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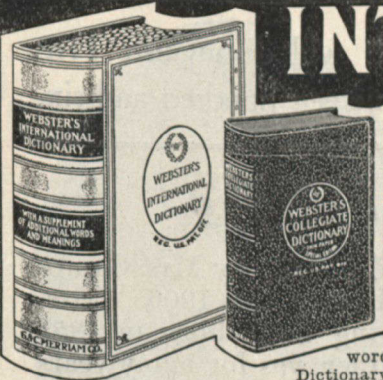
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FOR 1906

Something about the features which will distinguish THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE during nineteen hundred and six.

A New Serial Story

THE LOST EARL OF ELLAN, by Mrs. Campbell Praed, will be the serial story for 1906. Mrs. Praed is an Australian, having been born in 1851 in Queensland, where her father was for many years Postmaster-General. Her maiden name was Prior, and her husband's name, Campbell Mackworth Praed. She has written nearly a score of novels, most of them dealing with some particular phase of Australian life or character. This story like the others is purely Australian in its descriptions and characters. It is a love story—the rancher's daughter wooed by the prince in disguise—the old theme in a modern colonial setting. Yet, it is a tale which will thrill and interest while it informs. As a picture of Australian life it should be supremely interesting to Canadians, and in reading it, they will be able to contrast the pioneer's experiences in that country with his experiences here. Mrs. Praed is especially happy in her descriptions of the birds, the plants, the trees and the landscape.

Canadian Poetry

All Poetry appearing in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is written by Canadians. This is the highest compliment which could be paid to this verse, for Canadian poets are unexcelled by the minor poets of Great Britain or the United States—and perhaps only in exceptional cases by the major poets. Some excellent verse will appear during 1906.

Maritime Union

MARITIME UNION is one of the topics which will be discussed during 1906. A number of contributions have been arranged for. The problem confronting the small provinces on the Atlantic grows larger as the years go by. A union of the three Provinces seems almost a necessity—it is union or torpitude, say the advocates of the former.

Short Stories



(Mrs.) ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

There has been a decided improvement in the quality of Canadian Short Stories in recent years. During 1906, there will be the usual supply of these—from three to six in each issue. Already arrangements have been made with such authors as ROBERT BARR, NORMAN DUNCAN, VIRNA SHEARD, THEODORE ROBERTS, W. A. FRASER, JEAN BLEWETT, ALBERT R. CARMAN, (Mrs.) ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD, and a number of writers of merit whose names are not yet so well known. Among the latter are Harold Sands, who has just issued his first volume; Nellie L. Mc-

Clung, whose first book will appear shortly; Marjorie Jarvis, a new writer; N. De Bertrand Lugin, who has appeared in the MAGAZINE on several occasions; and a number of others who might reasonably be mentioned.

South America

During the coming year there will be SEVERAL ARTICLES on phases of life in SOUTH AMERICA, by G. M. L. Brown, a Canadian writer who is travelling there, and who will shortly issue a volume on Venezuela. Mr. Brown has already contributed two or three valuable articles to the MAGAZINE and the forthcoming MSS. will, no doubt, be as interesting as his previous contributions. Canadians should know more about South America than they do. In the immediate future, that portion of the continent should be a good market for certain Canadian products and manufactures.



G. M. L. BROWN

market for certain Can-

A Voice from 1776

REMINISCENCES OF A LOYALIST, being an account of the life of the late Colonel Jarvis, written by himself, and edited by Stinson Jarvis. This is one of the most interesting features ever secured for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It gives an account of the War of Independence, from the British standpoint, by one who served seven years under arms in that struggle, mostly with the Queen's Rangers. It describes his own experiences in an informal and personal way, which makes it light and breezy reading—yet more illuminating than any historian's account could possibly be. Then follows the experiences which drove him to New Brunswick in 1784—and sad and typical these were. There he remained until 1808, when he moved to Upper Canada and settled near York. The account of his overland journey will be somewhat of a revelation to those accustomed to electric cars, automobiles, and Pullman coaches. He was in York when that village was captured and burnt by the Americans. His accounts of the siege is probably the only **FIRSTHAND** history of that event in existence. He was then Adjutant-General of the local forces under General Sheaffe. He was in contact with all the leading personages of the period, including Governor Gore, General Brock, and those who succeeded them. He was afterwards Registrar of the county, and later Sergeant-at-arms in the Legislature.

This MS. was never intended for publication, but only to interest a Canadian family at a time when books were rare and printing impossible. It is now to be given to the public practically as it was written, and it must ever remain as one of the most delightful sidelights on Canadian history that has ever been written.

So far as possible, the MS. will be illustrated. It will probably run through four issues, and in any case not more than five—beginning with January.

Leading Articles in January

JOHN MORLEY, Man of Letters, by Professor Pelham Edgar. With Portrait.

THE NEMESIS OF WAR, by Henri Restelle, dealing with the possibility of its final elimination.

REMINISCENCES OF THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON, by Hon. J. J. Curran, who was a personal friend of this late distinguished statesman. With portrait and other illustrations.

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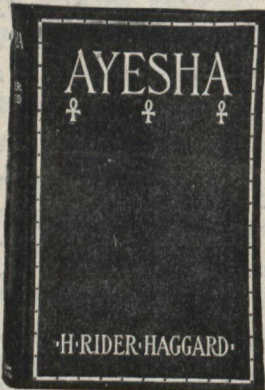
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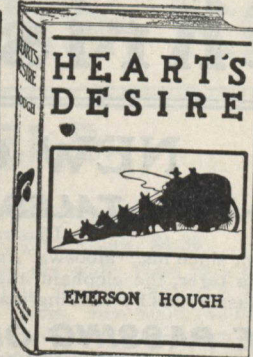
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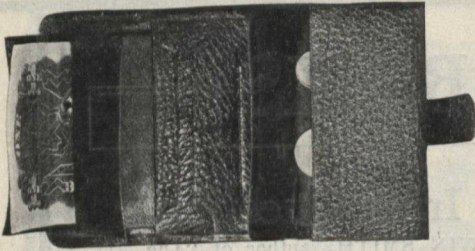
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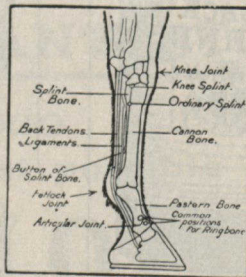
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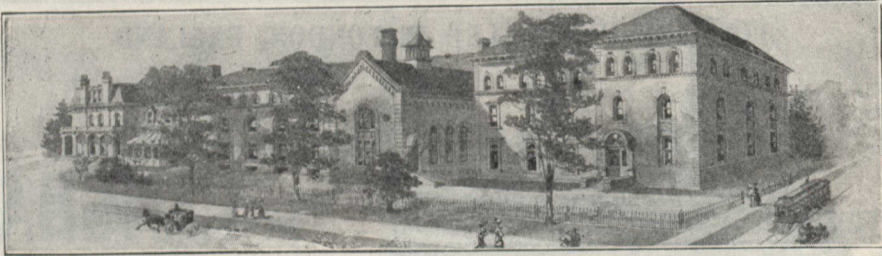
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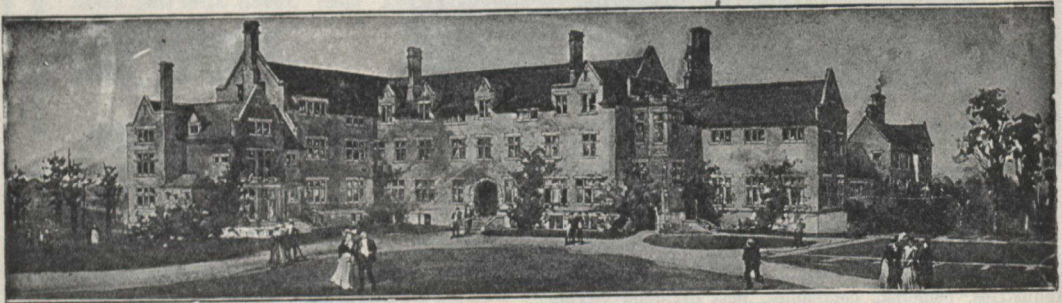


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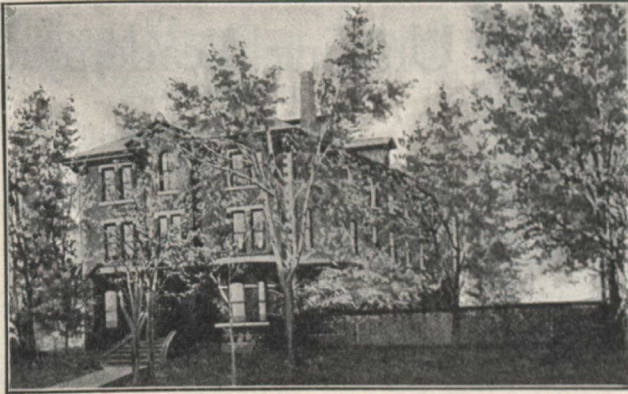
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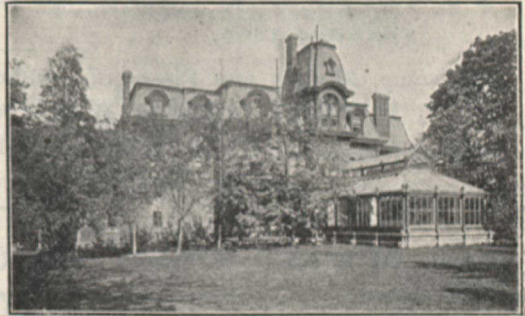
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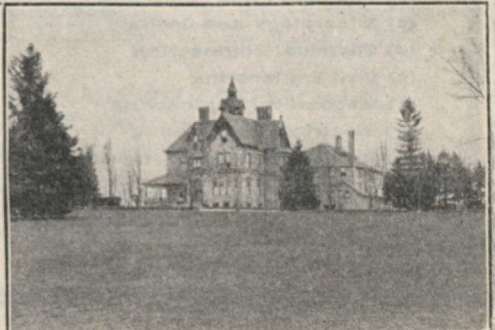
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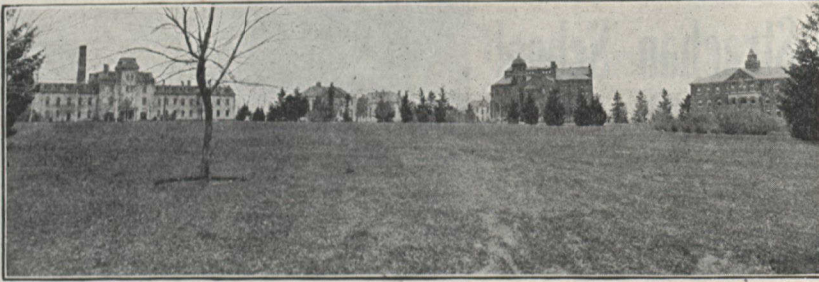
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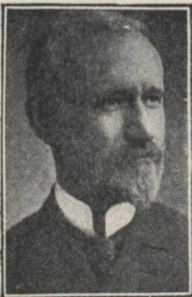
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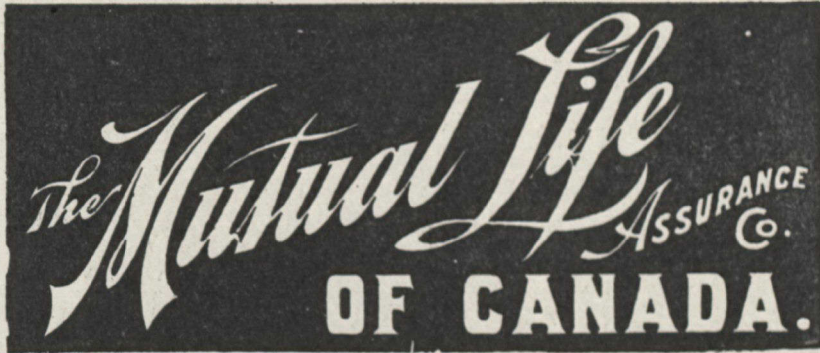
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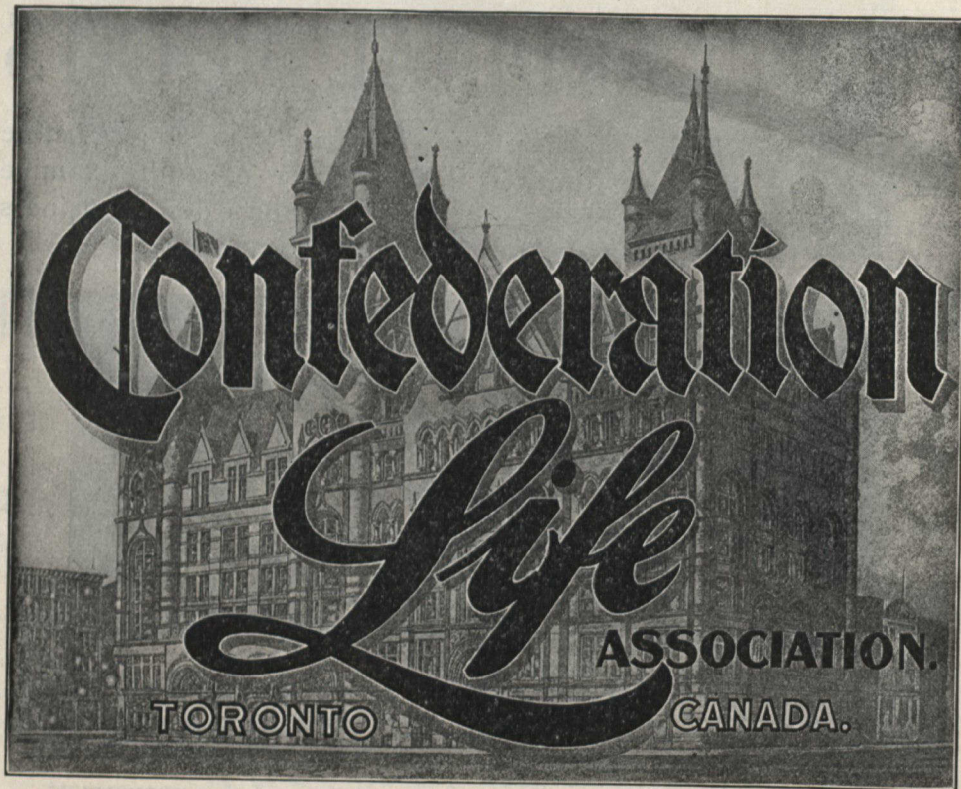
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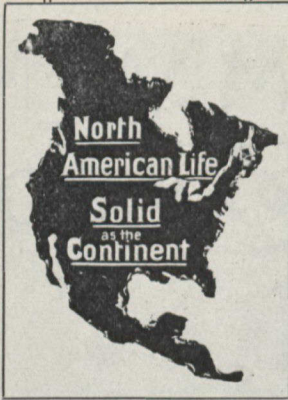
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1897	\$ 37,416.09	\$ 38,426	\$ 336,247.89	\$ 1,185,725
1898	167,410.88	180,761	677,061.71	4,169,125
1899	321,523.20	434,112	930,443.28	7,134,625
1900	294,852.04	597,488	1,102,092.24	9,226,350
1901	360,180.95	798,785	1,344,127.61	10,524,731
1902	481,229.14	1,102,531	1,660,777.19	13,384,119
1903	577,166.54	1,428,637	2,013,888.47	15,408,442
1904	696,885.25	1,768,706	2,404,940.57	17,672,050

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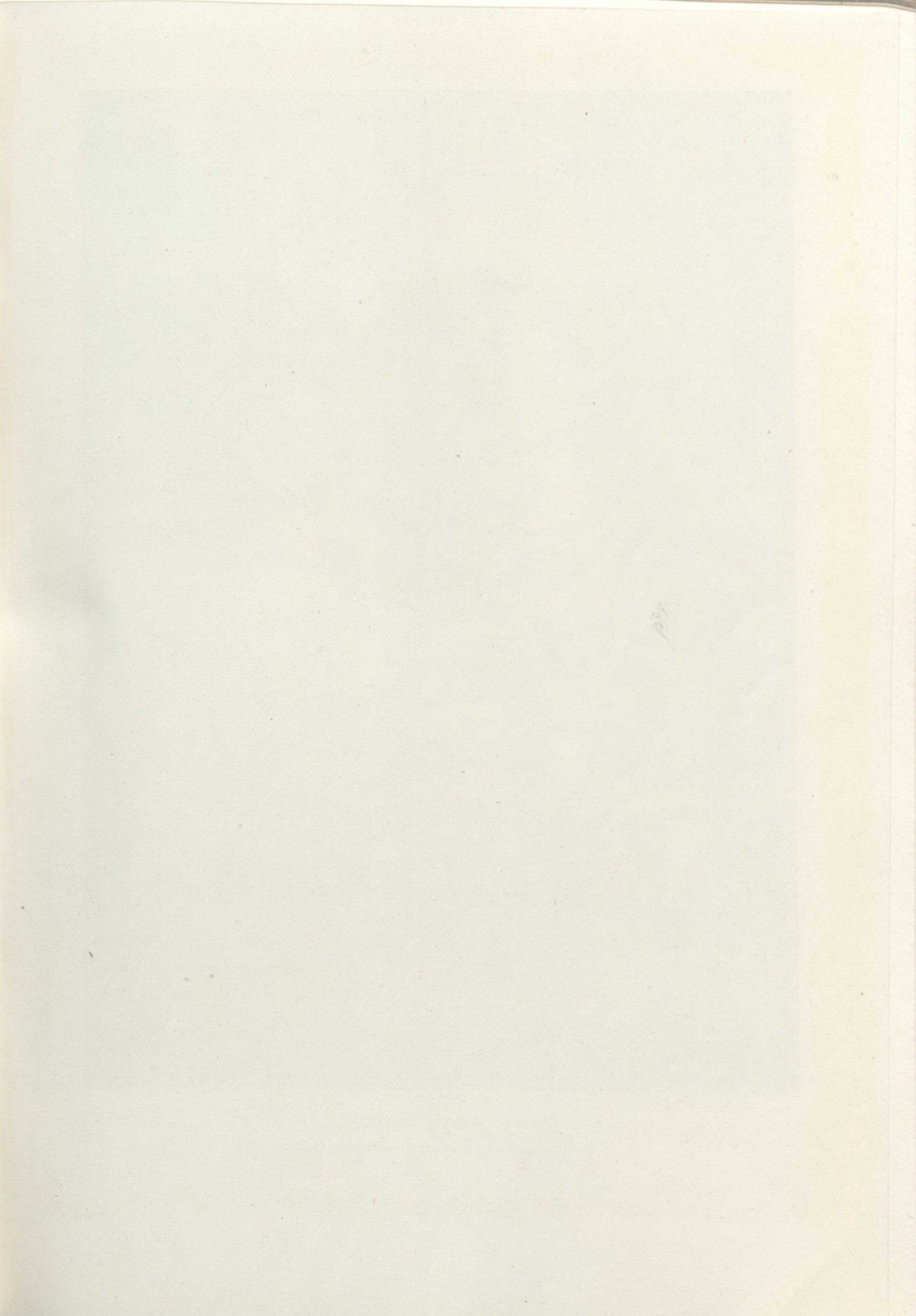
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THE HOLY NIGHT

From the painting by Correggio—Dresden Gallery

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1905

No. 2

Andrea Del Sarto

“The Faultless Painter”

By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN

“All is silver-grey,
Placid and perfect with my art.”

—Robert Browning.



LIKE so many others of the great Italian painters Andrea Vanucchi is universally known to us by his nickname of Del Sarto, given to him as being the son of a tailor (*sartor*). Born at Florence about the year 1487, and dying on January 22nd, 1531, Andrea del Sarto was a close contemporary of Raphael, of Michelangelo, and of many other famous artists of the Renaissance. As a youth Andrea studied under Piero di Cosimo, a mediocre draughtsman though a fine master of colour, and whilst still very young was sent to Rome where, according to tradition, he became so nervous and faint-hearted at seeing the magnificent works with which Raphael and Michelangelo, under the patronage of the warlike Pope Julius II, were then adorning the Vatican, that he was only too thankful to exchange the splendours of the Papal capital for the familiar scenes of his native city. In fact, with the exception of this early visit to Rome, and of his subsequent engagement at the French Court (of which we shall speak presently) the whole of Andrea's life was passed in Florence, so that it is in the Florentine churches and galleries alone that his work can be properly studied and appreciated; indeed, pictures by this master outside Florence itself are comparatively rare.

To Andrea's earlier years belong the beautiful but fast-fading frescoes, depict-

ing scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, which he painted in monochrome, or *chiaroscuro*, on the walls of the tiny cloister of the Scalzo. This work was followed a little later by the truly splendid series of frescoes, all radiant with colour, that Andrea executed for the monks of the Servite Order in the entrance court of their grand new church of the Annunziata. Of these last the bright, graceful composition known as the “Birth of the Virgin,” a simple domestic scene treated in the dignified Italian manner, is considered by modern critics as “an instance of the highest level, in point of execution, attained by fresco.” His marked success as a painter of wall-surfaces now caused Andrea's acknowledged skill to be called into requisition for easel pictures, chiefly altar-pieces for the various Florentine churches and private chapels. One of these works—a *Pietà*, or figure of the dead Christ—found its way by chance in 1516 into France, where it so delighted that generous, art-loving monarch, Francis I, that he immediately sent the young painter a cordial invitation to transfer his studio to Paris. This promise of royal patronage was undoubtedly the one great chance of Andrea's life, but the artist's timid nature and unambitious mind prevented him from taking full advantage of such a golden opportunity. Perhaps King Francis' offer came too late; for Andrea had already married, much to the annoyance both of his patrons and of his pupils, a certain Lucretia del Fede, a young widow, beautiful indeed, but selfish, ill-tempered

and unfaithful. Regretfully leaving behind him his wife, to whom he was passionately attached, the artist in 1518 set out without enthusiasm for Paris, where he was warmly received by the French King; but after a very short residence at court, Andrea somehow contrived to obtain leave to re-visit Florence on a matter of business. The King, relying on his Italian guest's good faith, advanced him money both for the purposes of travelling and for the purchase of certain works of art in Italy; but not only did Andrea break his word by not returning to Paris, but also, presumably at his wife's suggestion, misappropriated the sum entrusted him by Francis. From this time onward, until his death at the premature age of forty-three, Andrea continued to live in Florence an object of mingled pity and contempt, though the powerful Medici princes and various nobles and priests gave him numerous commissions. To this last sad period of his career belong some of his best works that now adorn the three great galleries of Florence; works in which there appear again and again with monotonous regularity the calm, proud features of the worthless Lucretia, who invariably posed as her husband's model for the Madonna. Poverty-stricken and miserable owing to the continual extravagance and misbehaviour of his wife, Andrea in 1531 finally fell ill of the plague, and abandoned alike by friends and family, died all alone in a house that is still standing close to the great Church of the Annunziata that his art had done so much to enrich. Here in this splendid building the unhappy painter was given a humble funeral; and here in after years—if the popular story can be trusted—used to sit Lucretia, when a withered old hag, begging alms of the passers-by, and exciting their interest and compassion by pointing to the picture of herself in her youth and beauty that her dead husband had portrayed in the fresco of the "Madonna del Sacco" over the entrance door.

Andrea del Sarto undoubtedly occupies a very high place amongst the great Italian masters of the Renaissance; and like Correggio, with whom he has not a few points in common, his art may best be described as affording an example of self-

taught genius. His original teacher, Piero di Cosimo, he very early surpassed, and though the influences of Michelangelo, of Leonardo da Vinci, and even of Albert Durer are sometimes traceable in his methods, yet it would be impossible to state that any one of these great contemporary painters was directly responsible for the productions of the Sarto's brush. Of his own pupils the best known is Francia, of whose pictures the National Gallery of London owns some fine examples, although of Andrea himself it possesses only one good specimen—the "Portrait of a Young Man," commonly said to be a likeness of the painter.

Of Andrea's existing works, almost all of which, as we have said before, are to be found in Florence, we have already alluded to the frescoes of the Annunziata, which, though decayed and fading, are still reckoned amongst the artist's most attractive compositions, exhibiting well his marvellous correctness of drawing, his soft and delicate, yet cheerful and varied schemes of colour, and his skill in the grouping of numerous figures. A far better preserved, yet less known work, is the truly glorious fresco of the "Last Supper" (*Il Cenacolo*) on the refectory walls of an obscure convent in the suburb of San Salvi; a composition which ranks second only to Leonardo's world-famous but half-ruined wall painting of the same subject at Milan. Another fine work by Andrea is the "Caesar receiving Tribute," in the royal villa of Poggio Cajano near Florence, in which the addition of fantastic buildings, of strange birds and animals, and of peasants and soldiers, suggests the influence of the rising Venetian school. With the exception of this little known fresco and of a few portraits practically the whole of Andrea's work deals with sacred subjects, although many of the figures composing them are represented in the Italian dress of the period, and likenesses of leading personages are frequently introduced.

We have selected for reproduction here four of Andrea's choicest works. The first, which is usually called the "Madonna di San Francesco," now one of the chief treasures of the vast Uffizi Gallery of Florence, is universally acknowledged as the



MADONNA OF ST. FRANCIS

Sometimes known as "Our Lady of the Harpies" from the decorations on the pedestal.
From the painting by Andrea Del Sarto in the Uffizi Gallery.

painter's masterpiece. "Nothing," says Sir Charles Eastlake, "can exceed the harmonious fusion of tones in which the outlines of the work are almost obliterated, yet the figures stand boldly out before the spectator, especially that of the Virgin, raised on a richly carved marble pedestal, which is supported by two rosy, laughing cherubs with iridescent wings. Here the deep crimson dress and gold-edged blue robe of the Madonna blend well with St. John's mantle of a shade of scarlet especially affected by Andrea; whilst this varied

mass of colour is well balanced by the sober figure on the right of St. Francis of Assisi, who wears the coarse faded brown habit of his order. Although wanting, as usual, in the deep spiritual feeling that constitutes the primary charm in all Raphael's sacred pictures, Andrea's group of the Virgin and her two attendant saints is most dignified and serene; moreover, his almost unrivalled skill in depicting the charms of childhood appears here to great advantage in the graceful forms of the infant Christ and the two cherubs below.



MADONNA OF THE SACK—FRESCO IN CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA

Photograph by Alinari, Florence

Hanging in the same room of the Uffizi Gallery is another beautiful but far simpler work by Andrea, the Apostle James sheltering two orphan children, delightful, quaint little figures in white dresses and hoods. This picture, which originally served as a processional banner for a public orphanage in Florence, was greatly esteemed by that talented writer on sacred art, the late Mrs. Jameson, who describes it as "admirable for its vivid colouring as well as for the Saint's benign attitude and expression." Here the green tunic and bricky-red mantle of St. James, the gleaming white dresses of the two boys and the peaceful country scene of the background all combine to make a delightful harmony in red, white and green. Our third illustration is taken from that most famous of all Andrea's frescoes at the Annunziata, the "Madonna del Sacco," beneath which the artist's widow is said to have sat begging in her old age. This work, though much injured and rapidly decaying, is one of the painter's best known and most popu-

lar compositions, since it was finely engraved by Morghen and has in recent times been reproduced in colour by the English "Arundel Society." St. Joseph in a violet robe is reclining against a sack of wheat (which gives its popular name to the picture), whilst he reads aloud to the listening Virgin who is represented in a rose-red robe with a green veil and on her head the white kerchief with which Andrea almost invariably depicts his wife. Both blue and yellow drapery are introduced, yet in spite of the multiplicity of colours the whole effect is marvellously soft and subdued. Our fourth and last reproduction is that of "St. John the Baptist as a youth" — "*Il San Giovannino*"—a small picture in the Pitti Palace, that is frequently copied by artists. In this work the youthful saint's scarlet cloak and the warm flesh tints of his naked body stand out sharply against the rich browns and sombre shades of the background, making very pleasing effects of light and shade. It is a charming little composition, possessing more



THE APOSTLE JAMES WITH TWO ORPHANS

From the painting by Andrea Del Sarto in the Uffizi Gallery.



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, AS A BOY

From the painting by Andrea Del Sarto in the Pitti Palace Gallery.

spirituality than is usual with Andrea's calm, correct and somewhat mannered art, and it is much to be regretted that it has been greatly injured by wholesale and injudicious restorations.

We will conclude this little sketch of Andrea del Sarto by quoting the apprecia-

tive criticism of his biographer, the literary painter, Vasari, who calls him "the most faultless painter of the Florentines, for perfectly understanding the principles of *chiaroscuro*, representing the distinctness of objects in shadow, and for painting with a truly natural sweetness."



A GROUP OF PROMINENT PERSONS VISITING THE NEW PROVINCES

Hon. Mr. Paterson, Sir Gilbert Parker, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lady Grey, Lord Grey, Lady Laurier and Lady Evelyn Grey.

Photograph by Sumner W. Matheson

Canada, After Twenty Years

By SIR GILBERT PARKER



IT is twenty years since I turned my steps towards the Southern Seas from the land where I was born. During that time I have returned to the Dominion at intervals for short visits, the longest of them being that of 1890, when I saw the country from Rimouski to Nanaimo, and renewed my relations with "the better half of the American continent" after a five years' sojourn in Australia, the Islands of the South, and England. That is the only occasion in which I have seen Canada in summer-time in twenty years, till this past summer. Previously it had been my fortune to find myself on the old

trails in early spring, in late autumn, or in winter-time.

But 1905 must ever be memorable to me for a new and thrilling impression of a great and beautiful land. From the hour when the lichen-covered coast of Newfoundland, with a procession of icebergs of exquisite architecture and primeval whiteness met my eye on the eighth of August last till the afternoon of the sixteenth of September, when I left behind me in the sunset light the faintly-tinted heights of the Ottawa River, and pulled away towards the blue hills of Vermont, *en route* to New York, I saw one long panorama of beauty, the richness of a prom-

ised land which was fulfilling its long-tried promise. It was with a gasp of pleasure almost that I saw again that lovely valley of the Niagara Peninsula in which the towns of Dundas, St. Catharines and Hamilton lie. A little mist, a great deal of sun, the church spires here and there, the undulating wooded spaces stretching away in a delicate richness of air and verdure to the blue softness of the horizon—it was a scene for the brush of a Corot or a Constable. At every leap of the mind's eye the same sweet experience makes the blood beat faster—the Saguenay, Tadousac, and Murray Bay, whose air is like that at La Turbie above Monte Carlo, whose scenery the Mediterranean has nothing in simple beauty to surpass, whose sunsets have a charm which allure the memory long after. A hundred times when I was on the St. Lawrence this summer, at Dorval, at Murray Bay, at Lachine, upon Mount Royal, Matthew Arnold's words came to me:

"Ere the passing hours go by,
Quick, thy tablets, memory!"

It was the call of the heart and mind on the St. Lawrence; it had an iteration in the sylvan outskirts of Toronto, on the Bay of Quinte—sacred to the fame of the Empire Loyalists—at Fort William and Port Arthur, at Keewatin and Rat Portage, at Edmonton—at Edmonton and Strathcona, where nature has given a site for a great city unsurpassed in character and delightfulness in any part of the world. But yet of all that the eye saw nothing was so full of fascination, of inspiring charm, as the vast unfenced spaces in Manitoba and Saskatchewan covered by a golden sea of ripened or ripening wheat. A yellow splendour, in which here and there in the wide prospect great columns of smoke rose up—the straw and chaff from the huge steam threshers which turned those plains of waving wheat into gold. How many times when on that journey to Edmonton and returning did I wish that I could have brought with me to see "the promise of the land, the hope of the year," the six hundred and eighty members who belong to the Imperial Parliament!

Little Englandism could have short life in that Empire of the West, where nature,

however insistent that you should learn her idiosyncrasies as they exist in that northland, is also prodigal in her return for the solicitous care with which you have studied and humoured her. She has insisted that you should learn when to sow and how to sow, that you be not disappointed in your reaping. Frost, the enemy, in time became frost the friend, nourishing the soil and nurturing the young plant which struck its roots into the frost fearlessly. Nature loves to be wooed by Science, and that is why she is giving fall wheat in dry belts in Alberta, which at one time were believed to be doomed to non-production except perhaps through an expensive system of irrigation such as the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Mormon settlement have established, the latter with great success. A scientific cultivation of fall wheat is solving the question, and 83,000 bushels of fall wheat from that district three years ago have become 2,000,000 bushels in 1905.

And is there anything more beautiful to the human eye than "corn in the ear," than the fulness of that first industry which the world knew—agriculture? It has no look like materialism—even at forty bushels to the acre and at ninety cents per bushel! It has the merit of comeliness. Even when it is most successful it looks more human, less material than a woollen mill, a foundry, or a glass factory, or even a distillery! It gives national character strength, force and steadiness; it gives national physique staying power, proportion, and the primary elements of beauty; it forms a reliable basis for all calculation of the national wealth; it is the foundation of industrial enterprise, for from the demands of the farmer comes the industrialist to supply them. And the farmer in Canada has become potent during the past twenty years. Co-operation and scientific education have played their part, and railways have played their part, and new blood has played its part; and the farmer has come to realise that he is no longer at the mercy of the tariff of the United States at the south, and that all he produces has a certain market across the seas—except when he plays tricks with his butter and his cheese and his fruit, and prejudices his market against him. The price he gets for

all general farm produce is fifty per cent. and seventy-five per cent. higher than he got twenty years ago. In other words, Canada has grown wealthier, wages have gone up, labour costs more, progress has sent up rents in towns and cities, most of what the consumer imports costs more because of the increasing cost of living in exporting countries—and the Canadian farmer has the benefit, for his prices have gone up out of proportion to this increased cost of living. He has vastly improved his material condition—is he improving his moral condition?

I do not believe commercial morality is quite as high in Canada as it was twenty years ago; and the farmer has shared in the tendency to moral decline. It is offensive to every Canadian that the national good name should be injured abroad by the shameful processes resorted to by farmers in selling their raw products in the English market. It is a reflection upon our integrity that, in the sale of wheat one kind is sold—say to Japan—and another and poorer kind is delivered, at the same price. Once there was nothing of that kind in Canada, and once Canadian finance was above suspicion, and Canadian political life and its sporting life were commended and commendable in the eyes of the world. From all I have seen and heard of late, the warnings of certain public journals, and of ministers of the gospel are not unwarranted. "Sharp practice" seems to pass as "part of the commercial game," bribery and indirect and direct corruption are more than hinted at as existing in the political field, and sport has become more and more a professional business—the soul has gone out of it. It would not seem that the grosser forms of materialism have gone very far, but they have enough impulse and influence to need correction. I believe that one of the natural correctives lies in the passion for education which possesses the Canadian people. If that does not also become merely a means of getting on in the world, if it manifests its higher influences by a cultivation of art, literature, reading, history, the care of national monuments and historical associations; if it urges the minds of the young to the higher patriotism, to the choice of professions which

stimulate the better faculties and are not devoted to the making of money alone, then the future has hope indeed.

One thing is clear, a national life, a real national life has developed these past twenty years, a real national spirit. Canada has found herself. Twenty years ago the question was, *Whither now?* That question is no longer asked. The country, its people, know where they are going; there is no longer national uncertainty; the Canadian stands no longer at the cross-roads—he is on the straight path of his destiny; national expansion under the British flag, complete control of his own internal affairs, but sharing in the general responsibilities of the Empire to which he belongs, by pursuing a policy in keeping with the general necessities as to defence and the relations of Great Britain and all the other colonies to foreign countries and to each other. The Canadian sees his industrial, commercial and agricultural future clearly. He knows his goal, and he knows that he can get there without concessions from the United States, which refused him commercial fair-play for so long. He knows that he can now command American capital for his enterprises, and that he can control that capital; that he can prevent the growth of tyranny of wealth as it exists in the United States. He recognises that, at any rate, neither law nor its administration can be purchased in Canada; and he is master of the situation. Canada realises that she has a great industrial future to march with her agricultural future, and confidence is the keynote of the life of the Dominion—confidence without bombast or "blowing."

In twenty years Toronto has ceased to be a provincial town, and it has become a metropolis, with fine architecture, and with the shop windows (and the shops are splendid) filled with articles of the most refined and luxurious kind, as near to the centre of fashion in all forms of production as Paris or London. People dress better than they did twenty years ago—style and refinement are everywhere; hotels have improved beyond calculation, and the cooking has advanced greatly. In a club in Montreal or Toronto now, you can get something more than "a cut off the joint." Simplicity with elegance mark

the catering. And here I want to record an impression which I am certain is correct. Canada is daily becoming more sober, and wine and liquors are drunk less and less. The old habit in small villages and country towns of "having a spree" is becoming a thing of the past. Here is one of the effects of a sane materialism. The contest in trade and commerce and industry is becoming too keen for men to run the risk of muddled heads or lax energies. This way safety lies.

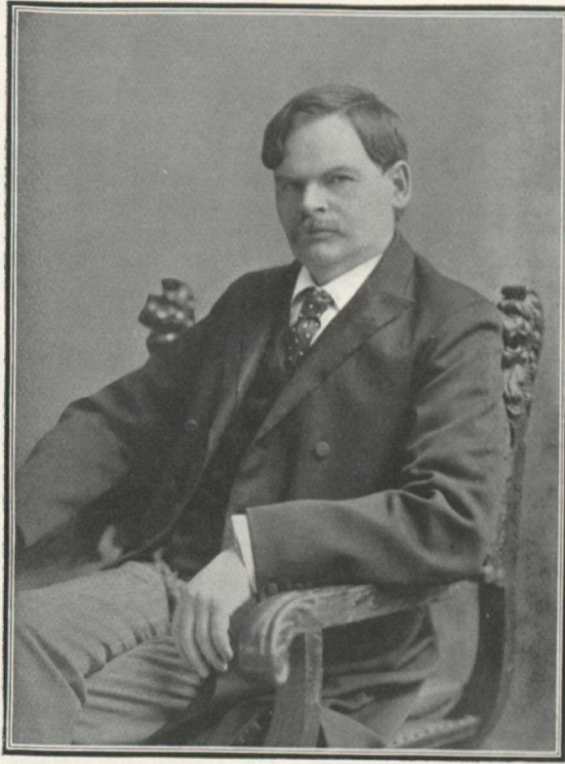
In one thing I am disappointed. I do not see that in twenty years a single step has been taken forward in the cultivation of art, or the national encouragement of art. The material progress has been immense, railways have brought general intelligence with general prosperity; but I see nothing of the cultivation of a love of art, of the finer senses and perceptions. Art stands where it did twenty years ago. A few private collectors in Montreal and Toronto have gathered together pictures of value from Europe, but the public of Canada cannot to-day see a single permanent collection of even good water-colour drawings, to say nothing of oils, by modern masters even. It is a little less than a disgrace that Canada should not have an art gallery—I do not mean a build-

ing alone, as some of the Canadian newspapers have suggested that I meant, but a collection of pictures of merit and worth drawn from the capitals of the world, and reinforced by pictures from Canadian artists who reach the necessary standard—and there is only one standard for art. There are three really good art galleries in Australia. At least thirty thousand dollars is spent yearly in the Commonwealth for pictures by such men as Alma Tadema, Leighton, Millais, de Neuville, Lembach, and so on. Yet Canada has not a single great picture owned by the nation, nor a national gallery, nor a pound set apart for this necessary education of the higher and finer faculties of the people. Only a barren national life in the end can come of such conditions. The imagination must be cultivated or stimulated, or education itself will have at last a deadening effect; its offspring will be monotony, and invention, statesmanship—enterprise itself will suffer. A nation must not be narrow; it must have a well-rounded life; it must cultivate the humanities somewhere else than inside college walls, where, indeed, too little is done in that direction in Canada, or it will find gone from its people in the end the soul of things that matter.

The Flight of Time

BY INGLIS MORSE

THE voiceless stars of night
 Look down upon us in their flight:
 It was the same in ages long ago,
 When the Greek discours'd upon the world's
 vast ebb and flow,
 Or the star of Bethlehem proclaimed
 The Child, whose life the world has shamed.
 And tho' the outer sphere has changed,
 The inner man—the Soul—has rang'd
 The scale from darkness unto morn
 Wherein new hopes are born,
 And men look to the face of Christ and say,
 "Behold, the Old has pass'd away!"



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL

Canadian Celebrities

No. 66—MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL



TWENTY years ago, a reader of the Christmas number of *Varsity* laid the college journal down with the comment: "I don't know anything about the writer of 'Orpheus,' but four lines ought to be immortal. They are the work of the true poet." The four memorable lines have lingered with many who read them, associating themselves with the very soul of music:

"And youth forgot its passion,
And age forgot its woe,
And life forgot that there was death,
Before such music's flow."

The recent publication of a collection of Mr. Campbell's poems, including "all, not dramatic in form, which the

author cares to preserve," naturally leads one who has read his succeeding volumes with increasing interest to review his work and consider his place in the literary world of to-day.

Mr. Campbell was born in the Ontario town of Berlin in 1861, but his boyhood days were spent in the lake region, its beauty making an appeal to a nature singularly sensitive to the wide, free places of the earth. After a course of study at the University of Toronto and at the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, he was ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England in 1885. He was in charge of a New England parish, and afterwards was rector in St. Stephen, New Brunswick. In 1891 Mr.

Campbell retired from the ministry and removed to Ottawa, where, chiefly through the interest of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he was given a position in the Civil Service, and there he has since remained. It will thus be seen that Mr. Campbell is entirely of "our own people," and while the deepest poetry is universal and appeals to the world of humanity where we all are kin, the country where he was born and where he has worked may be justly proud of the poet who was long ago recognised as the first singer of the nation. It is somewhat amusing to read paragraphs, written evidently by juvenile scribes, regarding Mr. Campbell's recent volume and Mr. Carnegie's "library edition," as if the poet were yet unknown, and were being pushed into fame by the Laird of Skibo. Years ago, when the enterprising young persons who so glibly display their ignorance of what has been going on in the literary world, were beginning the study of fractions, the poems of Wilfred Campbell were appearing in such publications as "Harp-er's Monthly," "The Century" and "The Atlantic Monthly," while their merit received recognition from the leading literary authorities of the day, including the exacting and fastidious "Athenæum."

In 1889 the volume "Lake Lyrics" was published, and concerning it the "Athenæum" critic said: "Mr. Campbell has a genuine passion for his lakes, and in his verse they become wonderfully significant, impressive. The changes of the seasons' around them, their own changes under varying skies, the flight of the gulls over them, the sound of the birds calling in the forests—all these things—so strange to us—have passed expressively into the verses in which Mr. Campbell has sung of his world of 'vapour and blue.'" The songs of the lakes are essentially the utterance of youth, but they have a strength and sweetness which give assurance of a new strain. The surge and swing of the sea are heard in the lines of most of England's poets, from Shakespeare to Swinburne. Canada's marvellous life of the lakes has found in these lyrics its only adequate description. To know the lakes is to recognise that the poet has heard their

beating and been thrilled by their wild loveliness. Whether it is the "heaving pearl" of a summer bay, the "throbbing and thunder" of great Huron or the stern grandeur of the "mighty Cape of Storms," the poet has known these things and tells of them in words that gleam and ripple and foam. There is deeper music in his later verse; but no Canadian, into whose soul the beauty of the wild waters has entered, can forget the lighter melody of this earliest volume.

In 1893 followed "The Dread Voyage," in 1895 the tragedies "Mordred" and "Hildebrand," also "The Brockenfiend," in 1896 "Daulac," in 1899 "Beyond the Hills of Dream." "Morning" and "Robespierre" are his latest dramas. "Mordred" is almost painful in subject, although it is strong and remorseless in its grip. It is closer to the Arthurian legend than the Tennysonian "Idylls," but is over-grim for the public taste, which is too much given to fairy-tale conclusions. The songs are snatches of veritable music, but so far there has been too much of the subjective tinge in Mr. Campbell's dramas to make them authentic plays. But it is the opinion of many that the poet has been emerging from the self-consciousness of his earlier work, and that his dramatic power will yet find fitting expression. Whatever may be thought of the "acting qualities" of "Mordred" and the later dramas, their strength and originality are abundantly manifest.

In his introduction to the collected poems Mr. Campbell says: "After all, the real root of all poetry . . . is in the human heart . . . It is man the hoper, man the dreamer, the eternal child of delight and despair, whose ideals and desires are ever a lifetime ahead of his greatest accomplishments, who is the hero of nature and the darling of the ages." It is not strange, then, that we find "Elemental and Human Verse" in the first place in his book, and among more than thirty poems of this class there are several which have the highest inspiration. "Lines on a Skeleton" will be regarded as one of the writer's noblest achievements, for in it he has united

profound thought and lofty imagination:

"This was the mightiest house that God e'er made,
This roofless mansion of the incorruptible.
These joists and bastions once bore walls as fair
As Solomon's palace of white ivory.
Here majesty and love and beauty dwelt,
Shakespeare's wit from these lorn walls looked down.
Sadness like the autumn made it bare,
Passion like a tempest shook its base,
And joy filled all its halls with ecstasy."

There are many poems which tempt the reviewer to complete quotation, whether it is the defiant "The Lyre Degenerate," the exquisite "House of Dreams," or the dramatic "Unabsolved." One can only say that in these first poems the author amply shows his sympathy with the deepest things of life, and his power of interpreting the moods of aspiration and despair which are the lot of humanity. Mr. Campbell has nothing in common with the decadent modern wailer, whose philosophy it would be flattery to term Epicurean. He has been accused of pessimism in sentiment, but the charge is made by the superficial reader. It must be remembered that Mr. Campbell has much of the Celt in his temperament, with all the Celtic response to mystery and "divinest melancholy." What has recently been said of Watts may be true of our Canadian poet: "The unanswered question, the mystery of existence, had more power to stimulate the imagination of the Celt than had the glory and the joy of a fixed faith."

Mr. Campbell is emphatic to intensity, and this quality is occasionally an artistic drawback inasmuch as he knows so well what he thinks, and is so determined to express it, that the form sometimes suffers. He has prejudices and is proud of them, and while he may excite opposition, he will be neither dull nor commonplace. It is possible to quarrel with him, but not to be bored by him. However, his few moments of metrical carelessness are easily forgotten in his hours of genuine inspiration. His poem "The Mother," published in 1891 in "Harper's Monthly," is the utterance of genius touching the terrible, elemental things of

life, and is the highest expression reached by Canadian poetry. It is deep and wide as Nature herself, and in it throbs the mystery of human pain and passion. Its vitality of feeling and beauty of form should preserve it among the great poems of humanity.

In "Bereavement of the Fields," in memory of Archibald Lampman, the tender, wistful loveliness of the verse wins recognition of its fine emotion. Mr. Campbell's attitude towards Nature is that of the child and the dreamer. He preaches no sermons about field or cliff or stream, but lets the beauty around him flow in enriching tide through his verse.

His patriotic poems are spontaneous and glowing with the passion of Celtic ardour. His "England" is magnificently imperial in form and conception, and stirs the blood like the strains of a national chorus. He is jealous of his country's honour, ever upholding the ideal of spiritual growth in his appeals to Canadian sentiment.

We are always ready to applaud the work of the man who builds a bridge or controls a company, but we are slow to see the greatness of him who has that vision without which "the people perish." Wilfred Campbell needs neither patronage nor cheap exploiting, for he has long been recognised as one to whom has been granted the poet's surpassing gift and reward. To read the volume recently published is to feel that here is one who has found ideal expression for the dreams and doubts, the love and aspiration of humanity, for the haunting beauty of hills and river and turbulent lake, for the great world movement towards that "far-off Divine event." To receive the tribute of the literary journals of the English-speaking public is gratifying; to know appreciation from such men as Sir Henry Irving, Mr. William Dean Howells and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, brings a moment of gladness. But, after all, the great world of a poet is the heart of the humble, who are lifted and cheered and strengthened by his revelation of the things which are not seen. His is the abiding triumph:

"For a dreamer lives forever,
While a toiler dies in a day."

Jean Graham.



A DISCIPL E

From the painting by Sir John Millais, Bart., P.R.A., in the Tait Gallery, London

Imperial Organization

A Criticism and a Suggestion

By W. D. LIGHTHALL



HE mission on which Sir Frederick Pollock recently came to the Dominion is one which may turn out to be of very great importance to the Canadian people. The project is explained in his pamphlet entitled "Imperial Organisation," read last April before the Royal Colonial Institute. He came as the representative of a body interested in improving the affairs of the Empire, and described as consisting of "about fifty persons holding almost every kind of opinion in politics, and representing many different professions and interests—among whom are several distinguished present or recent public servants well acquainted with the conduct of public affairs, parliamentary, departmental and executive, and it is not too much to say that their collective experience omits but few parts of the British Empire." Among them are the Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C.; W. Pember Reeves and Dr. Parkin. Sir Frederick Pollock himself is a celebrated legal author, and Dr. Drage, M.P., who accompanied him, is an eloquent man of practical mind, wide sympathy and a reputation for thorough investigations. Much work of discussion and enquiry has been accomplished by the group, and although differing widely in details, they have come to some conclusions concerning which they now seek special criticism.

THE NECESSITY

That the manner of conducting a considerable number of the common affairs of the Empire is loose-jointed, haphazard, unsatisfactory, and even dangerous is generally agreed. The risk to all of us of war through the act of some rash official of an outlying colony is a startling illustration of the present lack of cohesive management. The Alaska tribunal bungle will occur to us as another. The best method of improving the situation is the desideratum

sought. The idea of any kind of formal constitution for the Empire is set aside as impossible, because neither the Parliaments of Great Britain nor the Governments of the Colonies would be willing to give up their powers. Colonial representation in Parliament is also agreed to be impracticable. "We have then to look for some plan which will avoid elaborate legislation and formal change in the Constitution. If possible it should also be capable (the whole matter being novel and experimental) of being enlarged or modified according to what is found most useful by trial. It seems to us that we must distinctly renounce the invention of any new kind of executive or compulsory power. No such power would be accepted by the Colonies unless our information is wholly at fault. We must, therefore, be content with a council of advice which will have only what is called a 'persuasive authority.'" This passage reminds one of a circular of the Ottawa Imperial Federation League in 1890, "to ascertain by enquiry the prevailing views of our people as to the means by which the unity of the Empire may be strengthened," in which it was said: "It is not, as many suppose, one of the functions of the League to propound a new constitution for the British Empire. No scheme worthy of the name is possible, without consulting every interest involved, and no attempt should be made to formulate a scheme except by constituted authority, after obtaining the fullest information respecting the wants and wishes of the several communities concerned."

SIR FREDERICK'S PLAN

Few reasonable persons will disagree with the necessity of some council of advice. Consultation at least—in some regular form—is requisite; and as no complete and effective consultation is possible without coming together—this means some form of a council, with, as Sir Frederick

remarks, due arrangements for keeping the minutes, for obtaining information, and for interim communications. We now come to his specific suggestions, and those of his group. It is proposed to establish an Imperial Committee, or Board, or Council, whose province should be questions of Imperial interest not capable of being disposed of by the Colonial Office, and it is suggested that "for dealing with such questions by way of information and advice, a revival of the ancient functions of the King's Privy Council in a form appropriate to modern requirements would be preferable to any violent innovation."

"As to the constitution of the Imperial Committee, the nucleus of it exists already in the Conference of Premiers which met in 1902, and is expected to meet again next year. The Premiers of the Dominion, of the Commonwealth, and of New Zealand are already Privy Councillors, and no good reason appears why their successors and the future Premiers of a confederated South Africa should not have the same rank as a matter of course. The Colonial Secretary would be a necessary member, and all the heads of the great departments." Privy Councillors once so appointed would remain such even after defeat of their parties. As Colonial Premiers cannot be in England oftener than once in four or five years, and the Imperial Committee should have a continuous existence, communication with the Prime Minister of Great Britain as President, would be made by letter or cable, or through agents. To supplement the work of the Imperial Committee by minor information Sir Frederick would seek out a more numerous body of men—"learned and official persons, men of widespread business, travellers, ethnologists, and comparative students of politics," and have the Secretary obtain any valuable information from them on imperial affairs, with the reward of the honorary title of "Imperial Commissioner." This latter idea may be placed on one side as subsidiary.

As criticism is invited on the general plan, I venture to advance an opinion. I do so with the sole object of contributing to the purpose in view, and with the recognition that the patriotic group in question appear to have done the most valuable

work yet accomplished towards Imperial organisation, and to be within reach of practical success. I am convinced that one of the most pressing tasks of the British race to-day is to solve this question. The interests of the Canadian people are very particularly concerned. We cannot afford to have any more Alaska tribunals selected by heaven knows whom and the devil knows how. We need a body through whom to make our interests and wishes constantly and authoritatively known at the centre of Imperial affairs. Australia needs it, New Zealand needs it, South Africa needs it—and we all need a world-wide understanding clear and constant between us. The alternative is to drift into estrangements. Yet if we did not inherit such an alliance as the empire, it would be the dream of our people to make one, just as it has been that of the Germans, the Slavs and the Latin nations. The United States passed through a similar stage before the colonies united on a constitution after the Revolution; and much of the political wisdom of Alexander Hamilton in the pages of the *Federalist* would be good reading for ourselves.

OBJECTIONS TO IT

The imperative course is therefore to improve what we possess. A council we should have. But is the proposed Committee of the Privy Council the best, or at any rate, a feasible plan? A brief description of that Council and its workings is given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a fuller one in Dicey's *Privy Council*, a list of the members in Whittaker's *Almanack*. I am certain that it would not be acceptable to our people.

First, the democratic spirit of Canada and Australia is opposed to that for which the Privy Council appears to stand. A body of appointees of the Crown for life, and, therefore not responsible to the people; a body containing among its members the episcopal representatives of the State Church of England, and drawn for the most part from the English nobility, representing privilege, precedence and the hereditary principle, would carry too many impossible suggestions to the more modern life of the new nations. These things have a natural and historical origin

in Great Britain, but they belong to the local or provincial England, and have no application to the life of the outer Empire as it really is. In Canada we know nothing of them. I venture to say that to the vast mass of our people the actual feeling is that they are but curiosities heard and read of as existing across the seas.

It is quite true that such a committee might do considerable good work, like the Judicial Committee, the Board of Trade, the Committee on Education, and so forth, and might have no actual connection with the anomalous elements referred to, but in so wide a matter as Imperial affairs, the mind of our people would at least confuse the committee with the larger body as well as object to the appointive and life principles.

Secondly, from its classification with the other committees, it would be too much like a simple department of the Home Government in place of an exponent of other governments no longer practically subordinate. It is important to bear in mind that one-fourth of the white race of the Empire would be unrepresented, and that as this fourth is growing much more rapidly than the three-fourths in local Britain it will, in a very few years—say fifteen—be half as large as that at home, and in another twenty years probably very nearly approach if not exceed it; while in fifty years from now the disparity will be the other way. Whatever plan is adopted ought to be framed in view of the magnitude of such an interest. There is no reason for any of these statements being taken as implying disrespect to any existing author-

ity in England, since they are merely descriptive of the actual situation.

A SUGGESTION

There is another plan which seems to me much more natural and feasible than to form a Committee of the Privy Council. It is to develop the Colonial Conference. In this meeting of Premiers we have a body directly representative of the political voices of its day. It has great possibilities and complete responsibility. In it every interest could find itself mirrored, no extraneous influences open to special objections are present, and it has no past history or awkward precedents to fetter or characterise it. It does not meet sufficiently often; therefore call it annually. "The Colonial Premiers cannot be in England oftener than once in four or five years"; moreover, their position towards their electorates is too nervous to favour such free discussion or action: therefore favour the sending of other delegates than Premiers. Call it the Imperial Conference. Let the British Cabinet be represented in its membership. Place all the questions before it which it is proposed to place before the suggested Imperial Committee. Let it evolve its own procedure, settle and change its own constitution and officers, arrange its interim representatives and communications its own way, and change them as may be found advisable.

It is not necessary for me to explain the proposal more fully. That it is my own is of no consequence to me, since the only rule should be to find what is best for the people; a rule in which I am certain all patriotic men will stand on common ground.



Sowing Seeds in Danny

By NELLIE L. McCLUNG



IN her comfortable sitting-room Mrs. Burton Francis sat, at peace with herself and all mankind. The glory of the short winter afternoon streamed into the room and touched with new warmth and tenderness the face of a Madonna on the wall.

The whole room suggested peace. The quiet elegance of its furnishings, the soft leather-bound books on the table, the dreamy face of the occupant, who sat with folded hands looking out of the window, were all in strange contrast to the dreariness of the scene below, where the one long street of the little Manitoba town, piled high with snow, stretched away into the level, white, never-ending prairie. A farmer tried to force his tired horses through the drifts; a little boy with a milk pail plodded bravely from door to door, sometimes laying down his burden to blow his breath on his stinging fingers.

The only sound that disturbed the quiet of the afternoon in Mrs. Francis' sitting-room, was the regular rub-rub of the washboard in the kitchen below.

"Mrs. Watson is slow with the washing to-day," Mrs. Francis murmured with a look of concern on her usually placid face. "Possibly she is not well. I will call her and see."

"Mrs. Watson, will you come upstairs, please?" she called from the stairway.

Mrs. Watson, slow and shambling, came up the stairs, and stood in the doorway, wiping her face on her apron.

"Is it me ye want, Ma'am?" she asked when she had recovered her breath.

"Yes, Mrs. Watson," Mrs. Francis said sweetly. "I thought perhaps you were not feeling well to-day. I have not heard you singing at your work, and the washing seems to have gone slowly. You must be very careful of your health, and not overdo your strength."

While she was speaking Mrs. Watson's eyes were busy with the room, the pictures on the wall, the cosy window-seat with its numerous cushions—the warmth and

brightness of it all brought a glow to her tired face.

"Yes, Ma'am," she said; "thank ye kindly, Ma'am. It is very kind of ye to be thinking o' the likes of me."

"O! we should always think of others you know," Mrs. Francis replied quickly, with her most winning smile, as she seated herself in a rocking chair. "Are the children all well? Dear little Danny, how is he?"

"Indade, Ma'am, that same Danny is the upsettinst one of the nine, and him only four come March. It was only this morn's mornin' that he says to me, sez he, as I was comin' away, 'Ma, d'ye think she'll give ye pie for your dinner? Thy and remimber the taste of it, wont ye, Ma, and tell us when ye come home?' sez he."

"O, the sweet prattle of childhood!" said Mrs. Francis, clasping her shapely white hands. "How very interesting it must be to watch their young minds unfolding as the flower! Is it nine little ones you have, Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes, nine it is, Ma'am. God save us. Teddy will be fourteen on St. Patrick's Day, and all the rest are younger."

"It is a great responsibility to be a mother, and yet how few there be that think of it," added Mrs. Francis, dreamily.

"Thru for ye, Ma'am," Mrs. Watson broke in. "There's my own man John Watson. That man knows no more of what it manes than you do yourself, that hasn't one at all at all, the Lord be praised, and him the father of nine."

"I have just been reading a great book by Dr. Ernestus Parker on 'Motherhood.' It would be a great benefit to both you and your husband."

"Och, Ma'am," Mrs. Watson broke in hastily. "John is no hand for books and has always had his suspicions o' them since his own mother's great uncle William Mulcahey got himself transported durin' life or good behaviour for having one found on him no bigger'n an Almanac, at the time of the riots in Ireland. No, Ma'am, John wouldn't rade it at all at all, and he

don't know one letter from another what's more."

"Then, if you would read it and explain it to him, it would be so helpful to you both and so inspiring. It deals so ably with the problems of child-training. You must be puzzled many times in the training of so many little minds, and Dr. Parker really does throw wonderful light on all the problems that confront mothers. And I am sure the mother of nine must have a great many perplexities."

Yes, Mrs. Watson had a great many perplexities—How to make trousers for four boys out of the one old pair the minister's wife had given her; how to make the memory of the rice pudding they had on Sunday last all the week; how to work all day and sew at night, and still be brave and patient; how to make little Danny and Bugsey forget they were cold and hungry? Yes, Mrs. Watson had her problems; but they were not the kind that Dr. Ernestus Parker had dealt with in his book on "Motherhood."

"But I must not keep you, Mrs. Watson," Mrs. Francis said, as she remembered the washing. "When you go down stairs will you kindly bring me up a small red notebook, that you will find on the desk in the library?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Mrs. Watson, and went heavily down the stairs. She found the book and brought it up.

While she was making the second laborious journey down the softly padded stairs, Mrs. Francis was making an entry in the little red book.

"Dec. 7th, 1903. Talked with one woman to-day *re* Beauty of Motherhood. Recommended Dr. Parker's book. Believe good done."

Then she closed the book with a satisfied feeling. She would have a very full report for her department at the next Annual Convention of the Society for Propagation of Lofty Ideals.



In another part of the same Manitoba town lived John Watson, unregenerate, a hater of books, his wife and their family of nine. Their first dwelling when they had come to Manitoba from the Ottawa Valley thirteen years ago had been C.P.R. box-

car No. 722, but this had soon to be enlarged, which was done by adding to it other car-roofed shanties. One of these was painted a bright yellow and was a little larger than the others. It had been the caboose of a threshing outfit that John had worked for in '96. John was the fireman, and when the boiler blew up and John was carried home insensible, the "Boys" felt that they should do something for the widow and orphans. They raised one hundred and sixty dollars forthwith, every man contributing his wages for the last four days. The owner of the outfit, old Sam Motherwell, in a strange fit of generosity, donated the caboose.

The next fall old Sam found that he needed the caboose himself, and came with his trucks to take it back. He claimed that he had given it with the understanding that John was going to die. John had not fulfilled his share of the contract, and old Sam felt that his generosity had been misplaced.

John was cutting wood beside his dwelling when old Sam arrived with his trucks, and accused him of obtaining goods under false pretences. John was a man of few words and listened attentively to old Sam's reasoning. From the little window of the caboose came the discordant wail of a very young infant, and old Sam felt his claims growing more and more shadowy.

John took the pipe from his mouth and spat once at the woodpile. Then, jerking his thumb towards the little window, he said briefly:

"Twins. Last night."

Old Sam Motherwell mounted his trucks and drove away. He knew when he was beaten.

The house had received additions on every side, until it seemed to threaten to run over the edge of the lot, and looked like a section of a wrecked freight train, with its yellow refrigerator car.

The snow had drifted up to the windows and entirely over the little lean-to that had been erected at the time that little Danny had added his feeble wail to the general family chorus.

But the smoke curled bravely up from the chimney into the frosty air, and a snug pile of wood by the "cheek of the dure"

gave evidence of John's industry, notwithstanding his dislike of the world's best literature.

Inside the floor was swept and the stove was clean, and an air of comfort was over all, in spite of the evidence of poverty. A great variety of calendars hung on the wall. Every store in town, it seems, had sent one this year, last year, and the year before. A large poster of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition hung in the parlour, and a Massey-Harris self-binder, in full swing, propelled by three maroon horses, swept through a waving field of golden grain, driven by an adipose individual in blue shirt and grass green overalls. An enlarged picture of John himself glared grimly from a very heavy frame on the opposite wall, the grimness of it somewhat relieved by the row of Sunday School "big cards" that were stuck in around the frame.

On the afternoon that Mrs. Watson had received the uplifting talk on Motherhood, and Mrs. Francis had entered it in the little red book, Pearlie Watson, aged twelve, was keeping the house as she did six days in the week. The day was too cold for even Jimmy to be out, and so all except the three eldest boys were in the kitchen variously engaged. Danny under promise of a story was in the high chair submitting to a thorough going over with soap and water. Patsey, looking up from his self-appointed task of brushing the legs of the stove with the hair-brush, loudly demanded that the story should begin at once.

"Story, is it?" cried Pearlie in her wrath as she took the hair-brush from Patsey. "What time have I to be thinking of stories and you that full of badness? My heart is bruk wid ye."

"I'll be good now," Patsey said, penitently, sitting on the woodbox, and tenderly feeling his skinned nose. "I got hurt to-day, mind that, Pearlie."

"So ye did, poor bye," said Pearlie, her wrath all gone, "and what will I tell ye about, my beauties?"

"The pink lady where Jimmy brings the milk," said Patsey promptly.

"But it's me that's gettin' combed," wailed Danny. "I should say what yer to tell, Pearlie."

"True for ye," said Pearlie. "Howld yer tongue, Patsey. What will I tell about, honey?"

"What Patsey said 'll do," said Danny with an injured air, "and don't forget the chockalutt drops she had the day Ma was there, and say she sent three of them to me, and you can have one o' them, Pearlie."

"And don't forget the big plate of potatoes and gravy and mate she gave the dog, and the cake she threw in the fire to get red of it," said Mary, who was knitting a sock for Teddy.

"No, don't tell that," said Jimmy. "It always makes wee Bugsey cry."

"Well," began Pearlie, as she had done many times before. "Once upon a time not very long ago, there lived a lovely pink lady, in a big house painted red, with windies in ivery side of it, and a bell on the front door, and a velvet carpet on the stair, and——"

"What's a stair?" asked Bugsey.

"It's a lot of boxes piled up higher and higher, and nailed down tight so that ye can walk on them, and when you get away up high, there is another house right far-nist ye—well, anyway, there was a lovely pianner in the parlow, and flowers in the windies, and two yalla burds that sing as if their hearts would break, and the windies had a border of coloured glass all around them, and long white curtings full of holes, but they like them all the better o' that, for it shows they are owld and must ha' been good to ha' stood it so long. Well, anny-way, there was a little boy called Jimmy Watson." Here all eyes were turned on Jimmy, who was sitting on the floor mending his moccasin with a piece of sinew. "There was a little boy called Jimmy Watson, who used to carry milk to the lady's back dure; and a girl with black eyes, and white teeth all smiley, used to take it from him, and put it in a lovely pitcher, with birds flying all over it. But one day the lady herself was there, all dressed in lovely pink velvet and lace, and a train as long as from me to you, and she sez to Jimmy, sez she, 'Have you any sisters or brothers at home?' and Jim speaks up real proud like—'Just nine,' he sez; and sez she, swate as you please—'O that's lovely! Are they all as purty as

you?' she sez, and Jimmy sez, "Purtier, if anything'; and she sez, 'I'll be steppin' over to-day to see yer Ma,' and Jim ran home and told them all, and they all got brushed and combed, and actin' good, and in she comes, laving her carriage at the dure, and her in a long pink velvet cape draggin' behind her on the flure, and wide white fer all around it, and the eyes of her just dancin' out of her head, and she sez: 'These are fine, purty children ye have here, Mrs. Watson. This is a rale purty girl, this oldest one. What's her name?' and Ma ups and tells her it is Rebecca Jane Pearl, named for her two grandmothers, and Pearl just for short. She says, 'I'll be for takin' you home wid me, Pearl, to play the pianner for me,' and then she asks all round what the children's names is, and then she brings out a big box from under her cape, all tied wid store string, and she planks it on the table and tearin' off the string, she sez, 'Now, Pearl, its ladies first, tibby sure. What would you like to see in here?' And I says up quick, 'A long coat wid fer on it, and a handkerchief smellin' strong of satchel powder,'—and she whipped them out of the box and threw them on my knee, and a new pair of red mitts too. And then she sez, 'Mary, acushla, it's your turn now.' And Mary sez, 'A doll with a real head on it,' and there it was as big as Danny all dressed in green satin, opening its eyes, if you plaze."

"Now, me!" roared Danny, squirming in his chair.

"Daniel Mulcahey Watson, what wud you like?' she sez; and Danny ups and sez, 'Chockalutts and candy men and taffy and curren buns and gingerbread,' and she had every wan of them. 'Robert Roblin Watson, him as they call Bugsey, what would you like, and Patrick Healey Watson, as is called Patsy, what is your choice?' sez she, and—"

In the confusion that ensued while these two young gentlemen thus referred to stated their modest wishes, their mother came in, tired, and pale, from her hard day's work.

"How is the pink lady to-day, Ma?" asked Pearl, setting Danny down and beginning operations on Bugsey.

"O! she's as swate as ever, an' can talk

that soft and kind about children as to melt the heart in ye."

Danny crept up on his mother's knee, "Ma, did she give ye pie?" he asked wistfully.

"Yes, me beauty, and she sent this to you wid her love," and Mrs. Watson took a small piece out of a newspaper from under her cape. It was the piece that had been set on the kitchen table for Mrs. Watson's dinner. Danny called them all to have a bite.

"Sure it's the first bite that's always the best—a body might not like it so well on the second," said Jimmy, as he took his, but Bugsey refused to have any at all. 'Wan bite's no good,' he said. "It just lets yer see what yer missin'."

"D'ye think she'll ever come to see us, Ma?" asked Pearl, as she set Danny in the chair to give him his supper. The family was fed in divisions. Danny was always in division A.

"Her? is it?" said Mrs. Watson; and they all listened, for Pearl's story to-day had far surpassed all her former efforts, and it seemed as if there must be some hope of its coming true. "Why, children, d'ye think a foine lady like her would be bothered with the likes of us? She is readin' her book, and writin' letthers, and thinkin' great thoughts, all the time. When she was speaking to me to-day, she looked at me so wonderin', and far away; I could see that she thought I wasn't there at all at all, and me farninst her all the time—no, children dear, don't be thinkin' of it, and, Pearl, I think ye'd better not be puttin' notions inter their heads. Yer father wouldn't like it. Well, Danny, me man, how goes it?" went on Mrs. Watson, as her latest born was eating his rather scanty supper. "It's not skim milk and dhry bread ye'd be having if you were her child this night, but taffy candy filled wid nuts and chunks o' cake as big as yer head"—whereupon Danny wailed dismally, and had to be taken from his chair and have the "Little Boy Blue" sung to him before he could be induced to go on with his supper.



The next morning when Jimmy brought the milk to Mrs. Francis' back door, the

dark-eyed girl with the "smiley" teeth, let him in, and set a chair beside the kitchen stove for him to warm his little blue hands. While she was emptying the milk into the pitcher with the birds on it, Mrs. Francis with a wonderful pink kimona on came into the kitchen.

"Who is this boy, Camilla?" she asked, regarding Jimmy with a critical gaze.

"This is Master James Watson, Mrs. Francis," answered Camilla with her pleasant smile. "He brings the milk every morning."

"O, yes; of course, I remember now," said Mrs. Francis, adjusting her glasses. "How old is the baby, James?"

"Danny, is it?" said Jim. "He's four come March."

"Is he very sweet and cunning, James, and do you love him very much?"

"O, he's all right!" Jim answered sheepishly.

"It is a great privilege to have a little brother like Daniel. You must be careful to set before him a good example of honesty and sobriety. He will be a man some day, and if properly trained he may be a useful factor in the uplifting and refining of the world. I love little children," she went on rapturously, looking at Jimmy as if he wasn't there at all, "and I would love to train one for service in the world to uplift and refine."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Jimmy. He felt that something was expected of him, but he was not sure what.

"Will you bring Daniel to see me tomorrow, James?" she said, as Camilla handed him his pail. "I would like to speak to his young mind, and endeavour to plant the seeds of virtue and honesty in that fertile soil."

When Jimmy got home he told Pearlle of his interview with the pink lady, as much as he could remember. The only thing that he was sure of was that she wanted to see Danny, and that she had said something about planting seeds in him.

Jimmy and Pearlle thought it best not to mention Danny's proposed visit to their mother, for they knew that she would be fretting about his clothes, and would be sitting up mending and sewing for him, when she should be sleeping. So they resolved to say "nothin' to nobody."

The next day their mother went away early to wash for the Methodist minister's wife, and that was always a long day's work.

Then the work of preparation began on Danny. A wash basin full of snow was put on the stove to melt, and Danny was put in the high chair which was always the scene of his ablutions.

Pearlle began to think aloud. "Bugsey, your stockins are the best. Off wid them, Mary, and mend the hole in the knees of them, and Bugsey, hop into bed for we'll be needin' your pants anyway. It's awful stylish for a little lad like Danny to be wearin' pants under his dresses, and now what about boots? Let's see yours, Patsey. They're all gone in the uppers, and Billy's are too big, even if they were here, but they're off to school on him. I'll tell you what, Mary, hurry up wid that sock o' Ted's and we'll draw them on him over Bugsey's boots and put 'em on overstockins, and I'll carry him all the way so's not to dirty them."

Mary stopped her dish-washing, and drying her hands on the thin towel that hung over the looking-glass, found her knitting, and began to knit at the top of her speed.

"Isn't it good we have that dress o' his, so good yet, that he got when we had all of yez christened? Put the irons on there, Mary; never mind, don't stop your knit-tin'. I'll do it myself. We'll press it out a bit, and we can put Ma's handkerchief, the one Pa gave her for Christmas, around his neck, sort o' sailor collar style, to show he's a boy; and now the snow is melted, I'll go at him. Don't cry now, Danny, man, yer going up to the big house where the lovely pink lady lives that has the chockalutt drops on her stand and chunks of cake on the table wid nuts in them as big as marbles. There now," continued Pearlle, putting the towel over her finger and penetrating Danny's ear. "She'll not say she can plant seeds in you. Yer ears are as clean as hers," and Pearlle stood back and took a critical view of Danny's ears front and back.

"Chockalutts?" asked Danny, to be sure that he hadn't been mistaken.

"Yes," went on Pearl, to keep him still while she fixed his shock of red hair into

stubborn little curls, and she told again with ever growing enthusiasm the story of the Pink Lady, and the wonderful things she had in the box tied up with store string.

At last Danny was completed and stood on a chair for inspection. But here a digression from the main issue occurred, for Bugsey had grown tired of his temporary confinement and complained that Patsey had not contributed one thing to Danny's wardrobe, while he had had to give up both his stockings and his pants.

Pearlie stopped in the work of combing her own hair to see what could be done.

"Patsey, where's your gum?" she asked. "Git it for me this minute," and Patsey went to the "fallen leaf" of the table and found it on the inside, where he had put it for safe-keeping.

"Now, you give that to Bugsey," she said; "and that'll make it kind o' even, tho' it does look as if you wuz gettin' off pretty light."

Pearlie struggled with her hair to make it lie down and "act dacint" but the image that looked back at her from the cracked glass was not encouraging, even after making allowance for the crack, but she comforted herself by saying, "Sure it's Danny she wants to see, and she won't be lookin' much at me, anyway."

Then the question arose, and for a while looked serious. What was Danny to wear on his head? Danny had no cap, nor never had one. There was one little red toque in the house that Patsey wore, but by an unfortunate accident it had that very morning fallen into the milk pail, and was now drying on the oven door. For a while it seemed as if the visit would have to be postponed until it dried, when Mary had an inspiration.

"Wrap yer cloud around his head and say you wuz feart of the earache, the day is so cold."

This was done, and a blanket off one of the beds was pressed into service as an outer wrap for Danny. He was in such very bad humour at being wrapped up so tight that Pearlie had to sit him down on the bed again to get a fresh grip on him.

"It's just as well I have no mitts," she said as she lifted her heavy burden. "I couldn't howld him at all if I was bothered with mitts. Open the dure, Patsey, and

mind you shut it tight again. Keep up the fire, Mary. Bugsey, lie still and chew your gum, and don't fight, any of yez."



When Pearlie and her heavy burden arrived at Mrs. Francis' back door, they were admitted by the dark-haired Camilla, who set a rocking chair beside the kitchen stove for Pearlie to sit in while she unrolled Danny, and when Danny in his rather remarkable costume stood up on Pearlie's knee, Camilla laughed so good-humoredly that Danny felt the necessity of showing her all his accomplishments, and so made the face that Patsey had taught him by drawing down his eyes, and putting his fingers in his mouth. Danny thought she liked it very much, for she went hurriedly into the pantry and brought back a cookie for him.

The savoury smell of fried salmon, for it was near lunch time, increased Danny's interest in his surroundings, and his eyes were big with wonder when Mrs. Francis herself came in.

"And is this little Daniel?" she cried rapturously. "So sweet; so innocent; so pure. Did Big Sister carry him all the way? Kind Big Sister. Does oo love Big Sister?"

"Nope," Danny spoke up quickly. "Just like chockalutts."

"How sweet of him! Isn't it really?" she said; "with the world all before him, the great untried future lying vast and prophetic waiting for his baby feet to enter. Well has Dr. Parker said, 'A little child is a bundle of possibilities and responsibilities.'"

"If ye please, Ma'am," Pearlie said timidly, not wishing to contradict the lady, but still anxious to set her right. "It was just this blanket I had him rolled in."

At which Camilla again retired to the pantry with precipitate haste.

"Did you see the blue, blue sky, Daniel, and the white, white snow, and did you see the little snowbirds whirling by like brown leaves?" Mrs. Francis asked with an air of great childishness.

"Nope," said Danny shortly. "Didn't see nothin'."

"Please Ma'am," began Pearlie again.

"It was the cloud around his head on account of the earache that done it."

"It is sweet to look into his innocent young eyes, and wonder what visions they will some day see," went on Mrs. Francis dreamily, but there she stopped with a look of horror frozen on her face, for at the mention of his eyes, Danny remembered his best trick and how well it had worked on Camilla, and in a flash his eyes were drawn down, and his mouth stretched to its utmost limit.

"What ails the child?" Mrs. Francis cried in alarm. "Camilla! Come here!"

Camilla came out of the pantry and gazed at Danny with sparkling eyes, while Pearlle, on the verge of tears, vainly tried to awaken in him some sense of the shame he was bringing on her. Camilla hurried to the pantry again, and brought another cookie. "I believe, Mrs. Francis, that Danny is hungry," she said. "Children sometimes act that way," she added, laughing.

"Really, how very interesting! I must see if Dr. Parker mentions this strange phenomenon in his book."

"Please, Ma'am, I think I had better take him home now," said Pearlle. She knew what Danny was, and was afraid that greater disgrace might await her. But when she tried to get him back into the blanket, he lost every joint in his body and slipped to the floor. This was what she had feared—Danny had gone limber.

"I don't want to go home," he wailed dismally. "I want to stay with her, and her; want to see the yalla burds; want a chockalutt."

"Come Danny, that's a man," pleaded Pearlle; "and I'll tell you all about the lovely pink lady when we go home, and

I'll get Bugsey's gum for ye, and I'll——"

"No," Danny roared; "tell me now about the pink lady; tell her, and her."

"Wait till we get home, Danny, man!" Pearlle's grief flowed afresh. Disgrace had fallen on the Watsons, and Pearlle knew it.

"It would be interesting to know what mental food this little mind has been receiving. Please do tell him the story, Pearlle."

Thus admonished, Pearlle, with flaming cheeks began the story. She tried to make it less personal, but at every change Danny screamed his disapproval, and held her to the original version, and when it was done, he looked up with his sweetest little smile, and said to Mrs. Francis, nodding his head: "It's you! You're the lovely pink lady."

There was a strange flush on Mrs. Francis' face, and a strange feeling stirring her heart, as she slid from the chair and clasped Danny in her arms.

"Danny! Danny!" she cried. "You shall see the yellow birds, and the stairs, and the chocolates on the dresser, and the pink lady will come to-morrow with the big parcel."

Danny's little arms tightened around her neck.

"It's her!" he shouted. "It's her!"

When Mrs. Burton Francis went up to her sitting-room, a few hours later to get the "satchel" powder to put in the box that was to be tied with the store string, the sun was shining on the face of the Madonna on the wall, and it seemed to smile at her as she passed.

The little red book lay on the table forgotten. She tossed it into the waste-paper basket.



The St. Lawrence River*

By "REVIEWER"



FOR three centuries the history of the St. Lawrence has been the history of Canada. Its broad estuary suggested to the first explorers the hope of reaching the mysterious East of Marco Polo. If disappointed in reaching the romantic East this noble river was the highway by which they reached the new West—a region so rich in its resources that the struggle for its possession changed the history of the world.† Strange as it may appear, the St. Lawrence was the gateway by which the discoverers of the remoter parts of the northern continent entered. Quebec or Montreal has been the starting-point of more exploring expeditions than any other place in the world. It was from these straggling hamlets there went forth on their dangerous and adventurous missions, the discoverers of the Great Lakes, the discoverers of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Mackenzie and the Fraser. It was from these same hamlets there went forth those devoted black-robed priests to carry to half-starved savages the gospel of Christ, and in many cases to find the death of a martyr.

What a wealth of romantic incident, of historical changes, of human activity, of marvellous progress, lend their charm to the natural attractions of this magnificent waterway! In how short a time has the frail canoe of the savage, with its bundle of skins, given way to the giant steamers laden with the wealth of the prairies! For three centuries it has been the outlet of an ever-increasing commerce until now its total tonnage rivals that of the Suez Canal. For myriad centuries it has been the outlet for more than one-third of the fresh water of the globe, unequalled in clearness and in volume. Its course is diversified by vast inland seas and by sublime water-

fall, by rushing current and roaring rapid, by lake and by bay in which cluster hundreds, even thousands of islands. On its banks have been fought battles that have decided the fate of a continent. What a wealth of romance clusters about almost every mile of its course from Montreal to the sea! On its northern bank in the Province of Ontario lie rich, cultivated farms, prosperous manufacturing towns, largely peopled by that chivalrous band of United Empire Loyalists who left their confiscated homes in the old colonies to struggle again with the wilderness, considering no sacrifice too great to enjoy the privileges of British institutions. For over a century the uncompromising loyalists or their descendants have been slowly conquering the forces of nature, and if any unifying influence were needed to spur them to greater exertions for home and flag, it was afforded by the invasion of their peaceful homes by their revengeful enemies to the south, or by sedition within their own borders. Their monument is the rich agricultural areas they won from the wilderness, the dozens of prosperous cities and towns, the magnificent canals that no country in the world can rival, and lastly a free, happy and united commonwealth, greater in its possibilities for all that tends to future usefulness and well-being than any other portion of the globe.

Dr. Dawson has told the story of the discovery, exploration and occupation of the valley of the St. Lawrence. His work is so well done that his volume will remain the standard reference book on this subject. Mr. George Waldo Browne has attempted to combine the historical and legendary knowledge with the story of the exploration of the river. This work is so unsatisfactory and so full of errors that one may be justified in giving it more public examination than it has hitherto received.

Mr. Browne's promise in the preface, "to collect and embody in one volume a complete and comprehensive narrative of this great waterway," not even a care-

*The St. Lawrence River: Historical, Legendary, Picturesque, by George Waldo Browne. Cloth, illustrated, 365 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905.

†Cf. Macaulay's "Frederick the Great."

less reader would believe to be fulfilled. The historical descriptions are meagre, inaccurate and scrappy; the legendary parts, though often well written, are disappointing both as to substance and as to number. It is in delineating the picturesque that Mr. Browne is at his best, but even here we usually have rhapsody rather than sane description—words, idle words, not an individualising of the scene and a cumulation of its salient features. And over him, in all his travels, hovers the Goddess of Blunder with outspread wings. From many of these errors of fact, one of the smaller school histories of Canada would have guarded him. The plan is discursive, wandering and redundant, and the author's excuses in the preface but bear out the accusation. It is in marked contrast to the methodical and natural development of the same subject by Dr. Dawson. Mr. Browne has the point of view of a traveller who frequently returns to the same place; Dr. Dawson that of an explorer and geographer, who by the grace of some supernatural power has been permitted to extend his wanderings over three centuries.

One almost fancies after reading the volume that all the preparation Mr. Browne had was a trip from Toronto to Quebec and the Saguenay, and return, by the Richelieu line of steamers. The places the steamer passes in the night are never described.

But to descend to details. The voyages of Cartier occupy about thirty-two pages, and contain about as much accurate information as might reasonably be condensed into as many lines. Of the misinformation, here is a characteristic paragraph:

"The passage of the Atlantic was made without serious delays, but off the shore of Newfoundland, Cartier experienced such stormy weather that, after going as far as the Strait of Belle Isle, he was fain to turn south, by this manœuvre accomplishing the first navigation of the coast. Rounding the Magdalene (*sic*) Islands, he entered the gulf, and sailing along the shore of Prince Edward's (*sic*) Island, he made on the 8th of July the Bay of Chaleur, giving it the name by which it is now known from the excessive heat of the day (p. 19).

Apart from the incorrect spelling indicated, and the error in date, the writer

takes Cartier into the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the wrong passage. He also has fallen into the error of attributing a fourth voyage to Cartier in 1544, to bring back Roberval—a fiction that at the best rests on the incorrect interpretation of a sentence by Lescarbot, which has been cleared up satisfactorily to all students of history.

On page 193 he says:

"Then the lily standard of France, the *Fleur-de-lis* of Champlain, the founder of the city, the proud emblem under which Frontenac had conquered, came down from its lofty position, and in its stead was flung to the breeze the red cross of St. George."

This is a sounding sentence, but the flag that was flung to the breeze in 1759 was the two-crossed flag of Britain, not the red cross of St. George, or the flag of England as it is called on p. 196. Again on p. 328:

"What is true of these rifts (Lachine) applies to the rapids of Split Rock, where we are lifted bodily 82 feet in three locks of the Long Sault and of all intermediate falls. It is clearly a case of nature outwitted and baffled by man."

In this paragraph Mr. Browne has baffled both nature and man. The reference is to the Soulanges Canal, where we are lifted 84 ft. by five locks, and as for the statement "in three locks of the Long Sault and of all intermediate falls" it is nonsense.

Soon after this the author is in Lake St. Francis as the sun is going down, and with a last picturesque fling before darkness closes in upon the scene thus attempts to fill the hiatus that night seems always to cause in his knowledge.

"The next place of importance on the north bank is the bustling town of Cornwall, and here are the last series of locks, six in number, and the canal 12 miles long, completing the grand ascent of the river, which had a total fall between here and Montreal of 206½ feet. These canals have a navigable depth of fourteen feet. The 45th parallel here intersects the St. Lawrence, so the river is no longer entirely Canadian, the line dividing Canada from the United States crossing here, as well as making the division between the two provinces of the Dominion." (p. 332).

Had Mr. Browne been travelling in daylight he would have observed three more canals, totalling 12 miles in length, before the ascent of the river is completed,

and on two of them locks 800 ft. in length, the largest on the St. Lawrence system except that of Sault Ste. Marie, which is 900 ft. long. By consulting the map at the end of his own volume Mr. Browne will see that the 45th parallel does not make the division between Ontario and Quebec.

There is not a word of the factories of Cornwall or of the monument at Crysler's Farm, erected to commemorate the defeat of Gen. Wilkinson's grand army of invasion in 1813. These are passed by the steamer in the night. Nor does daylight seem to enlighten him. Prescott is the next occasion for error:

"During the Fenian *insurrection* in 1865-66 Prescott was again the scene of warlike excitement, when the Fenian forces *encamped here* upon the eve of the intended *invasion of Canada*. Happily these and many other disturbing scenes have passed into memory, and the quiet old town lies dreaming of the day when she shall awaken to the possibilities nature has promised her. (p. 337)

The italicised words in the first sentence plainly indicate that the author has failed to understand the Fenian Raids, while the last sentence is a minor example of the writer's verbosity.

On p. 207, in describing the concerted attack on Montreal by the Americans in 1813, after mentioning Hampton's defeat at Chateaugay, he says:

"In the meantime Gen. Wilkinson got down as far as Cornwall, where he learned that Hampton had retreated. Without his co-operation he did not deem it wise to push down to Montreal. Accordingly he went into winter quarters on Salmon River, thinking to make up in part for his disappointment by capturing Prescott and Kingston."

This passage shows either the author's ignorance of the events of Wilkinson's expedition, or a wilful neglect to state the truth. Gen. Wilkinson gathered at Sackett's Harbour an army of 8,000 men, intending to take Kingston and Prescott, and concentrate with Hampton to take Montreal. With this large army he was

afraid to attack Kingston, defended by a few hundred British and Canadians, and the expedition embarked in 300 small boats attended by several gunboats, and passed rapidly down the river, slipped past Prescott under cover of night and a heavy fog. In the narrow parts of the river the flotilla was so persistently annoyed by the loyal inhabitants, that Wilkinson resolved to land and disperse them. He encamped just east of the present village of Iroquois, and his march was so impeded by the guerilla tactics of the settlers that Col. Morrison, in command of a corps of observation of about 600 men, had time to overtake the Americans at Crysler's Farm, about five miles east of Morrisburg, where on Nov. 11th this force, with the Dundas Militia, in all about 800 men, gave them such a drubbing that they retreated to their own side of the river with a loss of 339 killed and wounded, and over a hundred prisoners. What nonsense then to talk of taking Prescott or Kingston!

Mr. Browne is not much happier in his description of Amherst's expedition from Oswego to Montreal in 1760. He confuses Forts La Presentation and Lévis, making it appear that they were one and the same fort. The facts are that when Amherst's expedition was on its way to Montreal the French abandoned Fort La Presentation which was at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, where Ogdensburg now stands, and concentrated their forces at Fort Lévis on what is now called Chimney Island, some miles east. This was the fort reduced by Amherst, and was called by him Fort William Augustus.

It would be tedious even with space at one's disposal to point the dozens of mistakes in the book. Enough has been written to show that Mr. Browne was not equal to the task before him and consequently has violated the solemn, unwritten contract that every author makes with his readers.



The Lure of the Better West

By AUBREY FULLERTON



HERE are two things, of very different proportions, that are eloquent of a country's growth and its power to attract. The double-railed line that stretches straight across the prairie, an iron pathway that took courage to build, is one; and the other is such a simple thing as I saw by a roadside in southern Minnesota. A family of six—man, wife, and four children—at dinner, with a charcoal stove to cook on, and greensward for a table; their waggon drawn up a bit from the road, and the horses feeding in a patch of clover, that seemed to be all, and at first sight it indicated nothing more than a noonday picnic. But when I found that this was an immigrant family on its way to Canada, the picnic assumed a national interest. A dinner by the roadside was quite an unimportant thing in itself, but as an incident in an overland journey from Iowa to Manitoba, by way of Minnesota and Dakota, it was immensely significant. A long moving was this, with a waggon-load of goods and chattels that included many heirlooms but must have left many more behind; and all for the sake of a new home in Canada. Here was evidence of Canada's power to attract.

That was five years ago, when more people moved by waggon, and fewer by rail, than to-day. In that same year another family of six drove from Kentucky to the Prince Albert district, a journey of 2,000 miles. There have been not many longer, though a family of Scotch gipsies, whom I saw at Kingston a few years ago, claimed to have once driven from Kansas to Montreal, spending six months on the road. Gipsies, however, are not immigrants.

By prairie schooner or by steam train, the people are still going, and in larger numbers. The movement from the American West to the Canadian West has, indeed, become one of the most significant phases of the immigration situation in

Canada. One-third of the total number of immigrants last year were from the United States, a round total of 45,000; and the numbers will be equally large, or larger, this year, though the proportions may not be the same. If the front door to Canada means the nearest entrance to her treasure-house, it is not at the ocean ports, but at some point along the international boundary.

In common with other race or class movements to the new West, the coming of these American land settlers has an interest beyond that of the census returns. There is a dramatic side to it, a deep and compelling human interest. It is one of the things that after reaching a certain stage can be most graphically described not in figures but in figure. The house-mistress who has only an occasional visitor speaks of her guests as "company," but when they come in perplexing numbers she is "deluged"; company-day for Canada is past, and the new arrivals are now spoken of, in the press and out of it, as an inflowing tide. That means more, because it not only expresses something of the size of the movement but hints at the eagerness which prompts it. In other words, it lets in the personal element.

The coming of the people, and their settling down to the rights and duties of Canadian citizenship, is now a common enough picture in the West. As seen from the other side of the border, however, the picture has quite a different face. It is still that of a tide, apparently irresistible, but a tide that is going, not coming. From that point of view, the process of Canadian colonisation has certain unique features and an interest which perhaps equals that of its nearer aspect.

For it is no small thing to move from one home to another. That immigrant family at dinner by the roadside—by what lengthened course of reasoning and talking it over, by what present discontent and what visions of the future, had they at last decided to go to Canada? The discus-

sions by day and the dreams by night; the hopes and fears; the loathing to go, yet the wishing for better fortune; the preparations and expectations: these would make a book and perhaps would reveal tragedies. Multiply this one family's case by several thousands, and see what a maze of human interest you are in.

The why of it is, from that point of view, the most important feature. Speaking generally, the farmers of the Western States move north because they can sell their own farms at a high figure and buy at a considerably lower figure, or take up free homesteads, in Canada. But that does not tell it all. There is a certain leaven of dissatisfaction at work. Not all the men who move are owners of their farms, but rent them at four or five dollars an acre, paying all working expenses in addition to their rentals; these renters yield readily to the attractive prospect of farms of their own across the line, and many of them are able to move with considerable ready money. A still stronger magnet with all classes is the superior fertility of the Canadian soil; Minnesota's average is twelve bushels an acre, Manitoba's twenty-one. The difference makes it worth while moving.

Iowa, one of the best farming states in the West, has probably suffered more than any other by loss of its settlers. It is a corn state, and wheat appears to attract more than corn; and so when people began to leave the Dakotas and move across to Manitoba, a movement set in from Iowa to take the vacant places in Dakota; but now the Iowans themselves are going to Canada. Minnesota is a wheat country, settled by a thrifty German and mixed element, including some former Canadians who went from the eastern provinces in the early exodus days. It contributes to the movement a good class of sturdy, industrious farmers, trained to prairie life and knowing from experience what awaits them.

The immigration of a single year included colonists from every state in the Union except Florida. The states chiefly affected are, in order of numbers, Minnesota, North Dakota, Iowa, South Dakota, and Nebraska; these are the sources of the so-called American invasion. North Da-

kota so closely adjoins Canadian territory that a move across the border is a comparatively simple matter; southern Minnesota and Iowa are more truly typical of immigration conditions and afford perhaps the best example of how Canada's campaign for settlers is carried on.

The Canadian Government has a joint immigration office for these two states at St. Paul, which with ten railroads radiating in as many directions, is second only to Chicago as a strategic centre. Occasionally, too, a settler comes up the Mississippi. A steady stream of northward-bound colonists passes through St. Paul, whose importance in Canadian eyes consists in the fact that it is a chief gateway to the Canadian West.

This year's immigration will in point of numbers be somewhat ahead of 1904, and in quality it will establish a record. Twelve thousand persons, from these two states alone, will have moved up to Canada by the time snow flies, and this very considerable company is made up of a specially desirable class of people. That is another unique feature, that Canada attracts not merely the many but the best. A large number of the immigrants are of British blood, former settlers in the States who are now moving to British soil again. The return for the sake of returning is not, however, a first motive; there are more substantial reasons behind this northward trek, as already indicated.

How these people from the Western States are converted to the Canadian idea is a process as ingenious as it is effective. In theory and practice it is essentially missionary work, on a business basis. For several years Canada has been carrying on a national publicity campaign in the United States that places her among the leading advertising agencies in America. It works out in a multitude of details.

Such a thing as the location of the immigration office, for instance, has an importance. With St. Paul as an example again, the office is a ground floor one near the railway station. Numbers of travellers, coming from the station or going to it, pass this office at all times of day and night, and day or night they are confronted by a window display of Canadian grains,

judiciously labelled. It draws well, for many stop to inquire.

An interest thus awakened is the first step. Names and addresses are taken, and literature is afterwards mailed to them, at intervals. A similar means of creating interest is the fair exhibit. For the past ten years the department has made attractive exhibits at state and county fairs throughout the West, with good results. The most important of these exhibitions is the Minnesota State Fair, an annual event modelled after the Toronto Exhibition and, second to it, the largest on the continent. This year's Canadian exhibit at the Minnesota Fair was made up of an attractive display of grains and vegetables from Manitoba and the Northwest. It was quite evident that the display served its purpose; people saw it, stopped, passed on, then went back and asked questions. Numerous other fairs in neighbouring counties and states serve a similar end, as a mail of a score or more of letters of inquiry every day goes to show. As nearly as possible it is the mail order system applied to immigration.

It is one thing, however, to interest people when they come to be interested, and quite another thing to reach them in their own homes. The farmer who does not visit fairs and cities must be appealed to by a different kind of publicity. And after all, these are the men whom it is most important to reach, for the chances are, they are the busy, thrifty people who have the makings of the best settlers. Their interest is first challenged by advertisements in their farm or local papers, some eight thousand of which are used throughout the United States. Many of these being patent-insides, and a score or more of papers being thus covered by one contract, the expenditure is not so extravagant as might appear. Effective advertising has also been obtained through occasional press excursions, by means of which American newspaper editors have been taken to the Canadian West and shown its sights. They tell about it afterwards in their papers.

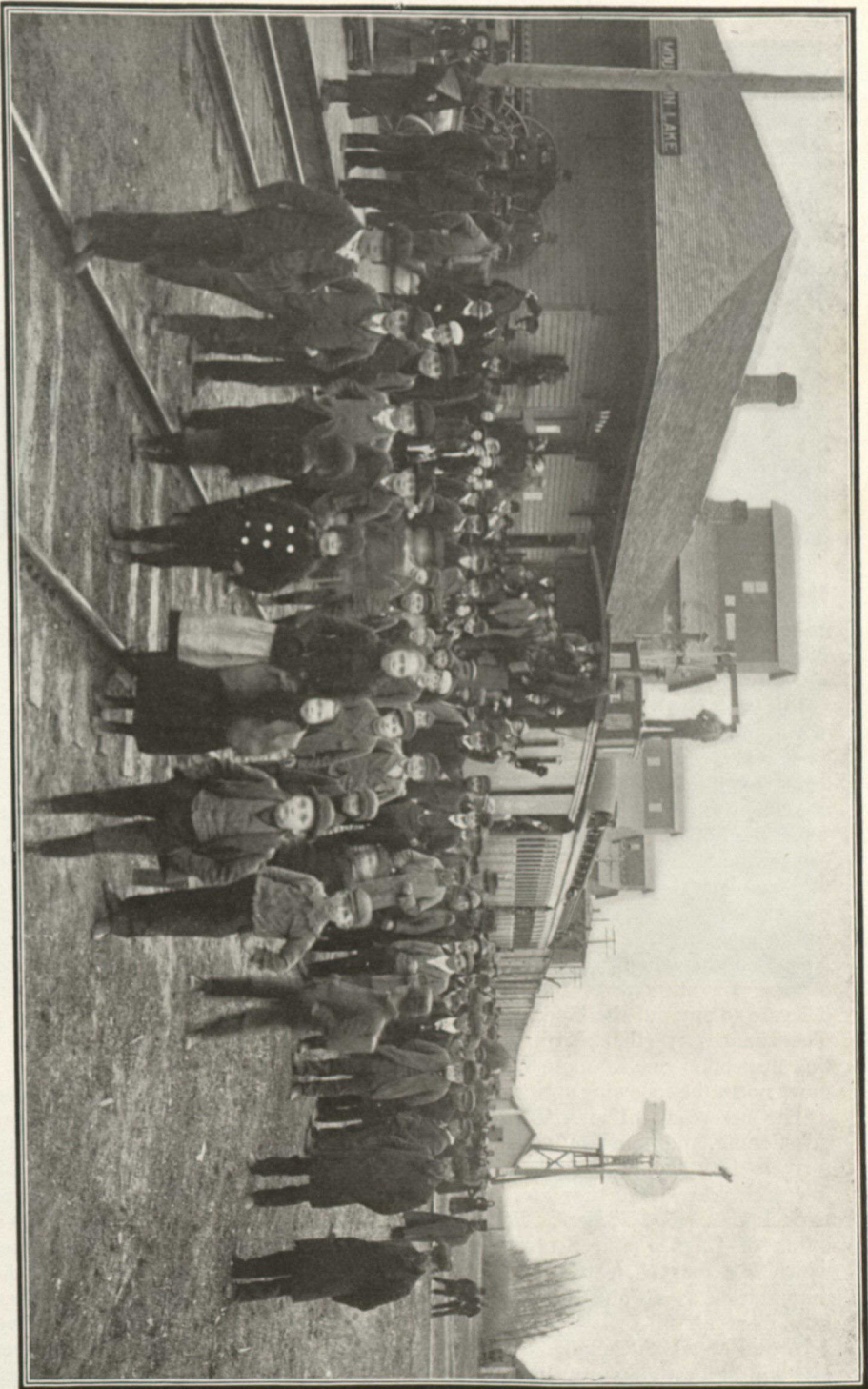
The personal canvass comes next. At certain seasons the immigration agents drive into the country and talk Canada wherever a willing listener and probable

settler is to be found. In the winter months they hold public meetings, at which are shown lantern pictures of Canadian farms and homesteads. Nothing is quite so effective with the farmers, along these lines, as a picture of the prosperous home of a man who had moved to Canada from their own or a near-by community a few years before; it is a conclusive "what-hedid-you-can-do" argument.

Still another method is directly educational. An attempt is made, where possible, to introduce some information about Canada into the public schools. That this is good missionary work is evident, for the text-book of geography in use in the American public schools devotes to Canada no more than one and a half pages, part of which is pictures. The atlas and hand-book of Canadian geography issued by the Department has been received with favour by a number of school superintendents and teachers, and in some instances is now being used as an auxiliary text-book.

A great amount of the Department's literature has also been distributed through land companies. The effectiveness of this literature in so many channels is partly due to the fact that it is not over-coloured, and is in general frank and concise, in which respects it is distinctly superior to the average tourist literature of Canada.

But with all this sowing of the seed, it sometimes takes a long time for the fruits to show. Results, in the form of actual moving, have come only this year from inquiries and canvassing made first some six years ago. A poor harvest sometimes postpones the possibility of moving for several years. And again, if the truth must be told, a common cause of delay is the disinclination of the farmer's wife. About five years ago an Iowan, who had been attracted by some immigration literature, decided to go to Canada, but his wife flatly refused to live in "a country frozen up most of the year." The following summer he went to see for himself what the country was like, and returned enthusiastic; but his wife was still unwilling. Last year he made another tour of inspection, and this time he took his wife with him. She saw, was convinced and converted, and last spring they moved



THE GREAT NORTHWARD MOVEMENT

A PARTY OF UNITED STATES FARMERS, WITH THEIR FAMILIES AND STOCK, HEADING FOR THE CANADIAN WEST

Photograph by Foers, Mountain Lake, Minnesota



A PARTY OF SETTLERS FROM DAKOTA, HEADING NORTHWARDS

their family and their goods to Alberta. Which goes to show that a woman convinced by her own eyes makes a good settler.

Just such inspection visits as this, with or without their wives, are made every fall by numbers of prospective settlers. They have been thinking of moving north, but it is a big venture and they wish to know something of the country at first-hand before finally deciding. And so, when the slack time comes after harvest, they buy excursion tickets to Manitoba or Alberta, and take a fortnight's holidays. Now and then a group of neighbouring farmers appoint one of their number a delegate to spy out the land for them all. The chances are that as an outcome of this inspection one or more families will move north the following spring.

The net result of all this canvassing, questioning, and investigating is that from forty to fifty thousand settlers cross the line each year. And they are, as all Canada knows, good settlers. Perhaps the influx of English and Scotch colonists, which is a marked feature of this year's immigration as a whole, is more satisfactory from an all-British point of view, according to which Canada's future interests will be best enhanced by a larger infusion of the blood and spirit that went into the first building of the nation; but

so far as quick adaptation to Canadian conditions and the immediate development of the West are concerned, the ready-trained farmers from over the line have the advantage. They are, many of them, monied men, too. The sale of their farms puts ready cash in their hands, and the majority take from \$3,000 to \$10,000 with them to Canada. One Minnesota man took \$38,000; another from Nebraska had a bank account of \$100,000; and 262 men from the latter state moved north in March, 1904, with eighty cars of settlers' effects, and an estimated capital of \$430,000. It is particularly noticeable that both in personal quality and worldly goods, this year's immigrants, from Minnesota and Iowa especially, are above the average.

Naturally, this flitting across the border, while very satisfactory to Canadians, is somewhat displeasing to the state authorities. A few years ago one of the Minnesota senators called attention in the Senate to the immigration campaign being carried on in behalf of Canada, and asked for some measure of restriction. It did not carry; but it attracted considerable attention and proved a very effective advertisement for Canada. The idea seemed a good one, and the next year an interested landowner endeavoured to lobby another senator to repeat the motion; but the



THE LURE OF THE BETTER WEST

Settlers from the United States crossing the western prairie, heading for the wheat-fields.

Senate was not to be caught again. Since then the legislature has been blind, on policy, and were further action to be attempted at any time it would receive doubtful support because of the fact that not a few of the senators are themselves interested in land speculations in Western Canada. One, for instance, not only owns a section of land, but has sons, brothers, and nephews, to the number of nineteen, already settled and at work elsewhere in the West.

More aggressive opposition is being shown by some of the railway companies

whose interests lie in the development of the southwest rather than the northwest. In some cases it has been even thought necessary to counteract the Canadian campaign by the old frozen-north cry, in contrast with the 'golden sunny south,' and there have not been wanting instances in which certain railways have wilfully delayed freight billed for Canada. In one section of southern Minnesota several families, after disposing of their land, waited thirty days for cars in which to move their effects. Failing even then to secure the cars, they were forced to go back to the country and



IN NEW ONTARIO—A GROUP OF UNITED STATES SETTLERS, HEADS OF FAMILIES FROM TWENTY DIFFERENT STATES, FROM PENNSYLVANIA TO CALIFORNIA

Photograph by Burriss, Port Arthur

rent farms for another season, postponing their move to Canada till the next year. Usually, however, the railroads are anxious for the business, and the lines running north are profiting by the immigration traffic.

The fact that Minnesota and the Dakotas have a bumper wheat crop this year means that still more farmers will be able to move over the line next spring. Times will be good, farms will sell well, and the

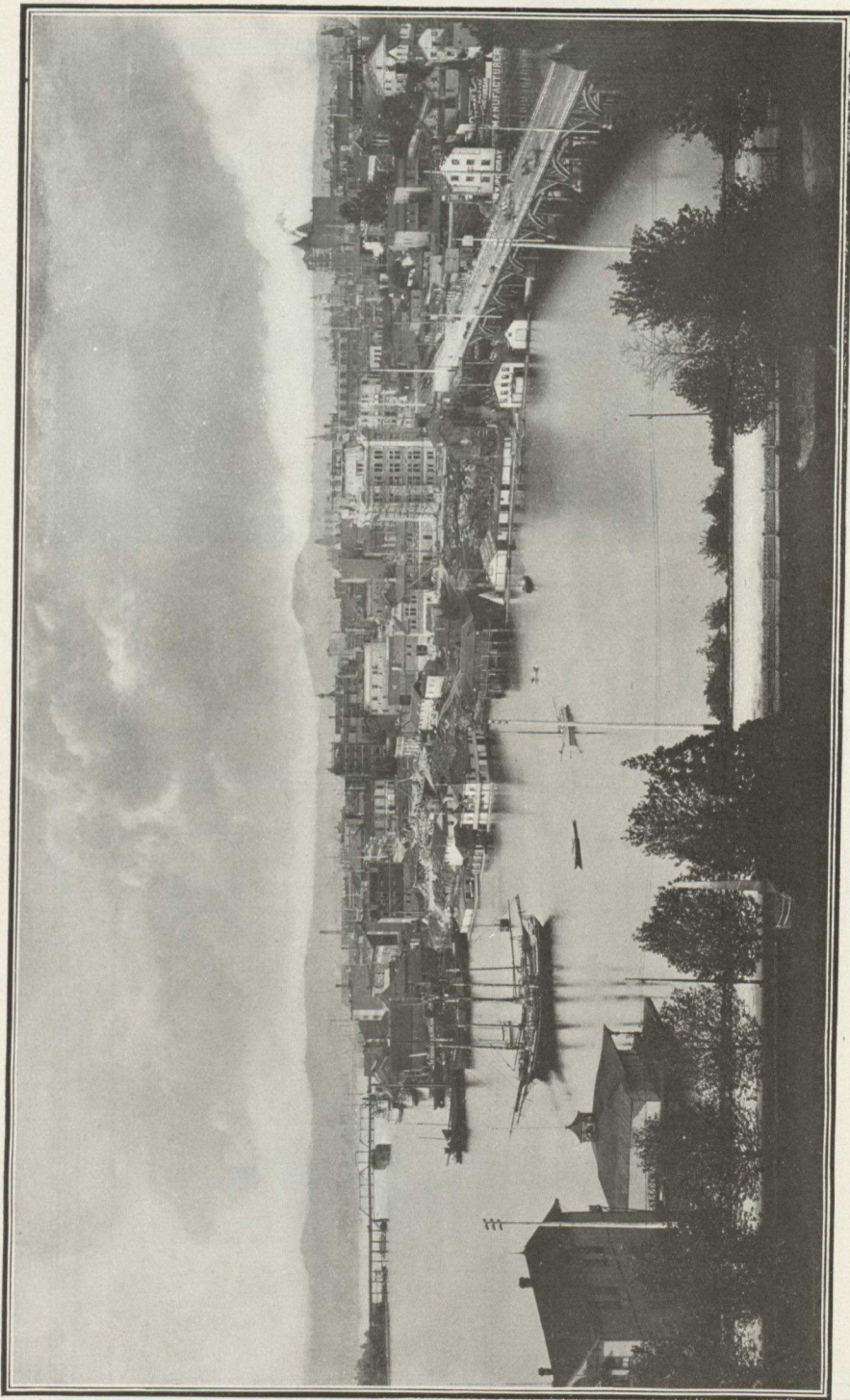
trek towards Canada will, as a result, grow still greater.

This is the lure of the Better West. Call it immigration, if you will, but it is an immigration altogether different from any other. For these people have not only felt the fascination of the New World: they already know the West, and, knowing it, are convinced there is a Better West. They are going to it now, and none can stay them.



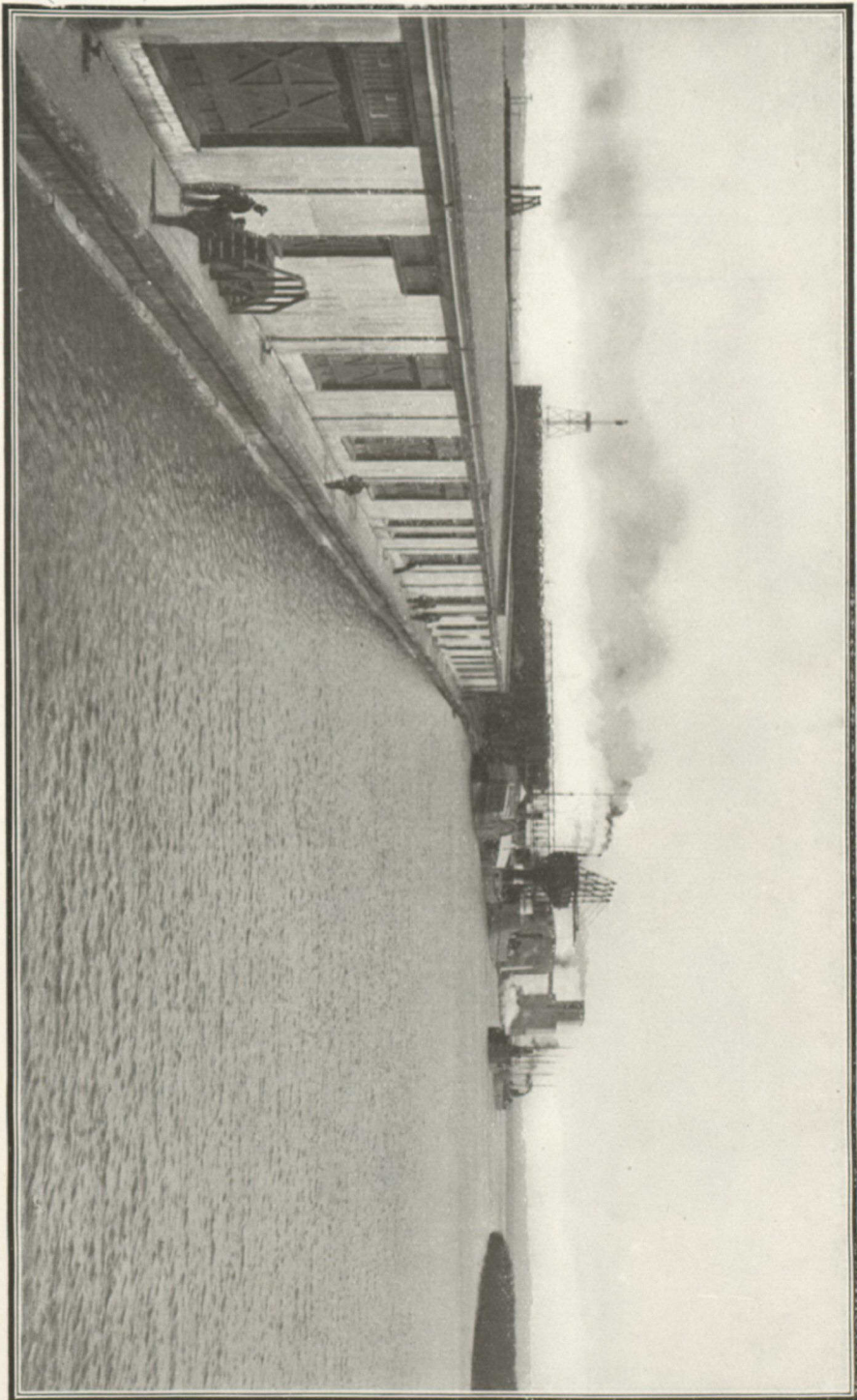
THE HARBOURS OF CANADA.

VICTORIA
FORT WILLIAM
SAULT STE. MARIE
DEPOT HARBOUR
TORONTO
MONTREAL
ST. JOHN
HALIFAX



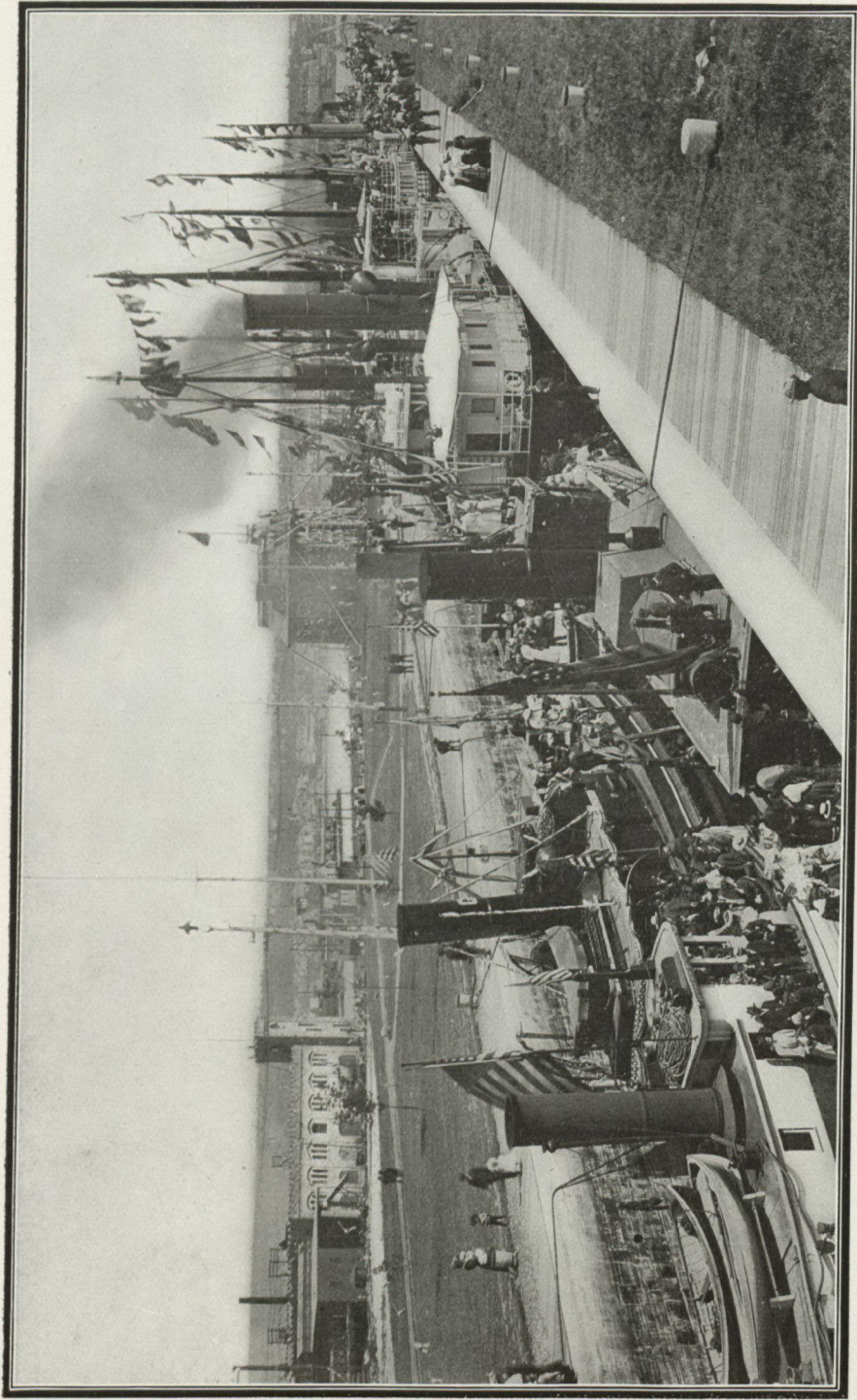
VICTORIA—A FINE HARBOUR ON THE PACIFIC COAST

This will always remain an important shipping point, but Vancouver will probably always be the starting point of Canadian vessels engaged in the Asiatic carrying trade.



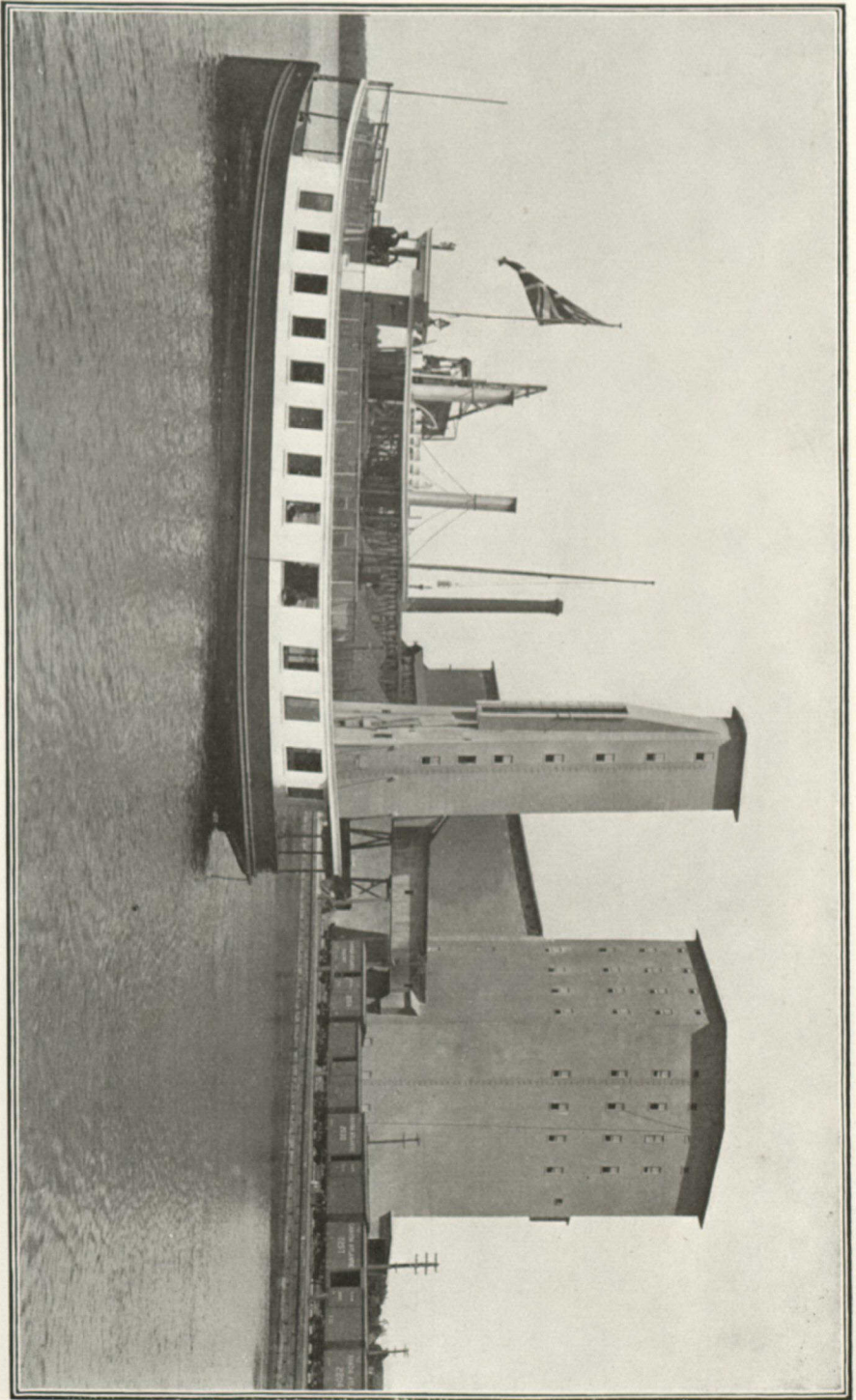
FORT WILLIAM—AT THE HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON LAKE SUPERIOR

At the twin harbours of Fort William and Port Arthur is transhipped the wheat and other produce of the western prairies destined for Georgian Bay ports, for Buffalo, or for Kingston and Montreal.



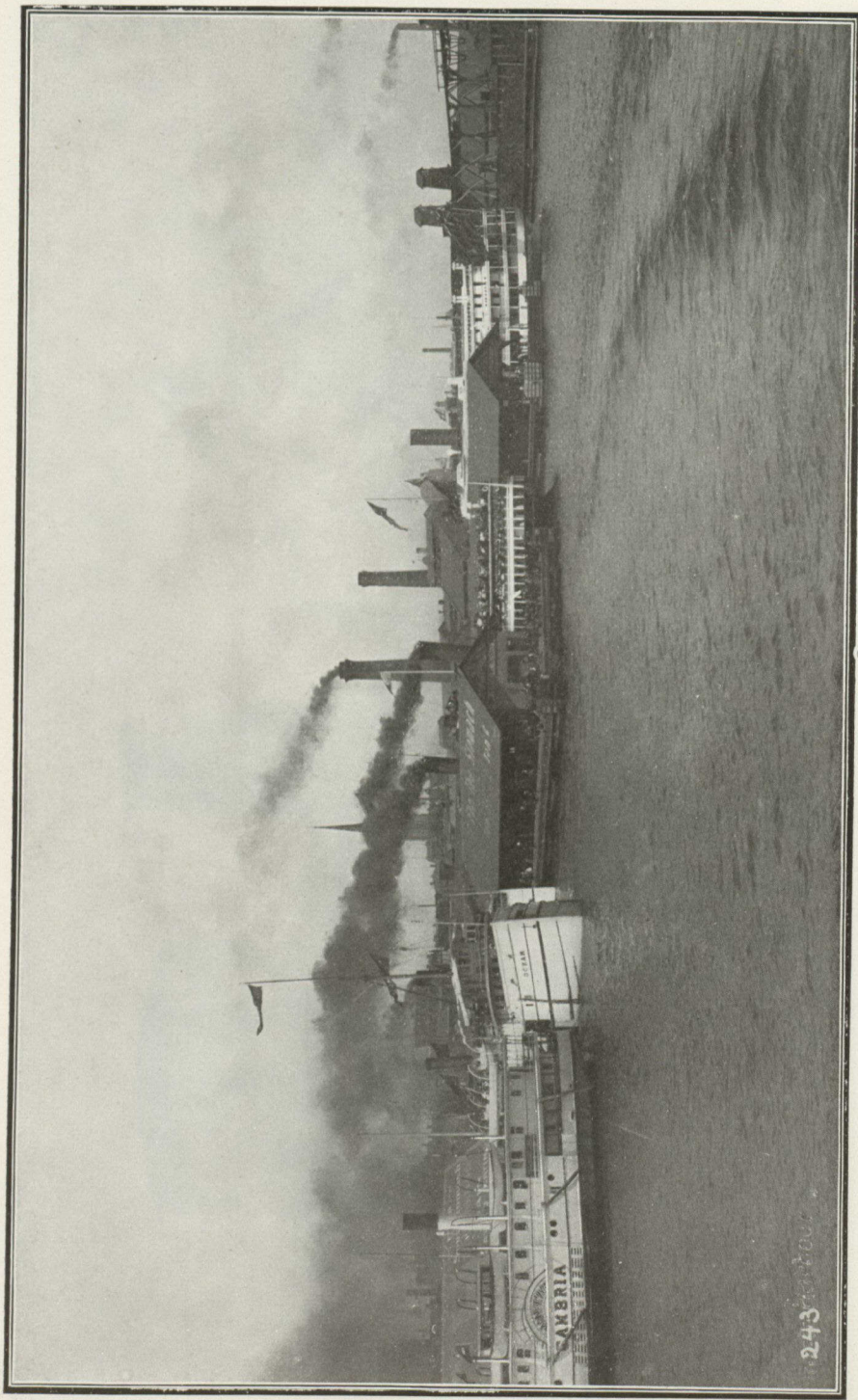
SAULT STE. MARIE—A HARBOUR WHERE LAKE SUPERIOR AND LAKE HURON MEET

This photograph of the Canadian Lock was taken at the time of the Semi-Centennial celebration held there this year. Through this passes most of the western wheat on its way to the ocean.



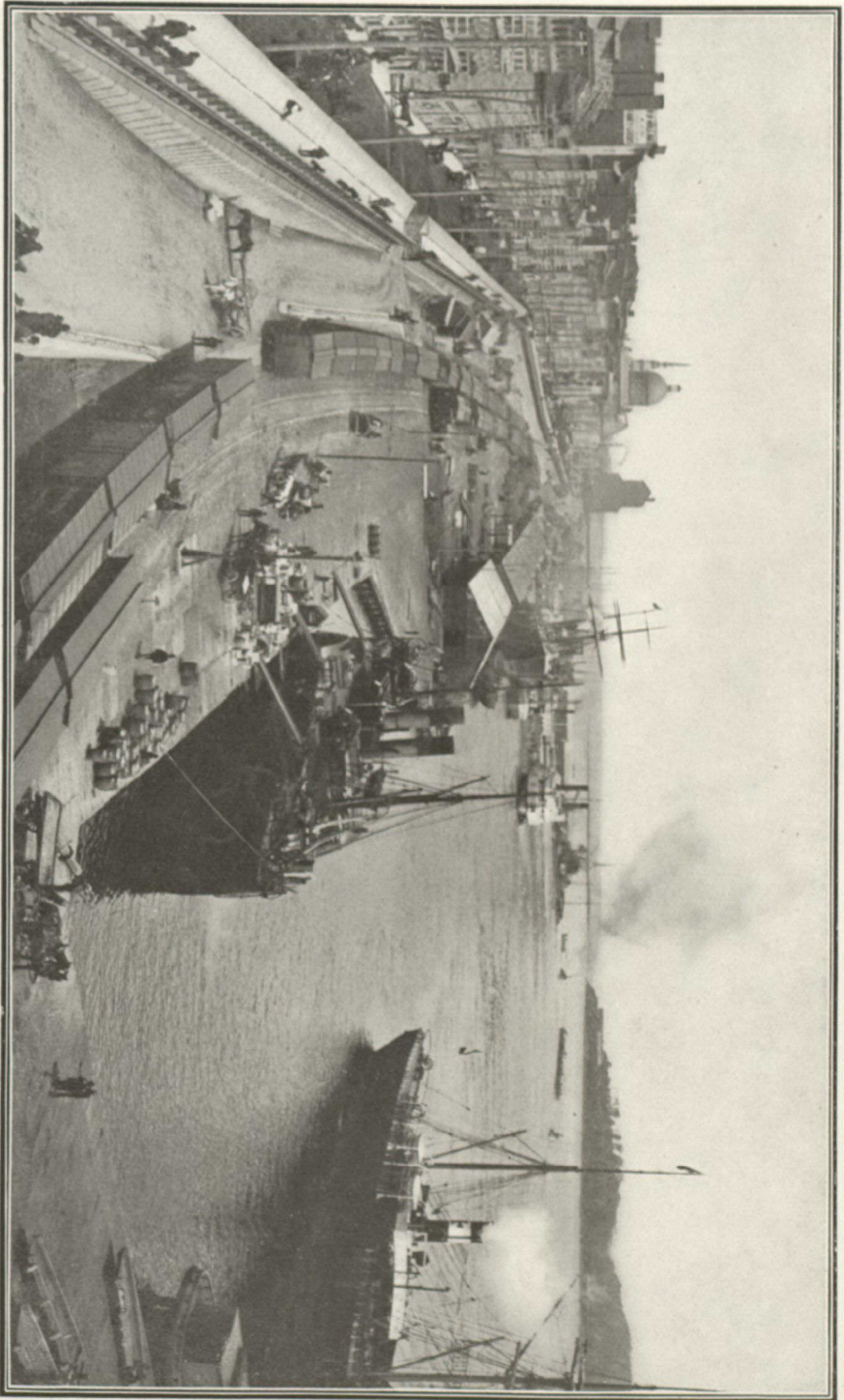
DEPOT HARBOUR—AN IMPORTANT PORT ON THE GEORGIAN BAY

Here, wheat coming from Chicago and Port Arthur is transhipped to the Canada Atlantic Railway, now part of the Grand Trunk System.

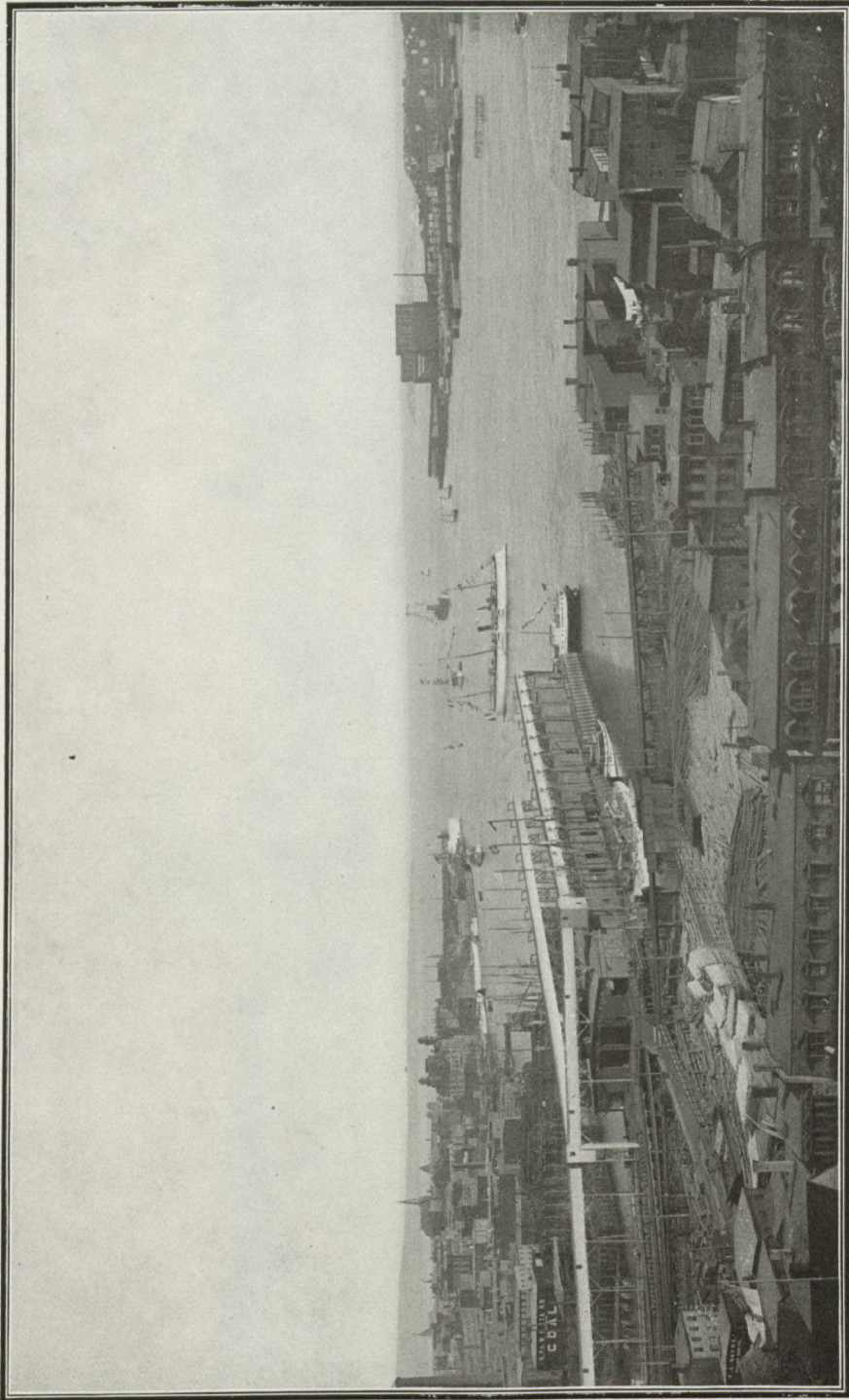


TORONTO—A LAND-LOCKED HARBOUR ON LAKE ONTARIO

At this point, passenger steamers connect with Niagara (Buffalo), Rochester, Kingston and Montreal; considerable freight business is done also.

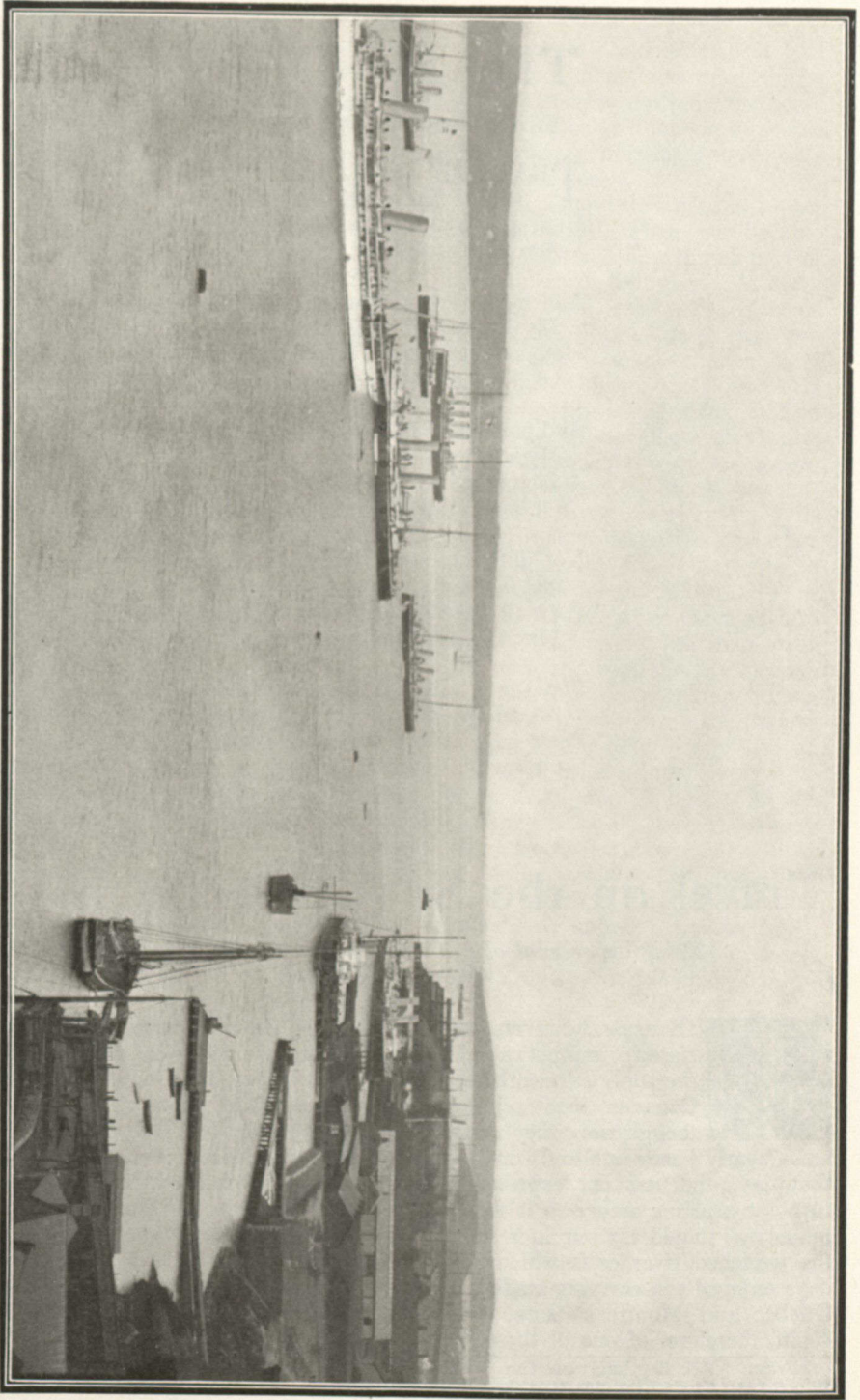


MONTREAL - AT THE HEAD OF DEEP WATER NAVIGATION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE
This is Canada's most important port. It ranks fourteenth among the ports of the world, and is second in America in the value of its trade.



ST. JOHN—A FINE HARBOUR ON THE BAY OF FUNDY

This is one of Canada's best Atlantic ports and here much of the C.P.R. freight for Great Britain is transhipped.



HALIFAX—A HARBOUR WHICH OPENS INTO THE ATLANTIC
This is one of Canada's greatest harbours, both because of its size and because it is always free of ice. This photo shows the British Atlantic Squadron at anchor.

The Art Divine

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THAT Artist of the Universe
Behind the wind and rain,
Hath drawn a dream of splendid death
Across my window pane.

And in the lonely, haunted day
My luminous maple tree
Hath now assumed the magic pomp
Of some weird pageantry.

And 'mid the common day and thought
My casement to me brings
A picture rarer than all art
Of man's imaginings.

Not all the wondrous hue of Watts,
Not Turner's wizard scheme,
With all its mastery, haunts my heart
Like this autumnal dream;

For o'er my sill, all life, all death,
All moods Life, Death can name,
Press on me from that magic frieze
Of earth's funeral flame.

Travel on the St. Lawrence in 1813

*Being an account of a trip made by DR. DUNLOP, from
Quebec to Montreal**



HE roads, however, were declared impracticable, and the only steamboat the Canadas then rejoiced in, though now they must possess nearly one hundred, had sailed that day, and was not expected to return for nearly a week; so it was determined we should try our luck in one of the wretched river craft which in those days enjoyed the carrying trade between Quebec and Montreal. Into the small cabin, therefore, of one of these schoon-

ers we stowed ourselves. Though the winds were light, we managed to make some way as long as we could take advantage of the flood-tide, and lay by during the ebb; but after this our progress was slow indeed; not entirely from the want of a fair wind, but from the cursed dilatory habits of Frenchmen and their Canadian descendants in all matters connected with business. At every village (and in Lower Canada there is a village at every three leagues along the banks of the St. Lawrence), our captain had or made business—a cask of wine had to be delivered to “le digne Curé” at one place; a box of goods to “M. le Gentilhomme de Magasin” at another; the captain’s

*From “Recollections of the American War,” 1812-14, first published in the “Literary Garland,” now reprinted in book form by the Historical Publishing Co., Toronto. Cloth, 112 pp. \$1.00.

"parents" lived within a league, and he had not seen them for six weeks—so off he must go, and no prospect of seeing him any more for that day. The cottage of the cabin boy's mother unluckily lay on the bank of the river, and we must lay to till madame came off with confitures, cabbages and clean shirts for his regalement; then the embracing, and kissing, and bowing, and taking off red nightcaps to each other, and the telling the news and hearing it, occupied ten times the space that the real business (if any there was) could possibly require. And all this was gone through on their part, as if it was the natural and necessary consequence of the voyage up the River St. Lawrence. Haste seemed to them quite out of the question; and it is next to impossible to get into a passion and swear at a Frenchman, as you would at a sulky John Bull, or a saucy Yankee, under similar circumstances, for he is utterly unconscious all the time that he is doing anything unworthy; he is so polite, complaisant and good humoured withal, that it is next to impossible to get yourself seriously angry with him. On the fifth day of this tedious voyage, when we had arrived within about fifteen miles of Three Rivers, which is midway between the two cities, we perceived the steamboat passing upwards close under the opposite shore, and we resolved to land, knowing that it was her custom to stop there all night, and proceeded in the morning; accordingly we did so, and in a short time were seated in a caleche following at all the speed the roads would admit of—by dint of hard travelling, bribing and coaxing, we managed to get to Three Rivers by moonlight, about one in the morning. So far so good, thought we; but unluckily the moonlight that served us, served the steamboat also, and she had proceeded on her voyage before we came up. As we now, however, had got quite enough of sailing, we determined to proceed by land to Montreal.

The French, I suspect, have always

been before us in Colonial policy. An arbitrary government can do things which a free one may not have the nerve to attempt, particularly among a people whose ignorance permits them to see only one side of the question.

The system of land travelling in Lower Canada was better, when we became master of it, than it is now in any part of the North American continent. At every three leagues there was a "Maison de Poste," kept by a functionary who received his license from government, and denominated a "Maitre de Post." He was bound by his engagement to find caleches and horses for all travellers, and he made engagements with his neighbours to furnish them when his were employed. These were called "Aides de Poste"; and they received the pay when they performed the duty, deducting a small commission for the Maitre. They were bound to travel, when the roads admitted of it, at a rate not less than seven miles an hour, and were not to exceed a quarter of an hour in changing horses; and to prevent imposition, in the parlour of each post house (which was also an inn), was stuck up a printed paper, giving the distance of each post from the next, and the sum to be charged for each horse and caleche employed, as well as other regulations, with regard to the establishment, which it was necessary for a traveller to know. Any well-substantiated charge against these people was sure to call down summary punishment.

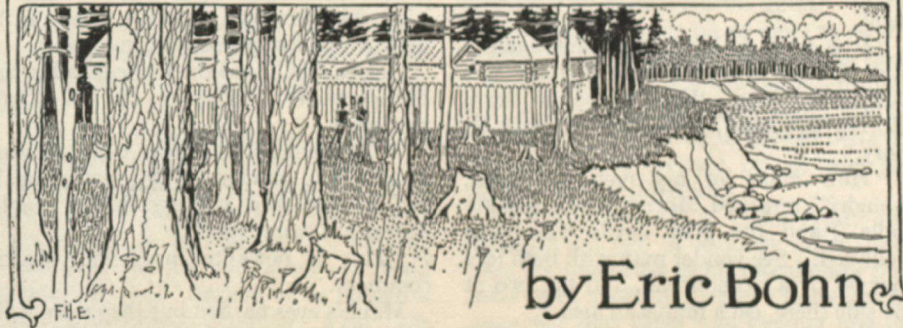
The roads not being, as already remarked, in the best order, we did not arrive at Montreal till the end of the second day, when we were greeted by our more lucky companions who had left Quebec in the steamboat three days later, and arrived at Montreal two days before us; and we were tantalised by a description of all the luxuries of that then little known conveyance as contrasted with the fatigues and *desagreements* of our mode of progression.



A PORTRAIT STUDY

BY GARO, BOSTON

THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohné

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penetanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago. In Halifax new troops land under Colonel Battersby and proceed to the West, Captain Morris being entrusted with a letter to Mrs. Manning from Maud Maxwell. The life at Penetang is described, and one event is Big Thunder's account of the death of Tecumseh. Col. Battersby's men arrive in time for the Battle of Lundy's Lane, where Capt. Morris is wounded. Toronto and Penetang are connected by trail. On the completion of the fort, there was a grand opening ball—with only one lady to grace the occasion. Then their work done, and the war over, part of the force is to leave. Helen fears the odious Captain Cumming will be left in command of the post but Sir George saw the possible trouble in time to prevent it.

CHAPTER XXXIX

IT was a beautiful day in the autumn when the frigate *Beaver* passed McNab Island and sailed up the long harbour to Halifax. Wonderful tints of the forest from russet brown through red, orange and yellow, to the dark green of the juniper, stretched out beyond the little city, while orchard trees laden with fruit, pasture lands cropped by the cows, and stubble fields still golden from the harvest, added zest to the outlook of the tired soldiers coming home from the war.

On the deck of the frigate sat Captain Morris, surrounded by a number of men. The sick, the wounded, the well were there; but they numbered, all told, scarcely a

third of the force that went out, hale and buoyant for the conflict, only a few months before.

It had been heralded that the Halifax column was returning, and people gathered at the dock to welcome them as they neared the landing. Among the little groups of red coats standing close together, many a face was recognised, and when Captain Morris, aided by a subaltern, rose to his feet, the whole company were greeted with enthusiastic cheers.

"Another for Captain Morris," called out a soldier from the citadel. And they gave it.

"A tiger," was the next shout.

Again the yell was loud and long. This

time the Captain with long beard and haggard face limped forward, and with his left hand raised his helmet in acknowledgment.

"It is good to have you home again," said Colonel Mason, whose carriage was waiting for him. "You've lost in flesh, Morris, but egad, you've got it back in glory."

"How many of my men are dead, though?" returned Morris with a ghastly smile, "and the poor devils who were wounded. See yonder man with both legs shot off by a cannon ball, and the two at the side there, each minus an arm."

"True enough," said Mason. "I'd rather be shot off the face of the earth, than maimed as that poor fellow is. But it's been rough on yourself, Captain."

"I was lucky to get off as well as I did," said Morris more cheerily. "A month or two's rest and a sea voyage will do wonders for a man."

"Are you going so soon?"

"It won't be long."

That afternoon the Misses Maxwell called to see him. Maud wanted to postpone the visit to the following day; but Eugenia insisted that it was the right thing to do, and she would go alone, if Maud would not accompany her.

"You have written to him twice," she said, decisively. "And as a friend, if nothing more, it would be heartless to defer the visit."

Colonel and Mrs. Mason were with him when the young ladies were announced. They were both shocked at his attenuated form, although heightened colour improved his appearance for the moment.

"You will excuse my rising," he said to Maud as they shook hands. "The doctors tell me that this pitiable limb of mine should not be moved more often than I can help. I am a sorry scarecrow, too, and a left-handed one at that."

"We are glad you are home again and in Mrs. Mason's care," said Maud. Her voice trembled and her face flushed, for his thin fingers held her hand tightly.

"We'll feed him on the fat of the land," said Mrs. Mason, who had the reputation of being an excellent purveyor for the sick.

"Captain Morris deserves all we can do for him," echoed the Colonel with a

smile, "and what is more, I have it on good authority that his name will appear in the next issue of the *Gazette*."

At this moment there was a rap on the door, and the maid handed in a paper.

"Here it is," said the Colonel, adjusting his spectacles. "First on the list of promotions:

"To the rank of Major, Albert Edward Morris of C company of the —nth Royals, for distinguished bravery in the Anglo-American campaign."

"This is news to me," was Morris' comment.

Maud's eyes flashed but they were looking out of the window and not at him.

The Major made slow progress towards recovery. The diversity and extent of his wounds prevented rapid healing; and Christmas was long past before the pain and the limp were gone. By March, however, he was well again. Even the cicatrix on his scalp was invisible for the hair was made to cover it. Then, he commenced to visit his friends as of old, and there was no house in Halifax that he went to more frequently, or in which he was more welcome, than that of Judge Maxwell.

That he was a devoted admirer of Maud the whole family knew; but their progress as lovers did not seem to be rapid. At least so thought Eugenia.

"You have no heart," she said to Maud one day, indignantly. "You know that he loves you, and yet you never give him an opportunity to declare himself."

"If he desires he can surely make one," returned Maud, "but he is too wise. What is the use of doing useless things?"

"Do you mean that you really do not care for him?"

"Caring is not loving."

"You might say the same of Dr. Beaumont, and yet you correspond?"

"But I gave him a promise—"

"That you would not become engaged to anyone for a year," interrupted her sister.

"Yes."

"The year expired a month ago. You are free now to do as you please."

"Yes, and free to remain as I am."

Eugenia looked perplexed.

"But has Dr. Beaumont pressed his

suit in his recent letters?" she asked.

"He certainly has not. He is waiting his time, nothing more."

"Surpassing his time you mean. If in earnest he should have been here before now, or at least have given good reason for delay."

"Don't be absurd, Eugenia. I did not say he hadn't given a reason."

"Well, reason or no reason, Major Morris is the better man of the two—a brave soldier—a gallant officer—beloved by his men—of fine old family—a good Churchman—and owner of a beautiful estate. Goodness, gracious! what has Dr. Beaumont to show in comparison with Major Morris as an eligible match?"

"My dearest sister, you might be a scheming mamma, selling off your daughter to the highest bidder," exclaimed Maud with a laugh. "'Pon my word though, it must be something else. Has Dr. Fairchild so tied you up that you are afraid another medico might do the same with me? Would the double 'Vis Medicatrix' be too much for us altogether? Is that the issue?"

"Don't be unreasonable, Maud. You acknowledge that there is nothing serious between you and Beaumont. He's a thousand miles away, living in a little garrison in the woods, with no prospect of change. Major Morris, on the other hand, is right here, and, although devoted to you, will be ordered home again on one of the first ships. Now is an opportunity for you that may never occur again."

"It is a serious question," said Maud, once more becoming grave. "When is your marriage to take place? I have forgotten the exact date."

"The last Thursday in May."

"I doubt very much if the companies of the —nth Royals will sail before then. There is still time enough, and rest assured Genie, I despise a woman who willingly entangles a man in order to throw him overboard."

"The very thing you are doing, though."

"Genie, you are unjust to me."

"The deed may not be wilful but the end is the same," persisted her sister.

And Major Morris did not remit his attentions. Being off duty, he frequently doffed his uniform and appeared at the

Judge's in laced coat, knee breeches, and silk stockings. Verily he was a handsome man, and withal a welcome guest. Sometimes he had a spicy bit of news to relate, a story from the camp, or an item from over the sea. It was always interesting. He did not often find Maud alone; and he soon discovered that he succeeded better in strengthening her regard, by not being too exclusive in his attentions.

He knew well that he had a rival; and although a touch of jealousy might have been the real cause of his retention of that letter until reaching Lundy's Lane, for he suspected that there was another one inside; yet he was too true a gentleman to make unwarranted capital at the expense of the absent lover. If he could honourably win her hand and heart and carry Maud back to England on his return voyage as his wife, he would be the happiest man alive; but to accomplish this by attempting to weaken her regard for Doctor Beaumont, was not in his line. He must make her regard for himself grow stronger. That was all.

When both he and Beaumont were away from Halifax, honours were easy, and each could strive alike. But actual presence gave him the advantage, and if he could not succeed in winning her love fairly, now that he had the field to himself, Morris felt that he deserved to be vanquished.

Men do not die of broken hearts, the wound may be deep, but in time it will heal and he was willing to abide by the truth of his philosophy.

"What luxuriant tulips, Miss Maud!" said the Major one morning. This time he found her alone, gathering them from a luxuriant bed by the lilacs in her garden.

"Yes," she said laughingly. "They stand shoulder to shoulder like soldiers on a battlefield. You see how ruthlessly I am slaying them."

"Scarcely that," was his comment. "You are simply carrying off the wounded."

"Ah," she said, shaking her head; "but how many of the wounded will live?"

"All of them, judging by your habit, they will simply die a natural death."

"How do you make that out?" she asked, looking up quickly.

"Simply that by putting them in water

in the shade, as is your custom, the flowers will live as long as when left on their stems in the garden."

"Have you found the philosopher's stone yet?" she questioned with an arch look.

"No," he replied, "only the observer's; but have you heard the latest news? It only came an hour ago."

"No, what is it, please?"

"Sir George Head, who has been stationed with the men in Montreal all winter, will be here in a week; and, with what remains of the —nth Royals, will sail at once for England."

The announcement dropped very quietly from the Major's lips, pregnant though it was with so much that was dear to him. Maud started and turned pale. The mention of Sir George and his own company in the same breath, placed the Doctor and the Major in a relationship that she had heretofore declined to realise. Something seemed imminent, she hardly knew what.

"Which means that you will go with him?" she said at last avoiding his eye.

"Yes, Miss Maud, that is what it means and besides, the gruesome and terrible things that have happened, the beautiful and happy days I have spent in Halifax will be at an end."

"If the gruesome things have surpassed the pleasant ones, you will rejoice when all is over," said Maud, gently, regaining her self-control. "In such case I know I should."

"Women are different from men," was his comment. "Perhaps men do not balance things so clearly. With us I fear every experience of life stands alone. The terrible reality of the slaying of a thousand men in an hour may be one thing; but the presence of a single thread of sunshine, which entralls you and penetrates your whole being is another."

"You are very poetic as well as practical, Major Morris, and I think you are right," said Maud, determined not to understand him. "What you say of the soldiers is terribly sad; but about the sunshine, we have many threads of sunshine here. I was born in Halifax and never even crossed the ocean; but from all I hear, we have ten times as much sunshine in Nova Scotia as you have in England."

"Egad! I suspect you are right," was his answer, as she went off in a little ripple of laughter, her cheeks aglow with colour. "It must be the sunshine that freshens your beauty and puts that damask upon your skin."

"How you flatter! But 'pon my word it is a good thing. It makes you as brown as a berry in March, red as a rose in June, and blue as a plum in November."

"I thought it was the wind that did the first as well as the last," he said watching her ever-changing face.

"It helps," she replied demurely. "But old Sol always does his share."

"Well," he said, dryly. "In my case the order will have to be changed. I expect to go into the *plum* business in June."

"It is said to be a very fine industry," she said, looking downwards and pulling the petals from the twig of lilac that she had broken from a neighbouring bush; "but in all conscience, I always thought you army men looked down upon trade."

"No, indeed," he returned, smiling broadly, as he took in the humour of the situation. "I don't believe in looking down upon any honest calling, even raising plums."

And they both went off in a peal of laughter, though before she was through Maud's eyes glistened with tears.



CHAPTER XL

SO he thinks that a flower severed from the soil and placed in the shade will flourish as well as in its native sunlight," Maud mused after he went away that morning. "Had he a special meaning, I wonder?—and about balances, his words contained one sure enough. What is that English home of his like, anyway? And his people—sedate and punctilious—just as my mother says her's were? No wonder he talked about the shade. They say over there it rains seventy days and shines seven. If I had let him, he would have asked me to give up our glorious sunshine again. Ah, me, life is a funny problem anyway! There's the east and the west, and here I am in the middle. Gadzooks! as my father would say, I wish I knew what to do. I

suppose the Doctor will be coming back soon—to buy new clothes of course! Funny how he took me at my word when I set him down last year. Since then, although he writes often, he never talks out and out of love—waiting till he comes I suppose—and not very definite upon that either. Perhaps some dusky maiden in the west may yet steal the young man's heart away. What of Little Moon, the Ojibways Chief's daughter, that he raved about in one of his letters? Pshaw! She would never suit Beaumont! Well! I like Major Morris with his English drawl, his bravery, his knee breeches, and his shade out of sunlight. And I like Dr. Beaumont with his passion, his *Mon Dieu*, his life in the glorious west, and his controlled faithfulness. But by my faith, do I love either well enough for marriage? Oh, there's the rub, Maud Maxwell! What a little minx you are, anyway, not to know your own mind better than that!"

Impatiently she tossed off her hat and finished fixing her tulips. But she did it with unusual care that morning, and an hour afterwards her mother said she never saw them so beautifully arranged before.

The preparation for Eugenia's wedding monopolised the long hours during those May days; and Maud did not have much time for thought. There were clothes to select, gowns to make, milliners and dress-makers to see, boots and gloves fresh from England to be examined and selected with a connoisseur's eye; and in all Maud did her part.

Eugenia, too, had set her heart on seeing her sister marry the Major; and having settled the preliminaries of her own nuptials in her own decided and placid way, she was prepared, during the little time that remained, to devote herself to furthering her sister's interests. Hence, instead of retreating to a quiet corner each evening with her lover, the Major and Maud invariably made two of her party; and so intense was Dr. Fairchild's devotion, that anything that Genie suggested immediately became law.

In the evenings they played whist or visited the Art Loan Exhibition, which the good people of Halifax had got up for the benefit of the orphans and widows of Canadian soldiers. Or they went to the

music hall to see amateur artists, officers of the garrison, and the young people of Halifax perform in the name of the same good cause. And so each evening the four inseparables were almost invariably together.

Maud enjoyed it, too, for the Major's visits would soon be over; and by judicious fencing, she succeeded in parrying anything like a direct declaration again. Each night she went to bed thankful that the end had not yet come; and yet suspicious of what the future day might bring to pass.

One evening, however, fortune favoured Morris. He had gotten himself up with elaborate care, for this was the last night they could devote to whist; and probably the last evening that he would be off duty, for Sir George's ship had been sighted and would be in the harbour that night.

"It grieves me to disappoint you," said Maud, after the usual greeting. "My sister and Dr. Fairchild are out driving. They expected to be back early, but a messenger has just arrived with the news that the Doctor was detained professionally, and it will be impossible for them to return for an hour yet."

"Ah! I am sorry for ourselves as well as the sick," said the Major, smiling. "But can we not utilise the time? Just the chance for a talk—the very thing that I have been praying the gods to grant us this long time."

"I did not know that your prayers were so earnest," she laughingly returned, as she picked up a trifle of needle work to help her thoughts run smoothly.

"Yes, and I must speak again," he continued. "We can be serious as well as jolly."

"My dear Major!" exclaimed Maud with a light laugh. "We have the jolliest talks every time we meet. Don't talk of seriousness please."

"One cannot be merry forever," was his answer.

"Genie says we should always pursue the even tenor of our way," was her quick response. "So I propose that while I use my needle, you read aloud either 'Young's Night Thoughts,' or 'Gray's Elegy,' as a tonic to our gaiety."

"Not a bad idea," said the Major, pick-

ing up a book at random. "Perhaps this will do as well."

And he commenced to read Burns' Sonnet:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

"That's just it," interrupted Maud. "Now I'll express your sentiments with which I entirely agree. 'She's a rollicking jolly girl, full of dash and nonsense, doesn't care a fig for anybody; as for falling in love that's impossible, for she hasn't a heart any bigger than a chipmonk.' How will that do for a commencement?"

"Only fairly well. Pray go on."

A spark of fire flashed from her eyes as she continued:

"She's got the crazy idea that she lives in a glorious country, where the sun shines ten months in the year; and she'd rather die an old maid in it, than go to another one for all the wealth of Ind."

"How eloquent you are!" he said, stroking his moustache over compressed lips and looking towards the ceiling. "Should my soliloquy come next?"

"That would be delightful!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands in assumed mirth. "You tell me what I think of you, which will be your own sentiment of yourself."

"Well," he said, reflectively, "'he's an arrant fool, filled with the old-fashioned notion that men were brave and women true—that love nestled in the heart of every woman, and that it only required the right man and the right place to make it blossom as the rose. He fondly imagined that old England was the Queen of the Seas and that her homes were the freest, the fairest, the loveliest in the wide world; and he dreamed of wooing and winning a fair damsel with flashing eyes, generous impulses, daring heart; and making her the wife of his bosom, the goddess of his love, the mistress of his home, in the mansion and groves of his forefathers. But he was a daft and silly wight, and didn't know what he was doing.'"

What answer Maud would have made to the following speech, it is difficult to tell; but there was a rap at the outer door, a hurrying along the hall, and a mingling of voices that rivetted her attention.

"An officer wants to see you, Miss Maud," said the maid.

"Show him in, Catharine," was her astonished answer, for the hour was already late.

"Dr. Beaumont!" she exclaimed with flushed face, as she quickly rose to meet him.

"Maud Maxwell," was his only answer, as he grasped her hands in both of his, and looked down into the face that was ever near him, and of which he had dreamed so often.

In another moment she remembered that they were not alone.

"Major Morris—Dr. Beaumont," and the two men clasped hands. Morris' expression was one of honest but pained surprise, Beaumont's one of pleasure that needed no questioning. Maud's eyes told him that he was welcome. That was enough.

The Doctor's old regimentals had stood long and hard service, while his face was bronzed with travel and his hair unkempt. Still, Maud thought—as he stood in careless attitude, so different from the dapper young man of long ago—that he was handsomer than ever. The contrast with the Major was marked. His clean-cut features, laced coat and silk stockings would have ornamented a drawing room in London; while anyone could see that Beaumont had been a denizen of the woods.

He might have waited until his tailor had made him new again, but he would not; and with the wild freedom that the west had given, must be taken for himself or not at all. Standing there, quick as a flash, he had taken a fresh grasp of life, and knew his bearings.

The two men met again as old friends.

"I am proud of you, Morris," said the Doctor. "Slow as news travels in the west, word came at last, and your name is in everybody's mouth."

"Thank you," said the Major, forcing a smile. "But it's an old story now. When did you arrive?"

"Less than an hour ago. As luck would have it, I reached Quebec just as Sir George Head was leaving for Halifax on the *North King*."

"The ship he came out on with the rooth regiment," said Maud.

"Yes," said Beaumont, "and he returns home to England on the same vessel."

"It will surprise the people here as much as your arrival," said Maud. "Did no one know you were coming?"

"No one in Halifax knew of it until I landed," said the Doctor. "My opportunities were so uncertain that I took advantage of the first one that offered."

"And who is looking after your patients while you are away?" the Major asked.

"Oh, we don't have many. It is a healthy place, and as luck would have it, Dr. Sparling of Little York came over the trail with a party of friends. So the officers being willing, I persuaded him to take my place for a couple of months, and here I am."

"How delightful!" said Maud, "and what of the brave, charming, devoted Mrs. Manning?"

"She's the queen of our colony—as true as steel—the same forever. And I must not forget, she sent her warmest love to you and with it this letter."

"I shall write her to-morrow and tell her how well you have delivered her message."

"Well, I'm glad to see you, Beaumont," said the Major, rising and extending his hand. "I shall be at the old quarters for a day or two yet; but it will not be for long, as my company sails with Sir George when he leaves for the east. But come and see me any time and welcome until then."

Maud accompanied him to the door. He took her hand without a word and for a moment their eyes met.

"Believe me," she said earnestly, "I did not know it."

"I do believe you," he replied in a low voice, "but what of my faith in women?"

"Surely you have not lost it," she said, grasping his hand in both of hers and looking earnestly into his eyes.

"What else can one do. Wounds of flesh are nothing; but what of the heart—the spirit of the man?"

"I am sorry," she spoke in a still lower tone and her voice trembled. "But you

will not give way. Your soul is as brave as your heart is; and you will live to love and win a woman more worthy of you far than ever I could be."

Suddenly he threw his arm around her, pressed a kiss upon her cheek and was gone.

CHAPTER XLI

A LUMP rose in Maud's throat and a spasm crossed her features as she closed the door. Then she stopped to put a tray in order, making a noise in getting it even. It took her more than a minute to arrange it properly; but when she entered the parlour again her face was as though nothing had happened.

For a moment Beaumont looked at her keenly, but her features told no tale. The human heart is inscrutable; and a true woman never tells everything, even to her dearest. So hidden in Maud's bosom was a little story of man's devotion, which ever after remained unspoken and unforgettten.

Beaumont bowed over her hand and led her to a seat again. "For months and months I have longed for this hour," he said. "Even after I started, three weeks of a journey seemed almost like years; but now that I see you I know that I have not come in vain."

"Please don't talk in that way," said Maud, with a half frightened look in her face. "Speak of anything but not of that to-night."

"Mon Dieu! Surely I am not wrong!"

"Oh, something else, just for to-night," she pleaded. "You came so unexpectedly, without a moment's warning;" and then she added, archly elevating her eyebrows, "you expect too much, sir; you must remember that I am the same Maud Maxwell that I was a year ago."

"Mon ami, forgive me," he exclaimed penitently. "I will do whatever you say."

And they talked for an hour of many things, but chiefly of Penetang, of the journey to York by trail, then by schooner to the St. Lawrence—down the rapids in a row boat, guided by Indians to Montreal—schooner again to Quebec—and

then on the *North King* with Sir George.

"The dear old Colonel. I quite learned to love him through Mrs. Manning's letters," said Maud.

"He's a brave Commander as well as a gallant gentleman," said the Doctor, "and we missed him terribly after he left. Still our fort was established, and taking fifty men away from the new quarters gave the rest more room."

"The winter would be the hardest upon you," said Maud.

"On the whole we did well, though. The frost was keen, but we learned how to meet it, and another winter we'll be better prepared."

"How did you secure supplies?" Maud asked. "You are so far away from the east."

"They were brought chiefly by trail from Little York, except fish and game, which our own men always secure."

"It must be the hunters' paradise," said Maud, enthusiastically.

"The whole northern country is like a preserve," said Beaumont, keenly watching her animated face. "When you come to Penetang, you, too, must learn to follow the chase."

"Oh! What became of Corporal Bond?" she suddenly asked. "Did he ever return?"

"Yes, he came back at last. Latimer's craft was captured by an American gunboat when entering the St. Clair river, and everything was overhauled. Corporal Bond was retained a prisoner until the war was over; while Latimer, who declared himself to be an American, was allowed with his wife to go free and keep the boat."

"Under what plea did they retain the Corporal?" Maud asked.

"On the ground that they knew he was an English soldier, notwithstanding his plain clothes. Still they treated him decently, and after the treaty was declared, gave him a pass to Little York."

"There would be great rejoicing when his wife met him again," said Maud.

"Yes, and there was throughout the garrison, for Bond is a genuine soldier."

"One other thing I want to ask. It is about the pretty little Indian maiden you wrote of so charmingly."

"Oh, Little Moon is now a soldier's

wife—growing contented and civilised at the same time in a little cottage which the two have to themselves."

"How romantic!"

They chatted for a while longer. Then they parted—but her last words were like her first:

"Not to-night—not to-night—you must wait until to-morrow."

Three days later the white wings of the *North King* unfurled as they swept out to sea. Sir George had come and gone. On the bridge beside him stood the Major, whose brave face, kindly eyes, and compressed lips told of nothing but the brave and gallant officer. Silently they watched the receding shore.

"Another chapter of life closed," said Sir George at last; "though full of story, it will never be opened to me again."

"Yours was a chapter worth living," said Morris. "You have founded a fort and established a colony, which will go on growing and may last forever."

The Colonel shook his head.

"Simply my duty," was his answer, "and what will become of the place in the end, God only knows. So far as military fame is concerned, you beat my record. That fight at Lundy's Lane was the turning point in the war, and your valour there is too well known to be forgotten."

"Pshaw, Colonel! I was only one of many. Every man did his duty; and with all that, the bloody horror of it takes away the glory."

"We'll turn the leaf down anyway," said the Colonel, wheeling around and looking out to sea. "Now blow ye winds for old England, where wife and children await with eagerness the old man's return."

"Oh, yes," assented Morris, "and I don't think my dear old mother has forgotten her soldier boy."

By night the shore was out of sight for the wind was from the west, and they were far out at sea.

The good town of Halifax was not by any means dull during those closing days of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, for

the double wedding was in everybody's mouth. Judge Maxwell's daughters were both to be married on the same day; and by good or ill-luck each man was a doctor.

The bell of the little English church rang merrily on that bridal morning; and for hours before the ceremony, fair maids were decorating with spring flowers and evergreens the aisles and chancel; for never before had the marriage of two sisters been celebrated within its walls on the same day.

Major Morris, though now far out at sea, had not forgotten the brides; for that very morning was delivered unto each a little package bearing his name. Eugenia's gift was a resplendent ornament of sapphire and gold, which enhanced the beauty of her golden hair. But Maud's, though less brilliant in its setting, was more unique. She was alone when she unpacked the parcel and read the enclosed note. It ran thus:

"Miss Maud. I do not expect to see you again; but as I leave there is something you can do for me. I desire you to accept with my sincerest wishes this little necklace of my mother's. It has been in our family for three generations. When I saw her last she said: 'My son, when in your heart of hearts you have learned to love a woman, give her this and with it my blessing.' With a sad pleasure I obey her order. This necklace was made of jewels of India in the days of Clive. Three good and beautiful women have owned and worn it; and I know by your acceptance, its record will go on untarnished. God bless you! Farewell."

Without looking at the costly trinket, Maud, with glistening eyes, read and re-read the words. Then she kissed them passionately over and over again. Another moment was spent in thought—but only a moment, for time was precious—then with decisive hand she tore the little letter into a thousand fragments and dropped them into the open grate.

Beneath the letter was a card containing the congratulations of the donor. Then she picked up the dainty little gift. It was a beautiful circlet of jewels and golden beads with carved clasps of won-

derful formation. In the centre was a large translucent opal, and as Maud looked into its silent depths she fancied she could read its hidden history through the long generations of the past.

For a few minutes before leaving for church Beaumont was with her.

"See," she said, as she handed him the card and necklet. "I have something else to show you. It is a pretty little thing that came this morning. May I wear it?"

"Certainly, my darling. How unique it is! Mon Dieu! Where could it come from? Possibly from the banks of the Nile! Mayhap from India! How very handsome it is! Morris was always a good fellow. Pity he couldn't have stayed for our wedding."

"Pity, indeed!" said Maud, contemptively, as the bridegroom fastened the Morris heirloom about her neck.

Six weeks later there was rejoicing at Penetang. The Doctor had exceeded his time; but as he brought his winsome bride with him, every one at the garrison was willing to forgive. They had come out with a party of tourists from York, and Maud, for the first time in her life, had the satisfaction of camping for a couple of summer nights in the woods.

The experience of this western trip was full of joy for her; and with the eagerness which was part of her nature, she looked for new pleasure in each day's journey. Beaumont had told her the wolf story in which Helen and Harold were the heroes of the hour; and during the second night from York while the wolves were howling in the distance, she lay awake for a while actually longing for a similar experience.

Of all the denizens of that little northern garrison none yearned for Maud's arrival as did Helen Manning; and when the two women met, they stood for a few minutes in a long and close embrace; while tears ran down their faces.

"This is foolishness," said Helen.

"Is it?" said Maud.

"But how good of you to come."

"Or of Henri to bring me."

"Yes, you both deserve credit," said Helen, laughing—laughter and tears are

very near akin—"But how could he help it, when Harold set him so good an example?"

"I once told you I would go to the ends of the world with a man if I loved him—just like yourself."

"So that is your reason. A very good one too."

"Yes, I came first for my husband, second for you, dear, and third," her eyes flashed as she looked around. "Well, for the people of Penetang."

Then they all clapped their hands and laughed, settling her place forever in the hearts of the little community.

The afternoon's sun was nearing the horizon, and the little bay lay before them surrounded by trees of wondrous tints—a thing of beauty.

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Maud, "and this is to be my home—a veritable fairyland."

"We will make it one for you if we can," returned Helen with a bright smile; but alas she had had a year's experience.

Maud's eyes wandered quickly over

the quaint buildings, which already stood here and there upon upland and shore, until finally they rested upon the Island.

"And what is that little white house standing among the trees?" she asked.

"That is our magazine," said Harold, who stood hand in hand with his wife. "The little citadel that guards our bay."

"And that scaffolding down at the water's edge. It looks as if they were putting up the masts of a ship."

"So we are," said Captain Payne. "The war is over and we may never have to fight again; but in memory of a great chief and brave warrior we are building the *Tecumseh*."

"And you see that pretty cottage," said Beaumont, taking his wife's arm and wheeling her round. "That is our own little home. It was La Bonne Madame's. She has made it ready for us. Won't you come to it darling? You need a rest."

"Yes, Henri, I shall be glad to, I am very happy but very tired."

THE END

The Experiences of a Woman Bachelor

By JEAN BLEWETT

B EING the confidential letters which passed between Eunice C. Complin, B.A., and her bosom friend, Kate Deming, on the subject of platonic love and kindred theories.

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KENTOWN, ONT., March 15th, 1904.

MY DEAR EUNICE,—I hope the fact of a Montreal periodical calling you a genius will not puff you up with vanity. Geniuses, my dear, differ from fools in only one respect; fools are quite destitute of wisdom, while geniuses are wise, subtly wise, in streaks. You'll be looking for this letter; it should have reached you days ago, had I not been too busy defending

you to the Kentownites, and explaining that there is nothing culpable in the fact of your getting to be a bachelor.

Poor Aunt Lydia hasn't held up her head since the news first reached her. I went in yesterday morning to talk the affair over. She was in bed—I believe in my heart she climbed in when she heard me coming, for she was flustered and her cheeks were quite pink.

"What's the matter?" I asked suspiciously.

"Nothing, nothing," she answered, and began to smooth her hair back by way of drawing my attention to a wonderful thing, the very newest thing in the way of a nightcap. It was of lace, and shaped a good deal like a baby's bonnet. In

the crown was a lining of puffed cream satin, and there was a full ruffle of lace falling about her face. There was also a smell of violet sachet powder. Two silver safety pins fastened this bit of millinery to Aunt Lydia's scant tresses. 'Tis a pity she can't wear it in the daytime, for it's the most becoming thing in the line of headgear I ever saw on her. But, bless me! I start out to say all sorts of grave and clever things to you, and waste my time and paper in describing a nightcap! Such are common, everyday women, Eunice. You, of course, are different. You have had advantages. You are a bachelor.

I expect great things from you. What are you going to make of yourself? You surely won't fall in love and marry. Leave all this sweet foolishness to us who know nothing of the delights of brand new womanhood; who can't write books, speak on platforms, box, fence, run, row or analyse our emotions; who hang to our embroidery frames, our smelling salts, our whims—created from the beginning to be in bondage to the sterner sex, and to hug our chains. This last sounds a trifle, er—well, indelicate; but you know what I mean. There's Cousin Augustus, a ridiculous name for a prosaic fellow; but he's not to blame; the sin rests on his mother. He was in love with you last year. He may be in love with you this; but man, being born to inconstancy, as the sparks to fly upward, I'll not venture to assert that he is. You were never nice to him. There has been a jolly little girl visiting his sister for the last six weeks, and he has hung about the house a lot. He displayed no emotion when speaking of you to me, so I imagine the flame which was wont to burn in his bosom has simmered down to a comfortable little pile of embers. You might kindle it up again. Somebody says that a love revived is the tenderest love of all, but I've no experience. If I were you, though, I would be a bachelor girl for a long time. I would live and work and enjoy. You are a genius; I wish you weren't, for though I'm proud of the fact of your being one, I know you'll be just as apt to do the wrong thing as any other genius. Geniuses are happier before they marry than after, as a general thing—so also are those they marry, for

the matter of that. What a Job's comforter I am! And all because I am jealous away down in a corner of my mind of those awe-inspiring letters tacked to your name. Aunt Lydia says you had better come home and behave yourself. Maybe you had, Eunice Complin, B.A. I'm lonesome for a look at your pretty face. Yours, with heaps of love,

KATE DEMING.

P.S.—Dick sends you kind regards. By the way I am going to celebrate my wooden wedding next month. Tell me how to go about it. What's the good of being a B.A. if you don't know everything?

K.D.

ELMDALE AVENUE, MONTREAL,

April 10th, 1904.

MY DEAR KATE,—Here is your six weeks' old epistle confronting me with a bold air of fault-finding on this glorious April day. Conscience urges me to write; inclination urges me to get out and watch the grass growing, and the crocus flaunting herself. Every time I look out of my window two big dandelions stare back at me. If, presently, I cease writing, the fault will be theirs; two more inviting, cajoling things you can't imagine. They make me want to get down and cuddle them, and pat the yellow heads for being so brave and so bonny. As big a fool as ever, I can hear you saying, and 'tis true. The green and gold, the sap and bud, the stir of growing things make me so glad that I cannot help crying at times. I love the season.

"Spring with the hyacinths filling her lap,
And the violet seeds in her hair,
With the crocus hiding its satin head
In her bosom warm and fair."

So the Kentownites do not approve of me! I don't know why I should wish to go on living, or—but never mind the Kentownites. They are like mosquitoes, always buzzing and singing. I can't bear mosquitoes, prefer snakes—they bite harder, but they don't bite so often, and they aren't forever droning an evil lay. So much for the Kentownites. You and Dick are among them, but not of them. Then, there is your cousin Augustus—he

couldn't be anything but good if he were to try. Not that he is always good to me; he says I have impulse enough to spoil my calculations, and calculations enough to spoil my impulses. I'm a bright personage according to this. As to falling in love and marrying, I am not contemplating anything so rash. What am I going to do with myself? Why, what any sensible young woman with good health, a fair share of good looks, and a modest but sufficient income ought to do with herself. I'm going to keep my independence, have a good time, and grow better and wiser every day.

I'm not a marrying person; Aunt Lydia often deprecates the fact. I don't believe in affinities and one woman losing her heart to one man; in fact, a woman very much in love is rather a nuisance to herself and everybody else. I always avoid her if possible. It's as bad with the other sex. The man who at a party stands moodily watching the door till the woman of his choice enters—we meet him often—ought to be sent home until such time as he can appear in public without making a ninny of himself. There is no excuse for him. I'll tell you something, Kate. You may think me joking, but I'm not; I'm in earnest, cross my heart, as we used to say. Listen, then. The only kind of love I am going to give or receive is platonic love. There are splendid men in the world, and men, my dear, make better friends than women. There are people narrow enough to deny that a close friendship can exist for any length of time between a man and a woman—perhaps I should say, rather, between a young man and a young woman. It is to refute to my own satisfaction this libel on human nature that I have chosen for my device “calm, passionless, platonic love.”

Already I am happy in the possession of a man friend of whom any woman might feel proud. Not that he is handsome—I've never admired handsome men, as you know—or witty, or even exceptionally clever. He's just an earnest, good fellow, and so broad-minded for a preacher—a Presbyterian at that. He makes an ideal friend; I give him advice, and sympathy, and quite a lot of my time. Now don't smile and look knowing, for there's no more question of love between us than on

the first day of our meeting some six months ago. I'm going to be perfectly frank with you always; you may believe every line of my epistles. If I find that this platonic love is, as some one declares, “hard to find, and harder to hold,” I'll tell you about it. At present my faith is strong. The parson is tall and slim—too slim—and has near-sighted blue eyes, but he has a heart of gold. We both enjoy our friendship immensely in spite of the ill-natured remarks of those envious of us. There is a girl here, Nadine Ghant, big-eyed and good looking. She asked me yesterday if I had ever been in love, and when I answered that I had not, she laughed.

“Then why encourage the attentions of the Rev. John Hobson?” she asked.

I explained to her just how matters were, but she only made fun of me. She's very plain spoken, this Nadine.

“The parson's a big fool, and you're a little one,” she said. “Platonic friendship, indeed! It's the platonic friendships that make so many old maids. A man gets into a position to take to himself a wife, but instead of going among the marriageable young ladies of his acquaintance, choosing a wife, and starting a happy home life, what does he do? He strikes up a platonic friendship with some pretty matron, or some silly girl who thinks because she has studied a host of theories that she knows more than her great-grandmother about men and women. Humph!”

Oh, the scorn expressed in that “Humph!” I didn't get vexed. Nadine is fond of John Hobson; she is clever and bright, and will make him a good wife. Think I shall try to do a little match-making. Marriage will not interfere with our delightful companionship. Your cousin Augustus is another of my friends. He's under bonds never to mention the word love in my hearing, so no building of air castles, you wily schemer. There's a professor, McDill—but no more about my “affairs” this time.

My love to Dick. Tell him he chose the only woman in Kentown worth marrying. And about your wooden wedding, dear! Are you really a five-year-old bride? I can't believe it.

Have your room look as rustic as pos-

sible, with rustic furniture and little wooden buckets to hold the flowers. Send your invitations out on birch bark, and when the evening arrives don the pretty silver poplin you were married in and look your oldsweet self. This is all I can tell you. When I'm five years married you won't find me asking advice of a girl bachelor.

I wish you would have a baby, Kate. I'll go down and pet it most to death. If 'twas a girl you could name her Eunice, and I'd be her godmother. Think it over. If I were to mention twins I suppose you'd gasp, but twins, Mrs. Dick Deming, are the loveliest things on earth. Yours lovingly,

EUNICE COMPLIN.

KENTOWN, ONT., May 7th, 1904.

MY DEAR EUNICE,—You don't seem at all anxious for my advice, but you shall have it nevertheless. I'm not one to see you running on the rocks and not try to direct your stubborn course. I use the word stubborn advisedly. At five you were a pigheaded mite, who followed your own sweet will, whether it got you into difficulties or not, and at twenty-five you are just as bad. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, my dear. I want you to give less of your sympathy, your smiles, and your time to the near-sighted preacher. Platonic love does exist in this weary old world, and a sweet and true thing it is. Some of the most beautiful friendships I know of are between men and women. For myself I like a man friend best, and if I were wrecked on a desert island would rather any day find a Friday than a Mrs. Friday. This is between ourselves; am telling it you to prove that I'm no mean prude, with a born distrust of human nature, but a sensible, large-minded woman.

You are too young and pretty to do well at the platonic business. I do not care how many maternal airs you give yourself, or how goody-goody he is, you are going to get into trouble. He may be as harmless as a dove, and you as wise as a serpent, but all the same you will find he will get to think too much of you, or you will get to think too much of him, or worse still, both of you will get sentimental.

Let the parson go to the appreciative

Nadine for smiles and sympathy. Remember friendship belongs to the old; love to the young. If a girl desires to be the near and dear friend of some man not related to her, she had best pick on one twenty years her senior. I know men and women, you dear big baby, and I tell you in confidence, that the average woman has no business writing her letters till she's fifty, and the average man has no business trying to establish platonic relations between a pretty girl and himself till he's too old to notice whether her eyes are brown or blue—and dear only knows how old that is.

Of course, you'll gang your ain gait; you've a wonderful opinion of your powers of discretion, but don't forget there are a few things one can't learn in a university.

Augustus is still attentive to the girl who visited his sister; it is just possible that he may be in earnest. Do you know that you are a careless and perverse person? Your dearest Kate writes you that she intends celebrating her wooden wedding early in April, and asks your counsel, and on the very last day of April you answer. If this is to be a genius, I thank heaven I'm not one.

And such counsel! Rustic furniture—as though such things could be gotten for love or money in this old-fashioned town. Don the gown I wore on my wedding day, five years ago—don it, forsooth! Easier said than done. I tried my best to get into it, but couldn't, and Dick had to come and help me out of it. He laughed so hard I lost my temper and bundled it and its ribbons and ruffles back into the closet in a hurry. This is only a scrap of a letter; we are in the throes of housecleaning. But do not pay heed to what it contains, Eunice, and be as sensible as you conveniently can. Yours, with lots of love,

KATE DEMING.

P.S.—Who and what is Prof. McDill? He had almost slipped my mind. By the way, did you get the little book, "Ministering Marthas," which Aunt Lydia sent you? She is anxious to know.

K.D.

ELMDALE AVENUE, June 6th.

MY DEAR,—It's good to be alive in June, isn't it? The lilacs are rioting in

the garden, the two big apple trees at the back of the house are pink and white, the jessamine at my window is full of tiny flowers, the tall chestnut beside the gate tosses up its white plumes proudly, and the breeze smells like something escaped from the hug of a sweetbriar. I believe God never looks on the world in June without being glad that he created it.

But you'll be telling me again that I write a poor letter. There is nothing of interest to some people but personalities. Why doesn't she begin and tell everything about the Rev. John Hobson, you are saying? I don't care to tell about him. The truth is, he wasn't the sort of man I should have chosen for a friend. He got foolish notions in his head, and—and, well he behaved badly. It was some weeks ago. We had been reading Browning's "By the Fireside," together in the back parlour. I thought I would talk to him of Nadine, and, as a beginning, remarked that a preacher held a responsible position.

"Yes, oh yes, there isn't a doubt of it," he admitted.

"You know how heartily I sympathise with you." He looked pleased.

"Don't you think," I said insinuatingly, "that if a minister marries he widens his influence?"

"I'm certain of it," he said; "it is his bounden duty to take a wife."

"Then, John Hobson," said I, soberly enough, "why don't you do your duty?"

"Because," bashfully, "you've always seemed so against it."

"Indeed, you are much mistaken," I began, and was going to tell him that I knew of a dear girl who would make him an excellent helpmate, but he got hold of my hand, and—if you laugh, Kate Deming I'll never forgive you, never—proposed to me. I never was more disappointed in a person in my life.

Of course our delightful friendship is at an end. I don't mind owning to you that I missed him dreadfully, but I've gotten over it. A woman has to love a man or hate him to give him a prominent place in her thoughts. He seemed lonely for a time, but Nadine took him in hand. He will do his duty.

Am I convinced that platonic affection

is a snare and a delusion? Certainly not. One swallow does not make a summer, nor one failure the end of an undertaking. My slim, near-sighted preacher is not of the stuff of which platonic friends are made—he is susceptible—and romantic. Then his imagination is big—he fancied himself in love with me, nothing more.

Prof. McDill will not fail me. He makes a delightful friend. Who and what is he? He is a big, homely fellow who knows all about the stars, and several things—wise and good. He is also the happy husband of a very clever woman who writes and lectures on heredity, and physical culture, etc., the kind that Augustus admires. I thought many times of your steadfast old cousin when the preacher upset my plans so rudely. Old friends are best after all, dear. What comforting king used to call for his old shoes because they were easiest on his feet? There is something rather pathetic about it. Poke fun at me if you choose, I am still your candid

EUNICE.

KENTOWN, July 10th.

POOR OLD GIRL,—You must be in a bad way when you find something pathetic in the fact of gouty King James calling for his old footwear. Pack your trunk and shake the dust off your shoes at that broken reed (a happy comparison), John Hobson; the professor with the wonderful wife, and all the rest of it, and come home on a visit. You think that bit of a garden on Elmdale Avenue something to brag of on a June day, but you should see the wheat fields, and corn fields and meadows about Kentown, now that midsummer is at hand—to say nothing of the orchards where the early peaches are getting a blush on them, and the early apples a perfume so inviting that 'tis no wonder the small boy succumbs to the temptation of plucking. Come on. Leave all your ponderous tomes behind you and revel in such delicate mental fare as we get at the public library.

I haven't said "I told you so" once; all the same I warned you how things would turn out. You haven't had lesson enough,

eh? You must needs begin all over again. And this time it is worse—a man with a wife. She will be giving some private lectures before long, I am thinking, this woman who knows all about heredity and physical culture. Of course she has a lot to attend to, and leaves the wise, good professor to get along the best way he can; but she won't relish your interest in him for all that. It is the woman who treats her husband like a dog who resents it most when some other woman takes any notice of him. If I could only teach you a little worldly wisdom! The idea of a nice girl like you turning up her nose at marriage—flouting all love that is not platonic, and making herself ridiculous generally. But I must stop lecturing or you will be exclaiming "Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend."

Dick has the toothache. He had typhoid fever a year ago, and didn't make half the fuss. I want him to get it out, but he has a dozen excuses. The truth is he is afraid—nearly all big men are cowards—the bigger the man the bigger the coward. Aunt Lydia desires to be remembered to you. She talks continually these days of my worthy uncle's political career. Don't ask me what he has done, for beyond the fact that he spends quite a lot of money having a good time in Ottawa, I know of nothing. Your faithful

KATE.

P.S.—Aunt Lydia and I went for a walk yesterday, and came on Augustus and Jenny Dole—the girl I told you of—leaning over the bridge spanning our river (call it creek if you dare) listening to the frogs, as happy as you please.

"How gallant he has grown!" whispered Aunt Lydia; "he is in earnest, I doubt not."

But I told her one never could tell, seeing that conscience has no more to do with such philandering than it has with politics. Whereat Aunt Lydia, thinking I was quoting my own sentiments instead of some philosopher's, remarked that "I ought to be ashamed of myself," and my uncle a member.

K.D.

ELMDALE, October 22nd, 1904.

MY DEAR KATE,—I promised you the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so

at whatever cost to my pride—but let me begin at the beginning. I came back from my long visit with you feeling that I had been having an idle, pleasant time of it long enough, that I should get to work and do something. I would write a book. Prof. McDill was much interested, and it ended in our forming a partnership. He knew so many things that I did not that he was invaluable. He was at the house every day, and mother hinted a disapproval, while I paid no heed to it. We progressed at a great rate. I think it was Chapter X we were at when he began to act unlike himself, to be nervous and ill at ease. Now, don't look mortified and begin imagining the professor a gay Lothario. He had no thought of making love, I can assure you. And I believed in him so—he is one of the big, kind-looking men who inspire you with confidence. I used to think what a tower of strength he would be in a time of trouble, and feel so glad because of our friendship. Kate, he proved himself a fraud out and out. I believe what you told me, the bigger the man, the bigger the coward, for when the time came for him to assert himself he daren't say his life was his own.

It was Mrs. McDill. It seems that she made up her mind to put an end to the professor's visits, and set about it so vigorously that he nearly died of fright. He didn't stand up for his rights at all; he simply wilted. He made one last hurried call. The blandness and kindness were gone, he was dreadfully sheepish-looking and uncomfortable.

"But our book," I urged. "Why didn't you reason with her?"

"You don't know her," was all he answered.

I wanted to shake him. "She surely has confidence in you, and——"

"She hasn't a particle," he interrupted; "and when she forbade me to continue friends with you, what could I do but promise her that it should be as she wished?"

I thought of my book and my big ambition, and grew angry. "You could have been a man; you could have said that our friendship was a pure and wholesome thing and that you would not treat one who had

shown you only kindness, discourteously," I answered proudly.

"I'm sorry," he said, without lifting his eyes; "but she's got the notion into her head that you were too—too—well, rather fond of me. Now, Miss Complin"—it had been Eunice for weeks—"I know better, but I can't convince her. She never believes what I say."

And do you know, right there I felt sorry for him, angry as I was.

"Nonsense," I said impatiently, "she knows very well that I don't care for you in that way. You're hardly the man to capture a girl's fancy. Mrs. McDill ought to remember this. Too fond of you! I think your wife is a horrid woman."

"You are angry; I don't blame you," he said, and got himself away without loss of time.

This is a thousand times worse than the John Hobson affair. I'm almost ready to let somebody else prove the safe and sure delights of love platonic. There still remains Augustus, dear steadfast fellow! His sweethearting—as Aunt Lydia terms it—with Jennie does not take all his time. I get a letter every week. Write, my dear girl, rail at me, say anything you want to. It will be meekly borne by your disheartened

EUNICE.

P.S.—I'll wager Prof. McDill's mother was too big a coward to go to bed in the dark. Heredity, Kate!

3

ELMDALE AVE., Dec. 23rd.

MY DEAR KATE,—Am busy, but must send you a Christmas letter. We have been very gay here of late. What with parties and private theatricals and literary gatherings, I've had hardly time to think. The book is still unfinished—have a notion to send it as a Christmas box to the professor. Poor old fellow, still looks frightened when we chance to meet, and hurries along as though he thought the eagle eye of his better half might pierce the distance and detect him bowing. By the way, I was honoured with a call from her a few weeks ago. She came in as friendly as you please, nearly shook my hand off.

"You're looking well, real well. Did

you feel vexed when I put an end to the professor's foolish flirtation? Now, don't look cross, it was a flirtation, I don't care what name it went under. I did it for the best. If we sensible people didn't have a care of you foolish ones the world would be upside down in no time. I like you, but I can't allow you to puff the dear old professor up with vanity and foolishness."

She said all this with the greatest air of goodfellowship. I suppose you think I improved the occasion and told her some unpleasant truths. Not a bit of it; I just sat and stared. "I want you," she went on, "to come and hear Doctor Agnes Farr—a power in the social purity movement, my dear—speak on 'Woman as Wife and Mother.' The meeting is for ladies only, and you'll hear something worth remembering. I never like to waste my time; inherited my father's practical disposition; I am like my father."

"Then your father was big, and coarse, and a bully," I said—but I didn't say it until she was gone. Beast!

So Augustus is having the homestead rejuvenated with paint and paper, is he? I think it a dear old place. What happy times we've all had playing hide-and-seek among the hollyhocks and building play-houses under the maples! It is lovely of you to want me to go down for Christmas, but I can't do it; will go in time for your wedding anniversary in April. I mustn't forget to tell you that we have an invitation to attend the nuptials of the preacher and Nadine Ghant. What do you mean, Kate Deming, by asserting that I have failed in my quest, and had better abandon it? Have I not Augustus still? There is no danger that he will want to wed me any more than he will turn coward and forsake me. I like a man who is always the same, don't you? Aunt Lydia, of course, will be pleased at the idea of his marrying Jennie. She used to be mortally afraid he would marry me. With oceans of love, and wishes for a Merry Xmas. Yours lovingly,

EUNICE.

3

KENTOWN, Jan. 1st, 1905.

MY DEAR EUNICE,—Am I not beginning the year in a right and proper manner? All sorts of good wishes, darling—happiness, peace and prosperity be yours during

the next twelve months. We had a quiet Christmas at home, Dick and I, and kept regretting your absence. Come down in April, by all means, but there will be no wedding party this year. The very next festal occasion will be a—oh, Eunice! You think no one can keep a secret but yourself—christening! Think of it! How I laughed at your account of Mrs. McDill's visit! The professor's punishment is heavy enough; he has to live with her. If I were you, Eunice Complin, B.A., I would resolve on this New Year to throw away some very silly, nonsensical ideas and get sensible ones in their place. The common, old-fashioned love is good enough for you or any other woman. It's discouraging to think that at twenty-six you are such a fool. You wouldn't have Augustus for a lover, and so his feelings simmered down to friendships. You two will never marry now, for I've noticed one thing; you can, if you manage rightly, turn your lover into a friend; but when you have accomplished it, nothing short of a miracle will turn him back into a lover again. Heigho! I was right about the preacher, and about McDill. You'll find I'm right about Augustus. Thanks, dear, for the Christmas box, centre-pieces and doilies are beautiful. All my acquaintances are envious—what more could a mortal desire? Your wise and loving

KATE.

P.S.—Forgot to tell you that Augustus

is away spending New Year's with the Doles. He will come back engaged to Jennie it is more than likely.

ELMDALE AVE., Jan. —.

"DEAR KATE,—I don't like people who know everything and never make mistakes; they are so important and aggravating. This doesn't mean you for you don't know everything, and you do make mistakes. For once you can't say, "I told you so." Oh, wise little woman! Augustus is engaged but not to Jennie Dole. The wedding will be in June. He left for Kentown this morning, and I would miss him dreadfully if I weren't so busy wondering how Aunt Lydia will bear up under the new trial. So glad about the secret, dear one.

EUNICE.

KENTOWN, Jan. 8th, 1905.

EUNICE,—If I weren't so fond of you I would lecture you well for the worry your platonic love affairs have caused me. I might have known you would not come to grief; as I remarked some months ago, geniuses are wise—in streaks. There are a lot of clever and sarcastic things I could put in this letter, but the truth is I'm so tickled I haven't the heart. Dick and I send our united blessing. Your happy

KATE.

Affinity

BY SYDNEY C. DALTON

SOMEWHERE out there where the daisies grow,
 In the shadow of countless trees,
 I can hear you calling me, far away,
 (Your voice comes in on the breeze)
 And I search, and call, and long for you
 Till I lose myself in the night;
 But always out there where the daisies grow
 I think I can see the light!

At the Harbour's Mouth

By ALICE JONES, Author of "Bubbles We Buy," etc.

EDITORIAL NOTE—In the Province of Nova Scotia, the great tragedy of the period is the migration of the young people to New England. This story gives a glimpse of the effect of this migration and of some typical results. Old Josephine Perrier living on the coast near Chebucto Bay had watched the Boston Boat come and go for many a year. Her granddaughter Julia went away on it, at last, and left her alone. Now Julia has come back for a visit and there is some rivalry between an artilleryman and Louis Minette, pilot and old admirer.

III



WEEK of hot August days passed without any startling development.

The artilleryman prowled about between the Fort and the Cove, cropping up in all sorts of unexpected places when the blue cotton appeared, sometimes receiving a few careless words and smiles, sometimes being urged on his way with the briefest of excuses. If Louis Minette were on board his boat in the Cove, he stayed there and attempted no more expeditions into the enemy's country. As for Julia she had always a stream of gay talk ready to amuse old Josephine, sitting on the doorstep in the soft evening dusk, telling long tales of the splendours of town life; devoting a whole stormy day to cutting out and fitting the new winter dress of black woollen; attempting wonderful feats of cookery at the little cooking stove, and even persuading her grandmother to eat some mushrooms which she had brought home and served up as a savoury dish.

"They're pison, rank pison, and my mother always told me as it was only witches as could ate them," Josephine protested, but she ate them as she would have done anything that Julia wanted her to do.

For all her bustling and cheerful ways, the girl stayed as thin as ever, and though her face tanned to a healthy brown, the hollows were still in her cheeks.

It was a week after her arrival and a letter having come from her commercial traveller, she carried it off to the hillside for further meditation.

She had found herself a mossy nook

among the spruce trees, open enough to give her a lookout down on the stretch of water below, shut in enough for there to be little chance of her amorous artilleryman hunting her out.

"I simply couldn't stand his bank 'olidays and his watermelons to-day. I'd scream right out," she said to herself with an ungrateful remembrance of their first meeting.

A pearly haze of fog hung over the sea, and although there was no wind a southerly swell was booming among the granite ledges below.

A military launch had landed some passengers at the wharf, and, looking down from her perch on to the winding road to the Fort, she saw a lady in dainty white walking up beside an officer in uniform. They were both young and good-looking, and from the cosy way in which she put her hand through his arm and smiled up into his face, they were evidently husband and wife. How happy they looked! she thought to herself, and how nice it must be to have someone to take care of one, and help one up the steep places. She, Julia, had always had to climb by herself, sometimes helping up others too.

And then she put her hand in her pocket and pulled out her letter and re-read it, wrinkling up her face a good deal in the process.

The letter was dreadfully affectionate, expressing a strong sense of proprietorship. "When the days have been extra hot, and business extra aggravating, I just camp down evenings in any cool, dark place, a beer-garden, a ferry-boat or such, and think about a certain honeymoon trip to Niagara, and a certain pretty little bride

getting her picture taken beside her husband, wearing one of those shiny blue silks, and a pearl brooch that I have a look at every now and then in Solomon's window, and after that I feel like another man. I don't want my little girl to hurry back to work, but I want her to come back in time for that honeymoon——"

Goodness gracious! How certain he seemed about it all! She had never intended anything like that when she had promised just for the sake of keeping him quiet, to think it over.

And this was the man who when he came for his money she would have to tell that she could not pay it!

For all his smiling pinkness, she had marked his underlying tenacity, and knowing her own weakness, she felt certain that if she went back it would end in his marrying her.

"And oh, I don't want to, I don't want to!" she sobbed in a sudden outburst of despair. "I want to stay here by the sea, among my own folks—but I can't, I can't!"

It was almost a luxury to give way to that passion of weeping that seized her as she hid her face in the cool, green moss, letting her hair fall thick about her face, and her sobs break from her burdened chest. She had been brave and had laughed back at the world for so long. Now she would have her hour of tears to herself.

A sailor walks with a certain loose restraint that makes his footfall much lighter than that of landsmen. Perhaps that was the reason that Louis Minette, returning from a night's fishing with the Falkland men, came across the hillside and down the meadow slope behind the spruce trees without her hearing his approach.

A flicker of light on the blue cotton caught the pilot's eye, and he paused to look down in silent dismay at the dishevelled, sob-shaken heap.

"Julie! Why Julie!" he said, with a dawning tenderness of voice and eyes, and stooping laid a big brown hand on the girl's heaving shoulder. The effect of words and touch was magical. In a moment Julia was on her feet, shaking back her loose hair, and facing him with stormy eyes.

"And so you speak a civil word to me at last do you, Louis Minette?" she panted

out. "What is it to you if I have a tooth-ache, or a headache, or—oh well, anything that makes me cry—and what do you mean by coming spying round——"

But Louis was not to be tempted into a quarrel to-day.

"There, there," he said with a soothing hand on her arm. "I know well enough as you wouldn't have the heart to say that to me, Julie, if you weren't, so to say, upset and put out by something. And if you'll just tell me what it is, and if that fool of an artilleryman—at least, he mayn't be a fool though he looks one for sure——"

A mollified laugh broke from Julia. Why do women so enjoy masculine jealousy?

"That artilleryman! As if I'd go all the way to Boston and back to cry about him! Why, he's twice the fool he looks, if that's possible."

"Well then, if it ain't that it's something else!" Louis persisted. "And I want to know what it is, and to see if I can't help you, Julie."

The girl's lips quivered, and a little sob rose as after swell of the past storm.

"It's nothing, Louis. I was only just foolish, and thinking how soon it'd be when I'd have to go back to work and worries——"

She paused, and he took her up promptly, though with a visible effort.

"There's no need to go back at all, Julie. You know how hard I took it for you to be working away off there by yourself. You were set on going; but now, when I'm getting enough to keep you comfortable, and you'd live in town or in the Cove just whichever you liked best——"

His voice had grown hoarse and now choked with the force of his pleading.

Julia looked bravely into the dark face bent towards her and shook her head with a wistful smile. Then, all at once, she let herself go in an impulsiveness which sometimes proves the truest wisdom.

Flinging her arms up to his neck, she clung to him, her tear-stained face against the oilskins he carried on his arm.

"Oh, I wish I could! I only wish I could!" she cried. "But whatever happens I must go back next month. It wouldn't be honest if I didn't, Louis."

His face was haggard with mingled pas-

sion and disappointment as he clasped her close.

"But you'll come back to me for sure?" he muttered.

"For sure," and the commercial traveller's letter crackled in the front of her dress as though protesting.

This was all very fine as far as it went, but if Louis were not as conversationally nimble as Julia, he held tenaciously to his purpose, the purpose of knowing the reason of her tears and her insistence on returning to her work. The temptation was strong to tell the tale of her troubles with her head on his shoulder, but all the strength of will that had driven her out to fight her own battle in the world revolted against an acknowledgment of failure. No, rather than that she would go back, and giving up her little establishment would go out again to work by the day.

It was a come down, but she felt pretty sure that by working hard and stinting herself of all her little pleasures, she could by the early summer have saved enough to pay her debt without letting Louis know of it or of the commercial traveller. He would want to pay the debt she felt certain, and that would be too humiliating an end to all her grand schemes.

And so, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder like a meditative kitten, she cooed:

"Don't let us bother about anything now. I've a month more holidays, so let us get all the good of them, anyway. Take me out cod-fishing this afternoon, won't you? I haven't been once yet."

And what could Louis do but capitulate to this programme.

IV

ALL dwellers upon these Nova Scotian shores know the signs of the "August storm," outer edge of the West Indian hurricane circle, that sweep up hot and dark and fierce, working havoc on their way. As a child, Julia had enjoyed seeing the coasting schooners running in for shelter, and the fishermen hauling up their boats and making everything fast before the coming peril.

To-day though, when the overcast sky was of such a steely hardness, and a shrill

whistle sounded in the rising south-westerly wind, her restlessness was not of so pleasurable a kind. No. 4 was out, and she had climbed the hillside more than once before she saw the pilot-boat running in before the wind, past the cottage up to the cove, where sheltered between the island and the mainland, no southerly storm could reach her.

The rain had not yet come, and presently Julia was strolling up the shore path where she had once met the artilleryman. But the poor artilleryman had been sent with his blighted hopes over to one of the forts at McNab's, greatly to Julia's relief, and it was somewhere near the same spot as she had met him before that Louis now appeared. There was the freshness and life of the sea in his face, as he hailed her cheerily:

"I saw you on the lookout as we passed. Did you think we'd be drowned inside Sambro? A fine sailor's wife you'll make."

"I wasn't looking for you," she asserted. "I was just watching the soldiers landing."

"Looking for the artilleryman?" he asked.

Then they strolled leisurely homewards, though the first warm drops of rain struck their faces. But as they turned to the bare seaward slope the force of the storm met them, and it was with Louis' arm round her waist, and with their heads bent that they faced it.

Down the rocky hillside they scuttled, making for the shelter of the cottage. As they came within sight of the open door Julia clutched his arm sharply.

"What's that, Louis?" she gasped, and then ran forward towards something black that was huddled on the wet stones by the well.

"Grannie!" she cried pitifully, and a feeble wail answered her.

"Yes, I've done it this time. There's something cracked up in top of my leg, and I thought as I'd have to lie here for ever. I wanted water for tea——"

"Oh, never mind that now. Let Louis and me try to lift you——"

It was a heart-rending business when she quailed and groaned at their touch, and fainted outright as they raised her. Even Louis was haggard-faced by the

time that they got her on her bed, and the tears were streaming unheeded down Julia's face as she tried to force brandy between the old lady's teeth.

"Look here," Louis said desperately; "when John Marlin over to Falkland broke his leg they just laid him out flat in a whaler and took him up to town to the hospital. Now, it's clear as she's broke *something*, and if you like, I'll get the Pettipaw's boat and 'range a mattress and tarpaulins all right, and start off."

"But the storm?" Julia protested in dismay.

"There ain't no sea yet to harm us running before it," he persisted.

A pressure of the poor bony hand Julia held made her bend lower. "What's he say?" came a hoarse whisper.

"Grannie dear, will you let Louis take you to town to the hospital? We'll cover you up warm and I'll be close beside you."

"You're good children, the both of you, but I ain't going to no hospital. Here I am in my own bed, and here I'm going to stay till I go up over the hill to the graveyard."

They knew her too well to attempt argument.

"Then I've got to get a doctor somehow. Guess I'll walk up to the ferry. Don't be downhearted, if we're not here before morning, though I'll do my best. Dare say I'll get Dr. Haskell to drive down. I'll send one of the neighbours to you, Julie."

And so Louis went out into the night, and Julia with a neighbour's help did her best for Grannie through the long hours that intervened between his return with a youthful doctor of sporting proclivities who, finding these shore folk a change from the monotony of town patients, had become a sort of physician in ordinary to them. He got her hip set, but shook his head when asked as to her recovery.

"At her time of life—and I can see she's worked hard—there's not much chance of her ever getting about again," he said to Louis. Though the latter kept this to himself, it was not long before Julia had realised the fact for herself. Grannie was growing weaker every day. It was impossible that in a few weeks' time she could be left alone, and yet, if Julia stayed

with her where was the money for their daily needs to come from unless she married Louis? That she felt she could not do until her debt was paid.

True, for Grannie's keep she might appeal to her married children, who if never over-generous, could hardly leave her to die neglected. She herself might get sewing to do in town. Mrs. Demoine who kept the boarding house would recommend her, and she could easily send the work back and forth.

It was with such schemes that she tried to keep up her courage as she went about her simple household duties.

They had moved Josephine's bed into the front room where the cooking-stove was, and where through the open door she could see the ocean steamers and the white-winged sailing craft pass up and down the harbour.

"All my life long, they've been company to me," she murmured, half apologising for her interest in a great, white American man-of-war that had come in.

Grannie had always taken much pains to hide her frivolous delight in the wonderful outside world at which she had had so few peeps.

"A Yankee cruiser!" she said over to herself at intervals; then beckoning to Julia, "There ain't no war, nor no blockade-runners now, is there?"

"No, Grannie, of course not," Julia answered, not quite understanding what she meant. She had heard the old folks talk of the American war, without realising that it could ever have affected the lives of those around her.

She had finished her tidying up, and now took her sewing and sat near the door where her grandmother could see her. She knew how persistently the wistful eyes followed her about. She was uneasy too, for to-day the pale face seemed as though pinched by invisible fingers, it looked so strangely small, and the worn hands wandered restlessly on the red and white patch-work quilt.

"The priest says as we'll meet fathers and mothers and husbands in heaven, don't he, Julie?" the thin voice questioned.

"Yes, Grannie."

"But I wonder how it'll be with folks as ain't relations, folks as p'raps we've only

seen once or twice—long ago, long ago, and yet we've remembered all our lives. What do you think, Julie?" and the words had a strange intensity in them.

"I don't know, Grannie," Julia answered with an anxious glance down the pathway. She wished some of the neighbours would come along, though she could not have told why she was frightened.

V

A RESTLESS sigh had followed Julia's words, then raising her head for a furtive glance around, Josephine beckoned.

"Shut the door, Julie, and come here close by the bed. There's a thing as I've got to tell you before it's too late."

Something in the compelling eyes made Julia obey in silence, though she shivered as she shut out the September sunshine.

"You lift the mat over there by the dresser and you'll see a loose board. Yes, that's it. Take a knife and lift it up—there—now you see a little box, don't you?"

Julia stood up, holding a small paste-board matchbox in her hand.

"Bring it here," and the wrinkled hands grasped it like a recovered treasure. Slowly the box was pushed out—"Look at that!" Josephine whispered, like a devotee before an uncovered shrine.

Julia was by now in such a state of bewilderment that she thought nothing would have surprised her, but she gave a gasp of amazement at sight of a man's heavy ring in which shone a large diamond. She had a friend in Boston whose father was working jeweller in a big firm, and who had amused himself showing the girl enough of their treasures for her to make a guess at the value of this stone if it were real.

"Why Grandma, where'd you get that?" she asked in all the sharpness of surprise.

"Pull up the rocking-chair close, and I'll tell you"—and then feebly at times, now and then strong with excitement, the old woman went on to tell the tale of her life's romance.

"It was when I was a girl—before your father came from Chezzetcook and married me"—of late she had more than once confused Julia with the daughters married and gone from her—"those was the days when the Yankees in Boston was

fighting the people who lived south of their country, English I think they really was, though there was another name they called them by—"

"Rebels," suggested Julia, but the old woman frowned and shook her head.

"No, no, that wasn't it. Anyway, they used to come here in steamers to get things to take home to their families, as the Yankees wouldn't let them have—blockade-runners they called them. They were painted such pretty colours, pale blues and pinks and greys, so as the Yankees shouldn't see them at night. I used to watch 'em over there by the Eastern Passage. The Yankee cruisers would dodge about outside to catch them, but often they'd come down here and wait till after dark to slip out in a fog.

"There was one—she was pink—and more than once when she was loaded she came and lay hidden away in the Cove, where she could only be seen from the land side, and there she would wait for the best time to go out.

"There was a man—father said he was the captain—as used to come strolling about, and sometimes he passed our door and talked to me—he was big and splendid, with a yellow beard, and such a kind, gentle voice. He used to call me a queer name, Evangeline—I don't know what it meant—"

Julia knew, and tears were in her eyes as she realised Grandma's youth, and the stranger with the kind and gentle voice. She guessed that Grandpa's ways had been anything but kind or gentle.

"One hot summer day I hadn't seen him, but I knew that he had crossed to go to the town, and that his ship had her steam up.

"Our men were getting their nets ready, and I heard them say as they must be careful to-night, for there was a Yankee cruiser going up and down near the shore as might run them down.

"Then that blockade-runner had better stay safe where she is,' says father.

"She's been waiting three days, and she'll try it for sure to-night if there's a wisp of fog,' says Louis Minette's grandfather.

"Well the men went out towards sunset and it was quiet, deadly quiet along the

shore. There wasn't a breath of wind, not a bit of llop to break on the beach.

"I was sitting out there on one of the rocks, as it seemed less lonely like than inside, when I saw two men coming up the path. Sailors they were for sure, though different from any I'd ever known. They asked to fill a jar at the well, and then they talked a bit about how quiet it seemed with the men out, and were any men from the blockade-runner up above ever about? They thought they'd seen one of them being landed over by the point this morning.

"Then somehow I guessed as they were enemies to my captain, and I just wouldn't tell them one word, though I made pretence to answer them fair enough.

"Oh, she's a fool! Come along," one of them mutters, and as they go off I heard him say, 'Steam's up, and she goes out to-night as soon as he's aboard.'

"Yes, as soon as he's aboard; but what if we catch him first,' the other says with a laugh.

"I made a show of sitting down on the rocks with my back to them, but presently I just stands round a bit, and I sees them join two others as was waiting, and go along the shore, and somehow I felt sure as they were hiding behind that big rock up above the path. They meant to catch my captain as he came back, and I, a poor stupid girl, was the only one to do a thing to stop them.

"If he had his own boat to meet him on the other side, he'd be safe enough, but if he crossed in the ferry and walked along the shore they'd have him for sure.

"It was getting dark, not real dark, but just enough to be dusky against the hill, while out on the water it was clear enough.

"I wondered if I could get along the shore up to the blockade-runner and call out to them to go to meet their captain. I walked a little way when presently I sees a head bob out behind the big rock up on the hill, and I guessed if I tried to go further they'd stop me. So I just sat down and looked around idle like. I looked at the shore and I looked at the water, and didn't I see a boat coming over from the ferry, right to where I was. If only I could have called to them to go higher up,

for I knew the captain was there going to land just below those men on the hill.

"I'll chance it, thinks I, and I sets off to run down as light as I could between the bushes, but by the time I reached him the boat was gone and he was walking along the path, brisk, and humming to himself.

"Hullo, Evangeline! Did you fall from the sky?' says he, as I come down through the bushes. I was panting so as I could scarce speak, but I caught him by the arm. 'There are four men hiding up there behind that rock,' I says, pointing, 'as mean to stop your getting on board to-night.'

"Do they?' says he, cheerful-like. 'That's kind in them. Four to one is big odds too, but we'll see what we can do.'

"He puts a whistle to his mouth and blows twice, sharp and loud. 'That should bring the boat, but I must lose no time. You're a good girl—see here,' and he pulled this ring off his finger. 'If they get me, they shan't get this. You keep it for me until I come back, and if I never come back, keep it for yourself. Good-bye, child,' and he just kissed me, and was off up the path at a run.

"There I stayed, but it was dusker now, and though I heard heavy feet among the loose stones on the hill I could see nothing, only presently there was scuffling and sounds as though shouts were being choked and I was half mad when I thought they'd got him. Then there were sounds of oars as sometimes I thought went towards the sea, and sometimes towards the Cove. I was so bewildered, I couldn't even make that out.

"By'n-bye, there was nothing more anywhere, and I crawled home, but I listened for hours on the doorstep, and still never heard a thing.

"It was morning when father gets home, and by then I had been up to the Cove and seen as there was no blockade-runner there.

"I told father about it—all save the ring; I kept that to myself for fear he might want to sell it—and he said as it wasn't the first queer thing of the kind as had happened along the shore this last year or so. Whether the captain had got off or hadn't was none of our business, and we'd best

hold our tongues about it all,"—she drew a deep breath as for remembered sorrow—"and we did, and that was the end of it, for though I waited and waited, and even when Elias was ill I wouldn't show the ring or sell it, for the chance as he might come back for it. But now, I'm pretty well done for, and perhaps when I'm gone you might use it to buy a nice white cross to put over me. It would seem like being friendly with him still. I guess it might be worth that?" she asked anxiously.

"It'll buy nicer things than that," was the resolutely cheerful answer, though there were tears on Julia's cheeks. "A soft, easy chair for when you sit up—"

"There'll be no need of that. But I'd be glad if it gave something for you. It's yours now, Julie."

"I'll take care of it for you, Grannie," and Julia hung the ring by a ribbon round her neck, and tucked it inside her dress.

This matter of her one worldly care settled, Josephine rapidly let slip her hold on life. Her little craft, moored so long, was drifting out with the tide into unknown seas.

"It's a comfort there won't be no more winter storms," she whispered, one still

Sunday afternoon when Julia sat close to her, watching the breaths that came slower and slower with a lengthening pause between each.

On the stillness came the deep whistle of a steamer, and the heavy eyelids lifted while that wonderful smile of the dying lit the wrinkled face.

"The Boston boat!" the old woman said out clear and strong. "It's a bringing back all them it took away."

The head fell back in a final fashion, and listen as she might, Julia could hear no breathing. Josephine was dead.

Far up on the rocky hillside she was laid, the hillside where it seemed as though these seafaring folk still watched the passing of the ships.

Then, in spite of Louis' protests, Julia locked up the poor little cottage and went back to Boston.

"Only for a month, Louis. I'll be back in a month. It's just to get things fixed up."

She kept her word, and before the red of the blueberry barrens had faded they were married and settled in a nice little cottage in the Cove, where the wooded point sheltered them from the battering sea storms.

THE END



Christmas Bells

BY DONALD A. FRASER

CHEERILY ring the Christmas bells,
 Hark! their melody thrills and swells,
 Rising above the roar and strife
 Infesting all the city's life;
 Sweetly chiming one refrain,
 "Throughout the earth, Goodwill to Men."
 May each glad heart their music feel,
 A bell 'twill be in that grand peal
 Shall make earth's corners ring again.

A Brother to the Immortals

By VIRNA SHEARD, Author of "By the Queen's Grace," etc.



WHEN the neighbours heard that Black Shannon was going to take his family and seek pastures new in the Northwest of Canada, they agreed to a man that it was a step in the right direction, and they put flourishes on the simple statement by adding that he might go further but he couldn't possibly fare worse than he had at home, in County Antrim, Ireland.

The Scotch would have called Shannon a "dour" man, but his light-hearted countrymen only gave him his nickname by reason of the load of black care he carried, and they forgave him the twist in his temper. "Whatever else could ye expect," they said, "of a man with a delicate wife, seven sons and only one arm to earn a day's wage with?" Still against long odds, Shannon had managed to keep a roof above his boys' heads, till now they were well-grown, healthy fellows who ranged from five to twenty years of age. The three elder worked with the fishermen on the sea coast, and the three younger went daily to the Dame's school in the village,—but the middle one—Derwyn, who was fifteen, neither worked at his books nor at anything else, as the word was understood thereabout, and it was upon his unlucky crop of yellow curls that Black Shannon's anger oftenest fell.

But as often as it fell, the edge of it was blunted, for what can a man do with a slip of a boy who apparently is unacquainted with fear, who has a dimple in his cheek, and a smile in his eye, and the soft answer on his tongue that is said to turn away wrath? And besides his mother was there to make an excuse for his devil-may-care ways. If things grew too bad to be borne at home, Derwyn would slip over to his grandmother's thatched cabin. Once within that shelter the boy knew he was beyond the reach of the one mighty arm that had grown great in strength by reason of having so long done the work of two.

For the most part though he met the con-

sequences of his wildness with a smile and a soft word—and went on his way rejoicing. He never seemed to realise that life was made for other things than lying under the hawthorn hedges in the spring and summer days and mimicking the birds overhead, or drifting all day in his dingy, with its one ragged sail, up and down the sun-kissed water of the bay—when he was near enough to be discovered, but too far away to hear the summons that bid him return.

All he asked was liberty; the right of idling barefoot through the black hazel coppice and the rich wet grasses; of watching the speckled trout rise in the shadowy streams, and listening to the frogs pipe in the marshes deep amid the rushes and water flowers. All he wanted was to take his own free way through the gray rain and silver autumn mist, or to lie by the smoky peat fire in the wintry weather while he whittled a stick and saw fairy things live in the heart of the glow.

By degrees Shannon learned that he might storm at the boy or break the vials of his wrath over him, but never make him other than he was; and the man grew harder towards him, and Derwyn fonder of his own will.

He would come whistling home at twilight, his torn cap slantwise of his sun-burned hair and his hands in his empty pockets.

"Sure, Dad, it's been the great day on the sea intirely!" he would say by way of greeting.

"Ay! I saw ye in the dingy," the man would thunder back. "Ye good-for-naught limb! They were after ye to help harvest on the hill beyant."

"Were they then?" Derwyn would answer. "Now that's too bad altogether. I'll go up and offer meself for the work next harvest, Dad."

"Next harvest! Next harvest is it?" the enraged Shannon would cry, shaking his arm at him. "Next year ye'll be kaping yerself, fer I'll not kape ye, and

ye'll get no bite an' sup here this night."

At that the white-faced woman by the hearth would sigh, and the lads around the table would keep silent lest the man's anger might turn their way. But Derwyn—Derwyn would sit down on the doorstep outside and keep on whistling softly, and then in a few moments he would melt away into the darkness and follow the road down the lane to his grandmother's cabin, and she never saw him at the door but she smiled.

She was a little, old, wrinkled woman, who asked help of no one, because she was a maker of lace of a kind that the ladies of the castle bought and paid well for. Her eyes were growing dim now, and she was bent and feeble, but she kept a brave, independent spirit, and the thing she loved best in the world was the idle son of her own son, Michael Shannon. Since his earliest childhood he had flown to her for protection, and she had always given it, nor listened to the father's side of the story, for when a woman puts her heart in the balance it weighs down everything else.

It was the lad's joy to be with her also. Moreover, she made him free of her treasures—the rare shells her brother had brought home from sea; the ancient book with pictures of the blessed saints; and, better than all, the little brown violin that had belonged to his grandfather. On this the boy himself could play though he was never allowed to carry it beyond the door.

Many a long summer evening he spent by the vine-shadowed window of the little cabin, with the violin in his hands, and not knowing how he learned he yet mastered the mystery of it, for music like happiness comes from within. And now he could play all the Irish folk songs his grandmother knew and many, many tunes that she did not know, melodies that came from the inner hidden depths of his own nature. One and another from the village would wait and listen as they passed by, till sometimes there was a group gathered, and the woman wondered over the lad; but if she chanced to see Black Shannon stalking down the lane, his one arm fiercely a-swing, she bid Derwyn put the violin up

and go beyond into her own small sleeping room.

Though the country folk loved to hear his music, they did not always have patience with the boy who loafed through the sunny days and spent his evenings with a fiddle tucked under his chin. There was not one of them all who had not earned his bread by the sweat of his brow before he was fifteen years of age, and so they would tell the old lace-maker, when the glamour of the evening was gone and they stopped by her door to gossip in the morning.

At such times into her work-worn eyes would come a soft wistfulness and around her mouth a tremulous smile.

"Is it spakin' of Derwyn ye are?" she would answer. "No! faith he's not like the rest of ye at all at all, nor like his father nor brothers. He favours me own man—gone these forty years. 'Twas himself that never did a day's work save when the mood was on him, and then only to carry his peddler's pack to the country fairs, and 'twas himself that played the little fiddle at all the weddin's an' wakes in Ballymena."

"An' where did he get the fiddle then?"

"Be the same token, that's another thing intirely. Sure, it was his father's father's, and he found it strapped to a drowned foreigner washed ashore from a wreck off Garrow Head, as I've heard the story."

But by reason of the boy's ready smile and soft speech, and more, it may be, for the music he made, the people forgave him his shortcomings, and when Shannon made ready to sail they wished Derwyn well as they did the others, though with less confidence in his future; for how could he come to aught but grief on the world's highway where the race is to the swift and the battle to the strong?

Black Shannon would have taken his mother with him but she would not cross the sea, and the evening before they left, Derwyn went over to her for the last time.

The old lace-maker was sitting by the door with her hands folded. Across the dim green distance they could follow the long grey line that meant the sea, and a faint, far-off sound like the singing in a shell came to them.

The woman looked up as the boy came

along the garden path, but she said nothing. He sat down on the steps beside her and was silent also. A thrush was piping for its mate somewhere near, and a belated bee buzzed slowly homeward over the lilacs. "I do be thinkin' ye'll be a bit lonesome, Grannie," said Derwyn after a while.

She nodded her grey head in its white ruffled cap.

"If ye'd rather, I'll bide wid ye here, Grannie," he went on.

"No," she said falteringly; "ye must go wid the rest, Derwyn, an' ye must be a man and bear your share of the burden over beyant. Sure, it won't be the same as Ballymena, an' ye'll have no Grannie to run to when yer father's hand falls heavy. So promise me ye'll mend your ways, dearie."

Into the boy's fearless eyes came a new steadfast expression.

"I will, Grannie," he said. "I will, faith! Maybe I'll not be able to do the same as the others, but I'll find what I can do, and have a try at it."

"That's right now," she returned, laying her wrinkled hand over his strong young fingers. "The saints know ye never did an hour's steady work, dearie; so 'twill come harder, but I'll trust yer word."

He smiled ruefully.

"Ay!" he said, "I do be thinkin' I've been wicked. But of fine mornings the sea was always calling a bit louder than Dad's voice, and if I was sent to the fields, the birds distracted me wid their singing, or else it would be the crickets I was listenin' to, or it might be a butterfly would go over beyond, and I'd be forgettin' everything, just watching the light along its wing. That's how I'd be forgettin' to dig out the potatoes or stack the wheat, Grannie, or whatever it might be. And sometimes it would only be a tune running through me head that set me crazy till I would get back here to the fiddle and play it."

The old woman smiled in the quiet darkness.

"Ay!" she answered softly, "but yer that like Himself, Derwyn dear, it's not fer me to blame ye. An' now ye must go, so I'll be givin' ye the little fiddle."

"The fiddle, Grannie?" he exclaimed,

springing up, "never to take across the sea?"

"Ay!" she answered, "an' yer grandfather's wedding clothes too. "'Tis me has kept ye clothed an' clean, but that's past."

She lighted a candle and went to a chest in the inner room. From it she took out a roll of clothes.

"Wear them," she said, "when yer across the water an' ye have need to. They may be a different cut from what they wear there, but it won't matter. The hose are green and the breeches and coat stone grey, and the waistcoat is sprigged with shamrocks, and there's a velvet cap too. Sure, Black Shannon may not buy ye clothes when ye need them, dearie, an' I want ye to look dacent."

Then she went to where the violin hung in its case against the wall, took it down and handed it to him.

"That's all I have for ye," she said, "but I give them wid an heart's love."

The boy looked at the quaint, short-skirted figure. The candle she held threw rosy lights up over her face.

"Faith, Grannie!" he cried, "it's that good of ye; but I'll be comin' back."

"Ay!" she said, nodding.

"Ay!" he echoed, his eyes swimming with tears but a smile on his lips. "Comin' back, Grannie, wid gold i' me pockets, an' I'll be bringing ye whatever ye wants most."

"Keep gold i' yer heart, Derwyn," she said gently, "for the rest is fairy gold, dearie, an' flees away at a touch. An' now go, for ye start early."

The boy bent down and kissed her; then, holding the violin and wedding clothes tightly, fled through the darkness down the lane.

Thus Black Shannon left his acre of ground, from which the possibilities had been exhausted, and with his wife and seven sons set sail in a ship, the like of which they had never seen. Bit by bit through long years Shannon had put by the silver that was to take them, watching it grow with a miser's delight, hoarding it through what desperate self-denial only he and his family knew.

With a great uplifting of heart the silent, cross-grained man felt himself being

borne onward to the country of hope. "His sons," he had said, "should have the chance he had been denied, and there was land in plenty whether they were bound, and they were deep-chested, strong-limbed fellows who would do well for themselves, he thought, "all but Derwyn." Shannon's face darkened at thought of him. Well, beyond there, if he would not work, neither should he eat. He would give him the chance, but if it failed he might look for food and lodging where he could find them, for in the new country there would be work for all.

They made the trip in what comfort they might and landed in New York with their small hoard of household goods, keeping close together and saying little by reason of a homesickness that had taken hold of them.

Still Black Shannon escaped it, and he was conscious only of a wild exhilaration of spirit—an impatient longing to reach the land of the north.

But alas for plans of mice and men! The little company of Irish people going on to Canada were delayed some hours at the great station and it was there that the evil luck that they had flown from over took them again. Black Shannon was robbed, how and by whom he knew not, of the purse of money he carried, and left penniless. Amongst that ever-changing crowd of strangers there was but small chance of finding what was gone. The officers listened with somewhat supercilious pity to the wild-eyed man's story, shrugged their shoulders and said little in reply. The sum lost seemed to them indifferently small to cause such an outcry, and misfortune would happen among the ignorant immigrants. Luckily these people had their tickets already paid for to the north and would shortly pass on.

When a full realisation of his loss came over Shannon—at that moment he gave up hope—and fell like a log at the feet of the guard he was troubling with his woes. Those about him called it a stroke. The station hands came and gazed at him where he lay, and after them came the blue-coated, brass-buttoned ambulance men who lifted him and took him away from his frantic, weeping wife, and frightened boys. They would take him to a

hospital, they said, and left the name of it with them, printed on a slip of paper. So that incident closed, and Black Shannon, who had already taken up too much of the time of too many station officials, was borne down and out.

Bewildered and undone the forlorn family followed the ambulance into the unknown city. The woman had a few shillings that she had kept to herself, and she said they would rest for the night, and Shannon would be well again and tell them what to do on the morrow.

On they went, a motley group that people turned and stared at, through the wide streets to the narrow crowded ones, and, by and by, when out-wearied they found lodgings for the night.

But the next day they got word from the hospital that Shannon was no better, and so they waited, and the days went by and the weeks, and then the months, in what misery they only knew. The three elder boys got work at the docks for they were strong and able, but they brought little money back to their mother. The fascination of the city was taking hold of them—they talked no more of going north. They even gave up wondering when their father would come back.

The three younger boys ran wild on the crowded streets, for their mother could not keep them in the attic room that seemed so close to the sky, and was so breathless and hot by day and night.

The woman sat there fearless and white, waiting for Black Shannon, and Derwyn kept her company. His brothers gave him the money that brought them the bare necessities of life, and day by day he slipped out into the streets that were loathsome to him and bargained, sharp-eyed and keen, over every purchase.

That was for his mother—not himself. For him—if he followed his will—he would have left behind him the noisome places and sought some spot where it was still and green. It had not occurred to him that he too might work at the docks; but someone must be with their mother, so he stayed. Sometimes they two went to the great hospital and asked word of Black Shannon of the doorkeeper. One day the ambulance brought him back to them and he was carried up the flights of

stairs to their room, but he was crippled and would not walk for many months—so they were told. Then care settled down upon them like a pall. The man spent his days in the silence that meant despair, and the woman attended to his wants and looked after the children that were left to her as best she might.

Derwyn used to take his fiddle and wander away to the docks where his brothers were, but they did not want to listen to his tales of woe. His face had grown transparent and his eyes shone with a strange light. His ragged clothes fluttered in the wind—his curls had grown down to his shoulders—but to these things he gave no heed. Sometimes when he could find a quiet place he took his violin out of its case and played. Then he would dream of the lanes at home. Often the thought of the little, old woman sitting in her cabin door—working—working—working at the everlasting pattern of the lace, came to him and sent a mist to his eyes.

One day as he was going up the stairs of the tenement house a small boy ran against him roughly.

"I say, Irish," he called, "can you'se play on de fiddle?"

"Yes," he answered.

"How much a day does it bring in, steady?" questioned the other.

Derwyn looked puzzled.

"I don't understand," he said pushing on.

"Well," called the other after him, "I reckon you'se from the Green Isle all right. If I played de fiddle, I'd work it for all it was worth. See?"

Derwyn went on up slowly, without replying. His breath came quickly, and his eyes were over bright.

Why had he not thought of it—to play for money? Why? Why? Why? He could play at home—the people always loved to listen, and all the difference would be the streets and the unknown crowds.

He entered the room elated with the force of a new hope.

His mother sat with her apron thrown over her head—she rocked a little back and forth. Black Shannon lay asleep, his one arm across his great gaunt chest.

The boy stole softly over to where a bundle hung against the wall.

The woman drew down her apron and looked at him.

"Ye'll have to find yer brothers an' tell them we have no money left," she said querulously. "They've not been home these three nights."

He shook his head.

"No, mothereen," he returned, "I do be thinkin' it's time I went out and earned some meself."

"You, Derwyn?" she asked. "You? The mind of you is wandering."

"Wait," he said, smiling, "an' see an' kape up yer heart. Sure me clothes are beyond hope, so I'll be puttin' on these weddin' ones of me grandfather's to make me fortune in, mother dear."

The woman shook her head.

"It's trouble has turned your mind," she answered.

"Ay! mothereen," he said from where he was dressing in the closet, "in the right direction, an' none too soon."

Presently he came out and he wore the green stockings and stone grey breeches, and coat, and the heavy brogans, and the velvet cap, to say nothing of the sprigged waistcoat.

"The saints save the boy!" exclaimed the woman. "'Tis a madness has him! an' his senses are gone!"

Derwyn laughed softly.

"It's me that's come to me senses, mothereen," he answered, "and so wait an' kape up yer heart. Faith," nodding at the figure of Shannon, "Dad has often said I was a good-for-naught, but I never believed it of meself."

Then he kissed the tear-stained face and went off as quickly as the brogans would let him. And he carried his fiddle under his arm.

The streets stretched out like a glittering web—a tangle for unwary feet—everywhere there were lights, chains of them, circles and stars, lights—lights everywhere. They dazzled the boy and drew him on—fascinating him. He left the crowded, poverty-stricken places and followed the thoroughfares of the rich. A shyness came over him and he could not raise the violin to his shoulder and draw his bow across it, although everywhere about him were the people who were able to pay for music when they wanted to hear. Gentle

people, softly clothed. They hurried on, some in their carriages, some on foot. He saw them through the wide windows of the great hotels where the distances were gemmed with more ropes of light, soft and rose-shaded, or yellow and glowing lights that danced and beckoned.

But to stop and play—to call a laughing crowd about him and take their money for his music—each moment the thing seemed harder to do, and he went on at a quicker pace, struggling with himself. People stared at the quaint figure, nodded and laughed and looked back over their shoulders and passed on, but he did not notice. It grew later and a misty snow fell, for it was Christmas Eve, though he had not thought of that. Somewhere high up in a church steeple the bells rang out a carol that he knew. Then he remembered what the morrow would be, and of how Grannie used to hang a stocking for him by her fireplace. It was not very cold but he shivered as he went on. He was hungry and faint and the brogans were heavy on feet used to running bare over the wet grass and sea shingle at home. The courage he had started out with was gone ere it had been tried. The lights swam before his eyes, yet greater than all his miseries was the thought that he had failed—that he could not stop and make himself play to these strange people as he had played in his grandmother's little cabin to the friends he knew from the village beyond. The thought of Black Shannon came to him. He saw his mother's face blanched by many tears. His little brothers were not old enough to help; the older ones had failed them; there was only him—Derwyn—the good-for-naught—the idler—to come to their aid, and he lacked the courage.

He passed a café on a side street and walked more slowly, glancing in. The doors swung open as one and another entered. He saw the little dainty tables set for dinner. There were only men dining at them. The boy thought they looked different somehow from those who passed him on the street. He concluded they were foreigners, strangers like himself. Some were very dark, Italians perhaps, and some were big and blonde, and might be from Germany or Denmark. One

thing was plain—they were comrades all. The very air of good fellowship pervaded the place, and seemed to drift out to the lad. The sound of mellow voices reached him, the ringing of laughter, the clinking of glasses. Whoever they were, they all smoked, and it was the pipe of peace; the perfume and blue haze of it came out in whiffs through the swinging door.

With a great gathering up of his courage, Derwyn entered the café and lifted his cap to them all; then while they watched him, and in the sudden quiet, he brought his violin to his shoulder, drew the bow over the strings and played.

The eyes of every man there turned to him, some with quickly stirred interest, others with amused indifference, others again with eager intentness. He was something new, something entirely new, and these men were birds of passage for the most part and had been everywhere and seen all things—they being artists—makers of pictures and music—and workers in marble.

He played on and on the things he knew best, the folk songs of his beloved country, and now there was a stir amongst the listeners as they bent over the tables, and now a breathless quiet as they followed each tune, pure and sweet and true. It was Ireland they saw and the green ways of it, and the grey sea walls. Derwyn was back again in the low cabin, and the scent of the lilac came in at the window, and the little, old, wrinkled lace-maker sat on the doorstep and wrought her endless web.

With a catch of his breath he drew the bow harshly over the strings, stopped and glanced about him bewildered and frightened at himself. And then—then there followed a thunder of clapping, and some one led him to the tables and lifted a glass of wine to his lips.

And because he would not offend them he drank it, though it burned his throat, and he looked from one to the other of the eager faces and he smiled.

"Why do ye clap?" he asked them. "Is it because ye love the Irish songs like meself, or is it that I play them well?"

They told him that he played so the gods themselves would listen, and they clapped him on the back, and sang his praises till the blood ran warm to his cheeks. And

then he played again, and this time it was a melody that, as he told them, "played itself as he went along," and they would hear it again and again, and they wondered at him and grew quiet and clapped no more even when he had quite finished. But one man, older than the rest, came up to him and took his violin and looked at it, turning it over and over. Presently he spoke to the others.

"It was improvisation," he said, "most rare improvisation. I am convinced of it and see—the violin"—holding it up, "it is a del Gesu and was made by Antonio Stradivarius—" Then he turned to Derwyn. "Who taught you?" he said. "Or have you been taught by any?"

The boy shook his head.

"No," he said. "I have been taught nothing; there was no one who played but me, and sure I have been idle, a good-for-naught, an' a trouble to them all. But I've always loved the little fiddle, so Gran-
nie gave it to me when we came over, and these clothes which were the ones me grandfather wore at his weddin'."

Then they broke into laughter, and one and another got his story from him bit by bit, and they filled his cap with silver and paper money.

But the old man beside him touched him on the shoulder. "Come to me to-morrow," he said; "here I have written the address. We will see what we can do. We will see."

And when Derwyn had bidden them all goodnight, as he might have friends he had known for long, the same old musician went on speaking to the others:

"So," he said; "you stumble on one and another. Oh! far apart—separated by the years maybe—but one and another who has the gift, the gift that Mozart had and Beethoven and the others. So," he said, "my friends, we have helped to-night a little Brother of the Immortals."

But Derwyn went swiftly homeward, his light feet scarce touching the ground, mounted as though it were Jacob's ladder that led to heaven, and going into the room he laid the cap with its jingling coins beside Black Shannon, and he caught the little, white-faced woman in his arms.

"Sure, I played for a quare, pleasant lot o' gentlemen, motheren," he said; "an' I do be thinking the ould violin's a great thing intirely! It's brought us luck an' there's more to follow in the morn's morning."

The Canadian West

BY R. S. SOMERVILLE

UPON the vast, illimitable plain,
Which long had kept the silence of the years,
The sturdy pioneer his temple rears
In home new-built and fields of golden grain.
An ancient miracle has come again;
For who could paint, though wisest of the seers,
In the lean Past, the West as it appears,
Bearing the wealth of Indus in its train?
Through all the aeons since the old World's birth
There Stillness sat enthroned, with none to wage,
Swinging her magic censer o'er the earth
To bless the toiler of a late-sent age.
For those who garner under western skies
Has Earth reserved her last and richest prize.



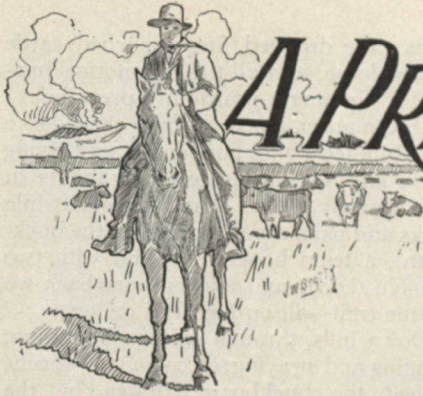
TO find a faultless gift for you
 I've searched the busy city through.
 Some gem, some book, some lovely flower
 To give you pleasure for an hour.
 But ah, the pearl's soft moonlight glow
 Would pale upon your throat of snow.
 Even the diamond's light might die
 Beneath the lustre of your eye.
 And the bright ruby know eclipse
 Beside the crimson of your lips.

Of books, not one I fingered o'er
 Seemed worth the fate I meant it for;
 Even the flowers seemed to me
 Less perfect than they ought to be.
 So, in despair, my way I made
 To where Dan Cupid plies his trade.
 "Make me a Christmas gift," I cried,
 "More lovely far than aught beside,
 A gift that will the pulses stir,
 Fit for a goddess—or for her!"

Dan Cupid rummaged through his store,
 "Your tale," said he, "I've heard before,
 But in this golden box you'll find
 A gift exactly to your mind,
 Yet ere I from my treasure part,
 The price, good sir, is just One Heart,"
 I paid the smiling rogue his fee
 And brought the casket home with me,
 And now, sweet maid, I pray you dare
 To turn the key and see what's there.

Blushing, she raised the lid, and lo!
 We found a sprig of mistletoe!





A PRAIRIE FIRE

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTSON.

Illustrated by J. W. BEATTY



CLOUD of dust floated over the corrals like smoke, hanging thick and choking in the breathless, stifling air. It was a hot day on the prairie, and doubly so in the atmosphere of nagging, buzzing flies that tormented the cattle in the branding chute. The only place of refuge was where the branding fires breathed a blue veil of acrid smoke, smarting the eyes and gagging the throat and lungs, but affording protection from the stinging, noisome myriads.

Lusty calves bawled as western calves can, range born and full of life, dodging the lariat and in a hundred ways trying the patience of man and horse before the calf-wrestler would flop them over for branding. A chorus of old cows bellowed continuously outside the corral, rushing anxiously up to the bars, wild-eyed and ready for battle, as the plaintive, terror-stricken voices of their offspring called to them beseechingly. A pandemonium of "mooring" in every key! Just a repetition of a hundred other such scenes on the Canadian cattle range. Bawling cows, hot sun, hotter men, red-faced, swearing and thirsty, and patient, quick little saddle-horses straining on lariat ropes.

This characteristic scene had long since lost its charm, along with the other romances of the cow-puncher, who, despite Owen Wister's repeated assertions, has not quite vanished. He is giving

his last vigorous death-kicks to-day before the advance guard of farmers, wire fences, the hum of the mower and the gentle art of growing No. 1 Hard.

Fatigued and worried with the flies, I urged my horse to the top of a butte in the hope of catching a chance breeze. But, alas! all nature hung her bated breath, dozing in the heat. I gasped and rested perforce. Down below a brown haze partially obscured the scene, and upward floated with pungent odours of sweating animals, the commingled sounds of bovine anguish and indignation, with now and then a fierce imprecation from the human animals, sorely tried by the vagaries of the brute creation. The sun blazed down with the intensity of a reflector, focussing his rays like a burning glass, with that irritating, scalding heat due to humidity of the atmosphere before a prairie storm. Every plainsman knows it.

I lolled sideways in my saddle surveying the scene.

All around stretched the Cypress Hills,



"Flop them over for branding"

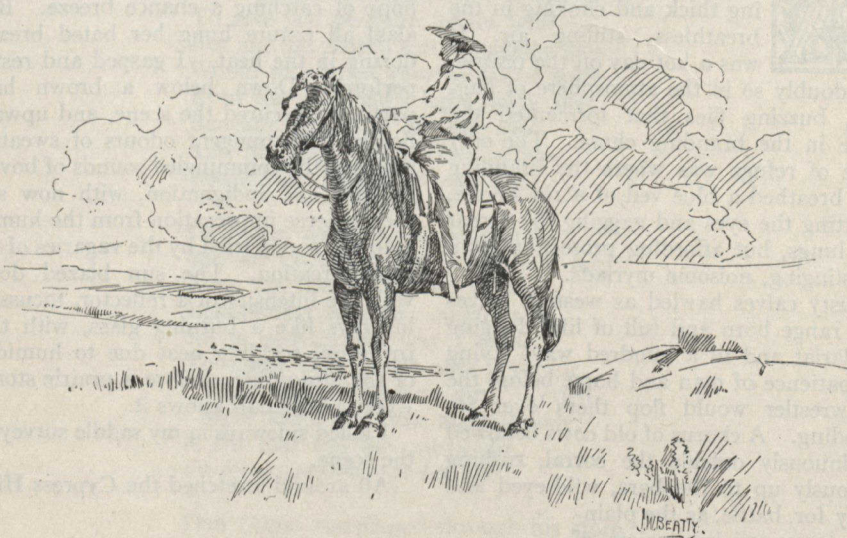
butte and coulee, gulch and cut-bank, making black shadows beneath the afternoon glare. Away to the south the Bear Paws stood out blue and isolated on the sky line, nearly one hundred miles away, over the scorched yellow plains, far across the invisible line which divided Assiniboia from Montana.

Overhead the sky was clear and the sun simmered like a lump of molten brass. But thunder clouds were gathering out south. Black and copper-coloured, in angry, little balloon-shaped puffs; massing and bunching together ominously. Flash! A crooked red streak darted out

irons were dropped, fires quenched, cattle turned loose, and all the commotion incident to fighting a prairie fire prevailed.

One man galloped off over the hills to the Mounted Police post, on his way giving the alarm to our nearest neighbours in that sparsely settled country. Meanwhile sacks and pails were thrown into the buckboard, a team hooked up, and with two of us in the rig and four on horseback we hit the trail—all on the dead gallop.

Down hills, through coulees, bounding, banging and swaying, often on two wheels, rushed the buckboard, drawn by the galloping broncho team. Up steep hill-



"I lolled sideways in my saddle surveying the scene"

venomously as a serpent's tongue from an inky cloud, followed by a crackling roar which rumbled over the plains, echoing down the coulees, to die away in the distant hills. Now a column of white smoke was rising.

I knew what had happened only too well.

The range along the Ten Mile Coulee was on fire. If it ever got headway in the dry, sun-cured grasses every cattleman in the district would be ruined.

"Prairie fire at the Ten Mile!" I shouted to the men in the corral—"lightning just started it!" This was the signal for a general rush and scramble. Branding

sides we went, team and cavalcade, clattering among loose stones—the little horses scrambling and climbing like cats.

On, on went the mad race, off the trail, across rough, stony flats, honeycombed with badger-holes, yet never a false step did the sure-footed horses take. We were crossing that desolate tract of sunbaked gumbo and alkali, shunned by nature; a charnel house of bleached bones, known as The Devil's Playground. Racing cow-punchers joined us along the trail. Red-coated policeman dashed up on foaming horses, as amidst a cloud of dust and thunder of hoofs we bore down on the fire.

A bare, black, smoking space was edged

by a red fringe of creeping flame which licked up the parched grass, spreading fan-like over the prairie and gliding stealthily toward the brush-covered bottom of the coulee. Puffs of wind fanned the flames till their bright yellow tongues hissed and crackled through bushes and tufts of rank weeds, belching volumes of smoke.

Thud! Thud! sounded the wet sacks striking the ground with lusty clouts, as sweating men beat vigorously all along the edge of gliding flame. Back and forward toiled the water-carriers up the steep bank from the creek—panting, perspiring—

trees. A line was formed and buckets were feverishly passed along, slopping and swishing with water—dashed on the blazing trunks and tossed frantically back to be re-filled at the creek.

Black clouds were massed everywhere, but still the rain held off. Rain—rain! It was our only hope now. The fire, despite herculean efforts, was almost beyond control. Nevertheless, grimy, shirt-sleeved men toiled on, looking like a band of demons beneath the dark, clouded canopy, in the fitful, flickering glare of the fire. Fitting subject, save for the watery



“Policemen dashed up on foaming horses”

back again. It was a race with the fire!

Six o'clock! No one abated! None thought of rest or supper! Grimy, stained faces immersed themselves from time to time in water buckets, re-soaked their sacks and went at it again, plying them furiously.

Vanquished slowly on the prairie the fire was stealthily gaining ground among the mass of dry roots and thick vegetation in the coulee. Alarming, red flames shot up among the old cottonwood logs, crackling fiercely and scattering sparks in showers.

Now all attention was turned to the

element, for a Doré picture of Inferno.

Across the valley in the darkness a band of coyotes barked, screamed and laughed in their horrible hyena-like chorus—unfailing omen of a storm. Now and then a horned owl flitted softly past, hooting up the valley, his great, saucer-like, green eyes shining with a phosphorescent glow from the fire.

Dull tremors of thunder muttered to the south, with increasing frequency. Still the clouds packed together, heavy, thick, blacker and blacker. A faint swish of cold rain sighed through the trees—stronger and stronger it came, blowing

dormant sparks to life, fanning flames to fury. Thin wisps of fire raced up rotting trunks like serpents hissing and twisting, crackling dead branches and roaring with fury.

Human hands were powerless now. We had lost the game. Off we stumbled to the semi-darkness, away from the fire to where fantastic shadows flickered and danced on the hillside, and gleams of fire reflected in the frightened eyes of our

rocking and swaying the burning trees like huge torches, shrieking through the branches, filling the air with burning fragments, and howling down the valley with a wail of anguish.

The pent-up fury of the tempest had burst upon us. Icy currents raced on the storm, driving huge hailstones, like grape-shot, from the artillery of the skies, scouring horse and rider.

Every man for himself—off we plunged



"It was a race with the fire"

horses. The air seemed heavy with impending disaster as we hurried on through the gloom. The wind had died down. Now all was silent.

Suddenly a blinding, white glare flashed bright as daylight through the blackness. Then a frightful crash! Horses squealed with terror, plunging frantically, kicking, striking blindly; madly tugging at their picket ropes. In the midst of this turmoil we mounted. Then with the roar of a wild beast the wind broke from the clouds,

into the darkness, riding desperately. Crash upon crash shook the earth, roaring and booming, making the mighty hills tremble with a thousand awful echoes. A glittering deluge of flashes! Lightning, chain and forked, leapt from every cloud in brilliant succession of ghastly blue and white ribbons, striking all around.

The trail stood bright as day in the quivering, flickering, awful light. What a sight the Devil's Playground—those miles of blast-swept plain we had to cross.

A theatre for the Evil One it was, scourged and stabbed by flashing, flaming swords of destruction from the black abyss of the storm. Men's hearts chilled with fear! If ever the Powers of Darkness prevail on earth, they walked abroad that night, mocking mortal fear in the wolfish howl of the wind.

Now dense sheets of water fell from the sky, wind driven, soaking us to the skin. The coulees gurgled and the waggon ruts of the trail were rushing streams beneath the swaying buckboard, as we dashed for home and shelter.

None will ever forget that ride across the plains of Assiniboia through a chaos of nature gone mad, when men and horses pursued by the terrors of night fled fast on the wings of fear.

Next morning dawned calm and fresh. Nature, ashamed of her angry passions, was tranquil, exhaling a sweetly scented breath in the warm sunlight. Curlews called softly on the upland, and in the hay meadow a prairie lark carolled joyfully to his mate. Peace reigned on the plains.

The storm was over; the fire had ceased.



He Called Me By My Name

BY EVELYN GUNNE

THE children, sons and daughters, grown,
 All call me "Mother dear."
 I'm "Grandma" to my husband
 And the country far and near.
 But when to visit us, to-day
 A friend, long absent, came—
 The tears welled up in my old eyes—
 He called me by my name.

"And are you Nellie? Nellie Dean,
 The sauciest girl in town!
 I can recall like yesterday
 Your frills and muslin gown.
 Oh, Nell, you were a case!" He laughed,
 With much pretence of blame.
 And I? I smiled with quivering lips—
 He called me by my name.

Seldom to me the old-time friends
 Come knocking at my door,
 And later friends, tho' good and true,
 Are not like those of yore.
 To them I am just "Mrs. Smith"—
 An ancient, proper dame;
 Small wonder that my eyes were wet—
He called me by my name.

Lord Elgin

By A. H. U. COLQUHOUN



THE name of Lord Elgin must always be famous in the annals of Canada. He was a man of marked capacity and strength of character. He played a prominent part during a period of great importance in the development of our commercial and political systems. He was the victim of the least creditable display of party violence and mob-law in our rather colourless history. It is curious that those Governors-General who suffered most from unpleasant experiences in Canada enjoy the most enduring popularity. Lord Dufferin was bitterly assailed for an imaginary political bias, and when his term of office expired a laudatory address from Parliament expressed the feeling of the country. Lord Lansdowne was the object of petty attack by political agitators from outside of Canada, and his being debarred from entering a defence led to pronounced demonstrations of cordial good-will from all classes. Lord Elgin passed through a more trying ordeal than any other Governor-General, and no impartial historian can deny that he emerged from the struggle with dignity, patience, and manliness. It is impossible to palliate the conduct of the Montreal mob of 1849. It is equally useless to defend the annexation manifesto which Sir John Abbott, with jaunty good-humour, tried to do forty years after the event. History unrelentingly condemns both episodes, and from the verdict there is no appeal.

There is, of course, to every controversy a side which is wrong, but not wholly wrong. He who occupies middle ground in a dispute may as well enjoy the isolation since his converts are few. In estimating the career of Warren Hastings, Macaulay deprecated the attitude of that House of Commons which impeached him in 1789, as well as the feeling of the House of 1813 which rose and uncovered to receive him. But, unjust in a great degree as it nearly always is, well-informed contemporary

opinion may be of more value than the eulogies of posterity. Is there not some danger of Lord Elgin being over-praised? Sir John Macdonald told his biographer that Lord Elgin treated the Conservative Party with marked discourtesy, and that his manner toward those whom he disliked was ungracious and often uncivil. The old Prime Minister added that he had served under nine Governors, with every one of whom, except Lord Elgin, he had (whether as adviser or as a private member of Parliament) maintained the most cordial relations. Sir John Macdonald, with all his defects, was not a man who would lightly challenge the impartiality of a Governor-General, especially in the closing years of his life, when he realised fully, from long experience, the responsibility that attaches to an adviser of the Crown. There survived, however, in his mind a rooted conviction that Lord Elgin, under whom he served five years after the unhappy events which so embittered the relations of the two races in Canada, had shown a lack of consideration and strict fairness in dealing with some of the politicians of the day. There is ground for the suspicion that Lord Elgin was ill-pleased with the rejection of his ministers in 1854, by a union of Liberals and Conservatives, and that he greeted his new advisers—the first Coalition Cabinet—without enthusiasm, and perhaps even with coldness. One hears nothing of this in the existing biographies, the latest of which* is undoubtedly the most satisfactory, despite its unwavering note of approval. It is the product of a well-stored mind. The narrative is characteristically vigorous and clear, and the literary workmanship is of the finest quality.

The truth is that Lord Elgin's career possesses an attraction equally for the student of politics and the man of affairs. He was a strong figure during a period when the pettiness of controversy was

*The Earl of Elgin, by Geo. M. Wrong, M.A. London: Methuen & Co.

peculiarly manifest. The issues were large, but they were discussed in a narrow spirit. The country was still disturbed by racial ill-feeling. The old Family Compact was on its last legs and dying hard. The ablest men were in the Liberal ranks. The attempts to keep alive the personal influence of the Governor had proved a failure. Lord Elgin saw that the time had come to put responsible government into practice, and he had the courage of his convictions. Perhaps he carried too far the laudable idea of soothing the susceptibilities of the French element, and as events turned out, the constitution of 1841 was found to be unworkable. If he had stayed longer in Canada and given successive Ministries the benefit of his sagacious counsel the disastrous conflict that raged for ten years before Confederation might have been avoided. There was a stupid ferocity about the Montreal mob which almost passes comprehension when one reflects that some of its leaders were supposed to be men of birth and intelligence. The sustained passion which almost led to the murder of a Governor-General survived for many a day and bore fruit in a long series of political deadlocks. A large mind like Lord Elgin's would have controlled legislation and policy and introduced new issues to take the place of the old. His successor possessed character and capacity too, but he was not equal to a time of tumult and clamour. The rise of Brown, Macdonald, Galt, Rose and Mackenzie evolved better conditions, and for nearly twenty years the Governor-Generalship, raised to so high a plane by Elgin, became a factor of minor importance.

It was real statesmanship which applied itself to the commercial disabilities of the country and produced the Reciprocity Treaty. No better recital exists of the circumstances under which this remarkable stroke of policy was secured than the account given by Professor Wrong, who

has weighed the evidence with care and justly awards to Lord Elgin the credit for the victory. It is unfortunate that the versatile genius of Lawrence Oliphant, to whom the whole affair was a play, should be our best authority for the inner history of the negotiations. The treaty was the Governor-General's noble revenge for the silly disloyalty and truculence of the commercial interests which had shown such poor appreciation of his office and the claims of the country. Montreal began its great commercial career, but it had lost forever the political predominance that the meeting of Parliament in a large city so often confers. The treaty may have given rise to a false idea that free trade with the United States was the basis of Canadian policy, but this impression passed away. A trying period was tided over, and at its conclusion Canada was able to stand alone. What the United States missed by the abrupt termination of the treaty the statesmen of the republic are beginning now dimly to perceive. The debates in Congress at the time furnish evidence that some men at least imagined that ultimately a fresh arrangement would supersede the Elgin treaty. Forty years have diminished the chances to the disappearing point. No one claims for Sir Francis Hincks, the Canadian Premier, who accompanied Lord Elgin to Washington, any appreciable share in the work. The Governor-General alone possessed the masterly grasp of the situation which enabled him to cope with the Washington politicians. He it was who solved the problem and removed the Atlantic fisheries question for ten years as a ground of international quarrel. Lord Elgin was able to save Great Britain from a dangerous controversy, not by weakly yielding to American demands, but by actual championship of Canadian interests. He succeeded where many other British negotiators before and since have failed.





Current Events Abroad.

RUSSIA still occupies the centre of the stage. It would be difficult to forecast what will happen to-morrow let alone at a more distant date. Every few days something occurs that appears to be the beginning of the end, but it turns out to be a mere sporadic evidence of the headlessness and chaos of Russian affairs. A few months ago a first-class battleship was floating round the Black Sea with a mutinous crew aboard, threatening to bombard the towns on shore, or land and sack them. The other day the Cronstadt arsenal was on fire and its garrison mutinous. Machine guns were in their possession and blood was shed on all hands. Even this died out without spreading into that universal conflagration which has seemed imminent for months.

The measures which have been designed for the relief of the situation have borne the same inconsequent and haphazard character. The world rings one day with the news that Russia has joined the sisterhood of constitutionally governed countries, and the next we hear is that the first burst of liberality has been greatly modified or cut down. What must be felt, however, is that a step was taken on October 30th last which must colour the whole future of Russia. The Czar's rescript of that date promised that the Duma, whose meeting had already been arranged for in January next, would be virtually a Parliament, and he granted to his people "the immutable foundations of civic liberty, based on the real inviolability of person, freedom of conscience, speech, union, and association."

Thus, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole vast structure of absolutism which has been building for centuries virtually becomes obsolete. Count Witte is credited with having brought the Czar to see that large and tangible concessions

were necessary to appease the people. But he had behind him the disasters of the Japanese war and the social and political upheavals that ensued in all parts of Russia. The coercive stimulus came from these. Count Witte was merely the clear-sighted person who saw what was necessary to be done in order to save the Empire from utter anarchy and an overthrow of the dynasty. Japan may, therefore, be credited with having given the Russians civil liberty. If this example will make other semi-autocracies more careful of stirring up strife, a good purpose will be served.

Unfortunately the grant of these unwonted privileges has not stayed the progress of what bears all the ear-marks of a revolution. The first complication was occasioned by the unquenched determination of the Finlanders to win back the rights of which they were deprived two years ago. The Czar yielded to the agitation in order to get rid of one of his troubles at least. But it immediately raised another. The restoration of Finnish liberties gave increased impetus to the demands of the Poles. St. Petersburg seemed disposed to yield to this pressure, but suddenly there was an alteration of tone and the Poles were told flatly that there would be no alteration in the relations which had hitherto subsisted between the ancient kingdom and its most recent masters. At once Warsaw and the whole of Russian Poland reverted to the state of disorder which has been chronic there for months. The Russian Liberals promptly took up their cause, and on the 14th a fresh strike was called and at the moment of writing the transportation system of the Empire is again tied up and workmen are walking the streets angry and riotous. Previous to this there was a shocking Jewish St. Bartholomew, in which hundreds of the patient race, which seems to have become

accustomed to age-long persecution and despoilment, were butchered in their homes or on the streets.

The change in attitude towards the Poles is imputed to the influence of the German Emperor. He rules over dissatisfied Polish subjects also, and doubtless feared the effect of a concession to racial sentiment which would fill the German Poles with aspirations that the Kaiser has no intention of gratifying. When this fact is impressed on their minds there will undoubtedly be quite as intense a feeling among the German Poles as that now impelling their brethren in Russia to the extremes of disorder. William, however, can give his whole attention to his problem while with his fellow-sovereign it is only one of many. Perhaps the most serious of all the Czar's manifold difficulties is the agrarian revolt. Thousands of moujiks have joined the Peasants' Association which demands that the lands of the nobles be apportioned among those who till them. The statement comes from St. Petersburg



HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

—Life

that the Czar has actually determined to effect this process so far as the Crown estates are concerned, and as these include an enormous area of the lands of old Russia, the importance of such a devolution of property would scarcely be inferior to the constitutional and political changes that are taking place.

If the Kaiser has added a further cause for the disfavour in which he is held by his Polish subjects, it is only one more false step added to a number of others which he has taken recently. In our November notes it was said that Germany's very strength demanded the piloting of a Bismarck, and the doubt was expressed whether the emperor and Count Von Buelow together supplied the necessary shrewdness and skill. A writer in a Berlin paper the other day took the Minister to task. He asks the question what the Imperial Chancellor has done in the past five years, and answers it by saying that he first associates himself with Great Britain and then falls out with her. This imbroglio costs Germany a milliard thrown away in her South African colony. He afterwards threw himself on France and humiliates her, and then softly asks her to forget old and new quarrels. The outcome of all this is the Anglo-French entente which looks to the Czar as a future partner. Germany's position in Shantung is paralysed, and her rights at Kiao-Chau depend on the good-will of Japan. Germany has not acquired an inch of territory worth the trouble and expense of exploitation. She has no new colonies, but in her old ones



PEACE IN RUSSIA

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)



SIR CHARLES HARDINGE
British Ambassador at St. Petersburg

the work of years has been brought to naught. If, concludes the writer, Russia follows the path indicated by her Asiatic interests, Germany will be alone after five years of extraordinary opportunities.

This is not an exaggerated summing up of the situation. But the Kaiser should be arraigned instead of his Minister, for he is the real director of Germany's foreign policy. The latest estranging episode was furnished by an article in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna, in which Lord Lansdowne was virulently attacked and evident desire shown to include King Edward in the indictment. To the English public it looked as if Germany had determined to dispose of Lansdowne as it disposed of Delcasse. Of course the effect of the article was only to strengthen Lansdowne. As a German paper acutely remarked, the attack was a tribute to the British Foreign Minister. The German press pretty generally dis-

avows the sentiments of the Vienna paper. The sequel is that Sir Edward Grey, who is generally regarded as Lord Lansdowne's successor when a Liberal Government attains power, took an early opportunity in a speech to affirm his adhesion to the main lines of Lord Lansdowne's programme. The Vienna article has in reality cleared the air. The assurances which teemed in the German newspapers that the article did not express German feeling has undoubtedly improved the relations of the two countries. The discovery that the British people cannot be bullied or browbeaten even by belligerent Germany is a discovery that makes for peace.

There is a disposition, however, to tease France as a sort of escape valve for Germany's irritated feelings. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* asked the straight question what France would do in case Germany and Britain came into conflict. The question has occasioned keen resentment in France. The reply of *Le Temps* is worth giving with some fulness. It says:

"If conflicts which we do not regard as inevitable, and which we shall contribute to avert in the superior interests of civilisation, were, unfortunately, to arise, our army and our fleet would have no other mission than the protection, in a difference that did not involve us, of the independence of our soil and our policy. . . . Relying upon a military organisation the maintenance and development of which should be the first article of the national creed, and aided by Russia, whose interests are in this matter identical with our own, French policy would be one of armed neutrality—a neutrality formidably armed—prohibiting anyone from dreaming of implicating us in a quarrel that was not our own. No one can doubt the loyalty of



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND HIS STAFF

our aims; but no one has the right to encroach on the liberty of our decisions. Our diplomacy is directed against no one. But no one has a hold upon it. This must be understood, and people must act accordingly. Then, and then only, will France experience those feelings of security which she is being advised to entertain."

The reply is sharp and bold as well as dignified and not offensive.

The inner significance of the American elections is that our friends across the border are much stirred up over the revelations of the want of integrity not alone in politics but also in the business life of the community. The attention paid to the subject in the monthly press has made a deep impression on the public mind. How long the wave will last at its present height, or whether it has as yet reached

full tide is a question. It will recede of course, after a time, but it will leave both politics and business permanently bettered and sweetened. It is a common belief, but erroneous, that such waves of feeling leave no permanent impressions. There is undoubtedly a recession, but it never goes back to where it started. The world progresses by this principle.

Mr. Balfour's speech at Newcastle confirms what was already pretty apparent, namely, that there are two quite antagonistic elements in the Unionist party. The next electoral struggle in Britain cannot be far off, and the Unionists will enter it divided into two factions. Their fate in such case is not hard to guess. The Liberals are composed of even more sections, but they can unite in opposition to protection. After that they will try to find some common ground to stand on.

John A. Ewan



WOMAN'S SPHERE



O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

—Phillips Brooks.

MR. E. S. WILLARD.

MORE than twelve years ago Mr. E. S. Willard appeared in Canada for the first time, and won an enthusiastic admiration which succeeding annual visits have but deepened. In Toronto Mr. Willard's popularity is especially marked, the crowds that attend his performances in the autumn returning with undiminished ardour to the theatre when he comes in May. So refined and manly is the character of this eminent English actor that the welcome now accorded him is given as much to the man as to the artist. Mr. Willard is no matinee idol and would be the first to condemn the hysterical adulation which is too frequently shown by a certain class of women towards their stage favourites.

Canada has been unquestionably rather Puritan in its attitude towards the stage, and doubtless one reason for Mr. Willard's

devoted following may be found in the highness of his ideals. While thoroughly artistic in feeling, he never forgets the moral element of the drama, and is not found exploiting the sordid play or that which dwells upon the morbid and unwholesome aspects of life.

The play in which Mr. Willard appeared for the first time last October, "The Fool's Revenge," was not considered one of his characteristic dramas, being meretricious from a literary standpoint, although the part of Bertuccio gave the great actor a part of wonderful emotional range and intensity. In "The Cardinal," "The Middleman," "The Professor's Love Story," "Tom Pinch," and "David Garrick," Mr. Willard is delightful and inspiring. In his address at Toronto University on October 30th, Mr. Willard referred rather sadly to the evanescence of the actor's art, as compared with painting and poetry. Yet, in this "circle of eternal change" we cannot say what the influence may be of noble dramatic interpretations. They "live within the sense they quicken." No one who has seen the gentle romance of Tom Pinch, the romance and chivalry of David Garrick, the tender, whimsical charm of Professor Goodwillie, and the filial passion of Cyrus Blenkarn, can feel that such characterisation is anything but a source of blessing. To forget the small cares and annoyances of the day, and enter a world of genial, radiant fancy is one of the rare pleasures of life, and to the man who opens "the ivory gates and golden" we surely owe as much gratitude as to the singer or the poet. There is the "scent of old world roses" about these old plays, and we are so narrow-minded and unfashionable as to prefer them to dreary studies in heredity and the unsavoury ex-

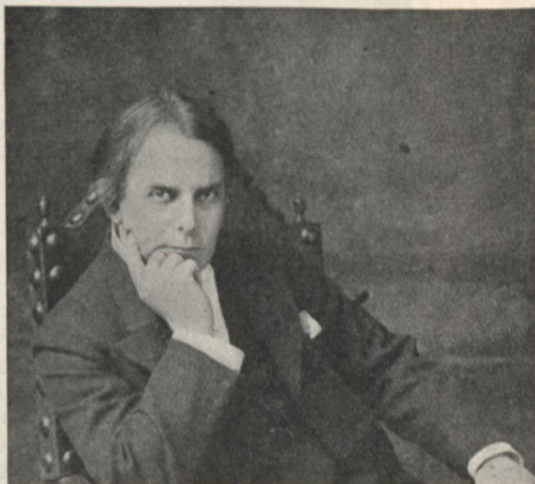
plotings of vice in which Mr. George Bernard Shaw would have us feel at home.

A NARROW JUDGMENT

THE *Outlook* (New York) is a publication which usually contains articles of breadth and common-sense. In the issue of October 21st is an essay entitled "The American College Girl," by "A European University Woman," which is both crude and tiresome. With reference to that much-advised and discussed college girl the writer says:

"Teach her that the supreme happiness and the supreme blessedness of life lie not in having what are commonly called broader interests, and in poking about conceitedly in the world's doings and proceedings. The business of the world is the business of men, and woman's attempts at it (if she only knew it) are as ludicrous as and more grotesque than, to the true woman, are the attempts of men in nursery and housekeeping; for the really intelligent woman the broader interests are those which cluster in the narrowest circle around her heart and home."

The writer is talking about the world's work as if it were either exclusively masculine or feminine. Cooking is as much the world's work as building a bridge. So far as cooking and dressmaking are concerned we are obliged to turn to "le chef" and Worth for the supreme accomplishments. It is paying a poor compliment to home life to suggest that no good wife and mother should be intelligent. It is not necessary to "poke about conceitedly" in politics or frenzied finance, but a woman whose horizon is bounded by preserves and pickles and who talks of nothing else is not one whom her children will rise up and call blessed. Civilised man cannot live without cooks, but there is no reason why a woman should not combine a knowledge of the broiling of steak with an appreciation of literature and music. A banker may possess sufficient culture to enjoy a Beethoven sonata; a dentist may appreciate the essays of Robert Louis Stevenson, and there seems nothing unreasonable in expecting a woman to know about something more than measles and muffins.



MR. E. S. WILLARD

The conclusion of Tennyson's "The Princess" comes nearer the truth and so does this passage from a famous woman novelist:

"The souls of little children are marvellously delicate and tender things, and keep for ever the shadow that first falls on them, and that is a mother's, or at best a woman's. There never was a great man who had not a great mother—it is hardly an exaggeration. The first six years of our life make us; all that is added later is veneer, and yet some say if a woman can cook a dinner, or dress herself well, she has culture enough. . . . It is delightful to be a woman, but every man thanks the Lord devoutly that he isn't one."

A NOTABLE NOVEL

IT is rather a curious circumstance that the two most remarkable works of fiction in English published this year should be the productions of women. This proves nothing which needed proof, but it is interesting to certain theorists who are comparing the novels in question. One is "The Divine Fire," by Mrs. Sinclair, an Englishwoman, and the other is "The House of Mirth," by an American woman, Mrs. Edith Wharton, who, from the artistic standpoint, has been considered for some time among the first novelists of the day. Mrs. Wharton has a delicate humour, a glancing wit, as welcome as it is unusual. The heroine's mother is thus described: "Mrs. Bart was famous for the unlimited effect she produced on

limited means; and to the lady and her acquaintances there was something heroic in living, as though one were much richer than one's bankbook denoted.

"Lily was naturally proud of her mother's aptitude in this line; she had been brought up in the faith that whatever it cost, one must have a good cook, and be what Mrs. Bart called 'decently dressed.' Mrs. Bart's worst reproach to her husband was to ask him if he expected her to 'live like a pig'; and his replying in the negative was always regarded as a justification for cabling to Paris for an extra dress or two, and telephoning to the jeweller that he might, after all, send home the turquoise bracelet which Mrs. Bart had looked at that morning."

Mrs. Wharton knows to a letter the types she describes and spares no gentle satire in the telling. Mrs. Peniston is easily recognised as "one of the episodic persons who form the padding of life. It was impossible to believe that she had herself ever been a focus of activities. The most vivid thing about her was the fact that her grandmother had been a Van Alstyne. . . . She had always been a looker-on at life, and her mind resembled one of those little mirrors which her Dutch ancestors were accustomed to affix to their upper windows, so that from the depths of an impenetrable domesticity they might see what was happening in the street. . . . She was a woman who remembered dates with intensity, and could tell at a moment's notice whether the drawing-room curtains had been renewed before or after Mr. Peniston's last illness. Mrs. Peniston thought the country lonely and trees damp and cherished a vague fear of meeting a bull. To attempt to bring her into active relation with life was like tugging at a piece of furniture which had been screwed to the floor."



A WOMAN'S TIME

MRS. JOHN LANE, who is fond of lecturing her unwise sisters in a pleasant fashion, is once more asserting that women waste their moments in a shameful fashion, that they are always doing unnecessary things and leaving undone the things that are more excellent.

Truly, when we come to consider the pansies painted on white velvet, the antimacassars and berlin wool atrocities that have absorbed hours of feminine energy, it seems as if women had been guilty of making the afternoons hideous with their inartistic toil. But we are coming out of it bravely, and the nobler crafts of wood-carving and artistic design have succeeded. Most women have come to realise that a litter of footstools, sachet bags, and painted pie-plates is not necessary to make a room home-like, and that Flemish oak is much better than scarlet plush. A woman's time has gained in value since business life required accuracy and dispatch, if one's place is to be retained in the industrial world. The housekeeper who is forever "dawdling" is just a little more trying than the fussy person who is determined to let the world know that she has been, is, and ever will be, extremely busy.

Mention is made of the worse-than-wasted moments devoted to gossiping with the neighbours. It is one of the "sins of emptiness" that may disappear with culture, or at least, be somewhat modified. Ridicule has been expended upon the woman's book club or reading circle, and in many cases the ridicule has been deserved. But it is better to write articles on Browning and Ibsen, even if they are copied from the encyclopædia, than to spend one's intellectual powers upon how Mrs. Brown manages to put up with Mr. Brown's mother. It is far wiser to worry about the domestic friction in the Carlyle household than to add to the Smiths' unpleasant squabbles. A witty woman when asked what she liked best replied "country life and city society." It is a combination devoutly to be wished, but not likely to be found. Until women cease to observe every wind that blows new sleeves or another style of skirt into fashion, their time will be wasted and in quite cheerful sacrifice.

Just here one might mention the good work that is being done through historical societies and art associations in directing women's attentions to subjects which will elevate their minds and give them food for such thought as may be worth while.

Jean Graham



PORTRAIT OF MADAME LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER

Painted by Madame Le Brun, who was elected a member of the French Academy Royal in 1783. She was the daughter of a painter, and wife of a picture dealer. Her work was admired by Marie Antoinette, and she was supported by the Court. "The inner essence and the life of maternal love," the poetry of motherhood, are here disclosed as perhaps no male painter has been able to do.

From "Women Painters of the World"

Christmas Novelties



IN the following illustrations will be found a few suggestions for Christmas gifts:

The sponge bag in Figure 1 is made of a square any desired size, of openwork crochet. From each corner a crocheted chain meets with ends and tassels as shown here, and an additional tassel at each corner gives a pretty finish. A square of white oilcloth or rubber sheeting a

trifle smaller than the crocheted square and pitted at the edges is placed inside as a practical receptacle for the sponge.

In Figure 2 is depicted a pretty idea for a memorandum slate. The frame is heavily gilded and the initial letters of the days of the week are drawn in India ink, oil or water-colours. A small brass screw is in the right side of the frame to serve to hang the

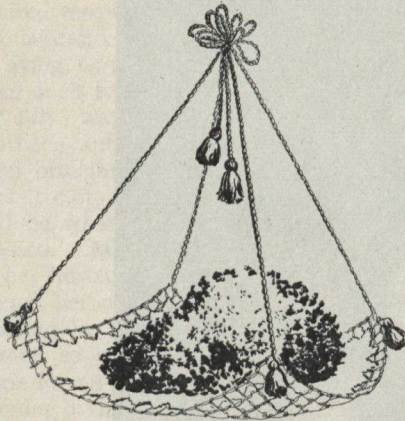


FIGURE 1

scissors and bodkins firmly in place at one end. Mark off five inches from this end, as shown in the diagram, and fold the remaining twelve inches over in double or single box-plaits to form the necessary fulness. By following these proportions and directions it will be found that stitching the bag on will not interfere with the casings on the other side. The bag should be sewn only halfway up from the bottom, the upper portion being thus left free to gather in closely when the ribbons are drawn. Tie ribbons are attached to the pointed end of the holder, so it may be rolled up neatly when not in use.

sponge and pencil by. A fancy calendar of 1906 is tacked to the centre of the top of the frame, and the slate is hung by loops of baby ribbon or a ring at the top. An extremely pretty and useful article which will be appreciated by the girl who embroiders much is shown in Figure 3. Two strips of denim or Mountmellick cloth are used for the foundation. The smaller strip is stitched at intervals of three-quarters of an inch to form casings for the skeins of silk. The words blue, green, etc., are outlined in any desired colour, and the feather-stitching is also done in silk. To make the bag for scissors, thimbles, needlework, etc., take a piece of the material 8x17 inches and stitch a casing for gathering along the top. Then sew a small strap to hold the

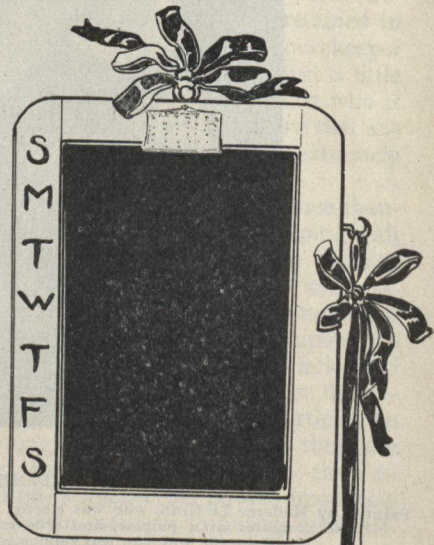


FIGURE 2

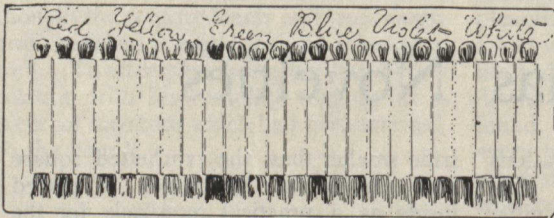
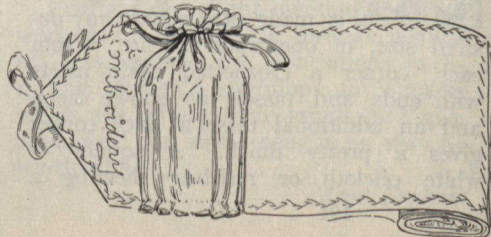
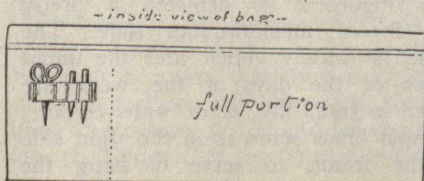


FIGURE 3



PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

DURING the past few weeks there has crept into my mind a doubt about that phrase "Be good and you will be happy." There seems to be such a number of good people and such a paucity of happy people. Of course, their goodness may be but a mask—on that point there is always a doubt. There is no doubt whatever as to the small number of happy people—even in Canada. One has but to listen and he will hear grievances and murmurings of discontent everywhere.



THE Governor-General—to begin at the top—may be a good man from his own point of view and may be fairly happy; but how can he justify his conduct in not turning out the present government? He must surely know that the expenditure has gone up by leaps and bounds, almost as fast as the expansion in our trade, and that the country is fast being ruined. The surplus last year was only a few millions, and wasn't really a surplus. Then there is that Intercolonial deficit—how can he justify that? Worst of all, he is accused by leading party organs of having tampered with the birthday-honour list. The directors of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, the Railway Construction Commission, the Quebec Bridge Company promoters, the Montreal Harbour Commissioners and the new lieutenant-governors of Alberta and Saskatchewan are all omitted. Only two titles are given—one to a senator about ninety years of age, and one to an unknown militiaman. True, one served in a matter of international importance and the other has been of some service to the Royal Family and to society in general—but, what of it? Were these men to be preferred to political proteges?

THEN there is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, concerning whom Mr. Willison wrote two volumes. How can he be happy, now that Mr. Willison has decided that, while the facts were as he stated them to be, the conclusions were wrong, and Sir Wilfrid is not the national hero, the peace-maker, the unifier he was once proclaimed. Then, again, Sir Wilfrid has interfered with the new Provinces and violated some principles he once held dear. True, Alberta has not in the recent election defeated any of his candidates, but that proves nothing. Sir Wilfrid may be good, but he cannot be happy.



THEN there are the members of the Tariff Commission—good men and honest, anxious to discover the truth, but forced to listen every day to contradictions. The first man says the farmer is oppressed by the tariff; the second says the labouring man pays the duty and is subject to free competition when he sells his labour; the third shows conclusively that the country will be ruined if the tariff is not raised against foreign manufacturers and the British preference made less potent. Who is to solve this tangle for these good but unhappy tariff commissioners? If they raise the tariff, the workingman and the farmer will object; if they lower it, the manufacturer and the capitalist will foam and rage and threaten political consequences. It is a sad case.



THEN there is the President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; how can he be happy at the head of a two-faced organisation? He must be aware that the manufacturers, while openly favouring Mr. Chamberlain, are

secretly conspiring to kill the British preference and shut British goods out of this market. This has been clearly set forth by certain journalists and other public-spirited men who are anxious to expose this hypocrisy on the part of the manufacturer, and Mr. Ballantyne must know about it. He must know also that manufacturers are not honest citizens, like journalists and lawyers and doctors and labour agitators. How can he be happy, even if he be good?

THEN there are the good but unhappy journalists—men of splendid impulses, of magnificent intention, of glorious god-like desire, but chained to the hub of the party chariot! What a sad fate! It reminds one of those doleful pictures in the comic papers, describing the future punishments in Hades. It is so sad, that one hesitates to even contemplate it. If these men would abandon journalism, and go into the selling of bonds and stocks, life insurance, or sweat-shop clothing, they might be wealthy, happy, university trustees, and pillars in the church. Their wives might go shopping and calling in a carriage, while they themselves might have the pleasure of contributing a new set of roller-bearing hubs for a hospital ambulance.

LOOK upon the good, but unhappy Provincial premiers, and see how sad their state! People are saying that the three Maritime Provinces should be united into one—but how could this be done, and still have three premiers, three chief justices, three legislatures, three centres of social distinction and political patronage? The thing is absurd. True, Prince Edward Island has less than half the population of Toronto, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick combined would make but a small province—but why reason about it? It is impossible and these good men know it.

Then there is the Premier of Quebec, who has been much abused because he taxed commercial travellers \$300 each. How was he to know that those unpopu-

lar people had any friends or any influence?

Premier Whitney, at Toronto, cannot be happy, because the office-seekers of thirty-three years in opposition are at his door. As far as his eye can see, it is only office-seekers, office-seekers.

The Western premiers are all good, and because of their goodness the country has been blessed with a magnificent harvest. Yet, where is the benefit of having a good harvest if you cannot market your wheat in Liverpool? The railways cannot carry it away fast enough and there is weeping and wailing and loss of dollars.

Oh, unhappy men!

TURNING to the Mother-land, much the same state of affairs is found. The cities are full of people seeking work, and it is necessary to provide bread for the unemployed. In this grand work Queen Alexandra has led off. Yet the farmer in Great Britain is crying out for labourers, offering eighteen shillings and nine pence a week, and finding no response. He cannot get them and the land is going out of cultivation. It is "labour in the wrong place" coupled with a desire to avoid really hard work.

Perhaps a great deal of the trouble there is due to the ancient system which taxes only such lands as are under cultivation or paying rent. This enables wealthy noblemen and ordinary rich men seeking prestige to hold large estates at small expense. There are millions of acres kept idle to satisfy the aristocrat's ambition to remain a great landowner.

One day last summer I stood on ancient High Street, Edinburgh, and watched numerous groups of idle, pipe-smoking men, basking in the beautiful sunshine. I asked a policeman about them. No, they were not holiday-makers; they were professional loafers, living by their wits, by stealing, by such support as their wives or "women" gave them. There is too much of that in Great Britain, but whose fault is it? Is it the fault of the law-maker, who thinks himself a good man; of the landowner who only conserves his ancient rights; of the merchant

prince who is busy with the merchandise of the world, or of His Majesty, who spends his time trying to preserve the peace of the world? All these men are good, but are they happy? They cannot be, with one-quarter of the population of those little islands bordering always on starvation, and while men go about the streets singing:

What will become of Hingleland
If things goes on this way?
Thousands of honest working
men

Are starving day by day.
They cannot get employment,
For bread their children crave,
And thousands of 'em now is
dead
And lying in the grave.

Even Mr. Rider Haggard and General Booth are unhappy because the British people are opposed to their colonial colonisation schemes. Mr. Haggard's report, at first looked upon with some favour, is now almost as unpopular in England as Professor Mavor's amateur grain maps are in Canada.



THE NEW MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

Hon. Frank Oliver is the nearest figure in this group; Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, is the farthest

From a snap-shot taken at Ottawa

HIS MAJESTY has just received a severe check in Ireland. Two young men were caught redhanded, plastering the road-walls with a most offensive poster denouncing all who enlist in His Majesty's army as "anti-Irish," and as guilty of "treason to Ireland." The young men were tried by an Irish jury in Dublin. The lawyers who appeared for them stated that incitements to disloyalty were part of a patriotic Irishmen's duty, and quoted Cardinal Archbishop Logue as an authority for this sentiment. The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." This has led the *Dublin Express* to remark: "A jury in the Irish capital has now set its sanction on the doctrine that to serve the King is an act of treason."

This is a woeful state of affairs and

must cause His Majesty much unhappiness. No more kindly and tolerant sovereign ever sat upon the throne of Great Britain, and he deserves better treatment at the hands of his Irish subjects.

AND what shall we say of that good man, the Czar of all the Russias? The cruel fate which has already overtaken his sovereignty seems to lessen only before the worse fate which is likely to fall to him and his family. Is such suffering necessary to the end that liberty and justice and freedom may triumph? Must the world go on paying such huge prices for its progress? What encouragement is there for a man to preach universal peace, if national and domestic peace are to be denied him?

John A. Cooper

About New Books.

RAILWAY LEGISLATION

MR. HAINES' volume on "Restrictive Railway Legislation"* is typical of a body of literature growing up of recent years, which tends to bridge the gap between the academic and practical phases of economic and political questions. The rapprochement, as was natural, has proceeded from both sides. Men of affairs are increasingly inclined to take a wider and more scientific view of practical questions. On the other hand, the student of economic and political principles realises that he must keep in close touch with the detailed working out of practical issues if he would deal adequately with the problems of society in their larger aspects.

In the book before us we have the work of a man who is at once a practical engineer, an experienced manager of railroad and steamship lines, and a close student of the best academic literature on transportation and kindred subjects. As a result, we have a very interesting and instructive volume on a subject of increasing importance, alike to the United States and Canada. The treatment of the subject follows the well-established line of historic development. The writer traces the gradual emergence, through the expansion of the transportation service, of the necessity for state regulation of railway corporations in their relations to each other, to the state, and to the public in general. Much the greater part of the book is occupied with a clear and impartial presentation of the facts connected with the expansion and regulation of railways, and more particularly the regulation of rates, which is the all-important problem of the present time.

As the result of a careful and evidently fair-minded study of the situation, the writer finds, as have most impartial students,

*Restrictive Railway Legislation, by Henry S. Haines. Morang & Co., agents in Canada for The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.25, net.

that the central problem of railway regulation is essentially that of maintaining a just and efficient balance between the two great regulative forces of competition and combination, each indispensable in its place, each ruinous in its effects if permitted to get out of hand. In the words of the author—"The happy mean is to be secured by the efficient regulation of the factors of competition and combination, by the equitable balancing of conflicting interests for the common good; and this is the end to be sought in all restrictive legislation."

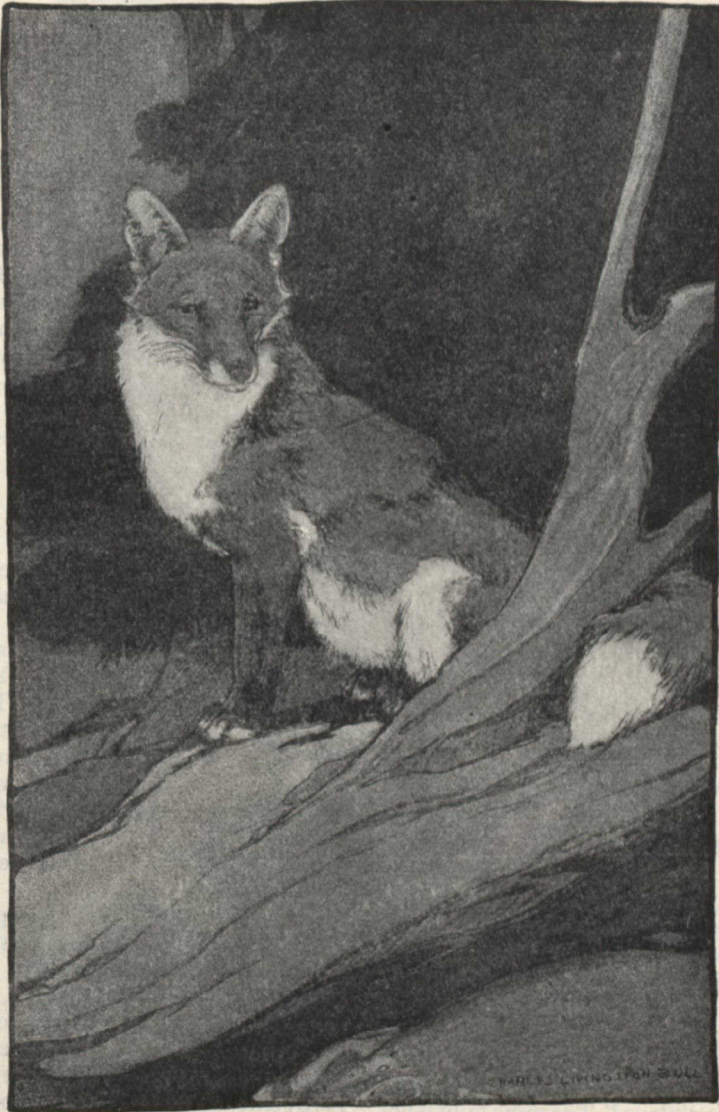


ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS

WITH the Christmas season comes a number of well-illustrated books—for this is an age of illustration. It is marvellous, if one stops to think about it, the wonderful progress which is being made in the art of illustration, for even the school book now contains splendid coloured pictures.

Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" is issued in a large, handsomely bound volume, with twenty coloured plates by N. M. Price. It is difficult to convey in words the beauty of execution in the drawings themselves and in the plates used for the printing. This volume will be specially valuable to that large portion of our population which is unfortunately deprived of the pleasure of ever seeing a Shakespearean play on the stage. (London: T. C. & E. C. Jack. Toronto: Morang and Co. Cloth, \$2.50).

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is similarly issued by the same publishers. The illustrations are by Byam Shaw, and are thirty in number. They are all done in rich three-colour work, with a rich vividness which is much more impressive and effective than any black and white illustrations could possibly be. As a gift book for the holiday trade, nothing could excel



"RED FOX, SITTING SOLITARY ON HIS KNOLL, HEARD THE NOISE
OF THE CHASE."

Illustration from "Red Fox" by Charles G. D. Roberts

this excellent production. (London: T. C. & E. C. Black. Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 400 pages, \$2.50).

"Edinburgh," painted by John Fulleylove, R.I., and described by Rosaline Masson, has twenty-one full-page illustrations apparently reproduced from water-colour sketches. These have a daintiness such as might be expected from such a medium, and are perhaps more truly in-

dicative of the colour-beauties of Edinburgh than if heavier illustrations in oil had been used. Edinburgh comes near to being the fairest city of the earth, and her beauty is accurately and faithfully presented in this volume. The view chosen of Arthur's seat—from the Braid Hills—is not the most impressive one, but otherwise there is little to suggest or criticise. The story itself is almost as



ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON
Author of "Animal Heroes"

well done as the illustrations—bright, readable, not overloaded with details, powerful in descriptions, dramatic when necessary. Rosaline Masson writes well, and is in love with her story—one of the most romantic city histories known. (London: Adam and Charles Black. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$2.50.)

"Scottish Life and Character," painted by H. J. Dobson, and described by W. Sanderson, is a companion volume. Perhaps it would be unfair to say that these illustrations do not equal the canvases of Sir David Wilkie. Yet one can scarcely avoid the comparison. Wilkie gave a sprightliness and joyousness to his studies which are sadly lacking here. Yet these illustrations are artistically excellent in spite of being "dour." The same fault is not so evident in the letterpress, as the author seems to see more of the humour of life than his illustrator. Scotland is a wonderful country and has had wonderful experiences. Most of these experiences were sad and tragic enough, but this should not be allowed to obscure the little brightness that was there. Mr. Sanderson is quite cheerful through it all, and for this he must be praised. (London: Adam and Charles Black. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$2.50).

Even some of the current novels are brought out with coloured illustrations,

title-pages, and initial letters. One of the prettiest of these is "The Heart of Lady Anne," by Agnes and Egerton Castle. These authors have been remarkably successful in their appeals to popular favour and this story is woven of stronger warp than was "The Bath Comedy," though somewhat similar in design and colouring. It is a story of married lovers, of a spoiled child-wife, a giddy French Nan from the town, married to a country squire. The dialogue is bright, possible and natural—not stately and stupid as so many authors have it. There is spice in it, too—perhaps too much spice for the average Sunday-school teacher. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)



BLISS CARMAN

BLISS CARMAN, writing of Longfellow, states his belief that "it is hardly ever profitable to seek to establish the superiority of one great artist over another. That is a decision which time will manage for us very well. The great thing for us is to be sure to get the best out of his work and take it home to ourselves." In another place he says: "In poetry, in the arts, whatever gives us a touch of elation, of glad encouragement, of hope, of aspiration, of solace, that do we eagerly seize and hold."

These are two splendid thoughts. To some of us Campbell is the greatest of Canadian poets, to others Roberts, to many Carman, to a number Lampman, to a great many Dr. Drummond. Why worry about it? Let us accept what enheartens us and extend the same liberty of choice to others. Personally, Carman's poetry appeals to me because it stirs my imagination more than the more imposing lines in such works as those of Roberts and Stringer, or the late Theodore Rand. Its simplicity of thought and language gives me pleasure without effort. Moreover it is smooth, without being "jingly." He conjures up visions for me, takes me out into a mimic world where I may not go without a guide. His new collection "From the Book of the Valentines," which is Volume V of Pipes of Pan, is just as potent as any of his previous volumes.

In addition to this, he has given us



LEO AND THE LEOPARD

Illustration from "Ayesha" by Rider Haggard

another volume of prose essays* in which he discusses the value and purpose of poetry, and deals especially with Longfellow, Emerson, Riley, and Swinburne. In the last two essays he treats of "The Poetry of To-Morrow" and "The Permanence of Poetry." The volume is companion to "The Kinship of Nature" and "The Friendship of Art" previously published.

*The Poetry of Life, by Bliss Carman. Cloth, 258 pp., special binding, \$1.50. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

A SERIOUS STUDY

IN the "Ethics of Imperialism,"* Albert R. Carman has executed a serious study of a serious question. This is somewhat remarkable in this country where literary effort is confined mainly to the writing of fiction and history. The question with which Mr. Carman deals is the paradox of modern Christian existence, in which the practice of Christian ethics

*"The Ethics of Imperialism," by Albert R. Carman. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. Cloth, 177 pages.

seems to clash with the spirit of Imperialism. Christian ethics looks upon all men as brothers and sends out the missionary to preach to the heathen. Imperialism regards race and national boundaries as something important to be maintained, and so builds navies and creates armies. "The teaching of Imperialism is neither philanthropic nor missionary." This paradox is one worthy of the dispassionate study which Mr. Carman gives it.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY

AT a time when Canada is considering the advisability of establishing a national picture gallery, it is interesting to have a new and concise history of the National Gallery in London. This is to be found in "The Art of the National Gallery,"* by Julia de Wolf Addison, a volume uniform with "The Art of the Pitti Palace," by the same author. It is a handy volume of 400 pages, with 48 full-page illustrations printed in two colours. In her preface the author says: "The pictures in the National Gallery are arranged according to the schools of painting in their historic order, thus enabling one to treat of its treasures in a very satisfactory way, by natural progression." This is quite true, but nevertheless it is an open question whether this classification is the one best suited to the needs of the public. The religious pictures of the early Italian painters are mixed up with portraits and secular pictures of the same period, and their religious significance is submerged in their art value. The present author seems to approve of this and thus differs essentially from Mrs. Jameson. The latter in her introduction to "Sacred and Legendary Art," says: "We have taken these works from their consecrated localities in which they once held each their dedicated place, and we have hung them in our drawing-rooms and our dressing-rooms, over our pianos and our side-boards, and now what do they say to us?" She points out, that treated thus, they lose their ancient religious significance and influence, and we lose

*The Art of the National Gallery, by Julia de Wolf Addison. Canadian edition issued in Toronto by The Copp, Clark Co.

"a thousand ennobling and inspiring thoughts." They come to be valued only for their flowing lines, correct drawing, and gorgeous colour.

The person who reads Miss (or Mrs.) Addison's book on the pictures in the National Gallery will learn nothing of this deeper significance—only of the qualities of execution and style, and the mechanical characteristics of the technique. Her descriptions are cold and uninspiring. Occasionally she departs from her formalism and introduces a thought or two about the sublimity of certain canvases, but this is the exception. She has given us too many facts and too little interpretation. Her book is useful, but after all it is merely a guide-book. Yet, apparently it will suit the trustees of the National Gallery, because they too would seem to set no value on the quality of inspiration. They have grouped and numbered their pictures like so many "exhibits" produced in court in connection with the trial of some case or culprit. They have treated their 1,500 pictures as the directors of an exhibition would treat a collection of samples of fossils and ores.

The trustees having acted as they have there is some excuse for the author who writes about the gallery after the same plan. This one has done her work well according to accepted lines, but something more is required before one can get true inspiration from a study of this great collection.



THE GOSPELS IN ART

HODDER & STOUGHTON are issuing a series of large volumes entitled "The Art and Life Library," edited by Walter Shaw Sparrow. "The British Home of To-day" deals with modern domestic architecture and the applied art. It is already out of print. "The Gospels in Art"* was issued about a year ago, and has been favourably received. Its subtitle reads "The Life of Christ by Great Painters from Fra Angelico to Holman Hunt. The text by Léonce Bénédite, Henry Van Dyke, R. F. Horton and the

"The Gospels in Art," and "The Women Painters of the World." Two large volumes. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$2.50.

Bishop of Derry and Raphoe." It contains six photogravure plates, thirty monochrome full pages, and a large number of smaller reproductions. Over one hundred artists are represented. A third volume, recently issued, deals with "Woman Painters of the World." The plan is much the same as in the previous book, and the result equally satisfactory. To any interested in the slightest way in art, these volumes are invaluable.



BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

OF the numerous books offered for the usual trade in illustrated gift-books for children there are three worthy of special notice.

"In Fairyland: Tales Told Again," by Louey Chisholm, is a beautiful volume with numerous coloured plates of a highly artistic character by Katharine Cameron. Red Ridinghood, Bluebeard, The Three Little Pigs, Tom Thumb, Ali Baba, The Babes in the Woods, Puss in Boots, Cinderella, and as many more of the favourites are retold in suitable language. The cover is striking. (London: T. C. & E. C. Jack. Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 211 pages, \$2.00.)

"Queen Zixi of Ix; or, The Magic Cloak," by L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz," is another volume of almost equal merit. The illustrations are done in colours also and are decidedly vivid and appropriate. As in his previous books, there is but one story, but the interest never flags. The most wonderful things happen from time to time, and the events are such as to stimulate healthy imagination, and make an excellent appeal to the child's sense of humour. The story is not quite so fantastic as "The Wonderful Land of Oz," and to this extent it is superior to Mr. Baum's two previous volumes—and this is saying much. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.50).

"Princess Sukey," by Marshall Saunders, is the life-story of a pet pigeon. It is more, it is a sermon on the love of animals, and on the necessity of sympathising with the weak and helpless wherever met with. It is pleasant to

know that the work of this Nova Scotian continues popular both in this country and in the United States. (Toronto: William Briggs).



NOTES

For the holiday trade, William Briggs will have a complete edition of the poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford and another of the poetry of William Wilfred Campbell. Miss Crawford did not live long enough to bring her work to maturity, but much of it shows exceptional genius. This will be the first complete collection of her work, most of which was contributed to the *Toronto Telegram*. The same publisher is offering a limp leather edition of "Ayesha," Rider Haggard's latest romance. A sample illustration appears herewith.

"A Sword of the Old Frontier," by Randall Parrish, is a tale of Fort Chartres and Detroit in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Being such, it is necessarily French, and therefore in a sense Canadian. It is illustrated by F. C. Yohn. (Toronto: William Briggs).

The annual volume of "The Quiver" for 1905 is worthy of attention. It contains over 1,300 pages and is filled with interesting reading matter—stories and articles with numerous illustrations. To a considerable extent it reflects in a manner the work of the English Church, and will be especially interesting to the members of that body. Nevertheless it is not a narrowly religious publication. (London: Cassell & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. \$1.75).

Most possessors of books are familiar with the "English Men of Letters" series issued by Macmillans. Thirty-eight of these volumes are issued at 40 cents each, and twenty-two at 75 cents. There is also another edition at \$1.00, each volume



LAWRENCE MOTT
Author of "Jules of the
Great Heart"



WINSTON CHURCHILL

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis" and
"Coniston"

containing three of the biographies. Among the recent issues in the 75 cent edition are Sydney Smith, by George W. E. Russell; William Cullen Bryant, by William A. Bradley; W. H. Prescott, by Harry Thurston Peck; Edward Fitzgerald, by A. C. Benson; Andrew Marvell, by Augustine Burrell, and Sir Thomas Browne, by Edmund Gosse. The volume on Sydney Smith, the great humourist, is a most entertaining one, and that on Sir Thomas Browne, the wonderful doctor-philosopher of the seventeenth century, will appeal to all students of philosophy and speculative science. (Toronto: Morang & Co.).

"The Spirit of Christmas," by Henry Van Dyke, is a dainty little volume issued in Canada by The Copp, Clark Co.

Stanley J. Weyman's "Starvecrow Farm" is a good entertainer. It is a romance of the North of England in 1819, the story of a few weeks at a coach-road inn, where a young girl who has eloped and been deserted is stranded under trying and exciting conditions. The many char-

acters are well sketched, the plot holds, and the author is as fluent and as plausible as ever.

Lawrence Mott is only twenty-two, and graduated from Harvard only last June, yet he has had several short stories published in *The Century*, and his first book, "Jules of the Great Heart," is now before the public. Despite his youth, Mr. Mott has travelled widely; and the Canadian wilderness has claimed him again and again. It was the primitive life and men of this wilderness that set him writing, because he could not help himself. This particular tale deals with characteristic fur-traders and fur-trade life. It revives the old charge of the cruelty practised by the H. B. Co.'s factors in suppressing the "free-trader." In fact these stories turn on this point.

In making up their lists for 1905, Canadians should not overlook native publications such as the *Westminster*, Toronto; *Queen's Quarterly*, Kingston; *Acadiensis*, St. John. Among the British publications, the *Studio* deserves special attention from all who love pictures other than those of actresses and outlawed women. The *Monthly Review* is a leader in its class, and the *Review of Reviews* (English edition) has improved recently. Robert Barr's *Idler* is a fair monthly of the lighter class, though perhaps not so comprehensive as the *Windsor*.

Volume XII of the Nova Scotia Historical Society contains articles on Cornwallis, the founder of Halifax; Governor Charles Lawrence, and Hon. Richard Bulkeley. The latter arrived with Cornwallis and was for many years Secretary of the Province.

Julia Augusta Schwartz has conceived a new idea in how to write an animal book and yet get a field that is not already occupied. She has chosen to write about "Wilderness Babies," the young squirrel, the young buffalo, the beaver, the fox, the manatee, and so on through the list. The illustrations are as attractive as the stories. (Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, \$1.50).



Idle Moments.

SHERLOCK HOLMES'S LAMENT

[Sir A. Conan Doyle has stated that he considers the British police to be the best in the world.]

SIR Arthur, in those happy days
(Now dead) when first you made me,
Upon my word I never thought
That you would have betrayed me.
I always used to think that you
Shared my contempt for men in blue.

Where'er the bull's-eye of the truth
They failed to land their shots on
(I speak in metaphor), I'd smile,
And wink at dear old Watson,
And murmur nonchalantly, "Pooh!
These foolish, bungling men in blue!"

And when their weak attempts to solve
A problem I derided,
I thought that you despised them quite
As fervently as I did.
We scoffed together at their clue,
Those very comic men in blue.

And now you come, and in the Press
Deliver this corrective,
And state without a touch of shame,
"The Force is not defective."
By gad, you know, it's rather hard
Upon a poor detective.
I never thought to hear that you
Had gone and praised the men in blue.

—P.G.W. in *London Chronicle*

A POINTER

SERGEANT: "Where are you going, Smith?"

SMITH: "To fetch water."

SERGEANT: "In those disreputable trousers?"

SMITH: "No, Sergeant; in this 'ere pail."—*Tit-Bits.*

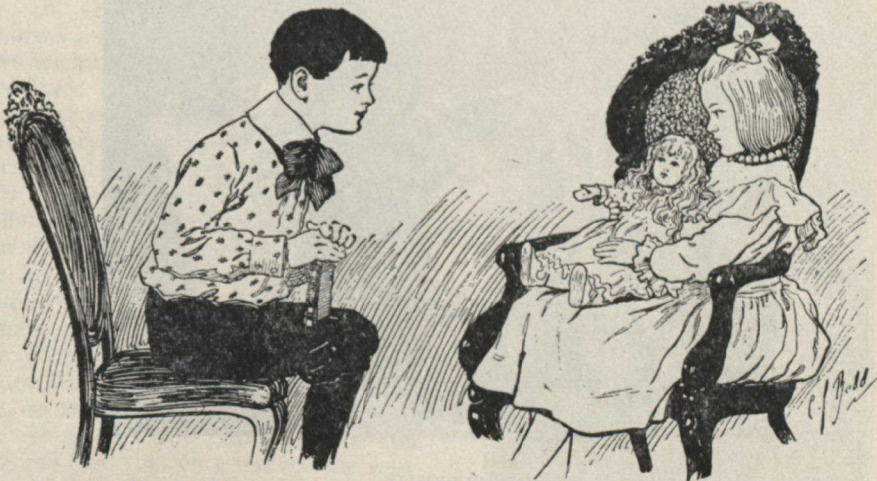
HER UNSEEMLY PERVERSITY

MRS. HUNKS: "I wish you wouldn't be so positive. There are two sides to every question."

OLD HUNKS (with a roar): "Well, that's no reason why you should always be on the wrong side!"—*Selected.*

A NAVAL INCIDENT

The chaplain of one of His Majesty's ships, reports *The London Bystander*, was giving a magic lantern lecture, the subject of which was "Scenes from the Bible." He arranged with a sailor who possessed a gramophone to discourse appropriate music between the slides. The first picture shown was Adam and



BOBBIE (aged ten)—"When I get to be fifteen, will you marry me then?"
ETHEL (aged nine, anxiously)—"But do you think you will be able to make a million before then?"—*Life.*

Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor cudgelled his brain, but could think of nothing suitable. "Play up," whispered the chaplain. Suddenly a large idea struck the jolly tar, and to the great consternation of the chaplain and the delight of the audience the gramophone burst forth with the strains of "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me."



SHE KNEW HIM

ROWNDS: "Of course, it was business that detained me last night."

MRS. ROWNDS: "Yes."

ROWNDS: "Yes. You know I wouldn't deceive you."

MRS. ROWNDS: "No, George, you wouldn't deceive me, no matter what you said."—*Selected.*



PECULIARITIES

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Briggs?"

"Oh, n-no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is y-your peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."—*Tit-Bits.*



BY PROXY

"What does your wife think of woman's suffrage?"

"Not much," answered Mr. Meekton. "She believes that a woman who can't make at least one man vote the way she wants him to doesn't deserve to have any influence in affairs."—*Selected.*



HIGH FINANCE

WILLIE had a savings bank;
'Twas made of painted tin.
He passed it 'round among the boys,
Who put their pennies in.

Then Willie wrecked that bank and
bought

Sweetmeats and chewing gum;
And to the other envious lads
He never offered some.

"What shall we do?" his mother said;
"It is a sad mischance!"
His father said: "We'll cultivate
His gift for high finance."

—*Washington Star*



CURIOSITY

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



THE ANGORA GOAT

ONE of the many attractions at the Banff National Park in the Canadian Rockies is the small herd of Angora goats. They are suggestive of some old world scene as they rush toward the visitor, with long horns and some hint of ferocity. The goat represented in the photograph takes some pains to resent intrusion, and tried to make it lively for the photographer, but his zeal was of too short duration. Angora goats are at home in Angora, a city in the mountainous interior of Asia Minor, where they are famous for the silky hair of their fleece, the annual export of which yields about one million dollars. The goat is also bred in the United States for the production of mohair.

3

THE DISAPPEARING DEER

THE deer season in Canada—especially in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick—has been most successful from the hunters' point of view. Red deer have been slaughtered by the thousand, and quite a few moose have fallen in the fray. Very few hunters go far enough north to get the caribou.

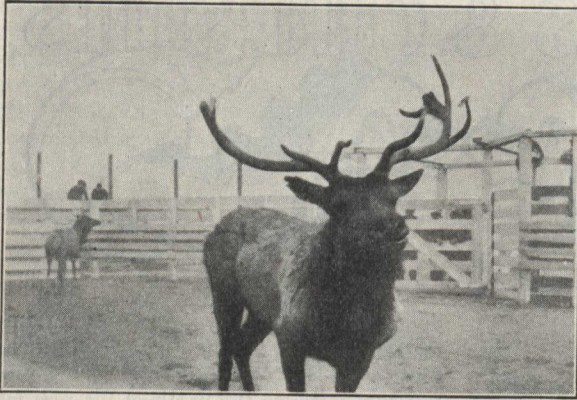
It is interesting to note that the few buffalo now living are in confinement, and that this seems the inevitable destiny of the big game of the continent. Out in California scenes that will never again be witnessed in the United States are now being enacted on the great mesa along the Coast Range, where the only surviving elk, outside of parks in the United States, the remnant of the great bands of the antlered herd that once roamed the western plains by thousands, are being temporarily taken into captivity to be again

liberated within a day or two in an immense enclosure in the Sequoia National Park, near the Yosemite Valley, some one hundred miles to the north of the present round-up.

Stirring scenes are those connected with the capture of this antlered band. Men whose lifetime training has been among the cattle herds of the west, each of whom is a part of the animal he rides, whose eye is clear and whose wrist and hand possess the cunning that comes only from a life practice—fifty of these picturesque vaqueros, the pick of the men who attend to countless herds on the great cattle ranches, are leading in the work of rounding up the elk, and those animals, those swift of limb are not able to escape the



AN ANGORA GOAT



A CALIFORNIA ELK AFTER CAPTURE

noose thrown by the practised hand of their pursuer.

A year ago an effort was made to take these elk into captivity, to transfer them to the Sequoia National Park, but it was doomed to failure inasmuch as the attempt was made to drive the animals. On that occasion two bands of elk were headed northward by vaqueros, but when they found that they were being driven they scattered out over the vast territory that is practically desert, adjacent to the Coast Range, and efforts to stop their flight resulted in the death from exhaustion of about thirty large elk. Now the new method of lassoing and tying the elk individually is in operation and has proved successful. After two days' work thirty-two elk have been placed in captivity in a strong stock corral, and their transmission to the park will be easy. The round-up is still in progress.

The history of this band is unique. When the last of their kind had disappeared from mountain, plains and valleys throughout the west, and when it was presumed that so far as California was concerned there were no elk in existence, it was discovered that there were a few survivors running loose on the great ranges of the cattle

kings, Miller and Lux, in the neighbourhood of Button Willow, 25 miles southwest of Bakersfield. Occasionally the vaqueros spied an antlered head amongst the long horns in some lonely canyon, and at times an elk would be driven in with a band of cattle into one of the great enclosed fields. And here on this great cattle farm the remnant of all that was left of the elk kind in California increased from year to year, until now there are between 250 and 300 full-grown elk in the bands that roam over

mesa lands and in the the cattle ranges, across the foothills of the Coast Range. They have lost most of their timidity for man and it is not uncommon for them to break into enclosed fields and play havoc with the Egyptian corn and other crops. For some years past the management of the Miller and Lux ranch has been anxious to have the Government remove the elk to the National Park, and the plan now being adopted to move the elk is the suggestion from the Interior Department at Washington. Possibly within the next two months the last wild elk will be secured.



PREPARING TO TIE A CORRALLED ELK

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

GREAT PORTS

IT is interesting in connection with the pictures published in this issue, to note that in point of trade Montreal is fourteenth among the ports of the world, and second in America. The commerce of the great ports of the world is the subject of a very interesting report which has just been issued by the Washington Bureau of Commercial Statistics. Taking the aggregate of the imports and exports of the different ports, it is shown that the two most important ports are London first and Liverpool second, with New York a good third. In their order and aggregate trade the various ports are in this order:—(1) London, £260,915,000; (2) Liverpool, £237,103,000; (3) New York, £221,396,000; (4) Hamburg, £196,303,000; (5) Antwerp, £147,223,000; (6) Marseilles, £86,311,000; (7) Calcutta, £58,881,000; (8) Bombay, £51,054,000; (9) Singapore, £42,794,000; (10) Sydney, £37,792,000; (11) Shanghai, £37,628,000; (12) Alexandria, £33,030,000; (13) Melbourne, £30,612,000; (14) Montreal, £29,680,000; and (15) Cape Town, £26,595,000. In each case the figures are for the last year available, and mostly for 1904.



COST OF ELECTRIC POWER

COMMENTING on the article on electric power in this department last month, the *Orillia Packet* points out that the comparison, showing how the Government gave Mr. M. P. Davis nearly half a million dollars too much for power on the Cornwall Canal, was too favourable to the Government. It says: "The writer in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* might have added that Orillia brings its power nineteen miles, that the municipal plant has, through various misfortunes, cost about

three times the original estimate, that not much over half the amount of power which has been developed is in use, and that the plant is not only paying for itself, but is paying interest and sinking fund on the two old plants which it displaced. Of course, a considerable amount of power is sold in the form of light, which brings the town from \$25 to \$35 a horse power."



SHALL ELECTORS BE COMPELLED TO VOTE?

SPEAKING at McGill to "Le Cercle Francais" the other evening, Senator Dandurand expressed himself in favour of a very common proposal for the limitation of political corruption—*i.e.*, the compelling of every elector to go to the polls and cast a ballot. If the elector does not approve of either candidate, he can cast a blank ballot; but, in any event, he must take the trouble to enter the polling booth and put his ballot in the box.

This would relieve candidates of the burden of getting people to the polls. They would not have to spend so much money on working up popular enthusiasm; while the election-day cab question would become largely a matter for the individual voter. The "telegrapher," too, would find the scope for his activities greatly limited; for it would seldom be safe for him to personate a voter with the expectation that the rightful owner of the vote would not appear at the polling booth.

Still there is another side to the proposal. This plan would almost infallibly increase the permanently indifferent vote. There is a large section of the citizenship of most communities on this continent to-day who can only be got out to the polls on some extraordin-

ary occasion. If the election be an ordinary party contest or a foregone conclusion, they will not vote. Nor is it likely that any threat that, if they fail to vote, they would not have a vote to be pestered about next time, would frighten them very badly. If they were not on the list, they would have an invincible excuse for staying home next election day; and that would look very attractive to them during a campaign in which they took no interest, but were mightily bothered by canvassers and importunate friends.

Yet the next election might turn out to be an occasion of great importance, when precisely this usually stay-at-home vote would be needed to turn the tide against the forces of plunder. If they had been disfranchised, however, for their neglect of a hum-drum previous election, they could not be called up to save the flag when so sorely needed, and when they would be so ready to come. This commonly indifferent vote deserves all the hard things which are often said of it; but it is, nevertheless, an honest vote and an intelligent vote and—when aroused—very certain to be cast on the right side.

Its habitual indifference is a standing invitation to the "telegrapher"; but it is a question whether we cannot better afford to guard against this evil rather than disarm our reserves who save many a hot battle for good government. As for the totally different sort of man who must be bribed to vote at all, it will still be just as necessary to bribe him to vote right. No law can curb the power of that sort of scoundrel, except—possibly—a law disfranchising every man who has once taken a bribe.—*Montreal Star*.



THE BANK OF MONTREAL

THE statement of the Bank of Montreal for the twelve months ending October 31 is of the usual satisfactory character. During the year the capital was increased from \$14,000,000 to \$14,400,000 in connection with the absorption of the business of the Peo-

ple's Bank of Halifax. The earnings increased proportionately. They were \$1,609,207 in 1903-4, and \$1,638,659 in 1904-5. After providing for the dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. for the year, there was \$218,650 to add to the balance of profit and loss carried forward, raising the total to \$801,855. This, of course, is in addition to the "rest" or reserve of undistributed profits of \$10,000,000. The figures will be satisfactory to those most interested, the shareholders. They are also evidence of the good condition of trade that will be satisfactory to the public. The Bank of Montreal now controls assets of \$158,232,400, a huge sum even in these days of big things in the world of finance. The figures of the report show that it is so disposed as to have immediately available a larger sum than any crisis would be likely to create a call for. And this, too, is in keeping with the conservatism that rules and creates confidence in what by its capital, its reputation and its services to trade is justly ranked among the world's great banks.



A PRETTY SITUATION

ANNOUNCEMENT having come from Seattle to the effect that a number of business men of Blaine had decided to build a sawmill just to the south of the international boundary line, about three and a half miles from Blaine, and that it was their intention to cut timber taken from the Canadian side, an inquiry elicited the information that the timber was to be taken from Dominion lands. These lands, says the *Victoria Colonist*, were given to the Dominion by the provincial government in 1871 among other plots through which the C.P.R. right-of-way was to run. In return the Dominion pays the province the sum of \$100,000 per annum in perpetuity. The Dominion lands near Blaine were sold by the government long ago and the timber on them is not subject to regulations by provincial enactments. It pays no royalty and is not under the jurisdiction of provincial officers.



The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



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Labatt's

(LONDON)

Ostermoor



\$15.00

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AN OSTERMOOR FELT MATTRESS

WILL PLEASE YOU

Because it is better than the **BEST** hair
 Because it is very much more comfortable
 Because it is more sanitary
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 Because it will last a lifetime
 Because it never requires re-making

Write for the name of dealer in your town who is our authorized agent.

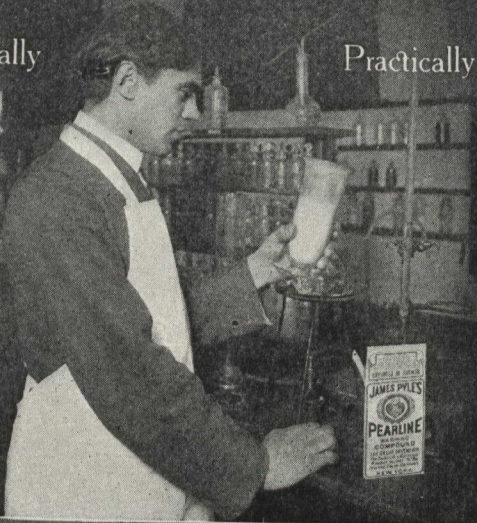
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Best by Test

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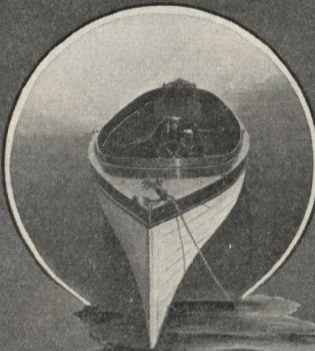
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You'll find it a PURE—
SAFE—EASY—QUICK—
LABOR and CLOTHES
SAVING Soap Powder
—better than Bar Soap
in every respect—the most
Up-to-Date Soap Powder—
and Powdered Soap is the
sort to use.

EVERY ATOM OF

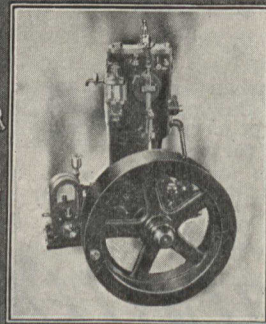
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WE MANUFACTURE
GOOD GASOLINE ENGINES
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SEND FOR
OUR
CATALOG



THE ADAMS LAUNCH AND ENGINE M'FG CO.
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It's There But You Can't Find It That Way

Every cup of coffee contains that thing which forces the heart beyond the natural beat and does various and sundry other things to people.

Some can stand it.

Many cannot.

If you suffer from any ailments arising from a nervous system out of balance, look carefully at the Coffee question. Weak eyes, heart, digestion or kidneys are common coffee troubles. Rheumatism is frequently caused by it. Nervous prostration is one of the many ugly children of Coffee.

Try the experiment of leaving it off a week or 10 days and use well-made Postum. If you feel a rebound of health, stick to it, and grow back into a well man or woman again. It pays to be well, and "my word" it's more fun than most anything on this earth.

There's a sure way out of Coffee ails, and "There's a Reason for

POSTUM

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

By CHARLES B. KNOX

DON'T use a Gelatine dessert for Christmas. Stick to the old-fashioned Plum Pudding. It will be heavy and soggy and you may have indigestion from eating it, but it will make you so glad to get back to the Gelatine desserts that I will be more than paid for giving the above advice. But you can use Gelatine and have one of the prettiest ornaments, as well as one of the tastiest, by making a Tomato Jelly for your salad course. I will be very glad to furnish the recipe free, so that you can use Knox's Gelatine—the purest Gelatine made—for this salad.

If you insist on having Gelatine for dessert instead of Plum Pudding, I would like to suggest a nice Coffee Jelly with whipped cream. This will give you your dessert and after-dinner coffee all in one with no ill effects from the coffee, even to the most finicky person.

You know you have not much room left for dessert after a generous slice of turkey and all the good things that go with it, so something delicate will perhaps save calling the doctor in the night. A very handsome and tasty dessert is Orange Jelly, French Style. I have this recipe done in colors, about 1,000 of them. They are Free as long as they last. Drop me a postal card.

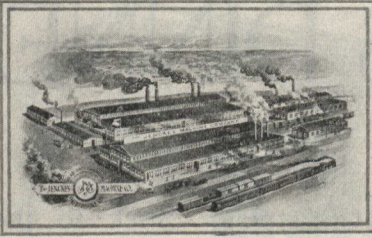


FREE For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, Dainty Desserts for Dainty People, and list of 1904 prize-winning recipes. If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. In view of the popularity of the 1904 recipe contest, I have decided to hold three this year. Write for particulars. Last year I gave a Steinway Piano for the best recipe,

CHARLES B. KNOX

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.), and SPIM Ointment-Cream (50c.)



¶ Our product embraces three important branches—Mining Machinery, Pulp Mill Machinery, Steam and Water Power Plants.

¶ In the Mining Machinery line we build complete Stamp Mills, Concentrators, Hoisting and Winding Engines, Crushing and Screening Machinery, Ore Cars, Ore Buckets, Mine Cages, etc.

¶ For the Pulp Mill we build everything required—Grinders, Wet Presses, Pulp Screens, Hydraulic Presses, Accumulators, Pressure Pumps, Baling Presses, Barkers, Cut-off Saw Rigs, Log Haul-ups and so on.

¶ Corliss Engines, Slide and Meyer Valve Engines, Horizontal Tubular, Vertical Tubular and Locomotive type Boilers, Smoke Stacks, Smoke Connections; the Crocker Patent Turbine, Water Wheel Governors and Steel Penstocks are all included in our list of Steam and Water Power Machinery.

¶ We make a specialty of contracting for complete Plants in any of the three branches mentioned.

¶ We invite enquiries and will gladly mail catalog matter on request.

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LIMITED

50 LANSDOWNE ST. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

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ROSSLAND

HALIFAX
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For the Asking

The best table salt costs
no more than the poorest
—and can be had for the
asking.

Windsor SALT

is sold in practically every
grocery store in Canada—
and is the best.

Ask for it.



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous Skin Fluid
English.....

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

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PRIESTLEYS'
PANNEAU
CLOTH

The
Fashionable
Fabric
for Fall



In Popular
Shades of
Green and
Brown

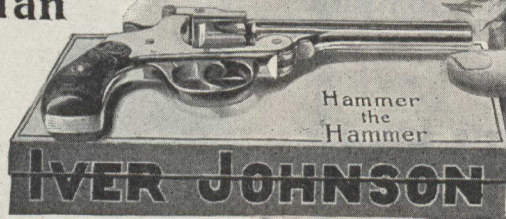


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An Iver Johnson Revolver assures double safety—not only in the ordinary sense of protection, but safety against accident. It is the only revolver with our patented safety lever, which makes it possible to



“Hammer the Hammer”

of a loaded Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without its going off. There is always a space between the revolver hammer and firing-pin which only our safety-lever can fill. That never happens until you actually pull the trigger.

No Fear of Accidental Discharge

but when you *do* pull the trigger, it never fails.

Our booklet, “Shots,” and handsome catalogue will be sent free on request.

Hammer, \$6.50

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For sale by all hardware and sporting goods dealers. Be sure our name is on the barrel and the owl's head on the grip.

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A. JOYCE

Phillips
Square. MONTREAL.

Fine
Chocolates
Iced Cakes
Confectionery
and Mottoes

FOR THE
HOLIDAY SEASON

J.A.S.

ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE
BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOR WIFE, MOTHER, DAUGHTER,
SISTER OR SWEETHEART IS A
SINGER SEWING MACHINE

By this sign
you may know
and will find



SINGER
STORES
everywhere

These machines are now being sold at lower prices, quality considered, than any other. Whether you propose the purchase of a machine or not there is much to interest most women at any Singer Store — and all are cordially invited.



PURITY

We cannot think of a better word to describe the dainty fabrics that have been through our French Dry Cleaning Process.

The chief point of interest, though, is the fact that even the sheerest materials come out without the slightest change of color, without injury of any sort, and are absolutely of an unpleasant odor.

YOU SHOULD CULTIVATE OUR ACQUAINTANCE

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"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
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GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
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of the quality of our Silverware. Look for it when selecting your Christmas Gifts. It stands for everything that is best in richness of design and style. All first-class jewellers in Canada carry our goods in stock.

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A Handful of Handy,
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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is the universally
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Waterman's Ideal

is an ever ready writing instrument with no disappointments. The Christmas assortment of gift pens is richer and more complete than ever. The genuine IDEAL has the word "IDEAL" stamped in a Globe on the holder of the pen. Be sure your Christmas Gift is genuine.

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Our pens with No. 4 size or larger gold pens—price, in rubber holders, \$4.00, or with gold mountings, \$5.00 and up—are generally considered the most popular, and are made with a greater variety of points and nibs than is possible to make in the smaller sizes.

"Pens bought of any dealer may be exchanged at our office."

L. E. Waterman Co. of Canada, Limited, 136 St. James Street, Montreal
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The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of
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Fruits and Nuts. $\frac{1}{2}$, 1,
2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full
weight in every box.

35 Years' Experience

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Wilson's Invalids' Port

Is the product of the
richest grapes grown
in the vineyards of the
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Portugal.

The extract from
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Bark used in this pre-
paration is specially
prepared by expert
chemists and according
to the world's greatest
Pharmacopeias.

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VICHY—
CELESTINS
THE ONLY GENUINE



Spring Purity

To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute necessity.

The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing.

Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale
The Ale that's Always Pure

ON TOP



Surpassing Excellence
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"WHITE SEAL"
MOËT & CHANDON
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HEADS THE LIST OF IMPORTATIONS
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Such dainty and delicate Confections are

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Milk Chocolate,
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ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies
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No other cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's

Cream as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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Artistic Hair Goods

are Famous for their latest Paris-London Styles and Quality, Sans Pareil.

Our Self-dividing Transformations from \$15.00 up.
Ladies' Wigs from \$25.00 up.
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BEAUTIFUL GLOSSY SWITCHES

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Use Jules & Charles', late Armand's, Gray Hair Restorer, 8 different shades, 1 box, \$3.00; 2 boxes, \$5.00. Will restore your hair to its original color.

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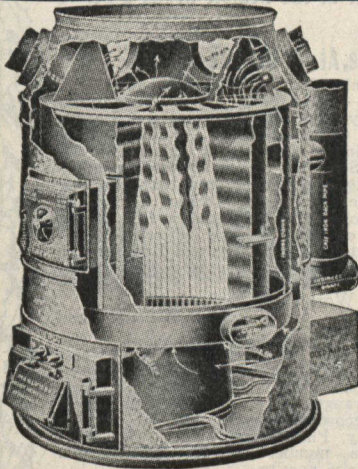
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Anchor Brand always makes
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MADE IN BROCKVILLE — SOLD ALL OVER CANADA

**"KELSEY" CORRUGATED
WARM AIR
GENERATORS** (Pat'd)

A "MONEY-SAVER" IN MANITOBA

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The James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Yours of March 30th to hand regarding the Warm Air Generator in use in our church during the past cold winter. As to its particular features—

1. **Efficiency of warming.** I have no hesitation in saying it surpasses everything on the market.
2. **Economy of fuel.** It has surprised beyond all measure the members of our congregation. From its commonsense mechanism, every stick of wood or piece of hard coal must send the heat up the main registers. Two tons of hard coal put us through the winter.
3. **Quality of warm air produced, Not dry,** like other furnaces, and burned, but always pure and free from gases.
4. **Freedom from escaping gas and dust.** We have not known the meaning of gas odor from our Generator thus far, and find it also absolutely free from dust.
5. **Non-radiating of heat in cellar.** The cellar has been perfectly cool when the hottest fires have been built.
6. **Coolness of smoke pipe.** This, above everything else, convinces one of the great perfection of the Generator and how all heat is forced up the registers.

To any person or Church Board needing a **money-saver**, so far as fuel and comfort are concerned, I heartily recommend the "Kelsey" Warm Air Generator above anything on the market.

Yours sincerely,

(REV.) R. A. SCARLETT, Pastor Methodist Church.

MORE THAN 26,000 SATISFIED USERS

DIRECT CONTRACTS MADE—PROPER RESULTS GUARANTEED.

☛ "KELSEY SPECIALISTS" SUPERINTEND THEIR PROPER INSTALLATION.

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Brings Christmas Cheer All the Year

No other gift yields such lasting pleasure as an Edison Phonograph. Everybody likes it—from baby to grandmother. No skill is required to reproduce perfectly brilliant band music; the finest vocal solos, duets, and quartettes; the funniest character songs and vaudeville skits. It replicates the opera and theatre for grown folks, and is unequalled for entertaining children. Edison Gold Moulded Records include thousands of popular, classic, sacred, operatic, or comic selections, and 24 are added every month. Thus the Phonograph provides more fun and music than any other automatic entertainer—yet is within the reach of all. Hear it at the nearest dealer's before deciding on any Christmas present. "It speaks for itself."

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9122 Hungarian Fantasia...Edison Concert Band
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Roll By—Descriptive Song...Irving Gillette

9135 I'm the Only Star that Twinkles on
Broadway—Comic Song.....Ada Jones
9136 Pretty Mary—Duet.....Harlan and Stanley
9137 Dancing in the Starlight.....Edison Band
9138 Sweetest Flower that Blows...Marie Narelle
9139 Have You Seen My Henry Brown?...Collins
9140 Irish Girl I Love—Tenor...Edward Barrow
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9142 Fol-the-rol-lol—Comic Song, Edward M. Favor
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Comic Sketch...Ada Jones and Len Spencer
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Home, Sweet Home.....Male Quartette
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MedleyEdison Military Band

An Edison Phonograph Makes the Best Christmas or Birth- day Present for Anyone

Every genuine Edison Phonograph bears the inventor's trade mark signature. Do not be misled or prejudiced by the distressing noises of inferior imitations. Go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear the genuine Phonograph, and you will instantly appreciate its marked superiority. Edison's signature is also on every Edison Gold Moulded Record. Edison Phonographs cost from \$10 up; Records, 35c. each.



Send for new booklet, "Home Entertainments With the Edison Phonograph," obtainable only from Orange, N. J., office. Our Latest Record Catalogue will be sent to any Phonograph owner who gives the number of his Phonograph. Write now to

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I. C. S. Language Courses Taught
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We never sacrifice health and comfort to style. We combine them. The above Corset is intended for a slight figure, straight front model, and ideal Corset. This accounts for its enormous sale. Price \$1.00.

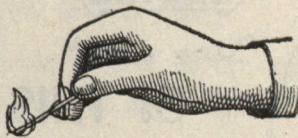
This is a Corset of perfect ease, superior grace and stylish elegance; and it positively will not break at the Waist Line. It has fitted over 2,000,000 of women and will fit you.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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MATCH**

Is asked for every time by those who have once tried it, which is a sure proof of its superiority.

It will, with the least possible friction on any kind of a dry surface, and with absolute safety, without fire dropping or head flying off, create an **instantaneous, brilliant light entirely free from crackling, sputtering, or noise of any kind.**

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ART DEPT. CAN. MAG.

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REINDEER CONDENSED MILK
JERSEY STERILIZED CREAM

Are ideal in richness and purity
EVERY CAN GUARANTEED

TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited
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GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

CEETEE

PURE WOOL

STRONG POINTS

OF THIS UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

It is made to fit the body. Has no rough seams. Made from 2 and 3 fold yarn. Will outwear any garment made from single yarn. Soft, warm and elastic. Never gets out of shape. No burrs, no scratching. Made from pure Australian wool and silk and wool. And to complete its good qualities, is guaranteed unshrinkable. Any garment replaced that shrinks. Ask your dealer for this brand.

MADE BY
THE C. TURNBULL CO., Limited
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ART DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Dr. Deimel Underwear

To keep the body warm and healthy, is not a matter of how **much** you wear, but **what** you wear. People who are afraid of draughts and subject to colds, pneumonia, or rheumatism, are the very people who wear the most wool.

And it is their woolen underwear that keeps the skin in this sensitive condition.

The Dr. Deimel Underwear does everything that wool is expected, but fails to do.

It keeps the wearer free from colds, gives better protection and more warmth and comfort than any other underwear made.

Send for "THE PROOF"—Free for the asking.

P.S.—The Dr. Deimel Underwear can be had in the best stores everywhere. All genuine Linen-Mesh garments bear the Dr. Deimel label.

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COMFORTING
TO OLD OR YOUNG
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EXCELLENT
QUALITY
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& CO.

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THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device
necessary to make a desk reliable,
labor saving, economical, is found
in those we manufacture. In ma-
terial and construction, in finish
and utility, in durability and design
they lead all other makes. They
make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail.
**Canadian Office & School
Furniture Co., Limited.**
PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge
Furniture.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS,

FOR
GOUT,
RHEUMATISM,
SCIATICA,
LUMBAGO,
NEURALGIA.

The Excruciating Pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills. Sure, safe and effectual.

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal and Toronto.
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

Teaberry

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years' standing—if you once try it you will use no other.

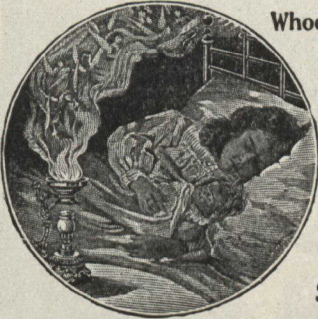
At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

FOR THE TEETH.

Jed.

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



Whooping Cough,
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Bronchitis,
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Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

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No. 40
A magnificent creation. Gold covered price in morocco or plush box \$20.00. No. 14 covering sterling silver Filling price \$5.00. Same gold covered price \$6.00. No. 23 hexagon, price \$3.00. No. 20 no ornamentation price 2.50.

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pearl barrel gold bands cap gold Filling a beauty price \$7.00. No. 6 chased barrel 2 gold bands price \$3.00. Other Parker Pens at \$1.50 and \$2.00. All warranted. A cheaper but serviceable pen. "The Palmer" price \$1.00

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STANDARD OR SELF-FILLING

Represents the highest type of fountain pen making—unequaled by any other pen owing to its three points of superiority 1, 2, 3.

- 1: Lucky Curve (insures clean fingers.)
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More than 10,000 of the Best Dealers Sell Them.

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DOMINION PIANO
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BUILT ON A SOLID FOUNDATION

In the "DOMINION" Piano a solid iron frame supports the twenty tons of strain from the strings, where other pianos have wood, which, as you know, is affected by the weather.

This foundation gives and preserves its wonderful tone. It makes it stay in tune. It makes our superior workmanship and materials "worth while." It makes permanent the benefits of our 34 years' experience. It makes it worth your while to

"Get familiar" with
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The Dominion Organ & Piano Company
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DID YOU EVER THINK

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We make them in red and buff
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PERRIN LADIES' GLOVES, "Mousquetaire" Style are made in all lengths, and are cut in such a way that they do not fall down and crinkle, as happens often with other makes.

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These are recommended as they make the Glove cooler and fit more comfortably.

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Can be found for Christmas than a genuine

Berliner Gram-o-phone OR Victor Talking Machine

Why not give your children or friends something which will amuse them always, and from which they can derive instruction as well as entertainment? Our instruments will amuse and entertain every member of the family—young and old—at any period of the year—in any place.

You can order an instrument now for delivery, at Christmas, to any part of the Dominion.

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GENUINE HIGH-GRADE
ORIENTAL
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HIGH CANDLE-POWER LIGHT

REDUCES
GAS BILLS
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TEN HIGHEST
ELECTRIC BILLS
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BURNS 90/ AIR
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GIVES A LIGHT
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BRILLIANCY
IT IS SO SIMPLE
IN CONSTRUCTION
THAT
A CHILD CAN
REGULATE IT
TO SUIT ANY
GAS PRESSURE

FOR SALE
BY ALL DEALERS.

SEE that the box has THIS LABEL
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT
Do not accept something "Just as good (?)"

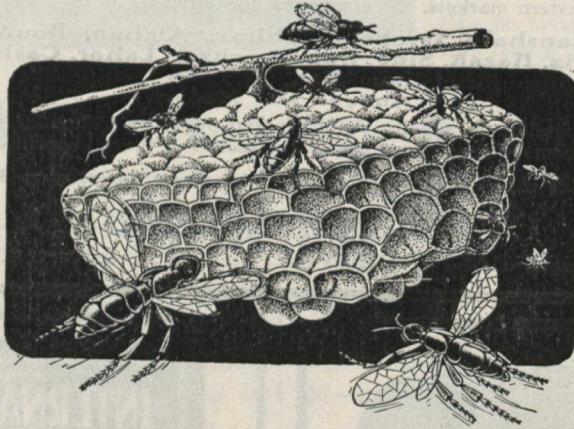
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25-27 Richmond Street West, Toronto

You Stir Up a Hornets' Nest

every time you try to force your stomach to work when it isn't able. When the limit is reached and



the stomach declares war, you sure enough have trouble if you try to use force.

The better and more sensible way is, to employ a substitute to do the stomach's work for it and let that organ have a rest.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

are a willing and efficient substitute. No matter how much you eat or what the condition of the stomach is, they themselves digest the food and permit the stomach to rest up, recuperate and get well and strong. They have cured dyspepsia worse than yours, thousands of times.

All Druggists, 50 Cents a Box.

A Perfume For The Most Refined Taste

A LEADER AMONGST LEADERS

AFTER BEING IN USE

FOR NEARLY A CENTURY

**Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA WATER**

IS JUST AS POPULAR AS EVER

BECAUSE

It is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance;
It refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume;
It is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving;
It is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made.

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Sold by Leading Druggists and Perfumers

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Pictures**

are produced only by
pure rich colors.

Winsor & Newton

are artists' colormen
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Oil and Water Colors

are the world's stand-
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Many years of careful
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That is why it can be
relied upon and why there
is such an enormous
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Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart
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Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers.
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ARE you surprised at the popularity of the "Pease" ? If you are it is because you never used one in your home. ¶ The "Pease" stands for everything good in Warm Air, Hot Water, or the Combination Heater line. They are built to wear for years - to give good healthy heat at a low cost for fuel. Fifty thousand Pease Heaters, Furnaces and Boilers in use in Northern United States and in Ontario. That's a recommendation.

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WESTERN REPRESENTATIVES:

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High Class Wines for the Holiday Trade



KEEP "MUMM"

G. H. MUMM & COMPANY
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"EXTRA DRY"

The most exquisite Dry Wine imported.

"SELECTED BRUT"

The finest Brut Wine in the market.

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"MOUNTAIN DEW"
10 Years Old

"LIQUEUR SPECIAL"
15 Years Old

The above are positively the **FINEST WINES AND SPIRITS IMPORTED INTO CANADA.** If you cannot obtain these brands from your wine merchant, send direct to the Canadian Agents who are prepared to offer attractive bargains in assorted cases, express paid to any station in Canada.

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What Flour Granulation Means in Bread-Making

Flour is composed of myriads of tiny granules.

To make good bread these granules must be uniform in size.

In poorly milled flour some granules are large, some small.

The small ones absorb yeast, "rise" and "ripen" before the large ones—the result is bread of coarse, poor texture.

The large granules are not developed into "sponge," they bake into heavy, hard particles, spoil the texture of the bread and make it harder to digest.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

is perfectly milled—all the flour granules are uniform in size—the sponge rises uniformly—the bread is even in texture—perfect in flavor—good-looking, appetising bread—easily digested.

Ogilvies back it with their reputation by branding it

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

Fry's Cocoa

"RAISED
ON IT."



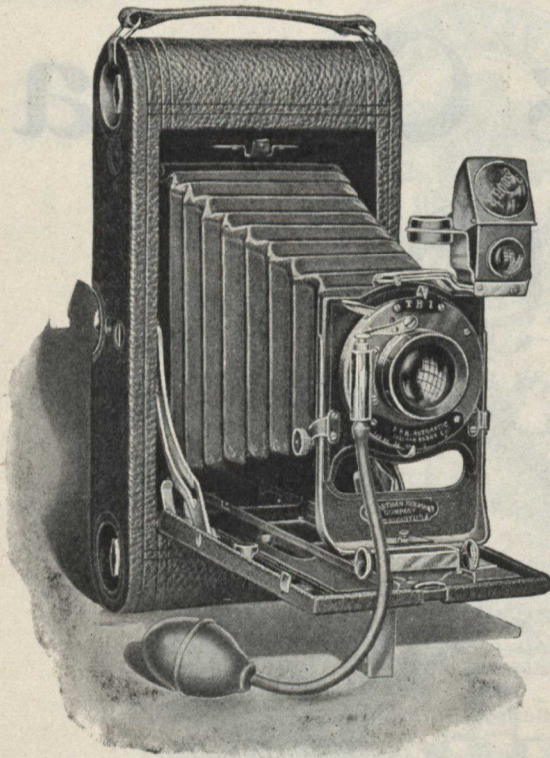
Raised on the sure foundation of robust health.
It is a perfect food for young and old.

D. MASSON & CO.

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No. 3
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Folding Pocket KODAKS

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Made in a factory where accuracy is everything. Rapid Rectilinear lenses of superb quality, and Automatic Shutters. They lock into focus automatically. Covered with seal grain leather and finished in nickel.

No. 3 Folding Pocket Kodak, pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ - - - - \$17.50

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*Kodak Catalogues free
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Toronto, Canada.



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"Britannia" Underwear is as grateful to the sensitive skin as pure silk. The finish is beautifully soft, never irritates, and does not in any way retard the absorbent quality of the wool.

"Britannia" Underwear

is guaranteed unshrinkable. Any garment, shrunk in washing, will be replaced. Made in England for those who want "something better" in Underwear. All sizes for men, women and children.

Insist on having "Britannia" Underwear. There is nothing "just as good." Look for the trademark on every garment you buy.

A Wise Woman

knows a good thing when she sees it and uses the best and most economical

Castile Soap.

"Shell Brand" made by Couret Freres, Marseilles, contains no resin, no animal fats, no impurities.

Best in the World

for Face and Hands, for the Complexion, for the Bath and all Household Use.

You are Safe with

SOLD EVERYWHERE "Shell Brand"

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"SHELL BRAND"
(LA COQUILLE)

TRADE MARK



"SHELL BRAND"
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FREE INSURANCE

The man who takes an Endowment Policy in the Manufacturers Life is practically getting Free Insurance.

True, he has to pay a small annual premium for 10, 15, 20, or 25 years as he may choose, but at the end of that time he gets all his money back with good interest thereon, and his 10, 15, 20, or 25 years of insurance will have cost him nothing.

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It is the highest achievement yet reached in writing machines and we challenge the World to produce its equal.

It has been weighed in the balance, and "Not Found Wanting," in any of the three cardinal virtues of a typewriter, "Speed, Beauty and Endurance."



At every Exhibition where the "HAMMOND" has been presented it has carried off the palm, and to-day stands as the acknowledged "King of Typewriters."

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Bi-CHROME RIBBON
REMOVABLE PLATEN
SINGLE SCALE
COMPLETE KEYBOARD
QUIET CARRIAGE

Smith Premier No. 2

**Good Points in the
Smith Premier**

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Syracuse, N. Y. Branch Stores Everywhere

The Strip Floor

we sell is made of selected oak inch and three-quarters wide, three-eighths thick, run through a machine which makes it absolutely true and uniform, and when laid is the most perfect plain hardwood floor possible. Ends square, therefore no waste. From this to the most elaborate parquet pattern is our range. Write for catalogue and price list.

Sole agents [for Butcher's Boston] Polish.

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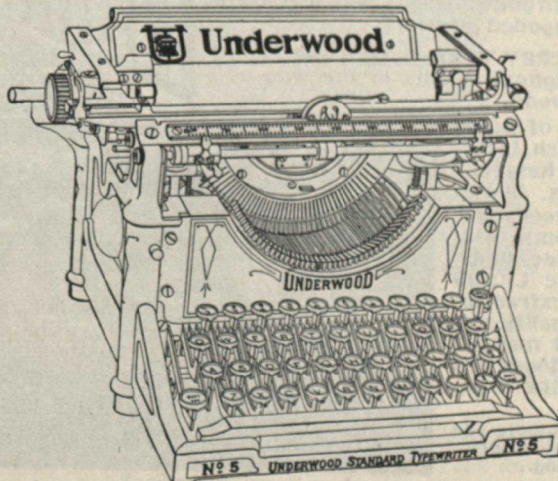
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Underwoods

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**NO BETTER ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THE UNDERWOOD
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TWO GOOD THINGS.

SYMINGTON'S

Pea
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1827.Pea
Soup

High-pressure Steam Prepared.
For thickening Soups, Gravies, etc.

Boiling Water only required.
Cheap. Nutritious. Made in a moment.

W. SYMINGTON & CO. Ltd., Market Harborough, England.

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LUXEBERRY
MARK
FINISH

THE MAN WHO SPENDS

a little time investigating the pedigree of varnish before he permits its use on his woodwork usually gets big interest on the investment.

An indifferent attitude towards varnish is responsible for many a spoiled interior.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH and LIQUID GRANITE gives the highest results in the way of a finish attainable on wood.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years. Use it on general interior woodwork.

For floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds, and front doors, use LIQUID GRANITE. It is the extraordinary wear resisting qualities of LIQUID GRANITE that make it equally valuable for floors and all woodwork where the exposure is severe.

Samples of finished woods and interesting booklets on wood finishing sent free for the asking.

LIQUID GRANITE
FOR
FLOORS



This is the celebrated Toy Wagon that we give away free under certain conditions. Since we introduced it a few years ago it has found its way to all parts of the world and has made thousands of boys and girls happy.

Copy of picture and full particulars sent upon application.

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Varnish Manufacturers

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CINCINNATIST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO

Factory and Main Office, Detroit

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There Is
Only One

Hunyadi János

Innumerable "cures" for constipation are daily advertised, but there is only one Hunyadi Janos which has for nearly half a century stood at the head of all remedies of this class.

Be On Your Guard

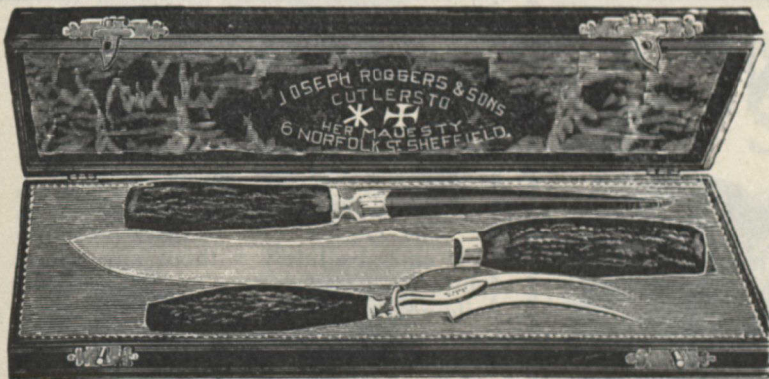
against substitutes which are often harmful, whether they be Mineral waters or drugs.

They all lack the peculiar curative properties with which Nature in her own inimitable way has endowed Hunyadi Janos, the Great Natural Laxative Water.

The Water of Health

Hunyadi Janos cures in a natural, easy, certain way, Constipation, Indigestion, Disorders of the Stomach, Biliousness and Torpid Liver.

The average dose is half a tumbler, to be modified according to age and constitution. It is best taken in the morning half an hour before breakfast, and may for greater efficiency be mixed with an equal quantity of hot water. Sold at all druggists. Try a small bottle, it contains several doses.



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ACCEPTABLE
XMAS
GIFT

A Set of "Rodgers" Carvers

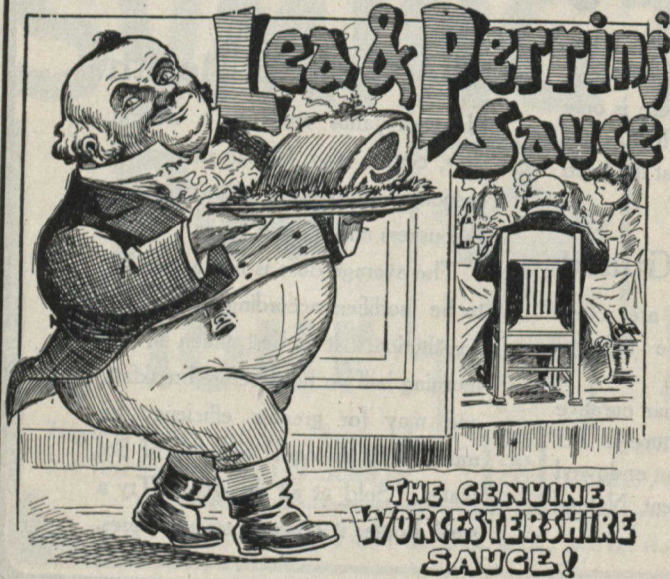
Or any other article of cutlery bearing "Rodgers" trademark, is a most appropriate gift, one which will be appreciated for its usefulness and durability. The designs are neat and will grace any occasion. Look for the Rodgers Trademark on every blade.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

The Secret of Great Britain's Success

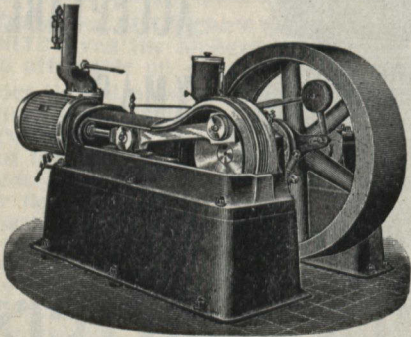


and the
**ROAST
BEEF**
of Old England

**BEWARE OF
IMITATIONS**

J. W. DOUGLAS & COMPANY
Canadian Agents
Montreal

A FINE STEAM PLANT



"I will say without qualification that it is as fine a boiler and engine plant as I have ever had the pleasure of seeing for its size. The engine was working without heating and absolutely without any noise. I wish to congratulate you on your success in building this class of engine and hope that we may have pleasure in dealing with you again."

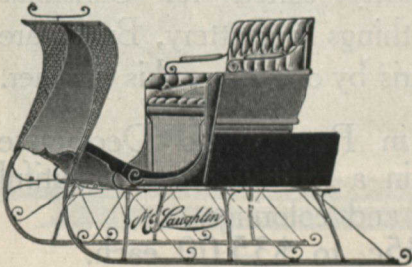
The above refers to a 350 horse-power Robb-Armstrong Corliss engine and two 175 horse-power Robb-Mumford boilers installed by us.

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto
Watson Jack & Company, Montreal
J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg

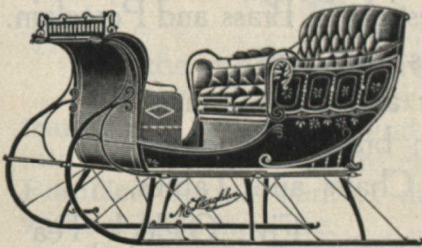
McLAUGHLIN CUTTERS

All kinds for all purposes—Over 20 Varieties for 1905-6



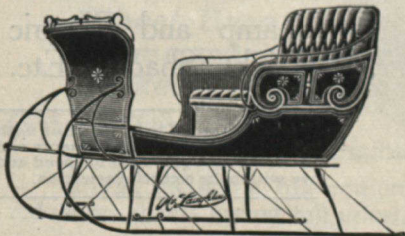
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For City and Town driving. Very high wicker-dash, brass mountings, broadcloth upholstery, soft high spring back and cushion. Driver's cushion and false bottom also supplied. Painting: bright red or all dark.



No. 221 1/2

A solid, serviceable, satisfying Cutter for general use. Large, roomy, comfortable seat. Can be supplied without child's seat, and painted and trimmed to suit purchaser.



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A strong, light, neatly designed Cutter, suitable for two only. Our Cutters are all designed with a view to lightness of draft and comfortable riding qualities.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO.
Oshawa - - Ontario

AT CHRISTMAS TIME



The Housekeeper's interest centers on her dining table, the chief charm of which is the Silver. To make it do its duty perfectly, it should be cleaned with

ELECTRO SILICON Silver Polish

then its latent beauty or brilliancy will appear, crowning the effort of the hostess.

At grocers, druggists, and postpaid, 15 cts. (stamps). Trial quantity for the asking. Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Silver has equal merits. 25 cents. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Agents, Montreal.



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THE STANDARD OF EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Kay's Christmas Offerings

We are prepared for Christmas with a splendid selection of decorative and useful articles ideally suited for Christmas giving. Included are many beautiful things in Pottery, Brassware and Furniture personally selected in Paris by our buyer this summer.

Vases in Pottery and Decorative Glass in a multitude of beautiful designs and colorings.

35c. to \$35.00 each.

Busts and Statuettes, a variety of good subjects exquisitely modelled.

\$8.00 to \$35.00 each.

Candlesticks in Brass and Porcelain.
Plaques and Trays.

Pewter and Brass Steins.

Poonah brass Jardinieres.

Fancy Chairs and Tables.

Five O'clock Tea
Tables.

Carved Hall Chests
and Settees.

Lamp and Electric
Light Shades, Etc.

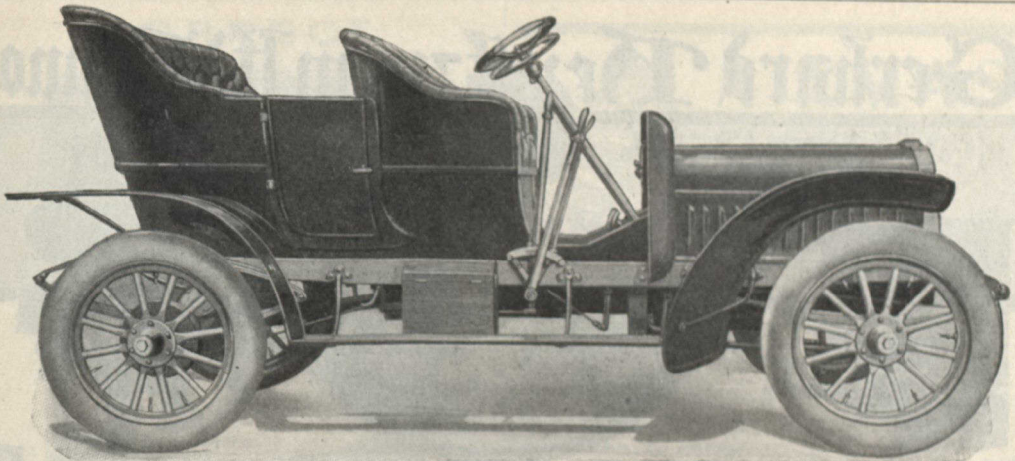
If you live out of town write us with particulars of your requirements and of the amount you wish to spend and we will make a careful selection.

John Kay, Son & Company

LIMITED

36-38 King Street West

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The Latest **Rambler** Model 14

All the modern features refined to *Rambler* simplicity.
Motor—Four cylinder vertical, 20—25 horse power. A triumph of accessibility and structural design. Valves opening into center of explosion chamber, ensuring quick clearance. Rambler throttle control, automatic lubrication, silent muffler without back pressure.

Safety Cranking Device by which motor is started without possibility of back-firing.

Transmission—Sliding gear, three speeds forward and reverse, with large wide gears running in oil. Bevel gear drive.

Wheel Base—106 inches.

Frame and cross members, pressed steel.

Brakes—Two sets, one on driving shaft, the other on rear wheels.

Body—Highest possible grade with ample seats.

Price, including full equipment of tools, lamps, horn, etc., \$1,750. Advance sheets giving full information at your service.

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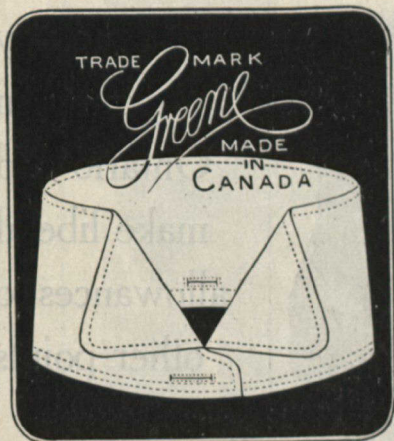
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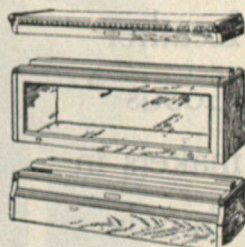
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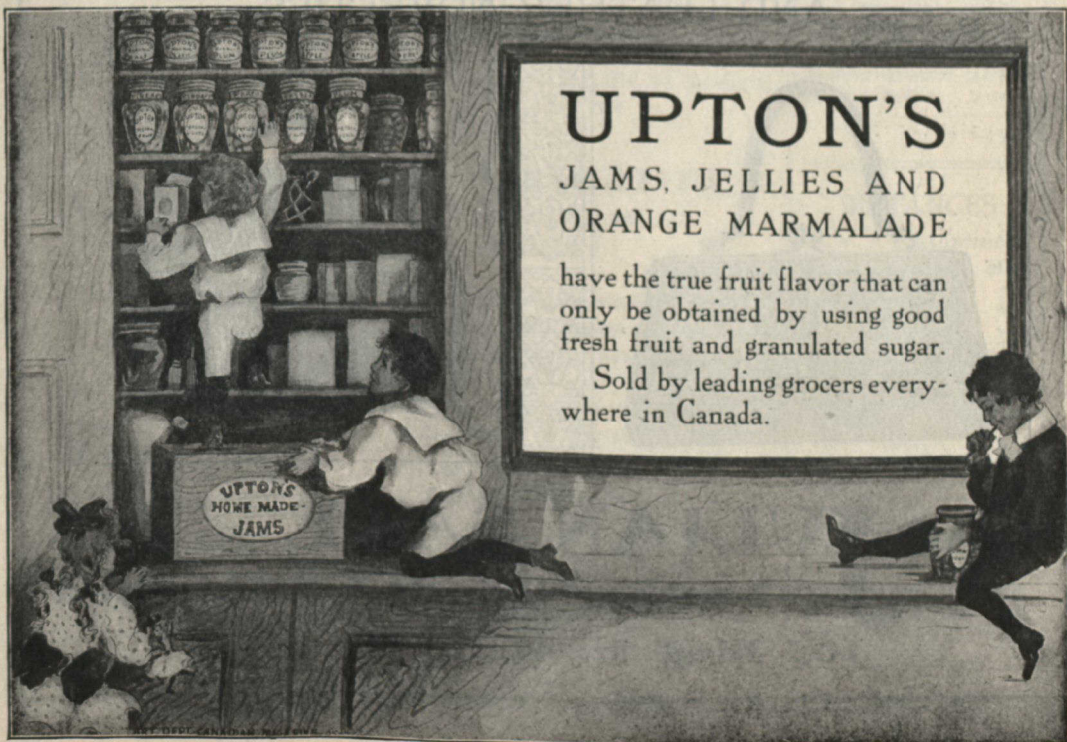


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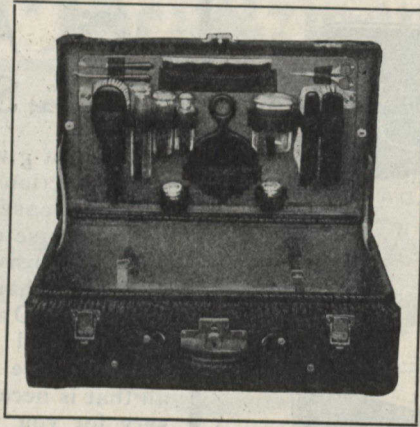
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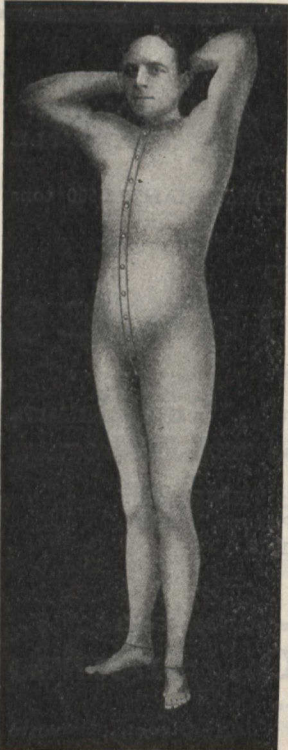
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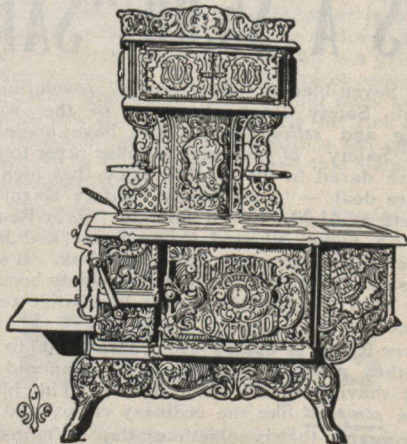
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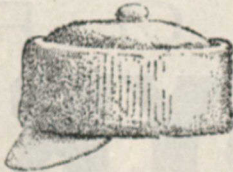
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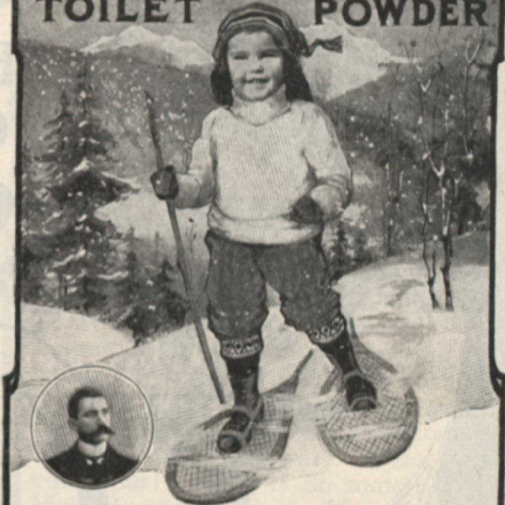
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Crown Brand Corn Syrup has its place among all these “good things.” It is a great improvement when mixed in with the other ingredients in place of sugar—or used over them in the form of a sauce.

Its creamy, nutty flavour distinctly improves the taste of Christmas fare. It should have a prominent place at this time.

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For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black.
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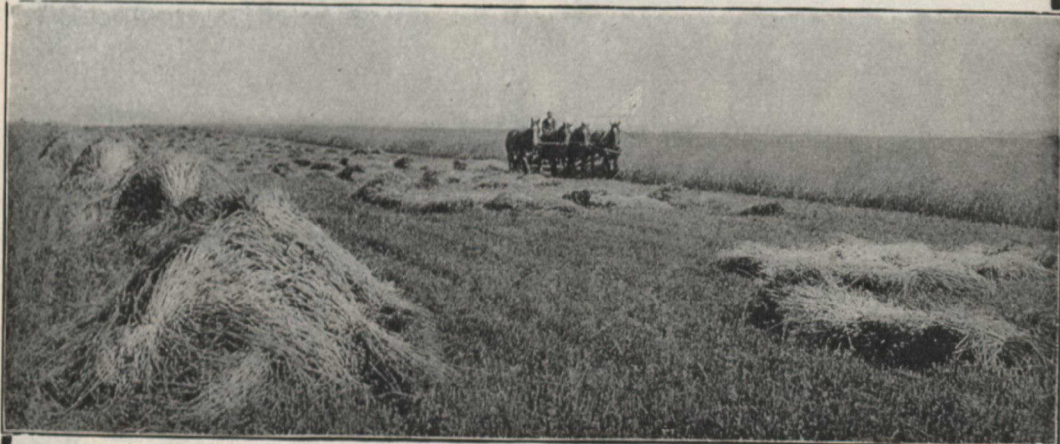
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COFFEE FOR TWO



As yet it's a table just for two,
A plate for me and a plate for Sue—
My bride and I.

White as her heart is the cloth be-
tween,
Bright as her eyes the silver's sheen;
And I gaze and try
To understand and to calculate
Why I have won so much from Fate,
As she who gazes with eyes of blue
Across the table set for two,
Fragrance o' flow'ret in her breast,
Whiff from the urn; now which is
best?

I scarcely know!

Sweet is the scent of the double rose,
But oh, that sniff from the urn's
bright nose

Is surely so.

And smiles seem dearer and lips
more sweet

When seen through the shimmer of
fragrant heat

From CHASE & SANBORN'S
perfect brew

Above our table set for two.



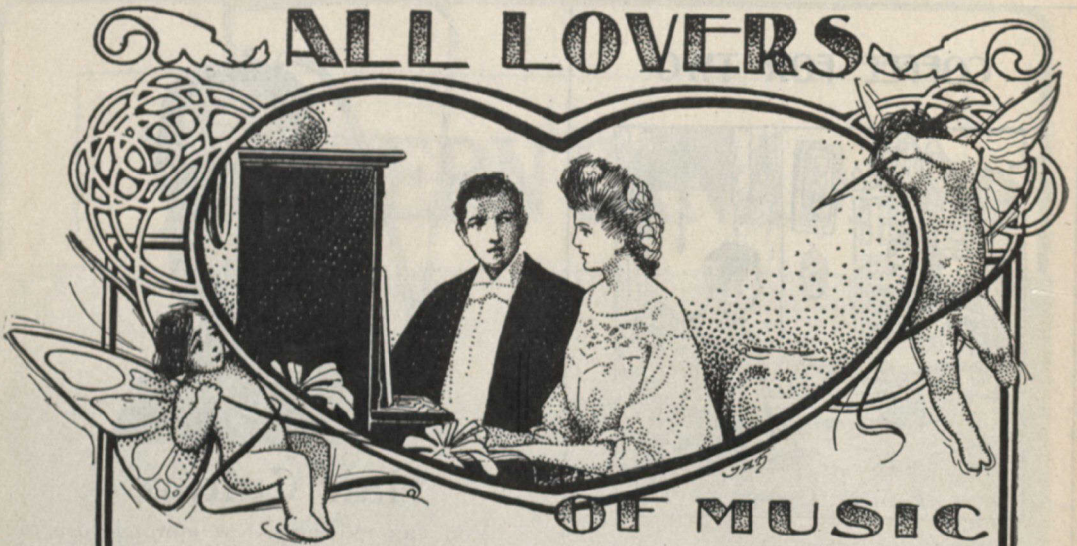
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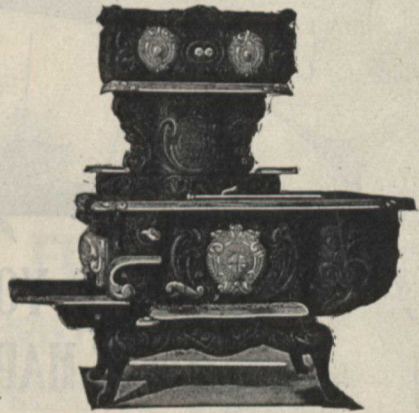
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