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THERE has been a rapid development in the circulation of "The Canadian Magazine" during the past six months, due apparently to the interest aroused by Dr. Hannay's excellent account of "The War of 1812." Because of this rapidly growing demand, it is impossible to get complete sets of this year's issues, a warning which those who bind the volumes would do well to heed. The programme for the fall months will be found to be as general and as interesting as usual—perhaps more interesting.

The September number will contain a most delightfully entertaining article, "The Romance of Sealing," being a description of seal-hunting on the Behring Coasts. This will be profusely illustrated with special photographs. Another article will describe the new system of "Packing" on mules and horses, now being introduced into the British Army through Canadian enterprise. This will be written and illustrated by John Innes, a soldier-artist who served in South Africa, and is also experienced in pack-saddle work in the Canadian Rockies. "Ancient and Modern Conceptions of Liberty," by Professor W. S. Milner, of the University of Toronto, will be found to be a most superior and attractive literary production. An important political article dealing with Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Proposal, by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, will be awaited with interest.

Besides *The War of 1812*, *The Pensionnaires* and the regular Departments, there will be some short stories and briefer contributions which, with the articles mentioned, will round out the September number and make it well worth having and possibly well worth preserving.

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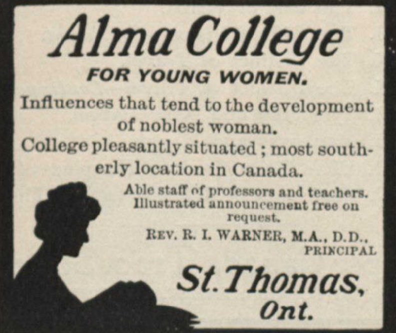

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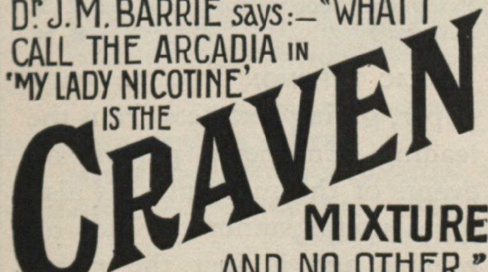

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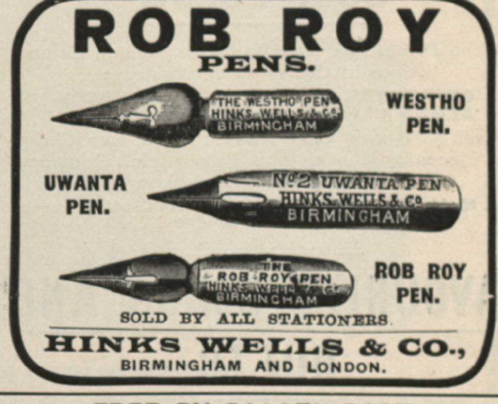

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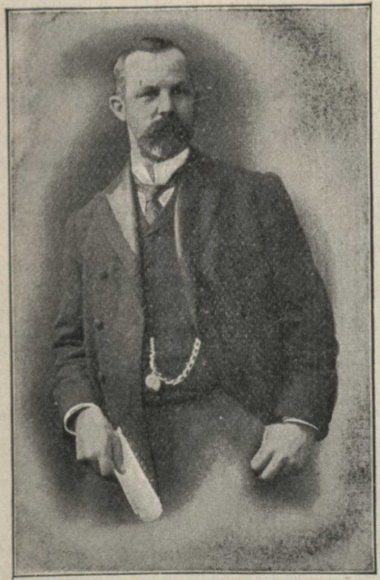

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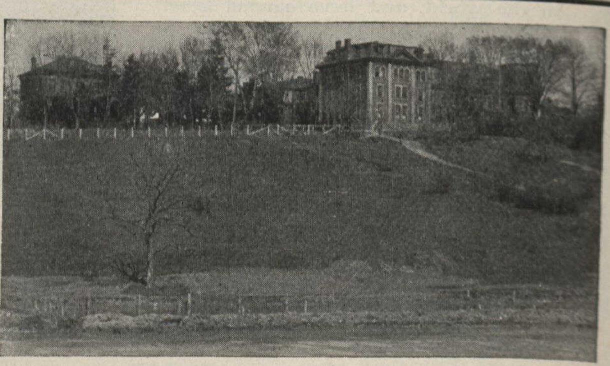

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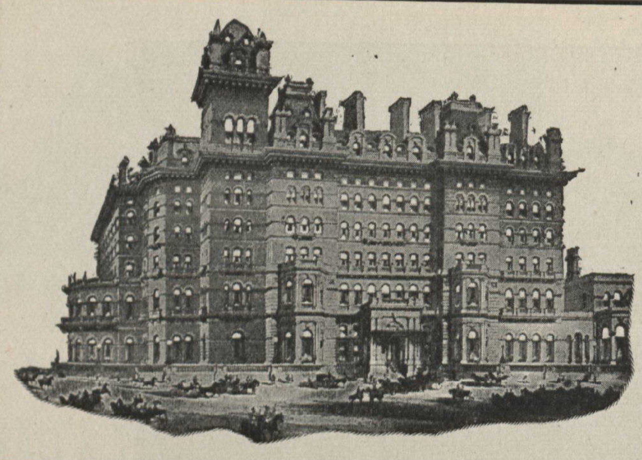

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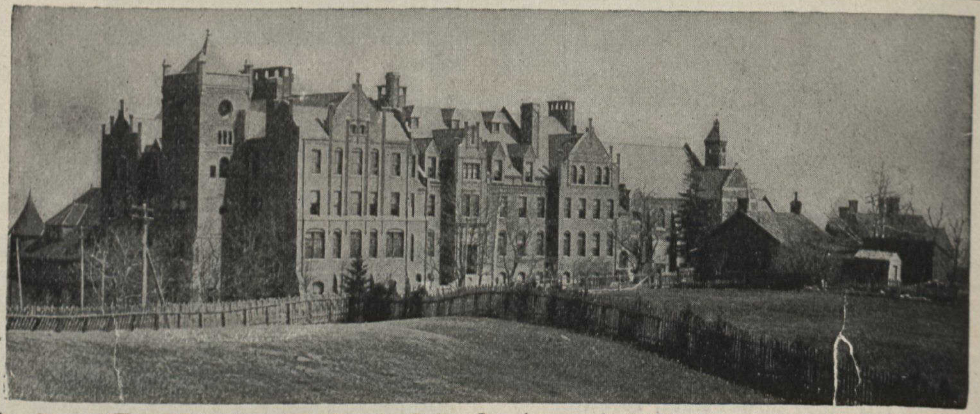

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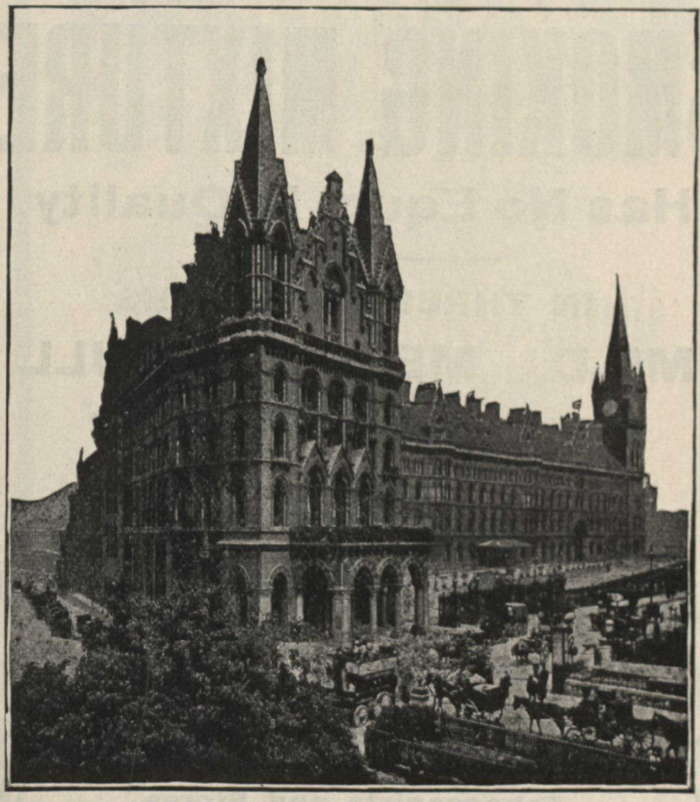

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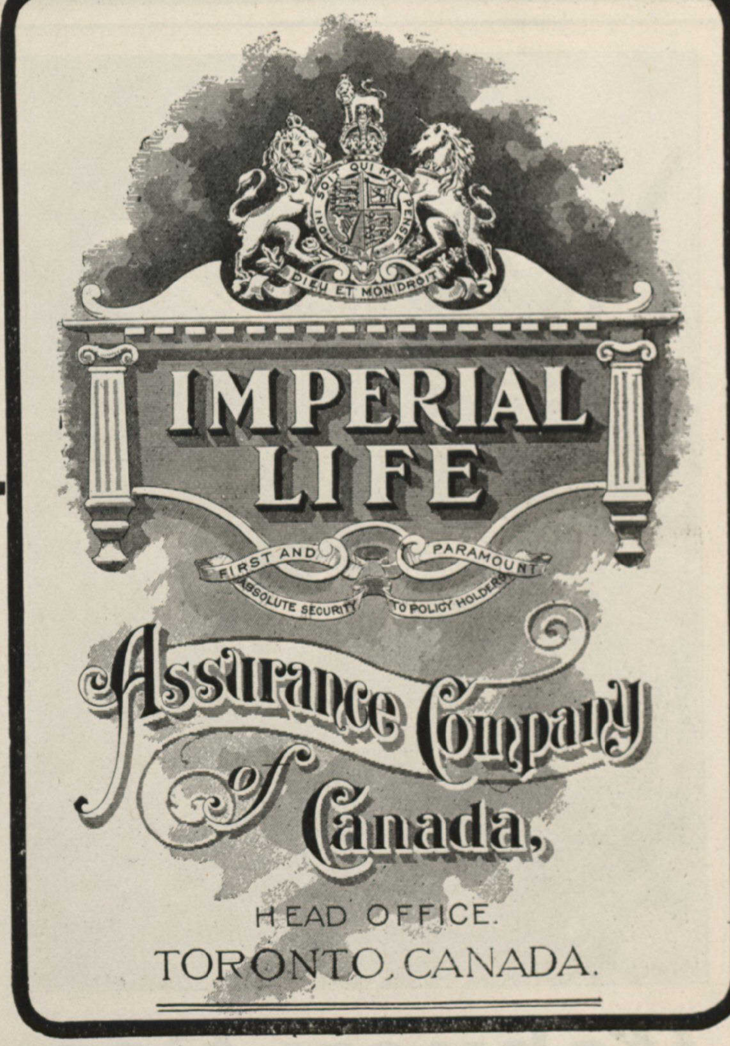

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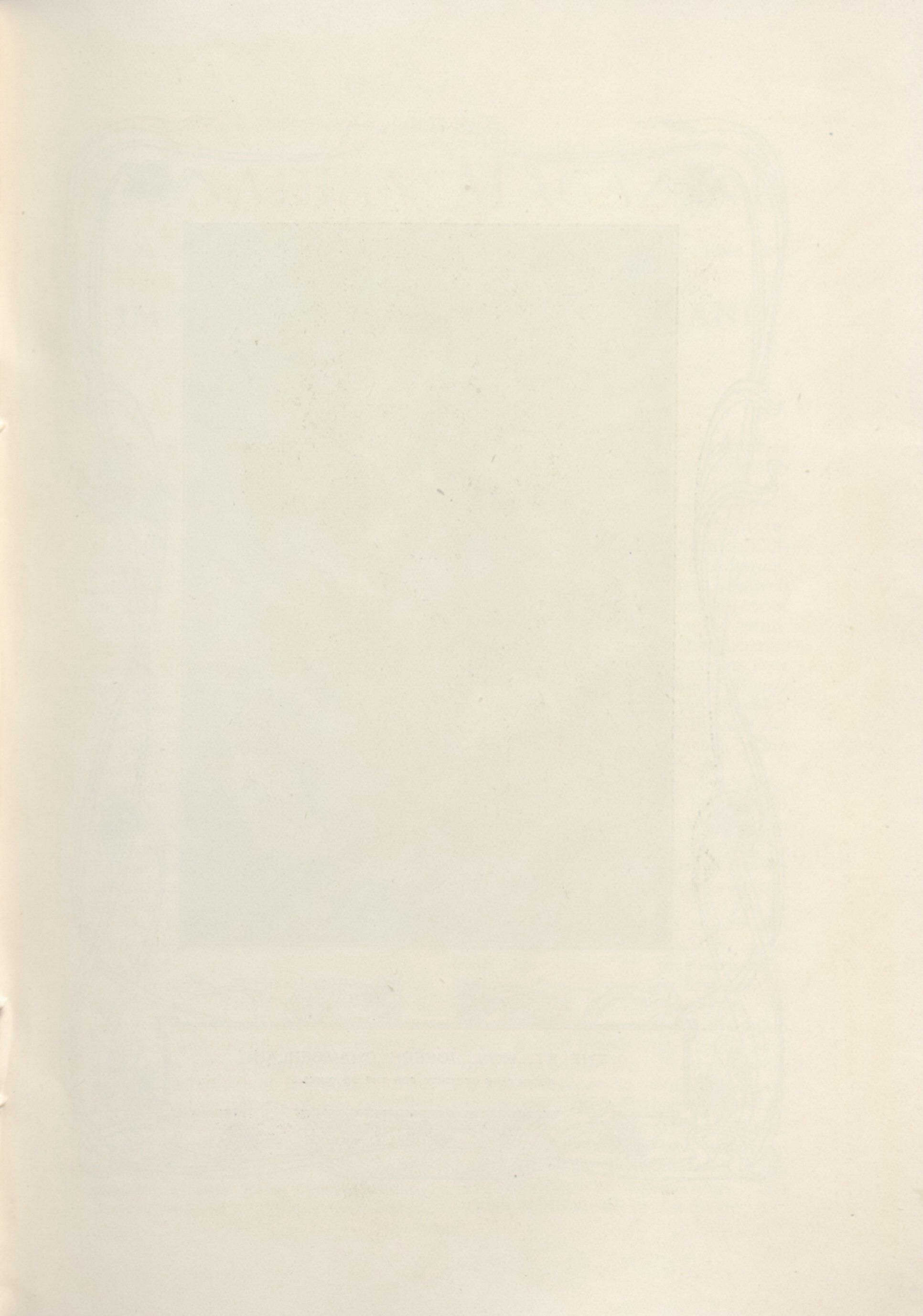

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI TORONTO, AUGUST, 1903 No. 4

IMPERIALISTS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

By the Editor

HERE were British Colonies and an Empire before 1750, but no Imperialism as it is understood to-day. The reason is clear. Before the advent of Cromwell and the Cromwellian Parliaments, the colonies belonged to the King. Charles I proclaimed, "We hold the colonies part of our Royal Empire." James I created the Kingdom of Nova Scotia as a colony, "holden of us from our Kingdom of Scotland." So New Albion (the district now covered by New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware) was dependent on "His Majesty's Royal Person and Imperial Crown, as King of Ireland." The colonies were the King's, and Parliament was forbidden to interfere with them. They were governed from the Royal Palace, and had the right to tax themselves, a right which they shared with no other. The colonies were thus part of the Empire which acknowledged King James and King Charles as Sovereigns.*

In 1650 the Parliament conquered this Empire. The King was beheaded and it was declared that "the plantations are and ought to be subject to and dependent on England and subject to the Parliament of England." The self-governing powers of the colonies were henceforth to be limited—a limitation which the American colonies resented, and against which they eventually revolted. Scotland, Ireland, the colonies suffered alike, they were governed by the Parliament without representation. In 1676 the first Collector of Customs arrived in America. The movement begun under Cromwell was completed in the settlement of 1688. For a hundred years the colonies suffered with more or less protest. In 1754 the American settlements sent representatives to a Congress at Albany to discuss a continental union which would be better able to withstand the encroachments of Parliament. This was the beginning of a new era.

At this congress in 1754 was a thinking Britisher, a man who believed in Great Britain, in the Colonies and in the Empire. He was but a visitor, an onlooker. He probably heard Franklin explain his plan, and was converted. Let us suppose so. In 1764 he wrote a book entitled, "The Administration of the Colonies," and in it set forth his ideas on reconstruction. Thomas Pownall was the first notable imperialist of the modern type. He advocated a "general and entire union of the British Dominions," to be governed from one centre. In other words, the colonies were to send representatives to the British Parliament. With shrewdness and insight he declared there would eventually be "either an American or a British Union." In 1776 the American Union came. The British union is still in the future.

* A splendid discussion of this will be found in "Our Colonial Kingdoms," by Harold G. Parsons; "Journal Royal Colonial Institute, No. 7, 1902-3."

Pownall desired to see the colonies left in all the free and full possession of their several rights and liberties as by grant, charter or commission given. "But in everything they shall depend upon the Government as a whole, and upon Great Britain as the centre." Commerce was extending the British dominions, and therefore the basis of its representative legislature must extend also. The scheme of giving representatives to the colonies would incorporate them within the realm and make their interests identical with those of the people living in Great Britain. The distance between the colonies and the mother country was no great objection to such representation.

Pownall's book, or at least the fourth edition, was dedicated to the Right Honourable George Grenville,* who in 1769 published a pamphlet urging the same reform. But these prophets were almost without honour among their fellows in the British Parliament, for Great Britain was not then prepared to treat Britishers-beyond-the-seas on the basis of political and commercial equality. A variety of writers followed the lead of Pownall and Grenville, even Adam Smith joining in the advocacy. The great Chatham also stood out boldly for the rights of the colonists, and looked forward to conciliation and a federal union between the colonies and Great Britain. But the British people, the British Parliament and the British King were obstinate.

It is interesting to note Edmund Burke's share in the early controversy. In his "Observations on a Late Publication entitled 'The Present State of the Nation,'" he ridicules the suggested American representation. He bases his objections on the difficulties of distance. It would take six weeks for the election writs to go to America, a certain amount of time for the proclamation and election, and six weeks more for the representatives to reach London. "In the meantime, the Parliament has sat and the business far advanced without American representatives." The American representatives could not afford to go to London without salaries; if they were paid they would be American agents and not independent members of Parliament. He concludes, "America is, and ever will be, without actual representation in the House of Commons."

With the acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States, the plea for Imperial Federation ceased to be of any consequence for many years, and Imperialism was almost synonymous with colonization. Canada was given the Constitutional Act of 1791, which established representative government, but maintained the supremacy of the British Parliament and its permanent and political officials. The War of 1812 drew forth the loyalty of the people, and the sacrifices they made for the British flag made them feel they had some part in the Empire. The first emigrants started to Australia in May, 1787, and there was no demand even for a local legislature for a long time. A legislative council was given in 1823, and five years later its powers were materially extended. The first regular emigration to South Africa dates from 1817, and progress there was not so fast as in Australia.

About 1830 two men came to the front as friends of the colonies. These men were Gibbon Wakefield and Chas. Buller. These men condemned the bureaucratic government of the Colonial Department, and thought the colonies should be self-governing communities. They also endeavoured to promote systematic colonization. Lord Durham followed with his plea for responsible government. Their agitation assisted in bringing self-government to the Canadian colonies in the 'forties and to the Australian colonies in the 'fifties. Thus, by 1855, the Parliament had no more than got back to the position taken by the Crown in the

*Several years previously when Grenville left the House of Commons after stern opposition to the declaratory act which asserted the supreme power of Parliament over the colonies 'in all cases whatsoever,' he was hooted by the crowd which waited to learn the issue without.—Green, vol. 5, p. 301.

GOVERNOR THOMAS POWNALL—THE FIRST IMPERIAL FEDERATIONIST

Governor Pownall was a graduate of Cambridge and early entered the Department of Trade and Plantations. Later he became secretary to the Governor of New York and afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. On account of his activity and his sympathy with colonial development, he was regarded by the governing classes of the colonies as objectionable. From 1768 to 1774, he sat in Parliament for a Cornish borough. After the Revolution he gave Harvard College five hundred acres of land for the foundation of a professorship in law. He died at Bath in 1805.

pre-Cromwellian days. The British Parliament's arrogance had prevented much colonial progress between 1650 and 1850, and had caused the separation of the American colonies. So much for the wisdom of that great body!

And yet during this period there were men who warned the Parliament as Pownall, Grenville, Adam Smith, Pitt and Franklin had warned it before the American Revolution. In 1831 Mr. Joseph Hume, for thirty years leader of the Radical party, introduced an amendment to the Reform Bill to admit representatives of the colonies into Parliament. He suggested nineteen representatives, as follows:

British India	4
Crown Colonies	8
British America	3
West India Colonies	3
Channel Islands	1
Total	19

Mr. Hume expressed his belief that some such measure must be resorted to keep British North America, and to attach the colonies to the mother country. He mentioned a Canadian petition of grievances received by him, which, he said, would be unknown if the colonies had representation. The amendment was defeated without a division.

In 1832 there was published at Three Rivers, in Canada, a book entitled, "Rights of the British Colonies to representation in the Imperial Parliament." The author, a Mr. Chisholme, declares that this subject had slumbered for fifty years, and that circumstances similar to those which gave it birth caused it to be revived—the perilous situation of the colonies. He says that "representation in the Imperial Parliament has become a topick of publick discussion during the last year," and "a great object of national attention and inquiry." He reviews the work of Pownall, Grenville and Adam Smith, and advances fresh arguments in favour of the scheme.

About this time also Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the famous Nova Scotian satirist, made some observations which entitle him to rank among the notable Imperialists. He felt that in its present state the Empire was like a barrel without hoops which must be bound together more securely or else tumble to pieces. "Now that steam has united the two continents of America in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a United Legislature." Later on, in "Wise Saws," he says, "It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain." As Mr. Blake Crofton points out, "Haliburton seems to have fretted under this subordinate status of the colonies, and to have yearned for a fuller imperial citizenship for colonists."

In spite of Hume, Chisholme, Haliburton and the Wakefield school, no perceptible progress was made beyond the extension of self-government to the larger colonies. On the contrary, a general conclusion that representation was impossible, and that eventual separation was imminent and unavoidable, seemed to have come into existence. This is evidenced by the following quotation from Lord Durham:

> "I cannot participate in the notion that it is the part either of prudence or honour to abandon our countrymen when our government of them has plunged them into disorder, or our territory when we discover that we have not turned it to proper account. The experiment of keeping colonies and governing them well, ought at least to have a trial ere we abandon forever the vast dominion, which might supply the wants of our surplus population and raise up millions of fresh consumers of our manufactures and producers of a supply of our wants."

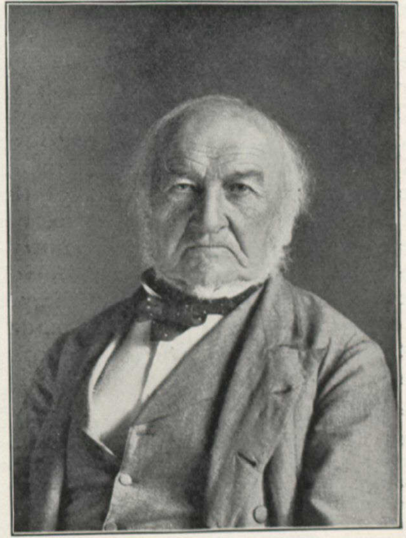
And, at a later date, Lord John Russell, who at first had been opposed to granting even responsible government to Canada, took a more hopeful ground:*

> "The colonists . . . . . . by their avowed desire to assimilate their institutions as far as possible to those of the mother coun-

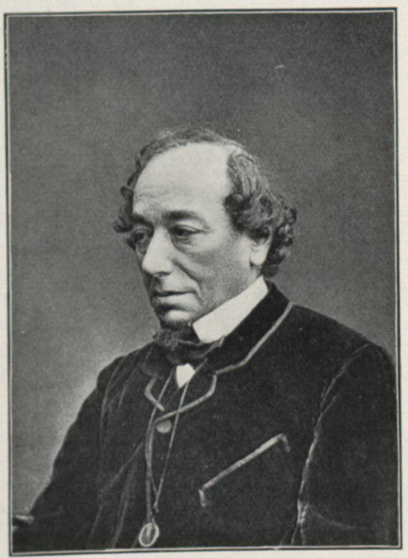
* Parliamentary papers, 1855.

try, have proved that this sympathy was not merely the expression of a common sentiment arising from common origin, but connected with a deliberate attachment to the ancient laws of the community from which their own was sprung. Whilst continuing, therefore, to pursue their present independent course of progress and prosperity, I have the fullest confidence that they will combine with it the jealous maintenance of ties thus cemented alike by feeling and principle."

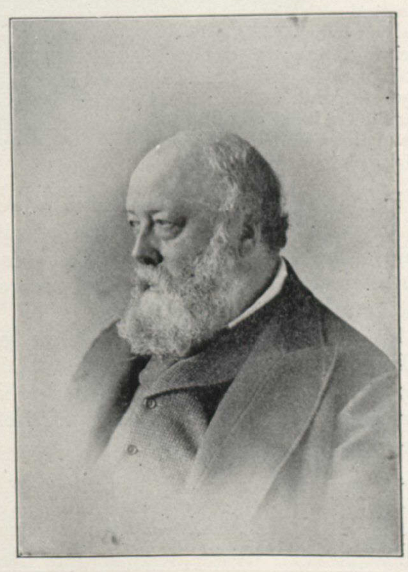
Yet we find such men as Huskisson, Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, saying in 1828 that he does not doubt that the colonies will be, "one day or other themselves be free nations, the communicators of freedom to other nations." And Huskisson is responsible for several colonial reforms, and, therefore, one who might be expected to be an Imperialist. His imperialism, however, was not unlike that of Goldwin Smith of a later date. Why he should think Canada would some day be independent it is hard to say. Perhaps he did not know that in 1825 a Captain Matthews was ordered to England to answer a charge of disloyalty because during a benefit performance given in York (Toronto) to a stranded company of United States actors, he had dared to take off his hat while the band played "Yankee Doodle." Surely no loyalty would be more servile than that which reported Captain Matthews to the Imperial authorities! But Huskisson's sentiments remained the sentiments of



RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE—AN ANTI-IMPERIALIST



BENJAMIN DISRAELI (LORD BEACONSFIELD), AN IMPERIALIST IN HIS LATER DAYS



LORD SALISBURY—A MODERATE IMPERIALIST

many Britishers for nearly half a century, and, somewhat modified, is still the sentiments of a considerable number.

The Hon. Joseph Howe, a Nova Scotian who, like Haliburton, loved "Old England," said of Cobden and the other apostles of his school that "they preach day by day that colonies are a burthen to the mother country." Howe followed up the work of Haliburton and pleaded strongly for imperial consolidation. In 1854 he made a notable speech which is worth quoting from:*

"I think the time is rapidly approaching when there must be infused into the British Empire an element of strength which has scarcely yet been regarded. North America must ere long claim consolidation into the Empire of England, as an integral portion of the Empire, or she will hoist her own flag ....All that I seek for is entirely compatible with our present relations; by elevating North Americans to a common level with their brethren at home, I would but draw the bonds which bind us closer together....Let us then demand, with all respect, the full rights of citizenship in this great Empire....The statesmen of England, sir, may be assured that if they would hold this great Empire together, they must give the outlying portions of it some interest in the naval, military and civil services....How long is this state of pupilage to last? Look at the organization of the Colonial office; that department which is especially charged with the government of forty colonies, and yet has not one colonist in it! How long are we to have this play of Hamlet with Hamlet himself omitted?....I do not hesitate to say that room must be made on the floors of Parliament, and within the departmental offices of England, for the aspiring and energetic spirits of this continent."

Perhaps Howe's influence had much to do with stemming the tide of disdain. At any rate, he lived and spoke just before a period of renewed and modernized Imperialism.

In the introduction to a book on "Imperial Federation," published in 1876, Frederick Young reviews this period and carries the history farther. He says:

"A few years ago, the symptoms of a growing prevalence among a certain class of leading politicians in this country of opinions in favour of disintegration, at length roused to energetic action a number of influential men, animated by a loftier and more generous spirit, who were closely connected with and deeply interested in the welfare of the colonies. Assembling together they sounded the tocsin of alarm at the spread of these pernicious ideas and narrow views. It was thus that the memorable meetings which were held in the heart of the city of London, at the Cannon St. Hotel, in the year 1869, became the signal for the 'turning of the tide'....From that time the attitude of the Government of this country began to change. Public attention was still further kept alive by the 'Conferences on Colonial Questions' which were held at Westminster Palace Hotel in the month of July, 1871...."

This book contains the opinions of the editor and a number of other publicists. Mr. Young favoured the formation of an Imperial Assembly for Imperial Questions, with the Foreign and Colonial Ministers and the Chancellor of the Exchequer chosen from it. The present British Parliament would deal with purely domestic affairs. The Duke of Manchester, answering Mr. Young, urged the formation of a Council to advise the Colonial Secretary, such council to have the means of regulating the expenditure of any contributions for naval and military purposes which the colonies might vote.

That Mr. Gladstone took a rather narrow view of Imperialism is shown in many of his speeches. In a Midlothian address* delivered in Edinburgh on Tuesday, Nov. 25, 1879, he said:

"There is no precedent in human history for a formation like the British Empire. A small Island at one extremity of the globe peoples the whole earth with its colonies. Not satisfied with that it goes amongst the ancient races of Asia and subjects two hundred and forty millions of men to its rule. Along with all this it disseminates over the world a commerce such as no imagination ever conceived in former times, and such as no poet ever painted. And all this it has to do with the strength that lies within the narrow limits of these shores. Rely upon it, the strength of Great Britain is within the United Kingdom. ....We have undertaken to settle the affairs of about a fourth of the entire human race scattered over all the world. Is that not enough for the ambition of Lord Beaconsfield?"

It was loading the Empire, said Mr. Gladstone, not strengthening it.

* Speeches and Public Letters, vol. 2, p. 174 et seq.

* Gladstone; Political and other speeches in Scotland, p. 46.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY—LEADER OF THE LIBERAL IMPERIALISTS

Lord Beaconsfield's attitude, in later years, was undoubtedly Imperial, as Mr. Gladstone's was undoubtedly anti-Imperial. The following quotation from a speech made by Beaconsfield in 1872, shows that he considered Imperialism to be one of the planks in the platform of the Conservative party, as it is now a part of the settled policy of both parties:

"But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, the country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative Council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government. All this, however, was omitted because those who advised that policy—and I believe their convictions were sincere—looked upon the colonies of England, looked even upon our connection with India, as a burden upon the

country, viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals..... They (the colonies) have decided that the Empire shall not be destroyed, and, in my opinion, no Minister in this country will do his duty who neglects any opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our Colonial Empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land."

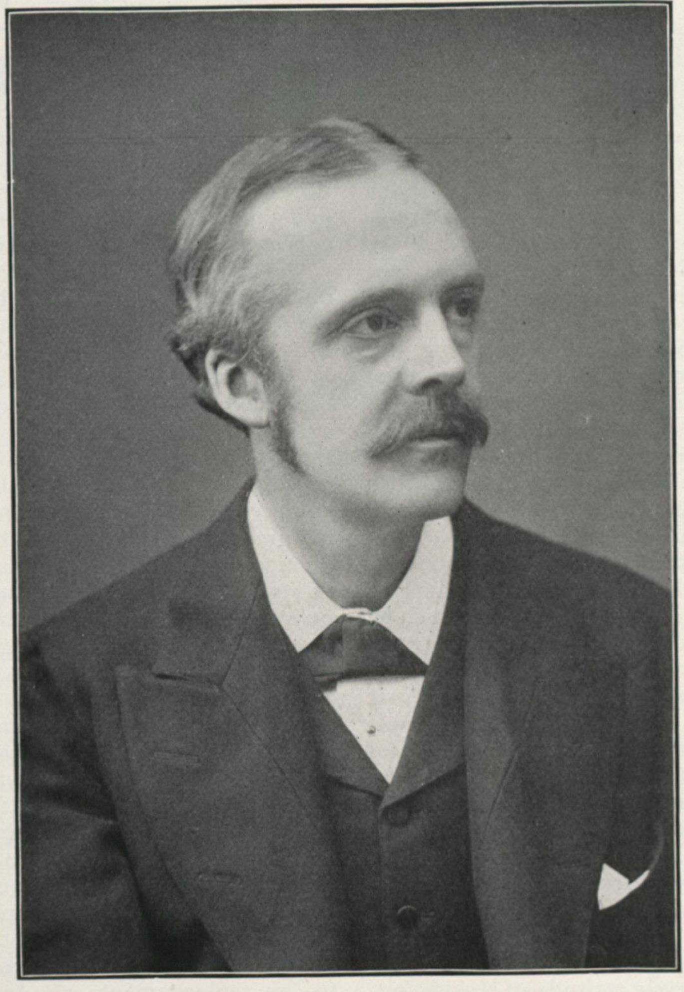
In 1884 the Imperial Federation League was formed in England under the guidance of the Hon. W. E. Foster, M.P. Its first plank was "that in order to secure the permanent unity of the Empire some form of Federation is essential." On May 9th, 1885, a Canadian branch of the League was formed, and on motion of the late D'Alton McCarthy, of Toronto, and Mr. Townshend, M.P., of Amherst, N.S., the planks adoped by the English League were heartily accepted. It was not long after this that Lord Rosebery delivered an important speech at Edinburgh advocating Imperial Federation, and moved "That in order to secure the unity and defence of the Empire some system of Imperial co-operation and federation is imperatively required."

The work of Lieutenant-Colonel Denison and Dr. G. R. Parkin is too well known to Canadians to require more than mention. In the London *Times* for October 20th, 1890, Mr. Farrar Ecroyd, a Herefordshire manufacturer, advocated a preferential treatment of 15 per cent. *ad valorem* for colonial products and manufactures in return for a like preference in the colonies in favour of British manufactures. Sir Richard Cartwright, speaking about the same time at Chatham, Ont., declared that full, free and unrestricted reciprocity with the United States was the only course for Canada. In 1897 this same statesman was a member of the Government which established the Canadian preference on British goods. It was not long after Sir Richard Cartwright's Chatham speech that Sir John Macdonald spoke for the last time to a great political gathering in Toronto, and affirmed his unwavering opposition to discrimination against the mother country.

To pass from individuals to bodies, the work of the London Conference in 1887 must not be overlooked. The immediate results of this were not great, but it had some influence, since Imperial and Colonial publicists were brought into closer touch. It undoubtedly paved the way for Imperial penny postage, the Pacific British Steamship Lines and the Pacific Cable. J. H. Hofmeyer, of Cape Town, advocated a two per cent. tax on all foreign goods coming into the Empire over and above all taxes on British or Colonial goods. In June, 1892, the London Chambers of Commerce held a congress which was very similar to the Intercolonial Conference of 1887. Commercial Union of the Empire was the chief topic of discussion. This was followed by the Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa in 1894, at which the Earl of Jersey represented the British Government. It decided in favour of preferential tariff treatment within the Empire. In June, 1896, the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire held another congress, and in 1897, 1900 and 1902, further Imperial and Colonial conferences took place. The results of all these conferences cannot be definitely stated, except that Canada has accorded preferential treatment to British goods for some years, Imperial Penny Postage and a Pacific Cable have come into existence, and the way has been cleared for further progress.

The work of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain demands special mention. Speaking in Toronto* in 1887, he said: "It may well be that the Confederation of Canada may be the lamp to guide our pathway to the Confederation of the British Empire. That idea may only exist at present in the imagination of the enthusiast, but it is a grand idea." Speaking at a dinner in London eight years later, Mr. Chamberlain remarked:†

*Foreign and Colonial Speeches, p. 13.
† " " " " p. 78.



RT. HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR, PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN—AN IMPERIALIST

"I am told on every hand that Imperial Federation is a vain and empty dream. I will not contest that judgment, but I will say this; that that man must be blind indeed who does not see that it is a dream which has vividly impressed itself on the mind of the English-speaking race, and who does not admit that dreams of that kind which have so powerful an influence upon the imagination of men have somehow or another an unaccountable way of being realized in their own time.... How far it will carry us no man can tell; but, believe me, upon the temper and tone in which we approach the solution of the problems which are now coming upon us, depend the security and the maintenance of that world-wide dominion, that edifice of Imperial rule which has been so ably built for us by those who have gone before."

At the Colonial Conference in 1897 he maintained that the idea of federation was in the air, and suggested that it might be feasible to create a great Council of the Empire to which the colonies would send representative plenipotentiaries. His more recent utterances, and the movement on the part of Premier Balfour and himself to have a thorough investigation of the commercial relations of the Empire, need little attention in an article which aims to give no more than a bare historical outline of the Imperial movement. These two statesmen are in

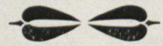
unison and in earnest, and their decision to ask the people of the Empire for a definite answer to the question must mark a new epoch in Imperialism. This attitude, as Mr. Balfour explained in the House of Commons on May 28th, was a necessary result of the last Colonial Conference which decided in favour of bringing the States of the Empire more closely together by a preferential tariff arrangement. Mr. Chamberlain is careful to state that it is untrue "that a new policy has been proposed to the country involving at a stroke an entire, absolute reversal of the whole fiscal policy of this country." He explains the present agitation as of two-fold origin; the opportunity of making preferential arrangements with the Colonies, and the impotence of Great Britain if the Colonies are commercially attacked by foreign countries or if the British industries are so attacked. This is the subject which he and Mr. Balfour desire to have treated, in the words of the latter, "in a sober, serious and scientific spirit." It is a subject which has arisen because "the conditions under which our present fiscal system was introduced are admitted on all hands not to be the conditions which now prevail."

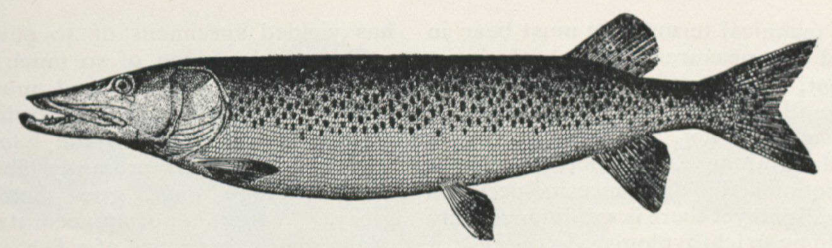
Looking back over the history of the last fifty years, it must be admitted that Imperialism has made some progress. The coldness of British statesmen, as evidenced by the remarks and early attitude of Huskisson, Gladstone and Disraeli, has been displaced by a warmth of feeling which affected even the two latter statesmen ere they passed into the great beyond. The Imperial Federation League indicated the rising tide and the substitution of the title "British Empire League" in 1894, foreshadowed a broadening of the channel in which that tide was flowing. Imperialism started out with Pownall as a federation movement, and it continued as such until within very recent times. Just now it is commercial in character rather than political. A commercial zollverein seems more desirable than an Imperial Parliament, because it has become quite apparent that Parliamentary federation was impracticable, and really not necessary* to Imperial consolidation and unity. "The tie is the common crown and the common sentiment."

To-morrow there may be a new aspect to Imperialism. If the British workman prevents Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain making any change in the fiscal policy of Great Britain there will probably be a long pause and a fresh consideration of the situation. The spectre of disintegration may again be raised either by circumstances, by haughty Britishers whose imaginations are not stirred by the idea of creating a British Empire capable of holding its own in fiscal warfare, or by independent colonials whose broad territories and free air have given them self-reliance and unbounded ambition. Perhaps, the new Imperialist now waiting quietly just beyond the horizon may have in hand an agitation for an Anglo-Saxon Empire which shall have for its consolidating force that great, persistent Slav country which is now slowly gathering into its capacious maw large pieces of Asiatic territory. Perhaps the presence of the French in Canada and the Dutch and Germans in South Africa may lead to an enlargement of Imperialism which will include France and Germany, with one Imperial Council which will govern half of Europe, half of Asia and the whole of Africa, Australasia and America.

To-morrow's Imperialism will certainly not be the Imperialism of Pownall, and it may not be the Imperialism of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

*Compare Sir Charles Tupper's address at Lindsay May 4, 1900, where he explains his reasons for holding this view.





LUCIUS MASQUINONGY OR MUSKELLUNGE — A LEADING MEMBER OF THE PIKE FAMILY, DISTINGUISHED BY BLACK SPOTS ON LIGHT GROUND, AND ABSENCE OF SCALES ON LOWER HALF OF CHEEKS AND OPERCLES

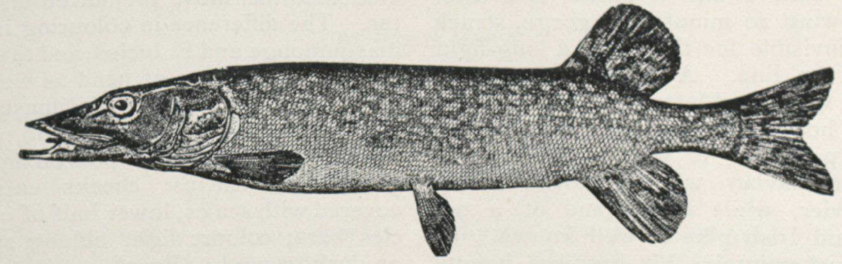
PIKE, PICKEREL AND MUSKELLUNGE

By Piscator

HE writer has been invited to make a few notes on the subject of certain Canadian fish nomenclature for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It makes one feel like a martyr approaching the stake. So many folk go afishing, some for love and some for profit, but how many ever really observe the object of their pursuit, its appearance, habitat, habits and food? And they who observe the least are usually the most dogmatic in their assertions.

An intelligent sportsman should at least know the name of the game, finny or feathered, which he seeks. I do not suppose the ancient Egyptian made any study of the fishes he caught, so long as they were marketable, or the Apostles either at a later date. And that reminds me. The late Bishop Wilberforce, shooting over Lord Shaftesbury's covers, was asked by the latter to remonstrate with a keeper who showed signs of leaving the fold for the Dissenters. So it happened when lunch was set out at the coverside, he opened fire on the recalcitrant keeper. The latter gently hinted that the Apostles never went shooting. "Quite right," said the Bishop, "and I am glad you read the Gospels carefully; but as a matter of fact the shooting was very poor in Palestine, so they took to fishing instead."

Ichthyology to-day is a practical and serviceable science; its benefits during the past fifty years are equalled only by the promise of the future. An ichthyologist looks on fish from a very different standpoint to that of an ordinary fisherman. Its structure and habitat are carefully noted, the head being the focal point of study. Without going



LUCIUS LUCIUS OR PIKE — IT BELONGS TO THE SAME FAMILY AS THE MUSKELLUNGE, FROM WHICH IT IS DISTINGUISHED BY THE PRESENCE OF SCALES ON CHEEKS AND ITS OBLONG SPOTS ON A DARK GROUND

into technical terms, one must bear in mind the measurements, mouth, jaws, throat, location of teeth, cheeks, gills and gill covers. Whether the latter are scaled or not, and to what extent, are determining factors in the equation. Sometimes the difference in species is very slight, yet there is a difference, only noted by an ichthyologist. In the case of the Canadian fish under our notice, none of these delicate discriminations are involved. The writer earnestly desires to disclaim any authority *per se*, beyond a genuine love of the subject and careful observation of many years. He refers confidently however to authorities quoted, all standard authorities, men who have given their lives to study of fish in all sorts and conditions, in all waters.

The characteristics and the nomenclature of the three species of ESOCIDÆ or Pike family under consideration are:

1. E. masquinongy or muskellunge.
2. E. lucius, pike of Europe and North America.
3. E. reticulatus or chain pickerel of United States.

In regard to E. masquinongy or "musky," its habitat is the St. Lawrence River, Great Lakes and north thereof. It is a species entirely distinct from E. lucius, as will be shown. The latter is found at Massawippi Lake, the headwaters of the St. Francis River, a tributary of the St. Lawrence. By permit we netted around Ayers Flat and took specimens up to 20 pounds, but a glance sufficed to show E. lucius. Fishing myself in preserved water in England, with a ½-pound live bait, I had a strike, and after allowing 20 minutes to gorge, struck an invisible foe that after a long fight bit the line. A partly decomposed fish was found later by the keeper and my hook identified, the fish weighed 28 pounds. It was E. lucius. In Scandinavian waters they run far heavier, while the legend of a 90-pound Irish pike is well known. E. lucius maintains his cannibal haunts from Norway to Italy, extending even into Asia. Lake Thrasymene, in Italy, has yielded specimens of 40 pounds.

The simple reason of so much confusion *re* pike, pickerel and muskellunge lies in the fact that the ordinary angler capturing one of the Esocidæ over 5 or 6 pounds promptly labels it "Muskellunge" and goes home in glory. Weight is not an accurate test of the genus or species of a fish.

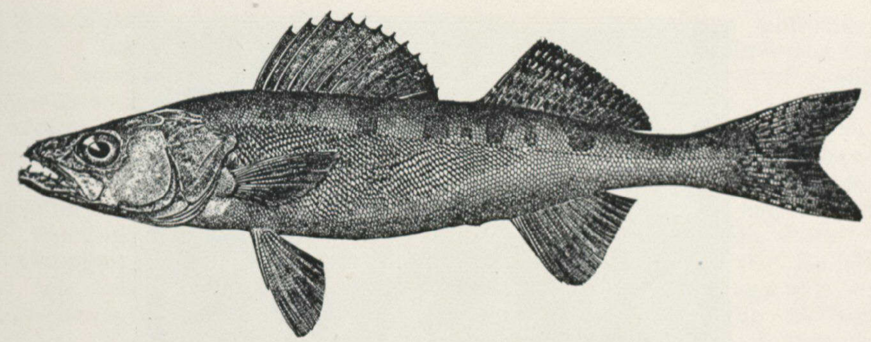
Now consider the E. reticulatus or chain pickerel.

> "Turkies, carps, hops, pickerel and beer
> Came into England all the same year."

This old doggerel shows pickerel as diminutive of pike. In Virginia, the southern limit of E. lucius, they are misnamed jack. In England, specimens of E. lucius up to 3 or 4 pounds are called "jack," just the same as grilse is applied to salmon up to 6 or 8 pounds. Here was probably an English colony applying English nomenclature. E. reticulatus rarely exceeds 5 or 6 pounds and is marked by a wavy series of dark grey bands on a lighter ground. It is found in shallower water than its cousins of the deeper deeps, and for table purposes is, I think, superior. This species is not known in Europe.

A brief glance at the illustrations will show the general difference of form between E. masquinongy and E. lucius. Both are tyrants and a curse to all waters they inhabit, especially the former. In short, they are simply fresh water sharks. E. reticulatus is not given, but is closely allied to E. lucius. These illustrations kindly furnished by Prof. Rathbun, of the Smithsonian, Washington, D.C., should carry conviction to the most prejudiced dissenter. The difference in colouring in E. masquinonge and E. lucius, and the difference in structure of head as well as body may be noted. E. masquinonge: lower half of cheeks and opercles bare; colour, black spots on lighter ground. E. lucius: cheeks entirely covered with scales, lower half of opercles bare; colour: light oblong spots on dark ground. (Bean)

All the Esocidæ are cannibals, gorging fish as the tiger kills, simply for



STIZOSTEDION VITREUM OR "WALL-EYED PIKE." IT IS MISNAMED, AND BELONGS TO THE PERCH FAMILY. DIFFERS FROM PIKE IN FINS, FORM AND COLOUR

the lust of blood. They may be taken at any hour of the day with live bait or frog, or mice. The writer caught one (E. lucius) of nine pounds fishing for sunfish with an angle-worm.

Now we come to Stizostedion vitreum, commonly called wall-eyed pike. Frank Forrester, not an ichthyologist, is responsible for the misnomer. This fish belongs to the Percidæ or perch family. Note the difference in form and structure generally. Only a very slight resemblance of snout recalls Esocidæ. The mouth is full of teeth, and has not the terrible molars of the latter. It is a Socialist compared with an Anarchist. It rarely feeds in daytime. After dusk, with a large silver chub, its capture is certain. Frogs, even green frogs, not too large, are welcome also.

How any observant mind can possibly confuse this fish with Esocidæ or pike family, is a mystery. Why not call it wall-eyed perch? It belongs to the latter family. But if you must label it pike, call it pike-perch.

In conclusion, this misnomer of game, feathered and finny, is very comical. Bass and weakfish are called trout; ruffed grouse are called pheasants; wall-eyed perch, jack salmon; and the list might be extended indefinitely. The writer hopes that the authorities consulted, and to whom our best thanks are due, Rathbun, Yarrow, *Forest and Stream*, and late Professor Milner, are sufficient to prove the simple fact that wall-eyed perch, as exemplified in S. vitreum, is totally distinct from Esocidæ or pike of any species.

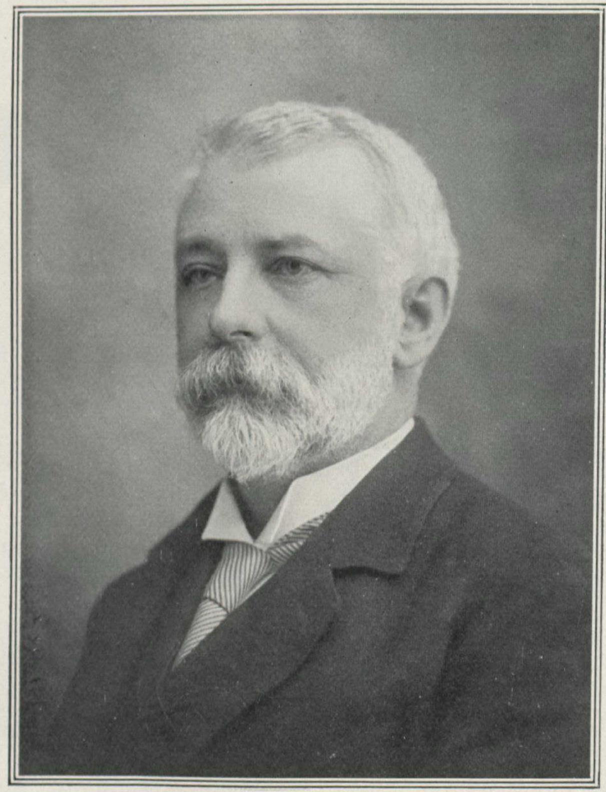
A CHILD AT PLAY

BY INGLIS MORSE

SING to me, sing, O little one,
  A song of Life's glad sunshine!
Now prattle to the call I hear
  Of robin in the woodbine!

'Tis here your eyes gaze on a world
  Unknown before—a seeming.
For thee earth's sorrow is not yet,
  To-day is but for dreaming.

Thy past is not a vision yet,
  Nor all man's way for sinning.
The vastness of your realm lies hence;
  Thy day is but beginning.



HON. MR. FIELDING, MINISTER OF FINANCE

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES

XLV.—WILLIAM STEVENS FIELDING

M. STEVENS FIELDING is fifty-five years of age. His white hair is the only badge that Time has insisted on to indicate that he has lived every minute of a highly useful life, has thought hard, and has borne great responsibilities. He is young at heart. He has never had an idle moment in which to harbour *tædium vitæ*. From his sixteenth year he has been in the throb of large affairs. He has the zest and alertness of a man of forty. In short, the Minister of Finance is in his prime.

Doubtless the secret of this perennial youthfulness is the fact that Mr. Fielding has all his life been occupied with matters which do not allow of a dull moment. He was first a newspaper man; after that a politician. He could not have chosen two businesses in which he would have had to work harder. On the other hand he could not have chosen two businesses which are less routinary. They are in a way allied. Both of them permit very little freedom from work, but a large amount of freedom while at work. Both are concerned with a tremendous, shifting scene. Both subsist in an element of novelty and surprise. Man and his doings are uncertain. The question of the newspaper as of politics is contin-

ually, What Next? Both keep a finger on the pulse of the world, the newspaper because it must relate the symptoms intelligently to its readers, the statesman because he must diagnose symptoms and apply remedies or prophylactics. When a man happens to be a leader writer on an influential party organ, as Mr. Fielding was, it is part of his duty to suggest treatments for national ills. He does it as a logician might who has certain leanings, and the thing ends there. The politician reasons it out too, but with him the remedy is a more ticklish performance. His risk is bigger because his career is at stake. He must consult expediency and walk, oh, so carefully, on the eggs of public sentiment. He must learn his country, not as something detached and self-centred, but as an integer in a universal scheme of things, likely to be affected by a wave of opinion which starts in a remote corner of the globe. Both the newspaper man and the politician who aspire to great roles must cultivate this bird's-eye view. Both must enlarge their minds to take in the whole field of human interest. Both must be able to seize the moment and make the most of it. Perhaps the newspaper man who intends to remain a newspaper man looks on his business more in the light of an intellectual pastime, but the leader-writer who speaks conscientiously finds party conviction, and often, too, party dictation entering so much into his work that he is a politician before he knows it. Statesmen, nowadays, get many of their ideas from the newspapers. These ideas would not be worth taking if they were not written by men who are statesmen *in posse*, politicians who will not come into the open, preferring to remain in a profession that charms them, where they are neither mute nor inglorious. If a leader-writer is, like Mr. Fielding, brave and active, if he prefers the clash of battle, if he is not averse from the sweaty contacts of the hustings, if he wants to be making history instead of investigating it, if he cares to be doing things instead of writing about them, then, like Mr. Fielding, he becomes a politician. Enough has been said to show that the two things are very near together, and that transition is easy.

We have seen that Mr. Fielding remains young because he has always been engaged in something that took him out of himself. He has worked hard, but hard work is the elixir of life when the heart is in it. He left school at sixteen years of age to enter the business office of the *Halifax Chronicle*. There is a story that he helped his education out by selling papers after school. It is probably true. Self-reliance is one of the Finance Minister's supreme characteristics. In the business office of the *Chronicle* he acquired that practical experience of figures which would have made a sound business man of him had he chosen commerce as a pursuit. It was good training for the future warden of the public treasure. In those days the *Chronicle* was perhaps a risky venture. It was a daily in a weekly town. For a while, until the venture got on its feet, there must have been some close financing in that business office in which William Stevens Fielding had a stool. At any rate, he has never forgotten the lessons he learned there, to keep books legibly, to administer wisely, to explain clearly, to contrive boldly, to ballast every scheme with common sense and shrewd management. Mr. Fielding's imagination is not one that shoulders the stars, but if he ever had been given to purple thinking that training in the business office would have corrected it.

The clerk's stool soon became too small for him. He had come under the spell of Joseph Howe. The lad of sixteen became for the time an anti-federalist because, perhaps, there was no man on the other side who could vie with Howe in eloquence. Young minds are often dazzled by the splendours of oratory into convictions that their riper judgment rejects. At any rate young Fielding ached to be moulding public opinion. He left his business office for the writing end of the paper. He did not become a leader-

writer all at once. He had the hardest kind of a hard time. He did six men's work because in those days on a Halifax paper one man had to do six men's work to hold down his job. The construction of a staff was then very simple. There was the managing editor, who directed the policy of the paper, wrote a column of triple-leaded thought every day, mixed with the big fellows at the club, spoke at the public meetings and drew all the salary. There was also The Other, who was police reporter, marine reporter, city hall reporter, court reporter, special writer, city editor, telegraph editor, news editor and proofreader. For this he had the satisfaction of seeing his copy in print, large slices of praise from the managing editor, and four dollars a week. In looking back on those happy, strenuous days, Mr. Fielding must take comfort from the thought that he was a good proofreader and caught all the mistakes. Ask any lazy reporter on a modern newspaper what he thinks of proofreaders, and he will say they ought all to be killed. Mr. Fielding wasn't that kind of proofreader.

Mr. Fielding, it will be observed, learned his Nova Scotia by actual daily contact with its men and institutions. When he came to write editorials this intimate experience was of great service to him. It gave his work a personal and authoritative touch. He knew what he was writing about, and he could always select the illuminating adjective. We hear a great deal nowadays about what the university can do for "journalism." It can do something in the way of courses in political economy, constitutional history, English literature, and so on—no scrap of knowledge ever comes amiss to the newspaper man—but it cannot give that personal acquaintance with the men who are behind great questions which constitute the salt of journalism. Mr. Fielding got it in the only way possible. He rubbed against them. He got his political economy that way, too, and his constitutional history and his English literature, and the other things that go to making a great editor. He met the men and the institutions in his daily rounds; that aroused his interest; his interest broadened; it took in Halifax, then Nova Scotia in the large, then Nova Scotia in the detail of the blue books; then the Dominion of Canada; then the world and the grand principles of political science. The young journalist had proceeded from the particular to the general, absorbing all the minutiæ that comes between, and making it his very own. The advantage of this method is that one learns not to despise the small things, and not to desert the multitudinous, dry, little facts for glowing generalities. Mr. Fielding achieved the grand view only after hard climbing. On his way up the mountains he had time to examine the strata. They, too, claimed his attention. As a consequence he has never been a rainbow-chaser.

Mr. Fielding wrote his first editorial when he was nineteen years old. He was nineteen years old in 1867, the year of Confederation. That is to say, Mr. Fielding began to take a direct, daily and continuous interest in national affairs, not only at a time when his mind was fresh and his impressions vivid, but at the very time when all our national affairs started. From 1864 to 1867 he had the great Confederation movement under his eye. This boy of sixteen saw the beginning of the movement; he watched its shift and change, go forward, go backward, fall, rise, wane, glow, finally culminate. And the boy of nineteen was asked to write about it. Since that time every political question in Canada has had its birth, and Mr. Fielding has been present in spirit at the accouchement of all and the death of many. In a word, he has lived all the history Canada has as a nation, knowing it, not as we do, imperfectly from books, but congenitally and intimately from experience. In those affairs in which he did not take part, he had the accurate, intellectual interest of the leader-writer; and in those in which he did take part he had the

responsible interest of a statesman. In this way Mr. Fielding's life covers the Dominion of Canada from the outset to the present day.

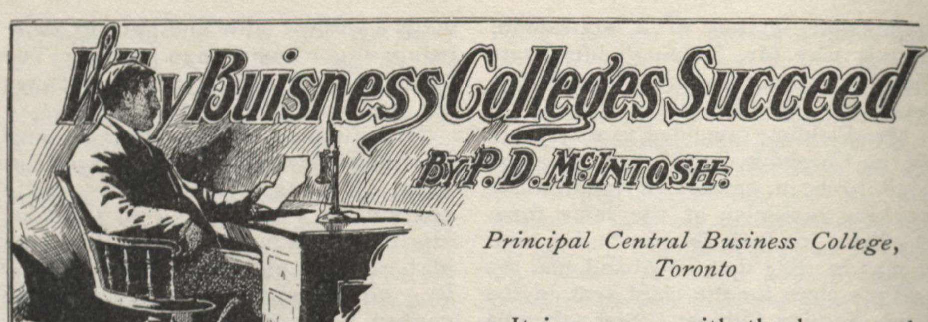
Mr. Fielding remained twenty years on the *Chronicle*. For two years he tried to be a newspaper man, and a working politician at the same time. He found his task too much for him. It was in 1884 that he abandoned the editor's chair for the chief seat in the Nova Scotian Cabinet. Since then he has been true to politics.

Of course, all Mr. Fielding's newspaper training had tended toward a political career, but his emergence from the editorial cocoon was sudden and spectacular. In 1882, being 34 years old, he was a candidate in the Liberal interest at the Provincial general elections. He was elected, and the Pipes-Thompson Conservative Government, which was considered by many an impregnable administration, was turned out of office. The Thompson part of the administration was Hon. John Thompson, afterwards Premier of Canada, at that time regarded as the strongest man in Nova Scotia. To make the Pipes-Thompson defeat more notable, it fell on the same day as the general elections for the Dominion, and was inflicted at the same polling booths. In other words, the people of Nova Scotia turned away after electing a largely Conservative ticket to Ottawa, stepped into another compartment, used another pencil and another ballot, and elected a Liberal Government in Nova Scotia. The explanation of this mystery was on every tongue. It was stated everywhere that Fielding's pen did it. From this it must not be imagined that Fielding was another Dean Swift come to judgment, a literary man in politics with the acerbity of a Juvenal and the style of a Goldsmith. The young politician was simply a ready-writer who knew the facts that most concerned the people, and used them ingeniously. Doubtless his editorials were like his speeches in Parliament, adroit, brisk, not merciless or crushing, but dealing many a shrewd blow and getting away before anger had time to mount. The Minister of Finance is not a great orator, but he is a clever debater.

Mr. Fielding became Premier and Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia in 1884. He was 36 years of age, quite youthful as Premiers go in Canada. His life, which had up to that time been all hard work and comparative obscurity, now became conspicuous. He carried his industry with him. Success did not turn his head. All the friends he has made he has kept. Those who came in contact with him were quick to discover that he was honest, straightforward and sincere. His promise was as good as gold. If a man came to him with a plan it was Fielding's habit to raise objections. The man got warm, probably, and talked strongly. He would go away disappointed, but when he found out afterwards that the Premier was doing all he could to help him, he realized that the little show of opposition was just Fielding's way of drawing him out and ransacking the merits of the case. In Nova Scotia Fielding's Premiership is associated with three great matters, the fight for separate schools, the consolidation and development of the coal business, and the establishment of the iron industry. While he was working for his own Province he did not lose track of Dominion affairs. He took such a distinguished part in the Liberal convention at Ottawa in 1893, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier put him down in his book as a future colleague.

His performances since he was translated to his larger field at Ottawa are well known. The country has prospered under the Fielding tariff of 1897; the British preference has helped the cause of Empire. Mr. Fielding is a safe and cautious Minister of Finance. If he is not a brilliant, eye-filling statesman, he has still many of the useful, plodding gifts of a Walpole. He is mentioned as one of the three candidates for the Premiership when Sir Wilfrid Laurier retires.

H. Franklin Gadsby



Principal Central Business College, Toronto

ENERALLY speaking, the schooling that a student receives is of two kinds: that which is intended to give him mental power, irrespective of the use he is to make of the knowlege acquired; and that which, presupposing the attainment of this mental power, is intended to qualify him for a particular calling.

Thus, the doctor just entering upon his career as a practising physician, and looking back over his school days, will divide them into two periods. Along with a host of other students, since distributed into a variety of callings, he attended the local public and high schools where, without respect to his ultimate aim, he was carried over a course of studies intended to develop his faculties, discipline his mind, and give him education in the general sense. Incidentally he acquired knowledge, some of which will undoubtedly be of value to him, and the rest of which he may never have occasion to use again.

Then came the day when this mental power was attained, when the good mind that betokens the good learner was his. The acquirement of knowledge from being a mere incidental to his course became its great aim. He entered the medical school to study just those branches that would be necessary to his becoming a doctor. His whole concern was with what he learned, not with how he learned it.

It is even so with the lawyer, the druggist, the engineer, and the minister. This is why the medical school, the law school, the school of pharmacy, the school of practical science, and the school of theology succeed. The state recognizes that it owes to every child a certain measure of mental attainment, but it does not owe to every young man that measure of schooling that will fit him to enter upon a particular calling as a means of earning a living. This explains why the business college is here and succeeds. Just as some are attracted by medicine, law, pharmacy, science, or theology, so are some attracted by business. If the medical student needs a medical college, the business student needs a business college. It is the old story of the demand creating the supply.

And it is not a very difficult matter to account for the demand. It is true that a business college will not teach a young man all there is to know about business, any more than a medical college will teach him all there is to know about medicine, or a law school all there is to know about law; but in either case a measure of attainment sufficient to guarantee a successful entry upon the career is demanded. There may have been a time when a merchant preferred to take a young man without any special training and break him in himself, but that time has passed. To-day, when help is wanted, the business college is the great source of supply. Business men demand a measure of proficiency and are willing to pay for it. The man who loudly boasts his preference for help that he takes green and breaks in himself, is the man who wants to get help at a

price that can hardly be dignified by the name of wages or salary.

The field of labour, too, is practically unbounded, and the demand for workers increasing. We hear of the professions being overcrowded. A recent newspaper article pointed out that the city of Toronto has more doctors than any city in the world except Madrid. It is practically a notice that no more doctors need apply. We can scarcely conceive of such a notice to business enterprises. We want all we can get of them, and the more we get the greater will be the demand for the business college graduate.

Then again, the business college is attractive on account of the opportunity it affords of turning to account the mental discipline acquired in our primary and secondary schools. We have in Ontario a grand system of education. For a young country it is something of which we are justly proud. For the student who would attain to a high standard of mental power, the facilities are unsurpassed. The course from the public school to the high school, from the high school to the university, and through the university to the degree of Master of Arts, if faithfully pursued, should give the student a mind thoroughly equipped for mastering the details of any particular calling. The minister with his degree in theology would be all the better equipped for his high calling did he also possess a university degree. The preference that is being shown by the general manager of one of our leading banks for university graduates is but an indication that the training comes not amiss in business pursuits. But all are not permitted to thus far follow education for education's sake, before entering upon their lifework. Our schools of medicine, theology, and law recognize this by requiring of prospective students a degree of mental attainment much below that indicated by the possession of a university degree.

The business school, while not demanding any special standard of attainment, is able to accept students who possess but a public school education. In fact, the natural recourse of the student who has just finished his public school course, and who has no intention of entering a high school, would seem to be the business college. It is the only school of particular training at hand that can make use of his measure of mental attainment, as all the schools of professional training mentioned demand, as a general rule, a high school course in addition.

This may incidentally explain why so many people demand that the course given in a business college should in some way be sandwiched into the high school course. Men who strongly assert that not one cent of general taxes should be spent in order to qualify this man's son for his particular calling of medicine, or that man's son for his particular calling of law, see no anomaly in demanding that their sons should be educated for business at the public expense. This view will obtain just as long as an incorrect view is held of the position, in our system of education, of the primary school. Such a school, as we have before noted, exists for the purpose of giving our young people a measure of mental attainment. The same thing is largely true of the secondary school. It is not for the lawyer to say that his son, being intended for the bar, shall study just certain branches; or for the doctor to say that his son, being intended for medicine, shall study certain other branches. All children, irrespective of prospects in life, are to be carried over a certain curriculum that the faculties may be thereby developed. It is true a certain amount of knowledge must be incidentally obtained. The reading, writing, and arithmetic learned can be applied later to advantage in taking a course in the business college; they are just as useful in a medical school, or in a law school. There is no argument in this fact in favour of setting up a law school or a medical school or a business school as a continuation of a primary school, or as an adjunct to a secondary school.

The same point is, to our mind, well brought out in an interview with Mr.

Jas. L. Hughes concerning the new curriculum for public schools, adopted by the Toronto School Board. Speaking of Nature Study, Mr. Hughes says as follows: "The most radical change is the introduction of a broad course in nature study. The object of nature study in the schools is not to make scientists, or not even to prepare children to become scientists in later years. . . . .The new nature study utilizes the child's love of nature to deepen his interest power, to strengthen his observant powers, to train him to think, to increase his happiness, and to qualify him for the intelligent study of science. Nature study affords splendid opportunities, too, for the awakening and developing of his moral side."

It is quite true that in recent years a radical change has come over our ideas even in respect to what is good for discipline of the mind. The introduction of nature study just mentioned is but an instance of this change. Time was when, in our secondary schools, languages were to the fore as being the study best adapted to mental culture. Now we see signs of a change in favour of Herbert Spencer's view—"that what is good for knowledge is good for discipline." The increased prominence given to science in our high school curriculum, and the vast sums that are being spent in different centres of learning throughout Canada on equipment for schools of science, but indicate this change. We note also the introduction of Manual Training and Commercial Branches into our high schools. All these changes must be viewed in the right light. The aim of the high school is still very largely the development of mental power. We have simply changed our ideas as to the lines along which it may be developed. It is useless to view these changes as harbingers of the day when one room in a high school will be a school of practical science, another a machine shop, and a third a business college. Still, it is interesting to note that the work taught in business colleges is recognized as being of real practical value, both to the student who would qualify through it for a particular calling, and to the student who, in his course in the primary or secondary school, has to do a certain amount of it for the mental discipline it affords.

From these facts it would seem that the position occupied by the business college in our system of schools is but a normal one, and its success very easily accounted for. So long as there are business positions to be filled and young people anxious to qualify for them, just so long will there be business schools in which they may qualify. We believe that a step was taken in the right direction when, by the introduction of commercial work into the public and the high school courses, the attention of students in these schools was called to a line of work for which they might qualify as a lifework when they left the public or the high school. The future of the business college is thereby better assured.

Having thus accounted for the existence of the business college and thereby in a measure for its success, it may be well to note what other causes have contributed to that success. In the first place we note that it is in one sense a business enterprise, pure and simple. No false notions concerning professional etiquette have prevented business colleges from advert sing themselves in every legitimate way. They have something of interest to say to every young man and woman who is trying to solve the all-important problem of how to make a living, and with but little time to spend in school work. By means of their advertisements and prospectuses they have talked to our young people, and the result is that in the city of Toronto to-day there are people in attendance at business colleges from Newfoundland on the east to British Columbia on the west. Merit there must be in institutions that would thus attract the youth of our Dominion; but even a meritorious thing must be made known, and merit and advertising go hand-in-hand in business.

In addition to this advertising which is, as it were, the outcome of deliber-

ate effort along that line, there is always the advertisement of a satisfied student. Contrary to the practice followed by most of our special training schools, the business college takes a lively interest in seeing every deserving graduate placed in a position and started in his career. The energetic business college principal sees that his school is kept in close touch with the business public, and when vacancies occur he knows of them, and has a chance to recommend his students. The tangible results of a business college course are thus made apparent in the most conclusive way, for after all, much as we may desire education for education's sake, the ultimate aim of all our training is to enable us to make a living in this world. A boy leaves public school with a vague notion that he knows something, but he can do nothing. A six or a twelve months' course in a business college fits him to take a position as a stenographer or as a bookkeeper at seven or eight dollars a week, and he is off to a good start. That boy will always be an advertisement for his school. Even if he say not a word in its praise, his companions are prone to imitate his example. And this works to the advantage of the school in another way. A student thus placed will use his efforts to see that other vacancies in the same house are filled by students from his old school. We know of business houses in Toronto where from seven to ten students from the same college are employed. It is, then, very easy to see what a valuable factor in its success is this good will of an established college.

Looking next at the inside workings of the school, we find that this very close touch that is kept with the business man and his requirements has its effect on the curriculum. The business college knows exactly what is required of its students, and there is therefore in it that singleness of aim and concentration of effort that marks all successful enterprises. It is the boast of the business college that if it teaches but few things it teaches them well. In a recent article dealing with the subject of writing in Toronto schools, the writer was gracious enough to say that even if business colleges were superficial they could turn out good writers. We return thanks for the commendation concerning the teaching of writing, but desire to refute the statement of superficiality. It reminds us of a parson's condemnation of a certain book. He hadn't time to read it, but he knew it was not fit to read. How is it, for instance, that the specialists who are to teach the commercial work in our high schools find it possible to prepare in a business college for their examinations? If the measure of superficiality in a school be the amount the student in that school may learn as compared with what is to be known of the subjects taught, then all our schools of special training are superficial; but if that school be thorough, which, having a certain occupation in view, fits its students upon leaving school to immediately take up that occupation, then the business college is thorough. Practical thoroughness is, in fact, the great factor in its success.

In methods of teaching, the business college will be found to have developed an admirable combination of the individual and class systems. This has the double advantage of putting the teacher in close touch with his students, and of enabling the school to receive students at any time of the year. In other words, the school is open for business the year round. It is a school, but it is a business enterprise as well, and employs the successful business man's maxim of "Keeping everlastingly at it."

Incidentally, the business college draws support from some students who are not exactly bent on entering upon a business career. It is a familiar resort during the winter months for a large number of young farmers, who feel the need of a good practical schooling to fit them for the business side of their careers as farmers. High school teachers, who are trying to qualify as commercial specialists, find in the business college the only means,

outside of private tuition, of getting up their work. The Department of Education has outlined a course of work for them, but has provided no place in the schools under departmental control where that course may be pursued.

The night schools, too, in connection with business colleges, attract large numbers of young people who are engaged during the day.

These few instances will serve to show how the business school once established, follows the sound principle of always being out for business. Every possible legitimate use is made of the resources at hand. No time is thrown away by the month or two months. The school is always a going concern.

In thus giving an idea of the factors that enter into the success of the business college, we have kept in mind the college as it may be and is, very generally, conducted. We are not oblivious to the fact that just as we may have the pettifogging lawyer and the quack doctor, so we may have the swindling business college proprietor. Fortunately his advertisements of "positions guaranteed," "shorthand course in six weeks," and such like, are so palpably false that few are misled, and he is therefore comparatively few in number. Cast your eye over the list of business college principals in Canada, and you will find there the names of men who are good substantial citizens in their respective communities. If a certain measure of success is theirs, it is the same success that comes to any business man who, having recognized the wants of a community, establishes a business to supply those wants, and by patient and persevering effort labours for the upbuilding of that business. You will find in them men who are thoroughly in sympathy with higher education, but having recognized that, to many of our young people, the advantages of much schooling are denied, they have earnestly laboured to turn to profitable account the education which may be obtained. Their success may sometimes be measured in things material, but no bank account will speak so loudly of their success as the army of young men and women it has been their privilege to establish in the paths of good citizenship.

A SONG OF A DAY

BY ELIZABETH HOWARD

OVER the hills—the hills,
Clambers the great red sun,
While through the trees
Sings the sweet fresh breeze
That welcomes a day begun.

Down on the plains—the plains,
The great sun pours his ray:
Oh, a giant's might
Has the noon-day light
Of a perfect summer day.

Into the sea—the sea
The weary sun sinks slow;
Then o'er the lea,
Like a memory,
Creeps the crimson after-glow.

L'envoi.
Oh, a short, short day,
And a sweet, sweet day,
Is this little life of ours!

A WORD FOR THE APPRENTICE

By James P. Murray

F we go back to the old days when workshops were small, we would find a skilled workman who did mostly all the work himself. When he found it necessary to have help, it was generally procured by binding an apprentice for a given term, the apprentice paying a certain sum. The master while working himself would train the apprentice, and it was this personal teaching which was of so much value to the beginner.

In those days a craftsman would have a general knowledge of his trade and the apprentice would learn its various branches. The lad would be kept at some particular work, but working side by side with experienced men doing the general work, he would soon gain such a complete knowledge of his trade and of the relation of one part of the work to another that at the expiration of his apprenticeship he was a well qualified workman.

Owing to the antipathy with which new methods and ideas were received, preference being for the well known slow, simple processes, with materials which were seldom changed, the lad would learn the value of the materials used, and the method of their manufacture.

With the advent of changed conditions, due to improved machinery, enlarged markets, extensive competition, and the growth of the small workshop into an extensive establishment, the question of apprenticeship has assumed an entirely different condition, and not for the advantage of the apprentice.

To-day he is called an apprentice but is not apprenticed.

The influence of the workman to-day is being used under the control of a trade union, to prevent the apprentice obtaining any benefit from what could be made an improvement on the early day methods.

To-day the apprentice must learn his trade the best way he can. The longer he is kept on one particular class of work the better he can turn out that one particular item, but having no knowledge of anything else pertaining to the work as a whole he develops no ambition and sinks into a condition no better—if as good—than the machine he uses.

If the trades and labour councils of to-day would carefully look into the matter seriously they would be strong advocates that the matter of technical education should not be hampered, but rather developed, so that apprentices by attending classes where the various processes of productive industries are taught from the raw material to the finished product, would be of far more value in the workshop, to themselves, to their employers, and to the country.

Now, to learn to swim you must get into the water, and the same idea applies to learning a trade.

Presuming we have our technical school so complete as to bar all criticisms, class teaching alone will not turn out a competent craftsman, but to a lad in a workshop taking advantage of the classes, he will find them of invaluable assistance.

Labour unions, however, object to the practical technical school, averring that to teach the theory is all that is needed. Selfishness in labour is very marked, and when the interests of apprentices are considered it becomes unreasonable. Apprentices may be the sons of their fellow workmen, but owing to a fear that the labour market may be better supplied with a more intelligent, competent and practical class of labour, labour unions are opposed to a complete technical school, and they restrict the number of apprentices to a shop.

By having apprentices attend classes in properly equipped and efficient technical schools, and by having real ap-

prentices in the workshop, labour will earn better pay, produce better results, create more work—excellence will always increase the demand—while an opportunity would be given for talent to develop and for ability to rise.

Skilled artisans would have a place among the teachers in the practical classes of a right kind of a technical school—and see where this leads. The skilled artisan being interested in his work, would be studying the latest publications relating to his work. This will extend his knowledge, and by offering in his classes new ideas, ever changing and improving, retain the interest of the students. Boys or young men who have been in the workshop during the day are never too tired in the evening to be interested in something, and if the classes are made interesting there will be no dearth of pupils.

Intelligence in a workshop is a very necessary commodity. According to the schedule of wages prepared by trades and labour unions, they grade the mechanic's intelligence into a certain number of classes, and no one is permitted to have a greater intelligence than his union is willing to allow him.

As only one student can win the scholarship, as only one competitor can win the race, so it must be in the workshop. Many apprentices may start under even conditions in a shop, but according to union rules they must finish even.

Make them free agents, give them the opportunity to learn all about their trade. Allow as many apprentices as the conveniences of the circumstances will permit, and the result will be a general improvement in the ability of the workman, an exceeding willingness on the part of the employer to pay the highest wage, a more perfect product, an increased market, larger workshops and a more prosperous community.

It is not recommended, however, that the practical classes of the technical school should be thrown open to anyone who applied. Permission to attend the classes should be considered a privilege, and a continuous attendance through a course one of the conditions allowing attendance. This would be necessary for the protection of the school's reputation. Careless or indifferent students ceasing attendance before the end of the course could only have the faintest smattering of their trade, would weaken the usefulness of the school, create an unnecessary expense, occupy room and time to the hindrance of more deserving applicants, and disconcert and annoy the teachers.

The subject is a large one, deserving of more than a passing thought, which may be said is all that is in these few remarks.

The apprentice may be compared to a tree. Train it well and care for it, and you have good fruit; but neglect it when young, cramp its development, and nothing can be expected but poor results.

THE MASTER

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

A PEN laid down—a silent flute—and lo
The master had gone out, and left his kind.
Did Death, with hands upon our master, know
What deathless treasures he had left behind?

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

By Theodore Roberts

I.

I WAS cramped from the ten-mile drive in the farmer's express-waggon, and stiffer than if I had been in the saddle all day. To a war correspondent of three campaigns this jogging along an Acadian highway was slow work, indeed. Leaving my knapsack and gun on the platform before the grocery store, I entered the bar of the only tavern and called for a drink. The man of the place eyed me expectantly, and more than once seemed upon the point of addressing me. But his liquor was so vile, and my temper so edged by the discomforting nature of my mission that I gave him no encouragement. I had swigged stagnant rain-water with more gusto than I now felt toward this whiskey.

"Which road to the Hermitage?" I asked, pushing a coin toward him.

"North, right along the salt-marsh," he answered, with his eyes intent upon my face. He scooped the silver into his palm. "I might have known it wasn't him," he continued—"Why, I guess you're a good ten year younger nor him."

"Younger than whom?" I inquired, somewhat gruffly, turning at the door.

"Than Mr. Vincent," he replied. "But you look mighty like him, in size and shape," he went on," and that same all-fried stiff manner. It's twelve long years since I seen him. Twelve years since last he was home."

"My friend is dead," I replied, and leaving the place I got my knapsack on my shoulders and set out on foot for the Hermitage.

The season was September, and the time of day late afternoon. The quiet country was full of sunlight which seemed charged with vigour rather than heat, like a rare yellow wine. There was a tang of salt in the air, and a scent of shorn upland meadows. The bay and the salt-marshes lay on my right. I marked the plover, in flocks, along the lip of the tide, and promised myself some sport to lighten the dullness of this duty-visit. As I strode along the yellow road my thoughts went back to poor old Vincent, and all he had told me, at one time and another, of the secluded habitation of his parents. Why have I written "poor old Vincent," I wonder? He was not poor, and though ten years my senior at the time of his death, he was far from being old. He had done his work well, and had died at his duty. He had loved, and been loved in return—yes, loved in return—that was the devil of it. But I had been loyal to him, even then, and would now be loyal to his memory. I looked out over the level waters of the bay, and below the calm surface—just below—many beautiful lights paled and glowed. I thought of the eyes of the woman whom Vincent had loved.

The Hermitage stood in a fir-wood, behind rolling sand-dunes that reached into the bay far beyond the marshes on either side. It was already dusk beneath the firs, but, looking up, I could see the crimson light of the sunset on their purple spires. Then a queer, unusual contentment came to my heart, and I wondered at it as I lifted the clapper of the heavy knocker, and started the echoes thumping through the old house. Through the sidelights of the door I could see the red flicker of a fire. It was very quiet under the firs. Around the corner of the house limped and sidled an old dog—a black-and-white setter with matted coat, feeble legs and drooping tail. By the way he moved and held his head, I could see that he was nearly blind. I remembered Vincent speaking of a setter pup called Waggles. "Waggles," I said, "good dog." He sniffed my legs and yelped joyously, trying to look up into my face. I knelt down and rubbed his ears and clap-

ped him gently on the back. He licked my hands trembling with joy. "Poor old pup! poor old pup!" I cried. Then I looked up. The door of the house was open, and there on the threshold stood a girl, looking down at me. But the light was dim in the fir-wood, and I could not read the expression on her face. Getting quickly to my feet, I stood before her, cap in hand.

"Dick," she said, with a quiver in her voice, and before I could reply her soft arms were over my shoulders and her kiss was on my lips. She kissed me again. What the devil could I do? I couldn't push her away! I took her hands from my shoulders, and, still holding them, stared down at her feet. She was standing a step above me.

"You are Nancy," I said, huskily. I had quite forgotten, until then, that Vincent had once or twice spoken of a little sister—a kid in dresses knee-high, climbing the fir trees. She was silent, and I was afraid to look up. Was ever a man in a more awkward situation? And all the time the old dog kept scratching and sniffing at my legs. It would have been bad enough just to have to tell her that Dick was dead! But, Lord, to tell her that I wasn't Dick—now that she had kissed me! In the mad tumult of my feelings I knelt down, still holding her hands.

"Can you ever forgive me?" I whispered.

"Dick," she cried softly, "we would forgive you anything."

I felt her bending toward me.

"Don't, for heaven's sake," I cried. "Oh, can't you see—I am not Dick—I am only his friend."

She drew her hands gently away from me, but I pressed my lips to them before I let them go. I stood up, but did not look at her.

"And Dick—where is he?" she asked.

"He is still in South Africa," I replied, unsteadily. "I promised him to come and tell you." She made no sound. "So I came here," I continued, "before I went to see my own people."

"Why did he stay?" she asked.

I lifted my head and looked into her eyes. She read the answer there, and perhaps other things. The tears swam suddenly from beneath her lids.

"Come," she said, "you were Dick's friend."

I followed her into the dusky, firelit hall.

II.

The hall was square and low, with a fireplace at one side, a staircase in a corner, and many doors and windows. The girl lighted a couple of candles on the table. "Mother is dead," said she, "but I will tell my father. Oh, it will nearly kill him, I think. But you will help him bear it, Dick's friend."

She looked at me so frankly with her tear-wet eyes that I blessed her for the bravest heart in the world. But I only bowed in reply. Then she left me and went quickly up the winding stairs. The table near which I stood was dimly lighted by the candles. It was a huge old table, without a cloth, and its dark surface was scratched and cut. Upon it lay books in sad disorder, stray sheets of letterpaper, a light riding-whip, a magazine or two and some scattered cigarettes. I turned over the books. One was printed in German. It was a handbook on gardening. Another was Vincent's own story of the Turko-Grecian war, with my introduction. How keenly that reminded me of my dead friend, of the dangers and fooleries, the work and the play we had gone through together. I looked at the magazines. They were a year old. I drew a chair to the table and sat down, resting my head between my hands. A year ago we were rooming together in London. There was material for a good deal of thought. Again I hid my heart from my friend and listened to his talk of her with smiling lips. Again we rode together. Again I dragged him back to the shelter of the great rock and felt him die in my arms.

Someone touched me on the shoulder, and I opened my eyes, and looked up.

"You are tired," said Miss Vincent.

"No," I replied," but how long have I been asleep? I dreamed a whole year."

"Of Dick?" she asked.

I nodded. She took up one of the magazines.

"He sent us these," she said, "from London. Then he wrote only one letter after that. It was to me. I think he never got our letter about mother. He always wrote to me as if I was still ten years old. He used to seem a giant to me, and so good-natured and clever. Was he taller than you?"

"No," I replied, "he was half an inch shorter."

"And yet you do not seem so big," she said, though at first"—she stopped suddenly and turned her face away from me.

"Miss Vincent," I said, "it was Dick's dearest friend who received the welcome, and the memory of it will stay by him longer than the memory of that loyal friendship. But he can pretend to forget."

Presently she smiled at me.

"Are you Frank Stedman?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, wondering.

"Dick spoke of you in that last letter," she said, and I thought that in her smile there was a question. "You were shoulder to shoulder in peace and war, were you not! Down Eros, up Mars together!" I mumbled an embarrassed reply.

Then she told me that Mr. Vincent would not be alone until dinner. We drew our chairs to the fire, and talked of Dick, and something of ourselves. She had never known Dick as I knew him. Her childhood picture of him still clung. He was the big brother home on a visit, merry, fearless, and full of strange stories.

"Do you know," she said, "that my clearest memory of him is of a time when he and father were angry with one another. I did not like it, but the picture has always been with me. I went down to the marsh with them one morning, after plover. They were both smoking Dick's cigars, and talking and laughing like chums. I went between them, holding a hand of each. Waggles was with us. He was a wee pup, and had never been shot over before. He flushed some birds and ran after them, barking. That made father angry. Then he fired, and made a clean miss, and before he could get the bird with his left, Dick killed it—and laughed. Father called him a pup, and Dick said that though some pups flushed birds there were others that could kill them. I turned and ran home, with Waggles after me. But I could hear their voices, all harsh with anger, almost all the way. They begged one another's pardons next day."

As I sat there with Nancy, candlelight behind us and the red fire at our feet, toil and heart-ache, New York and London, envy, torn dreams, and weary armies, were less real to me than our shadows on the wall. I wondered at my past—at my desires and ambitions.

At sound of the dinner-gong Mr. Vincent came downstairs. He was straight and slim of figure, and grey of face. His hair was thin and snow-white. The lids of his sombre eyes showed a tell-tale red. He grasped me warmly by the hand, and laid his other hand on my shoulder.

"It is good of you to come," he said.

Then we went in to dinner.

Five days in the house in the wood passed like five golden dreams. I talked to Mr. Vincent about Dick. It seemed as if he could not hear too much. I talked to Nancy about myself, and wrote some verses, and wondered if I had ever been a journalist at all, jostling the elbows of men. I forgot my own people waiting, knife in hand, to kill the fatted calf.

One morning a boy on a wheel brought me a telegram from the village. We were at breakfast when it came. Nancy looked at the yellow envelope and then up at me, and I read fear in her eyes.

"Open it," said Mr. Vincent. "Open

it, my boy, and have it over with. I hate telegrams, and, begging your pardon, newspapers."

I tore the thin wrapper and read the scrawl.

"I believe I hate them too," I said, and looked at Nancy with consternation writ large on my face.

"What is it?" she asked, with one hand on the coffee pot.

"Venezeula," I said. "Some fools are fighting there."

My packing took me just half a minute. Mr. Vincent ordered the dog-cart, and then went to his room to change his coat. He was going with me all the way to the station.

"Nancy," I said, "I came to you from one battlefield, as Dick's friend. Do I leave you for another battlefield, nothing more than that?"

"Could a man be more than that,—more than his friend's loyal friend," she replied, looking out at the green branches of the firs.

"I have dreamed so, ' I said.

"Upon returning from new hardships," she said, lifting her eyes to mine, "should you receive ——," she paused, and turned her face toward the window. I heard a movement upstairs. "Nancy," I cried, "for heaven's sake, go on. I love you, dear."

"Should I welcome you again like that," she continued, calmly, "it would not be altogether a mistake."

I heard Mr. Vincent at the top of the stairs.

I caught Nancy in my arms, and for a second my lips were pressed to the fragrant glory of her hair.

As Mr. Vincent and I drove along the yellow road toward the village, the station, and the hardships beyond, I looked out at the waters of the bay. They were blue and clear, but below their calm surface a golden light glowed steady and tender. I laughed softly, thinking of the eyes of the woman I love.

TO A POET WHO ENVIED HIS ENVIRONMENT

BY BERNARD McEVOY

AH! could I see these mountains with your eyes,
List with your ears the voices of this sea,
I with their glory might transfigured be;
But things, that finer things materialize,
Thwart me. A poet would idealize;—
Your homely tapestry of flower and tree
Wears for you many a grace I may not see;
Its texture gleams with more than Tyrian dyes!

More than a mountain is a poet's line;
Sweeter the music of soul-swept lyre
Than Ocean's organ in its tenderest key;
And they shall live when heights of solemn pine
Crumble to cinders in the general pyre,
And lava flows where waves kiss smilingly.

A POLITICAL TRAGEDY

By L. E. Fletcher

"YES," said the old lady, "when I first came here there were only two houses in this end of the village, ours and, over there where they've built the church, the Trevelyans'. Our two gardens joined. John and I had been married three years when they moved in. They had just been married. My, she was a sweet young thing; I never saw such little white hands as she had. Most of the village folk thought her haughty, but she wasn't. She came of an old family and George Trevelyan was well off." The old lady paused a moment and then went on: "Yes, she was always running in and out, so bright and pleasant, never knocking at the door, but coming right in and talking to me while I was doing my work.

"By and by children began to come along. John and I never had any." Here she sighed heavily. "But I thought almost as much of hers as if they had been my own. They were in and out all day long and the gate between the gardens was never closed. And all this time we had never so much as had a cross word between us.

"Well, then, you know, all that political trouble began. York county had always been Liberal straight through and through till that man Jackson, the Conservative candidate, came down here and stirred everybody up. He got the ministers all drawn into it—just as if they hadn't plenty to do taking care of their churches. John always said that politics was no work for ministers to go into. Anyway they did and they said things from their pulpits that never ought to have been said. Nobody goes to church to hear politics, they go to hear the Word.

"Well, after that Sunday there was the greatest trouble. There were those that held that the parsons had no right to try and influence their congregations in politics, and there were those that held that they had a right to say what they were a mind to. People who had lived next door to each other for years in unbroken friendship were that bitter they wouldn't look at each other. Things kept on that way, and then they had the great division. All those that were against the parsons mixing themselves up in politics withdrew from the churches, and afterwards they started places of worship of their own. My," exclaimed the old lady with another sigh, "what a lot of bitterness there was. John was one of those who believed that the ministers should stick to their work of saving souls, and, of course, I thought as he did.

"Well, the next thing I heard was that Gertrude (that was Mrs. Trevelyan's name) was all on fire with politics, going round with that coaxing way of hers and trying to get every man in the village to vote for Jackson, and having those ministers in to tea, and I don't know what. Well, I was that disappointed and disgusted I didn't know what to do. I've always said that women had no call to interfere with politics; that's men's business.

"One afternoon Mrs. Hiltz and Mrs. Macdonald came in for a chat. It was in this very room. Mrs. Macdonald was sitting right where you are now and Mrs. Hiltz was over there, and we started talking about all this trouble, and Mrs. Hiltz asked me what I thought of Mrs. Trevelyan going round mixing herself up in the business. Well, I'm one of those that must speak the truth right out, and I said then and there that it was men's work and I had no patience with any woman who would push herself into politics, and I said to them, 'I only hope she won't mention the subject to me, for if she does I shall have to say

right out what I think, and we've always been the best of friends.' Well, I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when the door opened and she came tripping in. She had the prettiest dress on and looked so sweet and dainty. Well, I was so afraid she would begin to speak about the wretched politics that I didn't know what to do and I kept talking as fast as ever I could about all sorts of things. But it was no use. All of a sudden she turned to me with one of her winning smiles and said, 'Mrs. Hunt, won't you persuade your husband to vote for Mr. Jackson this time?'

"Well, I looked at her square in the eyes and I said, 'No, I won't, and what's more, I hope your precious Mr. Jackson will get such a beating that he will keep out of this county for the balance of his days.' Then she tried to coax me, and I got that riled that I just put my hand down on the table like this and told her what I thought of women meddling with the men's concerns and the ministers using the house of God to try and get votes. I talked pretty straight to her, and bye and bye she got up and flounced out of the house, and I turned to Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Hiltz, I was so riled, and said, 'It's as well she's gone, for if she'd stayed another minute I would have asked her to leave.'

"After that we did not speak. Some people tell all they know and I suppose it came to her ears that I had said that if she hadn't gone that minute I would have asked her to leave. Anyway she was very proud, and so was I. My, it was lonesome those days without the children running in and out. I used to go out sometimes and watch them playing in the garden. No one will ever know how I missed the little dears.

"The months slipped by and we never spoke. One day, it was in midsummer and the heat was intense, I heard she was taken down with sickness. The days went by and she got worse. She had no help in the house and the neighbours seemed scared to go near. There was only her husband and he didn't know anything about sickness. I knew the place must be in a pretty state with all those young children, and yet I didn't feel as if I could go and offer to do anything. However, there didn't seem to be anybody else, and one afternoon I took some broth and went right across the garden and into her back door. My, you never saw such a mess as her kitchen was in. I did not hesitate, but walked right into the room where she was lying in the bed with her eyes closed. She looked that white and frail that it would make the tears come to your eyes to look at her. I stood by the bed with the bowl of broth and she opened her eyes. She looked at me for a minute, but she did not move, and then she said in such a little weak voice you could hardly make out what the words were, 'Is it true that you said that if I hadn't gone that minute you would have ordered me out?'

"Well, I had a fearful struggle with myself. There she was, looking that weak and sick and I knew if I denied having said that, it would ease her mind and she would let me nurse her,' but then it did not seem to me as if I could bring myself to tell the lie. I didn't know what to do, but just stood there, while the tears ran slowly down her cheeks.

"At last I said, 'Yes, I did say it. I'm not saying that I'm not sorry I said it, but I did say it and I won't deny it; and you must take this broth and you must let me look after you till you're better; then you can speak or not as you please.'

"Well, after a minute she took the broth and smiled a queer little smile and went to sleep, and I stayed with her till she was able to get round again. After that we were as good friends as ever till they moved away to the States to live. But I often think of all the trouble just a few words can make." And the old lady became silent and reflective."

TO BUSINESS IN AN AUTOMOBILE—A MORNING SCENE IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO

AUTOMOBILES IN CANADA

By A. Grant Brown

IT is almost certain that the automobile will be a feature of our civilization for many years to come. The United States will manufacture this year about thirty thousand machines, worth more than thirty millions of dollars. European factories are equally busy, and the Canadian factories are following. The experimental stage has been passed.

The evolution has been gradual. The stationary steam-engine led up to the self-propelled steam-locomotive running on iron rails. What a revolution in land transportation it has caused! Then the electric car appeared, with a further displacement of the horse. But every person cannot own steel rails and a franchise. The people wanted something which would carry them over the country without the use of specially prepared roadways. Then came the bicycle, and for a time the people went "faddy" over it. The bondage of the iron roadway was broken. The roller-skate was a toy in comparison. Away the people went over hill and dale, breathing fresh air and enjoying new sensations every hour. But, alas, the bicycle required continuous muscular exertion. It soon lost some of its popularity, though it never will lose it all with the young person to whom muscular exertion is a necessary part of the life, or to the man who desires quick locomotion with a small investment.

Then the inventors turned to the development of the automobile. In 1885, Daimler patented his high-speed gas or mineral-spirit engine, and this was soon applied to self-driven launches and vehicles. All inventions converged upon the automobile—the bicycle contributed gearings and pneumatic tires, the electric car contributed its experience with motors, the gasolene-engines gave a propelling power with a light load of fuel. Now, behold the automobile—electric, steam or gasolene; light or heavy; four-horse power or sixty; $800 or $10,000; ten miles an hour or eighty. The automobile is a roofless street car, needing no overhead wires and no steel rails; it is a

luxurious Pullman car which wanders over the country in the pure air instead of in a continual shower of cinders and a continuous cloud of smoke; it is a sanitarium on wheels. It was a luxury yesterday; it will be a necessity to-morrow.

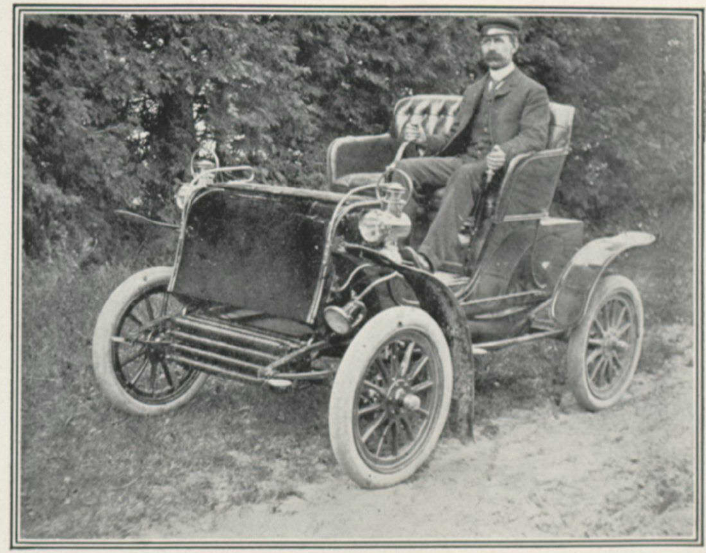
The future will find new uses for the automobile. An automobile train is running in France; an automobile mail service has been organized in Italy; in Chicago a street car franchise has been granted to an automobile company as an experiment; in England they are using them to haul coal to the railway stations. Delivery waggons, hansom cabs and drags are already on the city streets.

Although Mr. J. L. Moody, jr., of Hamilton, is said to have been the first to operate an automobile in Canada, the most of the experimenting, so far as this country is concerned, has been done in Toronto. Mr. J. C. Eaton, of the T. Eaton Co., is said to have brought the first to Toronto. R. Parker & Co. had the first automobile built in Canada and were the first to use it for commercial purposes. The Simpson Co. had an electric delivery waggon built about the same time. But Sir William Mulock was the pioneer in gasolene machines built in Canada. He ordered six motor tricycles and quadracycles for the use of the Post Office department and soon the streets of Toronto were frantic with the chucking of these little red machines. They were constantly in the repair shop, since postal clerks were not expert chauffeurs, but four of them are still in daily service after four years of constant use in all kinds of weather. So far as collecting mail goes, however, the Postmaster-General now relies on the horse and waggon of ancient days. He was ahead of his time in this experiment.

R. PARKER & CO.'S VEHICLES—THE SMALLER ONE WAS THE FIRST ELECTRIC CARRIAGE BUILT IN CANADA. THE LARGER MACHINE IS A GASOLENE

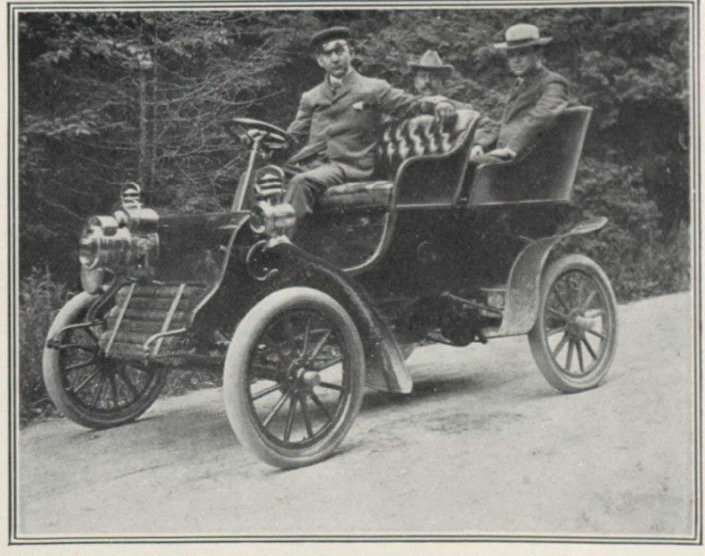
An electric-automobile company did business for several years in Toronto and an electric-car livery was open for two summers. The latter is now a matter of history, and the former has been purchased by the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., who are manufacturing neat electric vehicles. However, most of the machines used in Canada are imported, and most of them are gasolene. There are about seventy-five machines in Toronto, a number in Hamilton and Montreal and a few scattered through the other cities.

While the present demand for automobiles is supplied mainly by imported cars, by next year the domestic cars will be found in abundance. At first the public was uncertain as to the best type of car for this country, and it was natural that manufacturers should wait until this matter was settled. Besides, the demand up to the present time has been limited and manufacturing on a sufficiently large scale was impossible. Electric cars are already being turned out, and next year there will likely be some runabout gasolene carriages and small touring cars of Canadian manufacture. The expensive car for touring and racing purposes will no doubt continue to be imported. Whether the motor-car will create the manufacturing activity caused by the bicycle, it is difficult to predict.

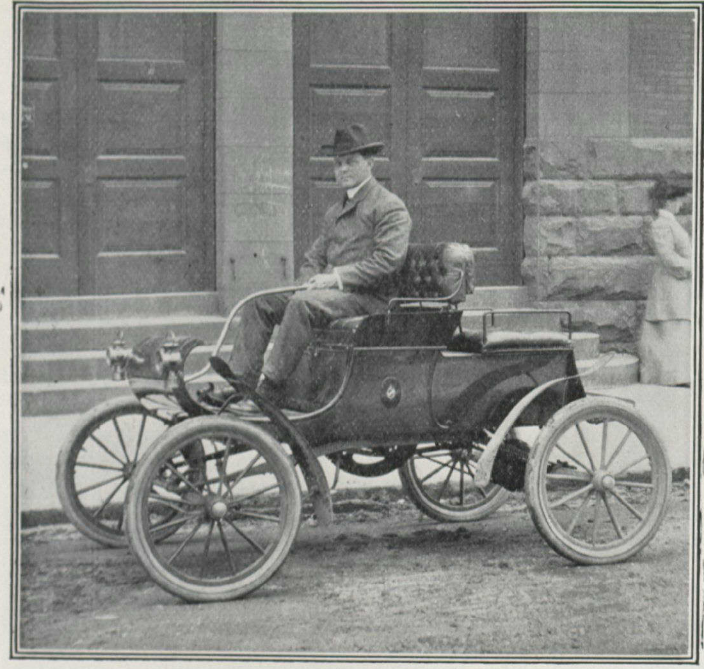


DR. DOOLITTLE, PRESIDENT TORONTO AUTOMOBILE CLUB, IN A STEVENS-DURYEA—A GASOLENE MACHINE WITH EXTRA SEAT IN FRONT

The introducers of the automobile have numberless amusing experiences to recount. At first even the staid middle-aged citizen would stop and turn to stare, while the ubiquitous small boy was ever ready with apt comment. With the latter a very general custom has been to throw down caps for a passing automobile to run over. The origin or purpose of this superstitious practice is not known. Boys, too, have all kinds of amusing equivalents for, or corruptions of, the word "automobile." "Billy-goat," "Automobub-

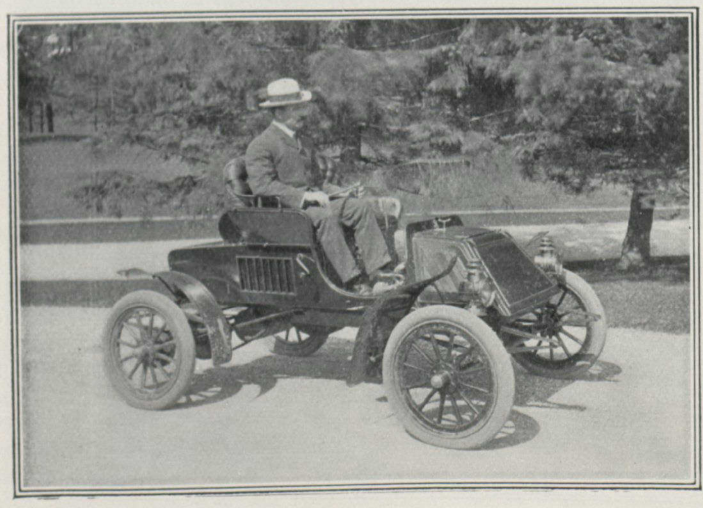


MR. HOWARD CHANDLER IN HIS CADILLAC—A GASOLENE MACHINE WITH DETACHABLE TONNEAU



MR. WILLIAM HYSLOP IN HIS OLDSMOBILE—A GASOLENE RUNABOUT

ble" and "Ought-to-know-better" are instances. A lady automobile driver of Toronto was much amused at a new name the boys invented for her machine. They evidently reasoned that there should be a feminine noun for an automobile driven by a woman, and from "billy-goat" they evolved "nanny-goat." Horses resented the first intrusion of the automobile. But this is natural. Any thoughtful, far-sighted horse would object to the driving of a carriage without his aid as much as the union labourer objects to "scab" labour. Or perhaps the horse feels as if it must be the ghost of some race-horse long since dead and gone that so mysteriously draws the car. But the city horse, at least, is fast becoming familiar and unabashed before the automobile, just as he has become familiarized in turn with locomotive, street-car and bicycle. Indeed, it is often not the horse but his driver who is frightened.



MR. JAMES W. BAILLIE IN HIS RAMBLER—A GASOLENE MACHINE

Before the principles of automobile construction were well understood breakdowns were frequent. A rather eccentric Canadian bought a machine a few years ago; he was a reckless driver and was always having breakdowns. To guard against these he first built on in front a huge tank which would hold gasolene enough

to carry him three hundred miles. But breakdowns continued, and he was often towed home by a horse. At length he went to a blacksmith and had him build on in front a whiffletree, and on his trips he carried a set of harness. But still he was not satisfied that he was ready for every emergency. The horse might not be on hand. His next plan was to put a ring behind, so that the automobile could lead the horse out and the horse could do the towing back, but before he could carry out this ingenious scheme he died.

An agent, in trying to sell one of the early automobiles, used to show a hole in a three-inch plank wall the machine had made in a collision. He would say admiringly, "Look at that now! She couldn't have done that if she hadn't been strong." But tastes differ, and it isn't everyone who wants an automobile to make holes in a three-inch board wall.

MR. T. A. RUSSELL IN THE IVANHOE—THE NEWEST ELECTRIC MACHINE

The old type of auto has been the butt of innumerable jokes. The most common topic was the auto gaily passing the horse at the start, but being ignominiously hauled home. Then reckless speeding furnished a variant, and every chauffeur was supposed to have his string of victims' scalps. But with the building of improved cars and the wearing away of the novelty, these well-worn jokes are disappearing, and the auto is being given its rightful place by the side of the locomotive, the electric car and the bicycle.

Anyone who has ever ridden in an automobile will not wonder at its growing popularity. The swift, smooth, skimming sensation, the delightful freshness of the never-failing breeze, the fascination of smoothly turned corners, and even the accompaniment played by the chug-chug of the gasolene car, or the buzz of the electric, combine to make automobiling a recreation inferior to none and comparable to few. For it is recreation in the literal sense of the word. It really helps to create anew the business man worn out with the nervous strain of office hours, or the busy doctor who could find time for no other amusement. Nor is it only as an enjoyable pursuit that automobiling is making its way. Its advantages from a strictly utilitarian point of view are rapidly winning re-

DR. JENNIE GRAY, TORONTO, IN HER ELECTRIC RUNABOUT

has a far greater carrying capacity, its ultimate triumph is assured.

When a man sets out to buy an automobile the first thing to be considered is what type of car to get. His decision must be guided largely by his needs. The gasolene car is best adapted for long tours. It will carry gasolene enough to run from one to three hundred

cognition. The fact that the automobile "eats only on working days," gives it an economical advantage over the horse; and since it can go faster than a horse when the road is clear, as slow when necessary, occupies less space, is under better and quicker control, and

miles, and the gasolene tank can be easily refilled. The steam car is neat, quiet, and can develop great power; but it takes some time to get up steam and its boiler needs frequent replenishing. In consequence it is the least popular car in Canada. The

MR. AND MRS. J. C EATON, TORONTO, IN THEIR WINTON TOURING CAR

electric auto is as neat and quiet as the steam and is easier to handle. It is the ideal carriage for the city and for short tours. The latest design can run from forty-five to fifty miles without recharging, and has a maximum speed of fifteen miles an hour. The ideal arrangement for an automobile is to have a stable of automobiles, e.g., a large gasolene touring-car, a smaller gasolene runabout for eighty or a hundred mile runs, with two or three passengers, an electric runabout for the city and shorter runs, and an electric brougham for wet weather. But for most people this can be only an ideal.

MR. J. C. EATON IN HIS ELECTRIC RUNABOUT

Perhaps the most promising electric machine made in Canada is the Ivanhoe, the designer being Mr. H. P. Maxim, who was for many years with the Westinghouse Co., of Pittsburg, and with the Electric Vehicle Co., of Hartford. He is a son of the inventor of the Maxim gun. The vehicle is equipped with a slow-speed Westinghouse motor, thus obviating the necessity of using gear reduction to arrive at the proper speed. It has only six points of bearing, four on the axle and two on the motor. Its batteries are placed in such a way as to distribute the weight equally over the front and rear axles.

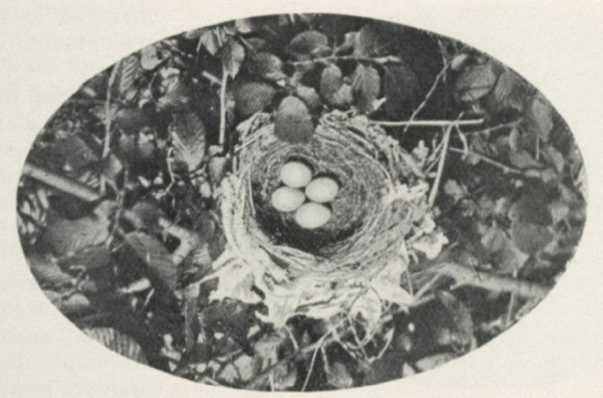
The initial cost of an automobile in Canada varies from $800 for the cheapest runabout, to from $2,000 to $3,000 for a big touring car. Running expenses consist of the cost of power, oil for lubrication, and wear on tires, and of charges for attention. An expert estimates that 1¾c. per mile will cover the cost of running expenses of a good gasolene runabout well handled. The cost of power for an electric machine varies from 1c. to 2c. per mile. A Toronto doctor finds it costs for charging, repairing, etc., an electric runabout $10 per month on the average. The running expenses of the steam automobile are somewhat greater. One Toronto dealer charges $10 a month for cleaning, adjusting and lubricating; while gasolene and other supplies make another $15. In other words, a gasolene machine costs about as much to keep as a horse, but it is capable of doing almost four times the work.

As to the life of the automobile it is difficult to obtain definite information. There is one gasolene auto in Toronto which still runs very well after six years' service. But the latest types of automobiles are too recent to have received the test of time. However, they

THE "CANADA"—AN ELECTRIC DRAG USED FOR TOURIST SIGHT-SEEING IN TORONTO

have not yet begun to appear in the junk-shops.

A short discussion of automobile legislation must not be overlooked in an article on automobiles. The automobile frightens many horses, especially in rural districts, and reckless "speeding" has sometimes proved dangerous to pedestrians. In consequence considerable hostile feeling has often been aroused, and a tendency to restrict automobiling by legislation follows. Automobilists, of course, admit that danger may arise from reckless automobiling just as from reckless driving of horses or spurting of cyclists, but they contend that is no reason why the great body of prudent automobilists should be penalized. The framers of such legislation, however, usually seek to put the speed limit of the auto at a ridiculously low figure—and naturally, for the majority of the legislators have never been in an automobile and have merely seen them pass at a speed which sometimes looks dangerous. They do not realize how quickly the power can be shut off and the car stopped. A gasolene runabout going at full speed—25 miles an hour—can be brought to a stop in less space than a horse travelling at eight miles an hour; and going at normal speed, from 10 to 15 miles an hour, it can be stopped in correspondingly less space. An electric car is under similar control. Yet the Toronto by-law placed the speed limit for automobiles at 7 miles an hour, and the Ontario law as framed permitted only 7 miles—and that when a good walker can go 5 miles an hour. Fortunately, however, when our legislators learned by experience the qualities of the automobile the limit was raised to 15 miles for the country and ten for the city.



NEST OF THE WOOD THRUSH

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF BIRDS' NESTS

By O. J. Stevenson

F the various branches of amateur photography, I have found none so interesting and instructive as the photography of birds' nests. I suppose that the principal reason for this is the one which is the most obvious, viz., that it necessarily combines with it the most interesting of all nature studies, and necessitates an increasing acquaintance with bird life and all its surroundings.

I will always feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to my charming summer neighbours of a few years ago, a pair of wood thrushes, who first interested me in the phenomena of bird-nesting. To be sure, I was already a lover of birds and of the lower animals in general, but I remember distinctly how my interest in the inspiring devotional strain of the devout puritan in the valley beside my dwelling, led me to take an interest in his somewhat bulky domicile in the fork of a sapling near by, with its foundation of dead birch leaves, and fragment of Latin exercise sandwiched in for effect, as is the way of the world—and above all, with its four blue, robin-like eggs—till one fine morning in early June found me wasting plates in the praiseworthy attempt to get a lasting memento of my interesting neighbours.

My success was not inspiring, for with an ordinary kodak, focussing upon so small an object as a bird's nest is somewhat difficult, and the sunlight is not invariably accommodating. But the chief point was that I had become interested in a new field of photography, and henceforward had a double

NEST AND EGGS OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

NEST OF THE HORNED LARK FOUND IN THE GROUND IN EARLY APRIL

incentive in prosecuting my pleasant ramblings into a surrounding country.

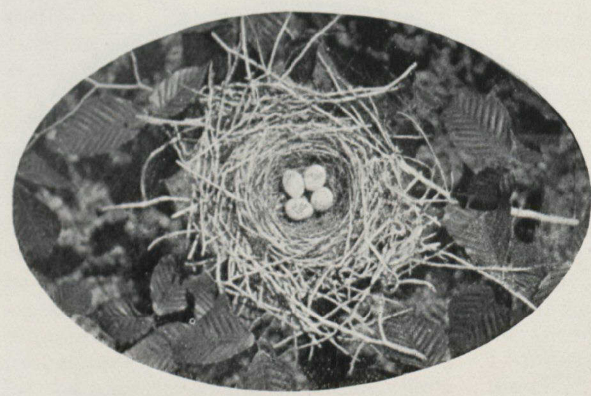
Indeed, I am very sure if it had not been in the pursuit of my hobby I would never have waded, small boy fashion, in the marshes in the early spring for the Redwing's nest in the reeds, or risked my neck on the overhanging limb, forty feet up, where the Tanager builds, or troubled myself to unroof the old granary to let a little sunlight into the nest of the Chimney Swift, or crawled on my hands and knees to find the nest of the old Plover who I knew was breeding somewhere in the strawberries in the garden. Indeed, there lives perpetually in my memory the recollection of many an interesting and invigorating ride or walk across the country, that I owe, in part at least, to the development of my latest hobby.

In bird-nest photography the element of difficulty in securing a satisfactory picture in individual cases, is not the least source of interest and pleasure; for every nest to be photographed requires different treatment from all others, and many are the ingenious devices which require to be adopted to overcome the natural obstacles in the way of securing a representative picture.

But by far the most interesting feature of the subject is the opportunity and necessity for observation and study of the birds themselves, their friends and foes, their songs and calls and complaints, their nesting habits and their solicitude for their precious treasures of eggs and young.

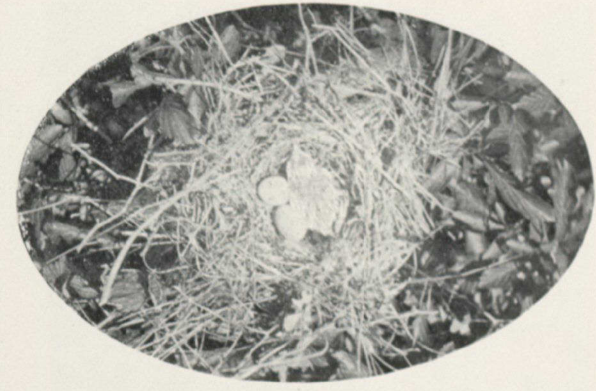
An expedition in the earliest April days, for example, leads me across the fields to the nest of the Horned Lark, a little round of dried grass and stubble, discovered only after patient search, where through the cold windy nights of early April with its frost and sleet and rain, the assiduous mother-bird, regardless of the elements, continues to guard the warmth and safety of the promised brood.

And later, in May, when the frosty gurgle of the lark's song from the unploughed fallow, has given place to a chorus of mingled notes from every shaded grove and coppice, I know that in the open wood away to the west of the town I may see, if I will, the wonderful red birds, the Tanagers, and hear the rich rolling orchestra of their cousins and inseparable companions, the Grosbeaks. It is a temptation to watch the household operations of these latter per-



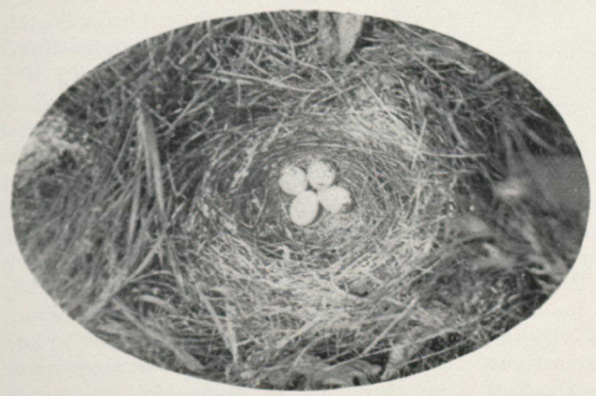
NEST OF THE TIMID GROSBEAK

formers, for, strangely enough, the male and female alike take turns in relieving each other of the tedious task of brooding. But, alas! woe betide me if I even glance, for eavesdropping and window-peeping are of all things justly abhorred, and the next afternoon on passing the same way I find that the solicitous pair, in righteous indignation at my intrusion, have destroyed the contents of the nest and have set forth to find a new and safer dwelling in the deeper privacy of the thick forest.



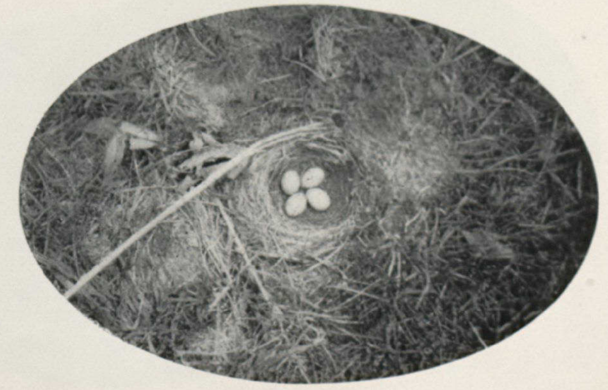
YOUNG CUCKOO AND FRESHLY LAID EGGS IN THE SAME NEST

With June leaves and increasing warmth comes the Cuckoo, the "rain-bird," the mystery of the springtime. The nest I am almost sure to find in the prickly hawthorn, not far from the riverside, and the kodak is accordingly once again brought into requisition. There is, however, some difficulty in securing a bona-fide reproduction of nest and eggs. So flimsy a nest as the Cuckoo's will fall to pieces on the least provocation, and besides, there is no certainty at any time that the set of eggs is complete, for it is not an uncommon thing to find young birds and freshly laid eggs in one and the same nest.



MEADOW LARK'S NEST OF DRIED GRASS

In July it is warm for nest hunting, but I do not have to go far, for from the top branches of the shade tree or in the thick grape-vine trellis, I hear the wheezy whistle of the Cedar Wax-wings, the grand fops and coxcombs of springtime, and I know that after all their cleaning and combing and pruning of feathers, they are about to set the machinery of the household mill in motion. I am doubly interested, too, in securing a photograph of them, inasmuch as, in spite of their delicate colouring and beautiful ornamentation, they are my



VESPER SPARROW'S NEST IN THE GROUND

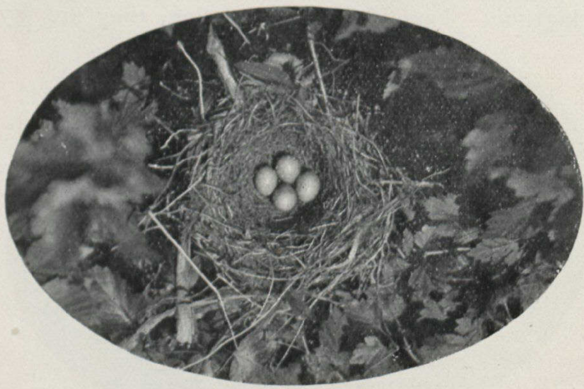
THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD'S NEST AMONG THE RUSHES

friends of winter as well as of spring, and I know that I am sure to find them, in the coldest zero weather, feeding on the mountain-ash berries in the trees beside my door.

And when the Waxwings fail me I sometimes go down into the old grain warehouse, in the gloomy and dusty compartments of which I am sure to find the nests of a score of Chimney Swifts, curiously glued together and fastened firmly on to the face of the wall by the saliva of the bird. The eggs of all birds that nest in dark places are white, and those of the Chimney Swift are no exception to the rule. But aside from the nest and eggs, I find another interesting feature of the nesting habits of the Swift in the fact that the mother-bird almost invariably refuses to leave the nest on your approach, so that there is a good opportunity for the photographer to make the acquaintance of the bird at first hand.

In hunting and fishing and in most other pastimes it is in reality from the sense of uncertainty and expectancy that we derive the greatest source of pleasure, and in nest hunting and nest photography this additional element of enjoyment is never lacking. If I cross the pasture field in spring or early summer, there is not a tuft or tussock of dried grass but may form the natural protection for the Meadowlark's nest and young, or not a cavity in the ground which the Grass Finch or Vesper Sparrow may not have lined with dried grass and hair. Or if I chance to take a turn through the wild-raspberry patch at the edge of the wood I may start a handsome Brown Thrasher from the thicket, or throw the nervous little Indigo Bird into a paroxysm of excitement by venturing too near to the favoured shrub in among the rotting stumps of the clearing. My garden every year has its surprises in the form of new arrivals and visitors unexpected, and as for the river bank and the great woods beyond, there it is that expectancy reaches its height, and eye and ear and muscle are alike strained and on the alert to catch the faintest indications of any of the almost unlimited possibilities on which the imagination continually loves to dwell.

Occasionally, too, the interest in individual cases is heightened by unexpected peculiarities in the location or structure of the nest. A few summers ago I noticed a Robin nesting on one of the rafters of the grand-stand in the athletic grounds, a few feet above the heads of thou-

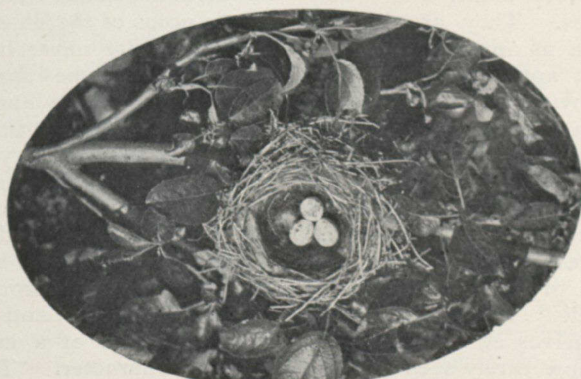


THE CATBIRD'S LITTLE HOME

sands of spectators who assembled every afternoon. On another occasion I found that two pairs of Phœbes had built their nests under the cars of an inclined railway, and that in spite of the fact that the cars made their trips to the top of the hill every few minutes, they continued to feed and care for their young. While the car to which their nest was attached was making a trip to the top of the hill, they procured a supply of food which they fed to their fledglings on their return.

THE AUTHOR FOUND A PHŒBE'S NEST UNDERNEATH THIS CAR. WHILE THE CAR WAS MAKING A TRIP, THE OLD BIRDS COLLECTED FOOD WHICH THEY FED TO THE YOUNG BIRDS ON THEIR RETURN.

But, besides the attractiveness of nest photography as an incentive to nature study in its most interesting phases, it has, on the purely mechanical as well as on the artistic side, a sufficient fascination of its own to commend it to the tender mercies of the amateur photographer. All of the photographs of nests accompanying the present sketch are taken at a distance of three feet, and it has been a matter of no little interest in the developing and printing of the pictures themselves, to observe the effects of the difference in size, position, materials and colour in the finished photographs, and to compare them with my remembrance of the original nests. Added to this, however, it is, moreover, a source of considerable pleasure to the lover of nature to have at his disposal a number of interesting mementoes of his pleasant afternoon rambles as well as of the most attractive of his woodland friends.



KING BIRD'S NEST AND EGGS

BIRDS OF THE NORTH WOODS

By C. W. Nash

RIGINALLY the Province of Ontario was a forest country and its fauna consisted of such forms of life as were adapted to a wooded region. By degrees nearly all the land south of the Canada Atlantic Railway has been cleared of its timber and brought under cultivation, with the result that many forms of animal life, which were formerly restricted to the prairies and natural meadows of the south, have now extended their range and have followed cultivation, far to the north of their limit of twenty-five years ago. On the other hand, some few species, once common throughout the Province, are now only to be found in the north where natural conditions still prevail. Most animals are very sensitive to changes in their surroundings; some species are quick to take advantage of anything in their favour and will readily adapt themselves to a new environment. The Swallow tribe and the Swifts exhibit this faculty in a marked degree. All the Swallows (with the exception of the Bank Swallow) now make use of our houses and barns as nesting places, and have quite deserted the hollow trees and caves to which they previously resorted. The Bank Swallow, however, still prefer making their own burrows in the face of some steep bank, where they nest in colonies. They are just as fearless of man as any of the rest of the family, but apparently they have not yet seen any advantage in taking possession of a ready-made hole in a building and abandoning their social life in the cliffs. The House Wren, Phœbe, Blue-bird, and our emigrant friend, the House Sparrow, are all notable examples of the ability of certain species to profit by the changes men have made. These birds have attached themselves so closely to us that they are now rarely seen (during the nesting season at any rate) very far away from human habitations. Other species simply avail themselves of the food supply and nesting facilities afforded by our clearings, but do not in any way attach themselves to us or rely upon us for protection. The true birds of the forest, however, have not in many cases, shown any disposition to change their ways and adapt themselves to life in the clearings; sometimes in the winter a few stragglers may visit the pine groves and wood lots of Southern Ontario, but when they do so they seem out of place, they are restless and hurried in their actions, showing that they do not feel at ease. To see these birds and learn their ways, one must visit them in the woods of the north land, there they are in accord with their surroundings; their wild notes, which sounded strange and harsh over the cultivated fields, now harmonize perfectly with the rugged scenery of the grim forest which is their home.

There is an attractiveness in this north land of ours which is irresistible to those who have once come under its charm. It is a country of evergreen trees and moss-covered rocks, lightened up by countless crystal lakes and rushing streams; a land which has not as yet been wholly disfigured by the lumberman or bushwhacker. Here the gentle notes of the Bluebird, Phœbe or Bob-o-link are never heard, but from over the lake comes the scream of the Fish Hawk and the laugh of the Loon, while from overhead the rolling croak of a Raven vibrates on your ear. These sounds intensify the sense of wildness and solitude which always impresses the traveller in a northern evergreen forest. Among the hardwoods this feeling is never so strong, small birds are more abundant and their call notes and songs are of a more lively and familiar character. The brisk little

squirrels too are generally sufficiently strong in evidence to dispel the oppression one is apt to feel amongst the giant evergreens.

The most characteristic family of birds found in the woods are the Wood-peckers. Nine species occur in Ontario, all of which, with the exception of the Flicker, are strictly tree climbers. The Flicker commonly feeds upon the ground, but none of the others do so. The Arctic three-toed Woodpecker, the American three-toed Woodpecker and the Piliated Woodpecker (better known as the "Cock of the Woods") are true birds of the forest, very seldom showing themselves in the neighbourhood of cultivated lands. The other species are pretty generally distributed all over the Province, making themselves quite at home in orchard or wood lot.

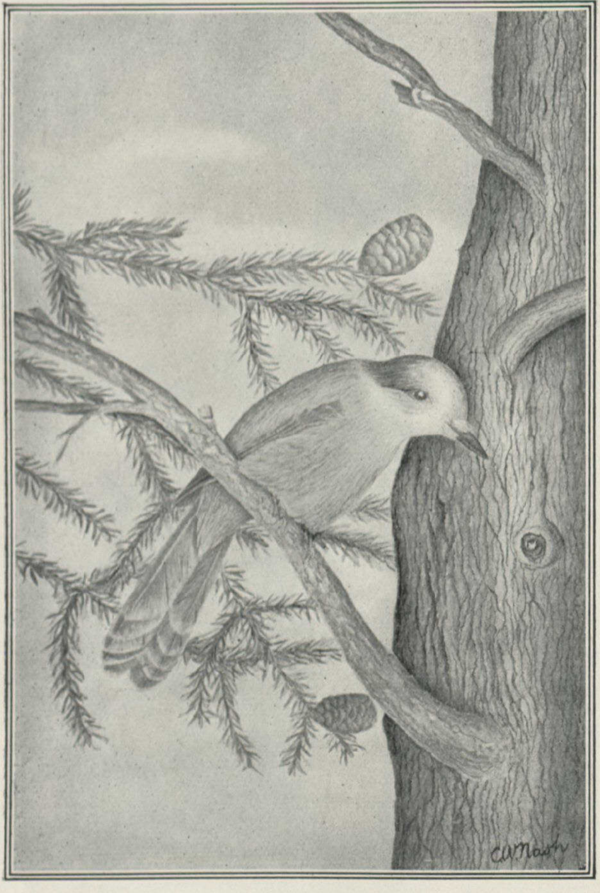
COCK OF THE WOODS—"A MORNING CALL"

Nine species of Woodpecker are found. Note the short tarsus, the great size and strength of the feet, the large sharp claws and the hardness of the bill. Its tongue is long and barbed, so as to enable it to draw bugs and worms out of the holes in dead trees. The feathers on the top of the head are red, as is a small patch below the eye.

DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

The Cock of the Woods is not exclusively a bird of the north, but heavy timber is necessary for its existence. Before the original forest was cleared off it was undoubtedly found all over the Province. Up to 1880 there were always a few pairs in the counties of Wentworth, Haldimand and Norfolk, and in July, 1881, I found a pair with their young in what was known as the Indian bush, south of Brantford. From these haunts the birds have long since disappeared, they cannot (like the smaller species) adapt themselves to civilized conditions. The primeval forest with its grandeur of giant trees, silvery lakes and rushing streams, and the companionship of nature's wildest forms of life, seem to be the necessary associations of this chieftain of the Woodpeckers.

It is always a shy bird, difficult to approach and very clever in keeping at a safe distance from danger. Its large size, dark colour and habit of constantly hammering on the branches of dead trees render it noticeable enough, while its call will attract attention at any time. It is very noisy, constantly uttering a succession of loud notes



CANADA JAY OR WHISKEY JACK

A fluffy creature which is fond of attending at the cooking operations of campers. It has a partiality for cooked food.

DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

which very much resemble cackling laughter. This it does while flying from tree to tree or when working over the trunk searching for the tunnels of the borers which form its chief food.

No creature shows a more perfect adaptation to its method of life than does this Woodpecker. Its strength is simply marvellous and will hardly be credited, until it is actually seen at work upon some stump or dead trunk, into which it is drilling in search of its prey, or when it is engaged in excavating a hole for its nest. Watch the great bird as it hurriedly scrambles around a tree trunk, throwing itself from side to side and clinging with ease in any and every position except head downwards, and making the forest ring with its powerful strokes as it opens out the burrow of a fat grub. Then take one in your hand and notice the short tarsus, the great size and strength of the feet, with two toes directed forward and two backward, the claws as large and sharp as a cat's, and the size and hardness of its bill. Its capabilities will then be fully realized. The tongue of a Woodpecker is a highly specialized organ, eminently fitted to the purpose for which it is used, and in this species it reaches nearly its highest development. It is so constructed as to combine the two characters of length and strength which are needed for extensile purposes, the tip being horny and barbed along the edges. In use it is extended far beyond the tip of the bill and is thrust as a probe to the end of the partly opened tunnel of a borer which is then impaled upon the hard, sharp tip and held by the barbs so that it can be drawn out and devoured.

The nesting place of the Cock of the Woods is a hole dug out by the birds at a considerable height in some large tree, deep in the forest, lined only with some few fine chips. In this are deposited from four to six pure white eggs. After the young leave the nest they follow their parents until late in the fall when they shift for themselves.

The wild, unapproachable disposition of the Cock of the Woods is in marked contrast with the general character of most of the smaller residents of the north woods. They are much

less shy with the visitor to their domain than are the feathered residents of our farms and wood lots. They have not yet learned to mistrust all men. Even the Ruffed Grouse, which by hard experience has learned to be wary near the settlements, will only just flutter up on to a branch when disturbed in its seclusion of the forest. The little Chickadees and Nuthatches will fearlessly alight upon the stick you have cut for firewood as soon as you have laid it open, and will pick out the grubs exposed as confidently as if they believed the whole thing was done for their benefit.

And who that has ever camped in the north has not admired and been entertained by the impudent familiarity of that expert petty pilferer the Canada Jay, or Whiskey Jack as he is more commonly called. As Whiskey Jack he is generally known, but he has as many aliases as a city pickpocket. Moose bird and meat bird are names sometimes applied to him, more particularly in the East, I believe.

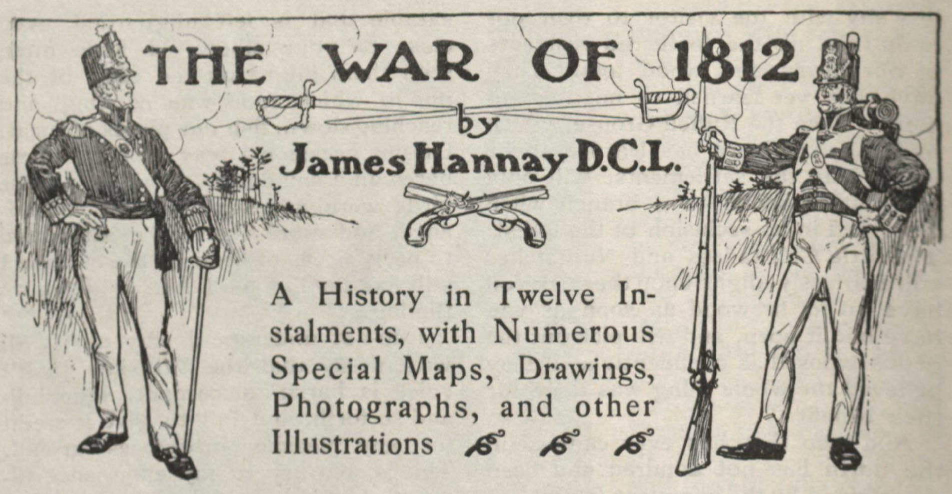
Wherever I have camped in Northern Ontario or in the wooded parts of Manitoba during the fall or winter, I have never yet failed to have Whiskey Jacks as constant visitors. As soon as the first strokes of an axe sound through the woods, these birds will come to investigate. You hear musical whisperings in the trees about you, and on looking up will see several of these fluffy creatures watching your operations with the greatest interest. The quaint air of wisdom and curiosity they assume as they turn their heads from side to side to look at you, first out of one eye and then the other, is indescribable, and all the time keeping up a sort of complacent conversation, as if perfectly satisfied that something good would certainly result to them from your labour. When the cooking commences their interest in the proceedings becomes deeper, and they draw closer to the fire, ready at any moment to seize scraps that may be thrown aside; nor will they stop at that, but will in the most impudent fashion help themselves to anything eatable that is left unguarded, even close to your elbow. I have often seen them alight on the edge of the pot in which food was cooking, and reaching down, fish out pieces of meat. On one occasion I was cleaning some hares on a small log. Several of these birds were, as usual, in close attendance, and more than once attempted to peck pieces of flesh off the carcase I still had hold of as I laid it down on the log.

I do not understand why nearly all writers say that the Whiskey Jack's voice is harsh, discordant, squealing and so forth, and fail to give it credit for any pleasing utterances at all. This is contrary to my experience altogether. It is true that the bird has a very wide vocabulary, and can, when the spirit moves it, produce some of the queerest screams of any bird I know. Yet, when it is pleased with itself, as it generally is, or when anticipating a good feast, its notes are as musical as those of any bird of the woods.

A good deal of mystery has always attached to the nesting of this bird. The reason for that is, the bird is a very early breeder, and but few people are in the habit of visiting the spruce forests to which it resorts at the time it is engaged in incubation.

The nest is usually built early in March, while the thermometer may in the north land still be hovering near zero. It is a compact, closely built structure, very neatly and warmly lined with fine grass and feathers. In it are usually deposited four eggs of a greenish gray ground colour, spotted with dark gray, lavender and brown. The young, for some time after they leave the nest, are much darker than their parents, being nearly all over of a dark sooty colour, acquiring their white markings after maturity.

I can quite understand why trappers should dislike this bird, because it sometimes injures the skin of animals that it may find dead in their traps, by eating holes in them; but it is a great favourite of mine, and will always be welcome to my camp in spite of its petty pilfering of eatables.



EIGHTH INSTALMENT—CHATEAUGUAY—CHRYSTLER'S FARM—BURNING OF NEWARK

CHATEAUGUAY

THE appointment of General James Wilkinson to the command of the Northern army of the United States, in place of General Dearborn, has already been noticed. Wilkinson was an old friend of Armstrong, the War Secretary, and the latter seems to have thought that the new commander would be a good instrument to carry out the plans he had formed for the invasion of Canada. These plans which were approved by the Government, involved the capture of Kingston, and a descent from there to Montreal. Wilkinson offered some objection to this proposal, which he deemed premature until more had been accomplished on the peninsula. Owing to this disagreement, when General Wilkinson arrived at Sackett's Harbour on the 20th August to take command of the army, no definite plan of operations had been determined upon, but at a council of officers held on the 28th, it was determined to concentrate at Sackett's Harbour all the troops in that department, except those on Lake Champlain, preparatory to striking "a deadly blow somewhere."

This Lake Champlain army was the same that General Dearborn had assembled at Plattsburg twelve months before, and was under the command of General Wade Hampton. It consisted of more than 4,000 infantry of the regular army, a squadron of cavalry numbering 180 men, a train of artillery of 10 guns and a body of New York State Militia, which brought its total strength to about 5,500 men. This formidable force, which formed the right wing of Wilkinson's army, went into camp at Chateauguay Four Corners, a few miles south of the Canadian line, on the 24th September, and remained there awaiting orders.

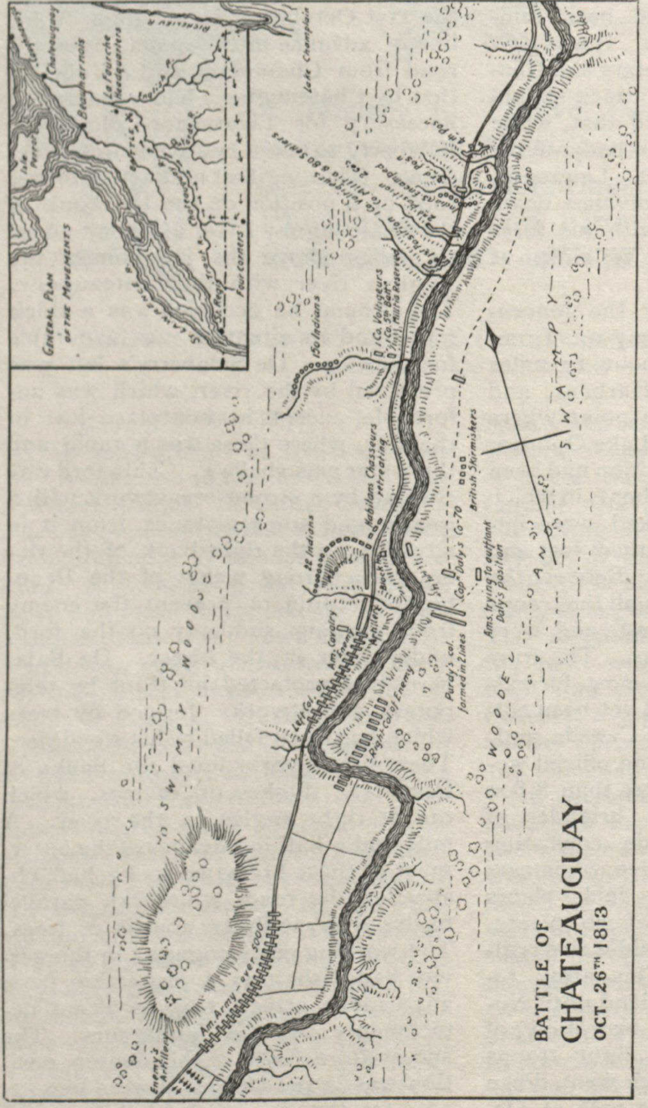
As Secretary Armstrong, in consequence of the difference of opinion between them as to the plan of campaign, was led to distrust Wilkinson's judgment, he went to Sackett's Harbour early in September and established the seat of his department there. Such an unusual course appeared to be rendered necessary by the eccentric conduct of General Hampton, who had refused to take orders from Wilkinson, claiming that his was a separate command. Armstrong was still bent on attacking Kingston, and it was not until the 16th October, when it was learned the place had been reinforced, that the project was abandoned. The British had received intelligence of the meditated movement, and on the 2nd of the same

month, Major-General De Rottenburg had left the Niagara frontier for Kingston with the 49th and 104th Regts., by which movement Major-General Vincent again became commander on that line. To compensate in some measure for this reduction in force, the army on the Niagara frontier had been reinforced by the 100th Regt. It was now agreed by the War Secretary and General Wilkinson, that the attack should be made on Montreal, and that, while the latter with the main body of the army descended the St. Lawrence, Gen. Hampton should advance down the Chateauguay River with his force and form a junction with Wilkinson at Isle Perrot.

The place selected for the concentration of Wilkinson's army was Grenadier Island, which is about 17 miles distant from Sackett's Harbour, and within four miles of the point where the St. Lawrence leaves Lake Ontario. The starting of the expedition had been delayed so long that the boats in which the troops were embarked were impeded by storms, 15 of them lost and many of them damaged. Between the 19th and 26th of October all the troops reached Grenadier Island and were ready for active operations. The army thus assembled was the most formidable in numbers that had yet been collected for the invasion of Canada, and, according to the American official accounts, consisted of more than 8,800 men. There were four brigades of infantry, a fifth brigade consisting of light troops, and three regiments of artillery, with 38 field pieces and a battering train of 20 pieces, under General Porter, besides two regiments of dragoons. This army remained on Grenadier Island until November 1st, with the exception of Brown's brigade, some light troops and heavy artillery, which went down the St. Lawrence on the 29th of October and encamped at French Creek, near Clayton. This was done to cause the British to believe that Kingston was the point aimed at, so as to induce them to concentrate their troops there and uncover Montreal.

At the same time that Wilkinson's troops commenced to embark at Sackett's Harbour for Grenadier Island, orders were sent to General Hampton, on the Chateauguay, to move down that river with his army, towards the St. Lawrence. This he began to do on the 21st October. The change of his line of advance into Canada, from the road from Champlain to La Colle, to that by Chateauguay, had rendered it necessary for Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry to adopt new measures of defence. That vigilant and active officer took up a position on the left bank of the Chateauguay River at a point about six miles above the junction of the English river with the Chateauguay. The ground he occupied was a thick forest and its situation was favourable for defence. De Salaberry's left was protected by the river, which was unfordable, except in one place just in the rear, where there was a rapid and the water was shallow. This ford was covered by a strong breastwork with a guard, and some distance from it in advance, on the right bank of the river, was a strong picket of the Beauharnois Militia to prevent the enemy from stealing suddenly on the ford, under cover of the forest. De Salaberry had protected his front by temporary breastworks formed by trees which had been felled by his woodmen. These breastworks lined the banks of four deep ditches or ravines, which ran at right angles to the river. A mile and a-half in advance of the outermost of these breastworks he had obstructed the road, which ran parallel to the river, with an abattis of trees. The working party engaged in this service had with it as a protection from any sudden attack, two subaltern detachments of the Voltigeurs. The successful defence of this chosen position was in the highest degree important, for the country behind it to the mouth of the Chateauguay river, was mainly open and cultivated, and might have been easily traversed by an invading army. Lieut.-Col. De Salaberry's whole force with which to guard this vital point did not exceed 800 rank and

file. It consisted of the two flank companies of the Canadian Fencibles, four companies of Voltigeurs, and six flank companies of embodied Militia and Chateauguay Chasseurs under Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, late of the Glengarry Regt. There were also at the post 172 Indians under Capt. Lamotte.



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF CHATEAUGUAY

On the 22nd of October the greater part of Hampton's army had crossed into Canada and encamped at Spear's, near the junction of the Outard with the Chateauguay river. A road for the artillery was made through the woods, and Hampton's 10 guns were brought up to his camp. Beyond Spear's were seven miles of open country, and then commenced the tract of open forest in which De Salaberry had taken his stand. After making a reconnaissance, in which the ford on De Salaberry's left flank was discovered, Hampton, on the evening of the 25th, detached Col. Purdy with the 4th U.S. Infantry and the light troops of the first brigade to force the ford and fall upon the British rear at dawn. It was arranged that as soon as Purdy's musketry was heard, General Hampton and General Izard should make an attack in front with 3,500 men. The morning of the 26th dawned, and Hampton's troops stood to their arms, but there came no sign from Purdy. That officer, owing to the ignorance or treachery of his guide, had lost his way in the woods, and could neither find the ford nor the place from which he had started. The forenoon was well spent before he reached the vicinity of the ford, and in the meantime General Izard had advanced with the main body of the army to the front of De Salaberry's position. The two subaltern detachments of the Voltigeurs, which were charged with the duty of

guarding the working party, immediately retired to the abattis, after exchanging shots with the enemy. De Salaberry, in the meantime, had arrived with the light company of the Canadian Fencibles commanded by Capt. Ferguson, and two companies of his Voltigeurs commanded by Captains Jean Baptiste and Juchereau Duchesnay. He posted Captain Ferguson's company on the right, in front of the abattis in extended order, a few Abenaquis Indians being placed in the woods on its right flank. To the left of the Fencibles, Jean Baptiste Duchesnay's company of Voltigeurs occupied the grounds in extended order to the river, while the other company of Voltigeurs under Captain Juchereau Duchesnay and about 35 sedentary Militia, were thrown en potence along the margin of the river for the purpose of checking the enemy, in the event of his appearance on the opposite side. The whole force thus drawn up to oppose the enemy did not exceed 250 rank and file.

General Izard advanced with his 3,500 men along the left bank of the river, in open columns of sections, and wheeled his troops into line in front of the Canadians who opened a brisk fire. The Americans replied with battalion volleys, which however were for the most part ineffective. The Canadian skirmishers were driven back to the abattis, but beyond this not one inch of ground was gained by Izard's formidable force. The Americans, mistaking the retirement of the skirmishers to the main body for a retreat, set up a shout of victory which was replied to by one of defiance from the Canadians, and Col. De Salaberry, at the same moment, ordered his bugler to sound the advance. This was heard by Lieut.-Col. Macdonell, who was with the reserves, and who, thinking De Salaberry was in need of support, caused his own buglers to answer, and advanced with two of his companies. At the same time he sent ten or twelve buglers into the adjoining woods, who sounded the advance all along an extended line, and led the Americans to believe that they had a large army to contend with. This deterred them from making any farther advance until Purdy's flank attack had been heard from.

This flank attack did not prosper any more than that of General Izard on the Canadian front. Purdy's heavy force had succeeded in driving back about 60 Chateauguay Chasseurs under Capt. Bruyere, but they were speedily reinforced by the light company of the 3rd Battalion of embodied Militia under Capt. Daley, and the advanced guard of the Americans driven back. Purdy's detachment, however, was too powerful to be resisted by so small a body, and it was pressing along the right bank of the river, in overwhelming numbers, when it was received by a heavy fire from Capt. Juchereau Duchesnay's company of Voltigeurs, which lay concealed on the opposite bank of the Chateauguay. The Americans were instantly thrown into the greatest confusion and fled back into the woods. A few of them managed to swim across the river, and carried to General Hampton such alarming accounts of the enormous number of British and Canadians on the right bank of the river, that he immediately ordered a retreat. The rest of Purdy's men, frantic with terror, broke up into scattered detachments, which, mistaking each other for enemies, kept up a spirited engagement the most of the night.

The battle of Chateauguay was won by 380 Canadians, most of them French Canadians, against more than ten times their force of American Regulars. The Canadian loss was only two killed, 16 wounded and four missing. Lossing states the American loss at "about 15 killed and 23 wounded;" but, as more than 90 dead bodies and graves were found on the right bank of the river alone after the battle, we are forced to the conclusion that Lossing in this, as in many of his other statements, is not telling the truth. Twenty prisoners were also taken by the Canadians. Chateauguay was a sad blow to American pride. Major-General

Wool, who was there, said long afterwards:—"No officer who had any regard for his reputation would voluntarily acknowledge himself as having been engaged in it."

Hampton retired from Chateauguay to his camp at Spear's, and three days later retreated with his whole force to Chauteauguay Four Corners, harassed by the victorious Canadians and by the Indians under Capt. Lamotte. On the 11th November another retrograde movement was made, and Hampton retired to Plattsburg. Thus ended this formidable invasion of Lower Canada by the right wing of the "Army of the North." As an acknowledgment of the bravery of the embodied Militia of Lower Canada in this and other engagements, the Prince Regent granted a pair of colours to each of the five battalions, a mark of his approbation which was fully deserved and highly appreciated.

CHRYSTLER'S FARM

It is now time to return to Grenadier Island and French Creek, where Wilkinson's army of 8,000 men halted on the first of November, in blissful ignorance of the defeat and retreat of Hampton. It should be understood by the reader that in all the operations which followed, down to the eve of the final abandonment of the expedition, General Wilkinson and his men were acting under the full belief that Hampton's army was advancing victoriously through Lower Canada to join them on the St. Lawrence. While General Wilkinson's army was being transported from Grenadier Island to French Creek, Commodore Chauncey undertook to blockade the British in Kingston harbour. But in spite of his efforts, two brigs, two schooners and eight gunboats got out and attacked the Americans at French Creek, on the afternoon of the 1st and the forenoon of the 2nd November. It was not until the appearance of Chauncey's fleet that they retired. The Americans lost two killed and four wounded. The British vessels, although fired at with red-hot shot, sustained little or no damage. Wilson arrived at French Creek on the 3rd, and on the morning of the 5th, just at dawn, the American army embarked in more than 300 boats and scows, and protected by 12 heavy gunboats, began to move down the St. Lawrence.

The British up to this moment had been unable to discover whether the expedition was intended to attack Kingston, Prescott or Montreal. Yet their vigilance was such that the instant the Americans left French Creek their enemies were in pursuit of them. A heavy armed British galley and several gunboats followed them and attacked their rear. The flotilla arrived at Morristown early the same evening, having been annoyed by the British gunboats all the way down. As the batteries of Fort Wellington at Prescott were considered too formidable to be passed in the day time, Wilkinson halted on the following day three miles above Ogdensburg, and landed his ammunition and all his troops except a sufficient number to man the boats. That night the boats ran past Fort Wellington with little loss, and again embarked the troops and ammunition at the Red Mill, four miles below Ogdensburg.

On the 7th Wilkinson landed Col. Alexander Macomb with a select corps of 1,200 men, and Lieut.-Col. Forsyth with his riflemen at the head of the Galops Rapids, to drive away the British from the prominent points of the river, and particularly from Matilda, where the St. Lawrence is little more than 500 yards wide. On the previous day General Wilkinson had addressed a proclamation to the people of Canada, which is in a very different strain from that of Hull. In it he had stated that he had invaded the Canadas to conquer, not to destroy, "to subdue the forces of His Britannic Majesty, not to war against his unoffending subjects." He promised protection to the persons and property of those who remained quietly at home. Only the old and feeble, however, could

be persuaded to do this, for the general in his official despatches complains of the "active universal hostility of the male inhabitants of the country." On the 8th, Wilkinson's army arrived at the White House, opposite Matilda, about 18 miles below Ogdensburg, and here the general called a council of his officers, consisting of Generals Lewis, Boyd, Brown, Porter, Covington and Swartwout. He had received a report from a spy employed by Colonel Swift, which stated the number and position of the British forces to be 600, under Colonel Murray, at Coteau du Lac, strongly fortified with artillery; about 300 artillery, but without ammunition, at the Cedar Rapids; 200 sailors, 400 marines, and a body of Militia at Montreal, with no fortifications, and 2,500 Regulars daily expected from Quebec. The same agent also reported the number of the Militia between Kingston and Quebec at 20,000. Wilkinson stated his own force at 7,000 non-commissioned officers and men, and put the question to the council, whether the army should proceed to Montreal. This was answered in the affirmative by all the officers, the more readily as Hampton had been ordered to join them with his army at St. Regis, and it was fully expected he would be there by the time they reached that place.

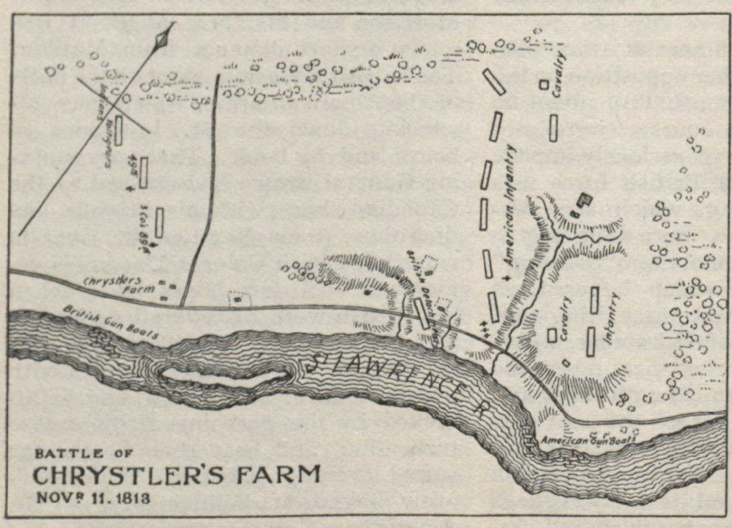
Macomb's detachment of 1,200 men encountered no other opposition on the Canadian shore than that of about 60 Militia, who, of course, were not numerous enough to seriously impede his march. But a British force was rapidly approaching, which was destined to prove even more annoying to the Americans than the "teasing" British gunboats which hovered on their rear. The troops at Kingston, in the beginning of November, which were available for service down the St. Lawrence, were the 49th Regt. and nine weak companies of the 2nd Battalion of the 89th. The former had arrived from the Niagara frontier a few days before, and its sadly reduced state from the sickness which had prevailed there, may be inferred from the fact that when it left Queenstown only 16 of its 50 commissioned officers were fit for duty. On the 4th November the two flank companies of this regiment were pushed forward to Fort Wellington, and on the morning of the 7th the remainder of the regiment, the nine companies of the 89th, a small detachment of artillery and two 6-pounders, set out in the same direction. This detachment, which was embarked in the schooners *Beresford* and *Sydney Smith*, seven gunboats and a number of bateaux, did not number more than 560 rank and file. Captain Mulcaster, who commanded the flotilla, skilfully evaded Chauncey's blockading squadron, and reached Fort Wellington on the 8th, the same day that Wilkinson held his council of war. Lieut.-Col. J. W. Morrison, of the 80th, who commanded this "Corps of Observation," was joined at Wellington by the two flank companies of the 49th, detachments of the Fencibles and Voltigeurs, a few Provincial Dragoons and some Militia artillery with a six-pounder, in all 240 rank and file. This reinforcement raised the strength of Lieut.-Col. Morrison's little army to 800 rank and file.

At Fort Wellington Capt. Mulcaster substituted bateaux for his two schooners, and on the 9th landed Lieut.-Col. Morrison and his force at Point Iroquois, a short distance from Matilda. The British were now close on the heels of the American army, which was advancing down the St. Lawrence in boats and by land. That very morning General Brown had crossed to the Canadian shore with his brigade and dragoons, to march down the river in connection with Colonel Macomb's detachment. A few hours later, when the British were discovered approaching, General Boyd was detached with his brigade to reinforce Brown with orders to cover his march, and, if attacked by the pursuing British, "to turn about and beat them." On the same evening General Wilkinson's army halted at Williamsburg. The American Commander-in-Chief had learned that a formidable British force

had collected at the foot of the Long Sault, and on the morning of the 10th General Brown was sent forward to dislodge them. This formidable force consisted of 300 Dundas and Glengarry Militia under Capt. Dennis of the 49th, and 30 Indians. When this officer was apprised of Brown's approach, he took immediate measures to impede his progress by destroying the bridge over Hoop Pole Creek, and distributing his men in the thick woods on the opposite bank, from which they maintained a severe fire on Brown's force. The latter was thus delayed several hours in his advance, and time enough given for the removal of all the stores at Cornwall. In this skirmish the Americans lost several killed and wounded, but, although they used cannon, they did not succeed in inflicting any damage on the Militia.

While General Brown was thus engaged with the Militia, General Wilkinson remained halted, awaiting intelligence from him. About noon he heard Brown's artillery down the river, and nearly at the same time was attacked by the British gunboats under Captain Mulcaster. Wilkinson was obliged to land two 18-pounders to resist this new danger, and most of the day was spent in disembarking and re-embarking the heavy guns. Only two miles were made by the Americans that day, and in the afternoon Wilkinson's vessels anchored for the night just below Weaver's Point and almost opposite the farm of Mr. John Chrystler. General Boyd's force was also encamped close by. It was not until 10 o'clock on the morning of the 11th that any message was received from Brown. He had reached the foot of the Long Sault, but his troops had been drenched by the heavy rain and were obliged to pass the preceding night without any shelter. He asked that the boats with supplies be sent to him as speedily as possible, and Wilkinson had given orders for the flotilla to proceed, and for General Boyd to resume his march, when the appearance of the British in his rear forced him to halt and give them battle. Thus was brought about the famous battle of Chrystler's Field.

The force which was drawn up at Chrystler's to receive the Americans was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Morrison, and was the same "Corps of Observation" that has already been described. It consisted of 340 rank and file of the 49th Regt., about 300 of the 89th, and detachments of the Canadian Fencibles and Voltigeurs, a few of the Royal Artillery and Militia Artillery with three guns and half a dozen Militia Dragoons, in all, about 800 rank and file of white troops, with 30 Indians under Lieut. Anderson. Lieut. Col. Morrison posted his men in a position which he had previously selected, his right resting



MAP OF BATTLE OF CHRYSTLER'S FARM

on the river and his left on a pine wood, and showing a front of about 700 yards. The ground occupied was perfectly open, and the troops were thus disposed. The flank companies of the 49th Regt., and the detachment of Canadian Fencibles with one 6-pounder, under Lieut. Col. Pearson, were on the right, a little advanced on the road which skirts the river and passes Chrystler's house. Three companies of the 89th Regt. under Captain Barnes with a 6-pounder were formed en echelon with the advance and supporting its left. The remainder of the 49th and 89th Regts. thrown more to the rear with one gun, formed the main body's reserve, and extended to the woods on the left, which were occupied by the Voltigeurs under Major Herriot and the Indians under Lieut. Anderson. It is difficult to get at the exact force that the Americans brought into the field in this battle. General Wilkinson, in his first official despatch in regard to the affair, says: "It is impossible to say with accuracy what was our number on the field, because it consisted of indefinite detachments taken from the boats, to render safe the passage of the Sault." In the next paragraph of his letter, however, he says: "Our force engaged might have reached 1,600 or 1,700 men, but actually did not exceed 1,800." But in a second despatch written two days later, which he asks the American Secretary of War to consider as an appendage to his first official communication, he says: "Having received information late in the day that the contest had been somewhat dubious, I ordered up a reserve of 600 men whom I had ordered to stand by their arms under Lieut.-Col. Upham, who gallantly led them into action, which terminated a few minutes after their arrival on the ground." Here we have an admission from the American general himself that he had 2,400 men engaged, or three times the British force. Yet it is not easy to understand why his available force should have been so small. A few days before he had announced his army as numbering 7,000 non-commissioned officers and privates. After making allowance for the detached forces under Brown, there certainly would be 4,000 men left with Wilkinson, of whom all but a few hundreds left in the boats might have taken part in the battle. It seems impossible, therefore, to resist the conclusion that the American general who, at the time of the battle was confined to his bed, had been misinformed as to the details of the engagement and the number of men he had in the field. Lieut.-Col. Morrison described the enemy as "consisting of two brigades of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, amounting to between three and four thousand men." There were in reality parts of three brigades and three brigadier-generals. The enemy brought six guns into action.

General Wilkinson's orders, as described by himself, were for Brigadier-General Boyd, "to throw down the detachments of his command assigned to him in the order of the preceding day, and composed of his own, Covington's and Swartwout's brigades, into three columns, to march upon the enemy, and outflank them if possible and take their artillery." About two o'clock p.m., Boyd proceeded to endeavour to carry out these orders. Swartwout was detached with the fourth brigade to attack the British advance, which was composed of light troops, while Covington was directed to take a position at supporting distance with the 3rd brigade. The British skirmishers fell back on the main body, and at 2.30 p.m. the action became general. The whole of Swartwout's brigade and part of the first brigade under Colonel Coles now endeavoured to turn the British left, while the third brigade, under General Covington, made a front attack. Swartwout's flank attack was repulsed by the six companies of the 89th, formed en potence with the eight companies of the 49th, both corps moving forward and occasionally firing by platoons. As their united strength did not exceed 420 rank and file, the character of their achievement in defeating one entire American brigade and part of another

will be understood. The efforts of the enemy were next directed against the British right, and to repulse this movement, which was made by General Covington's brigade with four cannon, the 49th took ground in that direction en echelon, followed by the 89th. When within half musket shot these two regiments formed in line under a heavy but irregular fire from the enemy. The 49th was then directed to charge one of the enemy's guns, but this movement was checked in consequence of a charge by the American dragoons on the right, as if persisted in, it would have exposed the 49th to an attack on their flank and rear by the cavalry. These dragoons, however, were received in so gallant a manner by the three companies of the 89th, under Captain Barnes, that they speedily retreated, and Barnes, following up the advantage he had gained, by a sudden charge captured the gun. This was the turning point of the battle. General Covington fell mortally wounded, and his brigade got into confusion. The fourth brigade was also pushed back, and it was followed in its retreat by the first, under Col. Coles. At half-past four the Americans had given way at all points, and their retreat was rapidly becoming a rout, when their disorderly flight was partially checked by the arrival of the reinforcement of 600 men under Lieut.-Col. Upham. The American light infantry attempted to cover their retreat, but were driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieut.-Col. Pearson with the flank companies of the 49th and the detachment of Canadian Fencibles. The British occupied the ground from which the Americans had been driven, but as they had no cavalry, they could not pursue the routed enemy.

In this battle the loss of the British was 22 killed, 147 wounded and 12 missing. The Americans stated their loss at 102 killed and 237 wounded. The British took more than 100 prisoners. As General Boyd, in reply to an enquiry by General Wilkinson, admitted that he could not maintain himself on the Canadian shore the night of the battle, it was necessary to embark his whole detachment, with the exception of the dragoons and light artillery, which were marched down the river. The embarkation was effected under cover of the darkness, and the American flotilla proceeded about four miles towards Cornwall and landed the defeated army on the American side of the St. Lawrence, where no British troops could molest them. On the following day the troops were re-embarked and the flotilla ran the Long Sault and formed a junction with General Brown's detachment at Barnhart's, three miles above Cornwall.

At this place an unpleasant surprise awaited Wilkinson. A short time after his arrival, Colonel Atkinson, General Hampton's Inspector-General, waited on him with a letter from that officer in which he declined to join Wilkinson at St. Regis, as he had been ordered, and informed him that he was marching to Lake Champlain to co-operate in the attack on Montreal from that point. Wilkinson called a council of war which decided that the attack on Montreal should be abandoned for that season, and that the army should go into winter quarters at French Mills, on the Salmon River. This programme was at once carried out, and on the following day the entire army crossed over to the American shore. Their movements were hastened by the news that there was a considerable British force at Coteau du Lac, and that Lieut-Col. Morrison's "Corps of Observation," which had defeated them at Chrystler's, was close at hand.

The failure of Wilkinson's expedition was the greatest of the series of humiliations which American pride had to endure in the course of the war. From the magnitude of the preparations that had been made and the number of men employed, success was reasonably to have been expected. More than 14,000 disciplined troops, including Hampton's army, had been engaged in the invasion of Canada, yet all their efforts had come to nothing.

The sedentary Militia of Lower Canada, which had been called out for active service in view of the threatened invasion, and who had responded with alacrity, were dismissed to their homes by a general order of the 17th of November, in which they were justly complimented for their loyalty and zeal. A great danger had been averted, and the last chance which the Americans had of successfully attacking Kingston or Montreal had passed away.

BURNING OF NEWARK

THE extreme anxiety of the American War Secretary to make the armies of Wilkinson and Hampton so strong that a successful invasion of Lower Canada would be the crowning effort of the year, had been the means of reducing the American force on the Niagara frontier and bringing operations there to a standstill. As it was considered that more glory was to be acquired before Montreal than in Upper Canada, all the regular officers of high rank were with Wilkinson and Hampton, and Fort George was left in command of Brigadier-General McClure, of the New York Militia. In the absence of General De Rottenburg, who had been called to Kingston, General Vincent again commanded the British forces on the Niagara frontier, having his headquarters near St. Davids. On the 9th of October the news of Procter's defeat on the Thames reached him, and as it was considered certain that Harrison would follow and attempt to capture the British post at Burlington Heights, it became necessary for Vincent to fall back and concentrate his army at that point. Accordingly the delicate operation of withdrawing the army from in front of a very superior enemy was commenced the same day, and conducted with such skill that the main body of the army had been nearly twelve hours on the march before the disappearance of the pickets notified the American commander that the British were gone. General McClure, with the bulk of his army, followed as far as Twelve Mile Creek, but the rear guard, consisting of the 100th Regt. and the light company of the 8th, under the command of Colonel Murray, presented such a formidable front that he did not attempt any attack. Vincent reached Burlington Heights without loss, and was there joined by the remnant of General Procter's army, numbering 246 officers and men.

General McClure, in a proclamation addressed to the people of Upper Canada which he issued at this time, chose to treat the retirement of the British army from before Fort George as an abandonment of the Province. Matters certainly wore a very unpromising aspect, and the Province was much nearer being abandoned than most people were aware at the time. For as soon as Sir George Prevost heard of Procter's defeat he sent orders to General Vincent directing him to evacuate all the British posts west of Kingston. That such an order should have been issued shows the extreme folly of a Commander-in-Chief attempting to direct operations from a distance without a knowledge of all the facts. Sir George Prevost doubtless believed when he issued the order that Harrison was advancing in force through the Western Peninsula, and that a speedy retreat was the only way to save the army. Fortunately for the interests of Canada and the credit of the British arms, the officers who were charged with the execution of the order had better information than the Commander-in-Chief, and were not afraid of responsibility. General Vincent called a council of war at Burlington Heights which decided that the order should not be obeyed, and that the army should not retreat. This noble resolve, which was taken in one of the darkest hours of the war, at a time when the Americans looked upon Montreal as already theirs, was the means of winning back all that had been lost on the Niagara frontier that year. It nerved the arm of every British soldier and Canadian Militiaman to greater efforts, and inspired

the hearts of all the people of the Province with renewed courage.

The retirement of the British from the vicinity of Fort George gave General McClure a free hand for the practice of the only species of warfare in which he was competent to shine—that of marauding and plundering. American soldiers were quartered on the inhabitants of Newark, and the farm houses in its vicinity were systematically robbed by McClure's troops. This general had offered the friendship and protection of his government to the people of the Province, but these fine sounding words proved to be without meaning. Friendship and protection were only for those who would renounce their allegiance and co-operate with him in the work of making Upper Canada an American state. All others who preferred to remain British subjects were to be dragooned into submission. Bands of American soldiers scoured the country, pillaging and destroying the houses of the inhabitants and carrying off the principal of them to the American side of the Niagara River, where they were incarcerated in filthy dungeons.

McClure, whose force now consisted of nearly 3,000 volunteers and Militia and a few hundred Regulars, continued his course of outrage and robbery on the inhabitants within his lines, until it became imperatively necessary for the British Commander to attempt to do something to check it. Colonel Murray, who commanded the British advanced posts, on his own urgent representations, obtained permission from General Vincent to make a demonstration against the Americans, but with strict injunctions not to go beyond Forty Mile Creek. The news of Murray's advance with 380 of the 100th Regt., a few volunteers, and less than 100 Indians, was the signal for McClure to retreat from Twenty Mile Creek, where he was posted. Colonel Murray having obtained permission to extend his march, advanced as far as Twelve Mile Creek, and compelled McClure to retire to Fort George. But even there he did not deem himself safe, although the fort had been greatly strengthened during the summer and autumn, and he resolved to abandon Canada altogether. Before doing so, however, he completed the record of his vandalism and cruelty by an act which has made his name forever infamous in the history of the war.

The beautiful village of Newark, with its peaceful inhabitants, although it had suffered somewhat in the various contests which had occurred around it, still remained a pleasant and habitable town. It contained about 150 houses and two churches, in which its residents worshipped the same God that the Congress of the United States had earnestly requested to aid them in murdering and robbing the people of Canada. From the very first moment when McClure obtained the command, he seems to have cast an evil eye on Newark, and obtained from Secretary Armstrong the following order, which he afterwards used to justify his conduct:

War Department, Oct. 4th, 1813.

Sir,—Understanding that the defence of the post committed to your charge may render it proper to destroy the town of Newark, you are hereby directed to apprise the inhabitants of this circumstance and invite them to remove themselves and their effects to some place of greater safety.

John Armstrong.

Armed with this order, McClure could afford to wait until his vengeance against the unfortunate people of Newark could be sated to the utmost. December came with its bitter blasts and blinding snowstorms, so that the living creature that was left without shelter was foredoomed to death. On the 18th of the month, which chanced to be a Friday, just before nightfall, McClure sent his officers to notify the inhabitants of Newark that he was about to destroy their town, and that such of them as desired to save any of their effects should remove them at once. Half an hour later the incendiaries followed, and

soon every house in the village was in flames. The sun had set, but the sky was lighted up with the conflagration, which told of the cruel and wanton destruction of a peaceful town, and the inhabitants of Newark were homeless. More than 400 helpless women and children were driven out, without food or shelter, to endure the rigour of a Canadian winter that dreadful night. The aged and feeble, the sick and dying, and the new-born infant were alike sharers in the common doom which had been decreed against them by an infamous government, and executed by a man still more infamous than the men he served. Every building in Newark, with the exception of a single house, that of Mr. Gordon, was destroyed.

Murray from his camp at Twelve Mile Creek saw the conflagration of Newark, and divining its purport, hurried towards Fort George, hoping to surprise the garrison. The cowardly McClure became panic-stricken as he approached, and fled across the river in such fear that he left the whole of his tents, sufficient to accommodate 1,500 men, standing. So great was his haste to get away that the new barracks which had just been built were left unconsumed, the fort was not blown up, and a considerable number of cannon as well as a quantity of stores were left behind. Thus was the whole Niagara frontier once more cleared of the invader, and this region rescued from a merciless enemy. Once more the British flag floated over Fort George, which the Americans had been good enough to strengthen and improve so greatly that it could have stood a regular siege by a formidable force, if defended by men of courage instead of the cowardly incendiaries who had occupied it.

TO BE CONTINUED

HOME

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

"O MOTHER, the bells are ringing as never they rang before
And banners aloft are flying, and open is every door,
And down in the streets are thousands of men I have never seen ;
But friendly are all the faces—O, mother, what can it mean ?"

"My little one," said the mother, "for many long, weary years—
Through days that the sunshine mocked at and nights that were wet with tears—
I have waited and watched in silence too proud to speak, and now
The pulse of my heart is leaping, for the children have kept the vow ;

"And there they are coming, coming, the brothers you never knew ;
But, sightless, my ears would know them, so steady and firm and true

* Written for the Home-Comers' Celebration held in Toronto, July 1st to 4th.

Is the tramp of men whose fathers trod where the wind blows free
Over the heights of Queenston and willows of Chateauguay.

" For whether it be a thousand, or whether a single man—
In the calm of peace or battle, since ever the race began,
No human eye has seen it —'tis an undiscovered clime
Where the feet of my children's fathers have not stepped and beaten time.

"The dweller upon my threshold had vaunted and jeered and cried,
'The pledge of your offspring's birthright, your children have swept aside;
They cumber the land of strangers, they dwell in the alien's tent,
Till home is a word forgotten, and love but a bow unbent.

" 'Planners and builders of cities (Were ever such men as these ?)
Councillors, guides and moulders of the strangers' destinies—
Conquerors, yet are they conquered, and this is the word and sign ;
You boast of their wise seed-sowing, but the harvest they reap is mine.'

"Ah, little the stranger knew me, this mocking but friendly foe;
The youngest mother of nations, how could the stranger know
The faith of the old grey mother, her sorrows and hopes and fears ?—
Let her speak when her sons are tested like mine, for a thousand years.

"Afar in the dim savanna, when the dawn of the spring is near,
What is it wakes the wild goose, calling him loud and clear ?
What is it brings him homeward, battered and tempest torn ?
Are they weaker than birds of passage, the children whom I have borne ?

" Nay, the streets of the city tremble with the tread that shakes the world,
When the sons of the blood foregather and the mother flag flies unfurled—
Brothers are welcoming brothers, and the voices that pierce the blue
Answer the enemy's taunting—and the children of York* are true.

" Wanderers maybe, traitors never ! By the scroll of their fathers' lives,
The faith of the land that bore them, and the honour of their wives,
We may lose them, our own strong children, blossom and root and stem,
But the cradle will be remembered, for home is aye home to them."

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* An old name for the City of Toronto

RESUMÉ—Miss Jessica Murney is a young American singer living in a European "pension" (at Dresden) and taking vocal lessons from a German instructor who thinks her singing too mechanical. Mr. Hughes, a young Englishman, is in love with her, but cares little about her singing. Herr Werner, a big German, on the other hand thinks well of her but is most concerned with her art. A party of tourists go to Meissen to visit the famous schloss, Grosser Wendelstein. Jessica and Werner are left alone in the schloss during a thunderstorm, and together they viewed the frescos and portraits. Werner explains the romance and tragedy of it all, and arouses a new sub-consciousness in Jessica. She is re-created by her experience with peculiar results. She sings and talks with enthusiasm to the delight of Vogt and Werner and to the disquietude of Hughes. The party move to a pension in Lucerne, where Werner extends his influence over Jessica.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Murneys found themselves at the table d'hote of their new "pension" opposite two ladies who talked a good deal to each other, though as far removed as the poles in temperament and interests. One was a faded social flower—a widow, who had lived all over the world and had a set of correct opinions ready for every possible subject. The other was a cold, unornamented, "ramrody" sort of woman—a spinster, a very Amazon in the service of advanced thought, tempered by a touch of British conservatism. The widow commonly came to dinner in a lace mantilla; the Amazon appeared at luncheon in a walking hat and skirt. Next the widow sat a lady who was quite hard of hearing; and with her the widow delighted to talk of aristocratic mutual acquaintances. It was sensibly elevating, socially, to hear the widow conjecture in a tone loud enough to pierce her companion's dull ears whether or not Lady Blank would go to her villa in Cannes for the winter, or why the Prince of Centesimi had ceased to be interested in his Tuscan estate.

Next Mrs. Murney sat a non-conductor, conversationally—a Russian who never spoke to anybody except his hostess, and to her in German. Beside him was a German girl who delighted to practise her English. Opposite her was a rich French doctor and his wife who seemed to talk anything they liked; and beside her an Italian who had lived many years in Siam, and who talked a remarkable English all the time. Opposite Herr Werner, who sat next to Jessica, was a young American couple, in love with each other and with travel.

"I'm really afraid to buy anything," the young American wife was saying. "The New York customs house is simply awful."

"I think we all get to be free traders over here," observed Mrs. Murney.

"I heard of a man once," said the American husband, "who thought it would be a good joke to scare his wife; so when they got off at New York, he called a customs house officer and said: 'You better search that woman. I think she is smuggling some lace.' So they called her aside and searched her, and found eight hundred dollars worth on her which

she had bought for friends and didn't tell her husband about. When the officer came out and thanked the astonished husband for his timely hint, he realized the pleasures of being too funny."

"I thought," said the French doctor, sweetly, "that American wives and husbands kept nothing from each other."

"That," observed the widow, "is a pleasing fiction. I lived for twelve years in America."

"I shouldn't call it 'a *pleasing* fiction,'" broke in the Amazon in a wintry voice. "Why should a woman sink her individuality in a partnership?"

"Why should a man?" the American husband inquired militantly.

"Why should he, indeed?" retorted the Amazon, "though, for that matter, he seldom does."

"Does the woman, do you think?" asked the widow softly.

"Too often," from the Amazon.

"It is better, I think, where they both do," observed the American wife with downcast eyes and a sweet half-smile.

"It is best," said Herr Werner, "when their individualities are alike;" and Jessica raised her eyes to his approvingly.

"German husbands—ah—wear a—I cannot think," began the German girl with more pluck than vocabulary.

"A long pipe?" suggested the French doctor, innocently.

"No-o!" said the German girl, quite seriously; and she was visibly going over her mind methodically in search of that missing word.

"A pair of spectacles?" laughed the American husband.

"A marriage ring?" growled Herr Werner.

His countrywoman smiled her thanks at him. "Yes," she said, "that is right. German husbands wear a marriage ring; but you English—husbands—put it off, isn't it?"

"They never put it on," said Jessica.

"No-o?" cried the German girl in great surprise, looking as if she would doubt the propriety of a marriage of that kind.

"Different people," observed the American husband, "wear the ring of subjection in different places—the German on his finger, the bull in his nose, the American in his voice."

"While the Englishman, I am told," broke in Jessica, with a recurrence of her old manner, "puts it in his wife's name."

Herr Werner had a gratified expression at this, until the Amazon remarked that a German's treatment of his "frau" was simply uncivilized.

"The frau," observed the German girl, "is out of the kitchen getting—."

"To make room for men," shot in the French doctor, "as in France. With us, the business of cooking is too vitally important to be left to the ladies," and he smiled jocosely at his wife.

"The ladies," said the Amazon, "seldom cook with us."

"But they do with us," cried the American husband. "We have the cook-lady and the laundry-lady, you know, and all the rest of it."

It would be impossible to put in print the disgust on the Amazon's face. The gentleman from Siam now began a monologue upon Italian domestic life, deadening his voice at regular intervals—but never stopping it—with a forkful from his plate.

"The Italian is a queer fellow," he was saying presently. "One said to me just the other day—'It costs me five thousand lira to live; two thousand to keep my house, to feed me and to clothe me, and three thousand to drive me out in the corso.' Now I would have said four thousand to live and one thousand for carriage; but the Italian is all for show. Still he lives very cheaply; he eats many macaroni, cooked in all style, and much vegetables;" and he began giving the price of vegetables in the various Italian cities.

The table had been subtly conscious for some minutes that an affectionate difference of opinion had sprung into existence between the French couple.

Only a low word or two in lightning French had been spoken, but an incessant though noiseless discussion of shrugged shoulders and wrinkled foreheads and moue-ed lips had followed. Now, however, it was ended, and Madame had her way; for she placed a quieting hand over the Doctor's as it lay, potently nervous though still, on the table, and asked the Swiss hostess if she wouldn't poach an egg for "M'sieur."

"Oui, certainement," and a smile; and the order was given.

The Doctor assumed a delightful air of resignation. Madame flashed at him a mischievous glance that had, however, a light touch of motherliness in it. Then he turned to Jessica with—

"My wife spoils me."

"Nothing is pleasanter," responded Jessica.

Madame beamed on her and almost spoke, but thought better of it; possibly she might have told the girl that she would learn one day that it is as pleasant to do the spoiling.

Several days later when the Murneys climbed the hill from the quay, after having spent the morning with Herr Vogt, Jessica caught sight of a familiar face in the drawing-room. Pushing open the door, she saw others; and then she knew them—the Vassar party.

"Why, Miss Murney!" "And *Mrs.* Murney!" they chorused; and then—"Are *you* here?" and "When *did* you leave Dresden?" and "Where *have* you been since?"

"Where have *you* been?" asked Jessica.

"Oh! let me see," cried one of them. "From Dresden we went to Prague and then to Vienna—Oh! Vienna *is* sweet. You ought to see the officers on—on—What is the name of that street?—Where the cafes are, you know!"

"Karntner strasse," said the Fraulein in charge of the party a little wearily.

"Karntner strasse! Oh, yes! Such distinguished looking men! And then the Prater on a Sunday!—and the Bohemian girls!"

"Oh, and you should see the girls wearing Cashmere shawls over their heads in Venice," broke in another enthusiastically.

"Why, have you been to Venice, too?" asked Jessica, in astonishment.

"Yes; and Florence and Milan. We were a long time in Florence—did everything."

"How delightful!" said Jessica, her head beginning to whirl.

"But the Last Supper there is a fraud," one of them warned her solemnly. "All faded."

"It is not in Florence, Bertha," corrected the Fraulein. "It is in Milan."

"Oh!" said Bertha. "Well, we took the street car to it anyway."

"Are you going to stay long here?" asked Jessica.

"Quite a while!" said one of them. "We are going to do Lucerne and a run down the Lake this afternoon, go up the Righi to-morrow, and possibly on to Geneva next day."

That afternoon Jessica went with Herr Werner to study the old paintings on the two curious wooden bridges that cross the swift Reuss as it flows out of the lake through the city; and very redolent of the elder time they found them. Slowly they walked from one to another, making out the meaning of each, so full of the mystery of a religion that was frankly and constantly supernatural, and of the greatness of rulers who led their people into battle, risking something more than the annoyance of disturbing cablegrams.

When they had tired their eyes and sated their imaginations, they walked home past the Schweizerhof; and Mr. Hughes, who had walked Lucerne three days in silent search of the Murneys, there met them.

So it was true, he told himself, Werner was here, and not in Poland at all. The three chatted for a few minutes and exchanged addresses; and then Jessica and Herr Werner went on up the hill.

"He's hypnotized her, damn him," said Hughes to his moustache. "She is up in the air all the time—not a bit like herself. Should have a brother

here, by Jove!—I wonder what her mother is about. Hypnotized, too, likely."

Which last was nearer the truth than most of his soliloquy; for Mrs. Murney was again dreaming of New York opera and golden streams, and a home on Murray Hill—yes, and a cottage at "the Pier."

■

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Theodore Hughes considered his position at great length that night, sitting in the starlight on one of the benches by the lake and near the Casino while doing it. The sound of singing floated in from happy boatloads out on the placid water; a circle of lights marked the sweep of the old town; upon the hill behind him an occasional bright ray broke through the foliage of the trees, one, perhaps, from the lamp beside which Jessica possibly sat—Jessica and "that cursed German." Across the harbour tingled and circled and clashed a light-etched "merry-go-round" with a mechanical orchestra. The clear, cool air of the Alpine night lay on his cheek and the vast mountain masses were a dim shadow. Gradually Mr. Hughes' cigarettes turned from coal to ash, and he seldom moved except to extract another from his case.

What should he do about it? Should he do anything? He found it easier to argue that he shouldn't than that he should, but the conclusion was less satisfactory. Still Miss Murney had no claim upon him. She was not even a countrywoman of his. If she chose to have that dreamy German with her, and her mother was willing that she should, why should he—but that German was disgusting, and no mistake. They probably went walks together, and she sat among the wild flowers and made daisy chains for him. It would be unmanly in him (Hughes) to go away and leave a young girl to that. He would drive off the German vampire and then he would go away. If she did not want him about he would not stay about, but it was only common chivalry to rescue her from positive danger before he went.

As for the "how," he knew but one way, and that was to see the German and tell him he must clear out and leave the girl alone, and if he wouldn't "clear out," to knock him down. That settled, Mr. Hughes took a turn by the lake and went to bed.

The next day Herr Werner went down town in the morning and did not turn up for luncheon at the hill-top "pension." But the others did, and the French doctor was inclined to be talkative.

"I like Americans," he said to Mrs. Murney with that astonishing skill in point-blank compliment which is second nature to the French race. "They seem nearer kin to us than the English—not so cold, quicker, more—more intuitional."

"I think we are," agreed Mrs. Murney. "I find English people difficult to get acquainted with."

The widow shrugged her shoulders. "Some people," she said, "prefer peanuts to walnuts because they have so little shell."

"You are not English," said the Doctor to her quickly.

"No, but I like them," she replied. "They know what friendship means—they are steadfast and loyal."

"Pouf!" cried the Frenchman. "Every man is his own best friend, and of the rest of the world he asks—sympathy with his mood, entertainment, '*bonne camaraderie*,' nothing more."

"Yet sometimes he wants to borrow a dollar," remarked the American husband drily, with a smile to his plate.

"Don't you think that Americans make good friends, too?" Jessica asked of the widow.

"Splendid!" was the reply, and with enthusiasm. "Especially," he added, "for light afflictions. They are so instantly kind, and so solicitous, and so quick to take trouble for you."

"But do you never want friends when the sun shines?" asked the Doctor.

The question seemed to reach an

inner sanctuary in Jessica, and she said thoughtfully, half to herself—

"Do we, I wonder? Is it not companionship we want then?"

"Ah!" breathed the Frenchman, with a quick glance at her that told how true he found her intuition, and how surprised he was to find it so.

"That is which I think," joined in the gentleman from Siam who had begun to find his own long silence oppressive. "When I am gay, I want friends, friends, friends, but when I am sad I select to be alone."

"That is like the animals," pleasantly observed the Amazon. "When wounded, they hide themselves."

Jessica heard little of this, for she was still thinking of the Frenchman's question.

"You like to enjoy things," she now said, "with people who see them as you do, without asking whether they would stand by you in trouble or not, but when trouble comes, you want one with you who will stand the closer the darker it grows—and it matters little then whether he sees all the colours of the rainbow as you do."

"'One'—'he,'" quoted the young American wife under her breath.

Jessica heard it, however, and flushed furiously, resolving never to think out loud in public again. For she knew that in her mind, "companion" had meant Herr Werner, and "friend" Mr. Hughes, and she was not a little startled to see so plainly her attitude toward the two men.

The conversation then turned to the kind of time the Vassar party were probably having on the Righi—with an interlude by the Italian from Siam on the loneliness of life in the "clubs" of the tropics—and from that to the dangers and follies and daring of Alpinism.

"Alpinism! It sounds like a new religion," said Jessica.

"It is," the American husband assured her cheerfully, "with a ready-made hymn in 'Excelsior' and climbing toward heaven as an object."

"And for a god," observed the Frenchman, "the image of one's self a niche higher than any other," and then, after a pause—"This making of gods in one's own image is not a new idea in the history of religions."

Herr Werner was meantime having his luncheon with Herr Vogt, and there was a suffused blush under his left eye and his nose looked large and tender. And Herr Vogt's protruding eyes were rolling in alarm at Herr Werner's singular story. He was learning for the first time what it was that killed the song-spirit in the wonderful Miss Murney, and made her a lump of clay. It was the malevolent presence of a rude, frozen-faced, soulless, raw-beef-eating barbarian from England, who led her to play at a silly ball game until she was a mere panting, perspiring animal, who ridiculed every out-reaching of the soul and cared only for jingle music or sloppy ballads, who had no imagination, no love for the dream, and who, when he was present, dragged the song queen down to his level—that of a street singer enjoying a romp in the country. And, worst of all, he had followed them from Dresden to Lucerne.

"But can you not keep her from him?" cried Herr Vogt—of course, in German.

"He has seen her," answered Herr Werner gloomily, "and he knows her address, and nothing on earth—not a regiment of Uhlans—would keep him from her."

"What can we do? What can we do?" lamented Herr Vogt. "We must not lose her again. She will be the star of Europe."

"Listen to me," asked Herr Werner, impressively. "Who brought her to you this last time when she was lost?"

"It was you."

"Yes, and though you did not know it," went on Herr Werner, "it was I who brought her to herself the day she went to Meissen."

"Ah!" cried Herr Vogt. "She told me that it was there that her eyes were opened."

"Yes—and with me. Now listen! We must get her away from here and at once. We must hide her from this barbarian."

"But will she go?" asked Herr Vogt.

"Yes; now she will—she has not been seized by the English bulldog yet. But you must command; you must say that you are going and I must only seem to follow."

"Yes—but where?"

That was the question, and for an hour they discussed it. Berlin would have won, but it would be so easy to trace them there—Herr Vogt was so well known, and the German police so omniscient. Then the Murneys would want a reason for passing Dresden.

At last, Herr Werner had an inspiration. "Why not say Paris?" he proposed. "We can tell her that it is for the advantage of the opera, and I know a safe nook in the Latin Quarter."

So it was settled, and Herr Werner took his boat back, stopped at a chemist's to get his eye painted and his swollen nose reduced, and then climbed the hill and walked through the garden to the veranda to find Hughes and Jessica pacing up and down there as if they trod the deck of a ship.

The two men bowed stiffly and Herr Werner said that he had been taking a little journey on the lake. Then he called their attention to the rose-tints and the softly shaded blues that lay among the massed mountains piled up to the Southern horizon.

"Very pretty," said Hughes, patronizing the prospect in quite a proper, self-respecting fashion.

But Jessica had leaned upon the railing, and her eyes went out to the marvellous beauty of the scene, soft and yet rugged, majestic and yet tinted like a garden flower.

Herr Werner smiled under his moustache. He had pitted the Alps against the Englishman. Let him bully them if he could!

■

CHAPTER XIV.

As Mr. Hughes walked down the hill from the Murney "pension," he did some resolute thinking. Clearly, the "knock down" argument did not dispose of Herr Werner. He came up after it, not exactly smiling but unabashed, and while Mr. Hughes despised him for not fighting back as the rules of the game demanded, he had a sporting respect for the man who had come out of the struggle unconquered. He was still at the Murney "pension;" he would be there to-night, practising his devilish, mesmeric arts. For there was no longer any doubt about them. He (Hughes) had found Jessica dreamy and abstracted when he had called after luncheon, just as she had been during those last days in Dresden. If he had not known her as she was before Werner got hold of her, he would have thought her pretty dull company. But there was the same soft, smooth cheek—a shade thinner; the same deep-breathing bosom; the same masses of silken black hair; something of the same quick play of mind—but not quite. It winged about so much in the clouds now that he hardly knew whether it was quick or slow. But gradually as they talked she had come nearer and nearer to the prankish, gay-hearted spirit of the old Jessica. Then "Svengali" came! when in a flash she was back in the clouds again, talking a sort of watery, womanish rendering of Werner's nonsense. It was downright sickening.

Well, what should he do? Let Werner go on? He might not get a chance to knock him down again for a month. Perplexed and growing more indignant with every step, he reached his hotel, and there was amazed to find a lady with outstretched hand and sweet smile, awaiting him in the hall.

"I know you're surprised," she said. "I knew you would be when I got Sam to come on here. But I wanted to see how you made out with the big hypnotist and his poor victim. Herr Werner's here all right, isn't he? I just couldn't wait." It was the lady from Maine.

"Well, I'm not making out," said Hughes savagely.

"He's here, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"I knew it. I knew it. I told Sam—"

"Who's Sam?"

"Why, my husband—don't you know?"

"I never heard his first name."

"Oh, well, Sam's with me. And now come up to my room and tell us all about it. I'm just dying to hear."

At first Hughes demurred. There was nothing to tell. But the voice of the lady from Maine rose as she conjectured freely what had happened with a view to improving his memory, and people in the hall began to look at them curiously—so he went. There she elicited from him that he had seen them, that he believed Jessica to be hypnotised, that he had met and remonstrated plainly with Herr Werner, to which he added with a reserved, deep-throated note of self-approval that he had incidentally knocked him down—

"No! Did you?" cried "Sam," waking up to a new interest in the affair.

Hughes nodded.

"Why, however, did you get the chance?"

"Met him outside the wall."

"Well, that's magnifyke, as the French say."

"And he's still there?" asked the lady from Maine.

"Yes, he is," grimly, "and she's still right under his thumb."

"What—can—we—do?" the lady from Maine conjectured in slow wonder.

"Rescue her and carry her off," suggested her husband lightly.

"Where to?" she demanded, cheerily ready for the adventure. "We couldn't bring her to this hotel"—doubtfully.

"Well, I guess not," agreed her husband in hearty tones. "I don't want to carry no screeching women through these halls, thank you."

Hughes had risen. He was in no mood for this banter. The matter was serious—and Jessica was not to be regarded as "a screeching woman." How hopelessly vulgar some good-hearted people were!

"Might take her to Jimmy Woods' cottage across the lake," drawled "Sam" in slow tones, getting up to see Hughes out.

"The very thing!" cried the lady from Maine, excitedly. "Sit down, both of you; sit down. The very thing. Oh, I've always wanted to rescue some one from somewhere, and now I shall. It will be so—mediæval and—and romantic. We'll climb the hill—at night—"

"No, we won't, Martha; not we," drily from her still standing husband.

"Oh, you won't — unless you're made," his wife flung impatiently at him; "but listen, Mr. Hughes—" and she told him while he stood listening stoically but eager to get away and think, how Jimmy Wood had told them they could use his furnished cottage down the lake, how nice it was and how complete in everything, and then pointed out that she and her husband could take it and could carry Miss Murney off there and keep her for a few days until Herr Werner's spell was broken when she would be grateful to them for ever after.

Mr. Hughes smiled, said that he must congratulate her on still retaining the romance of sixteen, and politely took his leave.

"You are the silliest old fool," growled her husband.

"After dinner," said the lady from Maine, "we will row over there and see what the cottage looks like."

When they started the evening was yet light, and Mr. Hughes was standing on the veranda, mechanically smoking a cigarette.

"We're going to get the cottage ready," said the lady from Maine, smiling knowingly.

Mr. Hughes smiled back slightly and lifted his hat in farewell. Then he went on smoking and thinking. What could he do? Hour by hour, Jessica's peril had grown more real in his eyes. Werner, who had taken his knockdown and then come back again with a pale smile, seemed no longer a man to him—a man restrained by decency and human feeling. Hughes felt that he had no reliable key to the conscience of such a man—his sense of what was proper did not work like that of other people, "other people"

meaning English people. What might he not do with two helpless ladies in his hands, and one of them a lovely girl?

Yet how could one interfere? What case had he for the police—if, like a born Englishman, he did not entirely distrust a foreign police? For the fourth time his twitching fingers broke his cigarette, and then he began walking aimlessly down the street.

The light faded and the shadows of the mountains lengthened and thickened until it was dark. Conscious of what he was doing and yet not recognizing it in the open court of his keen sense of "the correct" in conduct, he slowly wound up the hill toward the Murney "pension." He found himself at the lower side of it, with a garden between him and the house, entirely hiding all save the roof. But here was a gate and yonder wound a path. Dignity stood in his way for a few moments, and then there came to him on the quiet air the sound of her singing—low and unforceful as if she were singing to herself. Perhaps she was alone in the garden; the gate swung noiselessly under his hand and he went toward the voice. It stopped—and then came again—and then died out. He mounted several flights of steps and followed the windings of the upward path until the house came in sight—the high veranda with lighted windows behind it. The cheerful chatter of voices swept in gusts out of the open windows, but none of them was Jessica's. Then slowly he became aware of two figures seated outside in the shadow. One of them laughed—the pure, rising laugh he had learned to listen for. His cheek burned suddenly as he remembered where he was, and he stepped noiselessly backward with a view to making his escape. But Jessica's voice arrested him.

"Why is it," she was asking, "that when I am with you I seem to have another self inside of me—a self with eyes to see? I have it all the time now since we came to this 'pension'; but I lost it wholly after I left you at Dresdch."

Hughes set his lips. Was more proof needed?

"Now, to-night," Jessica went on, "out there in the purple dark I seem to see a great god sleeping—the great god of the mountains—I," and there was awe in her voice, "can almost hear him breathe, deep and slow."

"You see him," said Herr Werner, solemnly, "because he is there. The wonder is not that you see him, but that so many do not."

"Purple gods!" said Hughes in his choking throat. "Blue devils more like!" And red-faced, strangling, he went headlong down the winding path. The laughter that followed him from the open windows seemed the merriment of fiends.

Could he do nothing? Was the sweetest girl in the world to be the victim of this cowardly, insinuating charlatan with his cheap tricks, while an Englishman who loved her—yes, who loved her—stood by with lax fingers?

It was a white face that he showed the lady from Maine in her room that night when he asked—

"Is the cottage ready now?"

"Yes. Why? How—"

"To-night?"

"Why to-night?" she cried in amazement. "We could plan so much better—"

"It is to-night or never with me," said Hughes.

She looked at him hard, and saw that he meant it.

"To-night then," she cried, waving her hand above her head. "Hurrah! To-night!"

Hughes turned quickly as if to speak. He could not do it with such absurd people. But he hesitated, for the question came like a blow—"What then will you do?" He might rescue her alone, but the essence of the thing was to have somewhere to keep her while she regained her senses. That the lady from Maine offered. So he set his chin again.

This alliance with inevitable absurdity was harder than to face death. To die was entirely proper, but a midnight escapade with these—. Still it was to be endured; it was all in a day's work; and he would do it.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE PORTRAIT

By Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald

HEN Honoria Duncan slipped quietly out of this life she left only three relatives and an unusually small number of friends to mourn for her. The relatives were—her niece, Penelope Monteith; her great-niece Honoria, and Laurence Mackay, a second-cousin. The friends consisted of her faithful maid, a little girl who sometimes did errands for her, her man-servant and his wife, the rector and the doctor. In a way these were friends—but in such an unenthusiastic, unemotional way that with most of us it would not count for friendship at all. Their affection was as mild, their regret as calm, as the lady's life had been still and colourless.

As for the relatives, Penelope had not seen her for a quarter of a century; Honoria the younger had never seen her; and Laurence, the second-cousin, had met her only on one occasion, which he had improved by borrowing a large sum of money.

When Penelope (who was a clergyman's widow, and therefore not over-burdened with filthy lucre) was notified that her aunt had left to her only her jewel box, to Honoria a portrait, and to the second-cousin, the beautiful old homestead and two flourishing farms, it is no wonder that a little flame of wrath flickered up in her mild nature. Still, there would be the diamonds! Aunt Honoria's diamonds were worth a small fortune—and surely they would be in the jewel box. This thought consoled her a little for the general injustice of the will. As for Honoria, she was full of curiosity to see the portrait and the jewels, and very philosophical in her mood as to the lands and houses which should have been theirs.

It was on a wild February day that the jewels and the portrait came to their owners. Mrs. Monteith and Honoria settled cosily down by the drawing-room fire to enjoy their new acquisitions, quite sure that no visitors would disturb them in the midst of the blinding storm. The jewel-box was inspected first—and here a cruel disappointment awaited Mrs. Monteith. The diamonds were gone! There were the little velvet nests where they had lain, but of the beautiful sparkling gems which she remembered from her childhood, not a trace!

"She must have sold them!" Mrs. Monteith exclaimed. "And they were heirlooms; they should never, never have gone out of the family."

"Or given them to 'Cousin Laurence,' or the doctor, or the rector or anyone, Mater-dear! We cannot tell, and after all they were her own. Come and look at the other pretty things and don't be cross with a poor dead lady! See these garnets; what a lovely old-fashioned set!"

And Honoria threw a garnet necklace around her mother's neck, clasped the massive bracelets on her wrists and perched a butterfly-shaped ornament on her hair. Mrs. Monteith's indignation vanished as it always did before Honoria's irresistible good humour, and they proceeded with their examination of the trinkets. There were several quaint hair-brooches and rings, a few fine cameos, a topaz brooch and bracelets, and in a little crimson leather box a beautiful string of gold beads with a gold heart for a pendant. This was something for which Honoria had always wished, and her mother at once presented it to her.

"And now for your portrait, dear," she said. "Come, I believe I am more interested in it than you are."

"Why, of course, it is Great-aunt Honoria," Honoria the second answered. "Don't you suppose so, Marmee?"

"Most probably, but we do not know. Here, take my scissors, love, and cut the string. It would take you all the afternoon to untie those knots."

"I shall hang her in my den," Honoria said, accepting the scissors to satisfy her more impatient mother—"at least, unless you want her for *this* room, Mater-dear." (Honoria seldom gave her mother the same name twice in succession, and Mrs. Monteith answered uncomplainingly to a series of odd appellations.)

"No, you shall have her in your own sanctum," she laughingly answered. "I will not interfere with the disposition of your legacy."

"It is a handsome frame, at least," Honoria said, as a beautiful band of beaten silver was disclosed by her efforts.

"And should be a good-looking portrait," said Mrs. Monteith. "Aunt Honoria was handsome, in her way."

"It *is* a good-looking picture," said Honoria, in a queer, stifled voice. "But pray, was Aunt Honoria in the habit of masquerading? And was she really as handsome as this?"

And she turned the big picture suddenly to face her mother, who gave a little gasp of surprise.

She was confronted not by Aunt Honoria's regular and uninteresting features, but by the portrait of a young and remarkably handsome man. He was clad in the costume of fifty years ago. His face was of a longish oval, and pale but clear in colouring, with features almost perfect in their Greek outlines, and tawny hair, with a decided inclination to curl. But, perhaps, the greatest charm of the face lay in the large, dark gray eyes, which looked out of the canvas straight into those of the beholder. They were truly marvellous in their tenderness and fire, seeming to express the very spirit of unspoiled youth.

"Who *can* it be?" Honoria asked.

"Let me think!" her mother mused. "It is no relation, I am sure of that. It may be—yes, it *must* be—I remember hearing that he was fair and very handsome; yes, that must be who it is!" After which exceedingly lucid and satisfying speech she relapsed into meditative silence, still gazing at the picture.

"Mummie!" ejaculated Honoria, in mild exasperation. "How can you be so tantalizing? Who, dear, who must it be?"

"It must be Dale Hamilton, the man to whom Aunt Honoria was engaged."

"Engaged! Aunt Honoria engaged!" Honoria cried, as if such an idea were almost too astounding.

"Yes, indeed," her mother answered. "They were certainly engaged; it was announced, and they had been fêted by the families on both sides, and he had given her an exquisite ring—when all of a sudden she broke it off, and neither the young man nor anyone else ever found out why. My mother said that Dale Hamilton was the handsomest man she ever saw."

"Well, I shall hang him in my den at once," Honoria said. "And as this is the fourteenth, dear, I think I shall consider him a Valentine!"

"Rather ghostly," said Mrs. Monteith with a shrug. "A valentine from a dead great-aunt, and the valentine itself the picture of a man who must be quite eighty—if he is alive at all."

But Honoria was not to be dissuaded. She carried off the picture, and with the help of the sturdy Katherine (who had lived with them ever since Honoria was a baby) hung it in a good light on the coffee-coloured wall of her den.

II.

It was three weeks after the arrival of the surprising portrait and the disappointing jewel-box. March had come in like a lion; then there had been a day of thaw, followed by a night of heavy frost; and now the streets were covered with glaire ice, and to walk abroad without ice-stick and creepers was to imperil life and limb.

Mrs. Monteith was reading in the drawing-room, when Honoria entered, dressed for a walk. Very pretty she looked in the warm brown she loved, with a touch of blue at her neck and in her hat.

"It looks so shiny and silvery out,

Mater-linck! The trees are all glistening, and, oh, it is lovely. I must take a little run!"

"A *run*, indeed! Dear child, if you walk most carefully you will scarcely escape a fall, unless you take my creepers. Do, do be careful!"

But Honoria fled at the mention of creepers, and Mrs. Monteith settled down with her novel beside the cosy fire. But her peace was to be of brief duration. In less than three minutes the door-bell rang sharply, the door opened, and then a tall young man, with the face of Honoria's portrait, entered the drawing-room, tenderly carrying a limp and unconscious form. Honoria, the vigorous Honoria, had been so old-fashioned and behind the age as to faint!

Mrs. Monteith sprang up with a cry of alarm.

"Here, bring her here!" she said, wheeling a sofa out of its corner. "Oh! what has happened?"

"Please don't be frightened! I think she has only sprained her ankle!" said a very winning voice. "But we must take the boot off at once and make sure."

And the stranger took a penknife from his pocket and proceeded to cut the boot away from Honoria's right foot, which was swelling rapidly. Mrs. Monteith rang the bell, and Katherine, coming in with suspicious promptness, was despatched for water and smelling-salts.

"I am a doctor," the young man said, suddenly, "and I can assure you this is only a severe sprain. Can I let your own doctor know of it for you?"

"Oh, please see to it," Mrs. Monteith answered. "Our family physician is away, and we have never had another."

It was not long before Honoria opened her eyes, but it was to find her foot neatly and tightly bandaged, and a youth with the face of "Aunt Honoria's portrait" leaning over her with a look of professional gravity. His expression changed to one of amazement when Honoria exclaimed, scarcely above her breath and looking straight into his eyes: "Dale Hamilton!"

"You have the advantage of me," he answered, with a whimsical smile. "I am certainly Dale Hamilton, at your service."

Then Mrs. Monteith introduced herself and Honoria in proper form, and added, entering into the spirit of the scene:

"You see, Dr. Hamilton, Honoria has—I mean, we have—your portrait. That is how my daughter knew your name."

"My portrait!" said the bewildered youth.

"It is this way," Mrs. Monteith continued, gravely. "You were engaged to my Aunt Honoria, some fifty years ago, and when she died she left your portrait to my daughter. It is good of you to come and see us, and I must congratulate you on showing your age so little."

The puzzled look deepened in Dr. Hamilton's eyes; then it cleared suddenly, and he exclaimed: "Then your aunt was Miss Honoria Duncan! I have heard my grandfather speak of her often. She threw him over, don't you know, and he never even guessed the reason. And, by the way, I assure you I am not my grandfather!"

Here a mingled laugh and groan broke from Honoria, and Dale Hamilton at once became the doctor again. He prescribed a soothing powder, strong embrocations, and absolute rest.

It is little wonder that a friendship with so unusual a beginning (for Honoria had slipped on the topmost of a flight of eight icy steps and landed in a little heap at the doctor's feet), progressed with more than usual rapidity. The ankle did not strengthen so quickly as the friendship, and the daily visits became so much a matter of course that even after the sprain was cured the visits continued. The little boudoir where Dale's handsome grandsire hung witnessed long evenings in which Dale read aloud to Honoria and her mother, or listened

by the hour while Honoria played.

And there came one evening when Mrs. Monteith was not there, and Dr. Hamilton, crossing to the piano as Honoria finished a dreamy "slumber-song," stooped down and said with a catch in his boyish voice:

"Honoria—don't you think it is your duty to atone for the way your great-aunt treated my grandfather?"

Honoria caught her breath—then summoning all her courage, said saucily:

"I know your grandfather is a widower—but at his age? And did he authorize you to make the offer?"

There was no reply to her frivolity, and looking up suddenly into her lover's eyes, she saw something there that brought the tears to her own. She stole her hand into his and when, leaning closer, he whispered the old, old question, her answer was all the heart of man could wish.

Some weeks later, when a slender band of pearls had found its way to the third finger of Honoria's left hand, the three sat again in the little den discussing a momentous question.

Dale, with youthful impetuosity, wished to be married in June.

"You see, dear Mrs. Monteith, I have a little money—enough to keep us from actually starving!" Dale pleaded.

Mrs. Monteith laughed, but there was a note in the laughter that meant relenting. "Babes in the Wood!" she said, and then added: "I suppose it you would care to board with a severe old mother such as I am, it might be managed on your six hundred and fifty dollars a year. Your practice will grow in time."

"Oh, mother, mother!" and "Do you mean it, you adorable woman?"—and the next moment she was smothered in a vigorous double embrace. Whether Dale's sudden bound across the floor jarred the room, or whether it was just the weight of the picture proving too much for the old frayed cord, they never knew—but the portrait of the elder Dale Hamilton fell with a loud crash, shattering glass and frame. When they ran to pick up the portrait, the great depth of the frame was fully explained. Inside, between the picture and the wooden back, was a shallow box of cedar-wood. With wondering exclamations they carried it to the table, and Mrs. Monteith read aloud the one sentence written on the smooth wood. "For my great-neice, Honoria, with the hope that she will be a wiser and a happier woman than I have been."

At Honoria's request Dale opened the box. There in all their splendour lay the magnificent Duncan Diamonds—bracelets, necklace and pendant, star for the hair, brooch, earrings and several rings! They were all jewels of good size and of the purest fire. The little room was filled with their gleam and glitter. There were low exclamations and little gasps of admiration; then Dale said whimsically:

"Now, dearest, you are a woman of fortune; the poor suitor had better retire!"

Honoria laughed gladly as she gathered up the jewels and thrust them into her mother's hands.

"You sell them for us, dear," she cried. "You understand about their value. That will give us something worth while to start on—and we can be married in June."

"Every piece, dear?" her mother asked. "Will you part with them all?"

And Honoria answered eagerly:

"Yes, all, all! I never cared for diamonds."

But Dale begged "Keep something, Honoria! Keep the star, at least; it will look fine with a white lace veil—on the first of May!"

"Of June!" Honoria answered firmly; but she kept the star, and a ring as well. The other jewels were disposed of for a very satisfactory sum. The portrait was framed anew, more handsomely than before, for Honoria declared that she might never have cared for Dale if she had not been so deeply in love with his grandfather!

And on the first day of June the diamond star glittered among orange blossoms in Honoria's hair.

Current Events Abroad

By
John A. Ewan

AT the moment of writing, the spectacle that holds the footlights on the international stage is that of the British monarch embracing simultaneously (if one may be allowed the expression) the Presidents of the two great Republics of the world. M. Loubet, the President of the French Republic, came to London in order that the embrace might be performed *in propria persona* while the hug administered to the President of the American Republic was conveyed by electricity. The occasion of the latter arose at a dinner given to the officers of the American squadron which, *mirabile dictu*, was admitted to the inner harbour at Portsmouth, something that had never before been permitted to a foreign fleet. During the course of the dinner the King proposed the health of Mr. Roosevelt and immediately cabled the fact to the President at Oyster Bay, together with the King's best wishes. The charm of the message was its unconventionality. It was a greeting from one good fellow to another.

A parallel part of the festivities has been a number of dinners given and received by the American and English naval officers. At these the warmest expressions of mutual regard were expressed and there is no reason to doubt their sincerity. The writer of these notes heard the late Admiral Sampson speak in terms of great friendship of the officers of the English service, at a time when he could have no idea that anyone but Americans were listening to him. The sympathetic attitude of the British tars towards Admiral Dewey during his operations against the Philippines, and the use of a British vessel at that time to carry the despatches of the American admiral to Hong Kong are evidences of the same feeling. Nor is the explanation far to seek. The officers and men of the various naval stations meet abroad at foreign ports, but for the most part they belong to different worlds. Among the men at least there are no means of communication. The Frenchman, Russian and German, each speaking his own tongue, are almost as completely insulated from each other as if they were respectively at Paris, St. Petersburg or Berlin. There is just one exception to this rule—the British and American service. Here are two great Powers speaking the same tongue, and wherever they meet that fact proclaims them brothers whatever the maxims of policy may say to the contrary. The American fleet was at Kiel before going to Portsmouth and the officers were entertained at dinner by the Emperor. Thanks to his English mother and his consequent English connections, the Emperor was able to address them in their own tongue, but this was probably almost the sole exception of effective intercourse. Few of the American officers, in all probability, could speak German and it is equally probable that few of the German officers could speak English. The official class of the continent are frequently sufficiently versed in French to hold communication with each other in that language, which has been the international tongue in Europe since the time of the great French kings who founded modern

THE SAME, ONLY DIFFERENT

THE G.O.P. ELEPHANT—"What's the matter with you, G. B.?"

THE BRITISH LION—"They're trying to force protection on me—what ails you?"

THE G.O.P.—"They're trying to take a little of my protection away."—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

diplomacy. English has not been so regarded, although commercial Germany has been the first to perceive how important a knowledge of it may be. That its importance must be of steady growth can scarcely be overlooked, for the growing parts of the white man's world are in the hands of the peoples who speak that tongue. The day is undoubtedly coming when the educated of every nation will scarcely be considered as rounded out unless a practical knowledge of the English language is included among their accomplishments. There is no other language which serves as a vehicle of communication with so many millions of human beings. It is, at all events, a bond of union between the nations which speak it more powerful than treaties, or conventions, or understandings of what nature or kind soever.

While this is undoubtedly the case it would be rash to run off with the idea that the two nations are bound to move in unison in political matters. The objection to "foreign complications" has been so long a part of the creed of the American that it has become part of his blood, and its strength and cogency will long be recognized by a refusal to enter into any paper alliances with foreign Powers. American statesmen begin to see that to remain outside the orbit of international affairs is impossible. A people that has a surplus of goods which it desires to sell abroad, by that very fact, becomes involved in international affairs. It is in that way that the American people have become immersed in the Manchurian question. If Americans are debarred by the traditions of their policy from holding foreign territory, they are more interested than any other Power in the maintenance of the principle of the open door. Never was its preservation more imperative than now, when even the great exponent of the open door is beginning to examine the hinges and locks on her own doors which have stood open for a half century. If other Powers are to be allowed to seize the neutral markets one after another and put up their tariff bars along the seacoast, what is to become of the nation which precludes itself from imitating their example? It was these considerations, no doubt, which impelled the United States to secure from Russia the assurance that whatever else would flow from the Russian occupation of Manchuria the exclusion or handicapping of American products would not be one. The promise is on record, Secretary Hay has reminded Count Lamsdorff of it, and Count Cassini, the Russian representative at Washington has been endeavoring by subterfuge to gently back out of the

engagement. The result is that the Count has left Washington "for a holiday" amid what may be almost called the execrations of the American press. A Chicago paper has intimated that what the Count calls diplomacy the American people call lying. On the heels of this controversy comes the Kishineff massacre, which has stirred the Jewish population in the United States to the very depths of its being. There is incidental politics in this, of course, and the American party which should show any leniency towards Russia just now would not be written on the tablets of the chosen people. The relations between the great autocracy and the great Republic are therefore strained as they have never been before. If the latter should demand a specific recognition of the open-door policy she would find Britain and Japan ranged at her side and here would be virtually an alliance, although so far as the United States is concerned they would ostensibly be playing for their own hand. Japan is fighting mad and may force the game.

THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

UNCLE SAM—"Altho I live in a conservatory, I feel like throwing this brick."—*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Citizen Loubet has returned to France after his brief visit to the English capital. Everything went smoothly, Englishmen were hospitable and enthusiastic and now the French press of all classes seem to have forgotten that there is such a person in existence as Marchand or that there is such a place as Fashoda on the map. We in Canada may find profound satisfaction at this turn in events. Canada comprises a strong representation of both races and their friendliness in the old lands will have the tendency to increase the strength of the ties that bind us together here. The statesmen of both countries will find it easier to settle questions whose chief difficulties have their roots in international distrust. Let us hope that the Newfoundland shore question will be one of these.

Negro lynchings in the United States increase not only in number, but also in their horror and ominousness. Hitherto the black race has received its stripes almost without a sound. But recent cases have stung it into protest. The Belleville lynching, occurring as it did in a northern State, produced so much excitement in the synod meeting of a coloured church that despite a preliminary understanding to exclude such subjects from discussion, it became nevertheless the chief matter of debate and exceedingly strong language was indulged in with respect to it. Some of the speakers declared that the negro must arm himself and defend his primary rights with powder and ball. A lynching at Evansville was succeeded by equally strong language on the part of the leaders of negro opinion there, with a consequence that

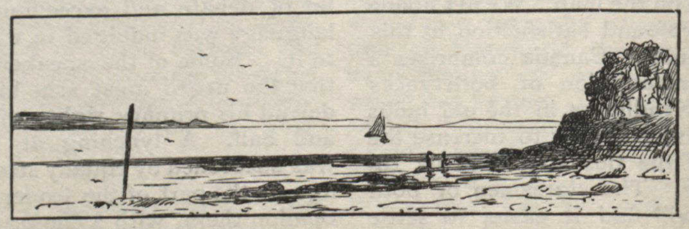
HAS IT COME TO THIS?—*New York World*

MOB RULE DISPLACES JUSTICE IN THE UNITED STATES

the whites armed themselves and virtually gave all negroes orders to leave Evansville. Hundreds fled, shots were exchanged and an imitation of civil war on a small scale furnished. Not a week, scarcely a day, passes without its inhuman spectacle in some part of the United States, and as we read the crimes and the punishment accorded them a vision crosses the mind of a hellish vendetta participated in by demons black and white. Where will it all end? That is a question for which the Federal power should seriously seek an answer.

Public Opinion of New York has this to say in its issue of July 16th: "If the Evansville, Indiana, outbreak can be said to have any good thing about it, it is that the seriousness of the affair emphasizes the growth and spread of the mob lawlessness and presents the problem of prevention in so serious a light that its solution may be attacked with some prospect of bringing such outbreaks to an end. So long as the mob contents itself by lynching criminals with whom it is impossible to have any sympathy, it is difficult to bring into existence a public sentiment so strong as to prevent these outrages. But when the mob attempts to terrorize a whole community for days, it becomes evident to everyone that the spirit of all lawlessness must be checked without further paltering."

The divisions in the Imperial House of Commons do not indicate that Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal views have made much progress yet. The meeting of Unionist members over which Sir Herbert Maxwell presided was of decidedly more significance, however. A hundred members attended and there were 130 signatures to the requisition calling the meeting. Its action was to endorse the proposition for an inquiry into the operation of the fiscal laws and commercial relations of the Empire. A careful scrutiny of the British press would indicate that free trade doctrine has still an enormous hold of the country, and it must be said that the orthodox party show no temerity in girding themselves for the argumentative fray which is indeed already in progress.



Edited By
M. MacLEAN HELLIWELL

NIGHT

The noisy strife, the busy hum doth cease,
Now cometh toil's reward--Rest's perfect peace;
Blushing Phœbus, in glorious crimson and gold array,
Throws his purple mantle o'er his radiant bride, fair Day,
And smiling, thus together, they fade from sight away.

With rustling skirt comes Night, so cool, so calm,
Her touch on fever'd brow is healing balm.
O'er waiting earth she casts her dark robe from on high,
With many golden stars she pins it to the sky,
And sweetly, softly, breathes her lullaby:
"Rest, rest, sweet rest,
To weary mortal comes at last;
Though the heart grow sad and the day be long,
Soon, soon, will rise Life's evensong,
And toil and pain and sorrow past,
He'll sink to rest."

M. MacL. H.

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REST—how we love the little word, and yet how few of us have ever really known the full blessedness of its meaning. How often we say, "When I have done such and such, then I shall take a good rest;" but there is always looming before us the one thing more which must be finished ere rest is won, so that we seldom find it, even in part, this side the grave. As for complete rest, that we shall never know until we reach that distant country where earth's "broken arcs" become the "perfect round."

Still we keep it always before us, the golden state to which, if we have worthily toiled, we shall one day attain; for the reward which is given to the good and faithful servant is the simple invitation, "Enter thou into thy rest." The weary and toilworn the world over find comfort and encouragement in the promise that when they shall at last lay down earth's burdens they may, if they will, "rest from their labours."

Yes, truly sweet and greatly to be desired is rest, but like all else that is worth having, he who would possess it must pay its price, and the price of rest is toil.

He who has drunk deep of sorrow's cup, quaffs joy's goblet with a keen delight unknown to him who never tasted "the darker drink;" for "sweet is pleasure after pain," and only he whose mind and muscles ache with the weariness born of work well done, can experience the exquisite delight of true rest—the subtle, languorous content that filled the exhausted Lotus-eaters when

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore,"

and

"Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam."

Despite the magic influence of the Lotus branches, I am sure that those sailors would never have known the blissful pleasure that possessed them on that enchanted isle, if they had come to it on the deck of a steam launch, instead of having reached it through storm and stress by their own unaided efforts. And yet, although he dreams

of future rest as he dreams of future tranquil senescence, it is, after all, work that is most desired by the normally healthy average man—work no matter how hard, if it be but congenial. While each of us may have a different idea of the life that is to come, few of us would be happy in the thought that it is to be all and only rest forever.

Kipling, who knows what it is to toil, does not look forward to finding everlasting joy in an eternal state of *dolce far niente*, for while he says:

"We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an æon or two,"

he continues quickly—

"Till the Master of All Good Workmen *shall set us to work anew!*"

It is because in these words Kipling voices the universal hope that his beautiful "L'Envoi" has become so popular.

•

Sometimes, however, when the work is hard and the flesh is weak, it seems a long time to have to wait until after death for our rest, even though we shall have an æon or two of it then. We can work with a glad heart in the winter, but in the summer, when body and spirit droop, it is hard for the most prosaic to keep up unflaggingly the daily round; while for those whom the red gods whisper in the ear it is well-nigh impossible. And since the restlessness and yearning which comes upon us is our spirit's instinctive answer to the call of our Great Mother, surely if we do not yield to it we are unwise and unworthy.

Almost all of us can spare a week or two in August or September in which to draw for a brief period close to Nature—to lie in happy content against her great heart, steeping ourselves in her soothing, lulling, yet energizing influence.

Even an hour or two snatched now here, now there, from the summer's toil, and spent in absolute relaxation, in the shade of a spreading tree—though it be but the solitary tree of a tiny garden plot—with the blue sky above, the green grass beneath, and the rustling leaves whispering to our souls, will give comfort, strength and refreshment unimaginable to those who have never learned for themselves the potent, tranquillizing spell woven by summer skies and summer suns, by the babble of running brooks and the softly-sighed lullabies of the never-silent trees; nor how freely and lavishly Nature pours out her life-giving, soul-restoring magic upon all who come to her for rest and refreshment, as tired children creep into their mother's arms.

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The rage for nature-study still continues with unabated vigour, and the enthusiastic camera fiends of a few seasons ago now hie them to wood and stream with a fat little text-book, a note pad and well-sharpened pencil tucked under the arm that used to bear the weight of the "latest thing in cameras."

Nature study is most attractive and should certainly be encouraged; but speaking frankly, as one who has tried it, I can assure my gentle readers that it is by no means as simple as it sounds. Take birds for instance:—You note a flash of colour through the trees, and you very cleverly observe, with the visual agility of a Sherlock Holmes, that the colours are yellow and black, the flash about six inches long. With the acumen of the aforesaid gentleman, you conclude that the little song which issued from the tree where your flash disappeared is to be counted as one of its attributes.

With this data you open your fat little book. At the end of half an hour you shut it crossly, your interest in ornithological blacks and yellows decidedly on the wane. It grieves and disappoints one to find that black and yellow and six inches long is simply no description at all, while no black and yellow feathered creature mentioned in your book ever uttered sounds in the least approaching to the song you made a mental note of. To identify a bird by your text-book, you must mark, as he flies in a twinkle across your path,

THE "NATURAL STEPS" ON THE MONTMORENCI RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC

how long he is; how fat he is; the colour of his head; his throat; his chest; his tail; his back; his sides; his wings, above and beneath; his eyes; his bill; his tongue, if you are a medical man; and his legs; also whether the latter are fat or thin; and, by some occult, unknown power, you must know what his song is at night, in the morning, in the spring, in the summer, and in the autumn; the colour and size of the egg he came out of and the kind of nest he builds. Even after you have discovered all these details you can't be absolutely sure of him, for the colours in the book are never quite the same as those worn by any bird you ever happen to see, and a shade or two seems to make an amazing difference. After all, the only sensible way to enjoy birds is to lie on the grass and listen to them sing. Who cares about the individual patronymics of a band of choristers, if they can sing "away the hearts of men?"—and some of the birds can do that—almost! So when you see a feathery fluff of orange, crimson, russet, blue, or gold, whirling above your head, just feast your eyes on it and be thankful for it, without trying to pin it down to its proper *class* and *genus*. At least, that is the advice I should offer, for experience teaches that the study of ornithology as "she is wrote" in the ordinary simple text-book written for the guidance of the guileless layman is a vain and perplexing pursuit. If you *must* take it up, don't trust to text-books which are a delusion and a snare. Rather pursue your studies under the direction of a young, enthusiastic, patient, and admiring, masculine ornithologist. If you do not learn very much about birds from him, he will doubtless teach you something!

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Dr. Sophie Lepper, the English food specialist, says, in speaking of the peculiarities of various foods:

"Blanched almonds give the higher nerve or brain and muscle food; no heat or waste.

Walnuts give nerve or brain food muscle, heat and waste.

Pine kernels give heat and stay. They serve as a substitute for bread.

Green water grapes are blood purifying, but of little food value; reject pips and skins.

Blue grapes are feeding and blood

purifying; too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

Tomatoes are higher nerve or brain food and waste; no heat; they are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow skins.

Juicy fruits give, more or less, the higher nerve or brain and some few muscle food and waste. No heat.

Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but do not give stay.

Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food; supply heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

Green figs are excellent food.

Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste, but are bad for the liver.

All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously."

From which it would appear that the hapless individual who is so unfortunate as to "have a liver" is to have little else—at least in the way of those delectable fruits of the earth and tree which are usually counted among the delights of the summer.

•

People who are becoming restless and dissatisfied with their present places of abode and are beginning to consider the advisability of a change of residence, might profitably ponder the following little story, which was recently related to show the magic power of words:

"A wealthy man who owns a country residence recently became discontented with it and determined to have another. So he instructed a real estate agent, famous for his descriptive powers, to advertise it in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling intending purchasers to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement by the same agent of a country place for sale, was so pleased with the account of it that he showed it to his wife, and the two concluded that it was just what they wanted and that they would secure it at once. Thereupon the gentleman went to the office of the agent and told him that he had read his advertisement of just such a place as he desired and that he would like to purchase it. The agent burst into a laugh as he replied that that was a description of the property owner's own country house, where he was then living. The amazed householder read the advertisement again, cogitated over the 'grassy slopes,' 'smooth lawns,' beautiful vistas,' etc., and at length broke out: 'Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for, by George! I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me!' "

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A FRAGMENT

Oh, merrily sings the Mermaid,
 When light-hearted Day
 Sweeps Night's shadows away,
And sparkling sun-diamonds cast over the sea;
 The Mermaiden fair
 Combs her glis'ning hair,
And gaily she laughs in her innocent glee!

Oh, sweetly sleeps the Mermaid,
 When the Queen of the Night
 Waves the sun out of sight,
And summons the sentinel stars to her train;
 A foamy white billow
 Is the Mermaid's pillow,
And gentle waves rock her till Day comes again.

M. MacL. H.

•

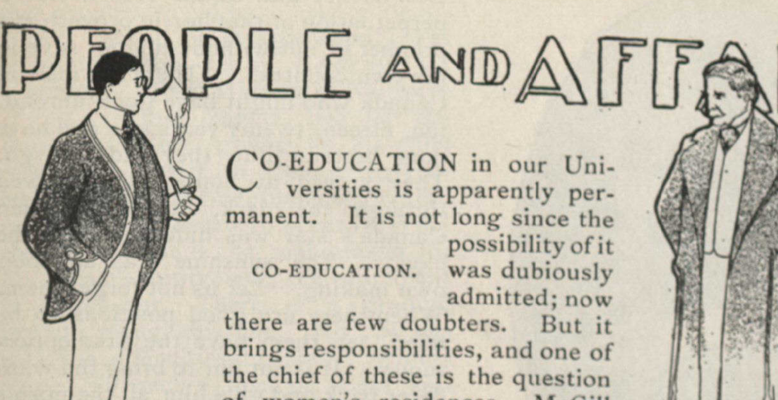
AS FLUTES OF ARCADY

The purity of water and the peace
Of wind-still air; the placid scent of pines,
The murmurings of hidden brooks, the fleece
Of foam-topped rivers, and the splendid space
Of sky above, with all its interlace
Of blue and white and gold—O these to me
Do plead as plead the flutes of Arcady,
Bidding my sorry stressfulness to cease.

For then I take for truth the poet's dream:
There's naught in all the world save only good;
Little, fair children, love no parting kills,
Romance through the tree-branches soft agleam,
Beauty that lies a-wait by field and wood,
And hero-deeds along a hundred hills!

—Richard Burton in Ainslee's Magazine.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS



CO-EDUCATION in our Universities is apparently permanent. It is not long since the possibility of it was dubiously admitted; now there are few doubters. But it brings responsibilities, and one of the chief of these is the question of women's residences. McGill made a start some time ago and the women attending there may have a suitable home. Victoria College will open a beautiful residence this year. Queen's University has a special home for the women in arts. University College has been moving in this direction for some time and some $8,000 was collected for the purpose. Now the Ontario Government has come to the assistance of the friends of the movement and made a grant of Crown lands which will enable a $50,000 building to be erected and provide something for annual expenses.

CO-EDUCATION.

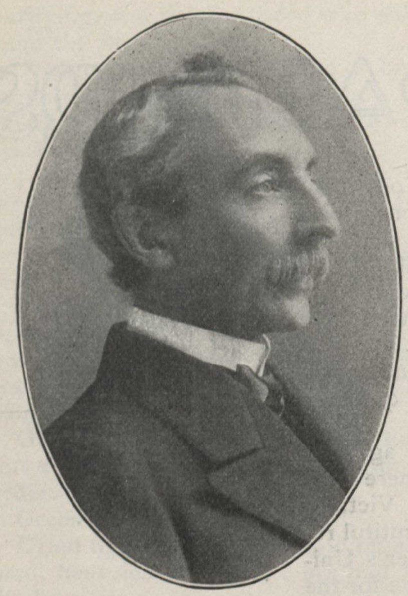
There are about one hundred and twenty women attending classes in University College, nearly all preparing for teachers. These women are not rich. They cannot secure proper accommodation in the ordinary boarding house, and nearly every year some of them break down for want of better attention and care. The Principal tells of one case where a promising scholar lost her reason temporarily on account of the hardships to which her struggle with learning and poverty subjected her. But in a woman's residence there are other advantages besides those of aids to health and strength. There is the education derived from mixing with equals and living in close and daily intercourse with them at the critical time of life. There is an education which goes deeper than books and an attendance at lectures. There are the safeguards for the qualities and virtues of home life, the development of the little amenities and considaratenesses which are essential to the woman's proper and fullest development. Under thoughtful and considerate supervision of a woman directress, the character of the home life may be maintained in a manner impossible when women are living in a boarding house of a general character. The advantages from the hygienic standpoint are obvious.

If we allow women to attend universities there must be the same safeguards and advantages as are found in the best ladies' colleges. It is pleasant to note that the authorities in Canada recognize this and are doing everything possible to make our educational system strong at this point.

❧

There is one peculiar feature of Canadian life worthy of comment. The sons who go abroad are always well thought of. The boy of the family who leaves home to earn his living in a foreign land is the prize boy. His memory is kept green. Praises in unstinted quantity are bestowed upon him in his absence. Similarly, Canada is very proud of her sons who go to England or the United States, and there be-

THE PROPHET AT HOME.



SIR LOUIS JETTÉ

One of the Alaska Commissioners, who has been gazetted Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec for a second term.

come litterateurs, professors, doctors, lawyers and capitalists. And justly so. They should not be forgotten. Their great deeds should be given their due meed of praise.

Of course, had they remained at home and toiled on the old farm, in the father's warehouse, in the small field of native literature or journalism, they had been of more service to the country that gave them good parents, strong principles and a thorough education. They would not have carried Canadian brawn and capital into the service of another flag—perhaps an alien banner. They would have helped in the upbuilding which is now resting partly on the foreigner whom Canada has attracted to her borders. It would have been much better and braver had these sturdy youths never gone abroad, but since they elected to go let us keep their memories green.

Yet when there is another sturdy youth who preferred to remain at home with the old folk, to hew the wood and carry the water and help build up this new land, let us not forget him. Let us not add to the reasons for a perpetuation of that horrid proverb "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country." There are men in Canada who might have gone abroad, ten, fifteen, twenty years ago and have done better. But, they did not go. They stayed at home. They slaved through the dark, dull days when Canada's star was hidden behind the clouds. The sunshine was all their own making. Let us not forget them. When there are good positions to be filled, let them have the first opportunity. It is not fair to bring the wanderer back and give him all the purple grapes, the large luscious bunches from the best vines. The prodigal is an interesting creature, but killing the fatted calf for him went out of date several thousand years ago.

Robert Barr once wrote that the only way to be a successful Canadian was to get out of the country, that Canadians did not appreciate their own talented citizens. The charge stands unrefuted. It is a serious charge. There must be a change, if Canada is to continue on her successful career. The young man of ability who stays with the ship must be given proper ranking. He must have his fair share of the love and the praise. He is the man for whom the fatted calf should be killed.

Dominion Government has in its gift a new office with a salary of $5,000 a year and, it is reported, will appoint to it a young Canadian who has a lectureship in a minor United States college. This young man may be well-fitted for the position, but that is not the only point to be considered. The Government apparently thinks that the young Canadian who serves abroad must be more talented than the one who has served wholly at home. This is not a sound argument and the principle involved is wrong.

☙

If any prophet had arisen four years ago to state that a member of the Dominion Cabinet would in July, 1903, resign his portfolio because he was in advance of his colleagues in regard to

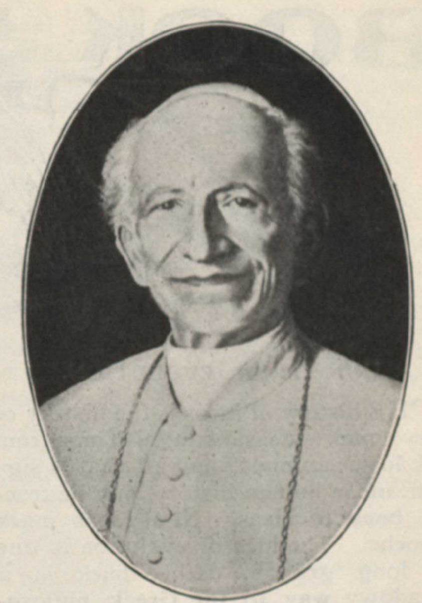
Government ownership of railways, that prophet would have been in danger of incarceration. Yet

HIDDEN FORCES.

the Hon. Andrew G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, has left the Laurier Cabinet, giving as his chief reason his desire to see "a Government-owned and Government-operated railway" from ocean to ocean. Whether or not this is the real reason for Mr. Blair's retirement, the statement is significant. There is a gradual growth along this line. No one denies the difficulties of public ownership. To secure men of talent and experience to conduct Government enterprises is not easy. To prevent a huge army of Government employees from securing and using political power for selfish or partisan ends requires special care and unique legislation. Yet these difficulties are not greater than the difficulty of discovering the "hidden forces" which operate under private control of public utilities and monopolies. It is the "hidden forces" that make large corporations dangerous.

The Parliament of Canada is now completing a bargain with the Grand Trunk Pacific. Who is the Grand Trunk Pacific? Is it Mr. Hays or Senator Cox? Or is it Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson? It is a number of individuals no one of whom is personally responsible. In fact, the Grand Trunk Pacific charter may possibly be owned by a syndicate of Conservative and Liberal members and ministers. The real owners of that charter may never be disclosed. In the same way who can estimate the influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company or The Canadian Northern Railway Company, or The Bell Telephone Company at Ottawa? What influences are they wielding in the making of our laws, seeing that apparently each company controls a certain number of members in the House?

Public ownership clarifies the issues and removes "hidden forces." It brings everything to the surface where it may be seen. The corruption that is now hidden and obscure would become open and tangible, and it is less difficult to fight in the day-light than in the dark. The rich man who is, under private ownership, fighting for a share of the spoils when spoils are being distributed, becomes a general benefactor and philanthropist when living under a system where spoils are not being fought for or bestowed. Under public ownership, the importance of good government is brought home to everybody, since private struggles for public millions is an impossibility. Besides, public ownership banishes the plutocrat and the socialist at one and the same time. Public ownership is the middle course between two extremes.



THE LATE POPE LEO XIII

A great and wise man, who passed away on July 20th.

All the evidences of the time point to the abolition of bonuses and land grants to railway corporations; in fact, the Dominion Government has already abolished them, and they live only under the fostering care of the provincial governments where statesmen are scarce. Similarly all the evidences of the time point to a gradual extension of government and municipal ownership of public utilities and natural monopolies.

John A. Cooper

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.*

THE history of ideas is the history of man. Ideas distinguish man from all lower animals, and all that is significant in human history may be traced back to ideas. New ideas mark epochs. The idea of evolution is one of long growth, dating back in a shadowy way to the Greek philosophers, but was first clearly defined biologically by Darwin in 1859. Since then the idea of evolution has been generally accepted, although Darwin's researches were restricted almost altogether to the evolution of the individual organism. Spencer widened it by applying it to geology, humanity, society, and "all those concrete and abstract products of human activity which constitute the environment of our daily life."

The evolution of industrial life is the part of evolution which Professor Richard T. Ely has chosen to deal with in his latest book—a most interesting volume written for the citizen in citizen language and style. It is more than a study of machines and factories. It deals with the various classes of industrial men, with their mental and moral characteristics and with their legal institutions.

He traces man through his economic stages; hunting and fishing stage, pastoral stage, agricultural, handicraft, industrial stage; he deals with recent tendencies in industrial evolution; and then he examines some of the special problems. Among the latter are Competition, Monopolies and Trusts, Municipal Ownership, Evolution of Public Expenditures, Labour, Industrial Peace, Industrial Liberty and Possibilities of Social Reform. It is a magnificent volume for the citizen who desires to obtain a broad view of mankind in its industrial aspect.

*Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society by R. T. Ely, Professor of Economics in the University of Wisconsin. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Cloth, 497 pp.

GORDON KEITH

The publishers have been making quite a fuss about "Gordon Keith,"* by Thomas Nelson Page, but one must doubt the wisdom of it. The book is interesting, and being by the author of "Red Rock," is entitled to consideration. Yet the critics have been slow to recommend it. There is much in the book that might have been left out. The first fifty pages seem to have little real bearing on the story. The story deals with the problems of the South after the civil war—in fact, after the carpet-bagger had vanished before the franchise hunter and the railway builder. Gordon Keith's father was a planter and a gentleman. Gordon must earn his own living since the war had destroyed his patrimony, and he proceeds to do it as a civil engineer. He retains the Southerner's high code of honour and delicate sense of propriety, and manages to keep his soul clean of the crudities of the dollar-hunting race of men and women who

*Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., 548 pp.

centred in New York, whither his work often brought him. He was shrewd enough to see and to say of that circle: "But there is something in Society that, after a few years, takes away the bloom of ingenuousness, and puts in its place just a little of the shade of unreality." There are two villains in the book, one a rich young speculator, the other a successful young preacher. The picture of the latter is much like an attack on the fashionable clergyman.

SMALL NOVELS*

It is a long cry from the three-volume novel of the old days to Macmillan's "Little Novels by Favourite Authors." These pocket editions are well printed and well bound—yes, and well chosen. "Philosophy Four," by Owen Wister, is a college tale showing the difference between the student who memorizes and the student who understands. "Man Overboard," by Marion Crawford, embodies a sailor's superstition, and tells a queer story of a sailor's ghost. "Mr. Keegan's Elopement" is skim milk, but gives a pretty picture of life in the Canary Islands as the setting of the romance which was forced upon a lieutenant in the United States navy. Other volumes are to follow.

ABOUT HORSES

There are stories in which love and blood-letting do not form the chief feature. Sewell Ford has gathered nine of these into a volume, which he has labelled "Horses Nine."† There are splendid short histories of nine different horses, from Skipper, the New York policeman's horse, whose career was seriously marred for a time by a spavin, to Pasha, the Arabian who saved an officer's life in the Civil war. Then there is Calico, the circus horse; old Silver, who pulled the ladder truck; Black Eagle, who ruled the cattle ranges; Bonfire, a famous hackney; Blue Blazes, Chieftain and Barnacles. The lover of nature will find in this an animal book not to be despised.

*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Cloth, 50 cents.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated. Cloth, 270 pp.

CANADIAN POETRY

Two volumes of verse are added to the already long list of Canadian poetry. "Canadian Born,"* by E. Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, takes its name from the first poem in the volume. It is more of a jingle than a poem. The first verse runs:—

> We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God;
> We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood;
> And we, the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
> That we were born in Canada beneath the British flag.

Many of the other poems rise to a greater height of excellence, notably, "Lullaby of the Iroquois," "The Quill-Worker," and "The Legend of "Qu'-Appelle Valley." These are distinct contributions to our poetical literature.

"The Book of the Rose,"† by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a volume of love poems, the Rose being the symbol of the great passion.

> We talk of roses, meaning all things fair
> And rare and enigmatic; but the rose
> Transcending all, the Rose of Life is you!

And again:

> O wild, dark flower of woman,
> Deep Rose of my desire,
> An Eastern wizard made you
> Of earth and stars and fire.

Or to quote from another poem:

> O little rose, O dark rose,
> The madness of your breath!
> I am the moth to drain your sweet,
> Even though the dregs be death.

But in addition to these bits of passion, there are some miscellaneous poems dealing with varied subjects. "The First Ploughing," "The Native," "Child of the Infinite," "Coal," and others remind one of the original Rob-

*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Cloth, 67 pp.

†Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 83 pp.

erts, with his unsullied artist's eye roaming through the gifts of nature and picturing the charms of her in her various forms. In the closing poem, the poet writes of himself:

> But count the reach of my desire.
> Let this be something in thy sight:
> I have not, in the slothful dark,
> Forgot the Vision and the Height.
>
> Neither my body nor my soul
> To earth's low ease will yield content.
> I praise Thee for my will to strive;
> I bless Thy goad of discontent.

A NEW NOVELIST

Canada has another novelist. He is a big, broad-shouldered Acadian who has recently been lecturing in England about Canada. Those who know him say he possesses an attractive personality and is fired with the national enthusiasm which is now becoming more manifest. His story, "The Sacrifice of the *Shannon*,"* is a tale of Eastern Canada, with the scenes laid in the town of Pictou and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The *Shannon* is an ice-breaker, a steamer which plies between Charlottetown and Pictou across the Strait of Northumberland, which for three months of the year is filled with dangerous ice. This boat is sacrificed to save the men of another steamer which is caught in the icefields of the Gulf, through the bravado of a Mr. MacMichael, one of the leading vessel-owners of Nova Scotia. His life and the lives of eighty men with him are saved by the *Shannon*, and what is even more important to the lover of romance, David Wilson wins the heart of MacMichael's famous daughter. The *Shannon* brings to a happy culmination a long and trying courtship. David Wilson is a giant among men, and Gertrude MacMichael is one woman in ten thousand. Both are essentially Canadian—unconventional, athletic, strong-minded, fond of the open air, energetic and thoroughbred. There are no higher types in the world—and Mr. Hickman has done them full justice.

*Toronto: William Briggs.

But in addition, Mr. Hickman has done justice to the part of Canada he loves. The romance of the Gulf, with its "typical shining, crashing, dripping, reeking, honking, quacking spring day," with the "long days in summer when everything is rippling blue and sunshine," and the "variety and gorgeousness" of the winter sunrise, and the severe silence of "the jagged, glistening, white pack," where the floes and clumpets "roar and grind and crush each other into lolly" and "the murres and guillemots and black backed gulls and seals play and fish."

Of course there are a few weak spots, for this is Mr. Hickman's first story, but it is a soul-stirring tale with an attractive setting.

NOTES

A Canadian edition of "A Detached Pirate," by Helen Milecete, noticed last month, has since been issued by The Montreal News Co.

The Hon. M. Lomer Gouin has dealt with the question of increased federal subsidies to the Provinces in a book of 166 pages, with the title "Question Actuelle." (Montreal: Librarie Beauchemin, 256 rue Saint-Paul.) Mr. Gouin pleads for the increased subsidies in a way which is decidedly French-Canadian, but he also presents a number of formidable arguments.

"The Possibility of a Science of Education," by S. B. Sinclair, M.A. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.), is a plea for a greater scientific professional training for every teacher from the kindergarten to the university. He is aware of the dangers of impracticable theories, but thinks these may be offset and eliminated by a training on a broad basis.

There is no hand-book so valuable as George Johnson's "Statistical Year-Book of Canada." The issue for 1902 is to hand. The census of 1901 has had some effect on the per capita calculations, and some changes result. There is scarcely a subject which one can mention which is not dealt with exhaustively in this compact volume.

One note is particularly interesting. Ontario, in 1901, had one periodical for every 3,200 of her population; Quebec, one for every 8,355; Manitoba, one for every 2,570; Nova Scotia, one for every 5,280; New Brunswick, one for every 6,247; Prince Edward Island, one for every 5,736; and British Columbia, one for every 3,853.

The radioactivity of the new metals, radium and thorium, has led Dr J. C. McLennan, of the University of Toronto, to investigate the radioactivity of metals generally. His findings are recorded in a valuable paper published by the University Library in that excellent series, "University of Toronto Studies."

The Archivist Report for 1902, issued by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, contains a calendar of state papers relating to Lower Canada in the years 1837 and 1838. Many of these are by the Earl of Gosford, Sir John Colborne, and Lord Durham. The Report also contains a list of books in the Dominion archives at Ottawa—a list well worthy of attention from the student of Canadian history.

The *Queen's Quarterly* for July contains some "Reminiscences of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885," by Principal Gordon; "Greater Canadian Independence," by H. M. Mowat, and an historical sketch of "Alexander Ross, Fur Trader, Author, and Philanthropist," by Dr. Bryce. Professor Cappon, in "Current Events," says of the Judge's report in the Stratton case: "The report contains a not very well-timed apology for the spoils system; it will also seem to many something very like a condonation of the traffic in constituencies."

The Rev. Duncan Anderson, author of "Lays in Canada," died recently at Brooklyn, N. Y. His home had been in Levis since 1854, but he had gone to Brooklyn to visit his son. Mr. Anderson was in his seventy-sixth year.

"The Annals and Aims of the Pacific Cable" is an interesting volume of nearly five hundred pages, edited by George Johnson, Dominion Statistician. Among the contributors to this volume are W. D. Le Sueur, J. L. Payne, L. J. Burpee, Frederick Hamilton, C. Morse, W. Wilfrid Campbell, and William Smith. It is an interesting addition to Imperial history.

Those interested in the problems of taxation will find "Taxation in Colorado," by Prof. Le Rossignol an interesting study. The professor is one of the numerous Canadians whom higher education has driven into exile. (Denver: G. T. Bishop, Times Building).

The London slums, under the shadow of London riches and magnificence, are well-pictured in "The Hebrew" by John A. Steuart, an English writer who might be better known in Canada. This is a wholesome story, though the Cockney dialect pervades it. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

J. J. BELL.
Author of "Wee McGregor"

J. Robert Long, of St. Catharines, had a commendable idea when he planned his volume "Canadian Politics" and it is to be regretted that he had not the ability to develop it properly. It contains an examination of the difference between the two political parties made in a somewhat one-sided and dull manner. It also contains a number of speeches or extracts from speeches by prominent Liberals — a part of the book which is of some value.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE PRINCIPAL'S WIT

A GOOD story of the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, is going the rounds but apparently has not yet got into print. The Principal was travelling in Scotland once and on a train met an American from the United States who was rather disgruntled. "This is a mighty slow country," said the Yankee. "You can't get anything fit to eat, the service is abominable and the hotels out-of-date. Neow, in our country—"

"What country do you come from?" said the wily Canadian.

"The United States. Ever been there?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the Principal, who knew the country almost as well as his companion did.

"Well, in San Fransiscy we have a hotel there with a theousand sleeping rooms. What you think of that?"

"That's nothing," replied the Principal as the train flew past Dunfermline. "In that town we have just passed, there are places where the waiters serve the guests on horseback."

"Well, neow, stranger, that sounds like a durned lie."

"Well, I thought that's what we were telling," was the rather crushing reply.

■

A STORY OF WESLEY

Many stories and anecdotes of John Wesley are now being retold. *Everybody's Magazine* gives the following:

"He believed in the people, and one of the chief secrets of his success lay in his power to learn from the masses how to speak to them and influence them. On one occasion he was walking with his scarcely less famous brother, Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer, in a humble street in London, when they came face to face with a crowd of fishwomen who were in a row, and were cursing and swearing in a most excited fashion. Charles Wesley, more timid than his brother, turned to John, and said, 'Brother, let us go up this other street and escape from this mob.' But John Wesley thought Charles needed more contact with the people, and taking him by both shoulders, faced around toward the quarrelling women, saying, 'You stand there, Charles Wesley, and learn how to preach!'"

■

READY WIT

As a specimen of ready wit it would be difficult to beat the retort of Charles Burleigh, the great opponent of the slave trade. He was in the middle of one of his eloquent denunciations of slavery when a well-aimed and rotten egg struck him full in the face.

"This," he said calmly, as he produced his handkerchief and wiped his face, "is a striking evidence of what I have always maintained, that pro-slavery arguments are unsound."

Abbé de Voisenon had been unfortunate enough to offend the great Condé and to lose his favour. When the Abbé went to Court to make his peace with the offended Prince, the latter rudely turned his back on him.

"Thank heaven, sir," the Abbé exclaimed, "I have been misinformed;

your Highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy."

"Why do you say that?" the Prince demanded.

"Because, sir," answered the Abbé, your Highness never turns his back on an enemy."

NICE NEPHEW!

TOMMY: "Talking of Riddles, Uncle, do you know the difference between an Apple and an Elephant?"

UNCLE (benignly): "No, my lad, I don't."

TOMMY: "You'd be a smart chap to send out to buy Apples, wouldn't you?"—*Punch.*

The great Duke of Wellington answered a similar insult with equal, if more crushing cleverness. When the French King introduced one of his field marshals to Wellington, the field marshal turned his back on his former enemy and conqueror. Louis Philippe was naturally indignant, and apologized to the Duke for such rude behaviour.

"Pray, forgive him, sir," the Iron Duke said, quietly, "I am afraid it was I who taught him to do that in the Peninsula."

M. Grévy, when French President, once extricated himself from a predicament with wonderful presence of mind. He was being conducted round the salon of an eminent artist when he saw a painting which displeased him.

"What a daub!" he exclaimed; "whose is it?"

"That picture, M. le President," said his cicerone, "is my own work."

"Ah!" said the President, without any sign of embarrassment at his awkward mistake, "in our country, when we particularly wish to purchase a thing, we always begin by running it down," and, true to his part, he purchased the offending painting there and then.

The late Sir Frank Lockwood had few superiors in the art of repartée. The genial lawyer was a tall man, and, for some reason, not altogether transparent. An unruly member of his audience once called out to him in the middle of his speech, "Go it, telescope!"

"My friend is mistaken in applying that term to me," Sir Frank quietly said; "he ought to claim it for himself; for, though he cannot draw me out, I think I can both see through him and shut him up."

On another occasion one of his political opponents rudely called out in the middle of a speech, "All lawyers are rogues."

"I am glad," Sir Frank quietly rejoined, "to greet this gentleman as a member of my profession, but he need not proclaim our shortcomings to the world."

■

MODERN MEDICINE

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whiskey and get the jim-jams. Eat soup

SO SWEET OF HER!

LADY (recently married, in answer to congratulations of visiting lady friend): "Thank you, dear But I still find it very hard to remember my new name."

FRIEND: "Ah, dear, but of course you had the old one so long!"—*Punch*.

and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire taxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.

■

AT LEAST

Once more the college graduates
 Appear in bright array;
'Twill take them twenty years to know
 How múch they know to-day.

—*Puck*.

■

UNIVERSITY.

"A university," said John Henry Newman, "is in its essence a place for the communication and circulation of thought by means of personal intercourse."

That was some years ago.

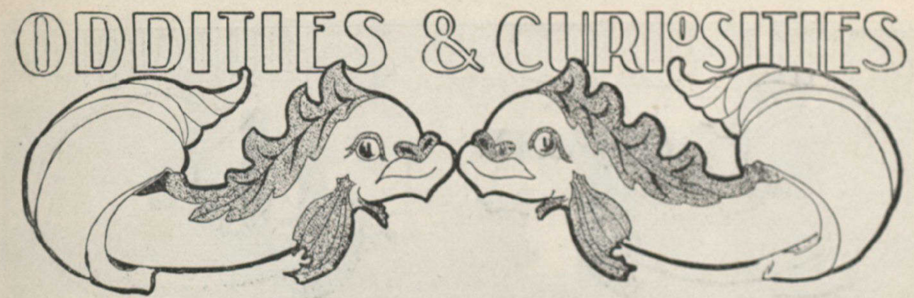
Now a university is in its essence a group of buildings costing fifteen millions, containing apparatus costing ten millions, and in the custody of a faculty whose salaries foot up five millions, where young persons, regardless of religious beliefs, provided only they have the dollars, may learn to use tobacco and slang.—*Life*.

■

A YACHTING SONG.

When the paint is on the rigging,
 And the gaff is on the boom,
And the wigwags are a-wigging,
 And the English are in bloom;
When the sea is like a kitten,
 And the mainsail is in tops,
Then a certain thrifty Briton
 Will desert his thousand shops:
He will bid us all defiance,
 Wherever we may be,
And we'll get out our *Reliance*,
 And help advertise his tea.

—*Benj. Jefferson in Life*.



VACUUM CLEANING

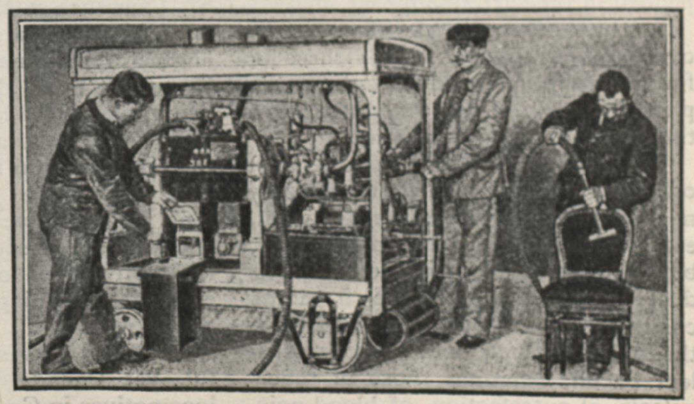
THE people on the streets of Toronto are familiar with the thump-thump of a machine which stands in front of residences here and there and is connected with these residences by rubber tubes. It is a "house-cleaner" at work. This machine is thus described by a scientific journal:

"The cleansing of carpets, curtains, and upholstery constitutes a great difficulty, not only from the point of view of the perfection of operation, but also, and particularly, from that of the danger that it may cause in thickly populated places. It is, in fact, indispensable that the dust should not be set in motion, but should be collected, to be properly disposed of. This desideratum is now satisfied by several methods, so far as carpets are concerned. One of these consists in passing compressed air through the carpet and thus blowing the dust into a ventilator, which disperses it. In others, a closed drum is used, furnished with beaters that raise the carpet and let it fall. The dust, as in the preceding case, is raised by a powerful ventilator in communication with the interior of the drum.

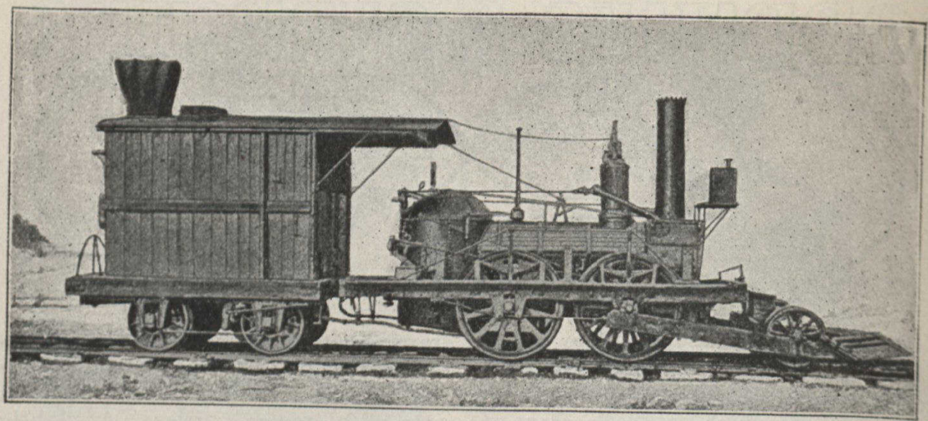
"These processes give good results, but they are inconvenient in that they require the transportation of the carpet to a special factory; besides, and especially with the beating machine, it can be used only with strong articles. A slightly worn carpet is sensibly deteriorated after passing several times through such a machine. Finally, none of these systems can be used with upholstered furniture. . . . . . .

"The vacuum cleaning machine. . . is composed, as shown in the illustration, of a motor that runs an exhaust-pump, of a condensing filter that collects the dust, and of a flexible tube having an aspirating nozzle, whose form varies with the pieces to be treated. The whole is carried on a four-wheeled cart and is easily transportable.

"The essential part is the condenser, which is a closed chest containing a metallic mushroom-shaped piece against which the air is projected and leaves its coarsest particles. It is then



APPARATUS FOR SANITARY CLEANING BY MEANS OF VACUUM



THE FAMOUS "JOHN BULL," BUILT IN ENGLAND IN 1831, FOR THE MOHAWK AND HUDSON RAILWAY

filtered through a double linen bag and is not discharged into the atmosphere till it has been relieved of all its suspended dust."

"The chief advantages of vacuum-cleaning, as it has been described, are the following: (1) Absolute cleansing of the objects treated, since no dusty nook escapes the action of the aspirator; (2) no displacement of carpet or furniture is necessary; (3) no injury such as takes place when carpets are beaten, the objects regaining their proper colours after being relieved of dust; (4) complete condensation of the dust—an important point from the standpoint of hygiene, since it is thus removed as a whole without being suspended in the surrounding air.

"A final advantage that is not to be overlooked is that of speed; three or four days are sufficient to clean completely the seats and hangings of a theatre of ordinary dimensions.

"It need not be said that the dust collected in this way contains not only mineral substances, the débris of wool, etc., which make up its greater part, but also all sorts of microbes. The dust that has been taken from the chairs of one of our most important theatres contained notably many virulent bacilli, including those of tuberculosis, of putrefaction, of blood-poisoning, etc. It may be seen what services may be rendered to hygiene by a process capable of expelling dust from inhabited places without sending it into the surrounding atmosphere."

⁂

EARLY LOCOMOTIVES

George Stephenson was born in 1781, in the village of Wylam, near Newcastle, and Newcastle was the birthplace of the locomotive. Stephenson's "No. 1 Engine" is mounted in a pedestal and stands in the Central Station in that English city. Just outside in the Square is the statue of the great inventor, the man who also made the plans for the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal. It was in July, 1814, that Stephenson's first engine drew some coal cars in a colliery, much to the astonishment of every one. The locomotive developed slowly and in 1822 it was tested on the Stockton and Darlington Railway. The locomotive pictured here, was built at the Newcastle works in 1831, and sent to America. It was the first locomotive seen on this continent, all early engines being imported by United States railways. The progress made since those days is something wonderful, yet Canada is to-day ordering locomotives in Great Britain.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS

A Department For Business Men.

THE New York *Sun* has at last discovered that Canadians are buying United States manufactures only where it cannot be avoided. The *Sun* should not forget that the Canadian Government still bonuses Mr. Munsey and other New York magazine publishers twenty-five per cent. This is one of the gentle favours which the *Sun* must still keep to the credit of our international goodwill.

❧

There are few countries in the world which can show such a balance-sheet as Canada. The surplus of revenue over current expenditure for the year ending June 30th, 1903, was over twenty-two millions of dollars. Deducting all capital expenditures for the years, the surplus for reduction of the public debt is fifteen millions ($15,000,000), and Canada's trade is still increasing steadily every day.

During the same twelve months 300 immigrants a day, on an average, entered the country. The total immigration for the period was 110,000 people. As more than one-quarter of these were Canadians returning from the United States, or enterprising United States farmers, the amount of accompanying wealth must have been enormous as compared with usual migrations.

❧

The Dominion Steel Company of Sydney is unfortunate. The present plant is fitted to produce raw steel only, and cannot do it economically. If half the amount of capital had been invested in half the number of furnaces and the other half of the capital in a plant for making wire, rolled iron, pipes, and other more finished products, there would be a possibility of success. Just now the plant is practically useless in spite of the generous bounties wrung from the Hon. Mr. Fielding at the point of the bayonet. The Dominion Steel people must show greater capacity and larger knowledge if they are to save the good name of Canada's industrial activity. The same may be said of the Sault Ste. Marie enterprise. The steel plant at Collingwood and a few other small institutions are doing very well. The large plant is not always the most successful.

❧

There a rumour that the United States Steel Trust will establish a Canadian branch at Port Colborne. This is hardly credible. The Trust is having sufficient trouble, present and immediate, in making its United States business satisfactory.

❧

The Canada-United states labour union has been dealt some hard blows this year, and the end is not yet. Mr. Dunsmuir, the head of the Vancouver Island coal mines, shut his works down rather than have his men join the international bodies. The shipping interests of Montreal refused to recognize the longshoreman's union because it was international; and, backed by

the sympathy of the business-men of the city, won a hard fight. Senator Lougheed has fathered a Bill in Parliament to make it a criminal offence for any foreigner to come into Canada to disturb the harmony between employer and employee.

There are people in Canada who think, rightly or wrongly, that United States influences are inclined to be jealous of our industrial activity, and that any strike which improves it is not displeasing to the people who are at present the dominant industrial force on this continent. These people think Canadian labour unions would be better than international labour unions, and they are working toward that end. They have not yet had much success because the unions have been sweeping all before them. During the past few months, however, there have been signs of a coming change. The strikes inaugurated recently have not been altogether successful, and for the first time in several years wages show a tendency to stability among the mechanics. Skilled workmen are still in demand, but not at extravagant wages. A large number of men from England and Scotland—very desirable mechanics—have come in this year and have found satisfactory employment. This has tended to steady the labour market, although it is doubtful if without this immigration wages could have gone higher.

☙

The following quotation from *The Spectator* (London) of recent date, gives a Canadian letter and the editor's opinion of the point raised:

WANTED, AN IMPERIAL POST OFFICE.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir—You recently alluded to discrepancies in the postal service by which Canada is knit more closely to the United States than to Britain. I enclose herewith the postal money order demand form in use in Canada, from which you will see that Britain is put on a very unfavourable footing. A Canadian can transmit £20 by money order to the United States, but to Britain he may not send more than £10 by one order. He may send a sovereign to any part of the United States for three halfpence, but it costs fivepence to send it anywhere in Britain. This is prejudicial to trade relations, to say nothing of the sentiment of Imperial unity. If the Post Office of the United States can co-operate with that of Canada, why cannot the British Post Office come into line? The Canadian officials are anxious to have Britain put on the same footing as the United States, but the inefficiency and indifference of the British official have hitherto thwarted Canada's desires.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Canadian Scot.

[The treatment of Canada by the British Post Office, granted that our correspondent's facts are correct, is inexplicable. It would appear to be as unsound from the commercial as it is from the Imperial point of view.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

☙

There has been already considerable discussion as to the source from which the labour for the construction of the different transcontinental railways projected will be procured. It is stated that at least 50,000 men will be required for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the extreme activity of the transportation branches has already made the question of obtaining men for operating and construction work a difficult problem. — *Labour Gazette*.

☙

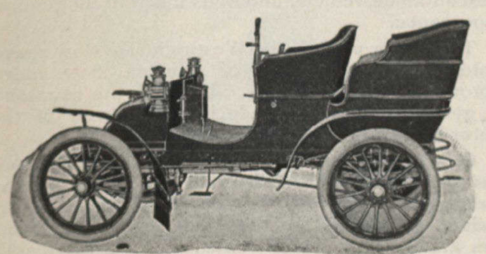
It has been estimated that during the past four years at least $375,000,000 of Canadian capital have been expended in founding new enterprises and in enlarging old ones in order to keep pace with the growth of industry in Canada.—*Labour Gazette*.

THE GASOLINE AUTOMOBILE

ITS GOOD QUALITIES

IN a general way there are three types of carriages; light runabouts for two people, the large touring cars for four to six passengers, and types of cars coming between these carrying two people regularly, but with an extra seat either in the front or back for two other passengers.

The touring car design is very popular in America at the present time. Generally speaking, it consists of a body, with a regular front seat for the driver and one other passenger and the rear seat known



THE "AUTOCAR"

as a "Tonneau." This Tonneau is generally quite roomy, and in the larger cars will provide comfortable accommodation for four passengers. It is detachable, leaving the car then equipped for speed work with two passengers.

The Canada Cycle and Motor Company, Limited, handle the most approved machines in both these types of autos.

THE AUTOCAR

A number of these have been sold in Canada to some of the most prominent citizens. It is a touring car, and is noted for the excellence of construction and the lightness of its appearance and finish. It is being made in a factory, where no expense is spared in turning out a highly finished product. It is fitted with double cylinder engines of from ten to twelve horse power, and its gasoline tank carries fuel for two hundred miles of travel.

A gentleman living some hundred odd miles from Toronto purchased an "Autocar." He came by train to Toronto and ran his machine home without a stop. Then he gave it a day's rest and started back to tell the Canada Cycle and Motor Company just what a splendid machine he thought the "Auto" was.

THE RAMBLER

This is probably as well-known an automobile as any in Canada. It is recognized as one of the most attractive in design of runabout carriages in the market. It has a four-cycle engine of great strength, and capable of developing six horsepower. Its weight is about 1,200 lbs. It is built for two passengers, but can have a second seat put on, thus enabling it to carry four. Its gasoline tank carries fuel for about 150 miles of travel.

This carriage has shown up remarkably well in all the endurance and speed tests in the United States during the past year. As a runabout carriage with sufficient power it has probably no equal.

Decoration Day trials of automobiles in Indianapolis resulted in a distinct victory for this machine, it being awarded first prize in the hill-climbing contest, and in 100-mile endurance race from Denver to Palmer Lake it secured the first prize and two special prizes.

The "Rambler" is a machine well known in Canada, and more particularly in Toronto, where a great many are in constant use. Many more are now on the way from the factory to fill Canadian orders.

THE WINTON

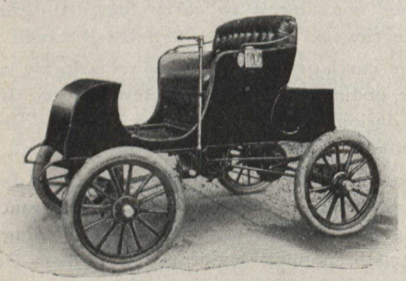
The Winton Touring Car is perhaps the best known of American automobiles. Mr. Alexander Winton, head of the firm, is known throughout the world for his pioneer work in connection with the construction of automobiles. This year the Winton factory is turning out only one type of car, the Winton Touring Car. Its engines are 20 horsepower, and the car is capable of making forty miles an hour over good roads. With the Tonneau this car affords comfortable accommodation for six passengers. The 1903 Winton in design and general appearance seems to approach very near to our idea of what a perfect automobile touring car should be. A number of these machines are in use in Canada, The Canada Cycle and Motor Co. being sole Canadian agents.

AUTOMOBILES IN CANADA

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ELECTRIC VEHICLE INDUSTRY

By The Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited, Toronto

CANADA is well to the front in the manufacture of high-class electric vehicles of all the leading types. The business was started in a small way three years ago in Toronto, and has made steady, substantial progress since that time. The original company was formed to manufacture electric vehicles, making use of patents owned by Mr. Geo. Still for motors and batteries. Subsequently, as this business expanded, a new company was formed known as "Canadian Motors, Limited," to construct electric vehicles along the same lines of construction as formerly followed by the Still firm.



THE "IVANHOE"

The result was that a number of electric vehicles were manufactured and sold both in Canada and in England. Last winter the business changed hands, becoming the property of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Limited.

Since that time arrangements have been made for much more extensive manufacturing than was previously possible. Some of the carriages turned out by this firm are well known. They have completed Broughams and Victorias which compare favorably with the finest product of American or European factories. The electric Tally-ho "Canada," which is seen daily on the streets of Toronto, is a purely Canadian product, every part of it being made in Toronto. It is capable of carrying twenty to twenty-five passengers on trips of twenty-five to thirty-five miles three times daily. It is probably the most successful large electric vehicle of this kind in America.

In addition to this, a number of handsome Stanhopes and Oxford carriages have been turned out. Delivery wagons have also been successfully manufactured and are now in use on the streets of Toronto.

The Company are at the present time making a specialty of the manufacture of a high-class runabout carriage named the "IVANHOE." It is built on lines of most modern construction, with artillery wood wheels, outside diameter, 30 inches, suitable for either hard rubber or pneumatic tires. Instead of having all the weight of the battery in the rear compartment, battery space is provided in the front of the carriage, thus distributing the weight more equally over the front and rear axles. The effect of this is seen in the increased comfort to passengers in riding over uneven pavements. This front compartment also serves a useful purpose in detracting from the horseless vehicle appearance of the carriage. It makes the carriage a complete self-contained vehicle, and adds much to its general appearance.

The motor used is the Westinghouse slow speed motor. The advantage of using a slow speed motor is very considerable. It avoids the necessity of gear reduction for reducing the speed of the motor in driving the vehicle.

One other advantage in the construction is that this motor is suspended from the body of the carriage. In this way it receives the benefit of the springs as well as the tires, and so is saved from jars arising from rough roads. This greatly adds to the life and durability of the motor. The chain drive is used, as it is the simplest and most direct form of transmission for carriages of this type. The rear axle on which the differential gear is situated is solid throughout, thus assuring the absolute strength of the carriage.

The lines followed in the general construction of the carriage are the result of the closest inspection of the models on the United States market this year, and several of the leading manufacturers in the United States propose to adopt similar principles in their 1904 models.

This carriage is no experiment. It is manufactured in Canada by a firm that has had four years' experience in connection with automobile work. The carriage is designed by Mr. H. P. Maxim, who was for many years with the Electric Vehicle Co. of Hartford, Conn., and afterwards consulting engineer for the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburg. Mr. Maxim is a son of Sir Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor of the Maxim Gun, and has spent his life in the study of electric invention as applied to automobile work. In securing him as their consulting engineer, the Canada Cycle and Motor Co. secured a man who is probably the best recognized authority on this work in America.

The electric carriages thus turned out in Canada are of unusual excellence. They are capable of a speed of 13 to 14 miles an hour, and with a mileage of 40 miles without recharging. Their design is new, the appointments and upholstery the very best. The steering and controlling devices are so simple that a lady can operate them with perfect safety.

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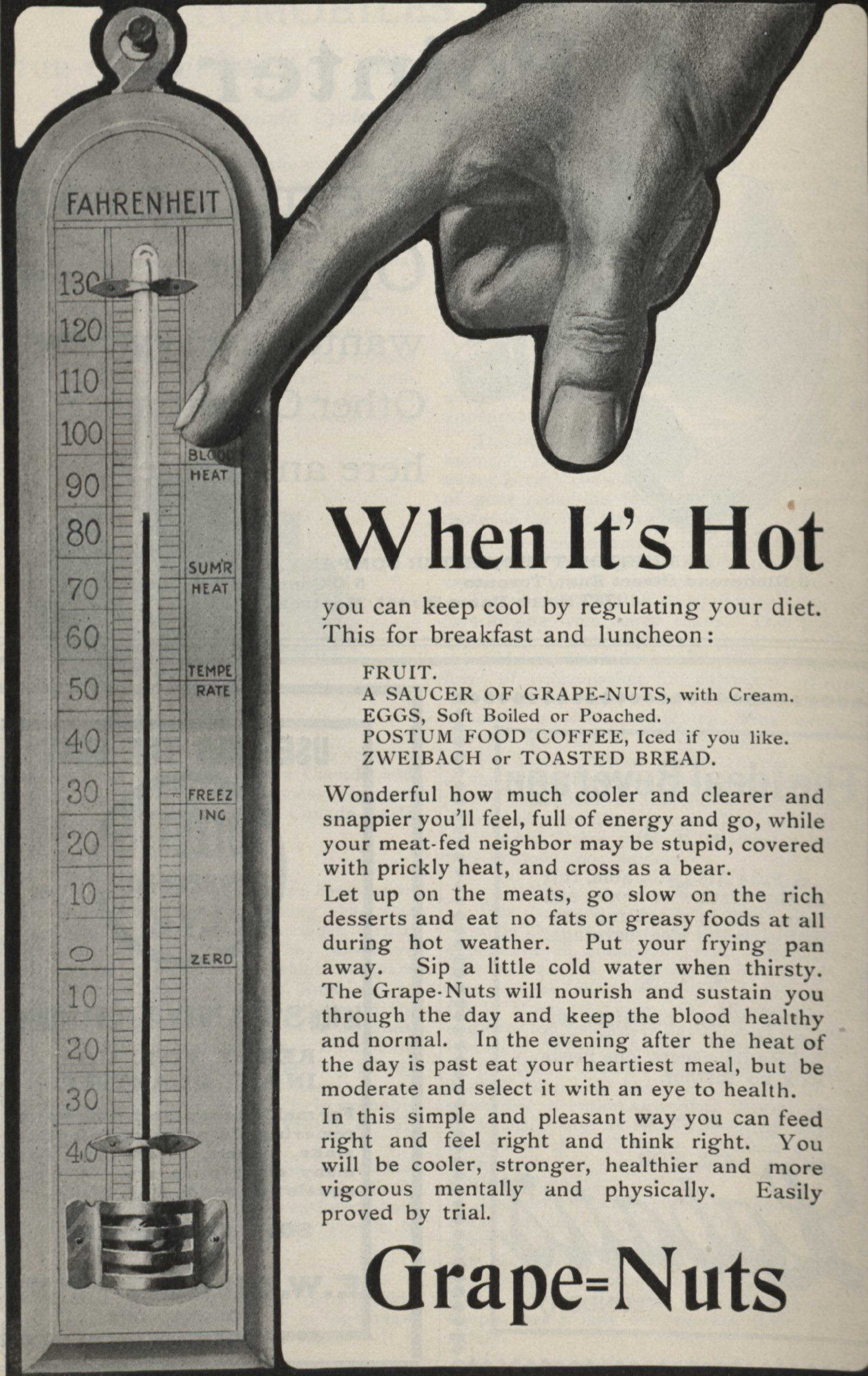
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That this charming maid displays,
And she makes no secret of it,
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It's a pleasantry she's fond of,
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GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.), 1900.

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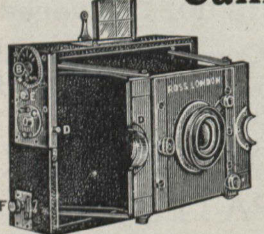

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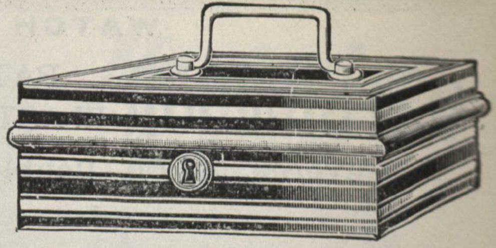

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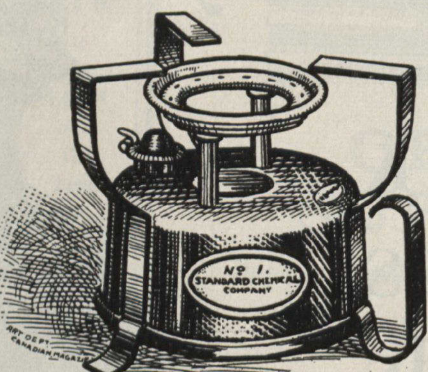

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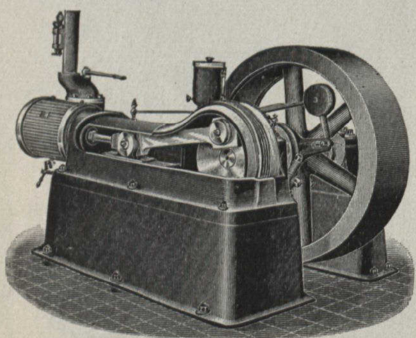

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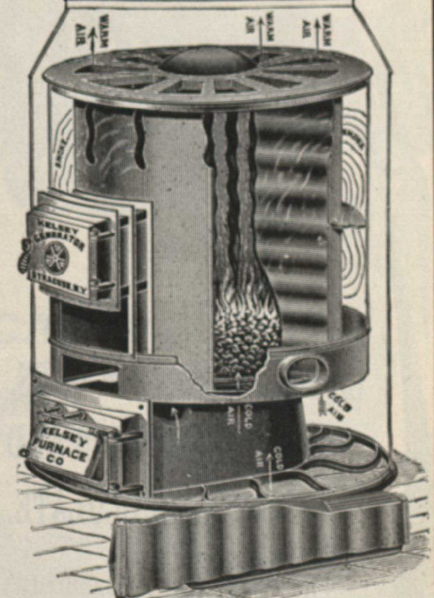

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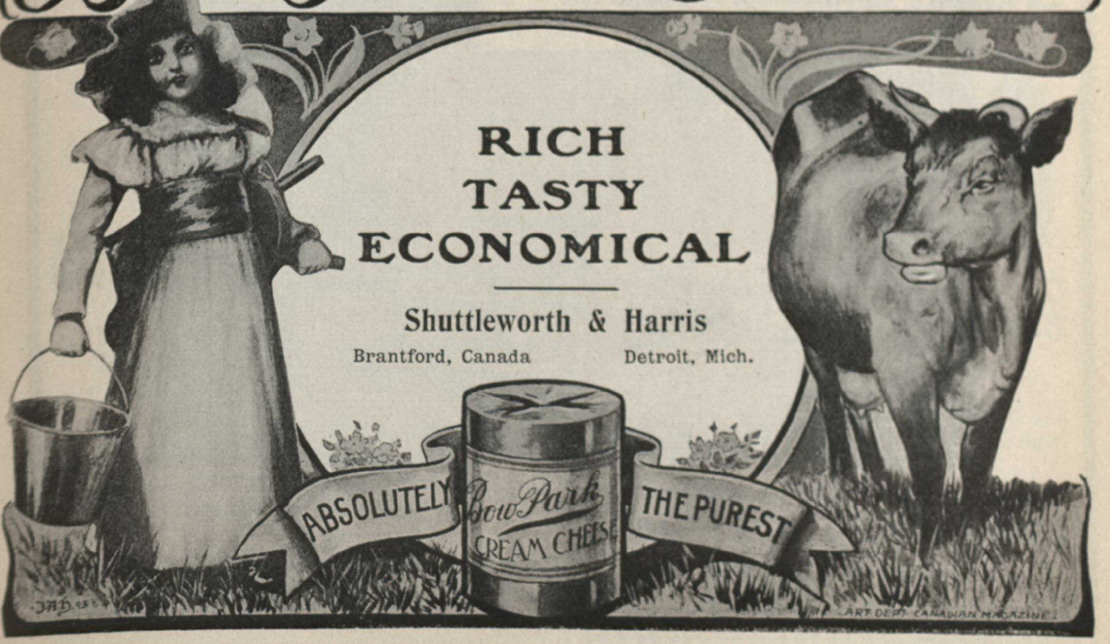

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was built in 1901 at a cost of $150,000, and is without doubt the largest and most magnificent summer hotel in Canada; in fact, there are none better on this continent. Its location is unsurpassed, being in the centre of the famous Muskoka Lakes District, a thousand feet above the sea. The interior of the Hotel is planned to the best advantage for comfort and convenience, special attention being given to sanitary arrangements. Single rooms, with or without bath, and magnificently furnished suites with private baths; hot and cold water, electric light and bells in each room,

open fire-places, steam heat, etc. The cuisine is unsurpassed, and is a model of epicurean achievements. The grounds of the hotel, one hundred and thirty acres in extent, contain many beautiful walks and cool resting places, all commanding lovely views. There are **TENNIS, GOLFING, BOWLING, BOATING, FISHING, BATHING** grounds and **BOWLING GREEN,** and many enjoyable water trips. Launch service and Recreation and Billiard Room in connection with the hotel, also direct telegraph service.

"A very beautiful palace is the 'Royal Muskoka,'" writes a tourist, "reached by a woodland walk that mounts the height easily, and conceals the great hotel until one is just before it. There is a vast central rotunda, from which long wings spread, each housing two hundred people, so cunningly contrived on different levels that one has scarcely any idea of going up or down stairs to reach even the third floor. The rotunda is forty by one hundred feet, the open-rafted roof forty feet high. The banquet hall is as large, and on the floor below them is the most delightful huge café, with dark stained floor, dark square pillars girdled with twinkling electric bulbs, and a great fire-place of brick and rough stone."

Rates are $3.50 and upwards per day, and $20 and upwards per week.
For booklet, plans, etc., address

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Or to G. T. BELL, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal, Canada

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The "Imperial Limited"

In addition to the regular daily service, THE "IMPERIAL LIMITED" trains will run TRI-WEEKLY between **Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver**, CROSSING THE CONTINENT IN EACH DIRECTION IN ABOUT FOUR DAYS.

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Leave Montreal Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, 11.40 a.m.
" Toronto " " " " 1.45 p.m.

At Fort William the new trains will connect with the Upper Lake Steamships plying tri-weekly between Fort William, Sault Ste. Marie and Owen Sound.

DINING CARS will run between Montreal and Banff. Beyond Banff meals will be served at Company's Chalet Hotels at Field, Glacier and North Bend.

FROM this truly "IMPERIAL TRAIN" *more magnificent scenery* can be seen than on any other Railway in the world in the same time.

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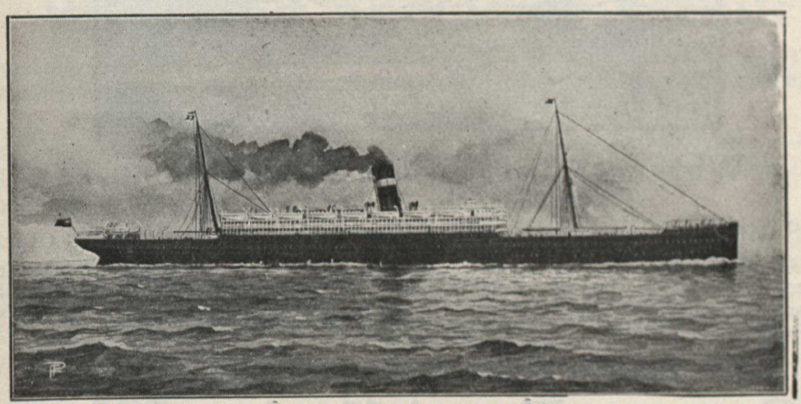

The Allan Line Twin-screw Steamer "Tunisian."

IONIAN, New, Twin Screws, 9,000 Tons

BAVARIAN, Twin Screws, 10,375 Tons	**TUNISIAN, Twin Screws, 10,575 Tons**
CORINTHIAN, - - 6,500 Tons	**SICILIAN, - - - 6,500 Tons**
PRETORIAN, - - - 6,300 Tons	**PARISIAN, - - - - 5,500 Tons**

These fine new steamers sail **Weekly** to Liverpool from Montreal, calling at Londonderry

The steamers are amongst the largest and finest in the Transatlantic Lines and are excelled by none in the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The Saloons and Staterooms are amidships, where least motion is felt, and bilge keels have been fitted to all the steamers, which has reduced the rolling motion to the minimum. The vessels are also fitted with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.

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The hour of sailing is arranged to make connection with trains arriving from the West and South. No expense for transfer of baggage.

The distance on the Atlantic is almost 1000 miles shorter via this route than it is from United States ports. The scenery in the River and Gulf makes this the picturesque route between America and Europe.

1903 PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS 1903

Subject to change.

From Liverpool.	Steamers.	From Montreal. A.M.	From Quebec. P.M.
16 July,	*TUNISIAN	Sat., 1 Aug., 7.00	Sat., 1 Aug., 4.40
23 "	*PARISIAN	" 8 " 5.00	" 8 " 5.00
30 "	PRETORIAN	" 15 " 5.00	" 15 " 3.30
6 Aug.	*BAVARIAN	" 22 " 5.00	" 22 " 4.20
13 "	*IONIAN	" 29 " 5.00	" 29 " 3.30
20 "	*TUNISIAN	" 5 Sept. 5.30	" 5 Sept. 4.30
27 "	*PARISIAN	" 12 " 5.30	" 12 " 3.30
3 Sept.	PRETORIAN	" 19 " 6.00	" 19 " 4.00
10 "	*BAVARIAN	" 26 " 6 00	" 26 " 3.30
17 "	*IONIAN	" 3 Oct. 6.00	" 3 Oct. 4.00
24 "	*TUNISIAN	" 10 " 6.00	" 10 " 4.30
1 Oct.	*PARISIAN	" 17 " 9.00	" 17 " 7.20
8 "	PRETORIAN	" 24 " 6.00	" 24 " 4.30

*These steamers do not carry cattle.

TUNISIAN passed Instrahull August 8th, 3.40 p.m., and arrived at Rimouski August 14th, 10.40 p.m., 6 days, 7 hours, adding 4 hours, 30 minutes difference in time. Time of passage, 6 days, 11 hours, 30 minutes.

BAVARIAN is a twin steamer to **Tunisian** (10.375 tons), made over 20 miles per hour on trial trip. Time of passage, Rimouski to Moville, 6 days, 15 hours.

PARISIAN sailed from Rimouski Sunday, Oct. 20th, 10.15 a.m., and arrived at Moville Sunday, Oct. 27th, 7.30 a.m. Deducting difference in time, 4 hours, 30 minutes, the actual time of passage was 6 days, 16 hours, 50 minutes.

For rates or further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

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S. S. KENSINGTON, -	8,669 "	S. S. DOMINION, -	- 6,618 "

These fine Steamships will maintain a weekly service from Montreal to Liverpool, sailing on Saturdays, and commencing with Saturday, the 2nd of May.

The S. S. CANADA holds the record for the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada.

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Weekly Sailings

LARGE TWIN-SCREW STEAMSHIPS

S. S. COLUMBUS, -	13,000 Tons	S. S. MAYFLOWER, -	13,000 Tons
S. S. COMMONWEALTH,	13,000 "	S. S. NEW ENGLAND, -	11,400 "

Boston to Mediterranean

S. S. VANCOUVER and S. S. CAMBROMAN

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The Canadian Northern has opened up for settlement the fertile Rainy River Valley, a promising district for the Home-Seeker or Investor. Keep your eye on the Wondrous West.

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Lv. Montreal.........	† 7.40	† 19.45
Levis	13.10	¶ 24.50
Riviere Ouelle.	15.55	6.00
Ar. St. Denis Wharf	16.25	6.30
	Str. "Admiral"	
Murray Bay...	17.50	8.00
Cap a L'Aigle..	....	8.30

† Daily, except Sunday.
¶ Daily, except Monday.

2 TRAINS

BETWEEN

St. Denis Wharf and Montreal

	Str. "Admiral"	
Lv. Cap a L'Aigle..........	† 10.00	....
Murray Bay	11.00	* 18.00
	No. 153 EXPRESS	No. 151 EXPRESS
St Denis Wharf........	12.45	* 19.45
Riviere Ouelle..........	13.18	‡ 20.28
Ar. **Levis**....................	16.05	‡ 23.20
Montreal.................	22.00	† 7.00

* Daily, from Murray Bay and St. Denis Wharf to Riviere Ouelle, connecting for Levis only on Saturday with train leaving Riviere Ouelle 23.48.
‡ Daily, except Saturday.
† Daily, except Sunday.

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THROUGH SLEEPING CARS between MONTREAL and ST. DENIS WHARF for Passengers to and from MURRAY BAY, on Trains 154 and 151.

Dining Cars on Trains 152 and 153, between Montreal and Riviere Ouelle.
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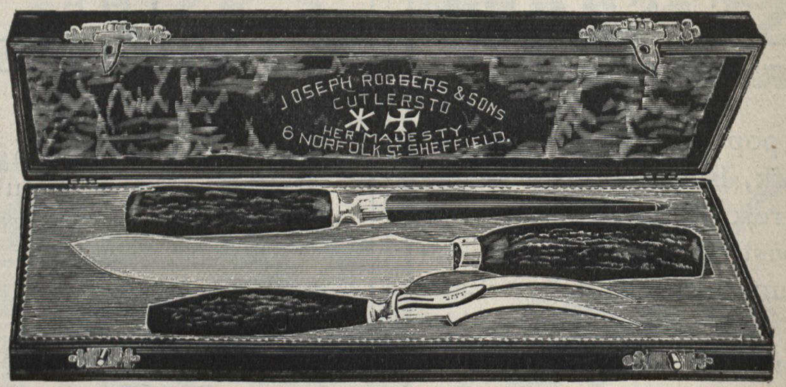

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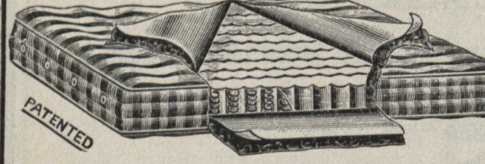

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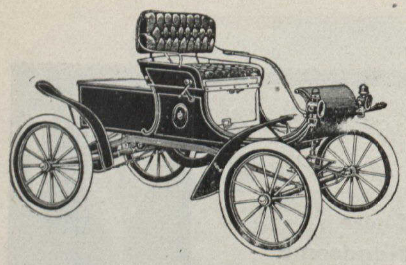

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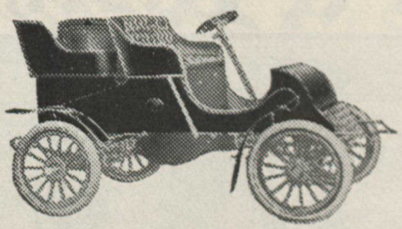

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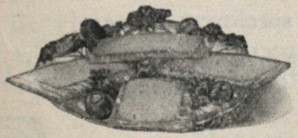

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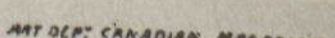

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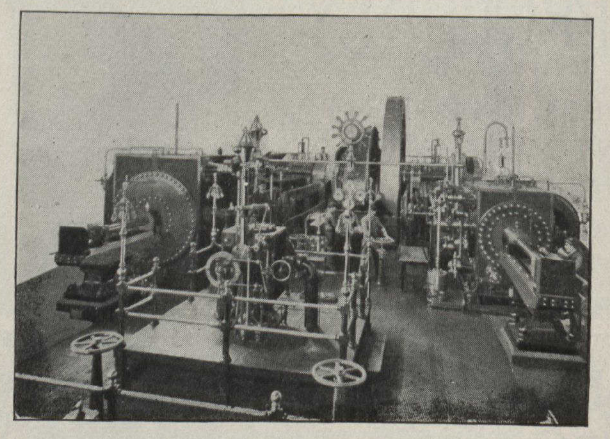

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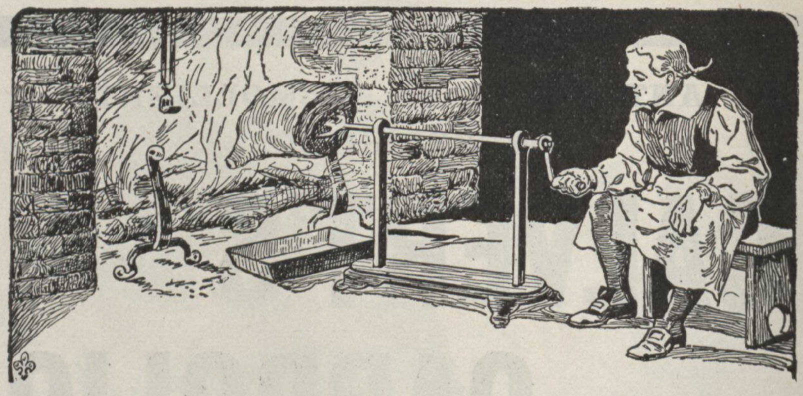

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Ladies' and Gents' Toupees and Wigs, latest designs and improvements, light, durable and natural.

"Ladies' Beautiful Transformation, can be dressed high or low.

Have you grey hair? Why so? Because you don't use Armand's Grey Hair Restorer. You can wash, curl and dress your hair, it will not come off. Price, $3.00, two for $5.00. The best is the cheapest.

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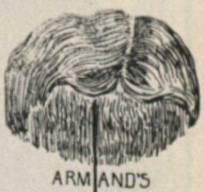
You can save money and trouble by buying from us.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of Hair Goods in Canada.



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Lack of energy means nervousness—and that means a tendency to worry. Worry kills—work doesn't.

Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, soothes tired nerves, and gives you renewed strength and vitality—helps stop worry, and makes work easier.

It builds up and braces up—it is quieting and refreshing. It is more than a tonic—it's a ***nerve food.***

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We sell stratified seeds and cultivated plants, and furnish you free copyrighted directions fully covering every point of cultivation.

You need but a very small patch of ground—1,000 plants can be grown in a square rod.

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Little time is required—profits are amazing. Immense demand; meagre supply.

A Missouri man sold $25,000 worth from ½ acre one year; a Michigan man sold $15,000 worth from ⅓ acre one year. Ginseng has always grown wild on the American Continent—now almost extinct; cultivation just beginning.

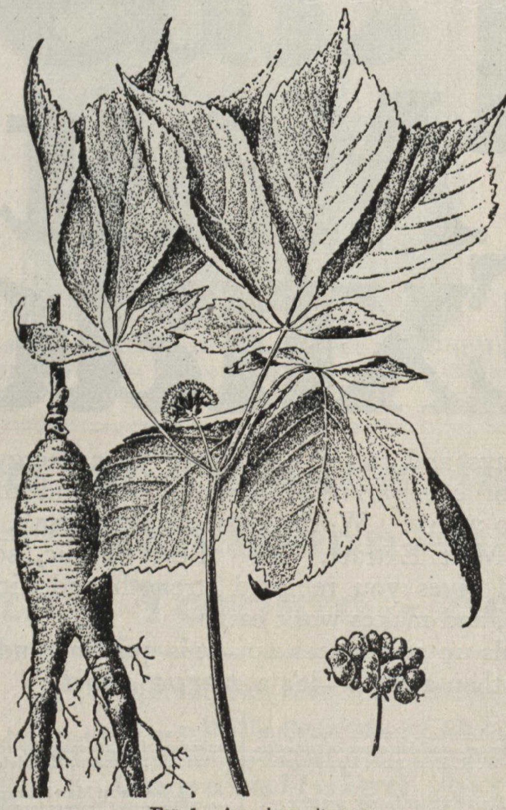

Fig. 1.—American ginseng.

Reproduced from Bulletin 16, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

You can start a garden for from $5 up. Will pay a dividend of from 50 to 75 per cent. on your entire investment the first year.

Ginseng root is exported to China, where it brings immense prices. Seeds and young plants are sold to American and Canadian growers at big profits.

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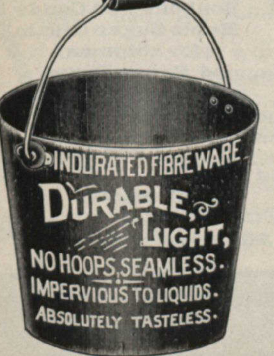

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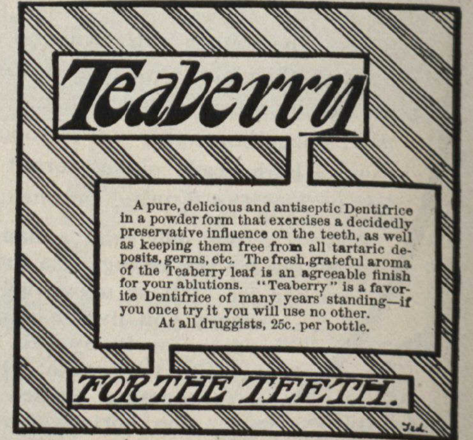

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In Jean or Batiste, with double branch hose supporters attached. Sizes 18 to 30.

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Of very fine Coutil or white Batiste, with double branch hose supporters attached. Sizes 18 to 30.

Erect Form No. 991, Long Hip Model, $1.50
Of Sterling Cloth, with double branch hose supporters attached. Sizes 18 to 30.

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Of imported Coutil or white Batiste. Double branch hose supporters on front, single supporters on side. Sizes 18 to 30.

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Erect Form No. 989, at $1. Erect Form No. 992, at $1,50. Erect Form No. 711 (improved), at $2.

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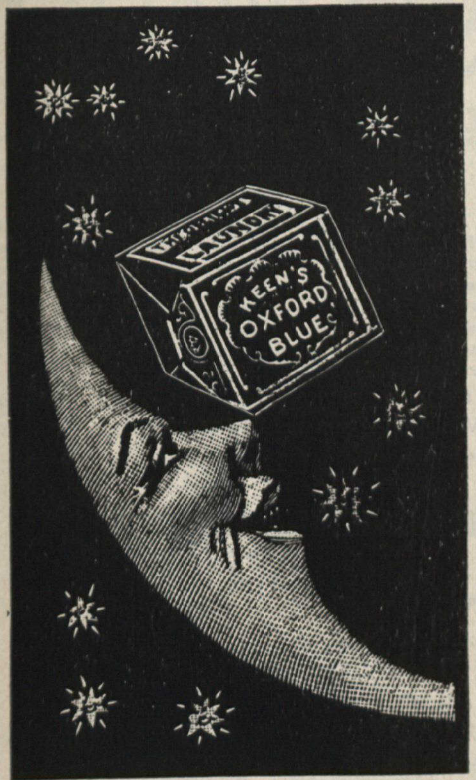

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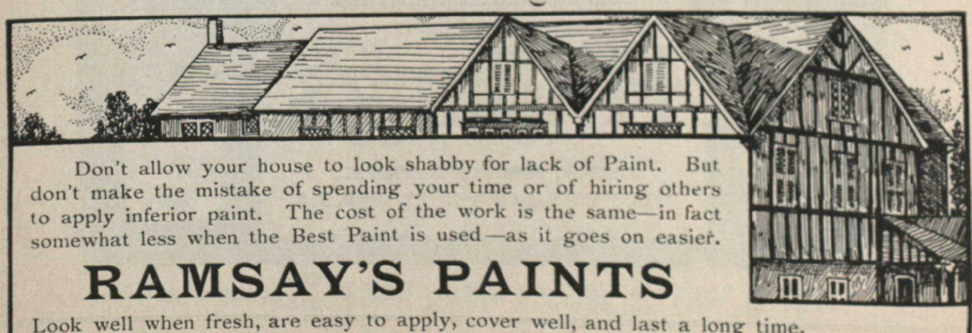

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The sum of $7,500.00 will be distributed between now and fall among family cooks, in 735 prizes, ranging from $200.00 to $5.00.

This is done to stimulate better cooking in the family kitchen. The contest is open to paid cooks (drop the name "hired girl," call them cooks if they deserve it) or to the mistress of the household if she does the cooking. The rules for contest are plain and simple. Each of the 735 winners of money prizes will also receive an engraved certificate of merit or diploma as a cook. The diplomas bear the big gilt seal and signature of the most famous food company in the world, the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., the well-known makers of Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts. Write them and address Cookery Department, No. 124, for full particulars.

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