

The Canadian **C**ourier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

THE article on Dominion Fish Hatcheries, published this week, is of unusual value and the page of illustrations will be found entirely new in character, even to those who have known something of this great industry. The subject is of immediate interest to every Canadian household and the Government measures taken to preserve or perpetuate certain species are dealt with in an informing style.

THE *Canadian Courier* has been congratulated on the interest it takes in the paintings of native artists and on the class of articles it has succeeded in obtaining on this subject. Last week, the art of Mr. A. M. Fleming was discussed, with a page of illustrations from the artist's productions. It is the editorial intention to publish such articles from time to time, showing the development of our own interpreters of national scenes and characters.

THIS national weekly has a strong foothold now among both Eastern and Western Canadians. The former will be deeply interested in this week's discussion of the Prince Edward Island Tunnel, a subject which has not been fully treated heretofore. Our photographs show the difficulties encountered during the winter months by the small steamers.

THE Easter number will be of unusual artistic attraction and the yearly "travel number" to be published early in May will show what superlative attractions Canada offers to the tourist.



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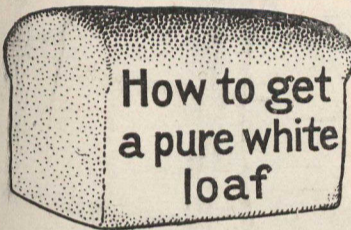
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Price.....



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Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 5

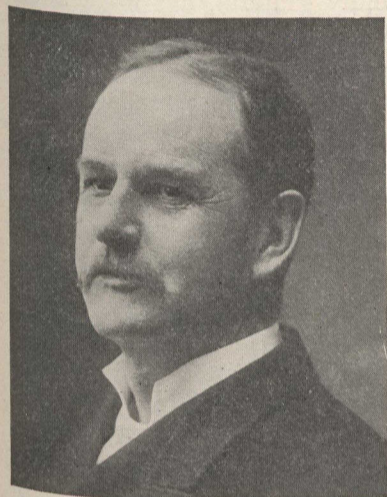
Toronto, March 20th, 1909

No. 16

IN THE DAY'S WORK

A Deputy Speaker

IN the Commons and Senate of this Dominion, there is an un-inscribed law to the effect that when a French-Canadian is Speaker in the former, an English-Canadian shall preside in the latter. This year, Mr. Charles Marcell of Bonaventure is enthroned in the House of Commons, while Senator Kerr of Toronto holds the Seat of the Mighty in the Upper Chamber. It was to be expected then, that the place of Deputy Speaker in the Commons should be held by a member of Saxon name and features.



Mr. G. H. McIntyre,
Deputy-Speaker, House of Commons,
Ottawa.

By a process of natural promotion, the Government came to Mr. G. H. McIntyre of South Perth, whose diligence during the last five years and careful attention to all details of parliamentary proceedings have earned for him the position of deputy to the presiding officer. The duties of deputy are, by no means, trivial or unexacting. He must be as well-informed as his chief, in rules of procedure, for in the absence of the Speaker, he must assume full control of the deliberations of the honourable members, and as Chairman of the Committee prolonged consideration of weighty

of the Whole, he will, during affairs, direct the proceedings.

For the position of Speaker and Deputy, more than mere information is required. It is essential that these officers possess the quality known as tact, which enables them to soothe agitated members, rescue embarrassed legislators and suggest with firmness and urbanity that a reckless orator should withdraw expressions which transgress the amenities of debate. Consequently the social qualities of these officers are of the utmost importance and it must be admitted that Canada has been fortunate, both in Federal and Provincial politics, in the men who have been addressed as "Mr. Speaker."

Mr. McIntyre is typical of the solid business men of the Ontario town. He comes from the town of St. Mary's, where he has been known for many years as a patriotic and enterprising citizen, and where his appointment to office is decidedly popular.

* * *

The Bishop of Ottawa

THE death of Archbishop Sweatman leaves Right Reverend Charles Hamilton, Bishop of Ottawa, the senior episcopal authority in Canada. The meeting of the House of Bishops next month, for the appointment of a metropolitan, is expected to result in the choice of the Bishop of Ottawa for that high office. Bishop Hamilton belongs to the family of Hamilton of County Meath, Ireland, whose history has been closely associated with Church and State. He is the fourth son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. George Hamilton, merchant, of Quebec and Hawkesbury, who founded the Hawkesbury Lumber Mills on the Ottawa River in the early part of the last century. The future bishop was born in this small settlement in 1834 and was educated at University College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1856. In the following year he was ordained deacon and in 1858, priest, by the late Bishop Mountain at Quebec. He was appointed curate at the Quebec Cathedral in 1857, where he was afterwards incumbent. From 1866 to 1885, he was Rector of St. Matthew's, Quebec. For many years he was Clerical Secretary of the Provincial Synod, of which body he became prolocutor in 1882. He was also a valued member of the Protestant School Commission in Quebec. In 1885, he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Niagara and was consecrated in Fredericton Cathedral by the Metro-



Rt.-Rev. Charles Hamilton,
Bishop of Ottawa.

politan of Canada. In May, 1896, having been elected to the Diocese of Ottawa he was duly installed in the Protestant Cathedral of the Capital.

Bishop Hamilton is an ecclesiastic of wide and varied interests and has represented Canada at the Lambeth Conference and other high councils. He has always shown an active concern in educational affairs, and is a vice-president of St. Hilda's College, Toronto. In 1885 he received the degree of D.D. from Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and that of D.C.L. in the same year from Trinity College, Toronto. He has shown throughout a zealous ministry such capacity for work and such breadth of culture that any honours which may come to him will be merely a recognition of long devotion.

* * *

The Dean of Ontario

THE recently-elected Dean of Ontario and Rector of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ontario, who succeeds Dean Farthing, appointed Lord Bishop of Montreal, is Dr. Edward John Bidwell, Principal of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville. The title of "Dean" suggests all that is venerable and profound, but the present holder of that honoured designation is but forty-two years of age, having been born in Suffolk, England, in 1867. Dr. Bidwell is the third in succession in a family of clergymen and though he has been associated with scholastic work throughout his career, he has also been Chaplain of the various schools with which he has been connected and at one time in England had charge of a parish for a year.



Dr. E. J. Bidwell,
Dean of Ontario, Kingston, Ontario.

After completing his education at Bradfield College, England, where he was a foundation scholar and head prefect, he was elected in 1885 to a classical scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, from among eighty candidates. In 1887 he took second class standing in "Classical Moderations" and took the same standing two years later in his finals.

Dr. Bidwell was ordained deacon in 1891 and the following year became priest. During the twelve succeeding years, he held various educational positions, the most important being that of Head-Master of the Peterborough (England) Cathedral Grammar School. Since 1903, he has been at the head of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, a position of great opportunities, which he has filled with such acceptance that there is general regret at his coming departure for wider ecclesiastic work.

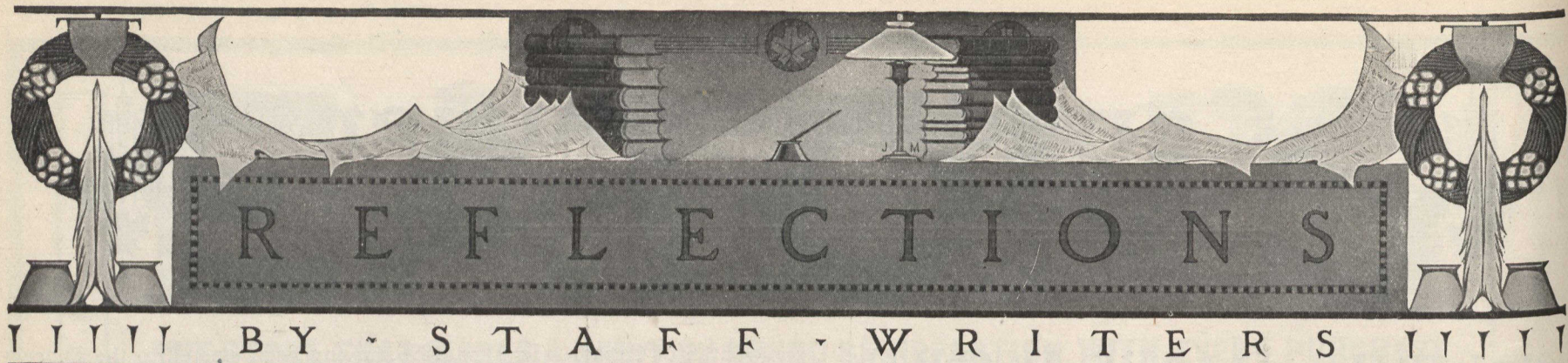
Dr. Bidwell has been an organiser of pronounced ability in his school administration. Consequently, there has been an expansion of the work, of which the most pleasing result is the inauguration of the present Preparatory School for junior scholars which trains the younger boys for the higher school. The present school building has been enlarged and facilities for healthy exercise increased. Not the least among Dr. Bidwell's qualifications for his pedagogic position is his practical knowledge of athletics, football, cricket and golf being among the games of which he is fond.

Dr. Bidwell is the type of English ecclesiastic whom we welcome with enthusiasm — energetic, scholarly, and broadly human in sympathy. As Dean of Ontario, his influence throughout the Anglican community cannot fail to be beneficent.

* * *

Director of Colonisation

MR. DONALD SUTHERLAND, ex-M.P.P. for South Oxford, has been appointed to the position of Director of Colonisation for Ontario, in succession to Mr. Thomas Southworth, who recently resigned a post which he had filled most satisfactorily. The most curious feature in Mr. Sutherland's career is that he "redeemed" a strong Liberal constituency, one which has become proverbial for its support of the party of Mowat traditions.



THE NEW MILITIA POLICY

THAT the Minister of Militia has adopted a policy which is similar to that advocated in the columns of the *Canadian Courier*, with regard to annual camps, does not prove that he is right. Indeed, judging from the number of indignant letters received at the editor's desk from the officers of the rural militia, there is a grave danger that both the Militia Department and the military staff writer of this journal are entirely wrong. However, there is this to be said for the Minister, he has not been quite so abrupt in his utterances as the journalist in question. He has been careful to state that there are great benefits to be derived from occasional large camps where the conditions more nearly approach those of real service. In the same way, hunting and canoe trips are valuable to members of militia because through them they are taught scouting, portaging, cooking and camping. There is no doubt also that the annual camp teaches patience. Any one who has gone to one of these functions and stood through an hour's drum-head service on Sunday or waited two hours in the broiling sun for the reviewing officer's salute will understand.

Sir Frederick proposes that the local regiment shall drill in its own locality and give the people of the district in which it is recruited a chance to see how it looks on parade. Whether that means local camps for each battalion or drill at company headquarters is to be determined, no doubt, by circumstances. In the West, the small regimental or battalion camp is the rule, and it seems to bring fair results. The regimental camp will afford training for the army service corps, the medical and ordnance officers, the signalling and other subsidiary corps in a way in which drill at company headquarters will not. If it is held close to the best rifle range in the country, there is added another important advantage.

Whether the Department is right or not in making this change, the experiment will be most interesting. It is to be hoped that the officers of rural battalions will give the new idea a fair, square trial. Little harm can come of trying it for a couple of years, and much good may result. If it is clearly shown that the annual camp is much the better, no doubt the Department will be as willing to admit it as the military staff writer of the *Canadian Courier*.

Sir Frederick Borden, in his address, had nothing to say as to the possibility of adopting the Swiss system of drill-sergeants in so far as this would be possible under our system. There can be no doubt, nevertheless, that this will be tried to some extent. The local militia officers cannot achieve the best results in drill without the temporary presence of an expert. There is a large number of fairly good non-coms. in the permanent militia and the distribution of these on itinerary through the rural districts would be of undoubted service and advantage.



CHILDREN AND THE THEATRE

THE stage seems to be very much in the lime-light during the last two months—if one may use such an expression without being accused of carrying coals to Newcastle. New York has been talking about a censor and Toronto aldermen, who hate to see any city on the continent outdo their own in a show of virtue, have also discussed gravely the matter of censorship. There does not seem to be any useful conclusion out of all the debate, although the press, all over the continent, is of the opinion that the plays of the year 1909 are of lower order than those of twenty years ago. Musical comedy is blamed, vaudeville is blamed, everything except the poor taste of the public is held to account for the doubtful productions which visit Canadian cities from time to time.

However, in the midst of all the talk concerning censors and public officials, it seems clear that the attendance of children, unaccom-

panied by parents or guardians, is highly undesirable and should be prohibited. The lurid melodrama is no sight for youngsters and the small person, whose parents are so ill-judged as to take him to the performance, is to be regarded as a juvenile victim. Of course, some good people will remind one of "Peter Pan." But that play is as rare among the modern monstrosities as a rose in a swamp. For Peter and all his tribe, we are profoundly grateful, but must admit that his like is hardly to be discovered at the afternoon performances at the cheap theatres. Voice, manner and matter at these "shows" are such as cannot prove profitable to the juvenile attendant. The question of what amusement adults shall choose, or shall be provided with, appears to be acutely vexed at present; but there cannot be much doubt as to the desirability of keeping unprotected and unaccompanied children from witnessing a choice assortment of murders in a vitiated atmosphere.

In some cities of the United States, the question of a theatre for children has been considered, but there are, as yet, few theatrical productions fit for the Small Person.



THE RELIGIOUS TURMOIL

WHAT an incessant turmoil over theological questions! To-day it is Mr. S. H. Blake fighting with the ritualistic section of the Anglican Church or with some other person who has attracted his fighting eye for a moment. Yesterday it was Bishop Carman, to give him his ancient title, fighting with the members of the Methodist clergy who refuse to be tied to the apron-strings of Old-Fogeyism. To-morrow it is Archbishop Langevin struggling to establish more firmly the special privileges of Roman Catholics in this country. The religious turmoil is nearly as great as the economic and political turmoil. The only difference is that in religious circles, peacefulness and gentleness and long-suffering are supposed to be predominant qualities; in economics and politics other qualities are more usual and are not the unexpected.

It is unfortunate that Dr. Carman and Mr. S. H. Blake cannot make us believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, or that the earth was created in six calendar days. The scientist and the other scholars have made us wiser than those who lived in the Middle Ages, and a change has been worked in the basis of our faith. To fail to recognise this is to prove that one has lived too long.

It is probably equally unfortunate that the Dominion Government cannot see its way clear to guarantee separate schools in the new territory to be added to Manitoba and has decided to leave the matter in the hands of the Manitoba people themselves. That this is a perfect enforcement of the principle of provincial rights, Archbishop Langevin must admit even if he cannot approve. That the present Government at Ottawa has not always upheld with enthusiasm the principle of provincial rights is not an argument against abandoning this great principle.

There is a danger that all this turmoil, bickering and wire-pulling will injure the faith that is in us as a people, affect our moral fibre, and cause us to wander far towards that carelessness and selfishness which is often wrongly named infidelity. Such a disastrous course of conduct would not be justified, however, and those inclined that way would do well to remember that another's sin is no excuse for theirs.



MR. BORDEN'S POSITION

BEFORE and after last year's general election there were many rumours that Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition, would retire in favour of some other Conservative leader. Many of us wondered why the rumour should arise and why there should be any doubts in the question of Mr. Borden's permanency as the leader. It

now appears, from his own statement, that it was his "sincere desire after the general elections to be relieved of the duties and responsibilities of leadership." He gives as his reason that "political activities have never been especially attractive to me." This reason the general public will now accept as the one which caused the rumours which created so much comment from time to time.

Having been re-appointed to the leadership with every show of unanimity and enthusiasm by his newly elected confreres in the House, and having again accepted the honour and responsibility, there need be no further doubt as to Mr. Borden's position. If he lives and has the ordinary reward of an Opposition leader, he will be the next Conservative Premier of Canada. Whether that honour comes to him soon or late, there is no doubt he will bring to the position the qualities which make for safe and dignified administration. He may never be the leader of men that Sir John Macdonald was, but he would at least do nothing which would cause the country to be ashamed of his character or bearing.



WHY THE WEST NEEDS RAILWAYS

REASONS why the Alberta government should plan to guarantee twenty-seven million dollars of railway bonds to branch railway lines are easy of discovery. The main or trunk lines which have been built at the expense of the Dominion do not serve more than one-quarter of the country except in a general way. They bring goods to the main distributing points but it is a long haul from these to the small villages. Only about one-quarter of these villages are on the main lines. The others must be served by branch lines, such as the governments of Alberta and Saskatchewan proposes to encourage.

The Western country needs railways for two great purposes—to take out wheat and bring in coal. The first purpose is fairly well understood, yet it is sometimes forgotten that a farmer cannot economically deliver wheat more than twenty miles from the place of production. If he has farther to draw his grain, he must spend one night in the village every time he takes in a load. This adds from three to five cents per bushel to the cost of production. Only a multiplicity of branch lines will extend settlement. Already there are many settlers in the two provinces who are fifty miles from a railway station. These people work under a great disadvantage which it is the business of the provincial governments to remedy as speedily as they can. For example there is a vast district south of Moose Jaw, between Weyburn on the "Soo" line and Lethbridge on the Crow's Nest line, which contains more than three million acres of wheat land which is at present almost inaccessible. Into this district last year more than 4,600 homesteaders passed, but they will work under great disadvantages until one or two railways traverse the district. There are a number of other equally large districts which are similarly situated.

The second great need of this country is an ample supply of coal. There is no timber and practically no firewood south of a line which runs from Edmonton to Prince Albert. Settlement in this vast region, capable of supplying homes to ten million or more people, is absolutely dependent upon a plentiful supply of coal. Only numerous competing railways will provide that supply at a reasonable price. The freight weights on coal to non-competing points is pretty high and the people are paying high prices for what is an absolute necessity for heating purposes, for threshing machinery and for steam ploughs. The people are even more interested in cheap rates on wheat sent out of their districts.

The West is booming. The settlers are going in. To keep it booming, the people must be given every advantage in securing their supplies and shipping their products. To do this means a continuation of the era of railway building.



BOSTON AND RECIPROCITY

THE most remarkable of recent utterances on Reciprocity was that of Mr. Bernard J. Rothwell, made at a Canadian Club dinner in Boston a few days ago. A portion of Mr. Rothwell's address is here given and shows that the people of New England are not abating their interest in this international question. He said:—"The Boston Chamber of Commerce augmented as it soon will be by the inclusion of the Boston Merchant's Association, is destined to be the largest and most influential commercial, industrial and civic organisation in the eastern section of the United States.

"The Chamber of Commerce has always been profoundly interested in the development of the Dominion of Canada and in the promotion of equitable trade relations between the United States and

Canada. It has for many years persistently advocated this policy. It will continue to do so until success crowns the effort.

"Great economic movements, whether domestic or international, make painfully slow progress, and on the surface reciprocity appears further away to-day than it was fifteen years ago. Closer study, however, will, I think, show it to be much nearer.

"Admitting a continued rapid growth in the population of the Canadian Northwest, the Dominion cannot for many generations, if ever, achieve under present tariff policy that degree of prosperity which unrestricted trade with the United States would speedily produce.

"So far as the United States is concerned, closer commercial relations with Canada are, it seems to me, a fairly imminent economic necessity.

"Consumption is rapidly overtaking our sources of food supply, and with the inevitable large and steady increase in our population this question must eventually become one of paramount importance.

"The Dominion of Canada, maintaining as it does a standard living similar to our own—and already our best customer per capita of population—would be a steadily increasing buyer of our manufactures, which are well adapted to Canadian requirements.

"Canada to-day stands third in volume of purchase from, and fourth in volume of sales to the United States. The mutual interests involved are therefore so vast as to demand and deserve the most considerate treatment.

"Strangely enough, the prominent statesmen of both countries do not energetically grapple with this problem. Were it to come before both peoples in the form of a referendum there is little doubt that they would quickly sweep away the trade barriers by which they are now separated.

"Every thoughtful American respects the loyalty of Canada to its imperial affiliations and the strength of its national sentiment but these need not be jeopardised to the least extent by absolute commercial freedom between the two countries.

"The Canadian Club of Boston would be particularly concerned in promoting sentiment in favour of the closest reciprocal trade arrangements—absolute free trade between the United States and Canada.

"Boston, to perhaps a greater extent than any other city in the United States, would profit by the establishment of such intimate commercial relations.

"Boston is the natural winter port of the great Canadian railway systems, and as the production of the great northwestern territories increases—as it will with leaps and bounds—the need of an accessible shipping port available every day in the year for ships of the largest tonnage will become imperative."



A HISTORIC NAME

WHEN a fortunate Winnipeg woman won the prize offered by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway for a name, to be given to the western terminus, there were not wanting critics of the choice—"Prince Rupert." It was considered by some wise writers extremely undemocratic to call a new town after the nephew of a British sovereign—and one who lost his head, at that. As the months go by, everyone seems to be reconciled to "Prince Rupert"—even to enjoy the sound of the new port's name. For the matter of that, one might mention respectfully that New York is named for the most unpopular of the Stuarts, and delightful old Charleston is named for another of that ill-starred line. If the Republic can regard with equanimity the names of those ports and can enjoy their history, far be it from this Dominion to wish to call its new towns by names which are utterly unassociated with her story of settlement and conquest!

It must be remembered that, among other anniversaries of this commemorative year, there is the tercentenary of the fur trade on the American continent. It was much later, however, in 1670, that Charles II incorporated Prince Rupert, General Monk, Sir Philip Cartaret and their companions as "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson's Bay." The writer of "The Fur Traders as Empire-Builders" in the Atlantic Monthly gives us interesting historic lineage when he writes:

"Over in British Columbia, just below Alaska's southern projection, as these lines are being written, Boston landscape architects are laying out the town of Prince Rupert, the coming ocean terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. We are thus carried back in memory to the Boston skipper Gillam, who, at Rupert's River, laid the foundation of Rupert's Land; 1908 is linked with 1668 and the gulf between Edward VII and Charles II is bridged."



HENRI BOURASSA and Armand Lavergne have transferred their campaign from Ottawa to Quebec. Thus far the Ottawa Ministers have not donned mourning. There may be more going on at Quebec; but it is not known for sure that the "bull" likes a lively bull fight. That Spanish simile reminds me of another. Detractors of Henri and Armand sometimes refer to them as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The resemblance is a loose one. Don Quixote was known for long as the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. Henri Bourassa would come nearer to winning the title of the Knight of the Gleeful Countenance. He is a knight who covets battle, his face shining with the joy of the conflict; and, doubtless, he would sing as he fought if the modern jousts did not keep the twentieth century knight's voice busy otherwise. As for his "squire," the justly renowned Sancho Panza was of peasant origin and not at all beautiful to behold. He may have given off a sort of involuntary wit, but he was not brilliant. None of these characteristics fit the dashing Armand. If we have a statesman of aristocratic bearing, it is he; if one as beautiful as a god, Armand would at least qualify for the competition. And then he is quite as doughty a fighter as his chief; while poor Sancho of highly cherished memory had no stomach for anything but such good eating as he could come at.

* * *

IT is true, however, that our modern knight and his trusty squire have a quite Quixotic love of adventure and a keen scent for opportunities to taste the joys of battle. They have no patience with the drilled soldiering which goes on in politics to-day, where every man wears a uniform and fights for the causes which his leaders have espoused. At Ottawa, they were ready to break a lance with whoever might ride into view; and as soon as they thought they spied better fighting at the provincial capital, they rode off toward that ancient city of wars and sieges with joyous hearts and never a thought for the temptations which might have kept more calculating Liberals at Ottawa. With every right to places at the Government feeding troughs, they chose the hard fare and stern courses of Opposition. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, riding out of their comfortable quarters in La Mancha, could not have proven more clearly their love of adventure and their scorn for ease and comfort.

* * *

STILL there are those who whisper that Henri Bourassa has his eye on the future. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in spite of the best wishes of his friends and the ill-concealed admiration of his opponents, cannot live forever. When the day arrives upon which he decides to

dismount from his brilliant charger and seek the arm-chair of old age—which long may he fill—then the French-Canadian people will be without a hero. Now they love a hero in Quebec. They have had many, too, whom it was a delight to love—Papineau, Lafontaine, Cartier, Chapleau, Mercier and Laurier. When the last named goes, to whom will the people turn? Several figures will present themselves for choice—Gouin, Lemieux, Brodeur, Monk, to name no others. Turgeon was thought to be well up in the running, but he has gone into voluntary retirement. To Bourassa, as a private supporter of the Government at Ottawa, there came little opportunity to dazzle the eye. Even as a junior Minister, obedient, the mouth-piece of his colleagues, there would have been little to single him out. But as a free lance—a brilliant swordsman trying his blade on every coat of mail—the central figure on many a well-fought field—he strikes the eye. To-day he is certainly far higher in the admiration of his fellow countrymen than he would have been as the docile Hon. Henri Bourassa, Minister of Sealing Wax or Sealeries.

* * *

BUT why did he not stay at Ottawa, you will be asking, where the whole country could see his feats of arms, and where he would be in line for the federal succession? He was doing well at Ottawa. Aye. Perhaps too well. That may have been the very reason for his departure. His criticism in the Commons was having its effect upon the Laurier Government—perhaps not in Quebec, but certainly in the other provinces. Thus he was winning the reputation of the French-Canadian Liberal who was hurting Laurier. Now this is not a good reputation for any man to carry to Quebec to-day; and it will be a much worse one in the future when Laurier becomes a haloed demigod of the glorious past. If it should so have happened that the revolt of a French-Canadian Liberal had brought defeat and sorrow to the great Laurier in his last days, it would not be politically well with the traitor amongst the people who loved the memory of the departed. In fact, it would be something like suicide for a Liberal of any nationality to revolt against Laurier to-day. The more successful his revolt, the surer the suicide.

* * *

NOW possibly this may have occurred to the ambitious Bourassa. He is likely to think of things like that. He could then keep himself before the people by stirring up excitement in the provincial Legislature, and still pose as a good Liberal who supports the Laurier Administration. Whatever his purpose, he is one of the best parliamentarians Canada has produced. A little too aloof from the crowd to make a popular politician, he is supremely effective in debate, in criticism, in the rare dramatic power of making what he has to say seem important. In Sir Lomer Gouin, he has a shrewd and effective opponent. Sir Lomer will not strike as often; but his every blow tells. Quebec is likely to enjoy some exceedingly good debating and much diverting politics during the session of its Legislature. The Government, of course, is secure. Its immense majority ensures this; so that the two knights errant can feel quite happy in being able to get all the exercise they want without bringing serious loss to any one.

Nidimporte

The Cost of War

THE German fire-eaters are said to have been somewhat dashed by a bulletin issued by the general staff, on the authority of General Wilhelm von Blume, as to the cost of a modern European war. Germany, according to General von Blume, would be able to put 4,750,000 troops in the field; and to maintain this army in a contest with any European power would require \$1,500,000,000 a year. This reckoning does not include the results of financial depression and the paralysis of industry. General von Blume believes that the loss of life would be heavier than in the war between Russia and Japan, in which 20 per cent. of the Japanese armies in the field were killed or wounded. If this proportion were to hold, Germany would lose, say, at least 900,000 in killed and wounded in the same length of time. These are staggering figures, but the course of recent wars makes them highly probable. For the German militarists and the English jingoes, who are constantly talking as if a clash between the two countries is unavoidable, the estimates of General von Blume would afford food for sober thought, were these bellicose gentry capable of such exercise.



A March Morning in Allan Gardens, Toronto.

IN LATEST GOW GANDA



Toting Supplies on Toboggan.



The New Silver Town in Northern Ontario.—Main Street in the Making.



A Team on the Trail.



Store-House on Gow Ganda Lake.



Phoenix Camp on Way to Gow Ganda.



The Station of Sellwood.



The Traffic on the Great White Way.—A Railway will follow soon.



The Way In to Gow Ganda.

DOMINION FISH HATCHERIES

FISH culture is no new undertaking, but it is now an important part of the work done by the Department of Marine and Fisheries. According to the report of Professor Prince, thirty-six fish hatcheries are now equipped and working, of which two-thirds have been erected during the last twenty years. Notwithstanding this rapid development new hatcheries are being urgently asked for. The public are keenly alive to the benefit of fish breeding, and the benefit of the work as carried on by the Federal Government.

The following table shows the various species of fish and the total number of each kind hatched and successfully planted during the year 1907-8:

Atlantic Salmon (<i>Salmo Salar</i>)	12,800,000
B. C. Salmon	54,475,350
Speckled Trout (<i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i>)	863,000
Salmon Trout (<i>Salvelinus namaycush</i>)	3,476,000
Grey Trout (<i>Crustivomer namaycush</i>)	840,000
Pickeral or Dore (<i>Stizostedion vitreum</i>)	41,500,000
Lake Whitefish (<i>Coregonus clupeformis</i>)	199,025,000
Lobster (<i>Homarus Americanus</i>)	501,000,000
Total	813,979,350

Professor Prince points out that the growth of hatcheries does not indicate the growth of output. While the hatcheries have increased in number the output of young fish has increased nearly eight-fold. In addition to the figures of output given above, there are also black bass ponds at Belleville, Ontario; brook trout ponds at Lake Lester, Quebec; and lobster ponds at Fourchu, C. B.

"The department has received testimony that beneficial results have followed along the Nova Scotia shore, where for five years about 50,000 adult egg-bearing lobsters have been procured annually by a local arrangement, and retained in a privately owned lobster pond, near Gabarouse, N. S., until the close season, when they have been liberated and the eggs thus permitted to hatch out under undisturbed natural conditions. About a quarter of a million female parent lobsters have been saved from destruction in the local canneries and the enormous product of egg has in this way been added to the replenishment of the coastal waters of the district.

"In the department's (Fisheries) report, 1903, page 224-225, I described in detail the tidal enclosure in Cape Breton where this work is carried on each summer, and I need only add that it has been under strict and careful official supervision, and has been carried out in accordance with the department's requirements. The prevalent local opinion amongst fishermen and canneries is that the scheme has maintained and greatly increased the supply of lobsters along the Nova Scotia shore referred to."

EXPENSE.

The inquisitive reader will probably inquire as to the average cost of maintaining a fish hatchery. The amount is rather small. The most expensive hatchery according to the last Government figures is that at Stuart Lake, B. C., where the salaries amount to \$1,075, and the general expense is \$25,930, a total of \$27,005. Sandwich, Ontario, hatchery cost is \$14,000. The Winnipegosis hatchery costs over \$12,000; the Miramichi, N. B., the Harrison Lake, B. C., and Pemberton, B. C., over \$10,000. Expense in the other hatcheries runs from these large amounts down to \$796 for the Lac Tremblant hatchery in the Province of Quebec, and \$1,329 for the St. Alexis hatchery in the same province. Including \$12,000 for salaries and expenses of a general nature the total expense for the year 1907-8 is \$235,660.

These fish hatcheries are distributed over the various provinces as follows:—

British Columbia	9
Manitoba	3
Ontario	6
Quebec	6
New Brunswick	5
Nova Scotia	5
Prince Edward Island	2

Mr. F. H. Cunningham, superintendent of fish culture, speaks of the Harrison Lake hatchery, in B. C., a picture of which is shown on the opposite page, as the "banner fish-breeding establishment in the Dominion." It is a pretentious building some 220 feet long and 40 feet wide. The location from practical and scenic points is all that could be desired, and its close proximity to the reliable spawning ground of Morris Creek adds greatly to its value as an adjunct to nature in stocking the Fraser river watershed with that valuable commercial commodity, sockeye salmon.

The same official writes as follows of the Sandwich hatcheries, which is the second most expensive

hatchery in the country:—The only whitefish hatchery in operation in Ontario at present, is located on the Detroit river and is stated to have been of great assistance to nature in replenishing the waters of Lakes Erie, Ontario and other adjacent bodies of water with this valuable commercial species of fish. It is only within the last three years

the whitefish have again become plentiful in the Bay of Quinte, and it is stated on all sides that the increase is the result of distribution from the Sandwich hatchery, fishermen stating that beyond question they are, owing to their size and colour, the progeny of whitefish indigenous to the waters of Lake Erie."

ON THE TRAIN

WHAT a curious conversation is that which beguiles the passing hour in the smoking-room of a Pullman car—for example, on a transcontinental train. Politics are not discussed to any great extent unless it is election time, when some heated arguments and one or two bets are always in order. The other day, one fun-loving commercial traveller tried to stir up discussion, but all he succeeded in doing was to secure an even bet that Premier Rutherford would have a majority of 26 in the coming Alberta election. Business is a more frequent topic. Our bridge-builders and our steam-heating men had great talks. They were both American-Canadians and knew the United States railways and United States politics down to the finest detail. They wandered from James G. Blaine, through Boston and New York to New Orleans, Galveston and El Paso; then up the Mississippi to the region of Salt Lake City; and finally back through to Minneapolis and Chicago to New York. They knew everything of importance that had ever happened or been built. One was going west to see after a big bridge his company were building over the Saskatchewan; the other was looking for information as to the different kinds of fuel used in the various districts of the West, so as to help his principals decide what kind of heating apparatus would best suit certain districts.

When we were held up four hours at Pogomasing, because the flange of a freight-car wheel was broken, the conversation turned on railway wrecks. The bridge-builder said nothing could happen to our train, because he had been in three wrecks in twelve months and was now immune. By the way, railway accidents are no longer "wrecks"; they are "derailments"—this is official. The word wreck is banished forever. By the way also, that freight-car truck with its broken-flanged wheel had gone three miles before it was discovered, yet the car was not derailed nor the track damaged. One of the practical repair-men told of a case a few weeks ago when a broken-flanged wheel had gone six and three-quarter miles before it was discovered. But it cost us four hours time. It took that long to get a wrecking train up from Cartier, and to place a new truck under the car.

There was an interesting brakeman on the freight. He didn't mind the trouble; he was quite used to it. What did he do when it was discovered? Just took out the telephone apparatus, climbed the pole, connected the wires, and waited while the conductor telephoned to the nearest station. The telephone is a great convenience to the freight man. Was he out on flag duty? Yes, it was all right. The sun was bright and it was not cold. At the time he had only his regular clothes and a suit of blue jeans, and we asked him if he carried a fur coat in the van for emergencies. "No; don't need fur coat when you work brakem' for the Cee Pee Are, no." And he laughed. Apparently he was contented even if worked rather hard.

In the smoking-room the stories of accidents of one kind or another were continued from chapter to chapter. The stone-man told how, near McAdam Junction (he was from St. John, you know) two cars jumped out of the middle of a freight and rolled down an embankment. As the train was running down grade, the rear cars closed up, automatically coupled themselves, and the train went on with the crew none the wiser. This brought out the story of the freight conductor who lost the threshing-machine off the flat car because the engineer wheeled round a curve too fast. Then the man from Sherbrooke told how a train was overturned near there and how they rode into town in a box-car of wheat and how the wheat was as cold as ice-water and nearly froze them all. Then they came on to famous wrecks and derailments, and the bridge-builder told of rushing out in the steam caused by a wreck (beg pardon, derailment) between Toronto and Hamilton, and meeting the dazed engineer walking up the track with his clothes all on fire; then of the search through the field for the fireman who had been thrown through the cab-window as if from a catapult. There were

other even more harrowing stories. Tiring of this, they slipped the conversation naturally to the speed of trains and the daring of engineers. The story of the engineer on the passenger train which ran into a freight at Mountain was one of the best. The engineer had applied the "emergency" and was standing outside the cab waiting to jump at the last minute, and he waited too long. He had his hand on the upright brass rail of the cab and the impact drove the tender and the cab together so suddenly and so firmly that the tops of his fingers were cut off though he himself was thrown safely into the ditch. He had his fingers bound up temporarily and, when the wreck was cleared, raised a horrible row because they would not let him drive his train into Montreal. To be given an easy seat in the Pullman was to him a disgrace. Talk about pluck, eh!

So we wandered back to politics and business, municipal ownership and civil service reform. Then one by one they dropped away, to roll into their berths, and only the bridge-builder, the heating man, the long-legged man and myself were left. We had a couple of night-caps and we, too, dropped off—leaving the smoking-room to the long-legged chap who refused to go to bed because he could not get any but an upper berth. I am short of stature and weigh only 150 pounds, so I offered to exchange my "lower six" with "upper seven"; but he refused. He was getting off at four o'clock and it didn't matter.

C.

Virginia Hospitality

THE New York Times tells the story of an Englishman who has found reason to be enthusiastic about the hospitality of Virginia:

"I was going through the capitol at Richmond," says the Englishman, "and got into conversation with a very pleasant woman. I told her I was an Englishman travelling around on the lookout for historical places and happened to mention that I was going to run out to Petersburg.

"I'll give you a letter of introduction," she exclaimed. "There's a gentleman there who will be delighted to show you everything."

"I was a little taken back, you know. I didn't know the lady's name, and she didn't know mine. She sat down to write the introduction, and then it turned out she didn't even know the gentleman's name. It was awkward; you know, and by sheer inadvertency she gave me a letter to her friend's deceased brother.

"It didn't matter much, however. I didn't find the gentleman, but came across his nephew. Of course, he couldn't read the letter, as it wasn't addressed to him, but as soon as I told him I wanted to see the Crater, he dropped his business at once and took me out to the battlefield. He'd been in the scrimmage himself and explained the whole affair to me.

"I felt it was awfully decent, you know, to put himself out for an entire stranger, but I was quite overwhelmed, as any fellow would be, when he said he was sorry that he hadn't known I was coming, so that he could have driven me out to his country place. And he only found out my name and I his as we said good-bye. That's what I call true hospitality."

"REALLY, the public doesn't appreciate the vicissitudes of an actor's life," said James K. Hackett. "Now, there was Wisham Brown, who went touring in South Africa. I met Wisham's cousin recently.

"Well, how is Wish?" said I.

"Wish?" said the cousin. "Why, man, Wisham's dead!"

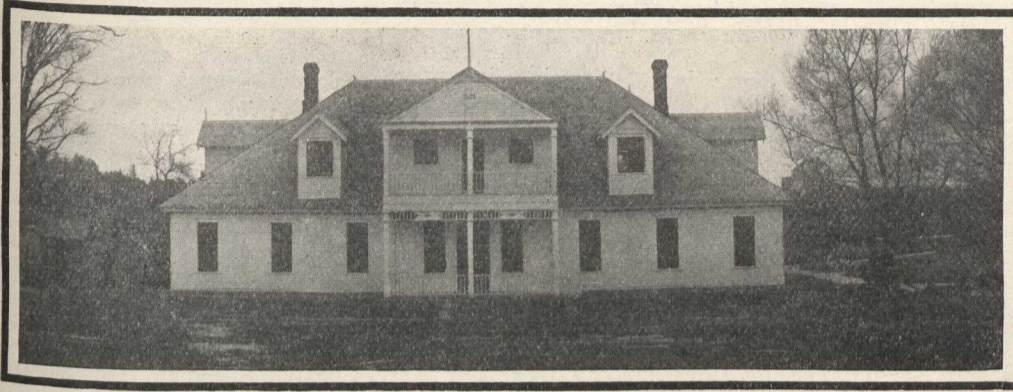
"Dead?" I cried. "How did he die?"

"Pelted to death with eggs at Capetown," the cousin answered.

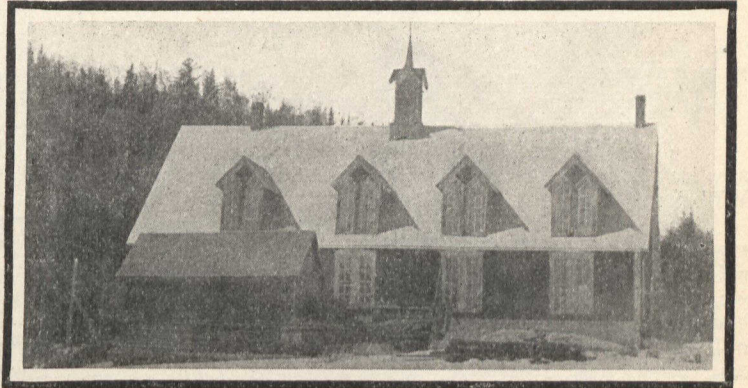
"But eggs don't kill," said I.

"He smiled sadly, and murmured, 'Ostrich eggs do.'"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

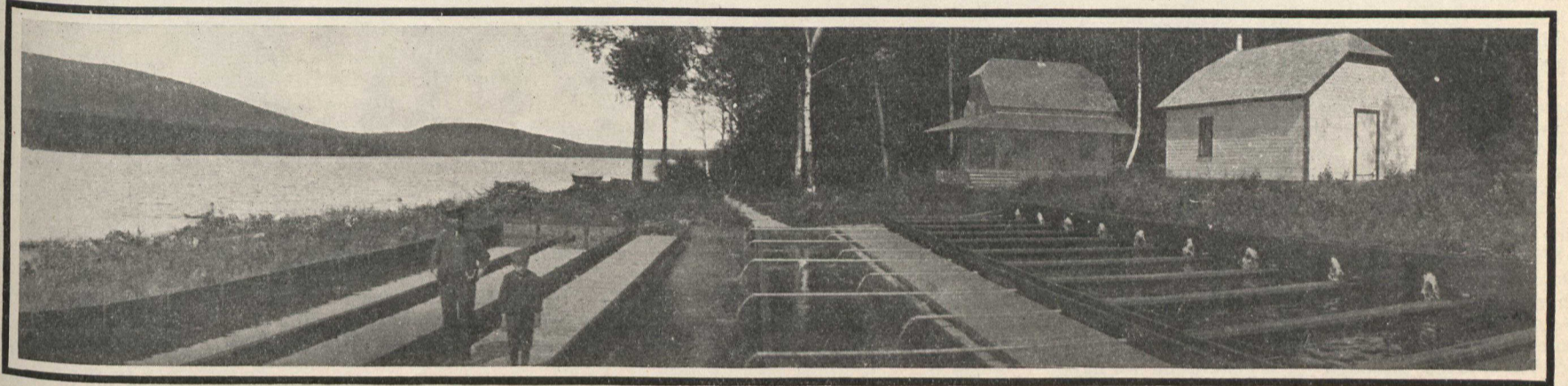
REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN FISH HATCHERIES



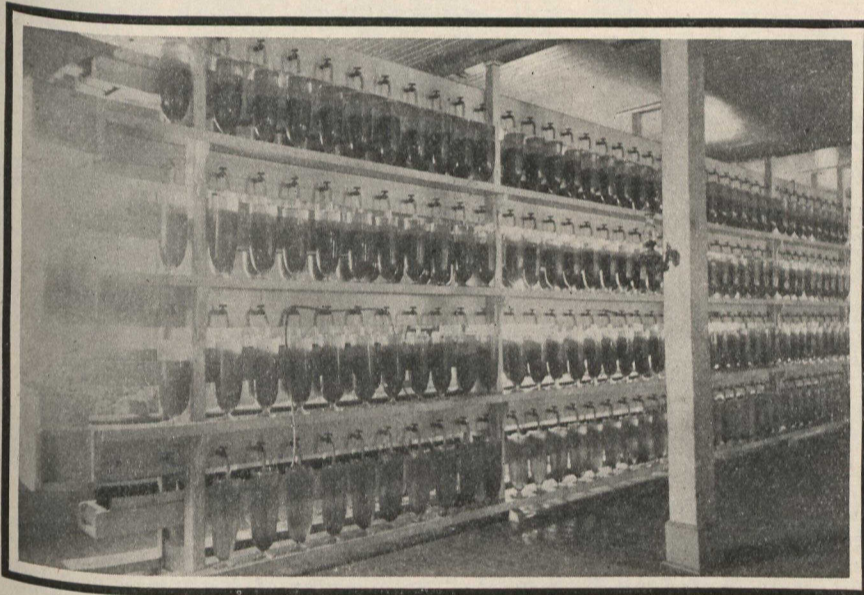
Salmon Hatchery, Windsor, Hants County, N.S.



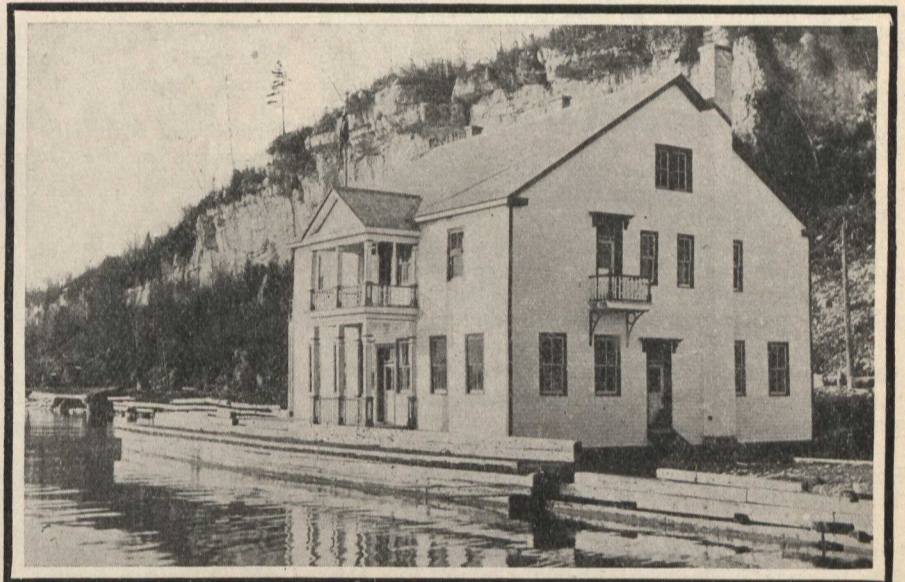
Salmon Hatchery, Grand Falls, St. John River.



Lake Lester Rearing-Ponds, Stanstead County, Quebec.



Interior of Whitefish Hatchery, Manitoba.



Salmon Trout Hatchery, Warton, Ontario.



Salmon Hatchery, Harrison Lake, B.C.—The largest and most modern Hatchery in Canada.

THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TUNNEL

An Urgent Plea for Closer Connection between the Island Province and the Mainland

WHY does Prince Edward Island want a railway tunnel to connect that Province with the mainland of Canada? Is the Island entitled to this work? Is the Dominion in any way obligated to build it? What will it cost? Will it pay Canada to build it?

These are pertinent questions that might be answered categorically and briefly. We want the Tunnel as an absolute necessity to tolerable existence; we are entitled to it; the Dominion is in honour bound to build it; the work can be done for ten millions of dollars, and will pay the interest on its cost.

If more detailed answers are given they run into and overlap each other. And in the space of one article these answers can only be amplified in a general way.

All the other Provinces have railway connection with each other and with the outside world. It is only by rail connection that we can be placed on an equality with them. We are shut off during five months of the year by ice-barriers, from the rest of Canada, as no other Province is shut off. There is no other means known to modern science by which our winter difficulties can be overcome, than the Tunnel.

We want the Tunnel to create a physical connection with the rest of Canada, not now existing, which will make the Island an integral part of the Dominion, which now it is not; to make our people sharers in the pulsing life of Canada, from which we are shut out; to give us a part in the benefits of union to which we are entitled but which we have not yet enjoyed, although for a generation we have shared in the burdens which the union has imposed.

Think for a moment what some of those burdens are, which the people of Prince Edward Island have borne and are bearing, for which they get no return, or but an infinitesimal and inappreciable return. Here are a few of them:

1. The purchase price of the Hudson Bay Territory, the many millions expended in opening up and developing that vast region, the cost of conquest in 1870 and 1885.

2. The many millions expended on immigration to people that country; the million a year for mounted police, the million a year more for Indians.

3. The cost of the Canadian Pacific Railway in money and in lands; the fifty or more millions paid in general railway subsidies on the mainland; the subsidies paid to the Canadian Northern.

4. The cost of building the Intercolonial, extending it to Montreal, and the purchase of branches.

5. The cost of deepening the canals and building new canals.

6. The enormous cost of the Transcontinental Railway and of guaranteed subsidies to the Grand Trunk Pacific.

7. The steamship subventions to lines on the Atlantic and Pacific, representing yearly interest on fifty to sixty millions, to aid traffic to the Far East and Australia, in which we do not share, or to carry Atlantic traffic past us to the northward from and to

the St. Lawrence, or past us to the southward to and from St. John and Halifax.

8. The National Policy of protection, beneficial to Ontario and Quebec, but which from the first has been a burden and a curse to Prince Edward Island.

9. The breaking up of the financial compact of the union, to give Ontario nearly \$700,000 a year more on account of the per capita subsidy, and Quebec in proportion, by making it payable on the actual population instead of the population of 1861—out of which re-arrangement Prince Edward Island gets nothing.

10. The bestowal of hundreds of thousands of square miles of public lands upon Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba, which were jointly paid for by all the older Provinces, and for which we get no compensation.

All this has been done or taken by the strong for themselves, and at every step Prince Edward Island has paid her share, or suffered loss, whether to give money or lands, or provide transportation for, or build up industries in the wealthy mainland Provinces, and has received no return in money, or lands, or trade or immigrants, or industry.

So far as present or prospective benefits to Prince Edward Island are concerned these hundreds of millions might as well have been thrown into the sea.

If we had rail connection with the mainland and a fair through freight rate, we should share in the transportation facilities for which so many hundreds of millions have been and are being expended and to which we have been forced to contribute so largely, without any return.

Such is our case of natural and common right as a member of the Dominion family. It is doubly strong by reason of the bond given by Canada in the terms of union, and on account of which the Island was induced to enter the union. Here are the terms of the bond:

"The Dominion shall assume and defray all the charges for the following services, viz.: Efficient steam service for the conveyance of mails and passengers, to be established and maintained between the Island and the mainland of the Dominion, winter and summer, thus placing the Island in continuous communication with the Intercolonial Railway and the railway system of the Dominion."

It may be said this says nothing of a Tunnel. Equally it says nothing of ice-breaking steamers, balloons or air-ships. It is a bond given by Canada to maintain efficient and continuous service by steam between the Island and the mainland winter and summer. Canada has made default of this agreement. The winter communication was never efficient. It has never been continuous or anything approaching efficient.

The facts of the default are notorious. It was many long years after the union of 1873 that the first real ice-breaking steamer, the *Stanley*, was put on the route. That steamer made but fifty round trips in the five months' winter season of 1896-7 and but forty-seven in the season of 1897-8—less than one trip in three days during the two successive sea-

sons. Then the second steamer, the *Minto*, was bought and put on the route. But the service continued to be most irregular and unsatisfactory. In 1903 the *Stanley* was stuck in the ice for two months at a time and the *Minto*, which went to her assistance, was off the route for a month of the same period.

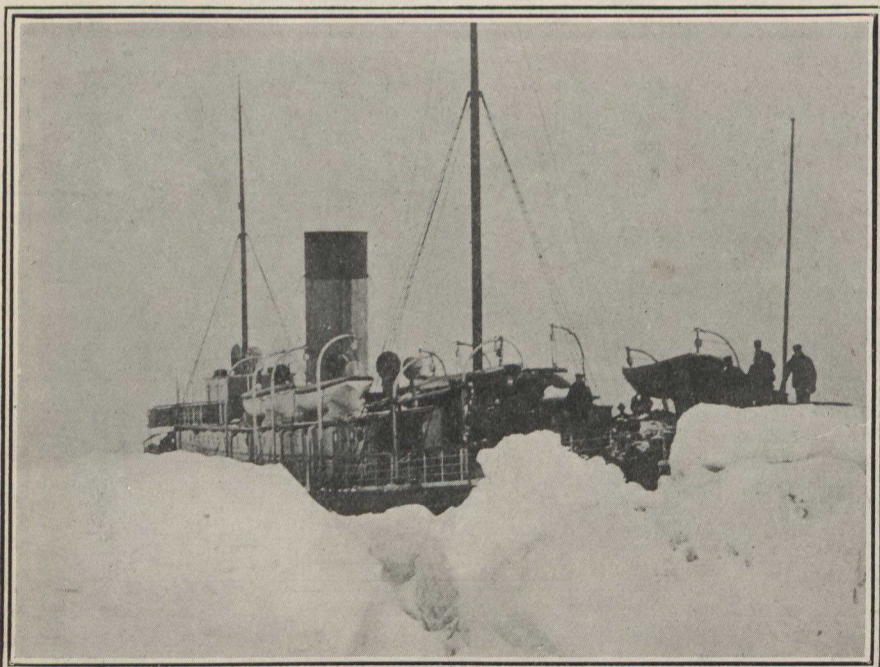
In 1905 the trouble became still more acute and for two months neither steamer was able to make a crossing. Freight for the Island accumulated at Pictou in hundreds of car-loads, this including 4,000 tons of hay purchased by the Island Government, to relieve the great shortage of that year. Some cattle actually starved in sight of the hay piled up across the straits at Pictou. Much of it, bought in December, did not reach the hungry cattle till they were first relieved by the green grass of the spring growth. Other car-loads of merchandise, including one car-load of flour, did not reach its destination on the Island till five months after its arrival at Pictou.

What such conditions mean to trade and industry may be imagined. What they mean to the social life of the community is another story. In a more recent winter a clergyman died at Montague, P. E. Island. His last wish was to be buried at his former home in Fredericton, N.B. The steamers were then running. The widow set out with the body of her husband; the boat stuck in the ice and she was three weeks reaching Fredericton—a day's journey distant. It took her a full week to return. Before the ice was gone she, too, died, and her body with attendant friends was two weeks on the last sad journey to be laid beside her husband.

Now the Government is building another and more powerful steamer in England to cost about \$600,000. This will make about a million dollars invested in steamers for this service. And yet no one at all conversant with the difficulties believes that steamers, however powerful, can ever give either efficient or continuous winter service, as stipulated in the terms of union.

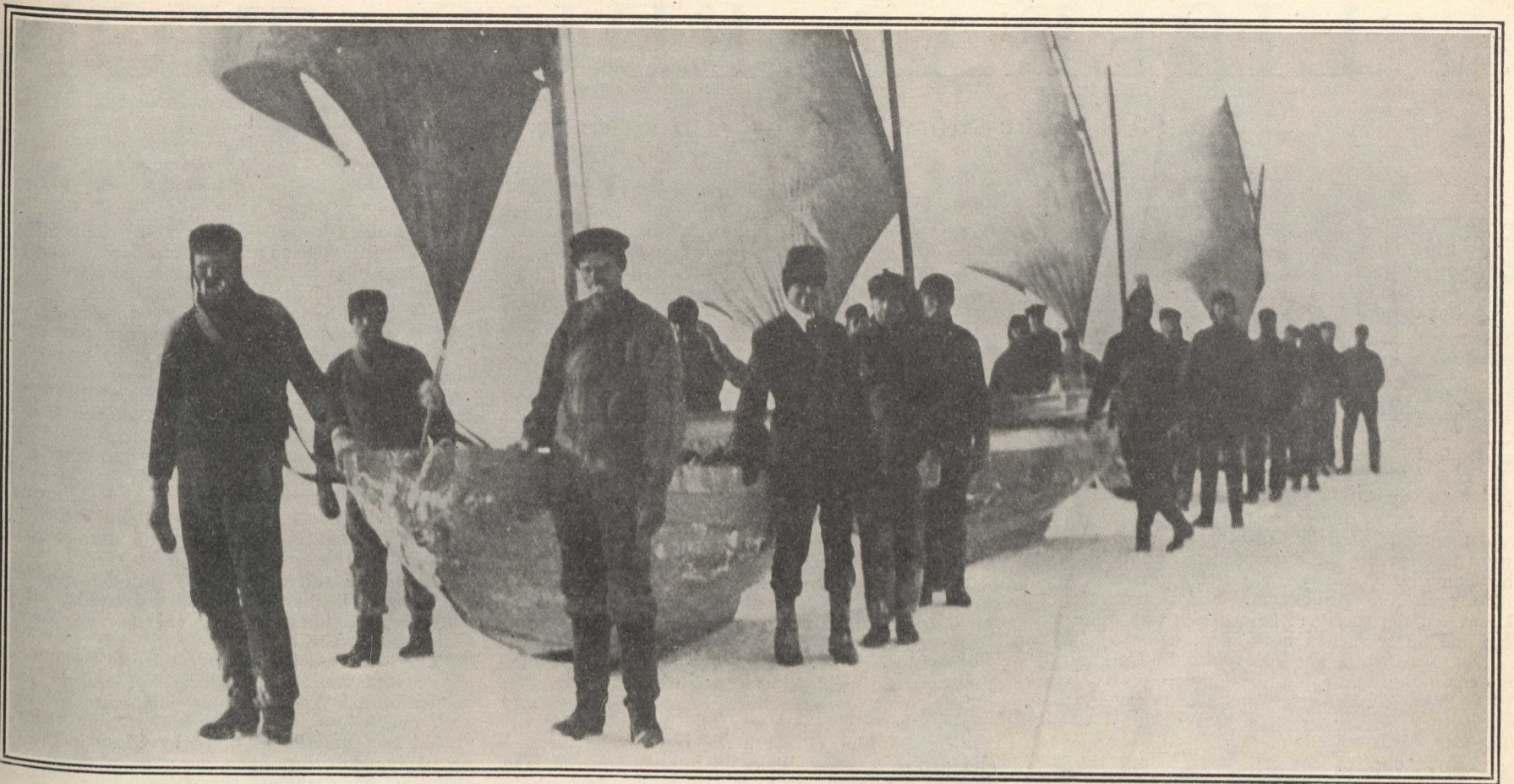
Steamers can be built strong and powerful enough to force their way through ice of almost any thickness so long as it is afloat. That is the ordinary condition. But the frequent strong north-east gales that prevail in the Gulf, and which are always accompanied with high tide, force the ice against and upon the Nova Scotia shore, and it becomes rafted, piled up and impacted there and afterward frozen together to the bottom, it becomes impregnable to any attack that the strongest ice-breaker can make. That is a frequent condition, and that is why the Tunnel affords the only practicable solution of the difficulty.

That the Tunnel is practicable, the rock-strata in every way suitable and yet easy of excavation, the grades moderate and all the conditions favourable, is admitted by all the eminent engineers who have given the subject their attention. Sir Douglas Fox, a tunnel engineer, of the highest eminence, who was employed to report upon it, estimated the cost of the work at something less than ten millions. Since then the cost of tunnelling has been materially reduced. As a matter of fact, two contracting firms of the best financial and constructive ability have offered to construct the P.E. Island tunnel for



P.E.I. Winter Service—Steamer "Minto" on her route from Georgetown, P.E.I., to Pictou, N.S.—a distance of fifty miles.

Steamer "Stanley" in heavy ice on her route between Georgetown, P.E.I., and Pictou, N.S.—a hard trip.



The Ice Boats that carry mail and passengers between Cape Traverse, P.E.I., and Cape Tormentine, N.B., a distance of seven miles. Mails were carried by these boats throughout February, 1909.

ten millions and to put up any required security for the fulfilment of the contract.

Half the existing railway tunnels have been built for a million dollars per mile or less, and the breadth of the straits at the narrowest part where the Island tunnel will be placed is but seven miles. It is true that Mr. St. Laurent, C.E., in his report submitted to Parliament in 1907, estimated the cost of the Island Tunnel at something over \$15,000,000, but he reached this conclusion by adding a cast iron lining, to cost by his own estimate \$7,392,000, or nearly half the total cost of the work! Sir Douglas Fox is of opinion that in a firm rock formation such as exists in this locality the ordinary brick and cement lining would be all that is required.

Next in importance to the question of cost is the question of what the Tunnel would save by superseding existing services and what it would earn. It would release the winter steamers for use elsewhere, or for sale, and thus get rid of the interest on their cost, say \$30,000. It would also save the annual depreciation on these steamers, which in their arduous service may be set down at 10 per cent., or \$100,000. A steamer may be lost any day in the winter service, and although no such total loss has yet occurred, it has several times been narrowly averted. The service is extra-hazardous and no marine insurance company would take the risk at less than 10 per cent. The government does not insure, but the risk is there and for the five winter months may be set down at \$41,666.

Judging from past experience the annual cost of operating three steamers, over and above the receipts would be \$150,000. The *Stanley* and *Minto* in 1906 cost to operate \$109,000 over their receipts. The Tunnel would further save the cost of the following services now paid by the Dominion, at a yearly cost, as follows:—Steamship mail subsidy, \$12,500; telegraph cable subsidy, \$7,000; ice-boat service at the Capes, say \$6,000; special mail trains to connect with the winter steamers, say \$5,000.

These items of saving amount to \$350,000 or \$50,000 in excess of the interest charge of 3 per cent. on ten millions, the assumed cost of the Tunnel. But the largest item of saving has yet to be considered—the annual damage claim of the Island for the non-fulfilment of the terms of union, which must be met and cannot be evaded. The Dominion has confessed to its default and paid for it down to 1901, when it placed a million dollars to the Island's credit for damage to that date, after refusing to arbitrate the claim. This claim is now mounting high again.

Thus the savings which the Tunnel would effect would run well up to the half million mark. We must add thereto what it would earn as the sole railway outlet of a rich and fertile Province and the connecting link between a government railway system of 260 miles on the Island and 1,500 miles on the mainland. A toll of one cent per bushel on half the Island's crop of oats and potatoes this year would alone amount to \$75,000. It is a moderate estimate

that in addition to its direct earnings the Tunnel would add to the receipts of the two railway systems it would connect by \$100,000 to \$150,000 a year. There is good reason to hope that it would prove the best paying public work the Dominion would possess.

So we build up our case. The Tunnel is a necessity. We are abundantly entitled to it. The Dominion is in honour and duty bound to build it, and it would save and earn so much as to be an entirely self-supporting work, that would not cost the federal tax-payer a cent.

Moreover, the deliverances of eminent Canadian and imperial statesmen on the subject tend to strengthen the Island's claims for the Tunnel. Thus so long ago as 1886 Earl Grenville, the Colonial Secretary, in a strongly worded despatch to Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, reminded the Canadian Government that if steamers could not fulfil the stipulated service the all-rail line beneath the Straits ought to be seriously considered. He went on to speak of the great advantages to both the Dominion and the Province which would result, together with "the large direct and indirect return for the expenditure," and added:

"It would reflect great credit upon the Dominion Government, if after connecting British Columbia with the eastern Provinces by the Canadian Pacific Railway, it should now be able to complete that system of railway communication by an extension to Prince Edward Island."

Sir John Macdonald on the eve of the election in 1891, the last in which he engaged and near the close of his great career, wrote the late Senator Howland, in part, as follows: "I fully appreciate the nature and the extent of the obligation incurred by the Dominion to maintain continuous communication between the Island and the mainland. We have tried to carry this out by the *Stanley*, but, of course, she cannot fight against the elements. So if the cost comes within a reasonable amount such as Parliament feels itself justified in incurring, I shall be prepared to submit the question (of the Tunnel) for their favourable consideration."

In the same month Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, then leader of the Opposition, wrote his oft-quoted letter to the editor of the *Charlottetown Guardian*, in which he said the Tunnel "must be constructed if found to be at all reasonably practicable." That was seventeen years ago and yet after more than twelve years in power nothing has been done by him to implement the conditional promise.

The question has been before our people very much of late. Here in Charlottetown, Hon. Mr. Foster, Hon. Mr. Fielding, and Mr. R. L. Borden have all made deliverances in regard to it. Mr. Foster expressed his belief in the practicability of the work, that it could be built for ten millions, that it would pay interest on the cost and that it is the duty of Canada to undertake the work. Mr. Fielding expressed doubts as to the cost, and said the Government had not sufficient information, but add-

ed that if the work could be done for ten millions, or even a considerably larger sum, he would be personally prepared to support it. Mr. Borden also favoured the work if reasonably practicable and deemed it the duty of whatever government might be in power to at once procure full information by surveys, borings and engineering estimates, that the work might be proceeded with if found to be practicable at reasonable cost.

All the federal candidates in the late election were "Tunnel men" and in the Provincial campaign now nearing its close both parties have made the Tunnel a prominent plank in their platforms.

There are a few other points of view which may be briefly presented. The Tunnel, like another isthmus, at right angles with the isthmus of Chignecto which joins New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, would bind the three Maritime Provinces together by bands of steel. It would give a great impetus to inter-provincial trade. It would render possible the immediate political union of the three Provinces in one—a union impossible without such means of inter-communication.

Here, it is felt and believed that Canada has treated our people unjustly and meanly, has failed to keep faith, and has made the union an untoward event so far as the Island is concerned. Discontent, loss of population, with loss of representation at Ottawa, by the Maritime Provinces, must be regretted by all patriotic Canadians. The Island has suffered greatly in these respects.

Discontent and dwarfed growth in the maritime section of the Dominion has sounded abroad to the United States and to Newfoundland. All hope of bringing the Ancient Colony into the union with Canada must be abandoned, till the Maritime Provinces have regained their old-time rapid growth in population, trade and wealth, and especially until the great disabilities and grievances of Prince Edward Island are removed. The reason is not far to seek for the fact that the greatest reproach that can be put upon a public man in Newfoundland is that he favours union with Canada.

Those who have intelligently considered the question will, I think, agree with me that there is no public work which Canada can undertake which at equal cost would produce so many beneficial results as the construction of the Tunnel. It would complete the real work of union. It would be an act of justice, long delayed. It would restore the lost faith of a Province in sister Provinces. It would remove a long-standing grievance and great disabilities otherwise irremovable. It would be a work of great advantage not alone to the Island and the other Maritime Provinces, but to the Dominion at large in both a patriotic and a commercial sense. If, as I and many others believe, all this can be accomplished without adding a single dollar to the burdens of the people of Canada, why should it not be undertaken?

J. E. B. McCREADY.

Charlottetown, November 11, 1908.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

The Story of How Gipsy Made Good

By FRED. M. WHITE



GIPSY removed his cigarette and glanced at the stranger. He was a small man, with garb reminiscent of towns—a frock-coat struggling with adversity, a glossy top-hat, owing its refulgent rays to benzoline. For the rest, the man was red, and had sanguine eyes behind glasses. He carried a big

portfolio under his arm.

"If it ain't a rude question," Gipsy said blandly, "what the dickens are you after, mate?"

This was the dinner interlude. The clink of pick and the rattle of drill had ceased, and gang B 14 were feeding, for the most part, out of red bandana handkerchiefs. Gipsy's cigarettes gained flavour from curiosity. Antiquarians and archæologists he knew, but the specimen before him was quite new. He had never seen a book-agent before.

The small man, wandering into the big engineering camp high up the Valley of Sweet Waters, needed no more cordial greeting. The tiniest spark of curiosity blew up the floodgates of his loquacity. The glib words flowed on.

"Arf time," Gipsy cut in. "The mate what shares my 'ut 'as got a parrot. Maybe as you might teach him to say a few words."

The little man smiled, nothing abashed. He spread out before Gipsy's admiring eyes a series of illustrations, views of the world at large, maps, sections of the human form divine, models of more or less up-to-date steam-engines—the whole pictorial art as applied to the "Universal Compendium Encyclopædia," complete in twelve monthly parts at seventeen and sixpence per volume, first instalment down, the balance on faith. The book-agent is childlike and trusting, possibly because the seventeen and six down covers any predatory leaning on the part of the thirsty knowledge-seeker.

"That's what you want," said the little man, with fine insight. "This dictionary in itself, sir, is a liberal education. There's nothing—*nothing* that you won't find in it."

"Think so?" Gipsy asked doubtfully. "Anything about prize fights, mister?"

The little man pointed to a full-page drawing of a Roman gladiator, obviously pirated from one of the late Lord Leighton's drawings. He would like very much to know what Gipsy thought of that. The navy was properly impressed. He regarded the gladiator's biceps critically. With a fund of knowledge like that, he would be uplifted over his fellows. Seventeen and sixpence was not much whereby he might be placed intellectually on a level with the resident engineers at Cwm House. Besides, when the thirst for knowledge played subordinate to thirst of a more commonplace character, and the exchequer was low, the volume would pawn in Rhayader for the requisite silver.

Gipsy rattled some money in his pocket. They were a sporting lot up the valley, and Gipsy's second in the Derby "sweep" had brought in a matter of over six pounds. He hesitated; seventeen and sixpence was not so much to a bachelor sharing a hut and drawing thirty-two shillings a week.

"I'll take it," he said. "And 'ere's the first money down."

"Then I'll book your order, sir," the little man said. Gipsy swelled with pride. His vivid imagination was running ahead of the present; there were reminiscences of the Industrious Apprentice in his mind.

"Perhaps your other volumes may come a little under the month, in which case—"

"Oh, I shan't mind that," Gipsy said largely. "You make out the paper."

"Certainly, sir. In that case, Form B is the one for you to sign. Your name, sir, please? Gipsy? Very good. And your Christian name, sir?"

All this with a humility that filled Gipsy with a pleased sense of importance. But as to the Christian name, there was a hitch. Did he possess one, it was lost in the backwash of boyish memories. He had never been called anything but Gipsy. At his feet lay a fine, florid drawing of Hercules. Gipsy spelt out the word slowly—his infinite resource came back to him.

"Rum thing," he said. "My Christian name's the same as that knobby bloke with the belt round his waist. H-e-r-c-u-l-e-s. Call it Herkules Gipsy, and you've got it first pop. What yer laughin' at?"

The little man explained that he wasn't laughing at all, it was merely a chronic catarrh, from which he had been a victim from boyhood. Gipsy scratched a pleasing hieroglyphic at the foot of a long, blue form, the benzoline-glossy hat was lifted with a flourish, and Gipsy was alone with the key of knowledge in his grasp—cheap at seventeen and sixpence.

The publishers of the "Universal Compendium Encyclopædia" were less trustful than a first casual glance would have disclosed. But then Gipsy knew nothing about "remainders" or the fact that many old works of this nature—fruits of failure and bankruptcy of bygone publishers—are sold as so much wastepaper, the body or corpse being subsequently clothed in new outer garments and peddled to a confiding public through the medium of many little men with dilapidated frock-coats and hats resplendent of benzoline. As a matter of fact, had no further payment been made, the Universal Compendium Publishing Company would have lost nothing—which fact Gipsy did not grasp, as also he had no idea that he had signed a form consenting to receive the balance of the volumes monthly, *or more frequently should the publisher deem the latter course expedient*. Within a month the rest of the volumes did arrive, carriage paid, in a neat box, plus an invoice for something over £10, with a footnote to the effect that if the balance were not paid within fourteen days, proceedings for its recovery would be taken without further notice.

All this, however, escaped the usually sharp eye of the seeker after knowledge. It was very good of these people to send on the books which need not be paid for yet. Meanwhile, Gipsy was progressing with his liberal education. He knew something about Adam, who seemed to be mixed up in some way with a peculiar kind of fireplace; he gained some new information about Africa; of Agriculture he hoped presently to speak with authority; Algebra he was forced to ignore altogether. But the greatest delight lay in the pictures—twenty in each volume, harnessed to the text in the most indiscriminate fashion, but there they were.

It was not to be supposed that so fine a sportsman as Gipsy could have kept his new possessions a secret. There were those who scoffed, but others who firmly believed. Mothers came to know if the big book had any hints as to the teething of children, or the proper treatment of warts, whilst a third desired information as to the best way to boil cabbages; young navvies, with an eye to a hut of their own, asked Gipsy quietly if the book had any hints as to good, plain furniture, and the best way to get it on the instalment plan.

"I'm doing my best for the settlement," Gipsy replied. "It's a tough job, this 'ere liberal education, and apt to get confusing. I can't quite make out where I am sometimes. There's Anatomy. Now, is it a new kind of metal or a colony in South Africa. But it'll all come right in time. Only I ain't found anything about warts or furniture in the book as yet."

"Look the warts up under 'Antibilious,'" Mitchell the painter, suggested. Mitchell was a man who had bid fair for fame as an artist at one time, only he could never keep sober for more than a week at a time. He had a fine, cynical humour of his own, a keen eye for character-study, and Gipsy, with his dramatic instincts, fairly fascinated him. "You've got the chance of becoming a great force here, old man."

Gipsy growled uneasily. He had a vague feeling that Mitchell had once been a gentleman. He was a master of phrases, too. But amongst the ten thousand navvies working there, were many who could have told lurid life-stories besides Mitchell, the painter. Dandy, standing by, sneered openly.

"What's the good on it," he asked, "when you can get *Reynolds's* every week for a brown? There ain't a good rattlin' bloomin' murder in all this volume what Gipsy's so set up about."

Gipsy smiled in a superior manner. Dandy eyed him with disfavour—he seemed to be on a different plane to his old mate now.

"Canteen's open," Mitchell suggested. "Come along. In the full flush of newly acquired knowledge, Gipsy ought to be able to tell us something about beer. Letter B, all in Volume I of the Compendium."

"If you only knew what it was made of," Gipsy said in his most superior manner. All the same, he was moving towards the canteen with the rest. "There's a thing called quashyer—"

"If it was made o' mud flavoured with rotten

eggs an' ditch-water," Dandy said vehemently, "it 'ud be all the same to me. Beer's beer. Been fond of it all my life, and ain't going to turn from it for all the Compendiums as was ever wrote."

A murmur of applause followed. Gipsy so far bent to popular opinion as to take a pint of the amber fluid himself. Sooth to say, he was a little tired of the Compendium. It was beginning to dawn before him that he could not live up to it. For the last month he and Dandy and Gammon had not had one poaching excursion together.

"I don't want to keep that book to myself," he said. "I'm all for public spirit. I'm going to turn it into a free library—one volume a week, turn and turn about. The subscription's a bob, limited to a 'undred. I'll collect that bob from a 'undred of you, and—"

"Bet you a tanner you don't collect five of 'em," a sportsman in the background suggested.

"Them as likes to jine, 'old up your hands," Gipsy said loftily.

There was no headstrong desire to comply with the request. The Higher Education found no favour in the camp. Two shillings only were proffered, both coupled with the suggestion that the coin should be promptly disbursed by Gipsy in the universal liquid. But even more enlightened communities have shown themselves averse to the blessings of the Free Libraries Act. Gipsy made a few scornful remarks, passed in tolerating silence.

Comparatively early the seeker after knowledge left his hut. Mitchell, the painter, accompanied him at his request. Dandy openly flouted his old ally and companion. Once the Compendium was a thing of the past, they might join forces again; meanwhile Dandy avowedly preferred the company of Gammon. It was a blow to Gipsy's pride, but he swallowed it.

Mitchell, the painter, was enjoying the comedy in his grave fashion. He had forgotten many things in his fall, but the dry humour of the born cynic had never failed him. He was laughing at Gipsy consumedly; but the latter was in bland ignorance of the fact. He jerked his thumb hospitably towards the spare chair in the hut and passed the tobacco.

"Wishing you hadn't gone in for the higher classics?" Mitchell suggested.

"Got it first time," Gipsy said moodily. "It didn't sound much at first; but when I comes to think serious like over that seventeen bob a month . . . besides, I got all the books. And now they've sent me three papers that I can't make head or tail of. Like to see 'em?"

Mitchell nodded, and Gipsy produced three oblong sheets of dingy paper with the Royal Arms on the top. They were vague and depressing documents to the uninitiated, but Mitchell had had long experience in such matters during his careless days.

"What are they all about, mate?" Gipsy asked anxiously.

"County-court summons, to begin with," Mitchell explained. "According to the particulars attached to the summons, you signed an order for these books to be delivered as the publishers deemed fit. As you didn't pay on delivery, they have issued this summons—with costs, £13 9s. 4d."

Gipsy exploded into a genial laugh. The faith in his purse amused him.

"Go on!" he cried. "Me pay £13 and nine bob and fourpence. Hope they'll get it."

"Hope they will," Mitchell proceeded genially. "You took no notice, and judgment went by default."

"Sounds like a bit from the Compendium," Gipsy muttered. "Go on."

"So they issued a judgment summons, which costs you another ten shillings. As you ignored that, a committal order was made against you, as this third notice tells. Order suspended for fourteen days, but up to-morrow. You don't seem to understand, my friend. You ought to have appeared at Rhayader and explained matters to the judge. If this money isn't paid to-morrow, you will have to go to Brecon Gaol for six weeks. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"What!" Gipsy roared. "An' this a free country an' all! Lord! what a fool I've been! If I only 'ad the little cove with the slimy 'at 'ere now! Comin' along and takin' advantage of a poor, ignorant bloke like myself. An' thirteen pound nine an'—"

Gipsy paused, utterly overcome with the weight of this startling discovery. He sat in a dazed kind of way whilst Mitchell expounded the pro-

cedure of county-courts and the law as affecting the safety of the individual when the said individual had contracted a debt that he could not pay.

"If you had appeared to the summons," Mitchell said, administering what looked like very late comfort, "he might have let you off your bargain. At any rate, he would have made an order for payment at a few shillings a month, or something like that. As it is, you must pay at once. Of course, you have been the victim of a book-agent's dodge, but that doesn't help you much."

Gipsy groaned, and the flavour faded from his tobacco.

"An' all this for books!" he said scornfully—"books! Things I can't understand. I've puzzled over the things yonder till I've got a 'ead like Sunday morning. If it 'ad been for something as 'ad done me good! What shall I do about it, matey?"

Mitchell shook his head gravely. He looked deeply sympathetic. It was lucky for him that he could enjoy comedy without outward evidence of the fact. He could only suggest flight to some town. But Gipsy had cogent reasons for the peaceful seclusion of the country. He'd wait till the police came—

"They're not police," Mitchell explained. "They are county-court bailiffs—probably there will be two of them, and they'll come from Rhayader. If I were you, I should go to a place where the air was more suited to your peculiar complaint."

But Gipsy declined to listen to any such temptations. His popularity counted for something. He would take a day off to-morrow and borrow the money, levying a small rate for the purpose. But, despite the measure of his popularity, Gipsy met with a cool response. The Compendium gave no play to the imagination. If Gipsy had lost a wife, for instance, or if he had assaulted a gamekeeper and was seeking to make up a fine, it would have been a different matter. A man who wasted on classic literature hard money, that might have been spent on beer and tobacco, deserved no sympathy.

A long morning's toil produced something under twenty shillings, most of it gleaned with the point of the bayonet, so to speak. In a lofty spirit, Gipsy had set out with the amiable intention of taking no more than a shilling from each man. Early in the day he had refused sevenpence in coppers with lurid language, by dinner-time he accepted a three-penny-bit from a despised teetotaller, with a wan smile. Literature is ever a thorny path.

"To think that I had come to this!" he said bitterly to Dandy in the dinner-hour. "This 'ere Joey I got from 'Anks, what's a rabid teetotaller. An' glad to get it. Well, mates?"

A gleam of the old geniality lighted Gipsy's eye as two strangers lounged up to them. There was a hard look about them; there was no sympathy in the eye of either. The taller of the two produced a paper.

"Looking for a party over a little matter of business," he said. "Name of Hercules Gipsy."

Dandy started and opened his mouth widely. Gipsy turned pale. If Dandy spoke, he was lost.

"Herkules Gipsy," the little man said thoughtfully. "Why, that's my old pal, dash my wig if 'e ain't—"

Gipsy's thoughts were full of murder. His tea was hot—he thoughtfully poured about half a pint over Dandy's legs.

"What you make all that row about?" he growled. "I know who you mean, matey. It's a chap 'ere what bought a Compendium from a little bloke with a shiny 'at. If I'd got 'im 'ere—least-ways, I—well, there! Gipsy told me all about it last night."

"Are you come to arrest 'im?" Dandy asked, with sudden inspiration.

"For debt," the big stranger explained curtly. "Non-payment of a debt on county-court judgment."

"Seen 'im lately?" Gipsy asked carelessly and perspiringly.

"Seen 'im this morning," Dandy replied. "Got all his best on, and his other things done up in a 'andkerchief. 'Goin' to North Pole?" I says. "'Ookin' it,' says he. 'What for?' says I. 'Got into a bit of a mess,' says 'e. So I let 'im go, and there's an end on it."

"Unpopular, surly sort o' bloke, he was," Gipsy said thoughtfully. "Never did nothing but poke about in readin' books or that kind o' thing. Bet a tanner 'e's gone to Rhayader to look after 'is wife."

Dandy volunteered further details. Hercules Gipsy owed him a lot of money—he owed money all round, in fact. Dandy was glad that he had got into trouble. The strangers moved on presently and were lost to sight down the valley. Gipsy sat on a stone and wiped his beaded forehead.

"I owe you one for that, mate," he said. "But those chaps 'll come back again. It mayn't be to-day, or yet to-morrow, but they'll come. And what's the good o' this?"

Gipsy displayed a big fist with some pounds-worth of dingy silver in the centre of the hard palm and snarled at it with bitter contempt. Dandy smiled. For the middle of the week this was wealth.

"I pulled you out of that, old 'un," he said. "An' a man don't think fast on a 'ot day like this. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

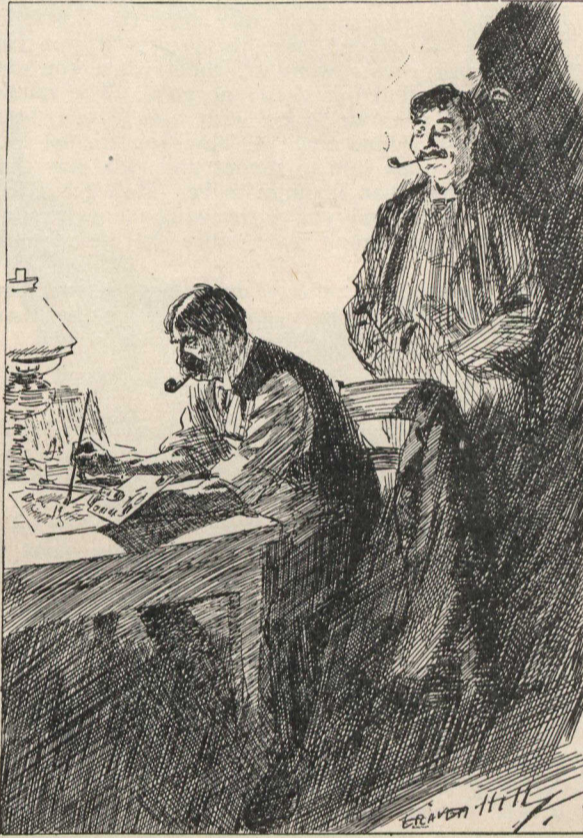
"Righto," Gipsy said recklessly. "Come on. This way to the waxworks. It's going to be sixes."

The canteen stood invitingly open, the day was hot. The full measure of the canteen allowance was partaken of, and then the pair slipped out of the settlement to the inviting shade of a public-house opposite. As Gipsy's pockets grew lighter, his spirits rose.

"I'll go and lie down," he said hazily. "I've got a plan, Dandy. I've got a plan, if I could only think of it. It's a very good plan, mate. I'll raise the money and pay off the little bloke in the glossy 'at. No, I won't, I'll keep the brass and see him further first!"

He pulled his cap fiercely over his eyes and strode resolutely in the direction of his hut. Dandy sighed into his empty mug and followed with discreet silence.

For the time being the philosophical side of Gipsy's nature was submerged. He had expected better things of his fellow-men. Also there was the blow to his pride. He had yet to learn that



"Mitchell waded in accordingly."

when popularity pulls against pocket, the struggle is a terribly unequal one. Anyway, this money must be found. Gipsy had tried to raise the rate openly and upon the strength of his individuality, and he had failed. He had no intention of going to gaol—his Romany blood turned cold at the mere suggestion; he would resort to strategy.

The man was a born dramatist and a maker of stories, only a beneficent legislation had not caught him early enough to teach him the proper equipment. He approached the matter now from the point of view of the novelist who has got his hero in a tight place and is bound to get him out of it again.

As Gipsy sat over his pipe, illumination came to him. He must impose upon a credulous public. A wide grin expanded over his face. He took down the volumes of the Compendium and selected a dozen or more of the engravings therein, and then by the aid of his knife he detached them neatly from the bindings. The plan of campaign was perfect. Gipsy waited now to see Mitchell, the painter, who took his evening stroll about this time. Presently the artist lounged along.

"'Arf a mo'," Gipsy drawled. "Want to earn a quid?"

Mitchell shook his head doubtfully. As a rule, his elderly housekeeper drew his pay and allowed him a certain modicum for tobacco money. It was the only way in which the artist could possibly wrestle successfully with the drink craze. Give him a sovereign, and he would do nothing till it was gone.

"How long have you been a capitalist?" he asked. "Left over from the library, eh?"

Gipsy said something forcible on the subject of tabloid education. He pointed to the selected engravings taken by him from the Compendium.

"What a fool thing to do!" Mitchell expostulated. "Poor as the volumes were before, they are worth nothing now. You have utterly spoilt them."

Gipsy winked solemnly. There was all the air of a successful dramatist about him.

"I'm going to get you to help me," he said. "You just go and get those paints of yours—the oils. Bring all the pretty 'uns. I've got to get out of this mess; and if I ain't just a bloomin' Bobs at this game, strike me pink! Look at this bloke."

At arm's length Gipsy held up a counterfeit presentment of Hercules in a boxing attitude. He stood on a pedestal and was obviously "after" some celebrated statue of another. Gipsy eyed the muscular form admiringly.

"That's a model of physical development," Gipsy remarked. "The blighted Compendium says so. Also it's a work of art. Just so. An' if I took and tried to raise a bob on old 'Erkules in the canteen, I couldn't do it. But nobody's seen 'Erkules, which is a good thing. He's no good now, but you'll see when we've done with 'im. Go and get your paints."

There was comedy here somewhere, as Mitchell recognised. He had a profound admiration for Gipsy and his many "slim" expedients. He came from the class of men who know how to jest with a straight face. Mitchell came back presently with his oils and brushes, and Gipsy carefully locked the door before lighting the lamp.

"Now look 'ere," he said. "You've got to 'elp me over this job, matey. We've got to raise the spondulix from the deluded public. You just tackle old 'Erkules as I tell you. Take and paint 'im in tights, and a championship belt around his middle, shove them bunches of fives of 'isn into four-ounce gloves."

"Make him a boxer and a bruiser up to date?" Mitchell asked with a grin.

"That's the time o' day," Gipsy said drily. "Up to date. Turn that ere butcher's block what he's standing on into a platform, and a rope round it. Wade in."

Mitchell waded in accordingly. At the end of half-an-hour the classic engraving of the famous athlete was transformed into a glaring oil presentment of a modern boxer of the approved type. Mitchell had been purposely prodigal of his colouring, and Gipsy was loudly enthusiastic. The flagrant vulgarity of it appealed to him strongly.

"Spiffin'!" he said. "Just the ticket for soup. All it wants now is a nice 'omely flavour of the pub about it. Just stick a red triangle with 'Bass's Beer Only' underneath, just behind old 'Erkules' 'ead, and there you are. What O!"

Gipsy stood back and surveyed the work critically. Its crude colouring and flaring vulgarity touched him to the soul. No British "navvy" with a grain of sport in him could look upon that picture without the longing for possession.

"How long before it's dry?" he asked.

"Dry now," Mitchell explained. "That porous paper soaks up the oil directly. This is my masterpiece, Gipsy. I never hoped to paint anything like that."

Gipsy nodded approvingly. He was in the presence of genius. He took the picture up and rolled it with the greatest care. He was going out, he explained, as far as the canteen. If the painter possessed the fund of humour that Gipsy credited him with, that virtue would be gratified if Mitchell would look into the canteen a little later.

The canteen was pretty full as Gipsy entered. He took up his place at an empty table and spread out his work of art before him; he appeared to be in rapt and admiring contemplation. Presently one or two of his own gang lounged across, to see the cause of this thoughtful silence. They fell under the spell of Mitchell's genius.

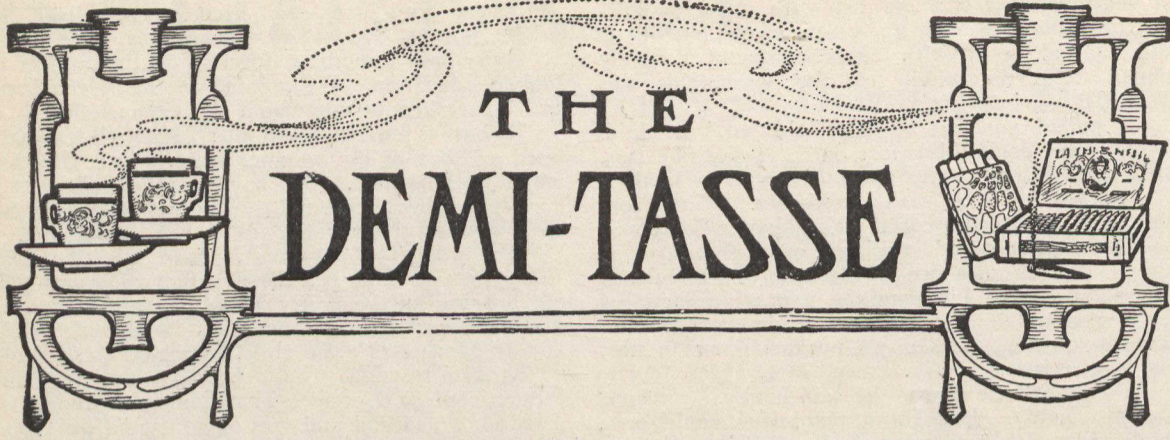
"What is it, Gipsy?" asked one in an awed voice. "Where did you get 'im from?"

"Won 'im," Gipsy said carelessly, "in a raffle. A bob a share—last time I was in Cardiff. O' course you know who that is?"

"Bloke just trained ready for a mill, I reckon."

"Bloke ready for a mill!" Gipsy said, with bitter scorn. "Where do you come from? Was it four or five years you got? That there's Tom Flannigan, the Irish Terror, just before his successful scrap last March with Long Coffin, the American Champion. Knocked 'is man out after thirty-two rounds, lasting two hours."

The others gasped. The famous fight was still fresh in the recollection of most of them. It was impossible to look upon that form and those colours unmoved. Gipsy pinned the picture to the match-



WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

THESE are heart-searching days for such of the clergy as are affected by what is popularly termed the Higher Criticism. The true inwardness of the Whale and Jonah, to say nothing of the boundaries of the Garden of Eden, may come up in the course of any conversation. Consequently, the way of the theologian is not easy. A silent member of the ministry, who has refrained from saying anything to his congregation on the subject of differing interpretations, was asked recently his opinion of the conflict concerning Genesis. In reply he told the following:

In Ireland's stormiest days, there were so many orators, public and private, who were in the profane habit of consigning those in high places to the lower regions, that a severe penalty was inflicted on anyone uttering maledictions on the mighty. The constables who arrested such offenders were regarded with favour and in consequence the former were anxious to discover these breakers of the law. One day, a constable came upon a somewhat inebriated citizen who was whining in a voice of irritation. "To Hell wit—to Hell wit!"

"Wit what?" anxiously inquired the man of the law. The angry citizen looked up cunningly and recognised the majesty of his interrogator:

"Say it yerself!" he ejaculated—"it's too expensive!"

* * *
NEWSLETS.

It is rumoured that the portrait of Judge Cassels, now on exhibition in Toronto, has been bought by Hon. L. P. Brodeur for a simply fabulous sum. The purchaser declines to say what use he intends to make of the portrait, but the worst is feared.

Rev. George Jackson is in a sanitarium, Dr. Carman is in correspondence with a rest cure, Dr. Thomas Eakin is taking boxing lessons and Mr. Samuel Blake is having long walks in the country with Mr. J. W. Flavell. Journalistic work is so fatiguing.

Mr. Allan Studholme has not been heard in the Ontario Assembly this year for more than ten minutes at a time. It is rumoured that a severe attack of tonsillitis is to blame for this discretion.

Officials on the C. P. R. are said to have no fondness for the melon. It is such a seedy affair. Even the harmless cantaloupe is cut off the menu.

President Roosevelt will spend a day in Hamilton, facing the dangers of the highwayman, before proceeding to Africa to hunt lions.

* * *



"George, you horrid thing, stop!"—Woman's Home Companion.

* * *
THE WRONG MACKENZIE.

THE story of the Ontario Cabinet Minister, who missed a Cobalt deal by refusing to see a late caller, told in this department some weeks ago, has aroused similar and contrasting memories in the political mind.

Another member of the Ontario Cabinet tells of a man from the West who presented himself one morning, with the idiotic remark: "Of course, you don't remember me."

The Minister was obliged to admit his lapse of

memory and the visitor proceeded to give his name as James MacKenzie, who used to go to school with him forty years ago. Now, the Minister was anxious to do the decent thing by the MacKenzie connection which is strong in his constituency and holds the balance of power in a certain "division." So he took James to the King Edward for dinner that evening, took him to the theatre and concluded the revels by lending James the sum of ten dollars. The next week, the Minister went home—let us say to Chatham—and was straightway charged with "chumming with that good-for-nothing Jim MacKenzie."

"Why, he called on me and reminded me of our school-days," protested the man with the Portfolio.

"School—nothing!" was the reply, "it was Jim MacKenzie's cousin who went to school when you did. He's all right but this chap's no good. The family won't have a thing to do with him. He's been boasting all around town of how you treated him like a lord, took him to dinner and to a play that was no better than it ought to be. He's got a fine story about the way you're throwing money around and he's been drunk ever since he struck the town."

So the Minister reflected in sadness of soul how hard it is to do a really unselfish action, and how easy it is to get hold of the wrong old friend.

* * *
HOW LUCKY!

At the exhibition of the Canadian Art Club in Toronto, several visitors were commenting to a certain artist on Mr. Archibald Browne's remarkable moonlight scenes.

"Yes," replied the brother artist cheerfully, "Archie was certainly born with a silver moon in his mouth."

* * *
A WISE CHILD.

Professor Muirhead tells an experience of his in examining some Birmingham children in moral teaching. He asked them to write an essay on the three stages of life. One bright child returned the following: "There are three stages of life. The first is when we are very young, and think of the wicked things which we shall be able to do when we are older; and this is the age of innocence. The second is when we are older, and are able to do the wicked things which we thought about when we were young; and this is the prime of life. The third is when we are dotty and repent the wicked things which we did when we were younger; and this is the dotage."—*Bellman*.

* * *
GRATEFUL.

A PATRONISING young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist. "Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

* * *
HE TOLD HIM.

But recently arrived, a shade bustled up to St. Peter. "My good man," said he, "will you tell me where I must go to get souvenir post-cards?" And St. Peter, eyeing him sourly, told him where he could go to.

* * *
AN ELOQUENT CITIZEN.

AT a business men's meeting in Atlanta there was under discussion an arrangement with the railroads that allowed merchandise to be shipped to and from that inland city on a through bill of lading. There was much joyous declamation and one orator explained in enthusiastic periods that Atlanta was now the equivalent of a seaport town and able to cope with all rivals. Upon this a Savannahian, whose native city is the real seaport of Georgia, arose and said with some acerbity: "If

you Atlantans were to lay a pipe line to the sea and then suck as hard as you blow, you'd be a real seaport in no time at all."—*The Argonaut*.

* * *

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

YOU can't always tell, says an exchange, what will happen. For instance, there is a story of a man who determined to commit suicide. He went to the store and bought a rope, a can of coal oil, a box of matches, a dose of arsenic, and a revolver. He went down to the river and pushed the boat from the shore and waded to where a limb hung over; saturated his clothing with the coal oil, lighted a match and set fire to his clothing, took the dose of arsenic, put the muzzle of the revolver to his temple, pushed the boat from under him, and pulled the trigger. But the bullet glanced and cut the rope above him and he fell kerflop into the river; the water put the fire out and he got strangled and coughed up the arsenic. He rose and waded out, and declared himself a candidate for the legislature on the reform ticket.—*The Wayne Register*.

* * *

THE LITERAL RUSTIC.

Sunday School teacher (who has been pointing out to her inattentive class that the stings of conscience, on a sick-bed, are like the bites of a serpent): "Now, what is it that bites us on a bed of sickness?"

Inattentive class: "Fleas!"

* * *

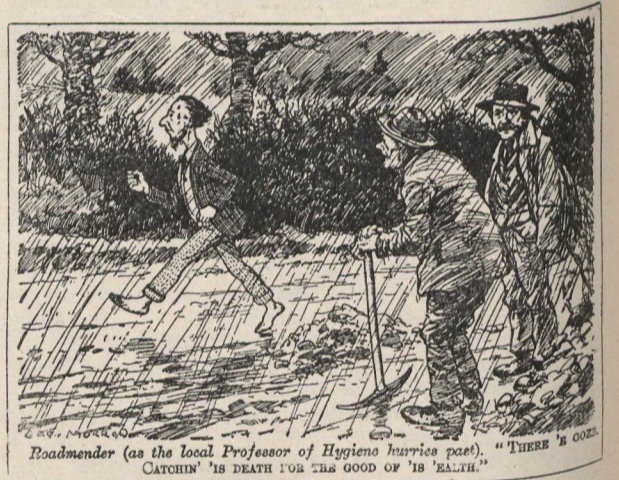
A SPORTING OFFER.

Horsey Gentleman: "Half-a-pound of cheese, please."

Grocer: "Gorgonzola or Stilton, sir?"

Horsey Gentleman: "Start 'em across the counter, mister. I'll take the winner."—*Windsor Magazine*.

* * *



Roadmender (as the local Professor of Hygiene hurries past). "THERE 'S GOOD CATCHIN' 'IS DEATH FOR THE GOOD OF 'IS 'EALTH."

—Punch.

* * *

HIS EXCEPTION.

A RELIGIOUS worker, while visiting a Western town, gave a "Talk for Men," during the course of which he expressed his conviction that no young man should visit any place to which he would not feel justified in taking his own sister.

"Is there any young man present who thinks one may safely disregard this wise rule?" asked the speaker.

Whereupon a youth in the rear of the hall arose and shouted in a stentorian tone:

"Yes, sir, I do!"

"And what, sir," demanded the angry and surprised speaker, "is the place which you yourself would think of visiting to which you could not take your sister?"

"The barber shop!" replied the youth.—*Harper's Weekly*.

* * *

ACCOUNTED FOR.

HENRY FARMAN, the aviator, during his American visit seemed as much impressed with the diminutive proportions of some of New York's flats as with the height of her skyscrapers or the immensity of her hotel bills.

"I visited a Brooklyn aeronautical experimenter the other night," said Mr. Farman to a reporter, "and his flat was the smallest I've seen yet. It showed me the point of a joke I once heard an American make. I laughed then at this joke, which I had heard two years before."

"Smith, of Brooklyn," I said to my American friend, "doesn't strike me as at all literary, yet he declares he only feels really comfortable and content when snugly ensconced in his library."

"Well, you see," my companion explained, "Smith's bookcase is a folding bed."—*Youth's Companion*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

LITTLE STORIES BY LAND AND SEA, CONCERNING THE FOLK WHO MOVE HITHER AND THITHER ACROSS THE FACE OF A BIG LAND.

THE THIN RED LINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

A DOCUMENT was read in the House of Commons the other day that had one of the most comprehensive introductions ever penned for the benefit of Parliament. This document was written by Commissioner Perry of the Northwest Mounted Police; his annual report on the status and condition of the thin red line that girdles and criss-crosses an empire in the West. The first paragraph says:—

"Our farthest outposts are found on the shores of Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean, and scattered over the vast northland along the lines of communication. They are found along the international boundary for 600 miles, and dotted over the settled districts of the two provinces."

No doubt about it, the aggregate efficiency, if not the personnel of the greatest police force in the world is on the down grade. The unique glory of the great force has departed. That is inevitable. The number of men in the force to-day is less than it was ten years ago when the area to police was about half what it now is. The duties of the force have largely changed. Much of the old heroic glamour has gone. Horse stealing is now about the only picturesque thing left in the country—aside from some of the lonely patrols up among the whalers and the casual expeditions of pioneer road-making forces that do 'stunts' equal to the biggest things ever done in the days of old. The local constable has encroached somewhat on the work of the force. In Edmonton for instance there are nearly twenty local police and but half a dozen mounted. Most of the small new towns have local constables; some of them have mounted men. Besides many of the men are either waiting for their time to expire in order to go farming or buying real estate, or else they are buying themselves out. Mere routine will not hold these men. Drill will not keep them. The morale of the great force in the olden time was conditioned upon smuggled whisky and fighting Indians. As the country settles and gets down to peaceful agriculture and modern trade the pomp and circumstance and the splendid isolation of the mounted policeman grows less and less. Here and there you will find real enthusiasm for the force. Everywhere the force is respected. But the big days are done and no amount of money or modern improvements will ever bring them back.

* * *

CORNERING THE WORLD'S ASBESTOS.

IN one thing at least the Province of Quebec has next to a world monopoly; that is asbestos. About ninety per cent. of the world's asbestos comes from Quebec. Asbestos is the most important mineral in Quebec. It is to Quebec what silver is to New Ontario and gold to the Yukon. It is only thirty years since the first asbestos was mined anywhere. In that time the value of asbestos produced has been nearly twenty million dollars. The demand for asbestos is increasing almost as fast as the demand for rubber. Most of the Quebec product comes from the counties of Megantic and Richmond.

* * *

ANOTHER CANADA FAKER.

THE Winnipeg Post is into a meritorious funk over an article by Mr. Charles Harvey in the Atlantic Monthly, in which the uninformed scribe credits Winnipeg with a population of seventy-five thousand. This of course is about forty thousand shy of the truth. They are long on the census in Winnipeg and any scribe who sets out to tell American readers that the Wheat City is under the hundred thousand mark may expect some such literary black eye as the Post hands Mr. Harvey in the following emphatic and convincing paragraph:—

"Even as a guess, Mr. Harvey's rating of Winnipeg is a poor one. He says he was in Winnipeg and I, for one, wonder what sort of eyes Mr. Harvey has that his observation led him to place Winnipeg in the seventy-five thousand class. The Atlantic Monthly is published in Boston, and perhaps it is not straining supposition too harshly to take it for granted that Mr. Harvey lives not far from the Massachusetts capital—that he knows the country thereabouts. Let Mr. Harvey think of any of the cities about Boston that have a population of about 75,000—say Lynn, Lawrence or Lowell—and consider which of them has anything like the appearance of a large city, that Winnipeg has. Put

in such cities as Fall River—with a population of 110,000—Worcester—with 125,000, and a great railroad centre in that part of New England—or even Providence, Rhode Island, a city of over 200,000 people, and I think Mr. Harvey must admit that neither of these places shows at all like Winnipeg in such big city features as broad streets, asphalted pavements, extent of boulevards along residential streets, class and number of hotels, banks, or even the size of the stores and the stocks offered in them."

As a corollary to this the comparative summing-up of the new directory by the Free Press throws an almost curious light on the progress of the city. For instance:—"It is stated by the directory people that there are fifty languages spoken in Winnipeg, which reflects the cosmopolitan nature of the city and its attraction to the whole outside world. The 1909 directory contains 250 more pages than the one issued last year. It is stated that the marvellous growth of Winnipeg has only been exceeded by one other city in the world, namely Johannesburg, S. A., the population of which was attracted by the development of the gold trade. The first city directory was published in 1876, and gave the population of Winnipeg at that time as about 6,000. A comparison of the directories of 1876 and 1909 shows the development along commercial lines. In the former year there were two architects, as compared with 34 at present; and other comparisons are: Banks,



The famous pacer, "The Eel," owned by Mr. F. W. Entricken of Tavistock, Ontario, which made a record of 2.11½ on the Ice at Ottawa this winter.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF HUNTER, ROSE CO.

2-43; barristers, 10-100; boot and shoe merchants, 3-94; dry goods, 6-52; grain dealers, 12-73; grocers, 11-277; hotels, 9-80; newspapers and periodicals, 4-51 (the Free Press was being published in the former year); physicians, 5-150, and real estate agents, 6-352."

* * *

JOHN CONNELL'S MOOSE TALKS.

JOHN CONNELL from Miramichi is giving New York some moose lore. John is in charge of the New Brunswick exhibit in that city and he finds that moose stories go down as well there as bear stories used to a generation ago. The New York Telegram had an article the other day in which Mr. Connell talked very entertainingly about moose that unless you knew John to be as reliable a talker as he is a guide you would suspect him of inoculation by Thompson-Seton. The Telegram had this information concerning Moose John:—

"He has tamed a moose, with which he drives to town and utilises in many other ways, and sometimes enters him in the horse races on the ice at home, where he usually beats all comers. Speaking of the great increase of moose and caribou in the Miramichi district, he said they were no doubt being driven out of Maine into a pocket in northern New Brunswick, from which they could not escape. The moose, he observed, were getting more chary of the "call." Music has a wonderful effect on them to soothe and attract, and last season he had secured good results from a mouth organ. Standing in the

wind he would let the strains of "Clean Pea Straw" or "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" float down the breeze, and soon the crash of antlers could be heard coming through the woods. So successful had he been with a concertina in this respect that he was thinking next season of setting phonographs like fox traps in the woods during the hunting season and baiting them with sonatas and nocturnes."

* * *

DRIVES THE GREY GHOST.

THERE is a horse owned at Tavistock, Ont., known variously as "The Eel" and "The Grey Ghost." This horse is faster on ice than John Connell's moose spoken of on this page. And the Grey Ghost has a remarkable driver, according to a Provincial newspaper, which says of him:—

"Dan McEwen and the Eel are a pair. When the greatest driver on the Canadian and American turfs settles down in his seat behind the greatest of Canadian pacers, then it is that a little chill creeps up and down the spinal columns of the drivers to the right and left. It makes all the difference in the world to have Dan McEwen on the job. For some time he has driven for Frank W. Entricken, of Tavistock, owner of the Eel. Mr. McEwen's handling of this wonderful animal has won for himself fame, and for the owner of a good deal of hard cash during the season. No one else has ever drawn a line over the Eel's back. The Grey Ghost has been broken, gaited and trained by McEwen.

Already a familiar figure—and a popular one—on the tracks of the continent, it did not take the advent of the Eel to make a name for the veteran Canadian driver. Rather it is the other way about. The whole long story of the Eel's discovery, development and remarkable successes, is simply a chapter—a glowing one, it is certain—in the career of the man who drives him. It is a tribute to his intelligence as a man, his remarkable instincts as a horseman in recognising the animal of promise, and his born ability to develop what he sees. But Dan McEwen was a widely-known man long before the Eel came along. His grey hair and moustache, and his quiet and retiring manner are far from strange to the oldest of Canadian track followers. About fifty years ago Daniel A. McEwen was born in East Williams, Middlesex County, at a distance of about four miles from the town of Ailsa Craig. He was raised on the farm, his father being one of the Scotch pioneers of the county and an elder in the Presbyterian church."

* * *

SCHOOLS IN TWO LANGUAGES.

MANITOBA is long on bi-lingual schools. In that polyglot province where forty languages are spoken, there are 268 teachers in charge of schools where they teach two languages. One hundred and ten of these are bi-lingual French with 188 teachers; forty-two are German—mostly in the Mennonite settlements—with forty-seven teachers; thirty-three are Galician schools with thirty-three teachers.

These bi-lingual schools are nearly all in the country sections. Manitoba has about 1,000 rural schools, so that more than one-quarter of the country schools are of the bi-lingual variety—and most of them are said to be particularly weak on the language called English.

* * *

GETTING NEIGHBOURLY.

ANOTHER bridge is being mooted across the St. John. Residents of the Maine side are anxious to get into better commercial relations with the New Brunswickers. In the Maine Legislature the other day Hon. Charles Keegan of Van Buren proposed that the House vote half of seventy-five thousand dollars for a bridge from Van Buren to St. Leonard's. Mr. Charles Cyr, who lives in that town and represents Madawaska in the New Brunswick House, was present and said he reckoned the people of New Brunswick would meet the folks from Maine just about half way across the river.

* * *

THRIFTY GERMAN TOWN.

FRENCH and German meet in the town of Stettler, which is sixty miles east of Lacombe on the C. P. R. Stettler is a true German town. Lacombe was named after the famous Pere Lacombe missionary. No more thrifty and hopeful town is to be found in Canada than this German colony in the wheat belt. Last year the farms round and about Stettler produced a million bushels of wheat.

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

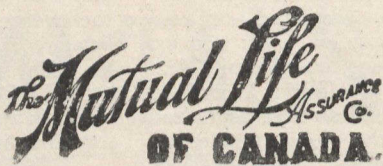
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(c) " " " Income	302,571
(d) " " " Surplus	348,296

while its ratio of expense to income was smaller than in previous years.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Men That Will Settle Dispute

THE settlement of the biggest struggle that has ever occurred between Canadian corporations, that between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company, will be left very largely to Mr. J. H. Plummer, the president of the Steel Company, and James Reid Wilson, a close lieutenant of Mr. James Ross, the president of the Coal Company.

Mr. Plummer, with his legal mind, is just suited for the position, while J. Reid Wilson is a particularly keen business man and Mr. Ross was certain that his interests were in good hands before he delegated any powers to him. Of course Mr. Ross' mind is bound to show itself in any plan that will result in the two big concerns getting together, and Reid Wilson will not agree to any new proposal before first submitting it to Mr. Ross, but the general opinion in leading banking circles was that owing to the strained relations between the leading steel interests and Mr. Ross it would be better for the latter not to take any active part in the negotiations.

* * *

Cleverest Man in Canadian Finance

A GROUP of Toronto men made rich in the school of Senator Cox were seated around the lunch table at the National Club the other day when the question came up as to who was the cleverest man in Canadian financial circles. Most of those around the table were inclined to cast their vote in favour of Mr. William Mackenzie, owing largely to the manner in which he always seems to have been able to hypnotise the big English banking interests and get all the money he needed for the Canadian Northern and other pet projects. One of the most prominent men at the table after letting the others have their say broke in with the statement that results rather indicated that Dr. F. S. Pearson of Toronto and New York was by far the cleverest man Canadian financial circles had seen in recent years. His reason for saying so was that Dr. Pearson's ability to get millions of capital behind his enterprises both in England and Canada had been just as marked as that of Mr. Mackenzie and in addition he was the cleverest of engineers with a mind capable not only of conceiving the greatest projects but also of carrying them out.

* * *

Every Big Man Has His Hobby

A VERY striking instance that even the financial interests have their "hobby" is given by Sir William Van Horne, the original builder of Canadian Pacific, who is now building a line across Cuba as a sort of pastime.

Sir William's particular hobby is his big farm out at Selkirk and the prizes that he can carry off at the different country fairs with his live stock and the many products of his model farm. I had it from a very intimate friend of the old railroad king that he really took more genuine pleasure out of the announcement that his cows or sheep had landed the first prize at some fair than if he had made a barrel of money out of some deal. Sir William got particularly attached to his farm out West because most of his friends told him he was crazy when he started in to spend some money on it because he would never produce anything worth while from it. But Sir William as time has proved sized up the situation very much better than his friends had thought. Although a particularly busy man Sir William always finds time during the early fall to take a run out to spend some days on the farm and see for himself just what success has attended the season's operations.

* * *

The Wealth of Montreal

A VERY striking instance of the wealth there is in Montreal was given me the other day by the president of one of the largest banks in pointing out the many hundreds of fine paying businesses there were in the city that no one ever heard anything about and the hundreds of French-Canadian business men who were worth \$100,000 and more who lived as though they only had a few thousand.

* * *

Brokers Manipulating Markets

WITH call money easier and at a lower rate than it has been for many years brokers both in Montreal and Toronto have been making desperate efforts to try to make the markets look as active as possible with a view of getting the public in. And they have succeeded to a considerable extent, but as a leading Toronto broker remarked to me it seems as though a new crop of speculators had sprung up.

The indications that groups of brokers were busy trying to create more or less of a fictitious market were given by the way one stock after another was taken in hand and moved up quite a few points. At the same time brokers were pointing out to their customers how, with the cheap money that prevailed, almost every stock on the Canadian Exchanges could carry itself with the proceeds from dividends. Then again brokers actively identified with large companies were urging the latter to increase their dividends wherever possible in no less than seven companies increasing their dividends since January 1st, while four other Canadian concerns (outside of Cobalt concerns) started dividend payments during the same period, and as a rule traders on the Canadian markets during the last six or nine months have been making money but then so have the brokers and generally without incurring one quarter the risk the customer does. But of course that is the broker's business and he is making just as much whether he is selling or buying a stock. And, meanwhile, the banks, although not making as much money as they have been accustomed to during the past few years, are still making quite a reasonable amount.

When the Toronto broker referred to above remarked to me that a new crop of speculators had sprung up I asked him how often there was a new crop of this character and he said that his experience of over twenty years in the business had led him to believe that there was a new crop of speculators every three or four years, it taking about that time for the average man to find out, either that he had made enough money by chance, or that there was very little use of his trying to make money speculating. Needless to add it was generally the latter.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

IN reply to many enquiries made by those unfamiliar with the original text of "Peer Gynt" as to how much of it has been eliminated in the acting version, Wallace Munro, manager of Louis James, is authority for the statement that the acting version used by Louis James, (and the same that Richard Mansfield used) is about one-third of the original text embodied in the Scribner edition, which runs 279 pages, while the acting edition issued by Rielly and Britton contains 173 pages, and both publications print about the same number of words upon each page.

In Europe the acting versions are not nearly as complete as the version used by Mr. James.

The following items of information may also be of interest to the student who assails "Peer Gynt" for the first time:—Ase-Peer's mother had its original in Dr. Ibsen's mother. We have Ibsen's word for that. In the Fox-Duffield edition of the "Letters of Henrik Ibsen" we find on page 200 these words written in Dresden by Ibsen to Peter Hansen, an author, under date of October 28, 1870: "This poem ("Peer Gynt") contains much

ful prima donna at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and a dramatic singer of the first rank.

Madame Jomelli will sing the following numbers: Aria "Thais," Massenet; "Spring," "Summer," Landon-Ronald; "Flower Rain," Edwin Schneider; "The Wind," Charles Sposs; "Aria" from the Opera Louise Charpentier; "The Call of Raaha," Harriet Ware; "Nocturne," Marguerite Warren; "Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute," Wakefield Cadman.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore's numbers will be: "The Danza," Chadwick; "Sweet Wind that Blows"; "A Maid Sings Light," MacDowell; "A May Morning," Denza; "Freundlich Vision," R. Strauss; "Morgen," Strauss; "Siegmund's Love Song," Wagner.

The chorus of the society will sing "The Bells of Aberdory," "Venerables," "O, Gladsome Light," from the Golden Legend, Sullivan; "Beware," Nessler; "Come, Dorothy, Come"; "O, Canada," Richardson; "The Lass of Richmond Hill," Leslie; excerpts from "Gallia," Gounod. The plan opened to subscribers at Massey Hall on Thursday, March 18th.

* * *

MUCH interest is being taken in the forthcoming concert of the Symphony Orchestra on March 25th, in Toronto, not only on account of the steady progress that the orchestra has been making through the indomitable perseverance and musical ability of the conductor, Mr. Frank S. Welsman, but also because of the appearance of Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, who created such a wonderful furore in Carnegie Hall on his first appearance in America, Dec. 10th. Mr. Welsman is training a band of instrumentalists, which it is hoped will yet rival the choral organizations of Toronto.

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, whom Mr. Welsman has secured for the concert, played in New York with very marked success, and was recalled more than a dozen times. The Tschaikowski "Concerto" will be his principal number in Toronto. The orchestra is giving great promise of becoming a musical organization of which Toronto will have just cause to be proud.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE.

(Fredericton Gleaner)

THE principal objection to the new waterways treaty will be in the arrangement by which it is proposed to give over to the joint jurisdiction of the United States and Canada a vast amount of Canadian water which is merely contiguous to the boundary line and over which the United States government can surely have no just claim. Valuable fisheries which have been conserved with some care and forethought for the future by Canadians are to be divided with the fishermen from across the line. It is said that the favour is reciprocated by the Americans and that Canadians will be allowed to fish in waters now under the control of the United States. But there is a substantial difference. The fisheries on the American side have been ruthlessly plundered of their stock of finny inhabitants, while the Canadian fisheries teem with what proves a fitting reward for the industry displayed in gathering the riches from the waters. The result will be to throw open to United States fishermen some valuable Canadian fisheries, while the American waters to which Canadians are granted access are in the main fished out and of little practical value.



Mr. Louis James, in "Peer Gynt."

that is reminiscent of my youth; for Ase my own mother—with necessary exaggerations—served as model." Peer, too, was a real person. Writing from Italy to his publisher, Frederick Hovel, under date of August 8th, 1867, Ibsen says (page 137 of his "Letters"): "It may interest you to know that Peer Gynt is a real person, who lived in Gudbrandsdal, probably at the end of the last, or the beginning of this century. His name is still well known among the peasants there."

The supernatural personages introduced are: The Green-clad Woman, the Ugly Brat, the Dovre King, the Troll Imps and Witches, the Strange Passenger, and the Button Moulder.

"Peer Gynt" was never played in English until Richard Mansfield produced it in Chicago October 30th, 1906, from the manuscript now utilized by Mr. James. It will be given in Toronto at the Princess Theatre, the week beginning March 22nd.

* * *

THE coming of Madame Jeanne Jomelli for the People's Choral Union concert in Massey Hall, on Tuesday, March 23rd, will introduce a singer who has made an enormous impression wherever she has been heard, not only because of the charm of her voice, but through the intensity of her interpretations. She was acknowledged to be the most beauti-

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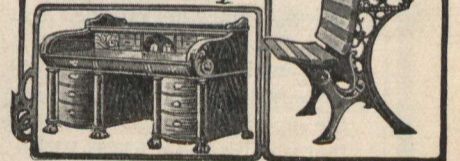
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FOR THE CHILDREN

SPRING VOICES.

By EMMA L. HAMMOND.

ELIZABETH was wakened one morning by a tap, tap, tap, on her window pane. 'Twas the wind and it was saying: "They're coming! They're coming, Elizabeth!"

"I wonder who is coming," said Elizabeth. "If Mr. Wind raps again to-morrow, I'll ask him."

Then she dressed, and went for a walk down by the brook, and there she heard hundreds and hundreds of voices from the grasses underneath her feet, saying: "We're coming! We're coming, Elizabeth!"

At the same time a timid voice on the bank said: "I'm coming! I'm coming!" and looking down, she saw a blue violet beginning to open.

Very soon there came a cheery song from a robin hopping on the path, and from a bluebird in the willow tree.

They were just home from the south, and they were singing: "We're coming! We're coming!"

The frogs in their yellow and green jackets, the brook itself, the pussy willows beside it, and all the baby leaves were singing the same song.

Then Elizabeth went to the garden, and the snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips were all singing together: "We're coming! We're coming! We're coming!"

By this time Elizabeth understood what the wind meant that morning, and she ran to the house, and asked her mother to guess all the things that were coming.—*Kindergarten Review.*

* * *

A HEARTY GREETING.

"How d' y' do, ma'am? I don't know you,

But I'm very glad to show you That my heart is truly grateful for the kind word that you gave; I've but little tail to wag, ma'am— But I'd wag it to a rag, ma'am, Just in order to assure you that I'm utterly your slave.

I'm a homely sort of fellow,— And I can't deny I'm yellow; And there's nothing very stylish in the name of 'Stumpy Mike.'

I never wore a collar, And I'm not worth half a dollar— I am what folks call a mongrel, or a 'cur-dog,' or a 'tyke.'

"But I wouldn't give a penny (Truth to tell, I haven't any!) To be pedigreed and registered and wear a ribbon blue.

I've the freedom of the alleys, And I pity dogs whose valets Lead them out, by strings, a-walking, up and down the avenue.

It is true my home's a shanty, And that bones are all too scanty, But what's the use of fussing over little things like that?"

Au revoir, ma'am! Must be going! Glad we met! Don't mind your knowing

I've 'got a date' down yonder, to exterminate a rat!"

—M. W. in *St. Nicholas.*

* * *



POSING.

When I'm having my picture taken, these are the things they say: "Now Bobbie, you know I can't snap it, when you grin in that awful

way!" Then when I try to be solemn, "You needn't look scared to death, Nothing is going to eat you, and why are you holding your breath? Now watch right here for the birdie; O that face will never do! Supposing we go and get ice-cream, when the picture-taking is through? That's better; now steady, honey, just a minute and you'll be took!" And they snap what they call my "ice-cream face," and this is the way I look.

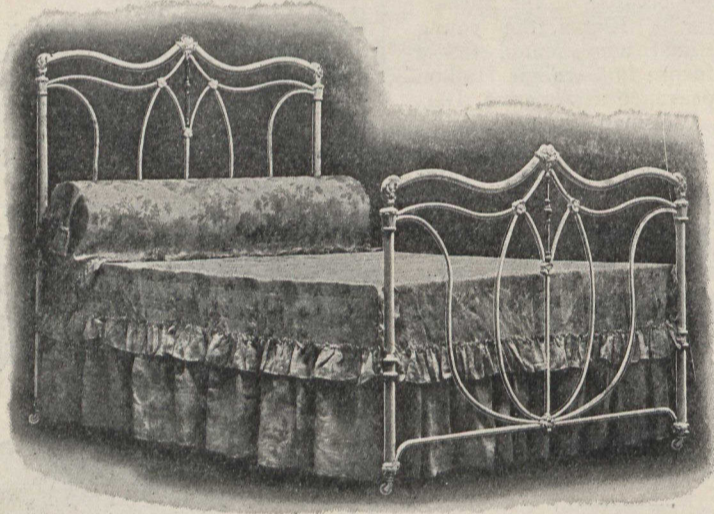
M. H. C.

* * *

THE POPE AND THE COUGH-DROP.

POPE LEO XIII. was fond of his joke. Once when he had to receive a large gathering of pilgrims he had a bad cold, for which Dr. Lapponi gave him a box of lozenges, of which he was to take one now and then to soothe his throat. The doctor was present at the reception, taking his stand in a corner where he could easily watch the Pope. After addressing the pilgrims for a short time Leo grew very hoarse, but never took a pastille. In order to remind him, Dr. Lapponi gave a loud significant cough. Thereupon the Pope bade an attendant fetch the doctor. The pilgrims became alarmed, thinking Leo was ill. But when the doctor came up, the Pope took the box of lozenges out of his pocket and said, "We heard you cough, doctor. Will you take a pastille?"

—*Little Folks.*



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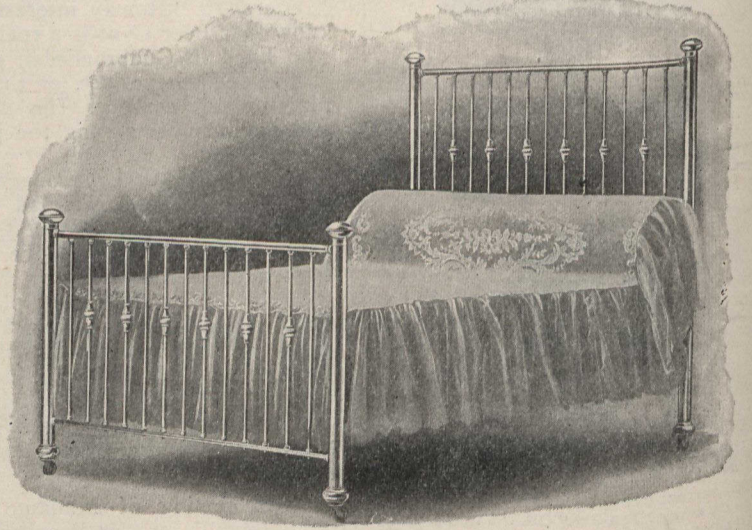
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Romeo Bedstead, \$7.00 Juliette Bedstead, \$26.67

This "QUALITY" Bedstead is constructed with steel tubes and bars joined together with artistically moulded castings, all combining strength and beauty. The posts are 1½ inches in diameter. The height of the Head-Board is 59 inches; Foot-Board, 41 inches. Made in three widths—4-6, 4-0 and 3-6. Ornate brass spindle in centre. Finished in White or Green Enamel. Other colors, such as Blue Pink, etc., 50 cents extra. Vernis Martin Bronze, \$1.50 extra.

This entire "QUALITY" Bedstead is constructed with brass tubing. Strong screws and brass nuts hold the rods in place. The posts are 2 inches in diameter. Height of Head Board is 60 inches; Foot Board, 36 inches. Made in four widths—4-6, 4-0, 3-6 and 3-0. Finished in bright gold or dull old brass. The lacquer used is strong and clear, covering the brass tubes completely. This lacquer prevents the brass from tarnishing. No polish is required.



JULIETTE

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A Liberal Education

(Continued from page 15)

boarded wall behind him, and the hands crowded round to admire. No famous creation from a fashionable artist hung on the line attracted such respectful attention.

"I've got others," Gipsy said. "I value 'em at eight 'undred pounds. There was ten thousand put into that raffle, at a bob a nob, and I got first prize. Came by parcel post to-day, they did. Make me wish I was a married man, it does. To think of a 'ut, with some good sticks o' furniture, and them things 'angin' on the walls!"

"Want to sell it, Gipsy?" a distant voice asked anxiously.

Gipsy looked up, caught the eye of Mitchell, who was standing in the doorway. Neither man smiled; but if both had shouted with laughter, they could not have understood one another more perfectly. The luxury of the comedy was theirs alone.

"Well, I wasn't thinking about it," Gipsy said slowly. The suggestion appeared to give him a fresh train of thought. "It ain't often as a poor bloke like myself gets a picture what lots of nobbs would be proud to 'ang in their drorin'-rooms. But I've 'ad misfortunes, as most of you know, and a few pounds — what'll you stand, Jimmie?"

"Ten bob," Jimmie said promptly, "an' a go of gin."

Gipsy snorted. If it had been pounds, now! He stood up, as if inspired by a new idea. The full light of the lamps shone on the dazzling coloured picture. Why not raffle it at a shilling a share? Say sixty shares at that modest figure. A responsive murmur followed. Half-an-hour later, Gipsy strolled thoughtfully homeward with a bulging pocketful of greasy silver coins. Mitchell followed. After all, there were other acts to follow, and the first had been excellent.

"You'll get on," the painter said. "I should never have thought of that."

"Come to me like a perspiration," Gipsy said modestly. "Only I might 'ave waited a little longer. Believe I could 'a' got the whole bloomin' thir-teen quid out o' that 'ere effort o' yourn. But there's more where the other came from. 'Oo's this?"

"That is a portrait of Sarah Sid-dons, the great tragedy actress, after Romney," Mitchell explained, as Gipsy proffered him a further illus-tration from the Compendium. "What do you propose to do with her? Leave us some of our illusions, Gipsy."

"She'll do," Gipsy muttered. "She's going to be the cellubrated Miss Netta Montgomery, what played in Nelson's portable theatre down at Cwm all last winter. Every single bloke in the settlement was fair gone on her, though I found 'er second-class myself. Lot o' yaller 'air an' a dress all over spangles. You know the sort of thing. Then I'll get an-other three quid for that. 'Ere's a cottage and what you call a land-scape."



"Anne Hathaway's cottage," Mit-chell murmured.

"Niver 'eard of 'er," Gipsy went on. "But it's goin' to be made into the Red 'Ouse up the valley, where the shepherd killed his wife in the spring. Put a few piles o' timber and a derrick in the background, and there you are. I shan't do much with it amongst the boys, but the wives will fairly rise to it. Give 'em a touch of the 'orrors, and you've got 'em every time."

Mitchell nodded. His face was grave, but his eyes danced with amusement. The oil was burning low in the lamp before he had finished his work. There was an expression of placid contentment on Gipsy's face.

"Come in to-morrow and do the

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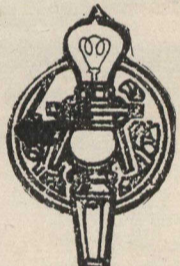
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other one," he suggested. "Strike me! I shan't want to trouble you any more after that. 'Picture of the Bronze 'Orse at Venice.' Touch 'im up, and put a boy in a pair o' tight breeches leadin' 'im by a 'alter, and there's the winner of the year's Derby, what most of us backed. I'm goin' to pay for the bloomin' Compendium on this job, so as it'll cost me nothink. So long."

The following evening was a busy one for Gipsy. As he had confidently expected, there was a brisk demand amongst the younger fraternity over the portrait of Miss Netta Montgomery. She fell to Gammon, who had been a particular victim to her charms, but not until Gipsy had disposed of nearly eighty tickets. An almost equal popularity was enjoyed by the transformed Bronze Horse, whilst the mothers of the camp took a vivid if morbid interest in the picture of the Red House, where the murder had been committed.

Gipsy raked the money in and posed as a benefactor at the same time. His enterprise and public spirit enabled the settlement to gratify a natural passion for the best in art. But for Gipsy these elevating objects would never have found their way here at all. Later on, in the seclusion of his hut, Gipsy counted his spoils.

"Ave some baccy," he suggested hospitably to Mitchell. "Fill your pouch. Fourteen pounds seventeen and sixpence. Dunnow where the tanner came from. When the bailiffs come, I shall be able to talk to 'em now. Still—"

"Seems a pity, don't it?" Mitchell suggested, watching his companion's thoughts.

"Pity!" Gipsy snorted. "It's what them drapers call an appallin' sacrifice. Still, it ain't me what's goin' to pay for the Compendium. An' yet—"

Gipsy pulled at his pipe thoughtfully. He sat there under the lamplight after Mitchell had departed, thinking the matter out. The novelist in the rough had got his hero out of a tight place; but in all properly appointed romances the hero not only escapes from imminent peril in the deadly breach, but is in honour bound to score over the miscreants who, for the time being, have triumphed. And Gipsy practically had not scored at all. Being his own hero, he felt it.

Thoughtfully he took an envelope and addressed it to the publishers of the Compendium. Then he produced a sheet of paper and laboriously proceeded to write a letter. It was a slow and painful process, but in the end it seemed satisfactory:

"Box 171, P.O.
"Water Company's Scheme,
"Cwm Valley.

"Sirs,—A few friends of Mr. Ercules Gipsy wot's left the valley and no address is desirous of seein wot I can do in the matter of the Compendium. Which never ought to have been sent in the way it was. Out of respect to the memory of Mr. Gipsy and if he could be allode to come back we'll between us send you four pound ("five" scratched carefully out) and no questions ask. This to clear off all back pay and put the time sheet right. A answer from you by the next post saying as this is all right money will be sent.

"Yours respectfully for 6 of us
"Jon Price."

Gipsy duly despatched his letter, comfortable with the assurance that there were some scores of John Prices in the settlement. For the next day or two he was dreamy and pre-occupied. The third day brought a letter from the publishers of the Compendium, offering, with large magnanimity, to cancel the debt and all proceedings on receipt of five pounds, coupled with a rider to the effect that the money must be received by return of post. It cost Gipsy a pang to part with his five

sovereigns, but there was sweet consolation in the fact that he had the Compendium, plus nearly ten pounds, and that without the outlay of a single penny of his own money.

Gipsy ran into the arms of Mitchell as he came from the post-office.

"Suppose you had to pay?" he asked.

"Suppose I didn't," Gipsy said thoughtfully. "I wrote a letter to the Compendium bloke sayin' as a few pals of Gipsy's 'ud like to—what you call it?—compromise. And they took five bloomin' quid. And I've just posted the brass. What do you think of that?"

Mitchell shook his head admiringly and passed on. Gipsy returned thoughtfully to his hut. The gay volumes of the Compendium seemed to smile down at him. He could think with toleration of the words of the wily little book-agent now.

"After all," he muttered—"after all, there's something in a liberal education."

Carcassonne!

I.
I'm growing old, I'm sixty years,

I've laboured all my life in vain,
In all that time of hopes and fears

I've failed my dearest wish to gain,
I see full well that here below

Bliss unalloyed there is for none,
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know,

I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

II.
You see the city from the hill,

It is beyond the mountain blue,
And yet to reach it one must still

Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more,

Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store,

I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

III.
They tell me every day is there,

Not more, nor less, than Sunday gay,
In shining robes and garments fair

The people walk upon their way,
One gazes in there on castle walls,

As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!

I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

IV.
The vicar's right, he says that we

Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily

Ambition ruins all mankind.
Yet could I there two days have spent,

While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content

When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

V.
Thy pardon, father, I beseech,

In this my prayer if I offend,
One something has beyond his reach

From childhood to his journey's end,
My wife, our little boy, Aignan

Have travelled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,

And I shall not see Carcassonne,
And I shall not see Carcassonne!

VI.
So crooned one day, close by Limoux,

A peasant double bent with age,
Arise, my friend, I said, with you

I'll go upon this pilgrimage.
He left next morning his abode

But (heaven forgive him) half way on,
The old man died upon the road.

He never gazed on Carcassonne,
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

—From the French by Gustave Naudand,
Translated by John N. Thompson.



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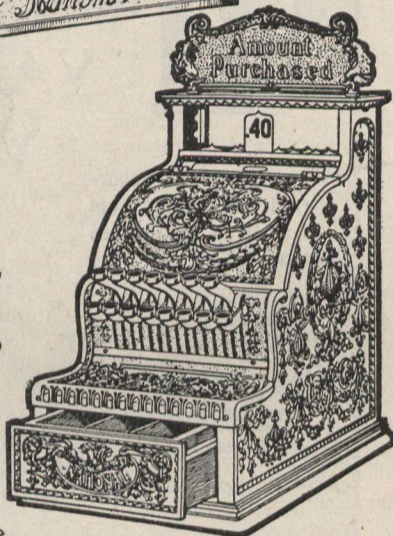
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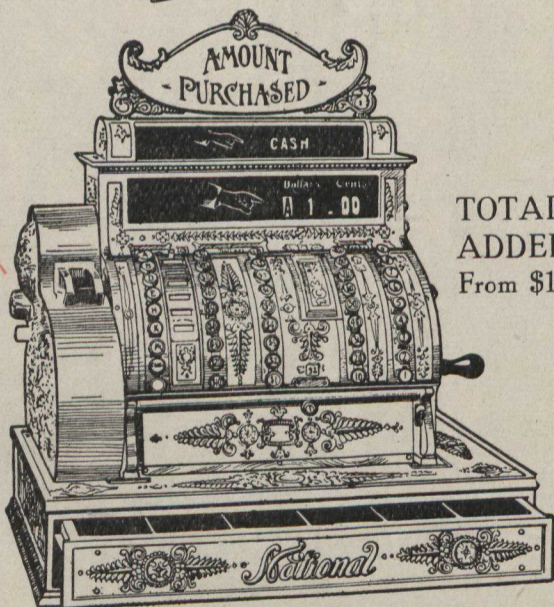
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