver, elegant in design, perfect in taste, and in the newest shapes.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

"Silver Plate That Wears"

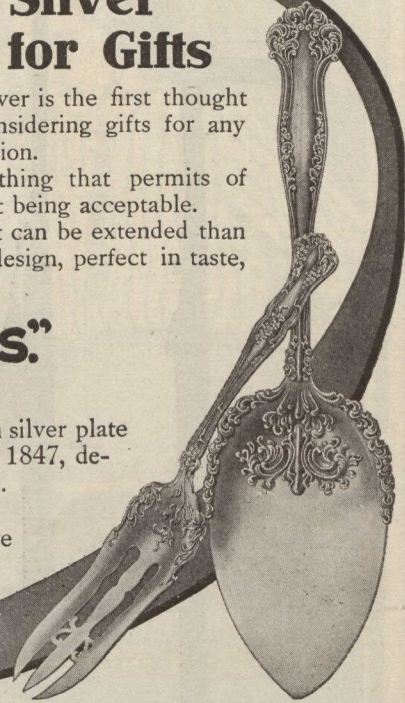
is the mark which represents the height of perfection in silver plate

It is the original "Rogers" Ware introduced in 1847, developed and improved through 60 years of experience.

Sold by leading jewelers.

The newest as well as the standard designs are shown in our catalogue "67" Send for it.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Hamilton, Canada



GENERAL FRENCH

AND

THE ROSS RIFLE

The "Canadian Courier" of June 18th states editorially in speaking of General French—
"When a man so high in the British Army declares that the Ross Rifle is the equal if not the superior of any other small arm in the world".

Comment is unnecessary.

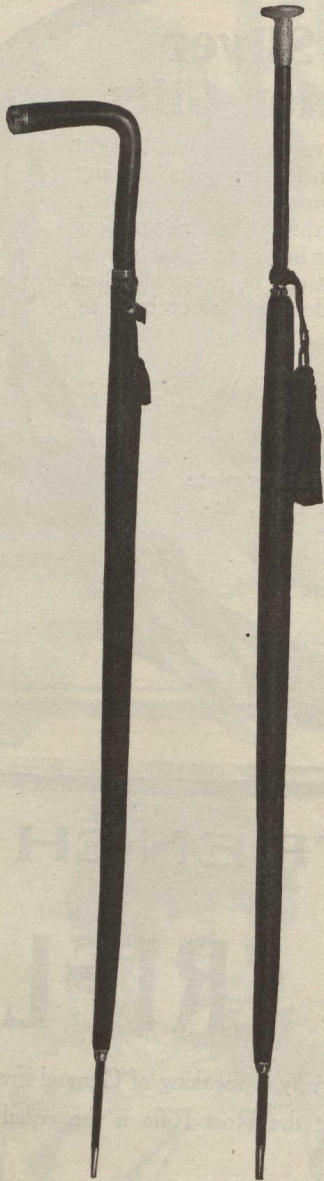
If you are a Military Target shot and want a prize winning rifle buy a "Ross" Mark III.

If you are a sportsman and want the best rifle for stopping any game try a "Ross" Sporting model. It has all the accuracy of the Military barrel, and is an excellently balanced arm. Prices from \$25.00 to \$70.00.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE ROSS RIFLE CO.

QUEBEC.



BOND STREET UMBRELLAS

The important feature of our Bond Street Umbrella is its close rolling possibilities. It has a strong frame, covered with the finest quality Silk. The handles are attractively mounted in Sterling Silver. We illustrate two styles:

- No. 598—Ladies Umbrella.....\$7.00
 No. 599—Gentleman's Umbrella.....\$6.75

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, Limited
MONTREAL



Wherever You Travel

you will find that the stationer who is catering to the best classes can supply you with

BARBER-ELLIS
 Society Note Papers

Three of the most popular are "French Organdie," "Irish Lawn," and "Shamrock Linen."

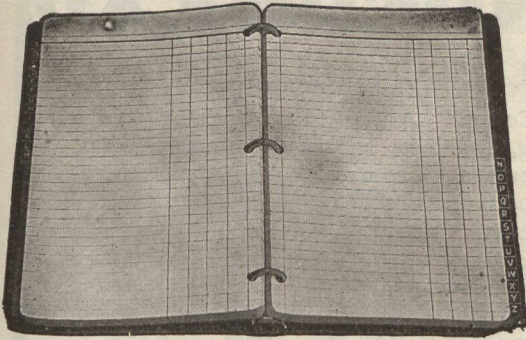
THE BARBER & ELLIS CO.

Limited

63-71 Wellington St. West, TORONTO

LOOSE LEAF

Memo and Price Books



**AN ENDLESS VARIETY IN
MEMORANDUM BOOKS**
Every Size, Style and Binding

Brown Bros.

LIMITED

51-53 Wellington Street West, Toronto



You out-of-doors men
can appreciate the fine
sense of satisfaction that
possesses the wearer of



Shirts and Collars

For the man who wears
them knows he can go
coatless, on occasion,
and be sure no one can
find a fault in the fit,
style or cut of his linen.
Ask your haberdasher.

Made in Berlin by



Here is the catalogue you want

It is full of boat bargains—fine chances to get motor boats, sailboats, rowboats and canoes by the Brooks System at prices that will surprise you.

You can do some or all of the building yourself, just as 83,000 men and boys have successfully done, and own a boat of your own that would cost from two to five times as much from a boat builder. Satisfaction is guaranteed by us—we know you can do it, because our system is so simple and perfect.

Get our boat catalogue No. 24 now and have the use of a boat this season.

We will furnish frames partially or completely erected, if desired

Brooks Mfg. Co. C. C. Brooks
President

7708 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

MADE ENTIRELY
FROM THE WOOL
OF AUSTRALIAN
MERINO SHEEP



REAL SUMMER COMFORT

"Ceetee" Lightweight Underclothing is the coolest, healthiest and most comfortable this hot weather. The pure wool absorbs perspiration and prevents chilling—always feels good.

"Ceetee" is knit to the form from the finest Merino Wool—fits perfectly after months of wearing and washing.

All sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show you "Ceetee". A trial convinces. Remember "Ceetee" Lightweight.

The C. TURNBULL CO.
OF GALT, Limited

Manufacturers Established 1859
Galt, Ont.



You Parents

may make "MATCHES" to your children

But

You have not found the Way to make a
MATCH like

"EDDY'S SILENTS"

NO NOISE
SMOKE
ODOR
SPLUTTER

THE ACME
OF PERFECTION

SPEED

A single motion is quicker to make than two.

Only one motion is needed to make any character desired on the complete, straight-line, key-for-every-character keyboard of the

easy action
light running Model 10

SmithPremier

Write for information to

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., INC.
Syracuse, New York, U.S.A. Branches everywhere



A TOILET TREASURE

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the best and most popular Toilet Perfume made

In the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful; after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



THE Underwood Typewriter has won every speed contest for championship honors since typewriter operation became recognized as a science.

There have been 22 contests—the most recent in Toronto, May 19, for the championship of Canada. The winner wrote 105 words a minute for 30 minutes.

The Underwood is the only typewriter mechanically equal to the task of sustaining a speed of over 100 words a minute and doing perfect work. It has been operated at a speed of 17 strokes a second.

Being the best machine for the most exacting requirements, it does not lose any of its efficiency in the more ordinary uses.

75 per cent. of typists are trained on the Underwood.



United Typewriter Co.

Limited

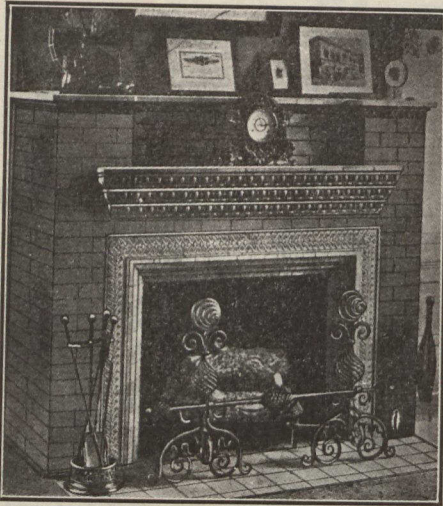
Adelaide St. E.

TORONTO



By all means have a fireplace in your new home—in den, library or living-room. Have

A MILTON BRICK FIREPLACE



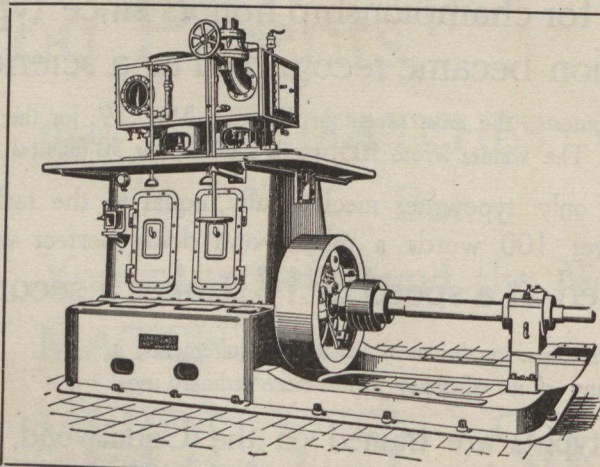
—big enough to take a big log—big enough for the whole family to sit around, and talk and tell stories by the fire-glow, listening to the snap and crack of the flames.

That is comfort—that is the luxury of living—that is home.

Write for catalogue, showing many attractive designs in Milton Brick Mantels from \$18 up.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., LIMITED
Milton, Ont. Toronto Office, Janes Building

Has Cost Nothing For Repairs

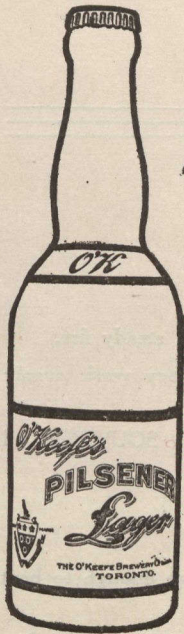


A customer says:—
“We have used one of your vertical high speed engines, English Type, forced lubrication, since 1907. The engine runs at 425 revolutions per minute almost constantly night and day. It has given us every satisfaction and so far has cost us nothing for repairs”

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.

District Offices:

{ 607 Canadian Express Building, Montreal, R. W. Robb, Manager
Traders Bank Building, Toronto, Wm. McKay, Manager
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, W. F. Porter, Manager
609 Grain Exchange Building, Calgary, J. F. Porter, Manager



O'Keefe's
 "Pilsener" Lager made
 its reputation on quality.

O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

keeps its reputation for quality because it keeps up
 the quality that made it famous.

"The Beer with a Reputation" 216

Ask your Dealer for O'Keefe's.

**ARTISTS
 COLORS.**

No true artist ever risks a
 poor color on a picture.
 He buys only
Winsor & Newton's
 Oil and Water Colors
 because he knows they are the
 standard throughout the world.
 They are not dear.
 For sale at all Art Stores.
A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
 Wholesale agents for Canada.

MAGIC TRICKS

Novelties, Jokes, Puzzles, etc. More fun than
 a comedy theatre to amuse you and your friends
 at home, at the club, dinner parties and all social
 gatherings. Trick pencils, trick cigars, shooting
 cigarette box, trick matches, tick cards, plate
 dancers, anarchists' bombs, squirt bouquets,
 confetti bombs and hundreds of other novelties.
 Send 10 cents for our large illustrated catalogue
 and receive a 25 c. pocket card trick free—send
 to-day. Cigar, novelty dealers and stationers
 send for our special wholesale price list. The
 best novelty line on the market.

MYSTO TRICK & NOVELTY CO.
 80 Parkway Ave., Toronto, Canada

The Beauty of Silverware

is lost if it is not properly cared for.

RUBY RUB METAL POLISH

is the one perfect metal polish. It cleans and shines. It
 will not injure the finest surface as it is absolutely free from
 grit or acid. It shines everything from a Gold Watch to a
 Tin Pan, and it will positively not discolor woodwork
 around brass signs and door plates. Send us five cents and
 we will send you a full size 10c. tin of Ruby Rub.

J. A. FRENCH & CO., Limited
 14 Terauley Street, Toronto, Ont.



MAKE KITCHEN WORK EASIER

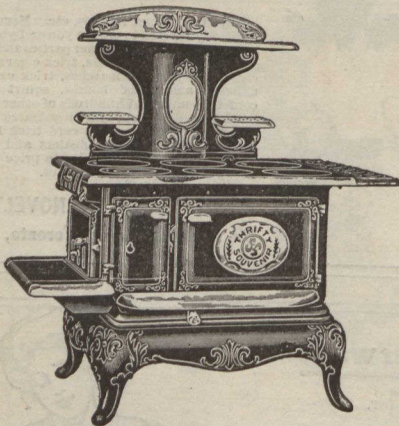
- ☐ Because the drafts are right and it is easy to keep a good, steady fire.
- ☐ Because the grates are machine fitted and turn easily. They work evenly and do not waste fuel.
- ☐ Because no sifting of ashes is necessary. You can use a SOUVENIR all winter and not waste enough fuel to fill a scuttle.

EASY ON FUEL

- ☐ Because the firebox is just the right size for the oven, large enough to heat it properly with a slow easy fire.
- ☐ Because the dampers are simple, easily understood and quick to respond.

WELL MADE AND DURABLE

- ☐ Because they are made by skilled workmen, trained to make stoves in the SOUVENIR way, and using at all times best material obtainable.
- ☐ Because a laboratory and testing-room is maintained and materials are tested daily. Nothing is used that does not test first-class in every way. No scrap or inferior goods are ever used.



GUARANTEE

- ☐ With every stove we send a written guarantee, bearing the trade-mark and seal of the Company.
- ☐ Furthermore, in the 67 years that we have been making stoves, we have built up a reputation for high class goods that we are proud of, and we will maintain it at all times—we pledge you that.

Gurney, Tilden & Company
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO Limited



ARE YOU HOME HUNGRY OR LAND HUNGRY?
DO YOU FIND YOURSELF CROWDED AND THE OUT-
LOOK CIRCUMSCRIBED?
HAVE YOU DECIDED TO LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER
SITUATION WITH BETTER PROSPECTS?

*Then you are invited to consider Western Canada, where you
can obtain*

A Free Farm—A Fine Home

Unlimited Opportunities and a Chance on the Ground Floor

The land is offered free by the Canadian Government, and settlement
conditions are easy.

SYNOPSIS OF HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

DUTIES—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him, or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$3.00 per acre. **Duties**—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate 80 acres of homestead or pre-emption.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre.

DUTIES—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

Full particulars will be sent free of charge on application to

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration, - - **Ottawa, Canada**

**A Strength
and
Long Life
Breakfast**

Some fruit
Grape-Nuts with cream
Soft boiled eggs
Some crisp toast
Cup of well-made POSTUM.

That's enough until noon.
Surprising how cool and well-fed one
will be on such a breakfast.

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

A Delicious Drink

Baker's Cocoa



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

made by a
scientific
blending of
the best
tropical fruit

**52 HIGHEST AWARDS
WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.**

Established 1780

Dorchester, Mass.

Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.

CALOX
THE OXYGEN
TOOTH POWDER

Take the best tooth-powder ever
made—Make it a little better—
Then add Oxygen—That's CALOX,
the Oxygen Tooth Powder.

The Buffalo Medical Journal says :

"It may be confidently asserted that Calox
is the only dentifrice that will sterilize the mouth
and arrest caries without injury to the soft
tissues. It is the most scientific tooth
powder which the laboratory has yet
produced."

ALL DRUGGISTS 25c.

Sample and booklet free on request.

National Drug & Chemical
Co. of Canada, Limited,
Montreal



MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM.

**TOILET
POWDER**



**One Touch of Mennen's Soothes the
Whole World's Skin**

Positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn;
deodorizes perspiration. For over a quarter of a century
it has been the standard toilet preparation.
Remember to ask for Mennen's, and accept no substitute.

Sample box for 2c stamp
GERHARD MENNEN CO. Orange Street, Newark, N. J.
The Pioneer Makers of Talcum Powder