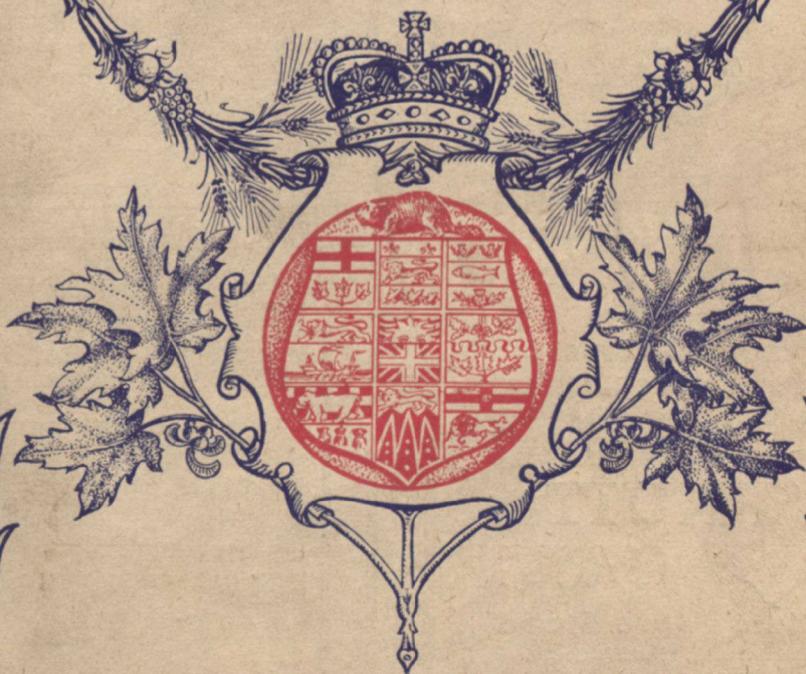


THE
**CANADIAN
MAGAZINE**

JANUARY
1906



Vol. XXVI

No. 3

PUBLISHED BY
THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING Co. LIMITED.
TORONTO, CANADA.

REMINISCENCES OF A LOYALIST, BEING THE MS. OF COL. JARVIS
SIR JOHN THOMPSON, III, 1775-1841

No Breakfast Table
complete without

Epps's Cocoa

An admirable Food of the
Finest quality and flavour.

Epps's Cocoa

The most Nutritious
and Economical.



St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location
WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristic of this Hotel, and have secured and Retained for it a patronage of the Highest Order.

YOUR AILMENT IS NATURE'S
REPROOF.

To overcome that ailment
You require Nature's Assistance.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Is Nature's Own Remedy.

NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE
WITHOUT IT.

CAUTION.—Examine the Capsule and see
that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'; otherwise
you have the sincerest form of flattery—
IMITATION

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT
SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., Eng.,
by J. C. ENO'S Patent

Wholesale of Messrs. EVANS & SONS, Ltd.,
Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

GILLETT'S ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR.

Nearly all goods in this line at the
present time are adulterated and in
fact unfit to use.

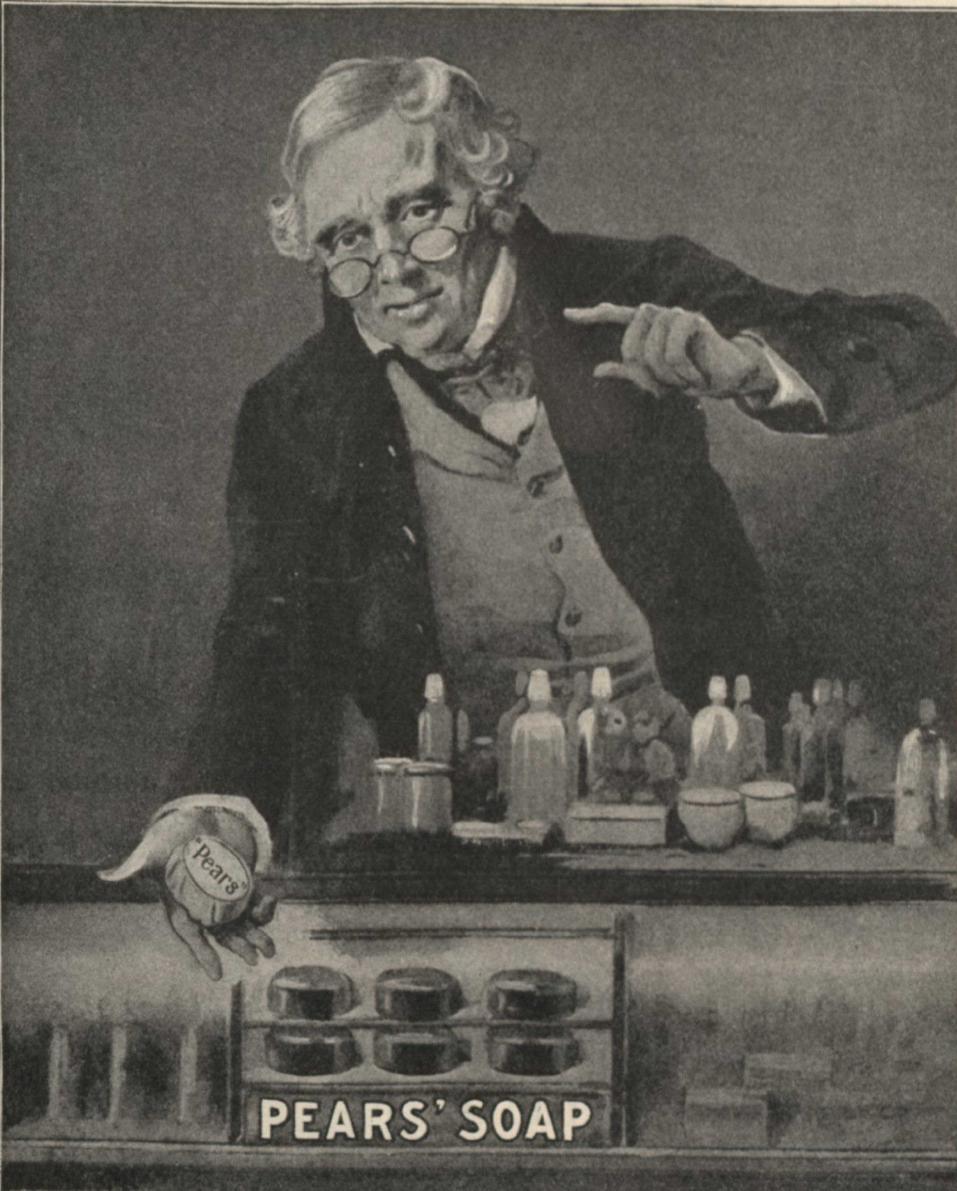
GILLETT'S is used by the best bakers and
caterers everywhere.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

GILLETT'S costs no more than the inferior
adulterated goods.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.



PEARS' SOAP

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION

"This is genuine "PEARS" as sold for more than 100 years past! I have sold it all my life, and know how good it is.

"It has taken—the highest award at every Exhibition, and won the *only* Grand Prix at Paris. As there is *no water* mixed with it, it is ALL SOAP and lasts longer than any other; so it is the CHEAPEST as well as the BEST.

"I could sell you an imitation at half the money and make more profit on it too, but I should be only swindling you if I did."

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

"All rights secured."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI.

CONTENTS, JANUARY, 1906

No. 3

The Old Year and the New, Poem	DONALD A. FRASER	209
Brunelleschi's Dome in Florence	FRONTISPIECE	
The Problem in the Philippines	BRADFORD K. DANIELS	211
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS		
Reminiscences of Sir John Thompson	HON. J. J. CURRAN	218
ILLUSTRATED		
Canadian Celebrities	FRED. T. YEALLAND	224
NO. 67, SIR JOHN CARLING		
Reminiscences of a Loyalist	Edited by STINSON JARVIS	227
BEING THE MS. OF COLONEL STEPHEN JARVIS		
The Public School and the Philanthropist	J. M. HARPER	233
The Breaking of the Paper Combine	THE EDITOR	238
The Indians of Canada	NORMAN PATTERSON	241
ILLUSTRATED		
Mr. John Morley	PELHAM EDGAR	248
WITH PORTRAIT		
The Old Friend Speaks, Poem	EVELYN GUNNE	251
All in a Voyage, Story	THEODORE ROBERTS	253
ILLUSTRATED BY S. C. SIMONSKI		
The Bourne, Poem	MARY E. HICKSON	258
The Lost Earl of Ellan, Story	MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED	259
FIRST INSTALMENT OF AN AUSTRALIAN TALE		
When Dobson Spoke, Story	LOTTIE MACNIVEN	272
After Weary Years, Story	MARGUERITE EVANS	277
A Roundelay, Poem	INGLIS, MORSE	281
Woman's Sphere	JEAN GRAHAM	282
Current Events Abroad	JOHN A. EWAN	286
People and Affairs	JOHN A. COOPER	290
About New Books		294
Idle Moments		299
Oddities and Curiosities		301
Canada for Canadians		303

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, TORONTO.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and five, by the Ontario Publishing Co. (Limited), at the Department of Agriculture. All rights reserved.

S. & H. HARRIS'

STABLE REQUISITES

SOLD BY
ALL SADDLERS AND GENERAL MERCHANTS



- HARNESS COMPOSITION—(Waterproof).
- JET BLACK OIL—Renews and preserves.
- SADDLE SOAP—Cleans and Renovates.
- HARNESS LIQUID—Self-shining.
- SADDLE PASTE—Gives a Waterproof Polish.
- EBONITE WATERPROOF BLACKING
- For Boots and Shoes—Requires no Brushing.

AGENTS FOR CANADA—B. & S. H. THOMPSON & CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

AGENTS FOR
LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

LIMITED



BY SPECIAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO THE KING AND
EMPEROR OF INDIA

CELEBRATED OILMAN'S STORES

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

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S
Lavola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING.

Sole Makers:

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.

It entirely Removes and
Prevents all
**ROUGHNESS,
REDNESS,
IRRITATION,
CHAPS, Etc.**

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

AT ALL SEASONS

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT, AND ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

February Programme

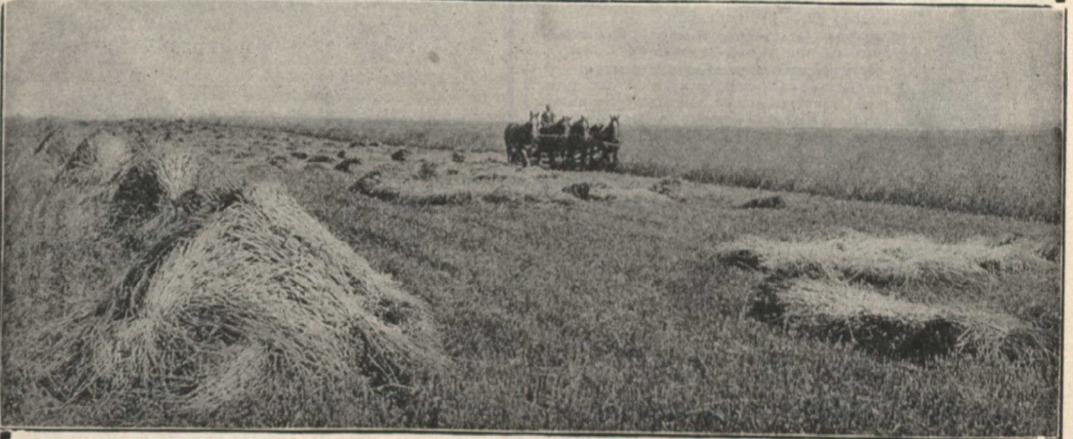
THE February CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be fairly solid, with a few lighter features. Every page will be worth reading, although it is not expected that all the contributions will be read by every reader. Because of this there will be variety. The two Serials will pass into their second instalments. Colonel Jarvis's MS. will run through five issues only, Mrs. Praed's story through twelve issues. The former is a rare find and reads like a romance, which it is. Another feature will be an article by Professor Goldwin Smith, entitled "English Poetry and English History." This in itself should make the number notable. Then there will be two short but illuminating articles on the Tariff, one from a manufacturer, one from a farmer. There will be several illustrated articles—and these illustrations are always the best produced in the country. There will be four short stories, and a great deal of miscellaneous matter. Current cartoons, portraits of people in the public eye and photographs of curious and rare objects or scenes will be a feature of each issue throughout the year.

The programme for 1906 is nearly complete and promises to excel that of any previous year. The Editor has been fortunate enough to secure a number of unusually good features. Every writer of note in Canada has been consulted and quite a number of new writers have been discovered. There are some surprises in store for regular readers.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TORONTO, CANADA

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

WESTERN CANADA



PRODUCES THE MOST REMARKABLE YIELDS
OF

GRAIN, ROOTS AND VEGETABLES

Write for information about free
grants of land for settlers, to

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION
OTTAWA - CANADA

OR TO THE

CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

11-12 CHARING CROSS - LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND

MAGIC LANTERNS BIOSCOPES

HUGHES' MARVELLOUS PAMPHENGOS

Finest Oil-Lighted Lantern Extant. Nearly 4,000 sold. 130 Candle Power. Gives brilliant 12 ft. pictures. Further reduced to £3 5s. Handsome Binials Lanterns, £3 10s. Grand Triples, supplied to Madame Patti, Professor Malden, Royal Polytechnic, Dr. Gratten Guinness. Magnificently Illustrated Catalogue, post free. List of 60,000 Slides, 6d. post free. Bijou Illustrated Catalogue, etc., 6d. post free. Cheapest and Best Lantern and Bioscope Outfits in the World.

Hughes' Bioscope attachment. Gives 16 ft. pictures. Reduced to £7 7s. Worth £20.

Hughes' Drawing Room Cinematograph, £3 3s. Complete with Oil Lamp.

Hughes' Imperial Bioscope. A revelation in Cinematographs. Film registered, reversed and coloured while running. Splendid results. The King of Living Picture Machines. From £21. A combined lantern and cinematograph.

Hughes' Cinematograph Peep Show. Greatest money-taker known. Animated pictures in the open air for twenty people. Not a toy. Complete, £21 10s. Bijou Acetylene ditto, £12 12s. Delightful results. Coins money.

Grandly Illustrated Catalogue of all Cinematographs, Cameras, Developing Apparatus, etc., post free, 9d. Grandly Illustrated film list, post free, 7d.

**THE GREAT LANTERN HOUSE FOR OPTICAL
LANTERNS AND SLIDES**

W. C. HUGHES & CO., Specialists
BREWSTER HOUSE,
82 MORTIMER RD., KINGSLAND, London, N, England.

THE CANADIAN GAZETTE

A Weekly Journal of Information and Comment upon Matters of Use and Interest to those concerned in Canada, Canadian Emigration and Canadian Investments

Edited by **THOMAS SKINNER**

Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange Year-Book," "The Directory of Directors," &c.

EVERY THURSDAY PRICE THREEPENCE

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISEMENT OFFICES:

1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, LONDON

SUBSCRIPTIONS—For Canada and the Continent, the charge, including postage, is 4d. per Copy, 4s. 6d. for Three Months, 9s. for Six Months, and 18s. for Twelve Months.

The Boy's Own Paper The Girl's Own Paper

These two splendid monthlies are of the highest standard of juvenile magazine literature. They appeal chiefly to the young people of school age. The best writers of boys' and girls' stories contribute to their pages and every issue is beautifully illustrated. They are full of good stories of school and home-life, adventure, travel, besides containing articles of a useful character—the kind in which boys and girls delight. Subscribe now. New volume begins in November.

Price for each, ten cents per copy, \$1.20 per year.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited
CANADIAN PUBLISHERS, ————— TORONTO

TO COLOUR TRY ALEXANDRE'S
GREY HAIR SHADEINE

LONDON MADE

Trial Bottle
12½c.



Trade Mark,
Copyright

SHADEINE colors grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN and GOLDEN. Contains no lead, silver, mercury or sulphur. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed not to burn or produce an unnatural tint; is permanent, washable and free from grease. Medical certificate enclosed. Large bottle, 85c. Trial bottle, 12 1/2c. Of all chemists, and Messrs. T. EATON CO., Limited, Yonge St., Toronto. L. ALEXANDRE, 58 Westbourne Grove, London W., England.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE K.D.C.
FOR NERVOUS DYSPESIA
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

LADIES to do piecework at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from \$7 to \$12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Desk C. M., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP
For Cleaning Plate

Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH
Glass Paper, Flint Paper

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH
Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD
Best for Stoves, etc.

Oakey's GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA

JOHN FORMAN.

644 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

GOOD "OLD COUNTRY" QUALITY

in serges, tweeds and made-to-measure clothing for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Solid, reliable goods with wearing qualities. Our speciality is



Egerton & Burnett's
Royal Sergees



which we furnish in many weights, and the colors are blue, black, purple, brown, grey, green, crimson, cream, etc.

"WONTAREWILWARE" TWEEDS.
54 ins., \$1.20 and \$1.45 per yard.
Also New Spring Tweeds, Dress Fabrics, Delaines, Cottons, Flannels, Winceys and almost everything made for wearing apparel.

We make to measure from any of these materials:—Ladies' Costumes from \$6.40; Skirts from \$2.45; Girls' Dresses from \$2.20; Men's Suits from \$8.90; Overcoats from \$6.70; Trousers from \$2.65; Boys' Suits from \$2.60.

We want your trade, so write us for Samples, New Patterns, Self-measurement Forms and Price Lists, post free.

EGERTON BURNETT, Limited

R. W. Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset, England.

TO MOTHERS

CHILDREN TEETHING HAVE ALL
THEIR TROUBLES RELIEVED BY
TAKING THE CELEBRATED

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S

TEETHING POWDERS



ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM MORPHIA
OR OPIUM, HENCE

SAFEST AND BEST

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

125 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND



CANADIAN VISITORS TO ENGLAND

HOTEL RUSSELL

LONDON

One of the statelyest of London's sumptuous hotel palaces and favourite Canadian rendezvous. Erected upon gravel soil, on high ground overlooking historical Russell Square Gardens, the situation is undoubtedly one of the most healthy and airy in town for Summer residence. Despite these exceptional surroundings, the position of the Russell is none the less particularly central, being equidistant from the principal railway termini, within a few yards of Oxford Street and the Tube or Metropolitan Railways, convenient for all the principal shopping thoroughfares and theaters, and but a stone's throw of the British Museum and other points of interest. Internally, the Russell is notable for its magnificent marble effects, and the airiness which is characteristic of the exterior also pervades the inner side of the hotel. The Public Rooms, each with an individuality of its own, are furnished with a careful regard to tasteful elegance and comfort, all converging on to the spacious Winter Garden, the focusing point, as it were, of the social life of the place. This Winter Garden, or Palmarium, is the largest of any hotel in London, and here a celebrated orchestra performs daily. The modernity of the hotel vouches for the fact that it is replete with every convenience that human ingenuity has devised, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Hotel Russell spells the very last word in hotel construction, arrangement, situation and management. The Russell is one of the Frederick group, and was fitted, decorated and furnished by Maple & Co., of London and Paris.

IF YOU ARE REQUIRING CLOTHES

You should order them from London and thereby obtain THE BEST QUALITY AT THE MOST MODERATE PRICES.

JOHN J. M. BULT

Frock and Dress Coat Specialist,
Has one of the Largest Assortments in London of TWEEDS, CHEVIOTS, FLANNELS, SERGES, OVERCOATINGS and will be glad if you will Write for Patterns and Self-measurement Forms.

SOME SPECIALTIES

- Frock Coat and Vest from - \$15.35
- Dress Suit (Silk Lined) - - 20.50
- Lounge Suit - - - - 12.15
- Norfolk and Knickers - - 14.60

A Register is kept of all Customers' Measures.

140 FENCHURCH STREET
LONDON, ENGLAND
CASH TAILOR

CARRERAS' CELEBRATED

SMOKING



MIXTURES.

DR. J. M. BARRIE says:—"WHAT I CALL THE ARCADIA IN 'MY LADY NICOTINE' IS THE **CRAVEN** MIXTURE AND NO OTHER."

THE CRAVEN (Mild), Invented by the 3rd Earl of Craven
HANKEY'S (Medium), " " Major-General Hankey
GUARDS' (Full), " " J. J. Carreras
MUGGES' (Special), " " G. Mugge, Esq.
SIL PHILIPS' (Extra special), Invented by Col. Sil Philips
SOLE MANUFACTURERS

CARRERAS, Ltd., 7 Wardour St., LONDON, W., ENGLAND.

Agents in Montreal—FRASER, VIGER & CO.,
209 and 211 St. James's Street.

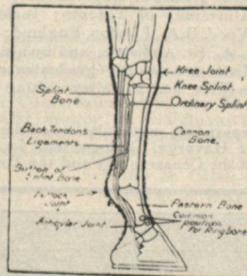
EE **WALWORTH** EE

STEEDMAN'S
SOOTHING
POWDERS
ARE THE
BEST
FOR
CHILDREN

EE EE

LAMENESS IN THE HORSE

Its Cause, Detection, and Remedy



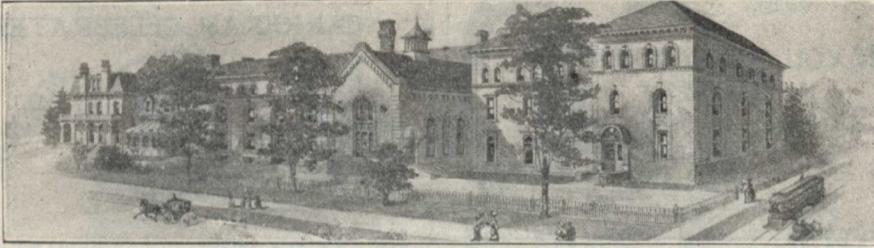
With numerous diagrammatic and other illustrations, and opinion of Dr. Vicchi, Veterinary Surgeon to H.M. the King of Italy, leading trainers, &c.

Sent Post Free on receipt of Two Cent Stamp.

PUBLISHED BY

Messrs. STEVENS, St. George's Mansions
Westminster, London, S.W., England.

EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal, Agents for Canada.

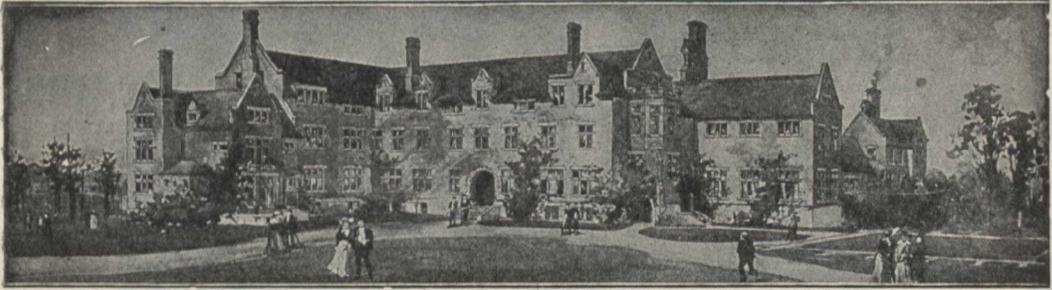


Toronto Conservatory of Music

SEND FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED CALENDAR.

SIR JOHN A. BOYD, K.C.M.G., President.

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director



UPPER SCHOOL BUILDING

RIDLEY COLLEGE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT. Upper School—Boys prepared for the Universities and for business. Lower School—A fine new building, under charge of H. G. Williams, Esq., B.A., Vice-Principal. For Calendar, etc., apply to **REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., Principal**

Havergal College

TORONTO

PRINCIPAL—MISS KNOX, University of Oxford, first-class Cambridge University Diploma in teaching.

Assisted by three Heads of Departments: House—Miss Edgar, B.A., University of Toronto; Junior House and School—Miss Wood, B.A., London, England; Day School—Miss Jones, L.L.A., St. Andrew's, and by a staff of twenty-two resident Mistresses, mostly graduates of English or Canadian universities, and by thirty visiting teachers and masters.

Pupils are prepared for matriculation of the University of Toronto, for the Havergal Diploma, and for the examinations in music of the Conservatory and the Toronto College

of Music, and in art of "The Royal Drawing Society," London, England.

The College offers exceptional conversational advantages in French under a resident French Mistress, assisted by six resident specialists in modern languages.

Particular attention is given to physical training by two graduates of the Boston Normal School of Physical Culture, who reside in the College, and give individual care to the pupils.

Large grounds adjoin the College and afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc., in summer, and for hockey upon a full-sized rink in winter.

The Junior School has its own staff and is entirely separate from the Upper School. The Curriculum includes, among other subjects, elementary courses in Cookery, Wood Carving, Basket Weaving and Domestic Science.

French is taught in the Kindergarten, and is continued by a graduated course throughout the Junior School.

For information apply to the Bursar.



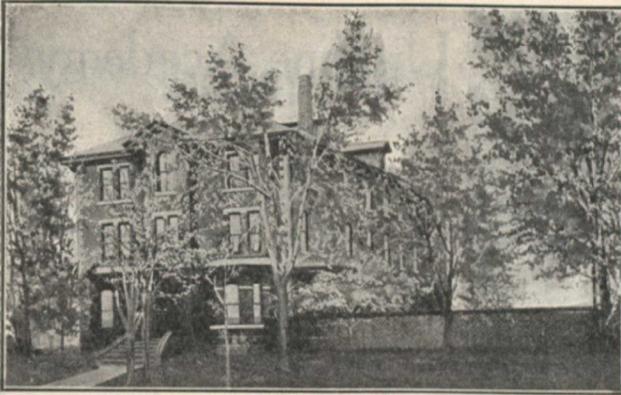
COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE SOUTH

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Residential and Day School for Boys

TORONTO

◆ Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence. Boys prepared for Universities. Royal Military College and Business. **Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., Principal.**



Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Thorough in all its departments. Gives careful individual attention, and the best physical, mental, and moral training.

Offers great advantages in Music, Art, and Languages. Native French, and German teachers. Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers.

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

The School will re-open on Tuesday, September 12th.

For Prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALS,
Lady Principal.

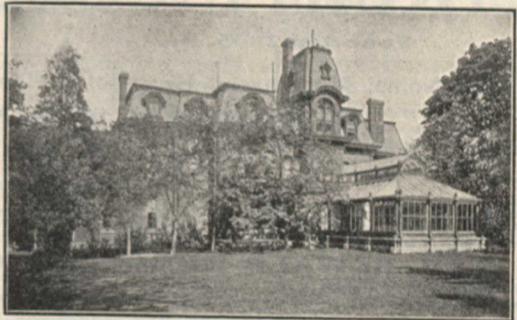
BRANKSOME HALL

A HIGH-CLASS RESIDENTIAL
AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

102 Bloor St. East, Toronto

Under the joint management of MISS SCOTT, formerly principal of Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and MISS MERRICK, formerly of Kingston.

For Circular, apply to Miss Scott.



WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 Bloor Street West
TORONTO, CAN.

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

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE

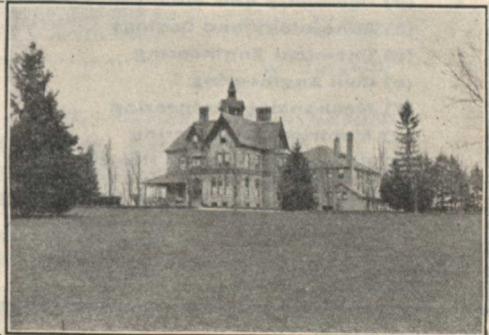
OSHAWA, ONT.

Visitor, the Lord Bishop of Toronto

Preparation for the University Young Children also Received

For Terms and Particulars apply to the SISTER in CHARGE, or to

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
Major Street, Toronto





Ursuline Academy

"THE PINES"

Chatham, Ontario

Thorough Course in English, Languages, Music, Art, Elocution, Physical Culture and Domestic Science. Individual attention. Pupils prepared for the University and Departmental Examinations. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Extensive and Beautiful Grounds.

For Prospectus apply to

THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL

Founded 1865.

PORT HOPE, ONT.

Handsome, Modern and Fireproof Buildings—Magnificent and Healthy Situation

NEXT TERM BEGINS JANUARY 11th

Boys are prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, Professions and Business

Special attention given to younger boys.

FOR CALENDAR AND ALL PARTICULARS APPLY TO

REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A. (Cambridge), LL.D., Head Master

SCHOOL OF MINING

AFFILIATED TO QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED:

1. Four Years' Course for a Degree (B. Sc.)

and 2. Three Years' Course for a Diploma.

- (a) Mining Engineering
- (b) Chemistry and Mineralogy
- (c) Mineralogy and Geology
- (d) Chemical Engineering
- (e) Civil Engineering
- (f) Mechanical Engineering
- (g) Electrical Engineering
- (h) Biology and Public Health

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

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

Should take a course of training in Shorthand and Typewriting at the

*NORTHERN
Business College*

OWEN SOUND ONT.

There is a large demand for young men stenographers, very much larger than the supply.

A thorough and practical course, including the following subjects: Shorthand [Pitman's System], Touch Typewriting, Penmanship, Spelling, Letter-writing and General Office Practice.

Students admitted at any time. Full particulars sent to any address free.

Address **C. A. FLEMING, Principal.**

The Illinois Training School for Nurses

304 Honore Street, Chicago, Illinois

Founded in 1880. Connected with Cook County Hospital, Chicago Lying-in Hospital. Offers a three years' course of training in nursing to women, comprising practical and theoretical work and instruction in hospital wards. Classes and lectures and an extended course in Dietetics. The school buildings are separate from the hospitals, being large, comfortable, well heated, lighted and ventilated, supplied with class rooms well equipped for teaching. For detailed information apply to Miss ROSE, Supt., 304 Honore Street, Chicago Illinois

THE Bishop Strachan School

(WYKEHAM HALL)

College Street, Toronto

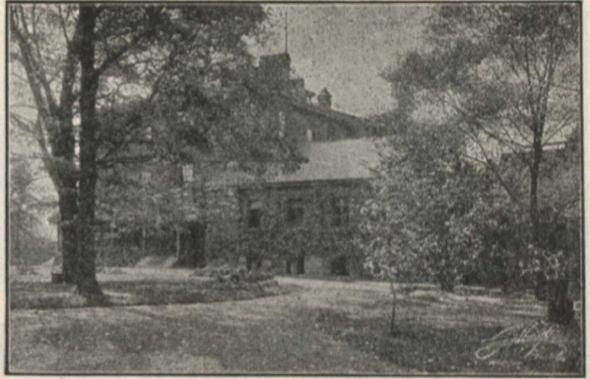
THIRTY-NINTH YEAR

A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

FULL MATRICULATION COURSE
KINDERGARTEN

For Calendar apply to

MISS ACRES, Lady Principal.

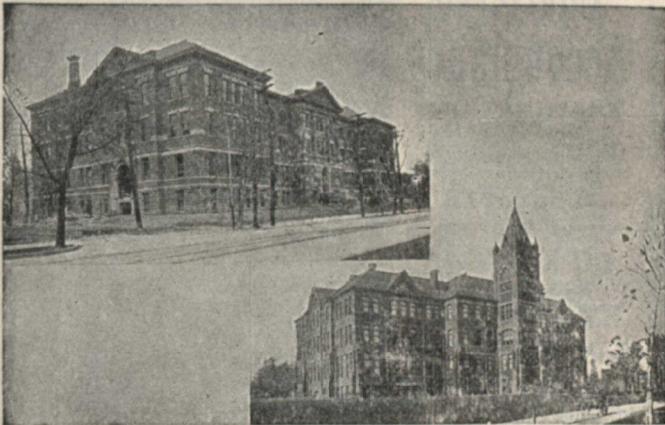


ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO

A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AMID EXCEPTIONALLY FINE
SURROUNDINGSACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—13 fully employed qualified
teachers, of whom 9 are in residence, and of these 3 are European
trained teachers of Modern Languages.28 VISITING TEACHERS—Music 19, Art 3, Physical
Culture 3, Elocution 1, Domestic Science 2.DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 45 are in residence
classes average 12 each.PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a specialty;
extended course for those not contemplating a university education.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal

CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work. There are
also 18 sound-proof piano rooms and a large Assembly Hall.LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full-sized
out-door skating rink in winter.RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school.
Specialists in every department.RECORD—1904-05: 6 at Toronto University; 3 at Trinity;
2 at McGill; 22 passed examination in Music at Toronto University
and 4 at Conservatory of Music winning 9 1st and 6 2nd class
honors.GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director
[Late Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto]

ONTARIO SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

TORONTO

Established 1878

The Faculty of Applied
Science and Engineering
of the University
of Toronto.

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION—

1.—CIVIL ENGINEERING

2.—MINING ENGINEERING

3.—MECHANICAL and ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

4.—ARCHITECTURE

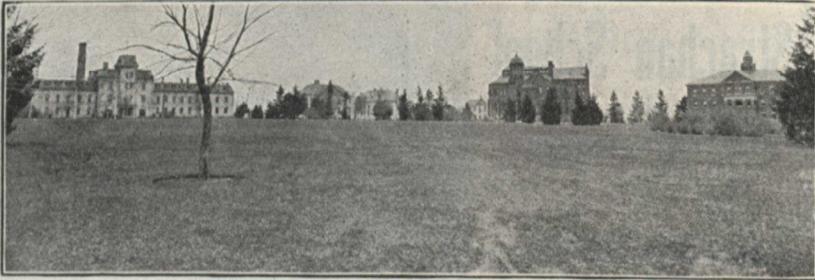
5.—ANALYTICAL and APPLIED CHEMISTRY

6.—CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

The Laboratories in all Departments are fully equipped with the most modern apparatus.

The Calendar, which contains a list showing the positions held by graduates, will be mailed on application.

A. T. LAING, Registrar



THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

GUELPH, CANADA

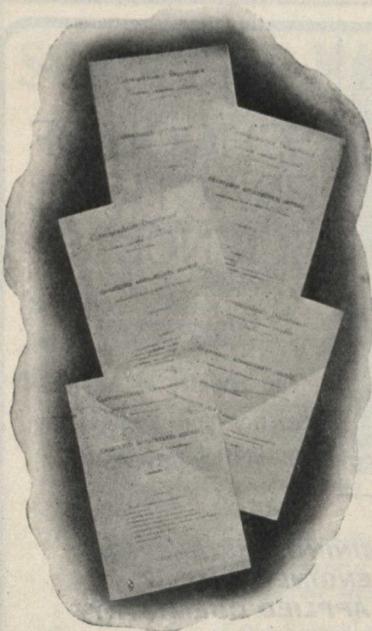
Is the only recognized Institution in Ontario granting Professional Degrees in
MANUAL TRAINING.

Our Agricultural courses are systematic, thorough and practical.

Special Short Courses in **DAIRYING, STOCK JUDGING** and **POULTRY**
commence in January.

PROSPECTUS GLADLY FURNISHED. SEND FOR ONE (Form B). DO IT NOW

G. C. CREELMAN, B.S.A., M.S., President



FORM OF LESSONS

Chartered Accountancy

EXAMINATIONS LAST YEAR

have proved the merits of our
special course given by mail.

8 out of 13

successful Final Candidates,
and

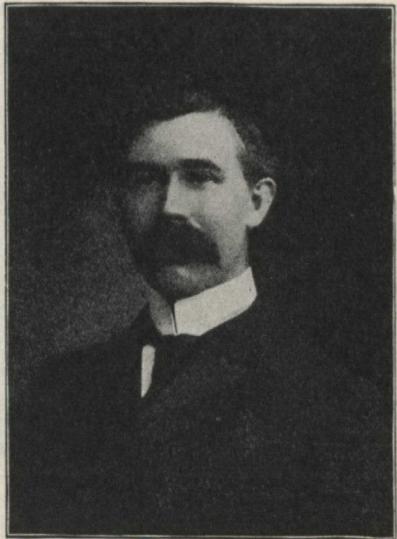
30 out of 45

who passed the Intermediate
Examination were students
of our course.

**Nothing
equal to it**

It is not a book course and
not intended as a means for
selling books. There are no
heavy expensive volumes to
bother you. Our course con-
sists of clean, clear-cut, spe-
cific lessons—15 to 25 pages
each, with a Definite exami-
nation on each Lesson.

Our course is the product of a
man who knows his business and
the work required by Candidates
for these Examinations—Mr. David Hoskins, F.C.A., Secretary-Treasurer C. A. Institute for
Ontario, an experienced Teacher of Commerce and a Practising Accountant. Every Lesson is
corrected by him, and his personal criticisms of all work sent in is highly valued by students



D. HOSKINS, F.C.A.

This Course can be secured only through the **CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT** of our well-known and reliable school.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, OF TORONTO

Write for Booklet X describing this C. A. Course. Get list of successful
candidates this year. See our record and examine our testimonials.

Address W. H. SHAW, Principal

MADE IN ONTARIO

FARMS From the best of agricultural land.

TIMBER From the largest forests in the world.

MINERALS From immense unexplored fields

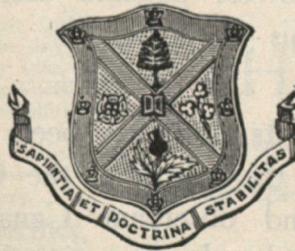
POWER From unequalled waterfalls throughout the province.

FOR INFORMATION WRITE

HON. F. COCHRANE, Minister Lands and Mines, TORONTO, ONT.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE KINGSTON, ONTARIO

INCORPORATED
BY



ROYAL CHARTER
IN 1841

THE ARTS COURSE of this University, leading to the degrees of B.A. and M.A., D.Sc. and Ph.D., embraces Classical Literature, Modern and Oriental Languages, English History, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Political Science, Mathematics, Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Assaying, Metallurgy, Botany, and Animal Biology.

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

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

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degree of M.D. and C.M.

THE SCIENCE COURSE leads to the degree of B.Sc. and M.E.

THE ARTS COURSE can be taken without attendance.

Calendar and Examination Papers may be had from the Registrar,

GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A., Kingston, Ont.

HEARTY GREETINGS

are extended to its policyholders and the public in general, with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year by



*"Yours be every joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure."—Burns*

To furnish absolutely perfect protection to its policyholders at the lowest possible cost is the sole aim and object of this Company.

The year now at its close has been in all respects the most successful in the history of the Company, showing that a thrifty and observant Canadian public fully appreciates a sound and progressive Canadian Company managed by Canadians for, and in the best interests of, Canadian policyholders.

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

ROBERT MELVIN,
PRESIDENT

A. HOSKIN, K.C.,
HON. JUSTICE BRITTON, } VICE-PRESIDENTS

GEO. WEGENAST, MANAGER

W. H. RIDDELL, SECRETARY

A NEW YEAR

BEGIN IT BY

SYSTEMATICALLY SAVING



A dollar or more at a time may be deposited with us and we will add interest twice a year at **THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. PER ANNUM**

One Dollar will open an account.

A deposit of one dollar a month will amount in ten years to \$143.65; in twenty years to \$346.90

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

MEN WHO CAN EARN FROM
\$3,000 to \$10,000 A YEAR

We are financing one of the greatest and most profitable commercial enterprises of the day. The stock of this Company is a perfectly safe, high-grade guaranteed security now paying liberal dividends, while the future profits and possibilities are almost unlimited.

We desire first-class representatives in every city and town. Excellent opportunities for the right men. Address at once for full particulars.

A. L. WISNER & CO., BANKERS,
32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE CANADA LANCET

Established 1867

This is oldest Medical Journal published in Canada and contains monthly 96 pages of original matter. \$2.00 per annum. Write for sample.

THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., TORONTO

A Canadian Concern that
Concerns Canadians

THE EMPIRE

Accident and Surety Company

Head Office, Temple Building, London, Ont.

Accident and Sickness Insurance
and Guarantee Bonding

No Better Proposition Any-
where—Few As Good

A CANADIAN CONCERN

Bank of Hamilton

Board of Directors:

HON. WILLIAM GIBSON.....President
 J. TURNBULL..... Vice-President and General Manager
 JOHN PROCTOR, HON. JOHN S. HENDRIE,
 GEORGE RUTHERFORD, CHARLES C. DALTON,
 CYRUS A. BIRGE.

H. M. WATSON, Assistant General Manager and Superintendent of Branches.

HEAD OFFICE - HAMILTON, ONT.

Capital Paid Up.....\$ 2,400,000
 Rest.....2,400,000
 Total Assets.....29,000,000

Branches:

Abernethy, N.W.T.	Georgetown	Melfort, N.W.T.	Ripley
Alton	Gladstone, Man.	Midland	Roland, Man.
Atwood	Gorrie	Milton	Saskatoon, N.W.T.
Battleford, N.W.T.	Grimslby	Mitchell	Simcoe
Beausville	Hagersville	Minnedosa, Man.	Southampton
Berlin	Hamilton	Miami, Man.	Stonewall, Man.
Blyth	" Deering Br.	Moorefield, Ont.	Teeswater
Brandon, Man.	" Barton St.	Moose Jaw, N.W.T.	Toronto—
Brantford	" East End	Morden, Man.	Queen & Spadina
Carberry, Man.	" West End	Niagara Falls	College & Ossing'n
Carman, Man.	Hamiota, Man.	Niagara Falls South	Toronto Junction
Chealey	Indian Head, N.W.T.	Orangeville	Vancouver, B.C.
Delhi	Jarvis, Ont.	Owen Sound	Wingham
Dundas	Kamloops, B.C.	Palmerston	Winkler, Man.
Dundalk	Killarney, Man.	Pilot Mound, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.
Dunnville	Listowel	Plum Coulee, Man.	Winnipeg, Man.—
Fernie, B.C.	Lacknow	Port Elgin	Grain Exchange
Fordwich	Manitou, Man.	Port Rowan	Wroxeter

Correspondents in United States.—New York—Fourth National Bank and Hanover National Bank Boston—International Trust Co. Buffalo—Marine National Bank. Detroit—Old Detroit National Bank. Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank. Kansas City—National Bank of Commerce. Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank. San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. St. Louis—Third National Bank.

Correspondents in Great Britain.—National Provincial Bank of England, Limited. Collections effected in all parts of Canada promptly and cheaply

Correspondence Solicited

3¹/₂% Interest on DEPOSITS.
 Paid half-yearly on the daily balance. Subject to cheque.

4% Interest paid half-yearly on DEBENTURES. Repayable on 60 days' notice.

Capital Subscribed	- - -	\$2,500,000
Capital Paid Up	- - -	1,250,000
Reserve	- - -	800,000
Total Assets	- - -	7,046,397

**CENTRAL
 CANADA**
 LOAN & SAVINGS COY.
 26 KING ST. E. TORONTO

THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

**HEAD OFFICE
 HAMILTON, CANADA**

Capital and Assets	- - -	\$3,018,773 37
Paid to Policyholders in 1904	- - -	198,911 34
Assurance written in 1904	- - -	3,010,499 50

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

DAVID DEXTER
 President and Managing Director

WE HAVE EVERY FACILITY TO TRANSACT

YOUR BANKING BUSINESS

AND INVITE YOUR ACCOUNT

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid up . . . \$1,000,000

Reserve Fund . . . \$1,000,000

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR AND UPWARDS

YOUR EXECUTOR

The Executor of your Estate should be competent, experienced and thoroughly reliable. This Company, with its wide experience, large Capital and Reserve and reliable management, is in a position to settle the affairs of your Estate economically and with the utmost fidelity to the instructions contained in your will.

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED

22 King Street East, Toronto

PROFIT RESULTS

on the individual policy, form, after all, the best test of a Life Insurance Company's management.

THE

London Life Insurance Company

LONDON, CANADA

invites full inquiry into its profit-sharing record.

An annual accounting of profits has always been made by this Company.

SAFE INVESTMENTS STRONG RESERVES



THE GREAT ADVANTAGE

of Life Insurance is that it reaches its maximum value when everything else is made uncertain by death. This is exactly what it is for, and there is nothing else which answers the purpose so well. The

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

issues the most approved forms of policy contracts—on the participating system, with dividends payable in five, ten, fifteen or twenty years—and on the non-participating system, at rates as low as consistent with safety.

HOME OFFICE

TORONTO, ONTARIO

J. L. BLAIKIE - - - - President
 L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Man. Director
 W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B. - Secretary

THE NORTHERN LIFE

Assurance Company

Closed the half-year showing over 25% more insurance issued than the same period last year.

Its Policies just meet the wants of the people and are easily sold.

A few good producing agents can secure liberal contracts in desirable territory.

Head Office—LONDON, ONT.

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director

IN VIEW OF THE GREAT INTEREST NOW BEING SHOWN AS TO THE COST OF LIFE INSURANCE, IT IS WELL FOR THOSE CONCERNED TO NOTE THAT THE DIVIDENDS PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS BY

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

REDUCE THE PREMIUMS CHARGED BELOW NET COST ON THE BASIS ADOPTED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

ASK FOR A GREAT-WEST CALENDAR. FREE ON REQUEST.

NO PERSON

whose life is worth anything can afford to be without life insurance.

A life insurance policy is a friend which will never fail you. It is payable when your family is most in need.

No better contract can be secured than the Accumulation Policy issued by the Confederation Life.

This policy furnishes the maximum of protection at the minimum of cost. It is free from conditions and contains clear and definite guarantees.

A letter to the Head Office, Toronto, or to any of the Association's Agents will bring you full and interesting information which it will be greatly to your advantage to have.

CONFEDERATION LIFE

ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO

How a TURKEY lasted a Week by using



ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

SUNDAY

Served as a Roast

The bird was basted with just a trifle
of Armour's Extract of Beef

MONDAY

This Roast Made a Stew
Armour's Extract of Beef gave
it a rich flavor

TUESDAY

'Twas French Hash on Toast
Armour's Extract of Beef restored
the original flavor

WEDNESDAY

A Rich Fricandeau
In Fricandeau, the Extract is
almost indispensable



THURSDAY

A Delicious Pâté
Some use the Extract in the sauce
as well as in the Pâté

FRIDAY

We Had the Grilled Bones
The Beefy flavor of Armour's Extract
greatly helped the sauce

SATURDAY

What's Left went into a Soup
Flavored with Armour's Extract
of Beef

The BEST EXTRACT
of
The BEST BEEF

The Old Year and the New

BY DONALD A. FRASER

THE bells toll out a mournful dirge;
And why? The year is dying;
The Old Year, gray with weight of care,
Alone, with none his grief to share,
Breathes out his last sad sighing.

For much of woe, and want, and sin,
His transient reign has crowded;
And Ignorance, and Lust, and Crime,
In all their blighting, dead'ning rime,
Have many souls enshrouded.

But, as he sighs he faintly smiles;
Not all was dark and dreary;
Some burdened hearts have lightened been;
Some souls have burst the bonds of Sin;
Some rested that were weary.

Good-bye Old Year, your work is done;
We fain would watch thy dying;
Swift-footed Time bears us along;
We cannot leave the hurrying throng;
Nor stay the moments flying.

.

The bells assume a merry note,
And hark! the sound of singing;
The Old Year's dead; the New Year comes
With peal of trump and roll of drums,
And Joy and Gladness bringing.

His step is firm, his eye is clear,
And all the Graces lead him;
The youths and maidens deck his brows
With amaranth and myrtle boughs,
And Faith and Hope succeed him.

O glad New Year! we hail thee too;
Thou bring'st us joy or sorrow;
We hope for joy; yet know that pain
Is sent us, higher heights to gain;
Then dread we not the morrow.

Ring merry bells, ring high, ring low;
Ring honest toil or leisure;
For, ring they fast, or ring they slow,
Or ring they weal, or ring they woe;
They ring but God's own pleasure.



BRUNELLESCHI'S DOME IN FLORENCE

THE HEIGHT OF THE DOME EXCLUSIVE OF THE LANTERN, IS 265 FEET; ITS SPAN IS 140 FEET

"The great dome of the Cathedral of Florence marks the beginning of the Renaissance movement in architecture, though in its general form and structural character it has no likeness to ancient domes, and has few details drawn from the Roman classic source. It exhibits a wide departure from any previous forms of dome construction, and is an expression of the creative genius of a remarkably gifted man of great independence, working under inspiration drawn in part from ancient sources, in part from mediæval building traditions, and in still larger part from the new motives that were beginning to animate the artistic ambitions of the fifteenth century."—"Character of Renaissance Architecture."—See Book Department.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVI

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1906

No. 3

The Problem in the Philippines

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS



GOVERNMENT turned missionary! To the practical English, or even to the colonial mind, this seems an odd proposition, and more especially so when applied to the Government of the United States, that apparently soulless corporation which, in spite of its boasted declaration that all men are born equal in the sight of the law, and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, has won for itself the unenviable reputation of a juggernaut which ruthlessly sacrifices the individual to the business interests of the monied majority. And yet, contradictory as it may seem, it is the only explanation of the policy which is being pursued by the American Government in the administration of the Philippine Islands.

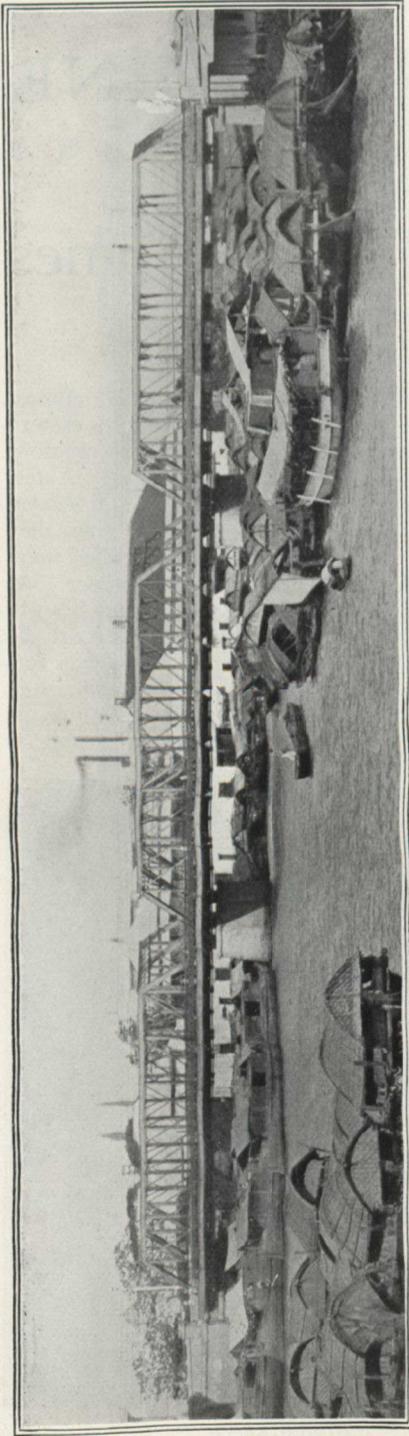
Of course, the word "missionary" is used here in the larger and fuller sense which has nothing to do with creeds; but the basal idea is the same. The United States is steadily pursuing the policy of teaching the Filipino the principles which underly western civilisation, and when he has assimilated enough of them to enable him to stand alone and do his share of the world's work, he is to be given independence.

The fundamental difference between this policy and that pursued by Great Britain in her colonisation becomes apparent even upon a superficial

examination of the two methods. Almost without exception, Great Britain's eastern possessions are the result of trade relations established by private enterprise. A few Englishmen landed at a port and started a trading-post. As the post grew they were unable to defend it and called upon the home Government for assistance. As Great Britain's policy has always been to protect her citizens in any part of the globe, the necessary protection was furnished, and thus, without premeditation, the Government had a new colony on its hands. The settlement came into exist-



A NATIVE BELLE



SANTA CRUZ BRIDGE, MANILA, SHOWING CASCOS IN THE PASIG RIVER

ence purely for commercial reasons, it was protected for commercial reasons, and the uplifting of the native has been only an incident in the transaction. If the native wished to co-operate, well and good; if not, he could take himself off. As a result Great Britain's oriental possessions have progressed slowly, with scarcely an improvement which the spirit of pure commercialism has not dictated.

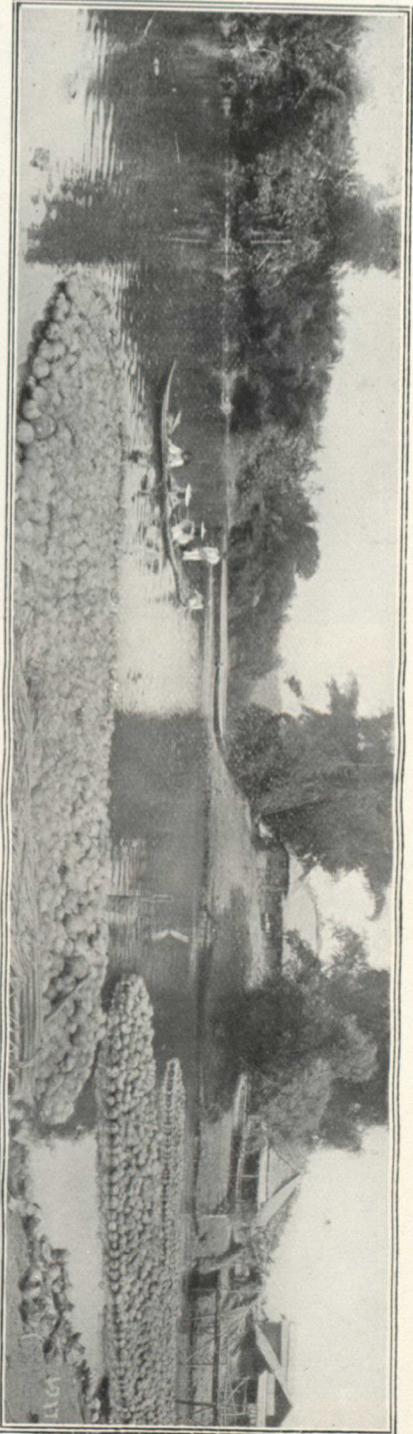
Ceylon, for example, illustrates the radical difference between Great Britain's colonial policy and that of the United States as manifested in the Philippines. In Ceylon, after a hundred years of occupation, the Government has only recently established an agricultural bureau—although agriculture is the chief industry of the island—and this bureau is under the supervision of officials who have other and trying duties to perform. In the Philippines, after only six years of occupation, the Americans have an agricultural bureau equipped in the most scientific way, and under one of the most expert agriculturists in the world. In Ceylon, if the people wish schools they must ask for them, and at the end of a hundred years they are still backward about asking; throughout the entire Philippine archipelago, with the exception of a few wild tribes in the interior which have no fixed abode, public schools have been established under American supervision, with the English language as the medium of instruction. In the Straits Settlements the Government has been working at the currency problem since 1893, attempting to do away with fluctuating silver, and establish its money system upon a gold basis. The change is not yet completed, and will not be for three years to come. In the Philippines this change has been brought about in three years, and the islands are now upon a gold basis, none of the disasters consequent upon the change having overtaken them which were predicted by the English authorities throughout the east. At Hong Kong, after having possession of the city since 1843, the English have constructed eight miles of electric trams; in Manila there are fifty miles of as fine a broad gauge track as can be found in the world, with a power house equipped with all the latest electrical devices, and considered

in some respects the finest in the world. In Shanghai, the English have been debating for the last twenty years the advisability of dredging their wretched harbour so that ships might reach the city, but they seem no nearer the beginning of the task than they were when the idea first occurred to them. In Manila harbour improvements costing more than \$4,000,000 are almost completed, and what was formerly a great shallow bay swept by the southwest monsoon is now a magnificent harbour of 350 acres, protected by more than three miles of massive stone break-water, and dredged to a depth which will permit the largest ocean liners to unload at the wharves which are to be projected from the 190 acres of made land filled in by the monster hydraulic dredge of the Atlantic, Gulf & Pacific Company. Manila is also to have in the near future up-to-date water and sewer systems costing some \$6,000,000.

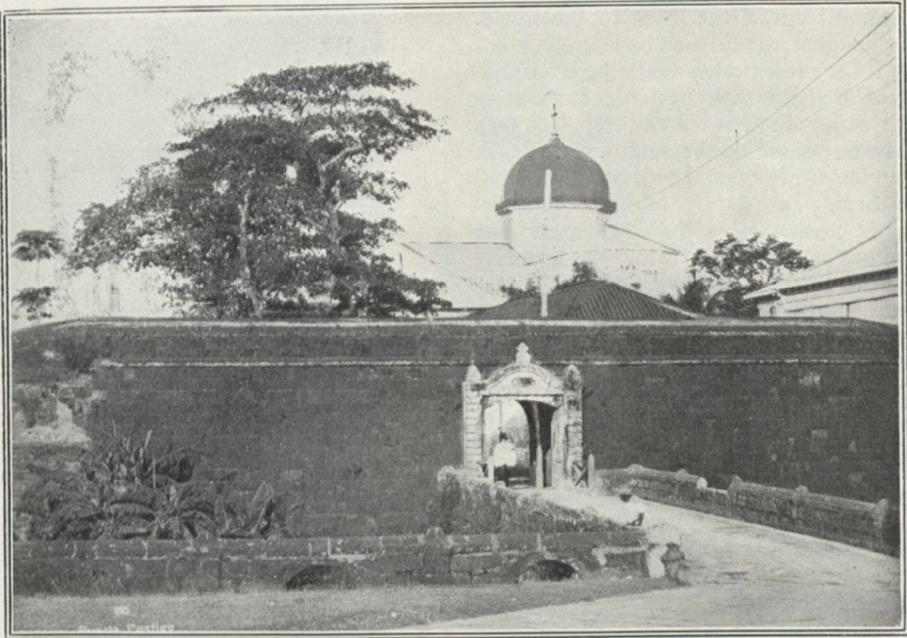
Three hundred years ago Manila was the European metropolis of the Orient, but she lost that supremacy when Spain restricted her trade to the home country. The American Government is firmly of the opinion that geographically Manila is the distributing centre of the far east, and even so shrewd a man as James J. Hill proposes to make Manila the first port of call for the great freighters which he is using in his eastern trade.

The first act of the United States Government after the insurrection had been put down throughout the islands, was a stroke of diplomacy bordering on genius. Instead of putting in irons the shrewd adventurers who had been in command of the ladores who pillaged the country under the pretence of fighting for independence, it made them provincial governors, fiscals, and so on, thus giving them an income and a social standing which did away with all further inclination to resume command of their robber bands. The men who served under these leaders were enlisted in the constabulary, the native military force organised for policing the islands. The whole transaction was a bold stroke, and one regarded by the more conservative as extremely dangerous; but it has met with almost unqualified success.

"The Philippines for the Filipino," is



PHILIPPINES—NATIVE RAFTS LOADED WITH COCOANUTS
These rafts are constructed of hollow bamboos about thirty feet in length, and five inches in diameter, and will sustain great weights.



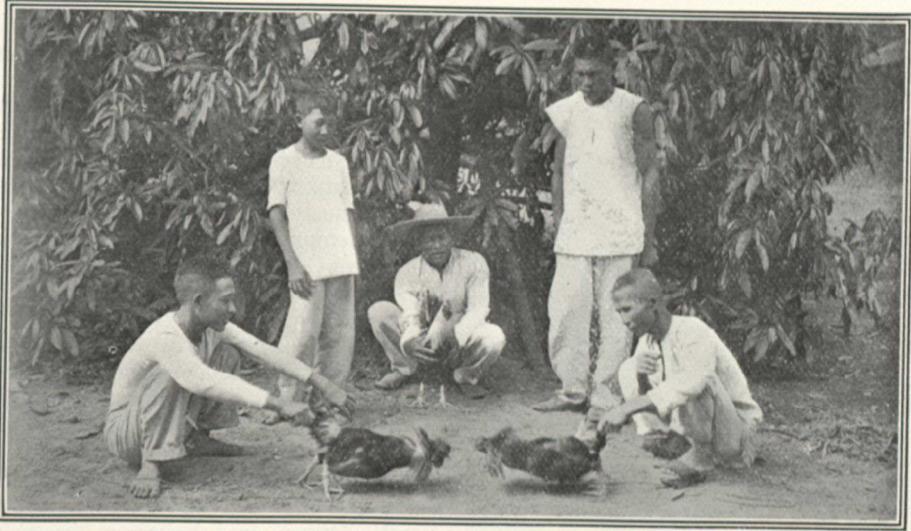
PUERTO POSTIGO, ONE OF THE GATES LEADING INTO THE WALLED CITY

the avowed policy of the Government, and in pursuance of this plan no position which can be filled by a Filipino is given to an American. In the Civil Service, as well as in all industrial and commercial enterprises, the Government sees to it that the

Filipino is given first chance. Wherever it is possible he is employed as a labourer, and the more enterprising Chinese and Japanese are excluded by a most rigidly enforced alien labour law. The Filipino, proverbial for his shiftlessness and lack of



THE PALM-LINED MALECON DRIVE ALONG MANILA BAY
Supposed to be the most beautiful carriageway in the Orient.



TRAINING ROOSTERS FOR THE COCKPIT

Cock-fighting is the great national sport of the Philippines

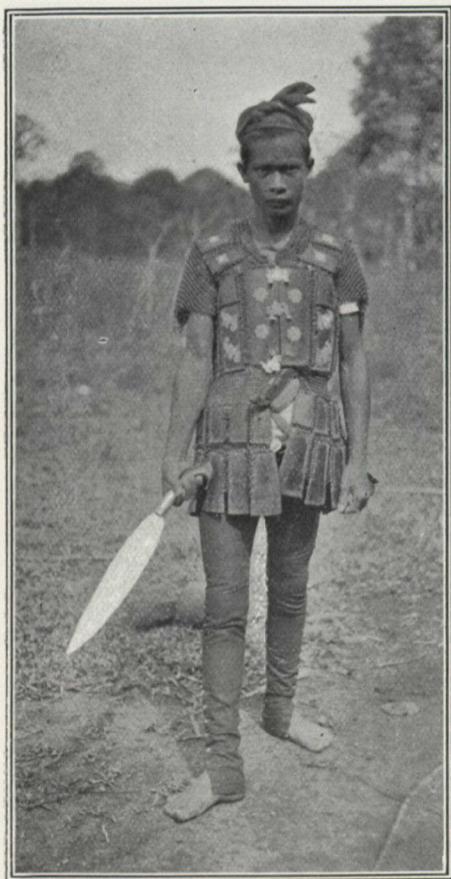
enterprise, is of late acquiring a high reputation as a labourer, and even as a skilled workman. While he is unquestionably making good progress along these lines, it nevertheless seems apparent that such large concerns as the Atlantic, Gulf & Pacific Company, which has the contract for the harbour improvements, and the Manila Railroad and Electric Light Company, which laid its fifty miles of track and proposes to operate its cars wholly with native labour, are giving decidedly rosy reports of the Filipino's capabilities, in

conformity with the avowed policy of the Government.

The reason for this anxiety on the part of the Government to establish a good reputation for the Filipino as a working man becomes apparent when it is considered what millions upon millions of capital is being invited to the islands, and most business men at all familiar with the situation are somewhat skeptical about investing unless they are allowed to bring in Chinese or Japanese labourers. Whether the Filipino will be able to live up to the



A CARABAO, THE NATIONAL BEAST OF BURDEN



A MORO WARRIOR IN COAT OF MAIL

The Moros are Mohammedans and have offered a more stubborn resistance to the United States troops than any other tribe in the archipelago.

good name as a labourer which the Americans have of late given him remains to be seen.

As has already been pointed out, the United States is proceeding in the Philippines upon a grand and comprehensive scale, rather than along the lines which commercial expediency would indicate. "We will educate the masses," says the Commission, "give them a common language, teach them the useful arts and sciences, instruct them in matters of sanitation, improve their ports, establish inter-island transportation, build them railroads, and as soon as they are ready for it give them a National Assembly and teach them how to govern themselves.

Then when all is in working order we will graciously withdraw, make our bow, and say:

"Behold! here is what can be done with a branch of the dark-skinned race which has always been regarded as inferior to the white man. We have exploded another of your musty old theories."

In attempting to uplift the Filipino the American Government is proceeding upon the assumption that schools, impartial courts of law, and good roads are the three greatest civilising forces in the world. It began with the schools, and the success of the Education Department has been phenomenal. Everywhere the people are clamouring for more schools, and even in the remotest districts are building school-houses at their own expense, and often at great sacrifice, and besieging the Government for American teachers to come and take charge of them.

Realising the traditional antipathy against manual labour which is so deeply rooted in the Filipino mind, Commissioner Smith, Secretary of Education, has made it imperative that every student learn some trade before leaving school. As a result the entire archipelago is being transformed into one great industrial school, in which the Filipino youth, who for centuries has been taught to cultivate inch-long fingernails as a symbol that he does not labour with his hands, takes off his coat and goes to work. In this, if in any one thing, lies the salvation of the Filipino race.

At the time of the American occupation in 1898 the Philippine courts were a mere travesty on justice, where men with impunity falsely swore away each other's property, honour, and even lives. Today the archipelago enjoys as fine a judicial system as exists anywhere under the American flag, and the downtrodden Filipino, slowly realising that he can obtain justice for the asking, is beginning to drop the cringing servility which he learned under Spanish rule, and make some attempt to stand upon his rights as a freeman.

Not only wagon roads but railways are being pushed forward as fast as American enterprise can push them, and in them lies, it is thought, the solution to the vexing ladrone problem. The robber cannot survive the public thoroughfare.

Railway experts from the United States are now considering a plan whereby not only the entire island of Luzon, but several of the larger islands to the south, will be traversed from one end to the other by the iron horse. To prove its faith in the undertaking as a sound business proposition the Insular Government has guaranteed four per cent. interest on all money invested in the present scheme by capitalists in the United States. If the Filipino rises to the occasion and produces sufficient freight to enable the companies to pay a dividend, the railways will mark a new era of prosperity in the Philippines; if he fails to meet the situation the four per cent. interest which he must pay on the money invested, along with the interest on other large bonded enterprises, will, to say the least, be a severe drain upon the resources of the islands. Judging by the present profits of the Manila and Dagupan Railway, an English venture, and the only one that has thus far been constructed in the archipelago, there is little danger of failure however.

The policy of the Government which is most strongly assailed is the tariff system. The high duties charged upon imports, the Internal Revenue Tax, are ruining the industries of the country, says more than one student of political economy. If only the United States would consent to admit Philippine sugar and tobacco into the homeland free of duty, the islands would not be so badly off, say these critics; but now that she has shut the door on these products the islands are left helpless.

It is too soon to pronounce upon the policy of the United States in the Philippines. At least a quarter of a century must pass before the theories now being pursued can be finally tested. Unquestionably the United States began on much too grand a scale, spending money lavishly and not realising the small earning capacity of the Filipino and the impoverished condition of his country. But she is learning, and already a retrenchment policy greatly reducing the expenses



AN IGORROTE WARRIOR

The Igorrotes are head-hunters and inhabit the mountainous districts in the interior of the Island of Luzon.

of the Government has been inaugurated.

At present the Philippines are a steady drain upon the United States treasury, but as yet the American people have not as a body pronounced against the costly fad. This state of affairs cannot be expected to continue indefinitely. No matter how high the ideals which are being pursued (and no fair-minded man will deny that they are of the highest), the common sense of the American people is bound to assert itself sooner or later, and if, in the course of the next fifteen years, the Philippines do not prove to be a paying investment, the drain upon the United States treasury will be stopped, regardless of the consequences to the Filipino.

Reminiscences of Sir John Thompson

By THE HON. J. J. CURRAN

Dead at the crest the crown
And blossom of his fortunes, this
Strong Son
Of our great Realm sank down
Beneath the load of honours
Scarcely won.

—Lewis Morris.



HE Countess of Aberdeen, in her beautiful tribute to the late Sir John Thompson, published in the *Outlook* of January 26th, 1893, says:—

“What manner of man was this whose death has stirred the heart of an Empire, whose memory was crowned with laurels by his Sovereign's own hand, and whose remains were borne across the ocean by one

of Britain's proudest warships, and followed to the grave by the representatives of Army and Navy, Church and State, and of every party, class, and creed—amidst the mourning of a people?

“What is the secret which has made the clergy of all denominations, not only voice the sorrow of their people, but hold up Sir John's life as a message to those that are left; and this, although, in early manhood, he had left the church of his fathers to join the Roman Catholic Communion?

“There is but one answer to these questions. The heart of the people is true to higher instincts, when it gets a chance, and never has a man's career more exemplified the power of character, strong, elevated, trained character, than Sir John Thompson's.”



SIR JOHN THOMPSON

From the Bust by Philippe Hebert

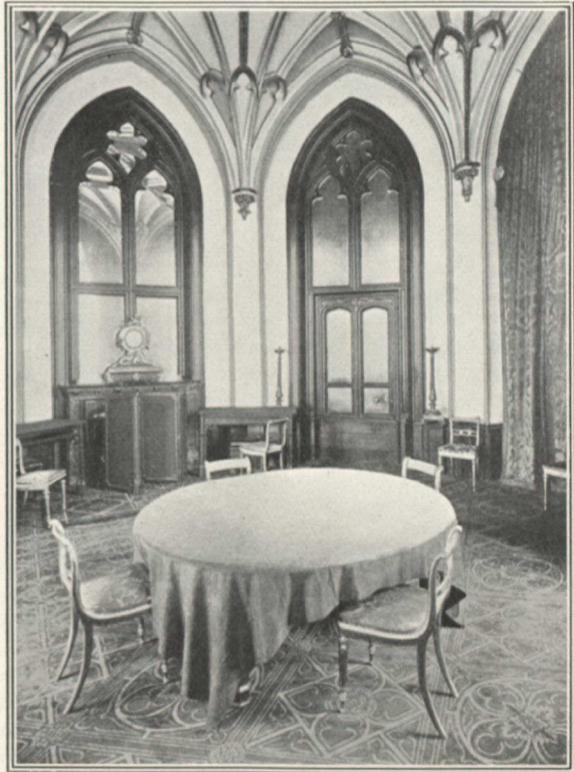
Reminiscences of so eminent a Canadian should find a place in our national Magazine. John Sparrow David Thompson was born in Halifax on November 10th, 1844. His father was a native of Waterford, Ireland; his mother came from the Orkney Islands. Mr. Thompson, Sr., was a man of culture, and to him his distinguished son was almost exclusively indebted for his education. His schooling was confined to the elementary classes of his native city and a course at the Free Church Academy, which he completed at the early age of fifteen. He then commenced the study of law, and during his leisure moments acquired a thorough proficiency in shorthand. His first attempt at reporting was on the occasion of a great speech delivered by the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee at Halifax in favour of Canadian confederation. Sir John often spoke of the kind and complimentary words of the Irish orator in praise of the report. Having

been admitted to the Bar, he soon achieved distinction. At the age of twenty-six he married Miss Annie Affleck of Halifax. He was the most devoted of husbands, and to his children, he was the tenderest of fathers.

Soon he was sought out for places of public trust, and successively filled the offices of alderman of Halifax, member of the local legislature of Nova Scotia, attorney-general of that Province, premier of its Government, and finally judge of its High Court. Sir John's career as a provincial statesman was marked by many improvements, legislative and administrative. He introduced and carried through a measure of municipal organisation. His railway legislation was a blessing to Nova Scotia, and in all departments of the public service, his master-hand worked wonders in the interests of the community.

When Sir John was induced to descend from the Bench and accept the position of Minister of Justice in the Dominion Government, he was comparatively unknown in the larger circle to which he had been called. His leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, had no misgivings as to his fitness for the arduous office. Public affairs were then virtually at a crisis, owing to various complications. The Riel question was a burning one, threatening to involve our people in a race war. Sir John Thompson may be said to have made his first bow to the public in Dominion matters on that issue, and his speech in defence of the action of the Government at once placed him in the very front rank of parliamentary orators.

His wonderful display of legal lore and forensic ability in dealing with the Jesuits Estates controversy, when the Hon. Edward Blake, leader of the Opposition at Ottawa, crossed the floor of the House of Commons and offered him his warmest congratulations, will remain, as a critic



OCTAGON ROOM—WINDSOR CASTLE

In which Sir John Thompson was taken ill and died.

has said, "a monument of oratorical and legal ability." The labours of Sir John on the copyright question, his work at Washington in the fisheries dispute, at Paris on the Behring Sea Commission, the criminal code, and the consolidation of nearly every branch of the laws falling within the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament, are of too recent date to need more than a mention. It may, however, interest our readers, to throw a little light on some of the incidents of a career that have given rise to controversy.

When the country lost its greatest statesman, Sir John A. Macdonald, there is no doubt that the majority of the Conservative party looked upon Sir John Thompson as the rightful successor to the leadership. Why did he refuse to accept what was urged upon him by very many, including the exalted personage then representing Her Majesty in the Dominion?

The writer of these lines had the privilege of being his personal friend as well as his faithful follower, and was one of those who strongly urged him to accept the premiership. The following letter explains the situation:

OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE,
OTTAWA, 13th June, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. CURRAN,—

I cannot express my thanks for your cordial alliance and advice in this crisis. You know, by this time, that I have declined the new burdens. It would not be fair to the party, that I should lead it into the difficult paths that I have sometimes to walk in, on account of my being a convert—or an apostate—(according to the taste of the critic). At least, I should not do so if there is any other way out.

My firm conviction at this moment is that you are right about the combinations which you mention. McCarthy was frank enough to tell me that he would not serve under me, and surely we have deferred enough to his scanty following, when I have refused the Premiership; and I should not be asked to give further pledges that I am not going to bring in the Pope. However, the destiny of the party is in other hands, and we cannot tell what changes time may bring

Yours sincerely,

JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

Sir John Abbott was chosen as Premier and filled the office for a short time, but was compelled to retire on account of ill-health. The apprehensions mentioned in the above letter were fully realised when Sir John accepted the task of forming a government. A perfect hurricane of invective was let loose against him on the score of his change of religion. A remarkable instance of his force of character was manifested in the dignified silence he maintained during the fierce criticisms made by the late Rev. Dr. Douglas. One day the writer of these reminiscences speaking with him, remarked that his friends were pleased that he had made no reply to the violent attacks to which he had been subjected. Sir John then mentioned that a leading Methodist gentleman had written him a letter of sympathy which he prized very

highly, and that in reply he had set forth in a few lines his answer to the charges made against him. After Sir John's death I had the good fortune to secure a copy of the letter in confidence. The assailed and the assailant being now dead, as well as the gentleman who was the recipient of the letter, I feel at liberty to give as much of it here as has any public interest.

MY DEAR—

Words cannot express my appreciation of your great kindness in writing to me, as you did, about the extraordinary attack made on me by Dr. Douglas. The noble words of your relative, too, were a great comfort, and made me realise how many there may be among the 800,000 for whom Dr. D. claims to speak, who have too much of the Christian spirit to follow his uncharitable judgment on one of whom he knows absolutely nothing.

I have many indications of the same kind from my own Province, where my life was spent until the last seven years, and there no enemy, political or otherwise, ever breathed of me any one of the slanders which the Dr. has twice uttered in the West. One acquaintance, writing from Halifax a few days ago, declares that in the Methodist Church where I worshipped when a youth, there are very many who have referred to these tirades, but that every one has condemned them; and that if I were to run an election in Halifax to-morrow, the great majority of the congregation would be at my back, as it always was. Every reference to detail in the Doctor's two addresses was absolutely false—the Bible class was a myth. I never taught any but a class of poor children who were learning to read. As to the rapidity of my conversion—"as sudden as the wildest Salvationist"—I had been attending the Church of England and Roman Catholic services exclusively for upwards of four years, and reading all of controversy I could get my hands on, and finally yielded only when to believe and not to profess appeared to be wretched cowardice. The "occult reasons"—what could they be? I did not know one R.C. prelate. I had very few Catholic clients—no influential friends. Not my marriage relations—I had made the acquaintance of my wife after I had resolved to make the



AUDIENCE ROOM—WINDSOR CASTLE

In which Sir John Thompson was sworn in as Privy Councillor.

change; but I had been married a year before the change occurred, as I did not want it to appear as though I had "turned" in order to be married. My wife brought me all the joys and blessings that have made my home happy for twenty-two years, but not one dollar of money. In fact, I believed the day of my baptism was the day that closed my chances of professional advancement, or any other. I felt that I had but one resource left—my shorthand—at which I knew I could support my wife and myself if matters came to the worst. But I felt that there was no use in putting all this before the public, in answer to Dr. Douglas, and that it was better to stand or fall by the certain right which I had, to declare that these were not matters for public discussion, but matters of conscience only. If I had discussed them I must have added, that after more than twenty years of experience and consideration, I would do again, if it were necessary, what I did then, and do it a thousand times, if necessary, even if all the blessings and prosperity which I have had were turned into misfortunes and afflictions. This could not fail to offend many who, I felt, were willing

to treat the matter in a broad and Christian spirit—or to lay it aside as one that should not be debated. At any rate there would be no end of the controversy that would have ensued as to the "why and the wherefore."

Permit me again to thank you and to wish you and yours every grace and blessing.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN S. D. THOMPSON.

Whilst on this topic it may not be out of place to give authentic evidence of the religious sentiments and convictions of this remarkable man. Whilst he was in Paris, Lady Thompson and Lady Caron went to the Shrine of Lourdes, taking with them one of Sir John's children, who was then a martyr to physical suffering. He informed a friend of this in one of his letters, and this friend ventured to express the hope that the child might be cured. In Sir John's letter of reply he wrote:—"I think that the little one is better since her visit to Lourdes. At any rate I am sure if she is not she will be. My faith does not halt at any miracle, but we have no right to expect one, and must be satisfied if we have the gentle and gradual

blessings which are promised, and which never failed to come in some shape or form to those who seek. This, I suppose, is the meaning of the words we offer so often, 'Thy will be done,' but which the parent above all finds it so difficult to say."

Sir John was a statesman in the Imperial sense, his love of Canada knew no bounds; yet loyalty to the Empire and to the Dominion of Canada never caused him to forget his native province. Of the liberality of its people he loved to speak in terms of endearment. On the 17th of March, 1902, he delivered an address before the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal. In the course of his remarks, referring to the broad-mindedness of his native province, he said: "Nova Scotia was the first to grant absolute freedom of worship. . . . Six years before O'Connell appeared before the Bar of the House of Commons and spurned the oath denying his religion, a Roman Catholic Irishman had been received into the Nova Scotia Legislature. Before the repeal of the penal code of England, the Legislature of Nova Scotia had petitioned His Majesty's Government to abolish all laws discriminating against a man on account of his religion. They would feel proud of his Province, as he did, when he told them that this had been brought about by two Nova Scotia Protestants, Mr. Archibald and the late Judge Haliburton."

The Rev. James Barclay, Minister of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, was intimate with the lamented statesman. Speaking of him as a political leader, he said in his beautiful oration on the occasion of his death:

"Of all political leaders who have gained distinction, he seems to have accomplished his success in the quietest way and by the most ordinary means, and the national treasure we have inherited is all the dearer on that account. It is not only an heirloom—a memory—but it is also an example and encouragement. Devotion to duty, unflagging perseverance, conscientious thoroughness in work, these were the steps by which he rose to the very eminent position he attained, these were the means by which he so successfully discharged his duties, these are the qualities which won for him the respect of all, and these are the qualities we can all imitate. . . . He loved his countries, the one from which he sprang and the one in which he lived. He

was a true Irishman, he was a true Canadian. He loved and was always loyal to his Queen. He loved the great Empire of which our country is a part. . . . Yes he was loyal to his Queen and to his country—and will any one venture to say he was not loyal to his God?"

One of the best appreciations of Sir John's power as a public speaker is to be found in the admirable address of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Algoma, on the occasion of the memorial service for the departed statesman in the Church of St. John the Baptist, San Remo:

"As an orator he occupied a front rank, though not for the brilliance of his periods, or the flashing sparkling of his utterances in Parliament or on the platform. For this he cared not. His ambition as a speaker was not to dazzle the eyes, or to inflame the passions, or fire the imaginations of his hearers, but to carry conviction to their reasoning faculties. When he stood up men knew what to expect, not empty political platitudes, skimming lightly over the surface of his theme, and content with the equally empty applause, but rather a strong, adamant chain of argument, its links welded closely together by a merciless, inexorable logic, which left no loophole for evasion."

As a lawyer, it was only the other day in the House of Commons that the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, declared that "Sir John Thompson was the greatest jurist that had ever filled the office of Minister of Justice in Canada."

Lord Aberdeen's appreciation is as follows:

"Sir John Thompson was a great man. He has made his mark. His influence has been for good, and it is of an abiding nature. His country has reason to be proud of him; it has reason to be thankful for him, and it may be confidently recorded, that his character and his abilities were such as would have fitted him to occupy, with success and distinction, the very highest position that can be attained by any statesman in the British Empire."

Two additional tributes should be mentioned. The masterpiece of sacred eloquence pronounced at the funeral service by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, and the impressive speech of the Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the House of Commons. Two historic paintings by Mr. Bell-Smith commemorate the death of the Canadian statesman—that of Her Majesty Queen Victoria placing a

wreath on his bier at Windsor Castle; the other the arrival of H.M.S. *Blenheim* at Halifax with his remains. Of the poems written on that occasion the first stanza of that by Lewis Morris has been quoted above. The inspiring lines of A. M. Belding of St. John, N.B., are as follows:

The darkness came while yet the sun was high,
 And dimmed forever that unflinching eye,
 Whose vision pierced the passing clouds of strife,
 And marked in honour's paths his way of life.
 No dreams of glory dwarfed his loftier aim,
 To whom his country's good was more than fame;
 No sheen of gold obscured his clearer view,
 Who saw the right, and held the balance true.
 His life went out within the storied walls
 Of ancient Windsor's animated halls,
 Where England's sons for ages o'er the foam
 From flood and field have borne their trophies home
 To lay at England's feet. Alas! that one,
 The Greater Britain's great and loyal son,
 Whose eagle vision swept a wider sky,
 Should pass the stately portals but to die.
 Fame's laurel wreaths are dust and ashes now,
 The seal of Death upon that lofty brow
 Proclaims a more imperial sovereignty
 Than hers who holds the empire of the sea.

His country mourns—and yet—was fate unkind?
 The onward look of that untrammelled mind
 Saw closer drawn the loving ties that hold
 These kindred nations in their sacred fold.
 Love kindles hearts by kindred sorrow thrilled—
 Was not his dream of life in death fulfilled?
 When England's empress-mother to her breast,
 With soothing words an orphaned maiden pressed,
 And kissed the cheek that streamed with hopeless tears,
 Not all the statercraft of a thousand years,
 With all its mastery of designing arts,
 Could strike so deep a chord in loyal hearts.
 The solemn tolling of the minster bells
 To all the world the tale of sorrow tells;
 The funeral pomp, the pageantry of state,
 Declare that England mourns the fallen great.
 Across the wintry ocean's tossing breast
 They bear his body to its final rest,
 And ocean's mistress trains her dogs of war
 To guard the passage of his funeral car.
 His own loved city claims that sacred dust,
 But wider realms will share the solemn trust
 That fell unguarded from the nerveless hand
 Of one who well had served his native land.
 The matchless mind, the heights his genius won,
 Shed lustre on the state that calls him son,—
 A man who lived in honour, died in fame.
 And left on memory's page a stainless name

A Tribute
 of Sincere
 Respect
 for
Arthur

A FACSIMILE OF THE CARD ATTACHED TO THE WREATH WHICH QUEEN VICTORIA PLACED UPON SIR JOHN THOMPSON'S BIER

By kind permission of Lady Thompson



SIR JOHN CARLING
Photograph by Topley

Canadian Celebrities

No. 67—THE HON. SIR JOHN CARLING, K.C.M.G.



AN outstanding figure in the public life of Canada for nearly half a century has been the Hon. Sir John Carling, Senator. His is a record unique in Canadian history. For about forty years, with but slight interruption, Sir John sat in the House of Commons as representative of the city of London, and from Confederation until the abolition of dual representation, he held a seat in both the Commons and the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, being while in the latter a Minister of the Crown. Since 1896 Sir John has been a member of the Senate.

John Carling first entered the Parliament of Canada in 1857. Of the men

who were members of that body then, but eight—Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Wm. Howland, Messrs. Ouimet, Sr.; Powell, Stirton, Baby, R. W. Scott and the subject of this sketch—are living to-day. The man who was Mr. Carling's political godfather was the man whom for years he acknowledged as his leader, Sir John A. Macdonald. On the occasion of the first meeting between these two men, in 1856, Mr. Macdonald was so impressed with his future colleague that he at once communicated with the Conservative workers in London, strongly urging them to place Mr. Carling in nomination as their candidate in the then impending election. The advice was taken, and although up to that time Mr.

Carling had had no political aspirations, he was made the candidate and won the election. How well Sir John Macdonald was satisfied with the choice is shown in a notable tribute paid the member for London thirty-four years afterwards. Addressing a public meeting in that city in March, 1891, the Conservative chief-tain said:

"In the first place, as a young politician, he never pressed himself forward or considered personal ambition, but he worked in the ranks as an ordinary member of Parliament, always at his work, always ready for duty, ready for committee work, ready no matter what might be the disagreeable duties that might be thrown on a parliamentarian, to perform his duties. Then you remember that when he had completely established his character as a public man, John Sandfield Macdonald, when he was forming the first government for the Province of Ontario under our present constitution—an old Reformer and a man who had been strenuously opposed to myself and my party—selected as the first man to stand by him and aid him in governing the Province of Ontario so pronounced a Conservative as John Carling. So it has been ever since. So it has been that when I looked for assistance I always knew where I could find a reliable man, a strong man, an able and earnest and a disinterested man, to help me in governing the country. Aye, and he has never pressed his ambition. If I took another man to fill a position that in his laudable ambition he thought he might fill as well, it never caused any coldness or want of exertion or earnestness in the good cause of the country in Mr. Carling. He had that reward which a man of his nature desires most to receive—he had the confidence of the Government, he had the confidence of his leader, and, more than all that, he has the confidence of the people whom he has so well and faithfully represented."

Such was the estimate, held by that judge par excellence of his fellow-men, of a faithful follower after long years of closest association.

Mr. Carling had been about five years in Parliament when he was invited to join the Macdonald-Cartier Government, and accepted the portfolio of Receiver-General.

Though not commonly classed among the "Fathers of Confederation," Mr. Carling was in Parliament at the time, and was an ardent supporter of the proposed union of the scattered British North American Provinces. Indeed, it fell to

his lot to bring John A. Macdonald and George Brown (who had not been on speaking terms for some time) together, and to first acquaint the former that the Liberal leader would support Confederation should the Government introduce such a measure.

On the consummation of Confederation, Mr. Carling joined the Sandfield Macdonald Cabinet in Ontario, taking the portfolio of Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works. While holding office at that time he distinguished himself as an administrator. To him is due in large measure the establishment of a system of drainage in Western Ontario by means of which thousands of acres of waste land were reclaimed and brought under cultivation; the opening of Muskoka to settlement by means of free grants of land to actual settlers and the improvement of navigation in that district; the establishment of the first experimental farm in Canada, the site of which was subsequently changed from Mimico to Guelph; the setting apart of Government money for fruit growers' and entomological societies, and the erection of the asylums at London, Belleville and Brantford. As far back as 1870, Mr. Carling contemplated the establishment of a school of technology, and purchased a large building in Toronto for that purpose, but the Government retired before the project could take definite form.

On the abolition of dual representation, Mr. Carling retained his seat in the Commons. In 1882 he was appointed Postmaster-General, a position he held for over three years. His efforts while a member of the Ontario Government in behalf of agriculture had not been lost sight of meanwhile, and when in 1885 the position of Minister of Agriculture became vacant he was naturally looked to to fill the office. It was while holding that portfolio that the country got his best services. He called to his aid Mr. Wm. Saunders—a fellow-citizen of London, and a gentleman whose services, by the way, have recently received Imperial recognition—and at once proceeded with the elaboration of plans which have resulted in the establishment of the present far-reaching and perfect

system of experimental farms which are to-day the admiration of every civilised country. Mr. Carling threw his heart and soul into the work, was thorough even to the minutest detail, and when finally, in 1896, he retired from office, he had the satisfaction of seeing the department of agriculture raised from comparative obscurity to a leading place in the government. Mr. Carling loved the work of that department, and when subsequently the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him, nothing gave him more pleasure than the clause in the royal message accompanying it stating that the honour was mainly in recognition of his services in behalf of agriculture. A significant tribute was paid him about this time, in which members on both sides of the House joined, when the agricultural committee unanimously passed a resolution extolling Sir John's efforts in behalf of agriculture generally, and his work in connection with the experimental farms in particular. The resolution was moved by the late Mr. McMillan, of South Huron, an uncompromising Liberal and one of the Government's ablest and most persistent critics.

Another incident in this connection is of interest. Sir John was travelling on a train in Manitoba a few years ago, when he was approached by a porter who addressed him by name. A gentleman sitting in front of Sir John turned quickly around and asked: "Are you Mr. Carling who has established the experimental farms throughout Canada?" "Yes" (modestly). "Well, all I have to say is that you have done more for this western country than any other man I know of. My business takes me from one end of it to the other every year, and no man is better qualified to speak than I am. I say you have accomplished wonders." And he shook Mr. Carling warmly by the hand.

Sir John has all his life been closely identified with the material progress of his native city, and to his exertions is largely due the fact that London is the railway and industrial centre that it is to-day. Many handsome government buildings bear testimony that while Sir John has devoted so much time to the Domin-

ion as a whole he has not been neglectful of the welfare of his own constituency.

Although in his 78th year, Sir John is still in excellent trim, physically and mentally, and besides taking an active part in the management of the extensive manufacturing business of which he is the head, devotes considerable attention to public affairs, national and local. Few Londoners will deny that, politics aside, he is the most popular man in the Forest City to-day. Though the hero of many a political fight in that city where political fights wax fiercest, he has made few, if any, personal enemies, and there are not a few old residents who of late years have voted Liberal who are proud to admit they are "Carling Conservatives," that is, they would vote Conservative were John Carling the candidate. Londoners regard him as their Grand Old Man, and irrespective of party are ever ready to do honour to one who as a citizen has, in and out of season, been foremost where the general good of the community was concerned. His geniality is one of Sir John's main characteristics; he possesses in marked degree the faculty of adapting himself to any associations.

A couple of years ago Sir John and Lady Carling celebrated their golden wedding, on which occasion the aged couple were the recipients of congratulations from all parts of the Dominion. The celebration was as modest an affair as was the wedding fifty years before. The honeymoon trip on the latter occasion would to-day be considered unique indeed. London was in the woods in those days, and the newly-wedded couple drove over a plank road to Port Stanley, where they took a steamer (then quite a novelty) for Buffalo. The return trip was by a four-horse stage coach from Hamilton. Sir John is fond of relating that during the trip, when near Dundas, the male passengers were obliged to take turns at going ahead with lanterns to show the horses the road—so narrow and treacherous was it.

And now, in the evening of a busy and useful life, Sir John is enjoying a well-earned rest from active public duties, as well as the esteem and affection of those who know him best.

Fred. T. Yealland

Reminiscences of a Loyalist

The Manuscript of Colonel Stephen Jarvis, or Jervis, a Soldier of England in the War for Independence. Afterward, in Canada, Adjutant-General of Militia, and later "Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod" in the House of Parliament. Born Danbury, Connecticut, 1756. Lived 84 years. Now published for the first time.

Edited by STINSON JARVIS



At the age of 18 years I fell in love with a young lady of the same age who, nine years later, I married. My father objected to our union and at last turned me out of his house. This was about the time the British Army evacuated Boston* and the American Congress declared Independence; and until the American Army could march from Boston to New York, the Militia of Connecticut (American) was drafted to garrison New York until the army reached that place. I was one of the number drafted. My father, who was a great Tory, would have readily got a substitute for me, but from his harsh treatment of me I resisted, and went to New York under the command of my mother's brother,† who was a great Whig.

SERVES IN REBEL ARMY

My duty was not an unpleasant one, as we remained only a fortnight, when we were discharged. During this period, however, the Americans began to erect works on Governor's Island, in the harbour of New York. My uncle† was ordered for that duty, and I accompanied him; and as the *Asia*, British man-of-war, was then off the harbour, I was in hopes I might somehow get on board of her. In this I was disappointed, and the next day we returned to New York. As I had no rest the night I was on the island, the moment I got to our quarters I laid myself down and fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused by the sound of drums and fifes; the army from Boston had arrived and were taking up their quarters in different parts of the city.

The next day the militia were discharged and I returned to my father's house, where he received me very kindly, after admon-

*About the middle of March, 1776.

†Major Starr, of the Patriot Army.

ishing me for my rash conduct in leaving home. His kindness had such an effect upon me that I readily acknowledged my fault in going away, and also promised to break off my matrimonial engagement. He was so pleased at this that he immediately ordered me two suits of clothes, rather more costly than usual. When I visited the object of my affections to make her acquainted with the promise I had made my father, she heard me with great composure, and at last acquiesced in discharging me from my obligation, and with a broken and fluttering voice began a song representing the falsity of man in such pathetic strains that I caught her in my arms and swore that nothing but death should ever part us. After conversing with her for the greater part of the night, and arranging plans for our future correspondence, I returned to my father's, where I was most ungraciously received.

TRIES TO JOIN THE BRITISH

I however remained at home until I, with many others of my age, made an attempt to join the British Army, and again was defeated and obliged to turn home. On my arrival I found my father's house filled with American soldiers; but I escaped without suspicion and continued at home until the summer of 1776. About the middle of this summer I was again drafted. I resisted joining, and consequently was obliged to confine myself much at home. Soon after this, three Tories who had been confined in Symobury Mines found a way to make their escape, and were conveyed from place to place by friends of the Government; and somehow I was made acquainted of the night they were to reach Danbury, in Connecticut. Myself and many others were very busily engaged in making provision for their safety, and assisting them on the way the next night. I reached home a little

before day, not without strong suspicions from some of the Americans that we had been engaged in some "Tory business," as they expressed it.

In the morning I communicated to my father the proceedings of our night's transactions, and, as many of my associates were determined to accompany these persons, I suggested to my father that it was necessary for me to go also, as I had been seen in company with those who were going, and would be immediately taken prisoner and perhaps sent to gaol. My father shook his head, but after mature deliberation he was satisfied that there was no other mode that could with safety be adopted. It was then agreed that I should set off in the middle of the day, as if to join the American Army, which had retreated before the British, who had driven them from New York. After receiving his blessing, I left home and proceeded toward Norwalk, and in my way stopped at several houses which I knew were owned by Tories, and engaged them to make provision for the party who would call on them during the night. On my arrival at Norwalk I communicated to a relative of mine my business, and asked his advice and assistance. After a short conversation and making some enquiries, he gave me his advice to return, stating "that our plans had been discovered, and that the shores were so guarded that if we persisted we should all be taken prisoners." His arguments were so forcible that after refreshing myself and horse I set off after dark on my return journey, and stopped at a house where the party I left in Danbury were to assemble.

And here I must give a description of the reception I met with from the person of the house. I had never been introduced to him, and I was a perfect stranger. I affected lameness, as if my horse had thrown me, and was supposed to be proceeding to join the American Army when the accident happened, and was then returning again to my friends. I asked liberty to sleep at his fireside. This he refused, saying he would help me to the public house and give me any other assistance in his power, but nothing else. After using every argument without any success, I asked him if his name was not Mr. B—,

and he with much surprise said "yes!" His wife and two fine young daughters looked much embarrassed, turned as white as a sheet and became perfectly motionless. I requested Mr. B. to allow me to speak to him in private, and we retired to another room, when I asked him if he knew Mr. Jarvis of Danbury. "Perfectly," was his reply. I then stated that I was his son, and informed him of my business and the necessity there was for making provision for those persons who had escaped from prison, and that those who had left Danbury should return home if possible before daylight. As I was much fatigued, I requested him to mount his horse and ride as far toward Danbury as he could with safety and return before day. I gave him a countersign in case he should meet any of the party on the road, and turn them back—together with a message to my father to be prepared with a surgeon to set my dislocated knee on my arrival at home. He then took me by the hand, introduced me to his wife and daughters, desired them "to bustle, get me refreshments, that I was much fatigued and wanted something substantial." The house was instantly in a bustle, all engaged, some at one thing, some at another.

Mr. B.* set off to consult with one of his neighbours, and before his return I had finished my repast and had got much engaged in conversation with the two young ladies. My lameness was deferred till the next morning, and I spent the whole of the night with the ladies, who were not disposed to have me alone. Mr. B. mounted his horse and rode on toward Danbury—took a stand near the road in a wood, and in a short time he saw two persons approaching, and when they

*It will be noticed that although he was writing this Journal long after the termination of the war, he was careful to protect those who had assisted the cause of the Royalists when their aid was necessary. In his portion of Connecticut, the succeeding rancours were very long-lived, owing, largely, to the houses of the Whigs being burned, while those of the Tories were spared. The British soldiers were guests in the houses of the Tories. When the war was over the Whigs proceeded to enjoy their revenge. As in those days people lived to be extremely old, it will be understood that there was a substantial reason for referring to certain people by an initial letter only.

came opposite him, gave the countersign. The men, after some hesitation, answered him, and they approached each other. Mr. B. then communicated to them my message, and they turned back, reaching home before day. It was fortunate for me, as they were the only two persons with whom I had been seen on the evening before. Mr. B. reached his home a little before day, and thus far all was safe.

The next morning after enjoying a good breakfast, I again bandaged up my leg, assumed my lameness, mounted my horse and set forward for home. On the route many observations were made as I passed the houses. Some said I looked too healthy to leave the army (I had my arms with me) when their children were obliged to remain. Others again, when they discovered the bandages about my knee, ran after me, inquired "if I was wounded; would I not stop and take some refreshment." I made excuses, told some one thing and some another, and reached my father's about the middle of the day; found the surgeon waiting, had my knee examined and pronounced much injured, was ordered to keep it perfectly still and not to attempt to walk. I went on crutches for ten days, and by this means escaped all suspicion and remained peaceably for several months.

A NARROW ESCAPE

On the 1st of January, 1777, I arose rather early and discovered to my great surprise when I opened the door a body of armed men advancing, and as they came in front of the house halted and opened to the right and left, and between the files I saw a number of prisoners, many of which were of the party which I left at Mr. B.'s house. However, they passed on and as they did not return to molest me during the day I was in hopes that I might have escaped all suspicion. Later on, I was led to believe otherwise, and kept a sharp lookout, and before dark was seen by none but friends. I had a horse saddled and brought to the door. As usual on these occasions we had something more than common for supper; as we were sitting down at table, an old Whig who had always been friendly with our family (he was one of the Committee

of Safety) came into the house. My father appeared to be glad to see him, and asked him to sup. He however declined. He saw I was present and soon retired. I then left the table and began to put on my great-coat—it was a very wet night, for there had been some snow and the roads were soft. My mother was desirous to know why I was going out in such a storm, but my father, checking her enquiry, said: "He knows what he is about." She asked no more questions. The night was very dark as I opened the door. I heard a person on the steps say "Stop!" I could put my hand on him. I gave a spring, mounted my horse and set off full speed. I rode about a quarter of a mile and stopped at a friend's house. He had been taken a prisoner that day. In a few minutes my sister, and another young lady who she had got to accompany her, came into the house, wet to their waists, half dead with fear, saying that the house (my father's) was filled with armed men who were searching every hole and corner for me.

I then left her and again took to flight, and received shelter in the quarters of two British prisoners who were on parole. The other part of the house was filled with soldiers on the way to join the American Army. I remained in their quarters until the soldiers were asleep, and then I was conducted to a small room in the second story with refreshment for 24 hours. Here I remained until the next night, when I left the house and met my father in the field, with a few clothes. We then parted and I set off for the neighbouring town. The night was intensely cold, and the late storm had raised the rivers to such a degree that the water had overflowed the roads nearly to my waist, and my clothes were so frozen that I could with difficulty travel. In this state I proceeded about five miles, when I became so exhausted that I found it necessary to find shelter. I therefore called at a house, the owner of which was a distant relative of my mother's. The house was filled with American soldiers; but as none of them had any knowledge of me, I pretended to be only coming from the next house, and that in crossing a creek on a log had fallen into the water, and re-

quested that they would furnish me with a shift of clothes. I was taken into a small room with a fire-place, had a good fire made, and here I shifted and dried my clothes. After I had taken refreshment, and the soldiers had laid down and fallen asleep, a young man of the house conveyed me out of a back door, mounted his horse and took me a few miles to a Mr. H., whose wife was sister to my intended. The next morning the young gentleman returned home, and that day was arrested and taken to prison. How long he remained in prison, I am not able to say. Mr. H. sent his son for Miss G.*, and I had the pleasure of her conversation for a week, when I took my leave of her, and never saw her again for seven years.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS

From this I travelled in the night to the seaside,† and was concealed among my relations during the winter, and to avoid suspicion I took the inoculation for the smallpox, and went into the hospital with a young cousin. His sister went and attended us, and we both had a very favourable pock, and suffered but little. About the first of April we left the hospital, when I was again under the necessity of secreting myself. I was disappointed about joining the British Army, and therefore retraced my steps to my father's house, where I arrived at midnight, and knocked at his bedroom window. Here I remained for a short time and again took my leave and returned to the seashore, travelling always in the night. In this way I continued from house to house until the British Army, under the command of General Tryon, went to Danbury. I was at this time concealed in a barn belonging to an uncle of mine‡ and saw the British fleet pass, being ignorant of the place of their destination. At Danbury there was a large magazine of provisions and other warlike stores, which was destroyed by the British, and part of Danbury was burnt. I had no opportunity of joining the army on their retreat, nor until they had again embarked and sailed for New York.

I, however, found a person who engaged to take me to Long Island for two dollars,

*Miss Glover.

†Long Island Sound.

‡At Stamford.

and at night we set off in company with another boat loaded with potatoes, and with muffled oars passed the sentries at the mouth of the harbour,‡ entered the Sound, and shaped our course for Huntington, on Long Island, which place we reached in safety about ten o'clock the next morning, after a voyage of twenty miles. On our arrival we made our report to the Commandant of the British Garrison, and then proceeded on to New York. I had only some five dollars in my pocket. Here I found many of my friends and relations who had joined the British Army before me, some of whom had been with the expedition to Danbury, and had then slept at my father's house. I also saw many of my townsmen, who were prisoners. Some of them reported that after the British had left Danbury "my father had fell a sacrifice by some Americans." This, however, was not the case. His house was only plundered and himself much insulted. I soon fell in with a Captain Lockwood, a Loyalist who had guided the army to Danbury. He engaged to procure me an Ensigny in his company, and in the meantime prevailed on me to do the duty of a non-commissioned officer until my commission could be procured, which would be for a few days only. His company was ordered to Kingsbridge under the command of Lt. C., myself being second in command.

SERVES AS A SERGEANT

Such a motley crew perhaps never was before seen in the British Army—neither uniforms, nor arms, nor appointments. Captain L. was to follow us in a few days. Thus I left New York after taking leave of my friends, and the next day I joined the regiment called Stark's Corps, on the heights above Kingsbridge, where the British Army were encamped, reaching from the East River to the North River, or Hudson. The day after my arrival the regiment to which my Stamford cousins, Munson and William Jarvis (afterwards Secretary of Upper Canada) belonged, arrived and took up their ground on the left of our small regiment. During the day an officer came in and ordered that a morning report should be sent to his tent. I was wholly ignorant of the meaning of this,

but was anxious to learn, and ran over to my Cousin William's tent for information. He gave me several printed copies, with the columns showing "fit for duty, sick, etc." I therefore returned all fit for duty, although we had neither clothing nor arms. In the evening I was desired to furnish so many men for piquet. Here again I was at a loss as to what I should do for arms and accoutrements, and applied to my commanding officer, from whom I got no information. I therefore applied to the other companies and obtained muskets and accoutrements belonging to those who were in the sick report, and marched my men off, as I thought, quite militaire. Thus I continued for several days until I got tired. I then again applied to my officer stating the necessity of procuring clothing and arms, showing the danger we were in as being taken for Americans and liable to be fired at when marching from our piquet in the early dawn of day. Not getting any satisfaction, I got very angry, and told him that instead of commanding soldiers he wasn't fit to drive an English waggon. In short, if either of us had known anything about military discipline, I should perhaps have been tried by Court Martial and executed. It had, however, the desired effect. McClive made application and we obtained arms and clothing, and made something of a military appearance. Nothing material took place during my remaining sojourn at this place, which was about a week. Then came orders to march. Our tents were struck the next morning, but in the afternoon before we quit the ground I was walking past the mess tent of some officers, when I heard one of them give a toast: "The Second Battalion of Queen's Rangers." This interested me, as I had heard much of the Rangers being in frequent engagements with the enemy. As yet fighting with me was a new thing, never having heard a shot exchanged with the enemy. I therefore made up my mind to exchange to this regiment, to which my relations, the Mr. Jarvises, belonged. The next morning as our regiment was getting under arms I set off to apply to Mr. Jarvis to procure an exchange; when, to my great surprise I saw the Lieutenant-Colonel of this regiment, who was

mounted, attack the sentinel at his marquee, and beat him most unmercifully with his cane over the head and shoulders. After viewing this transaction, I wheeled about, took my knapsack and marched off with my regiment without even taking leave of my relations.

We marched to New York and embarked on board ship. At the landing I met Capt. Lockwood and remonstrated with him for his delay in procuring my commission. He said he was to follow us the next day, and all would be completed to my wish. I never saw him more. We sailed and were landed at Amboy, in the Jerseys, marched to a place called Strawberry Hill, where the Rangers were encamped. After being drawn up, the officers of the Rangers came along the lines to take a survey of us. One company of our regiment was called the Highland Company, and was commanded by a Captain McAlpine, with Lieut. Shaw* and Ensign Stinson. This company was marched off to the flank of the Rangers, and next came the officer of the Grenadiers and chose out a certain number of men, with a sergeant and corporal, who were ordered to join his company. Next came the Light Infantry, and so on in succession until we were distributed through the whole army. The rest of the officers were reduced on half pay.

I fell to the lot of Capt. McKay of the Queen's Rangers, † (Author's marginal

*Afterward the celebrated General Alexander Shaw who marched the British forces on snowshoes from Halifax to Quebec in the depth of winter. Author's marginal note says he died at York (Toronto), in Upper Canada.

†Speaking of Frankford, a town near Philadelphia, a writer says:—"The active partisan corps called the Queen's Rangers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe (afterwards Governor of Canada), were stationed near here and disciplined by actual service. Simcoe had his men trained to quick and energetic movements with the bayonet, and his standing order was: 'Take as many prisoners as possible but never destroy life unless absolutely necessary.' That this order was obeyed was shown on one occasion when a party of the Rangers approached Frankford undiscovered by the American sentinel at the bridge. They were so near that they might have easily killed the guard, but a boy was sent to warn him to run for his life."

note: "He died in New Brunswick after I came to Upper Canada.")

SEEKING A COMMISSION

I soon found that I had yet to look for my commission from some other source. As it was the command of my father, in addition to my own inclination, to join the British Army, I came to the resolution of meriting a commission, or lose my life in the service of my King. I therefore made every exertion to learn the duty of a soldier and gain the confidence of my officers, which I had the good fortune to do in a short time. Captain McKay behaved toward me with tenderness, and I soon found that he placed great confidence in me. A few days after joining his company I was ordered for piquet duty under the command of a Lieutenant Fitzpatrick, a generous, open-hearted Irishman, who during the night made me partake of the contents of his canteen of brandy. In the morning I was met at the tent door by my brother sergeant, Purdy, whose sash I had borrowed. He took his sash, and I lay down to sleep, but was soon aroused by some men who said that Purdy had deserted to the enemy.

The whole duty of the non-commissioned officers thus devolved upon me, as the other sergeant (Jones) was a drunken vagabond, and was of little use to the company or the service. Soon after my joining the Rangers, which was then commanded by Major Weymes, the regiment marched as far as Brunswick, and after having some small skirmishing with the enemy returned to our old quarters (Richmond, Staten Island), and soon embarked with the army under General Howe. After a long voyage, we sailed up the James River, and the army landed at the Head of Elk.

I have omitted many circumstances because they are trivial and of little value, and as I write from memory only I cannot be wondered at. At the Head of Elk (later known as Elkton.—Ed.) I had the outpost, and at daylight a small body of the American Horse charged my out sentinel, and one of them fell into my hands, whom I took back with me to the regiment, not a little elated with my first exploit. I was sent with my prisoner to

headquarters and delivered him to the Provost Marshal. His horse and appointments were given to me, and I was ordered to join my regiment. On my return, Capt. McKay took the horse as his own. I did not pretend to dispute his right. I however thought I was unjustly deprived of him as he had been given to me by order of the Commander-in-Chief.

SOME FIGHTING

When we reached the Brandywine the Queen's Rangers led the division under General Knephausen. We engaged the advance of the American Army, and after driving them across the Brandywine we arranged ourselves along a skirt of woods on the banks of the river, our artillery taking a position on an eminence which overlooked a half-moon battery which was covering the retreat of the American Army which we met in the morning. In this position we remained until the division of General Howe had commenced an attack on the right flank of the American Army, when we received orders to cross the Brandywine in front of their half-moon battery. The 4th British Regiment led, and the Rangers followed. The water was breast high, and we were obliged to carry our muskets in one hand and our ammunition in the other, the grape shot from the enemy's battery playing upon us the whole time. Many poor fellows fell in the river and were swept away with the current. I escaped unhurt, having only my pantaloons wounded in three places, while the Americans lost many officers and men killed and wounded.

The next day I was conveyed in a wagon to the hospital at Philadelphia, and I was in the hands of the doctor on the day that the battle of Germantown took place, and therefore had not the honour of engaging with my brave comrades in the action. I remained some time at the hospital before I was able to join the regiment. Soon, however, after joining, Major Weymes had left the regiment, and Major Simcoe from the 40th regiment took the command. I continued to discharge my duty though in a weak and debilitated state. Captain McAlpine was, from some circumstances, obliged to leave the regiment, and Captain

McKay took command of the Highland Company, and Captain McGill (Marginal note: "Now the Honourable John McGill") took the command and was soon afterward engaged with the enemy at the White Marsh, where he was wounded in the foot.

During the winter (1777-8) the regiment was quartered at Kensington, and hard duty we had of it. Toward the spring the regiment made an excursion to Haddonfield in the Jerseys. I was yet in a weak state and was ordered to remain in quarters, but in a day or two after, Capt. Dunlap returned to the barracks to collect all that were fit for duty, and myself, though very weak, marched also. I stood it well until I joined the regiment much exhausted, and before I could get any refreshment the regiment was ordered under arms, where we remained a considerable time, during which we were pelted with a storm of rain and hail. At last we began our retreat. I soon lost the use of my limbs, so that I could with difficulty step one foot before the other, and that with great pain. I soon fell a long distance in

the rear; the night was very dark, the road slippery, and I expected every moment to fall into the hands of the enemy. I, however, after great exertion and much pain in my limbs, reached the Delaware, where the regiment had taken up their position, and placed the piquets. There was a large barn there, and in one part of it Major Simcoe and some of the officers had taken up their quarters. I groped about and found a mow of straw, into which I crawled and fell into a sound sleep. When I awoke in the morning I found that the officers had left the barn. On the beam which divided their apartment from mine stood a junk bottle which, on examination, was found to contain about a pint of good medicine. I hesitated not to demolish the contents, and then joined the company, hearing no further enquiry about the wine, for during the day we were attacked by the enemy. The regiment advanced, and after a warm brush in which we lost some men—Sergeant McPherson of the Grenadiers, a fine fellow, being among the number—we returned to our quarters at Kensington.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Public School and the Philanthropist

By J. M. HARPER



It is always a dangerous thing to discuss the new before all the facts of the case have been revealed to us. We are apt to be accused of "acceptance with an ill grace" when we analyse the benefactions of our millionaires in terms of probable motives or ultimate effects—much as it has come to be looked upon as something of a sacrilege to pry too closely into the character of the commercial success which made these benefactions possible.

The Public School as an institution under the immediate paternity of the State, has not been regarded as an easy channel

through which the wealthy philanthropist may work out reforms in behalf of race ameliorations. The Dick Bequest, from which is derived an augmentation to the parish schoolmaster's salary in the eastern parts of Scotland, may be taken as an exceptional example of the Public School sharing in the beneficence of the wealthy philanthropist—the sharing having been rendered non-frictional from the disinclination on the part of the executive of the Trust to interfere with school methods, curricula, or government inspection and school board control.

Perhaps the first philanthropist of large means on this side of the Atlantic to think

of the Public School—the consolidated or centralised Public School in the country parts—as a means of raising the status of a community, has been Sir William Macdonald. We are all familiar with the splendid developments of the technological departments of McGill University, through Sir William's liberality. We are also assured, in sundry ways, of the leanings he has in favour of a radical change in our school methods along the general trend of knowing about things by doing things—being convinced, as he evidently is, that the industrial *in miniature*, as a tangible starting point for the acquiring of knowledge, ought to be the initial stage of all school life, just as the industrial *in extenso* is the lesson that must be dutifully learned by a people seeking to advance their country through their own direct labour. That such a pedagogical instinct has taken possession of the benefactor of McGill University, maturing all the time, as it no doubt is, under the professional promptings of Professor Robertson, is proven by the readiness with which he has established, at his own expense, manual training departments in many of our schools, the Guelph Institute for Domestic Science, and latterly the new Agricultural College at St. Anne's, with a Normal School attached for the training of teachers who are expected eventually to take charge of the minority schools of the Province of Quebec. Professor Robertson's plans for a general school reform, with Sir William's millions behind them, have to be further matured before they can be wisely discussed. No one can yet say how far the example of the Dick Trust in Scotland for the supplementing of the teacher's salary may be followed by the establishing of a Macdonald Bequest for Quebec, though we all feel what a good thing it would be, in presence of the inadequacy and unevenness of remuneration that is crying out for a remedy from the State without its being able to enlist the right kind of consideration.

The project, however, of providing a Normal School for teachers, as an annex to the St. Anne's Agricultural College, has in it a prospect of change which cannot well have a more opportune time than the present to be discussed in. The crux of the whole movement of establishing con-

solidated schools, and of otherwise incidentally improving our elementary schools, lies in the character of the work to be undertaken in the St. Anne's Normal School. Within the walls of that institution, the new Public School—the Macdonald Consolidated School—has to be incubated and fashioned out in the minds of its teachers in training, who are subsequently to take skilful charge of the classes attending it. And the question that cannot but agitate the community—at least, the practical educationists within it—is what is to be the character of the training in this new Normal School. Will its curriculum and methods involve a revolution in our pedagogics—an overturning of present officially sanctioned courses of study—a withstanding of the old by the new—a temporising annexation of system with system, or a final absorption?

It would be an impertinence for any one to ask Sir William McDonald what he expects will be accomplished from the expenditure of his millions in behalf of the common school. The excellent returns from his benefactions to McGill University, to the Macdonald Institute at Guelph, to manual training schools and school gardens, give guarantee that his philanthropic investments in the St. Anne's Agricultural College, the St. Anne's Normal School, and finally the Macdonald Consolidated Graded School, are likely to be as successful for the good of the community at large as have his investments, in a business way, been commercially successful. Sir William has evidently weighed well the proper philanthropic use to make of his money in behalf of education. *His* intentions are not to be criticised unless imprudently. But it is different with Professor Robertson. It is neither disrespectful nor premature, nor imprudent for "the school of our Canadian educational prophets" to ask him to formulate, for the information of us all, his intentions towards what Professor Cappon of Kingston has called in a recent article "the old system."

In the April issue of the *Queen's Quarterly*, Professor Robertson has taken us partly into his confidence while combatting Professor Cappon's criticism of his views on education. Besides, Professor Rob-

ertson has been appointed a member of the Quebec Committee of Public Instruction, and we may further hear from him *ex cathedra*, through some report of the proceedings of that close corporation, something of the details of his plans for the improvement of the minority schools of the Province of Quebec. In his defence against what has been said by Professor Cappon, who claims that nearly all reformers are apt to take extreme views, Dr. Robertson states that the so-called "old system" is not doing its own proper work well. And the most of us join with him in the statement; though the logic that is common-sense will hardly sympathise with his way of proving it by a back-thrust kind of quoting from his critic, and a laying of the blame at the school door for "the present day fever of the material life men are leading, the growing effrontery of the corrupt politician, the apathy of the public in connection with it, and the steady depreciation of standards in art and literature." The causes of these ethical phenomena and sundry other of the obliquities of our modern way of living are too often unjustly traced to the insufficiency of the "old system." Whereas, it is not the system that is to be condemned, but the decay of its methods in the hands of teachers who make a fetish of routine—satisfying themselves with results duly tabulated in examination returns rather than troubling themselves over the direct physical, mental, and moral development of the student. Indeed, within the very limited area of the difference of opinion between Professor Cappon and Professor Robertson is to be found the kernel of the "new education," that is the true education.

I once asked a class of pupils which they would prefer—their lesson in manual training or one in grammar and analysis, only to find the verdict unanimous in favour of the manual training lesson. And when I further asked what were the grounds for such a preference, I was told somewhat reluctantly by one of the pupils that there was more "fun" in it.

What a lecture in pedagogics there was in that reply! In fact, there was sounded in the diffident lad's answer the keynote of all legitimate method, which I did my

best to follow in a rival lesson on grammar and analysis I subsequently gave to the same class, with the eye and ear of interest fixed upon every step taken. Indeed, what the lad meant by "fun" was neither more nor less than the interest that comes from the learning about things by the doing of things—the element of the pleasurable which ought to be made enhance every process of school training and teaching. Co-ordinating, therefore, all our views on the "old system" alongside of any possible new system, we are more than likely to find that it is the decay in the methods of a system rather than the system itself, that is to be condemned.

We are all familiar with the romantic story of Pestalozzi, the father of the "new education," as far as legitimate method is concerned. What a picture he has left us of the little school which he once opened in a neglected convent building near the shores of Lake Lucerne, to provide a refuge for a company of waifs, "without parents, home, food, or shelter!"

"I was," he says, "from morning till evening, almost alone in their midst. Everything which was done for their body and soul proceeded from my hand. Every assistance, every help in time of need, every teaching which they received came immediately from me. My hand lay in their hand, my eye rested on their eye, my tears flowed with theirs, and my laughter accompanied theirs. They were out of the world, they were out of Stanz; they were with me and I was with them. Their soup was mine, their drink was mine. I had nothing, I had no housekeeping, no friend, no servants around me; I had them alone. Were they well, I stood in their midst; were they ill, I was at their side. I slept in the middle of them. I was the last who went to bed at night, the first who rose in the morning. Even in bed I prayed with them and taught them until they were asleep—they wished it to be so."

In this glimpse of the Stanz phase of the "new education" we have brought to our notice, perhaps with a degree of exaggeration, the two great elements of dynamic worth in the "new education"—namely the devotion of the teacher and the pleasurable interest of the pupil. The touch of exaggeration enhances the picture.

The ideal is pictured in every word of the enthusiast. And yet this parental schoolmaster, this *preceptor qui nascitur*, was always having brought home to him, even amid his greater successes at Burgdorf and Yverdun, that however sound and true to principle his system was, his methods could not be kept from running to seed in the hands of those who sought to imitate them. Nay, there has been left on record by one of Pestalozzi's visitors, at the time when the bloom was getting to be off the rye, the painful sight of the old man teaching from his charts and appliances the theory of his methods rather than showing the effects of his pedagogical ways and means on the class. In a word, the whole story of the good old enthusiast's life and experience as a schoolmaster, with its many ups and downs, has left to every educational theorist a personal warning just as his system has left a universal lesson. The pleasurable was the motive discipline of his system. His method was a leading from the easy to the more intricate—from the joy and interest of right observation to the quickening of thought through speech written and spoken, with measuring and drawing as collaterals to writing and calculating, as the pupil proceeded in his tasks from what appealed to him as his own—the surety of his own senses—as a known leading to the discoverable. And yet the warning that comes to us from it all is as important as the lesson, if not more so—the warning against the hateful routine that makes of the schoolroom a coal hole of drudgery and the development of intellect and character a haphazard or peradventure.

After running the eye over Professor Robertson's reply to the animadversions of Professor Cappon, one can see that he is more of the enthusiast than the revolutionist. Alongside of the consensus that Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages will continue to be the basis of our school and college curricula, he modestly advances the claim that Nature Study, Manual Training, and Household Science, once introduced into the common school, would not impair its present efficiency.

Naturally enough, being an enthusiast, he does not halt in carrying his comparison further. While combatting Professor

Cappon's statement that the Robertson theory of education does not seem to him to be quite safe or sound as a whole, he gives rein to his enthusiasm by declaring that "surely not even Professor Cappon will claim that the study of Latin and Greek, to the extent practicable to boys and girls in our elementary schools or even in our secondary schools, can compare for a moment in culture value or in forming and strengthening the character and developing the intelligence of the children or in fitting them for the work of life—with the training of their faculties by means of Nature Study work, Manual Training, and Household Science."

In these words there is a surety thrown out, a veritable challenge from the "new" to the "old." And the main object of my writing this article is to bring before the public, in the plainest of terms, this difference of opinion over the dynamic principle of culture inherent in one study as compared with another, so that our teachers, trustees, and parents may properly discriminate as to what subjects or school pursuits ought to have a place made for them on the school programme, and what studies may safely be neglected.

There is an element of culture in all subjects or branches of school study, if only the skilful, patient teacher is at hand to provide for its outlet and exercise in behalf of his pupils. The placing of any and every subject, however, on the course of study, whenever some one discovers this element of culture within it, is as pernicious a practice as is the complying with the demand of having what are called the practical subjects placed on our school curricula. The tendency of the times, as we all so well know, is to overload the school routine with subjects for study, as if all subjects had latent in them an equivalent of this dynamic gift of culture for the pupil. The true purpose of having any study on the school programme is not that we may satisfy parent or errant citizen who thinks it ought to be there, but rather that the teacher may be provided with a means to an end—the end being the physical, mental, and moral welfare of the child. There is, therefore, a legitimate competition of subjects as well as of pupils; and the momentous question which this con-

trovery between the two professors brings to the notice of us all is: How are our school authorities to discern wisely and well which subject of school import has in it the most of this dynamic gift of culture, and so on, in some kind of proper grading, so that when there comes to be a necessary pruning of the school programme for the safeguarding of the pupils, the subjects endowed with the largest share of this culture force may have precedence of the others? It is hardly necessary to say that the centuries have been puzzling over this question, and have pretty well solved it, however the modern enthusiast may long for addenda and rectifying methods.

It is now fairly well established that a limited course of study—with language effects carefully demanded in every process of teaching—is the proper course of study for any school, secondary or elementary. This is evidently the main idea which Professor Robertson has in his mind, putting it in the general. As I take it, he does not mean to substitute his three pet subjects for the fundamental three R's of the old system, but rather intends that the teachers trained in the St. Anne's Normal School shall know how to associate these three pet subjects with a study of the three R's, so that the largest share of the dynamic of culture may be secured during the school period of the child's upbringing. In fact he himself says as much in these words:

"As far as practicable, all training in observation, investigation, understanding,

and recording should include lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The exercises written regarding what had been examined, recognised and understood, would become language lessons of a really valuable sort; lessons in growth of thought; lessons in expression of thought; lessons in arrangement of thought; lessons in clearness, brevity, and fulness; lessons in correctness and beauty of sentences."

"Such studies would also lead to the love of good literature. A child, trained to close observation, quick recognition, and intelligent understanding of the things that lie about him, would be ready to relish and appreciate good literature. He would catch the meaning of the author, the beauty of the expression, the spirit of the sentiment, as no one could who had not behind his reading or listening as much experience, or feeling, perception, and imagination as the well-trained child.

And thus it may be seen that Professor Robertson wisely refrains from expecting effects from his improved methods that have not been derived from the "old system" of Professor Cappon's naming. The decay of its methods is what has played the mischief with the so-called "old system," and the decay of its methods is what the "new system" must stand in dread of when the *laissez aller* once seizes the teacher of the new dispensation. Yet there is no true Canadian who does not wish Dr. Robertson godspeed with his experiment, with a helping hand extended, whether it be accepted or not.

Love's Awakening

BY DONALD A. FRASER

AN angel came and touched my heart with living fire;
 Delicious strains she drew from her celestial lyre;
 And Love within me woke, to dare Death in desire.

The Breaking of the Paper Combine

By THE EDITOR



PLUMBER in Toronto who was being "squeezed" by a combination of his competitors recently laid a complaint in the courts, and an investigation of a large number of combines and associations has followed as the unexpected result. It looks as if the "graft" methods of Canada are to be exposed and the meannesses of our business life paraded before the world.

It will be interesting, perhaps, to review a previous investigation, of which there have been three or four. The Paper Combine was on the rack five years ago, and in the examination of its methods there was brought into court the famous agreement under which all similar associations of manufacturers are said to work.

Early in the year 1901, a number of publishers of daily papers decided that the makers of newsprint, which is the technical name for the paper which is used in newspaper offices, had combined to raise the price. The publishers had some evidence to offer, but not much. What they had they laid before the Minister of Finance, and asked for an investigation under section 18 of the Customs Act of 1897. This was done in a communication from the Canadian Press Association, which was as follows:

THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION,
TORONTO, April 10, 1901.

Honourable W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

HONOURABLE SIR,—On May 18, 1900, the Canadian Press Association, at a meeting in Toronto, discussed for the first time the Paper Makers' Association and the effects of that Association on the publishing interests. At that time the following resolution was passed:—

"That the Executive of the C.P.A. believe that a combine now exists among Canadian paper manufacturers, the effect of which is to unduly increase the price of news and printing paper, contrary to section 18 of the Customs Tariff Act of 1897. That this Executive is prepared to submit witnesses and evidence in support of this statement, and we, therefore, respectfully

ask that the government order an investigation under section 18 and sub-sections of the Customs Tariff Act of 1897, with a view to ameliorating the existing condition."

At the recent annual meeting of the Press Association, this resolution was reaffirmed, and is now submitted to you for the consideration of yourself and the government.

We have, etc.,

(Sgd.) A. G. F. MACDONALD,
President.

A deputation to Ottawa followed, the Minister of Finance was convinced, and an order was issued on April 25th by the Privy Council, which concluded as follows:

That from the statements in the said communication of April 10, 1901, and from the representations made by the said deputation, he is satisfied there is reasonable ground for such an inquiry as is contemplated by the statutes.

The Minister recommends, for these reasons, that the Governor-General-in-Council be pleased to declare that the Governor-in-Council has reason to believe that with regard to news and printing paper there exists a trust, combination, association or agreement among manufacturers of such paper or dealers therein to unduly enhance the price of such paper or to unduly promote the advantage of the manufacturers or dealers at the expense of the consumers; and that the Governor-General-in-Council be further pleased to commission and empower the Honourable Henri Thomas Taschereau, of the City of Montreal, one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, to inquire into and to report to His Excellency in Council, under and in accordance with the provisions of section 18 of chapter 16 of the statutes of 1897, 'The Customs Tariff, 1897,' whether any such trust, combination, association or agreement exists, and to confer upon the said Honourable Henri Thomas Taschereau all the powers that may be necessary for the purposes of such inquiry.

The Committee (of the Privy Council) submit the foregoing for His Excellency's approval.

His Excellency approved, and a Commission was issued on the same day.

Judge Taschereau went to work at once and on November 27th sent in a Report* to the Secretary of State. This

*1-2 Edward VII, A. 1902, Sessional Paper No. 53.

showed that a full investigation had been held in Montreal, Toronto and New York, with a view to securing answers to two questions:

FIRST—Whether the alleged association, or combination, or agreement, does exist in Canada.

SECONDLY—If so, whether it is such as to unduly enhance the price of news and printing paper, or in any other way to unduly promote the advantage of the manufacturers or dealers, at the expense of the consumers.

As to the first point, the Judge found that a combine among the paper-makers did exist under an Agreement entered into in February, 1900. This was discovered and included in the report. Article VIII of this famous and historical, cast-iron, nickel-plated, double-riveted agreement, which is presumably the same as is used by all associations of manufacturers, is as follows:

ARTICLE VIII.—Contains the following agreements and promises by and between the covenantors:—

(a.) They shall be responsible for the acts, defaults and breaches committed by their respective agents, travellers and employees, and by the agents, travellers and employees of the said respective agents of members;

(b.) They and their agents, and others for whom they are respectively responsible, will conform to and abide by any resolution adopted under Article 6;

(c.) They and their agents, etc., will not quote, accept or book orders for, offer or agree to sell, or sell, the goods covered by the agreement at lower prices or on better terms and conditions than those fixed by the schedule of prices, annexed to the agreement, or fixed by any schedule of prices which may be adopted by resolution of the association under Article VI, in substitution for all or any of the original schedules;

(d.) And they, and their agents, etc., will not aid, abet, counsel, advise or procure any purchasers, or intending purchasers, to evade, elude, escape from or get around the provisions of the agreement by suggestions of the consolidation of the orders of two or more purchasers or in any way whatsoever;

(e.) They and their agents, etc., shall not on any pretext consign goods covered by the agreement, nor allow, or pay any commission to any person whomsoever, except to a bona fide agent (who shall in no case be a dealer) previously named and declared to the secretary-treasurer, nor sell nor invoice the said goods, except in the name of

the manufacturer, or if bought by a member of the association from some other manufacturer for the purpose of being re-sold, then in the name of the member so re-selling the same;

(f.) They, and their agents, etc., shall not, except as authorized by resolution of the association either directly or indirectly, resort or have recourse to any scheme, or subterfuge whatsoever, such as the giving of presents, or of discounts, or of reductions, in the price of other goods, or the giving or promising of any kind of benefit, or advantage, or otherwise, as an inducement or aid, in the making of present or future sales of goods;

(g.) They and their agents, etc., will not directly, or indirectly, advise or notify their respective agents, travellers, employees, customers, or other persons whomsoever, of the calling or holding of any special or other meeting of the association, or of any anticipated fall or rise of prices thereat, and will not sell goods subject to a decline in price, or to be delivered more than ninety days after the date of the order taken, but any goods not shipped within the said ninety days shall only be shipped subject to, and be invoiced at, the price ruling at the date of shipment with the exception of contracts for newsprint, or periodical publications, for which contracts may be taken for a longer period than ninety days;

(h.) All members will allow the secretary-treasurer at all times access to their books, papers and correspondence, in order to verify any statements made, or investigate any accusation brought;

All the above agreements, promises, and obligations, and all rules, regulations, prices, and discounts adopted by the association to be observed and fulfilled, and adhered to, under a penalty of five hundred dollars (\$500) payable to the association; and all other penalties imposed hereafter for any breach, or violation of the agreement, to be likewise paid when members are called upon to do so. Said payment to be secured by the delivery, in the hands of the secretary-treasurer, by each member of an accepted cheque of five hundred dollars (\$500) to be deposited in the bank by the secretary-treasurer to the credit of the association. Interest on said deposit to be accounted for and placed to the credit of the member having given said cheque.

The Judge found that twelve firms had paid their fee of \$500. The list runs thus:

W. Barber & Brothers.
The Canada Paper Company.
The Dominion Paper Company.
The E. B. Eddy Company.
The Lincoln Paper Mills Company.
A. McArthur & Co.
The Riordon Paper Mills, Ltd.
The Rolland Paper Company.

The St. Croix Paper Company.
J. C. Wilson & Co.
The Consolidated Pulp and Paper Company.
J. Forde & Co.

He also found that a price-list had been agreed upon and revised from time to time.

On the second point, as to whether prices had been "unduly enhanced," the evidence was not so easily obtained. Nevertheless he found that the price of newsprint had gone up from \$2.10 a hundred pounds to \$2.50 a hundred in large lots, and in proportion in small lots. Accordingly he decided that the Press Association and all consumers of paper had a real grievance.

"The undersigned can only report and does report, that in his opinion, and taking the whole evidence into consideration, the said enhancement of prices and other disadvantages to consumers caused by the combination whose existence is proved, admitted and reported, are to the extent already indicated undue, unreasonable, and oppressive, and unduly promote to the same extent the advantage of the paper manufacturers of Canada, at the expense of the consumers."

The Judge then examined the result in the light of section 520 of the Criminal Code, which makes trade conspiracy an indictable offence, and of the clause in the Customs Act under which the investigation was held. He decided that the papermakers were guilty under either section of the laws of the country.

"So that the illegality of the present combination would appear both by the express enactment of the customs tariff, which forbids the act complained of and authorises direct government action, if it is committed, and by section 520 of the Criminal Code to say nothing of common law on the matter."

Accordingly, it remained for the government to decide whether these firms should be prosecuted under the Criminal Code, or whether they should be penalised by removing the duty on paper. Upon the Hon. Mr. Fielding apparently rested the decision. He was very generous, and took no steps to bring the Criminal Law into operation. He simply reported as follows:

The undersigned, in view of the above report of the Commissioner, is of opinion that the disadvantage to the consumers is facilitated by the customs duty of 25 per cent. *ad valorem* imposed by item 139 of the Customs Tariff, 1897, upon printing paper imported into Canada.

The undersigned has, therefore, the honour to recommend that, under the provisions of subsection 3 of section 18 of chapter 16 of the statutes of 1897, "The Customs Tariff, 1897," Your Excellency in Council be pleased to reduce the Customs duty on news printing paper in sheets and rolls, including all printing paper valued at not more than two and one-quarter cents per pound, from twenty-five per centum *ad valorem* to fifteen per centum *ad valorem*.

Respectfully submitted,

(Sgd.) W. S. FIELDING,
Minister of Finance.

And accordingly it was done. The duty on cheap newsprint was reduced to 15 per cent., where it has since remained.

Seeing how successful the paper consumers had been in proving their case, it might have been expected that the customs duty would be removed entirely. The government seemed to think that a slight tap on the hand would be sufficient punishment. However, the price of newsprint went back to where it was before the combine was formed, and has remained there. The prices of higher grades of paper were not effected.

The consumers of paper have, in five years, saved half a million dollars as the result of the courage and enterprise of the Canadian Press Association.

Such was the first investigation into a reputed combine under the Tariff Act of 1897. The clause in that Act dealing with the subject is effective under certain conditions. It requires a private prosecutor with sufficient money and time to prepare a brief, lobby the Government, retain counsel at \$100 a day, engage solicitors at considerable cost, and secure the necessary witnesses. The Government pays the witness fees and the cost of the Commission. If the law were amended so that the Government would initiate the investigation and provide prosecuting counsel, it would be a step in advance. Such, at least, is the opinion of the Canadian Press Association as recently expressed to the Tariff Commissioners.



A SQUAW AND HER NEIGHBOURS GOING TO TOWN

Snap-shot by M. O. Hammond

The Indians of Canada

By NORMAN PATTERSON



HE present Superintendent of Indian Affairs is quite enthusiastic over the progress being made by his proteges. The Indian has not acquired a high spirit of citizenship, but "the country has no little reason to congratulate itself upon a policy which has transformed its aboriginal population into a law-respecting, prosperous and contented section of the community, which, so far from being a menace to or burden upon the commonwealth, contributes in many ways to its welfare." This is an encouraging verdict and must be to many people a surprising one.

The evidence in support of this statement is not far to seek. In 1903, the number of births exceeded the number of deaths by 168, and in 1904 by 262. This means a gain in numbers in two years of only about one-half of one per cent.; but it is nevertheless encouraging in compar-

ison with the results elsewhere. The difficulties under which the Indian has laboured in transforming himself from a hunter into a farmer or a labourer, have been great. When the buffalo disappeared he became to a great extent a destitute savage. To become a self-supporting member in a system of white civilisation was a long step, but he has made the stride.

A strong piece of evidence as to their growing independence is the value of the annual production of the 108,000 Indians within the treaty limits. They cultivate nearly 50,000 acres of land; they have 38,000 head of horned cattle, and 33,000 horses. On some of the more progressive reserves agricultural exhibitions are held, and the displays are almost equal to those made by the white farmers. The annual value of their farm produce reaches the remarkable value of one million dollars. In addition they are annually securing



AT THE REGINA INAUGURATION—MALES IN THEIR BEST ATTIRE

Snap-shot by M. O. Hammond

from nature, by hunting and fishing, products to the value of another million dollars. In addition to these two items there are their earnings by wages, which are estimated to total another million and a half. In varied industries they garner more than another half million. Thus they have a total producing value, these 108,000 Indians, of over four million dollars.* Supposing that there are 20,000 families, this would mean over \$200 per family—an average which is eminently satisfactory considering the conditions in which they live.

The education of the Indian is a great problem, and it has been doubtfully essayed. Some very religious people, who believed that if the Indian did not embrace the tenets of their particular religion he would be eternally debarred from the happy hunting grounds, have proceeded to mix religion and education to the detriment of both, and to the hurt of the Indian. What a pity the church could not allow the state to manage this momentous feature of our civilisation, so that education would not be injured by the discrepancies and differences among the various religious sects! There are 298 schools devoted especially to the education of the Indian. Of these 44 are undenominational, 104 are managed by the Roman

*Report of Superintendent for 1904, p. xxiii, Sessional Paper 27.

Catholic Church, 88 by the Church of England, 46 by the Methodists, 15 by the Presbyterians, and one by the Salvation Army.

On the point under discussion, one does not desire to drag in the Superintendent beyond the point to which he is willing to go, and he probably would not go so far as the present writer. Yet the following quotation is interesting, and in perusing it, the reader is requested not to throw into it any meaning which the Superintendent does not clearly hold. He is speaking of the difficulty of judging of the Indian's moral progress, and says:

"No doubt the highest and only immutable standard of ethics is that of real Christianity, but the remembrance of the long course of preparation by which mankind was enabled to reach the standard attained, even under the most favourable conditions, should dictate the exercise of the utmost charity in attempting to judge people who have come comparatively recently into contact with them.

"Among the difficulties to be contended against, particularly at the pioneer stage, not the least is the class of white men with whom they come into contact, and whom lack of discriminating power leads them to regard as the product rather than the failures of Christian civilisation.

"Again the pagan Indian who, at the be-

CECILIA JEFFREY INDIAN BOARDING SCHOOL, KENORA, ONT.





THE MODERNISED SQUAW
Snap-shot by M. O. Hammond

gining, if indeed he ever attains it, completely lacks the capacity to appreciate the theological distinctions and their attendant consequences between the various denominations, is called upon to make his selection, and possibly with some intuitive apprehension of the fruitlessness of a doctrine which exhorts the naked and destitute to be warmed and filled, while withholding the wherewithal, he decides upon the denomination which seems to offer the best prospects of material advantage.

"To this material element is added that of his strong natural superstition, and it is questionable whether, despite the best efforts of the missionary, the pagan on the borderland between darkness and light, does more than exchange his superstitions, which at the most can only be productive of a negative form of morality.

"However, the missionaries to the aborigines of this country are not peculiar with respect to the experience of such difficulties, and have to exercise patience in the faith of better things to come. On the positive side of the matter it is pleasing to notice among

Indian communities a kindness of intercourse and mutual helpfulness, which is a nearer approach to Christian charity than is often to be found among others who enjoy greater advantages, but of which the extent and duration bear a distinct relation to the comparative simplicity or complexity of their social conditions."

Religious training is slow and difficult, it holds back the education of the Indian in regard to agriculture and trade. The incentive to become religious according to white standards, is much less tangible than the incentive to learn to read and to write, to sow and to reap, to buy and to sell with advantage.

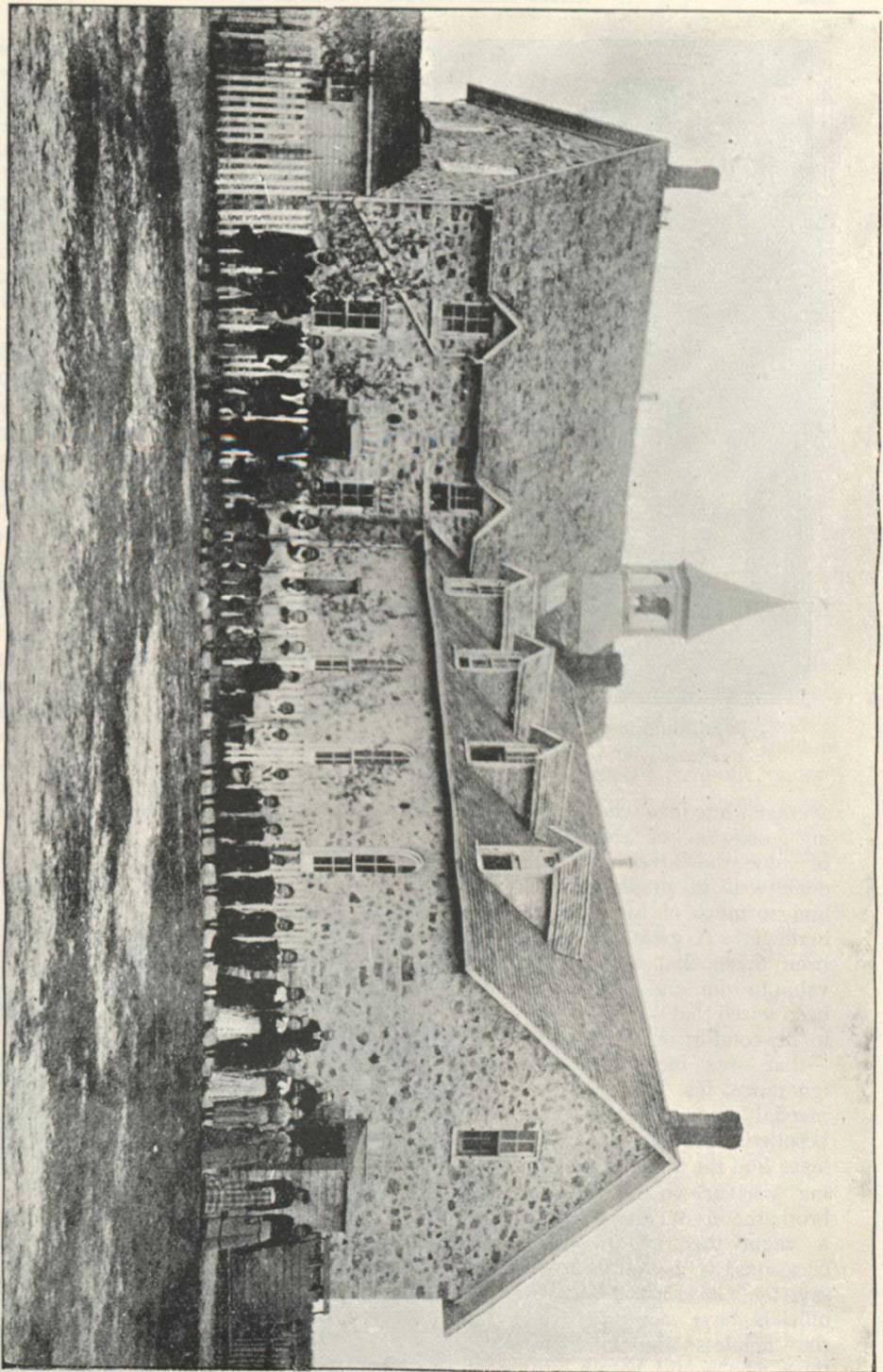
The various boarding and industrial schools for the Indians are bonused to some extent by the Government. For example, in 1904, the following schools received the grant indicated:

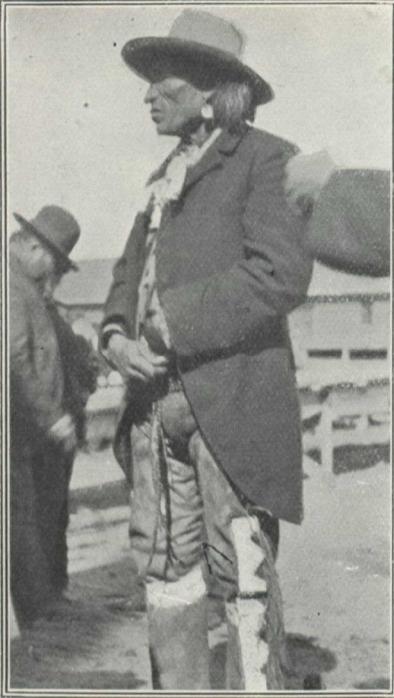
	Government Grant
Fort William Orphanage (R.C.)	\$ 1,550
Cecilia Jeffrey Boarding (Pres.)	1,161
Norway House Boarding (Meth.)	3,234
Pine Creek Boarding (R.C.)	4,140
Portage la Prairie Boarding (Pres.)	1,716
Rat Portage Boarding (R.C.)	2,160
Birtle Boarding (Pres.)	3,712
Blackfoot Boarding (C. of E.)	2,681
Emmanuel College Boarding (C. of E.)	4,782
Alert Bay Girls' Home (C. of E.)	356
Port Simpson Boys' Home (Meth.)	550
Port Simpson Girls' Home (Meth.)	1,200
Mohawk Institute (Unde.)	4,927
Mount Elgin Industrial (Meth.)	8,395
Wikwemikong Industrial (R.C.)	7,092
Qu'Appelle Industrial (R.C.)	30,694
Battleford Industrial (C. of E.)	11,737

This is only a small portion of the list, since then there are forty-six boarding and twenty-four industrial schools. The Government grant runs from \$60 to \$145 per capita, the highest payment being made to the Church of England school at Battleford.

The Canadian Government has always dealt liberally with the Indian, and Indian wars or rebellions have been unknown in Canada. A glance over the lengthy schedule of Indian Reserves as printed by the Government shows that there has been a well-defined and generous system in the reserving of Indian lands. Perhaps there have been abuses in cancelling claims, in the use of script, and in certain surrenders; but considering the avariciousness of the

MUSCOWEQUAN'S BOARDING SCHOOL, TOUCHWOOD HILLS, ASSA.





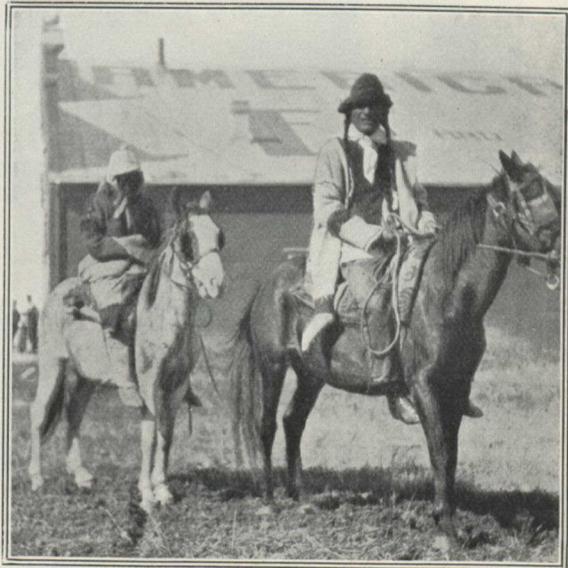
A MODERNISED BRAVE
Snap-shot by M. O. Hammond

average white man when he sees an Indian in possession of something of value, the Government has done well in preserving for him so much of his original heritage. A great deal has been taken that was of no value to him, and a little has been seized that was necessary to his comfort in recent years—that was inevitable. His ignorance, his lack of commercial knowledge and his besottedness were certain to leave him the prey of designing whites to whom the brotherhood of man is only a vague theory. On most occasions, it is pleasant to say, the Government and its officials have stood between the helpless Redman and those who would betray him, and have done much towards the conserving of his per-

manent interest in the territories which have been assigned to him.

Some of the reports from the Indian agents or superintendents are extremely interesting. The Birtle (Man.) Agent, among other things, mentions that in 1903 there were 60,000 bushels of grain grown there, and that the Indians own two steam threshing outfits. The Gleichen (Alberta) Agent reports that in five months last winter, the Indians operated a local coal mine and took out 3,800 tons of coal. These Indians are the historic Blackfeet. His remarks on "progress" and "temperance" are worth quoting in full:

"Progress.—While being unable to report great progress, I think that I can honestly claim some, and on foundations that to my mind are the ones most lasting and productive of advancement in other lines. I refer particularly to their efforts towards self-support, which is very amply exemplified in the fact that the free food issue is now costing the government about \$20,000 less than it did a few years ago. I think, too, that it is a fact that the great majority of the Indians are in a much better financial position than ever before. They are more anxious to work now, and I think it a truism, that does not except even an Indian, that money earned is more wisely expended than money



AT REGINA—CHARACTERISTIC BRIDLES AND "SADDLES"

acquired without labour. I do not wish to be understood to say that they do not squander any of their gains now, for a great deal of their spendings is yet misdirected; sufficient is, I believe, still ill-spent to cover the cost of the food they get gratuitously. Steps have been taken, I am sure, in the right direction and I trust will continue so until the goal of self-support is finally reached.

"Temperance and Morality.—There are, I regret to say, too many addicted to the use of intoxicants of one kind or another. A number have been fined and imprisoned during the year for indulging in decoctions put up and sold under the misleading names of flavouring extracts and medicines, when in reality they contain a much greater percentage of alcohol than does the ordinary whiskey. Whenever the vendors of any kind of intoxicants could be convicted, they were prosecuted and a few hundred dollars was collected and sent to the department during the year. While such action apparently does not entirely eradicate the evil, it goes without saying that it tends to diminish it.

"These Indians seem to be as moral as most Indians similarly situated."



AN INDIAN CAMP—THE OLD WIGWAM GIVES WAY TO THE MODERN TENT

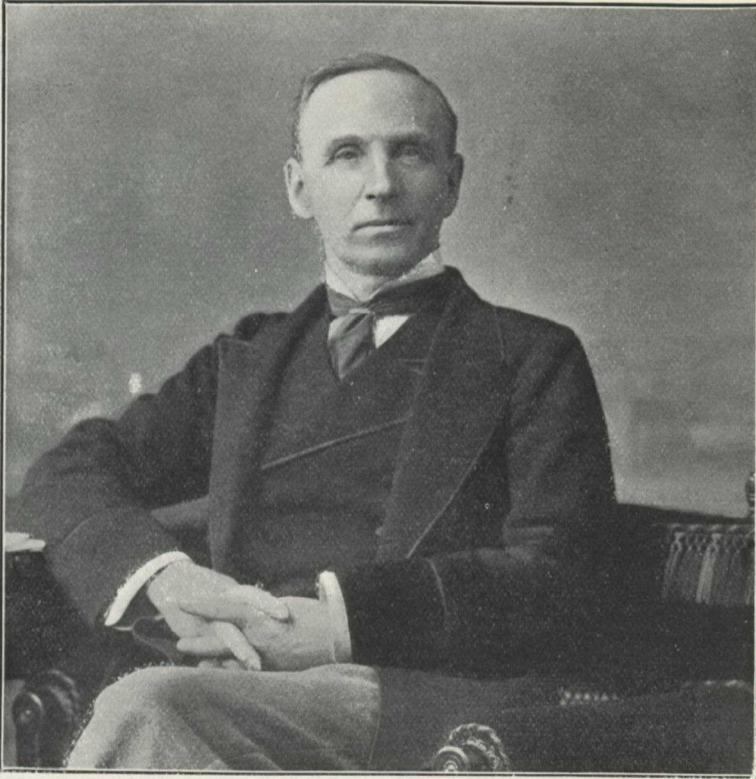
Snap-shot by B. Cumberland

One other feature may be mentioned. The Indians of Eastern Canada are doing even better than those of Western Canada. Education has at last made them strong in productive power and in the ability to combat disease. The number of Indians in Ontario and Quebec is about 32,000; in the Maritime Provinces about 4,000; and in the West 71,000. Of the latter, about 22,000 are outside of Treaty limits. Their future seems full of promise.



INDIAN FREIGHTERS—HALTED FOR A MEAL

Snap-shot by B. Cumberland



MR. JOHN MORLEY—PUBLICIST AND LITTERATEUR

Photograph by W. & D. Downey

Mr. John Morley

As Man of Letters

By *PELHAM EDGAR, Ph.D.*

MR. JOHN MORLEY has been such a solid landmark in British politics for many years past that I have thought it not inappropriate to approach him from a side which will be familiar only to comparatively few Canadians. I shall therefore speak briefly of the brilliant work which he accomplished in literature before his engrossment in political affairs. As space is limited I shall deal with the subject in general terms.

It is not possible to embrace Mr. Morley's intellectual *credo* within the formula

of a single definition. We might fittingly describe him as a utilitarian, if we abstract from the signification of the term the ungracious idea which still clings to it of self-interest as the basis of all virtuous action. He is in matters religious an outspoken materialist, but again we must beware of ascribing to him the crass materialism of the eighteenth century. He has the eighteenth century horror of formulated dogma in the sphere of spiritual activities, but he escapes, thanks to his wider knowledge and to his loyalty to the facts of history, the dogmatic rationalism of his intellectual forbears. Especi-

ally is Mr. Morley loyal to the teachings of modern science, acquiescent in all its revelations, confident in its ultimate triumph over human prejudice, and zealous above all to apply its results to the moral and material advancement of the race. I am not concerned here with stating objections to his theories, nor is it my purpose to defend or attack in Mr. Morley a philosophy which may offend the susceptibilities of many readers. I wish merely to quote with brief comment a few passages which will illustrate his ideas, and will show at the same time the firm, yet conciliatory and eminently fair manner in which he approaches questions of a controversial nature.

Enough has been said to indicate if not to illustrate Mr. Morley's inability to apprehend the truths of revealed religion. That he is capable of recognising the mighty spiritual importance of Christianity will appear in the following passage, which will serve a two-fold purpose in exhibiting also Mr. Morley's splendid gifts as a writer. He is discussing, *à propos* of Voltaire, the inefficacy of the insipid deism which alternated with blank materialism as the governing faith of the eighteenth century.

"A bald deism has undoubtedly been the creed of some of the purest and most generous men that have ever trod the earth, but none the less on that account is it in its essence a doctrine of self-complacent individualism from which society has little to hope, and with which there is little chance of the bulk of society ever sympathising. In truth, one can scarcely call it a creed. It is merely a name for a particular mood of fine spiritual exaltation; the expression of a state of indefinite aspiration and supreme feeling for lofty things. Are you going to convert the new barbarians of our western world with this fair word of emptiness? Will you sweeten the lives of suffering men, and take its heaviness from that droning, piteous chronicle of wrong and cruelty and despair which everlastingly saddens the compassionating ear like moanings of a midnight sea; will you animate the stout heart with new fire, and the firm of hand with fresh joy of battle, by the thought of a being without intelligent at-

tributes, a mere abstract creation of metaphysic, whose mercy is not as our mercy, nor his justice as our justice, nor his fatherhood as the fatherhood of men? It was not by a cold, a cheerless, a radically depraving conception such as this, that the Church became the refuge of humanity in the dark times of old, but by the representation, to men sitting in bondage and confusion, of god-like natures moving among them under figure of the most eternally touching of human relations, a tender mother ever interceding for them, and an elder brother laying down his life that their burdens might be loosened."

Deism is evidently not one of the phases of eighteenth century thought which possesses an attraction for Mr. Morley, and for Rousseau, its principal disseminator, he has only a measured respect, restricting his admiration to the humanitarian ardours of his doctrine. He loves above all else those men who come into active contact with the affairs of life, men like Turgot, of deep political insight and consummate administrative genius; men like Voltaire, whose caustic irony could scarcely mask his native tenderness of heart and deep humanitarianism, or men like Diderot who cheerfully carried the burden of a mighty enterprise through laborious days.

In the category of modern writers with whom Mr. Morley deals, the same tests are applied. Carlyle and Emerson, for example, he admires upon valid grounds; the former for the positive and practical elements in his genius, for his stormy vigour, and for his humour up to the point where it passes into capricious extravagance; the latter for the spirit of elevation which he breathes upon the familiar things of life. For the transcendentalism of both of these writers, in which lies perhaps their subtlest appeal to their disciples, he does not attempt to conceal his impatience. Carlyle's lack of scientific precision, his contempt indeed for all the processes of scientific method, arouses Mr. Morley's ire no less than his emotional interpretation of history. It is not, therefore, wholly in the spirit of paradox that he seeks to establish a parallel between the English philosopher and Rousseau:—

“Community of method, like misery, makes men acquainted with strange bed-fellows. Two men of very different degrees of moral worth may notoriously both preach the same faith and both pursue the same method, and the method of Rousseau is the method of Carlyle. With each of them thought is an aspiration, and justice a sentiment, and society a retrogression. Each bids us look within our own bosoms for truth and right, postpones reason to feeling, and refers to introspection and a factitious something styled Nature, questions only to be truly solved by external observation and history. In connection with each of them has been exemplified the cruelty inherent in sentimentalism, when circumstances draw away the mask. Not the least conspicuous of the disciples of Rousseau was Robespierre. His works lay on the table of the Committee of Public Safety. The theory of the Reign of Terror was invented, and mercilessly reduced to practice, by men whom the visions of Rousseau had fired, and who were not afraid nor ashamed to wade through oceans of blood to the promised land of humanity and fine feeling. We in our days have seen the same result of sentimental doctrine in the barbarous love of the battlefield, the retrograde passion for methods of repression, the contempt for human life, the impatience of orderly and peaceful solution. We begin with introspection and the eternities, and end in blood and iron. Again, Rousseau’s first piece was an anathema upon the science and art of his time, and a denunciation of books and speech. Carlyle, in exactly the same spirit, has denounced logic mills, warned us all away from literature, and habitually subordinated discipline of the intelligence to the passionate assertion of the will. . . . Thus, instead of co-ordinating moral worthiness with intellectual energy, virtue with intelligence, right action of the will with scientific processes of the understanding, he has either placed one immeasurably below the other, or else has mischievously insisted on treating them as identical.”

Carlyle he will not forgive for throwing himself athwart the irresistible progress of the times; Emerson he blames for a too

complacent acquiescence in the moral dispensation of the world, and for an optimism that is as provoking as it is unwise in the face of evils which clamour for redress. The most perplexing thing in Emerson is the combination which his writings display of Yankee common sense and transcendental fervour. The phrase in which he bids us hitch our waggon to a star provides us with a striking enough example of the shrewd idealism to which I refer. Mr. Morley’s estimate of Emerson of necessity, therefore, fluctuates between praise and dispraise in proportion as the practical or mystical elements in his doctrine are more or less in evidence. He applauds Emerson’s quiet insistence upon the rights of the individual as a refreshing contrast to Byron’s anarchical clamour for personal freedom, but the principles upon which Emerson bases his appeal for liberty are, in Mr. Morley’s view, unsound and inimical to progress. The paragraph which I quote is of capital importance in establishing Mr. Morley’s distrust of all modes of action and belief which rest upon an emotional or mystical foundation:

“All those regenerators of the individual, from Rousseau down to J. S. Mill, who derived their first principles, whether directly or indirectly, from Locke and the philosophy of sensation, experience, and acquisition, began operations with the will. They laid all their stress on the shaping of motives by education, institutions, and action, and placed virtue in deliberateness and in exercise. Emerson, on the contrary, coming from the intuitional camp, holds that our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will. Translated into the language of theology, his doctrine makes regeneration to be a result of grace, and the guide of conscience to be the indwelling life; though, unlike the theologians, he does not trace either of these mysterious gifts to the special choice and intervention of a personal deity. Impulse and spontaneous innocence is higher than the strength to conquer temptation. The natural motives of the soul are so much better than the voluntary ones. . . . In all this Emerson suffers from the limitations that are inseparable from pure spiritualism in all its forms. As if the spiritual constitution were ever independ-

ent of the material organisation bestowed upon the individual at the moment when he is conceived, or of the social conditions that close about him from the instant of his birth. The reaction, however, against what was superficial in the school of the eighteenth century went to its extreme length in Emerson, and blinded his eyes to the wisdom, the profundity, and the fruitfulness of their leading speculations."

These passages leave us in no doubt as to Mr. Morley's convictions. He is a positivist and a materialist of the fashion of forty years ago. An influential portion of the intellectual world is moving away from him. We have heard voices in authority proclaim the bankruptcy of science, and indeed the imaginative literature of France and England is, at the present time, less subject to its sway than

in the middle and closing years of the last century. A reaction by way of mysticism from the positive methods of the past is now in progress, and poetry has certainly not suffered in the change. Yet, however far our sympathies may incline us towards the non-scientific direction which imaginative literature is now taking, it is sheer folly to blind our eyes to the fact that science is developing with dazzling rapidity, that scientific methods are thrusting themselves ever more insistently and beneficently into the commonest affairs of life, and finally, that the bounds of imaginative vision are immeasurably widened by each successive revelation of the hidden forces which guide and sustain the world we live in and the universe which we are beginning dimly to apprehend.

The Old Friend Speaks

BY EVELYN GUNNE

NAY, nay, but sorrow's turned thy head;
 Art thou alone, dost think?
 Hast never woman's bonds before
 Galled deep at every link?
 Art thou the only woman born
 The gods grind in the mill?
 Nay, nay, sweetheart, I do not mock;
 Weep, an' ye must, your fill.

There, there, 'tis hard to hush the sobs—
 And harder still to weep,
 A husband's faithlessness; yet know,
 Thine own faith thou must keep.
 "He forfeits all,—his claim is gone."
 Tut, tut, 'tis but the smart
 Of pain past bearing, breeds such words;
 You vowed "Till death do part."

And that means all of good, or ill,
 And honour lost—or won;

His ill's your ill; his weal's your weal;

His son is still your son.

Break not the marriage pact, dear heart,

For broken all is vain;

And well or ill, the burden's ours,

The burden—and the pain.

My dear, I have grown old and grey:

And wiser too, I trust,

And I have seen the cruelty

Of life, and love, and lust.

God knows, why women's hearts are made

To break, or bind at will;

God knows, why, filled with grief and shame,

We shield the sinner still.

But hark ye, women who are true,

Must truer be for all

The false, and falser sisterhood,

Who cry: "Unfaith," and fall.

Thy life is not thine own, nor his

Who holds it still in fee;

But pledged to honour, truth, and faith

By those about thy knee.

Honour, and truth, and faith, and love,

Are flowers of hardy growth;

Thy man has failed? Lift up thy head;

Keep thou the faith for both.

A man may fall, and win again

The place of his desert;

But when a woman falls, ah me!

No balm can heal her hurt.

Go home, my bairn, indeed 'tis well;

Drink of the cup thy fill;

Keep faith with faithlessness, and hold

Thy woman's kingdom still.

In that high realm, pure and serene

As heaven's bluest dome,

She dwells, whose steady hands uphold

The guidon of the Home.



THE last drum of "fish" was squeezed into the hold of the barquentine *Good Luck*, sheets of birch bark were laid on top, and hatches and tarpaulins were fastened down. The mate, Bill Norman, buttoned his rough jacket to his chin.

"All in, dry as a bone," he said. "There won't be no rebate for sweated fish dis trip."

"She never spiled a drum o' fish in her life," replied the captain; "an' we'd never have given a penny's rebate, since I sailed her, if the owners had listened to me."

"Some of it smelled pretty high last v'yage," said Norman.

"High!" cried Captain Thoms. "Bless my soul, it was good enough for them Brazilians even if it did smell a bit—which it didn't." Norman waved the point. He knew that, to every master of craft, there is no faster sailer, better carrier, or shapelier model than his own vessel. So he muttered something about the dishonesty of the *Good Luck's* Bahia consignees.

"Well, Mr. Norman, by the look o' things we'll get out at sun-up," said Captain Thoms, as he turned and left the wharf.

An hour later Norman sat at his ease in the living room behind old Denis Macminaman's shop. Denis did business in groceries, diluted liquors, and tobacco of Newfoundland manufacture. He had followed the sea in his youth, and was still partial to sailormen. Bill Norman was a prime favourite of his.

Mrs. Macminaman kept shop while her husband, her two daughters, and Mr. Norman took their comfort in the seclusion of the sitting-room; for none could

recommend and measure drinks so skillfully as Mrs. Macminaman.

"Dis time tomorry, b'y, ye'll be poppin' yer two eyes out, lookin' fer ice," remarked Denis, with a contented smile at the fire.

"Ay, sir, an' thinkin' o' de folks I've left behind," replied Norman, with a shy glance at Peggy, and another at Amanda. The damsels blushed, and Denis shook his head.

"T'ere be too much t'inkin' o' girls done by sailormen," he said; "an' many's the ship goes all abroad agin the ice because o' t'at same. A sailor, b'y, shud lave 'is 'eart moored afore 'e puts to sea."

Norman looked uncomfortable, and the girls scowled at their father.

"When I were a seafarin' man," continued Denis, self-complacently, "I were also a married man. When I were on the fo'castle-'ead, spyin' out ice, it were ice I t'ought about, an' not love."

"Sure, sir," said Norman hastily, "ice is de very devil. I'll keep two men on de lookout, in my watch on deck—an' if dey looks out for love, b' jabbers, I'll give it to 'em wid a belayin' pin."

"Sure, b'y, but if t'ey leaves t'eir 'earts unsettled ashore, batting 'em wid a belayin' pin won't mend matters," replied Denis, sadly. He drew noisily at his pipe for a few seconds, while the others looked at the floor in painful silence. "Love be's a remarkable t'ing," he said—"Ay, a remarkable unsettlin' t'ing. May de devil fly away wid me if I wudn't radder sail wid a Frenchman t'an a mate what hadn't settled 'is love affairs afore leavin' port."

Mr. Norman took his leave of the Macminamans at an earlier hour than was usual with him. He had never before

found the girls so unentertaining, and Denis so set on one topic of conversation. At sunrise the *Good Luck* got up her anchor and stood away for the open sea. For the first three or four days of the voyage Captain Thoms found his mate but poor company. This did not suit Thoms, who was of a genial temperament.

"You have something on your mind, Mr. Norman," he said, one evening at supper. The mate helped himself to fried potatoes, and did not answer his superior officer's remark until the cook left the cabin. Then he said, impressively: "Yes, sir, I have."

"Is it the navigation?" enquired the captain sympathetically.

Norman shook his head. "No, sir, it be worse nor dat," he replied; "an' maybe, seein' you're a married man, you can give me some advice, sir."

"Willingly," exclaimed the captain, leaning half-way across the table and capping the mustard with his elbow, in his eagerness to share in a heart-to-heart talk.

"It's dis way," whispered the mate. "I'm in love, an' I don't know who de divil I'm in love wid."

"Don't know who you're in love with," exclaimed Thoms. "Why man, then you're out o' danger altogether."

"It's a queer case, sure," replied Norman, "an' I'm certainly in love. D'ye happen to know de Macminaman girls?"

"Ay," replied the captain, "an' fine girls they are, too!"

"Sure," said the mate.

"Maybe it's both o' them you're in love with?"

"But it's one at a time," explained the mate. "One at four bells, and t'odder at six bells."

"I've heard o' queer things since I come to Harbour Grace, and I've seen queer things all over the world—especially in Liverpool—but this beats 'em all," said Thoms slowly.

Norman drained his mug of tea and called upon the cook, who had just returned from the galley, for more. "Me nerves feel all abroad," he remarked, "an' dere's nothin' like tea to pull 'em toggeder."

Mr. Norman was a shrewd seaman, and no fool at a bargain, but it seems that his

smattering of learning (he was a reader of books) and his study of navigation had upset his sophistication in other matters. Scarcely a mealtime passed, on their southward run, without some references to his disconcerting heart affair and the captain's sage advice.

"Marry the girl with the brown hair," urged Thoms. "She may not play on the melodeon so well as t'other, but you'll find her safer to live with. My missus has red hair, an' I know."

"But Peggy kind o' makes t'ings livelier," said the mate, with a tremble in his voice.

"Ay, she'd make things livelier, sure enough," replied the captain.

Norman even forgot his dignity so far as to confide his trouble to the boatswain. That worthy mariner hitched up his overalls and spat reflectively over the rail.

"I've been reading o' a similar case in a book, sir," he said.

"What book?" enquired Norman, eagerly, for his faith in books was great.

"It be called 'Only a Baronet: or Wich Were 'is Wife,'" replied the other. "Dicky Chant be's readin' it now, but I'll borry it for ye, sir."

"Sure," said Norman. He gazed away to leeward with a clouded eye. "Is the book about a man lovin' two girls?" he asked.

"Well, it be's about a baronet and two countesses," replied the boatswain, with relish.

"It amounts to de same t'ing," said Norman. "Which did he marry?"

"B'gorra, ye has me," replied the boatswain. "I has read de book t'ree times, an' I guess he married 'em bote."

Norman spent most of his leisure for several days with "Only a Baronet," but derived no help at all from its perusal. The story was very complicated, and seemed to indicate that the hero had married both ladies; and though such behaviour might pass with a baronet, Mr. Norman saw that it would certainly injure the career of so prominent a person as the mate of the *Good Luck*.

They reached Bahia without mishap, and, in time, discharged an undamaged cargo. Then they took in sand ballast, and sailed northward again. In Bar-

bados they found orders awaiting them to take on a freight of molasses. It was here that Mr. Norman forgot his caution, and wrote a letter to Peggy Macminaman. It was a noncommittal epistle, but highly complimentary to red hair. Next day he felt that he had been guilty of an indiscretion, but the post-office authorities would not give up the letter. To mend matters, and without consulting the captain, he wrote to Amanda a monograph on the charms of gentleness. But even after that he felt a little uncertain as to the wisdom of his actions.

The *Good Luck* catted her anchor for her homeward run on the thirteenth day of May. In the Trades she plowed along at a fine pace despite the dead weight of her cargo. She was so low in the water that flying fish went over her like rockets, or else dashed against the lower sails and fell to the deck, stunned. Between Brazil and Barbados the flying fish had smashed themselves against her windward side. During the first week in June the barquentine encountered dirty weather, and her spread of canvas was reduced. The captain was loud with lamentations, but the mate took the delay philosophically. He was not in a desperate hurry to get back to Harbour Grace. Keen as he was to see either one of the Macminaman girls, he felt that a simultaneous meeting with them would be decidedly embarrassing. One night during Norman's watch on deck, a fog crawled over them, chill and obliterating. The mate went forward to see that neither of the look-outs was asleep. Then he returned aft and rapped on the captain's door.

"Fog, sir," he said. "T'ick as pay soup."

The captain's snoring stopped with a jerk. "Who's there? Did anyone speak?" he asked.

"Fog, sir. T'ick as soup," repeated Norman.

"Get out the fog-horns," ordered Thoms, "an' have them sounded every two minutes—one aft an' one for'ard. I'll come up as soon as I get into my clothes."

The mate got the patent fog-horns—

they worked with a crank and leather bellows—from their resting place under the cook's berth, and carried them on deck. The leather of the bellows had cracked during the voyage, and he had to fill the machines with water and let them soak for a while before they would sound. The water-cure did the work, however, and presently the harmless-looking square boxes were making the night hideous with their roaring, derisive voices.

"Howly St. Patrick!" exclaimed the boatswain, emerging from the forecabin; "if Davy Jones don't stick 'is old 'ead in the sand to-night, ye can call me a ordinary seaman."

"If ye don't like our music, bo'sun, ye kin git back to yer bunk," replied one of the performers.

"B'gorra, I likes it," replied the other, "an' I'll give ye a hand, b'y."

The mate and one of the crew went aft to log the ship. The sailor took up the reel upon which the line of the old-fashioned contrivance was wound. (Thoms had once lost a patent log through the attentions of a shark, and ever since that time the *Good Luck's* speed had been ascertained by the method in vogue in the days of John Cabot). The man at the wheel got the hour glass ready. Norman tossed the little canvas pocket over the stern.

"Clear glass!"

"Clear, sir."

"Turn glass!"

The reel spun with a soft *whirr*, and the line whipped away in the darkness.

"Out!" snapped the man with the glass.

"Four knots," answered Norman presently. He squinted at the illuminated disc of the binnacle. Just then Captain Thoms came up the companion, and sniffed the fog.

"Smells like ice," he said. "We'll lay-to till the fog lifts."

Norman started forward to give the necessary orders, when cries of fear and consternation rang along the shrouded decks. "Ice ahead! Port yer helm! Hard a'port! For God's sake twist her over!" Then, with a crash, a grind, and a snapping of spars, that great bulk of timber and canvas weighted with the



"Both boats and all hands were clear of the fast settling barquentine"

Drawn by S. C. Simonski

hundreds of tons of molasses, reeled and stood still. The captain got to his feet—he had been hurled across the companion-hatch—and rushed forward. The mate backed away from the starboard rail, steadied himself for a moment with a hand on the rat-lines, and then followed the skipper. Orders were shouted, and swiftly obeyed. The two lifeboats were hurriedly provisioned, each with a breaker of water and a bag of hard bread. Thoms dashed into his cabin and returned with two bottles of brandy, two compasses and a quadrant.

"She's filling like a bucket under a tap," said Norman, who was collected and capable enough when the question was one of life or death. Thoms gave him a compass and a bottle.

"Take the port boat," he said. "Man her with your own watch an' get away as soon as you can."

Ten minutes later both boats, and all hands, were clear of the fast-settling barquentine and the low berg against which she had met her fate. The fog held thick.

"Begob," said the boatswain, "t'at comes o' sailin' on de t'irteenth'."

"Stow your jaw, my man," growled Thoms. Presently the skipper's boat was hailed by the mate.

"We be right in de pan ice, sir," he shouted.

"Ay," replied Thoms. "Keep close alongside, Mr. Norman, an' let her drift—but keep clear o' the *Good Luck*. She lays right aft."

The mate's boat stole close to the other. "Gives us a come-all ye," ordered the captain.

After a half-minute of whispering in both boats, the voice of young Pat Brody rose above the soft wailings of a concertina. Pat was the poet laureate of his harbour.

"Come all ye hardy sailormen,
So late from isles o' spice,
And hark to how the *Good Luck* tried
To sink a pan o' ice."

He kept it up for a dozen stanzas, greatly to the delight of his mates, who frequently joined in the singing and roared the opening lines over and over.

After that the captain sang "The Whaler of Dundee," in a good tenor voice,

and with telling expression. This was a new side of his character to the crew, and they cheered him uproariously.

"T'at's singin' as is singin'," announced the boatswain. "T'at's real quality singin'."

Then Mr. Norman rendered "Under the Bamboo Tree." It was well received. In this manner the captain and mate concealed their anxiety and the men put in a very enjoyable night.

Just before dawn a wind came out of the west and cleared away the fog. When daylight flooded the gray waste, no sign of the *Good Luck* was visible. The small, jagged berg which she had run upon lay about half a mile to the sou'-west. Another and larger berg shone to the northward, and about half-a-dozen huge pans lay around them.

Next day, still cheerful and stubbornly fighting towards home against a stiff head wind, they were picked up by a French fishing schooner. They were taken to St. Pierre. From that port the captain immediately sent word to the owners of the fate of the *Good Luck*, and three days later they all set sail in a chartered fore-and-after for St. John's. †

Mr. Norman approached the door of Mr. Denis Macminaman's shop with an air of indifference. He was dressed in his shore-going best, and looked very unlike the valiant mariner who had cheered his men with song so short time before. The summer twilight was creeping over the old town, laden with fragrance of drying fish and raw salt of the sea. After peeping furtively between the boxes of clay pipes and jars of candy in the window, the promising navigator settled his Sunday hat more firmly on his head, and stepped into the shop. He was striving vainly to recall just what words he had used in the two letters. Mrs. Macminaman was behind the counter. Her ruddy face was set off to advantage by a background of open boxes of plug tobacco, and the brown butts of two eight-gallon kegs. She leaned forward, and peered at the mate.

"Why, Bill," she said, "sure an' it's yerself I'se bin expectin' all week."

"Just got here dis mornin'," replied

Norman, "an' had business wid de owners until supper-time."

"I'se bin readin' all about de trouble ye've had, in de *Herald*," she said. "Sure, but dat ould ship must er bumped into dat ice jes' to spite de name o' her."

"I guess so," replied Mr. Norman.

"An' now ye'll be lookin' fer anuder bert'," continued Mrs. Macminaman, "an' I'm t'inkin' maybe Cap'n McGrath kin help ye to one."

"Who's he?" enquired the mariner.

"He's been sailin' mate o' de *Nort Star* last t'ree v'yages," replied the woman, "an' now he's got de bert' o' skipper o' Goodridge's *Eskimo*. He be a courtin' our Peggy—he's in de settin'-room now—an' he's took a fancy to ye, Bill, ever since he seen the letter ye writ from Barbady, about his girl's beautiful auburn hair."

For a moment Norman clutched the edge of the counter, and did not answer. Then, in a husky voice, he enquired for Amanda.

"Mandy! Why, sure, she be's married to Peter Downey, de saddler," replied Mrs. Macminaman, "an' she t'inks de letter ye writ her about her lovely nater an' gentle sowl, be's the finest weddin' present she got, b'gorra."

Mr. Norman mumbled something about calling again, and left the shop. In the street he stood still and drew a deep breath, as a swimmer will after a long dive.

"Nick McGrath an' Peter Downey!" he exclaimed—"an' dey might o' married me! Dat's what a poor sailorman gets fer puttin' his trust in women! Dat's his reward fer facin' de hardships o' a sea-farin' life!"

The Bourne

BY MARY E. HICKSON

"Through the shadows that gather along our way,
The watch of the dead shines star-like."

—Charles Wagner.

SHADOWY lights of a far off land,
When shall I come to thee? When shall I stand
Rapt and dumb midst the purgéd fire,
Purified, clarified of my desire?

Shadowy lights of a country dim,
When shall I reach thee, whose uttermost rim
Loses itself in heaven's own beams?
Hope crownéd, rest giving, land of my dreams!

Shadowy lights, whose wavering ray
Gleams ever and fades on a winding way;
Light answering to light, in my soul
Dauntless I follow, still seeking thy goal!

The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I

THE GIRL AND THE SUNDOWNER



ALL hands at Narrawan Station were out mustering a big mob of fat cattle for sending south to the saleyards. There was no sign of the drought breaking and it was considered well to get rid of such bullocks as were still in sufficiently good condition to fetch a price from the butcher.

Mustering on a great run like Narrawan was a long business. As mobs of beasts were collected, men had to be told off to herd them; this reduced the mustering force and caused the Artesian Bores—of which there were several in course of construction on the station—to be for the moment neglected. The night before a mob of cattle, startled by a 'possum or some such bush scare, had "rushed," broken the yard and scattered themselves about the bush. Hence, Mr. Galbraith, the boss of Narrawan, and all capable riders had gone forth in search of strayed bullocks, so that the only men left at the head station—not counting the old ones in the Black's Camp—were Ah San the gardener, Ah Hong the cook, and a black boy stockrider. Just now, near sundown, Ah San was watering his vegetables in the garden by the lagoon, the waters of which had considerably receded of late; Ah Hong, his pig-tail tucked up, was pursuing a fowl with murderous intent, and the black boy was fetching half a dozen languid milkers up to the yard.

Susan Galbraith could see all three men as she swayed herself lazily to and fro in a hammock swung from the rafters of the verandah. The house being on the slope of a ridge, she had an extensive view over the garden, the home paddock, the lagoon, and the sliprails near it, through which a cart track went winding across the plain till it lost itself in the shadow of a low range of hills covered

with gloomy gidya scrub. At the end of the verandah more gidya scrub could be seen straggling down the slope and showing a sort of jagged wall of straight black trunks and stiff foliage of an odd moonlight grey that gave a suggestion of half mourning. The whole landscape which Susan surveyed was curiously melancholy, hard of outline, metallic in colouring, with the arid, forsaken look peculiar to the Australian bush in a dry season. Indeed, the only satisfactory vegetation visible was in the garden, which the Chinaman kept well watered, and round one part of the lagoon where a fringe of mournful she-oaks reared ghostly stems topped with glossy foliage.

The bush, so still and silent during the glare of day, had again wakened into activity. Birds were shrilling in the scrub, and large flights of parrots and cockatoos chattered discordantly down by the lagoon. Milkers were lowing to their calves, and the multitudinous sounds of insect and reptile life now began for the night. Although the sun—an angry red ball—had touched the shoulder of the highest hill to westward, it was still intensely hot.

Susan Galbraith fanned herself with the *Leichardt's Land Weekly Chronicle* which she had picked from the boards of the verandah. She was an extremely pretty girl of the Australian type—and Australian girls can be very pretty—slim, graceful, exotic-looking and with colouring curiously delicate for a woman in the bush. Susan, however, had been brought up at a Sydney boarding school, and this was her first year at Narrawan. She was fair, with a quantity of reddish-brown hair that was plaited, as the fashion was, on the top of her head, and she had the complexion which goes with such hair, its bloom accentuated by a few small freckles. Her eyes were deep blue, soft and appealing, fringed with thick, darkish lashes; and the brows above were dark

too, long and finely pencilled. The pure half-oval of her forehead, from which the hair parted in the middle stood out in loose puffs, gave her a Madonna-like expression, and this was heightened by sundry refinements of dress and appearance—the lace on her muslin gown, her trinkets and ribbons, her tapering fingers, her long slender neck, small ears and arched insteps—the last visible as she swung in the hammock, letting her feet in their open-worked stockings and pointed shoes tap the floor rhythmically while the cords of the hammock swayed to and fro from the hooks in the verandah ceiling. Susan Galbraith would have been noticeable anywhere for her dainty charm, and her air of breeding and distinction. She was especially so in the Narra district where attractive young ladies were not numerous.

The head station at Narrawan was built on piles; the space underneath, roughly battened in, was utilised as a garden storehouse, workshop, and where it was more closely boarded, as a bathroom, to which water was supplied from two large zinc tanks filled in dry weather from the lagoon. Sounds of bathing operations came up through the floor of the verandah which told Susan that her stepmother, the second Mrs. Galbraith, was giving her progeny—a boy and girl of six and four respectively, and a three months' old baby—their evening tub. Mrs. Galbraith kept no nurse, except a half-caste woman who had lately gone off with her tribe to the bush. So just now she had to look after the children by herself, for Susan was not in sympathy with the second brood. There were three of the first one—an absent scapegrace son, Susan herself, and her sister Oora. To-day, Susan felt rather lonely, Oora having recently left Narrawan. Oora had paid a short visit home to bid her father, stepmother and sister farewell before her own departure for England with an uncle and aunt who lived near Leichardt's Town and were now about to take a long-planned trip to Europe. Susan had been wishing that she and not Oora was going to England. She considered herself far better fitted for such an experience than Oora who was just a child of the bush as

her blacks' name indicated—a Nature-thing, only happy when swimming off the seashore of Duncan Galbraith's coast station, where they had lived before exchanging it for the bigger inland run, or riding bare-backed after cattle, or having a *yabber* with the blacks over their campfires. It seemed quite incongruous that Oora—not she, Susan, who had been well educated in Sydney—should have the chance of mixing in English society. But it just happened that Mr. and Mrs. Leitch had taken a greater fancy to Duncan Galbraith's rough younger daughter than to the polished elder one. Susan was reflecting now rather discontentedly that Oora would be sailing in the *Quetta* in about six weeks' time.

Life on the Narra was dull for Susan Galbraith. She had just begun to taste the adulation paid to beauty. She missed her dances on board the men-of-war in Sydney Harbour, the Government House balls and the various pleasures of that season down south which had fallen to her lot after leaving the boarding school. For an Australian girl, she was unusually romantic, and had fed her imagination on much poetry and many novels. Ordinary courtship she despised, but had dreams of a hero who should woo her in some uncommon fashion. Her lover might be disguised as a swineherd, but he must yet be a prince. Alack! neither heroes nor princes in cattle drovers' habit—the Australian equivalent of a swineherd of fairy tale—had so far come along the Narra. Nor were squatters in this district given to taking well-born young Britishers at a substantial premium for the gaining of colonial experience. Thus even such common-place outlet for romantic yearnings was denied Miss Galbraith. The matter-of-fact bushmen on the Narra district were too uncultivated and bucolic to suit Susan's refined taste. Moreover at this time, the squatters were all absorbed in the melancholy prospect of a prolonged drought and were too busy shifting starved cattle from one pasture to another, collecting all they could for sale, and making artesian bores in the driest parts of their runs to spare time for higher interests and occupations.

Susan's girlish shoulders contracted in

a little shiver of disgust as the shrieks of a young cock proclaimed that Ah Hong had secured his prey. She got up from the hammock and walked to the end of the verandah, where she stood, framed in creepers, an inspiring vision to a footsore wayfarer. This end of the verandah gave on to a garden path between two cape mulberry trees, with a rosella patch and a prickly pear hedge on one side, and a tangle of flowers and shrubs on the other. Susan's eyes wandered over the near distance, along the road which was lost in the gloom of gidya scrub, and then her gaze came back to the sliprails, where she saw a man stopping to put up the lower rail after having passed beneath the top one.

She saw that the man was a tramp—some *sundowner* on his way up to the house to claim the proverbial bush hospitality—a bunk in the men's hut, and night's rations. She observed the tramp more closely as he walked up the rise and noticed that he did not seem the usual sort of *sundowner*. As he came nearer the fence and in a line with the verandah, Susan saw that he was unkempt, unshorn, stained with grime and perspiration, and evidently dog-tired, but that in spite of this the man had the unmistakable look of a gentleman.

There was nothing unusual in the sight of a gentleman *sundowner*—Susan knew well enough that Oxford and Cambridge men, sons of lords, and even lords themselves, had often enough "humped bluey" in the bush. Romantic chords in her nature stirred at the thought that here might be one of them. Yes, certainly the man was a gentleman. Might he not be a fairy prince? As yet he had not perceived her, and could not be aware that she was watching him. But perhaps he had heard there were ladies in the station. For he stopped by a gum tree that threw its scanty shade upon the baked earth, hunched his shoulders out of his swag, laid the pack on the ground, deliberately undid the straps, and taking out an alpaca coat, put it on over his grey flannel shirt. He rubbed his face and hands too with a handkerchief, which Susan noted was of silk, and smoothed his short beard. Then he put on his swag again, and making for

the garden fence looked over it, sublimely unconscious that he was being observed. There was a certain characteristic simplicity in his actions that only comes from good breeding, and this Susan Galbraith was intuitive enough to perceive.

The *sundowner* reconnoitring the premises had, however, evidently not expected an immediate encounter with ladies. He stared at sight of Susan framed in the creepers against the dimness of the verandah and took off his shabby felt hat with the unconscious gesture of a man trained to such courtesies. Then he seemed to recollect himself and a shamed flush came on his face. But as Susan returned his salutation, he lifted his head, looking straight at her, and she was struck by the desperately wistful expression of his eyes. Altogether, the man was extraordinarily handsome in a forceful, dare-devil way. It occurred to Susan that he looked bad-tempered, but she thought also that he was the sort of a man with whom a woman might fall wildly in love. Susan had the Australian faculty for leaping to quick conclusions. Her keen eyes took in every salient detail of his appearance and she felt that she would like to talk to him—of course from a condescending height. But though her position on the verandah gave her a considerable elevation, the space between them was too great to allow of much conversation.

"Excuse me," said the tramp; "may I ask if the Boss is at home, and if I could do a job for my night's ration?"

"You had better go round," she answered in her clear, far-carrying voice. "The Chinaman will shew you the way. Mr. Galbraith is not at home, but I am sure that you can have a ration."

The man lifted his hat again, and walked on round the corner of the fence. He limped, but his boots were good, and his moleskins looked like those of a gentleman. Susan waited, pacing the verandah until Ah Hong came to the back door of the house and called to her: "Misee, me no savvy give rations. One white man outside say he want plour and piecee meat."

Susan took down a bunch of big keys from a nail in the passage which ran through the house from the front to the

back verandah and went into the yard. The store buildings lay along one side of the yard—three slab-walled, bark-roofed humpeys with low earthen-floored verandahs in which were saddles waiting to be mended, green-hide ropes in process of making, carpenters' tools, and a variety of station properties. On the other side of the yard was the kitchen building with a large stone chimney, a corrugated iron tank at the end and the Chinaman's hut attached behind. Wedged in between the kitchen and the living-house were another hut and lean-to, the nursery and white servants' quarters when there happened to be any white servants at Narrawan. Creeper-covered verandahs, and bough-shades overgrown with the fast-climbing native cucumber, connected all the buildings except on the fourth side of the square, which was a fence of spiked palings having a rough gate in the middle. Several aged, blear-eyed kangaroo and cattle-dogs sprawled on the meat-house verandah, lazily yapping at the flies; and here, too, squatted black Bella, the gin who did odd jobs for Ah Hong, smoking a pipe and scraping the last oleaginous particle from a freshly emptied sardine tin. Bella leered up at Susan, showing all her glistening teeth, and then hearing the jingle of the store keys set up the blacks' lachrymose whine:

"Plenty hungry this poor fella gin, Mithsis. Gib Bella flour for damper, Mithsis."

Susan shook her head. She paused in the middle verandah for the stranger to advance. He was leaning against the fence, his limbs relaxed from weariness, his shoulders dropping forward in relief after the weight of his swag which he had set down beside him, his face dour and dejected. It lightened at the picture of Susan Galbraith—an angelic figure in white against the grimy background of slab wall and earthen verandah holding in her hand the keys—to him it might have been of paradise. He came forward, his old felt hat in his hand, the crown with a three-cornered tear in it. Notwithstanding his sorry condition, the man's air of distinction and devil-may-care attractiveness struck Susan more than ever. Ah!

There could be no doubt whatever that he was a gentleman who had fallen upon evil days.

She waited for him to state his business, but apparently he felt some hesitation in doing so, for he stood a moment, his hat still in his hand, shamefaced, looking on the ground. Then suddenly he straightened himself with a proud little toss of his dark curly head, his eyes full on her. She thought and hoped that he was going to give his name, in which case the unwritten law of the bush would have compelled her to ask him into the parlour; for the traveller who sends in his name claims hospitality as an equal, and in the wilds, where many a station has neither accommodation house nor bachelors' quarters, he is received among the ladies of the household—should there be ladies—and accorded the privileges of an invited guest. To the credit of the bush, it must be said, such privileges are seldom abused.

"I must apologise for troubling you," he said. "I thought that perhaps I should have seen the Boss, and that there might have been a chance of getting work."

"My father is out mustering," she answered. "I believe he will be back this evening. I don't know if he wants an extra hand, but I think it is not unlikely."

"Thank you." The sundowner hesitated, and that dour look came back on his face. Again he shook it off and gave a reckless laugh.

"I've never done such a thing in my life before as to beg for a night's rations," he said. "I don't like doing it now, but the truth is I'm hard pressed, having exhausted my supply, and I've tramped a long way to-day."

"Of course we always give a ration to a—to anybody that wants it," she returned.

"To a 'sundowner,' you were going to say. Yes, I'm not a new chum, and I know the ways of the bush. But it's the first time I've asked for a 'sundowner's' hospitality. I'm ready to fetch up a load of wood for it, or chop logs, or do any other odd job. I ought to be pretty good at handling stock. I can break in young horses too."

"You have come from Woorral Downs?"

she asked shyly, naming a large station some little distance inland.

"No, from the coast way. I camped with some fencers last night at Boomerang Flat. They were short of tucker and we pooled the lot."

"That's thirty miles off," she exclaimed. "If you walked all that way—but perhaps you've lost your horse?"

"I had no horse. I'm just 'humping my swag' and I confess that I'm fairly beat. Would there be any objection to my camping in the men's hut for to-night?"

"Oh, no. But there's no hut-keeper. The men are all out."

He smiled grimly.

"Well, I ought to be able to shift for myself—and solitude is sometimes a luxury—even in the bush."

She gave him a quick, comprehending look.

"Yes, I know. It's dreadfully rough—the men, I mean."

"So am I—rough. You get used to it, and it doesn't seem to matter. That's the beauty of Australia, except," he added bitterly, "when you're given a vision of distant possibilities, past and future." The expression of his eyes, which were fixed upon her, pointed his meaning, and she thought she understood it and blushed. Soon she saw that he had been really unconscious of what his words and tone conveyed, for he stiffened and his manner became suddenly formal.

"I should not have ventured to obtrude my opinions. I was only thinking that after life on the diggings, one doesn't particularly mind being alone."

"The diggings!" she repeated vaguely, and added, as if following a natural train of association, "Oh, up at Charter's Towers and the Palmer?"

"Not Charter's Towers. Yellaroi diggings beyond the Palmer. I shouldn't think you'd know about Yellaroi. It's a new rush. A lot of the Charter's Towers and Palmer riff-raff went there. A rowdy set. Not the sort of place for a man with a quick temper."

He stopped abruptly, the grey iris of his eyes seemed to become all black pupil. The fell look in his eyes fascinated and half frightened her. . . . and then, as if divining the impression in her mind, he

turned on her with a peculiarly sweet smile.

"Of course," he said, "ladies don't know much about that rough kind of life."

"We have to know—sometimes," answered Susan, and her face, too, clouded slightly. "Australia is full of contrasts," she said.

"Contrasts—yes," and he looked at her again and there was a pause. "Australia is a queer sort of place," he went on in a half ruminative, half impetuous manner. "It seems to bring out all the worst and all the best in a man. I don't know any other place like it, and I've seen a good many in different parts of the globe. Here, especially on the diggings, it's as if a company of angels and devils mixed were playing roulette with souls instead of five-franc pieces, and the boss croupier who turns the wheel of destiny goes on turning without a smile or a frown. '*Le jeu est fait. . . Messieurs faites vos jeux,*' nothing more, and the souls are raked in just as they rake in the louis at Monte Carlo, and the turn is over. But I suppose you don't know anything about gambling?"

"Not that sort."

"No! Out here it's cattle and sheep, and gold-reefs that are the counters, and bank managers, directors and police magistrates are the croupiers. But all the same, souls are the real stakes, and angels and devils the players—with the President of the Immortals, as the old Greeks put it, looking on, and supposed to see fair play. But he doesn't—especially on the diggings."

The man gave a wild little laugh and it struck Susan that perhaps he had got a touch of the sun, or had stopped at a bush shanty and drunk more than was good for him. But he didn't look like that—like the shanty at least. His skin, weather-hardened as it was, seemed too healthy and his eyes were too clear. The man read her thoughts.

"Forgive me. Of course I've no right to speak like that. But when one walks for hours over spinnifex plains and through gidya scrub, with an empty waterbag—and then comes on this sort of thing." His glance from the dainty figure of the girl to the comfortable homestead was eloquent.

"You are thirsty," she said quickly.

"Oh no, thanks; I stopped at the water-hole and got a drink. I don't know how I came to forget my waterbag at Boomerang Flat. A filled waterbag is heavy to carry when one is on the track. The fact is," he added, with another reckless look at her, and widening of his curiously bright grey eyes, "the devils got the best of the game at Yellaroi diggings—as far as I was concerned anyhow. I had to clear out—stony-broke, and worse." He muttered the two last words almost under his breath. "I'd only just enough left to buy a passage in the steamer to Bowen. And that's how I came to be without a horse, and wanting to do a job for my tucker."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she murmured confusedly, and the bunch of big keys jingled in her nervous hands. She knew that the man's eyes were on them, and when now he said "I'm afraid I'm keeping you," she guessed that he was hungry, and that he was talking in that wild fashion just to keep the "wolf in him from barking."

"If you liked, the Chinaman could give you some cooked meat or whatever there is ready," she began awkwardly. "I mean, it would save you trouble perhaps."

"You are very kind—very, very kind—but I'd rather boil my own billy, and make my damper. A handful of flour and a pinch of sugar and tea, and perhaps a bit of meat—may I trespass on your charity to that extent?"

She moved to the door, which was fastened by an iron padlock. The tramp followed in her steps, and two of the old dogs got up, yapped feebly, sniffed at his trousers, let him pat their nozzles and retired. Clearly the dogs' verdict was in the tramp's favour. A good sign thought Susan, who was fond of dogs and believed in the discerning instinct of animals. Black Bella got up too, flung away the sardine tin that she had been licking and renewed her whine:

"Gib it, *lil* fella bit of tobacco, Mithsis."

Susan felt sure from the gleam in the tramp's eyes that he too would like "*lil* fella bit of tobacco" and she resolved to go beyond the store rules and give him some—if he would take it.

The Narrawan store was like most stores on bush stations out back—a dingy

slabbed-in place having a window giving on the verandah, cut in the slabs with iron netting across the aperture and with inside shutters. These resisted her efforts, and the tramp unfastened them, letting the light stream in upon a counter where were scales and weights, a long narrow store book, and an office ink-pot. Beside the counter was a great wooden bin divided into compartments for flour and three kinds of sugar—the black ration sort, a lighter kind and soft white. There was a compartment for tea also, in which were two qualities in their zinc-lined chests. Against the end wall of the store, sacks of flour were piled almost to the rafters, and there were sticky mats of ration sugar, bags of rice, oatmeal, bran and such-like goods. Along another side stood barrels and kegs, unopened cases, drums of tobacco, tubs of dried apples and coarse raisins and currants. In a corner apart, were a number of tins of kerosene. The other walls had rows of shelves, with an assortment of men's clothing, rolls of calico and shirting, blankets, stuff for saddle-cloths and saddle linings, printed cottons and so on. On another shelf were canned goods, jams, pickles, sauces, the usual bush delicacies, and there was a collection of hardware, of saddlery, station implements; and just above the counter and flour bin, shelves devoted to choicer foods used in the house, and different luxuries, among them a stack of cigar boxes, one of which was opened on the counter, Mr. Galbraith having helped himself from it yesterday morning. On a shelf in a corner where cobwebs hung like witches' tatters, and a bloated tarantula lay in wait for unwary insects, were dusty bottles of embrocation—Farmers' Friend, Stevens' Red Blister, Carbohc, sweet nitre and various medicaments common on cattle and sheep stations. The place was very dirty, for this season there was no time for it to be cleaned. Susan lifted her white skirts and tucked them close round her so that they should not be soiled and then proceeded to scoop out the flour from the bin.

She weighed the customary "men's ration"—a larger allowance than it was usual to give a casual tramp—while the man went outside to fetch his ration bags.

He reddened uncomfortably as she tilted the flour from the scale into his bag.

"I am not sure whether you understood," he said. "I don't want....I can't buy a week's rations."

"Please don't trouble," said Susan hastily. "I expect you will be staying on, and if so you will need the extra ration."

He tied up the bags one by one. "I hope that I may have the opportunity to repay your goodness," he said. "At any rate I'm ready to work out the debt in any way that your father chooses."

He waited while she made her entry in the store book. Black Bella at the door pleaded again:

"One lil fella bit of tobacco, Mithsis."

Susan cut an inch or two from a fig and threw it to the gin who fell back with a grateful "Budgery you, Misse Susan!" And then an impulse at which she was half frightened made Susan hold out the box of cigars to the tramp.

"Won't you take two or three?"

A strange look came into the man's face—he drew his breath in a gasp, as if she had hurt him, and she went red and her hand faltered. But he recovered himself at once and accepted the cigars as simply as a guest might have done. He took two and put them in his pocket.

"Thank you; you are giving me a treat. It is a long time since I have sampled a good cigar." Then he bowed to her as if she was an empress, waited for her to pass out, and after he had followed her, turned to affix the padlock so that she could lock the door without difficulty. He stepped down from the verandah and was walking towards his swag, but she stopped him.

"There's the meat store. I will give you a piece of beef."

He bowed again. "I am very much obliged to you."

They went to the meat-house—another dark room with a wooden shutter across the window and a sickly smell of brine from the great casks on either side of the still-yards. Everything was moist with salt, but the floor, the table and blocks were scrupulously clean. Susan eyed the meat cask with a shiver of distaste, and stood apart from it.

"Would you mind getting out a piece of meat and weighing it?" she said.

Rolling up his sleeves he plunged his arm into the brine and presently brought up a small bit of inferior quality, which he hooked on the stillyards, telling her the weight. This time he did not protest that it was not his due. She entered the weight in the meat book and went out, he again pulling the door to after her, locking it and handing her the bunch of keys. He doffed his hat once more, and taking his swag under his arm while he carried the rations and the meat with the other hand, he made his way to Ah Hong and enquired which was the men's hut.

Ah Hong smiled blandly and pointed first in the direction of the stockyard which was some little way down the hill and where the black boy was penning the milkers—then to a bark-roofed hut beyond the sliprails, near the lagoon.

The tramp walked briskly away, and Susan Galbraith went back into the house.



CHAPTER II

THE CALL OF HOPE

THE second Mrs. Galbraith came from the bathroom under the house with the baby under one arm and the boy of four under the other. Polly, the small girl—a weedy thing with solemn dark eyes and a bulging forehead, wet hair plaited into rats' tails and a nightdress much too short to cover her thin legs, followed, dragging a bath towel on the verandah boards. The water from the bath below made a noise as it ran off, and Mrs. Galbraith perceived a little stream pouring down a bricked-in drain beside the verandah steps. She gave the boy under her arm a half-playful shake which scattered the drops from his carrotty curls and made the baby utter a fretful cry.

"There now, Jack. Sure I knew you were up to mischief. To go and pull up the plug when you know I promised Dad that I'd save every drop of water for the flower beds. Next time you shall *bogey* in the water-hole, and if you're not good, the Bunyip will take you. And now you've just got to go to bed for it's fair worn out

with you that I am." Jack howled and little Polly remarked with an air of pre-natural wisdom:

"Mine think it plenty rain come up when kooraji-men come back from their walk-about."

Mrs. Galbraith laughed. "Goodness grant it. But just listen to the child with her black talk. You'll be a gin yourself, Polly, if you go letting Charlotte take you so much to the blacks' camp. All the same, I do wish that Charlotte, and the kooraji-men with her, would come back from their walk-about in the bush," she added wearily. "I'd sooner have a black nurse than none at all."

"Mine think it," pursued Polly in her quaint imitation of the aboriginal vernacular, "Charlotte no come back for plenty long time, because Debil-debil sit down close-up along-a Narrawan."

"Who told you Debil-debil sit down along-a Narrawan?" questioned Susan, who was collecting native legends for literary purposes. "And what for does he sit down here?"

"Debil-debil always sit down where black fellow go bong," sapiently returned Polly. "Old fella brother belonging to Charlotte, he go bong along-a-camp. Blackfellow yan along-a Wooral country. No rain come until Debil-debil go away and blacks come back again."

"Well now, and where did you get all that yabber from?" asked Mrs. Galbraith.

"Oora," promptly replied the child. "All the blacks talk to Oora. One old Kooraji woman give Oora a shark's tooth for a charm, because she say Oora go across Big Water where plenty shark sit down. No shark ever bite Oora."

"Yes, I know," put in Susan. "The blacks gave the charm to Oora when she used to go bathing along the coast at Bundan. Oora never was frightened of sharks. She always said it was because of the blacks' charm."

"I'm sure I wish Oora or Polly had got a charm against the drought," said Mrs. Galbraith, "for the Dad is that worried about it and the cattle, he's getting quite cross. Goodness, it seems as if Debil-debil had got a down on the water to-day, for there's Jack gone and upset the can in the nursery!"

She ran along the verandah pushing Polly before her, as the noise of clattering tin and another dribble of water along the boards told of a fresh catastrophe. Susan remained dreamily gazing at the sunset, which made the western sky look like burnished copper and confirmed the blacks' disagreeable prognostications. From the nursery wing came sounds of a tussle and a renewal of the baby's fretful wail. Presently, Mrs. Galbraith re-appeared, hot and towzled, rocking the baby in her arms.

"I do wish Charlotte would come back from her walk-about," she said again. "Of course it's all nonsense about Debil-debil. The blacks are off for a corroboree. If it wasn't for the drought coming on and this mustering business, I'd insist on your father getting me up a nurse from Bowen. Three children and the dairy are too much for one pair of hands. When Oora was here it was different. She did help a bit with the children."

Mrs. Galbraith paced the verandah hushing the baby against her breast.

Susan was conscious of a reproachful glance cast upon herself.

"It's no use looking at me, Patsy; I'm not Oora and never shall be," she said with a good-humoured laugh. "You know, dear, I gave warning that if I were expected to act nurse or governess to my half-brother and sisters, there'd be a revolt of the step-daughter."

"Oh, I don't expect anything from you, Su, but to be a sort of example of prettiness and fine manners," returned Patsy with equal good humour. "And I'm sure that's enough of trouble for anybody in the bush—to say nothing of writing poetry and practising the piano and going in for prize competitions. We hadn't the chance of such an education in my day. It's all right there should be butterflies as well as bees. And so long as you keep your Dad happy and satisfied——"

"Dad is quite satisfied with me," put in Susan with calm assurance.

"Yes, he's quite satisfied, and I'm glad of it. He likes his music of evenings, and he wrote poetry too—once." There was a wistful note in Mrs. Gal-

braith's voice, but the honest soul was above mean jealousy and Susan knew that. Mrs. Galbraith had never grudged her stepdaughters any of their advantages. "All the same," she went on, "it does seem rather a pity you shouldn't have been the one to go to England instead of Oora—except that you're so much more to your father than Oora is. And yet," she added, "you don't take after your mother."

"No, I don't take after my mother," replied Susan. "I'm like my grandmother—Lady Susan Galbraith. Isn't it a pretty name, Patsy?"

"It's the same as ours."

"Only it has 'Lady' before it. I'm not a snob, I hope, yet I'm glad I've got some blue blood in my veins, and I'm very proud of taking after my grandmother. Dad often talks to me about her. She was beautiful and accomplished and a poetess and a musician."

"Yes, I know." Mrs. Galbraith sighed as if the burden of Lady Susan's past beauty and accomplishments weighed somewhat heavily on her soul. She herself did not answer in any way to the description Susan had given of Duncan Galbraith's lady mother. The second Mrs. Galbraith was of Irish parentage—she had been Patricia Cassidy, a bush superintendent's daughter—with the Irish eyes and the Irish complexion, which were both spoiled now by sandy blight and the Australian sun. Two good points, however, remained to her—sound white teeth, flashing, when she laughed, between full, rather coarse lips, and pretty curly hair that escaped untidily from its fastenings. Her figure had coarsened with years and child-bearing, though of her numerous offspring, only the three youngest had survived an epidemic of Dengue fever.

"Yes, I know," she repeated. "Your father used to talk to me about his mother when we were first married. He gave it up after a bit. I suppose he found that Lady Susans and Patsy Cassidys didn't hang together. It seems, Su, as if you were all that was left of Lady Susan to please him and remind him of his grand days. Oora's like her mother, I'm told, and your mother didn't hang with Lady

Susan any more than I do—eh? She was like me—a bit of a bushwhacker."

Susan stiffened slightly and answered with some tartness, but in quite a well-bred tone:

"I don't think our mother was at all like you, Patsy, though she was brought up in the bush. Of course I don't remember her, but she was part Spanish. Oora is like her. You can see the Spanish blood in Oora," replied Susan.

"Oora isn't pretty like you, but she's fascinating. That's where she has the pull," said Patsy. "I expect your mother was fascinating."

"And perhaps not as pretty as you were, Patsy," magnanimously conceded Susan.

"Yes, I was pretty. You mightn't think so now—after blight and Dengue and roughing it as I've done. And the Dad was fairly in love with me, Su," proclaimed Mrs. Galbraith with innocent pride. "He asked me three times before I accepted him. Nobody can say that I jumped the fence..... And when all's said and done—Lady Susan or not—I'm certain he wouldn't go back on it now if he could. He always says that for a bush wife I couldn't be beaten."

Susan smiled with sweet condescension. "Patsy, dear, if you didn't indulge so inordinately in babes, you'd be the best stockman on the district. And you can tally up a muster and keep the station books and reel off the pedigrees of horses and bulls, and sort wool samples like any trained overseer."

"Now you talk as if you despised the bush, Susie, and in your heart I believe you do, though you're always saying it's so romantic."

"So it is, and I adore the bush—from the artistic point of view. I see things in the bush that you, dear thing, haven't a notion of."

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, the Genius of it—the Spirit of the bush."

"And what's that like, Su?" asked Patsy.

"A sort of weird, mis-shapen, primeval monster that looks at you from out of the gum trees and the gidya scrub with eyes that have the whole melancholy bur-

den of creation in their depths," answered Susan dreamily.

"Goodness, you are clever, Susie! Fancy getting ideas like that about the old gum trees! Though I declare that wherever I was I'd never be happy without the smell of the gum leaves."

"And then the romance of the bush," Susan went on; "the adventures, the pathos, the tragedies. And oh, Patsy, there was one here this afternoon."

"What? A tragedy?"

"Yes. A tramp; a man who came to ask for a ration. Such a handsome man! I'm absolutely certain he was a gentleman. I should think he must have been a university man. He talked about the old Greeks and Monte Carlo...talked about them and the Diggings."

Mrs. Galbraith looked puzzled.

"The old Greeks and Monte Carlo...And the Diggings?"

"Of course there's no connection—in one sense. It was the way he talked—the idea....It was like my Spirit of the bush. He spoke of the Wheel of Destiny and of the President of the Immortals looking on while angels and devils—at the Diggings—played with men's souls for their stakes."

"My word! Are you sure he wasn't a bit touched?"

"No, no—he was quite sane—only fate-driven, despairing; his whole life a tragic failure. I could see that it was terrible to him to beg for food. And I noticed how he looked at the house and at—at everything."

Susan had been going to say "at me" but checked herself.

"I knew," she went on, "that he was just thirsting for refinement, and civilization. I'd have liked to play to him. I'd have liked to read Browning to him—"

"I expect he'd rather have a good dinner," observed Mrs. Galbraith, eyeing Susan shrewdly. "Ah Hong might have given him a bit of cooked meat with some vegetables."

"I offered it him and he said he'd rather boil his own billy and make his damper. But I did a dreadful thing, Patsy—I gave him two of Dad's cigars."

"I bet that's just what Duncan himself would have done. Ah, you're tar-

marked with Lady Susan—the two of you. I would have let him have a twist of tobacco; it would have lasted him longer."

"And he'd have hated you. You should have seen how he looked—at the cigars."

"Oh! at the cigars!"

"Patsy, didn't Dad say he was wanting somebody to herd the weaners or look after Iron Bark Bore?"

"He wouldn't put a *sundowner* at that."

"The man says he's a good hand at cattle. He was at Yellaroi Diggings and lost everything."

"He couldn't have had much." Mrs. Galbraith tenderly removed her infant from one arm to the other. "There, I think she's really off. I'll lay her in her cot," and she carried off the baby to the nursery, but returned presently to the verandah where Susan was swinging herself again in the hammock and exclaimed excitedly:

"Your Dad's at the sliprails. I saw him from the children's window talking to that tramp. What a queer thing! Perhaps he's going to give the man a job. You were quite right, Susan; he does look like a gentleman."

Susan ran to the end of the verandah from which she had had her first view of the tramp. She could see her father quite plainly in that wonderfully ethereal light which lasts for perhaps quarter of an hour after the sun sets, before night drops her curtain with the startling suddenness common to Australia. Duncan Galbraith was a fine-looking, lean old man with a reddish-grey beard, sitting his big tired chestnut as if he were a part of the animal. Boss and bushman were written on every line of him. He had his stockwhip coiled over one shoulder, the end of it trailing on the ground, and now he raised it and gave a reverberating crack of the thong which set the dogs at the head station barking, roused up the children and brought Tommy George, the black boy, running out to take his master's horse. Mr. Galbraith seemed, however, in no hurry. He was talking to the stranger, who now took out some papers from his pouch and

handed them up to the horseman. Mr. Galbraith read the papers, and after some apparently slight discussion, returned them to the tramp. Susan heard her father call out with an air of finality as he spurred the chestnut to a walk: "All right. That seems good enough. Come along up to the house," and the tramp followed him, stepping briskly up the slope till the two disappeared round the kitchen building. Presently Susan ran through to the back verandah where Mrs. Galbraith stood already greeting her "old man," as she called him, in her twangy Australian accents, flavoured with just a suspicion of the brogue.

"And how are you, Duncan? . . . And have you got the cattle all right?"

Mr. Galbraith had dismounted and was shewing the black boy a sore place on the chestnut's wither. "You, Tommy George, pour little drop of water long-a that fella sore," said he, and turned to his wife.

"How are you, Patsy, old girl? Kid-dies all right? We've had a job with the cattle. I've come back for rations and an extra hand for the weaners. . . . Hulloo, Susie, my dear! All right—eh? Look here, fetch the grog into the office verandah—two glasses. And you, Wolfe, come inside for a minute, will you, and have a nip?"

Wolfe! So that was the tramp's name. Susan saw him leaning in his proud, dejected attitude against the palings. He came slowly forward at Mr. Galbraith's address and waited at the verandah steps. Susan brought the decanter of whiskey from the dining-room, with water and glasses, and put the tray on a table against the partition wall of the lean-to at the end of the back verandah. The office was in the lean-to, and through the open door could be seen a desk with a copying press beside it, and the station ledgers and log. When her husband was away Mrs. Galbraith filled in the log. The door into the parlour, which was in the middle of the house from front to back, stood open too, and again Susan noticed the longing gleam in the tramp's eyes as they glanced towards the pretty rooms with their open French windows on to the garden, muslin curtains,

cool chintzes, books, flowers, and in one, the open piano. He took off his battered felt hat at sight of her, and she felt they were already old acquaintances and that he was grateful to her, though of course she had nothing to do with his engagement as odd hand. For she was sure that her father had engaged the sundowner; probably he had been, like herself, attracted to him at the onset, impulsiveness being a quality father and daughter had in common. She knew, too, that the taking of a "nip" was the usual ratification of an agreement in Australia.

"Come along, Wolfe. Patsy, this is James Wolfe—going to let him help herd the weaners, and if he shapes, he can have a try at the Iron Bark Bore. You remember Murrell of Goondi, on the Burdekin. Wolfe was with Murrell at one of his bores. Got a recommendation from him. Let's see—how long did you say it was since you were with Mr. Murrell, Wolfe?"

"Just a year, sir." He brought out the last word with a certain unaccustomedness.

"Then went off in the rush to Yellaroi. Not much of a diggings, eh?"

"There's gold—plenty of it, I believe, in the ranges behind Yellaroi," replied the man in a reticent manner.

"Is there? I wonder, as you were on the spot, that you didn't try your luck. But it's hard graft fossicking. . . . I tried it myself once, and came to the conclusion that there's more to be made out of sheep and cattle. Claim at Yellaroi turned out no good, I suppose?"

"It was disappointing," replied the man in the same reserved tone.

"Ah—well, I always say that in the ordinary rushes, except for perhaps one man in a hundred, it's only John Chinaman who can make a living off a goldfield, and John Chinaman would make a living—and my word! a good one too—off a patch of poison bush. Well, it's settled then, Wolfe. I engage you for a week to see how you shape—£1 a week and rations. To-morrow, I'll start you with the weaners. Here's a nip on it. Good luck to you.

Mr. Galbraith handed the man a stiff peg. "Water? Glad to see you don't

take it neat. Snake-juice is the devil in the bush."

Mr. Galbraith drank his own peg standing. Wolfe put a good dash of water with his. He raised his glass and looked at his new master, the dark flush that mounted to his forehead showing dully in the twilight. "Thank you. I'm very much obliged—sir."

Mr. Galbraith remarked that he jibbed at the "sir," and laughed in the hearty, tolerant way that made him so popular with his hands—perhaps all the more so because every one of them knew that, as they put it, he was "game to draw out a revolver on any cove what gave him sauce."

"Hey! not used to being bossed. But I take no cheek, mind. By the way—d'y'e know the Palmer diggings?"

The man hesitated again. Dusk was falling rapidly, yet the red flush on his face seemed to deepen as he answered:

"I was there for a short time lately."

"I suppose you didn't happen to come across my—" It was now Mr. Galbraith's turn to hesitate. "You haven't met a digger of my name, have you—Galbraith—Henry Galbraith?"

"No," replied the tramp. "I've never known anybody called Galbraith on the diggings or elsewhere."

"Ah—well—it doesn't matter. Good night, Wolfe. You've got your rations, you say? Well, you can shake down at the hut. We make a pretty early start tomorrow. I must see what horse I can give you. Don't mind a bit of a spieler—eh?"

"I'm a good hand at horses," replied the stranger.

"That's all right. Here, Tommy-George. You fetch up yarraman when sun get up—the Outlaw, mine think it, for this fellow Wolfe."

"Yowi, Massa." Tommy George had sneaked up in hope of a nip, and Mr. Galbraith poured one for him into a panikin that hung on a nail beside the store keys. Wolfe, lifting his hat, went away, and Mr. Galbraith retired into the house for a bath, and by-and-by, reappeared a clean red giant in white drill and a cummerbund. Polly and Jacky were cuddled by their Dad and allowed to sit up for dinner which Ah Hong brought in. Mrs. Galbraith had put on a lace cap with

cherry-coloured ribbons, and Susan was in white muslin, a cluster of yellow allamandas in her bodice where it opened and showed her pretty neck. She had a dreamy look of suppressed excitement and did not say much at dinner, which was enlivened mainly by the children's chatter and the cattle talk between the two elders. Her father's eyes followed her in an adoring way. It was evident that to him she represented the ideal of grace and beauty. Later, he exclaimed with a jerk of feeling in his voice:

"I wish I could have collared a portrait I remember of my mother that was sold up with the house. It was painted when she was a girl. I'd like to have compared you with it, Su. That short-waisted frock thing and the yellow flowers made me think of it. I remember it as a boy long before I ever came out to Australia."

He pulled out his pipe and leaned back in the squatter's chair, puffing reflectively. Susan stopped her gentle motion of the hammock and going behind him, dropped a kiss upon his damp head. She had pretty ways of that kind, but her caresses were always given in sedate, reticent fashion.

"I wonder what the poor old mother would say if she could see you," he went on. "You're the dead image of her, Su. I'm thankful I stuck out for her name for you—Susan—instead of Juanita or Manuela, or something outlandish of the sort that your mother wanted to call you. She had her way with Oora though—gave her a black's name that struck her fancy. She was very romantic—your poor mother."

"Like me—like Oora—and like you, Father."

"Am I romantic? I suppose I am. I felt I was to-day when I engaged that sundowner chap. What in the Lord's name made you give him a week's rations, Su?"

"I don't know. Because he seemed hungry. Because I had an intuition that he would stop on."

"I shouldn't wonder if he did, though I don't cotton to seedy gentlemen as a rule—or run-down diggers." There was a pause. "I thought perhaps he might have come across Harry. You know the

last I heard was that he had gone from Charters' Towers to the Palmer."

Susan was silent. Her brows contracted and a curious hard look came over her face as she stared out into the night—the look of a woman touched on a raw place that she had wanted to forget. She had been devoted to her twin brother—until he had disgraced them all—had stolen money from the bank at Wooralpa, where as a mere lad he had been placed by the kindness of the manager, "to get some notion of business hammered into him," as his father said. The money was repaid and proceedings stopped, but all the country knew of the lad's misdeed, and that was chiefly the reason why old Galbraith had given up his coast station. Harry ran away with a travelling circus company and afterwards took to the diggings. He never wrote home, and for some time now, his people had heard nothing of him.

Galbraith made an impatient sound in his throat as if choking down a painful subject, and went back quickly to Wolfe.

"The fellow was smoking a cigar outside the men's hut and enjoying it like an epicure. I said, 'What the deuce are you doing down here at the men's huts?' Then he said he wanted a job, and we got into talk and I found he'd been at Murrell's. He was breaking in young horses and looking after a bore there; but I couldn't get much else out of him, or find out how it was that he'd come down in the world. Then I thought of Harry and offered him the job. I'd like to know who gave him that cigar."

"I did, Dad. They were yours. I gave him two."

"The deuce you did! I say, Su, you know I can't leave you here to store-keep at this rate of liberality. What did you do it for?"

"Because of the look in his eyes when I threw black Bella a bit of tobacco; I could see he was longing for a smoke, and I guessed that a good cigar would be the greatest treat in the world to him."

"That was clear. But I don't see why you should have given him my cigars."

"Because I'm romantic and impulsive, Dad—like you. And my grandmother was romantic and impulsive too."

"That's true—on the two counts. There's a bit of the Irish Celt mixed up with the canny Scot in me somehow. You've got romance and sentiment from both sides, Su—and so has Oora. Only her romance is different from yours. The one thing you're alike in is that you'll go nose to the ground—each of you—to get your own way. Sometimes I wonder what sort of almighty ructions would happen if you both set your hearts on the same thing."

"That isn't likely, Dad."

"No—for it's true that the two of you might have been born out of different nests. Oora's got more go and spirit in her. She's the one to tackle a colt bare-back, swim a creek that's bank and bank, take a header that most folks would want to do in a diving bell, and, by George! pull out a knife if anybody insulted her. But you're a tender bit, lassie Su. It's moonlight and flowers for you, and running creeks, and the sort of poetry that takes me back to the Gaelic."

TO BE CONTINUED



When Dobson Spoke

By *LOTTIE MACNIVEN*



EVERYTHING in and around the large departmental store bespoke prosperity. The polished floors, the shining walls and show cases, the trim clerks and the magnificent goods so lavishly displayed, all told the same tale.

The young shop-walker, taking his morning round, glanced in each direction with an expression of pleased contentment upon his strong, handsome face. He had reason to feel at peace with himself and the world in general. Few men at his age occupied so responsible and lucrative a position, and above and before all other sources of happiness was the fact that he was in love with one of the most beautiful girls in the city, and had every reason to believe his deep love for her to be returned. There could be no doubt whatever about her beauty. Face and figure were almost perfect, and not the faintest suspicion ever crossed his mind that beneath the lovely exterior rested a vain and shallow nature. In his eyes her beauty was only a mantle for the pure, unsullied spirit. An orphan, she lived with a widowed aunt in a quiet, but most highly respectable suburb of the city, and added to her personal charms a good education and a rich contralto voice, which had been fairly well trained.

No wonder then that the world seemed bright to him as he attended to his daily duties, but one queer idea would keep intruding itself upon his thoughts. Ever since he had first become acquainted with Alice Marsh, it had seemed to him that Dobson, the head bookkeeper, was constantly watching him. At first he thought it was only imagination, but the feeling increased as time passed.

The large establishment in which George Lambert was employed, was different from many others in being owned by one man instead of belonging to a company. Forty years previous, Charles Henderson had started business in a small store with one clerk, and a book-

keeper—Dobson—and the venture had steadily prospered till he found himself now one of the most wealthy merchants in the city, with a couple of hundred employees. During these years Dobson had occupied the same position of head bookkeeper. The advancement in salary which came to him according to the firm's prosperity, made no change in his appearance, or in his manner of living. He was just the same plain, silent man who went in and out, year after year, like a machine, seeming to have no interest in life beyond the books of Mr. Henderson's business.

Between his employer and himself there appeared to be perfect confidence, but he had no dealings with the employees. They were paid by cheque, and as things always went like clock-work, and irregularities never occurred, there was no necessity to refer to him. Among the clerks who had been in the employment of the firm for some years he was called the Antiquary, or Rip Van Winkle. They declared positively that he had worn the same coat for twenty years, as although always scrupulously neat in his dress, he was always shabby. Some of the younger clerks were not aware that such a person existed. He usually left the office by a side entrance, seemingly wishing to avoid intercourse with anyone.

Within the last few months his habits had changed somewhat. He passed back and forwards through the main store going to and from his lunch. He even made apparently unnecessary trips through the building, and always managed to meet George Lambert. Sometimes Dobson spoke in passing, at other times he went by without the slightest recognition, but Lambert could not shake off the idea that he was being watched. This feeling of surveillance caused him no annoyance; it seemed almost a source of protection, which gradually increased.

It became so strong at last that one evening he asked Miss Marsh if she knew Mr. Henderson's bookkeeper, Mr. Dob-

son, and she replied that she had never seen or heard of such a person. Then she wished to know why he asked her about him, and Lambert replied that Dobson was rather a peculiar man, and managed to change the conversation.

After that, Miss Marsh would often laughingly ask how Dobson was getting along. On one occasion she inquired about him while her aunt was in the room, and Lambert imagined that Mrs. Warner gave an almost imperceptible start at the mention of the name. If, however, such was the case, she gave no further sign of having noticed the conversation. She was in one way almost as quiet as Dobson himself, though in many respects a most superior woman.

A few evenings later, as Lambert was accompanying Miss Marsh home from a concert, they met three slightly hilarious young men, one of whom was Mr. Henderson's only son. The rays from an arc light flashed upon Lambert and his companion as they passed the trio, and Frank Henderson sprang forward for a second look, calling out: "By Jove, the Governor's shop-walker. Wonder where the deuce he got the little beauty?"

With tingling cheeks and clenched hand Lambert hurried his companion home, although it was difficult for him to avoid turning back in his rage. The girl was frightened and said very little about the occurrence. Lambert was allowing himself to cool down concerning it when a few evenings later, as he was going to Mrs. Warner's house, he was joined by Frank Henderson.

"Halloo, Lambert!" was his greeting, as he swung easily into step. "Going down to see the little beauty? Who is she anyway, and where does she hang out?"

Lambert's eyes were fairly blazing but he managed to control himself.

"She is the young lady to whom I am engaged," he said. "I expect to make her my wife before long, and if you cannot speak of her in a very different tone from your present one, kindly do not speak of her at all."

Young Henderson drew back in blank surprise. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I never dreamed of such a thing. I deeply regret having spoken as I did, but

no one could help being struck with her beauty, and we fellows who go the pace forget ourselves sometimes. Will you forgive me, and allow me to congratulate you?"

The voice in which he spoke was so sincere that Lambert relaxed.

Frank was a handsome, agreeable young fellow, who, after leaving college, had travelled for a year before settling down to the practice of law. A proud, overbearing mother, whose one weakness was the love she bore her only child, had done her best to ruin him, and had succeeded in convincing him that whatever he desired should be his. Although he had gone the pace to a certain extent, the natural gentlemanliness inherited from his father had not been entirely lost, and for the time being he really was sincere in speaking to Lambert.

Before many days his selfishness asserted itself, and the desire to meet the girl returned so strongly that he soon managed to secure an introduction. Once introduced, he treated her with the greatest deference, and while allowing his great admiration to show itself very plainly, cautioned her in a casual manner not to mention his name to Mrs. Warner or to young Lambert.

"He would be desperately jealous," he said in his soft voice, as they walked slowly along a quiet avenue one afternoon, when she was supposed by her aunt to be out with a girl friend. "Of course, I do not blame him for that," he added in a tone which caused the lovely bloom in the girl's cheeks to deepen. "How could he possibly help it? But he should not be too selfish."

So, led on by her vanity, the girl continued to meet him during the day for a couple of weeks, and things were going exactly as he desired, till one day, coming out of a fashionable restaurant with her, he almost collided with Dobson. The old man gave not the slightest sign of recognition, but when Frank went out on the following day to meet Miss Marsh, she was not at the appointed place. Nor was she to be seen upon the day following, nor upon any succeeding day. The only glimpse he got of her was once in the company of her aunt.

During their short acquaintance he had

fallen madly in love with her, and that he, who had never been denied his every desire, should be thwarted in this manner was simply unbearable. He thought her aunt must have seen them upon that last day, and be preventing her from coming out, but he never for one moment connected Dobson with her non-appearance.

He haunted the street upon which she lived for a week and then wrote to her. The letter was a passionate declaration of love, urging her to fly with him from those who were oppressing her, to the high position she would so ably fill.

Upon the day that the letter was posted, he received a typewritten note stating that a man who wished to see him upon private and most urgent business would call at his rooms that evening at nine o'clock. The wording of the note would scarcely permit of its being ignored, and in no particularly pleasant frame of mind he sat the same night awaiting the coming of Lambert, from whom he felt convinced the note had come.

When at nine precisely the bell rang and Dobson was ushered in, Frank's astonishment was unbounded. Still he did not connect his visitor with the note. He thought his father must have sent some message to him, and pushing forward a chair, requested his caller to be seated.

"Sit down, Dobson," he said in his most condescending manner. "I believe it is the first time you have honoured my den with your presence. Welcome to Bohemia. Nothing wrong with the pater, I hope?"

"No, Mr. Frank," Dobson answered quietly. "I will not sit down. It is better to state my business at once. I am a man of few words, and I have called to request you to discontinue your attentions to Miss Marsh."

Frank stood for one moment speechless with amazement. This from Dobson! Surely the old man was losing his senses. But how on earth did he know anything about the matter? Here was mystery with a vengeance.

When he found his voice, the words came quickly and sneeringly: "And what is Miss Marsh to you, pray, that you have the audacity to come to me in this manner?"

"I was sent here by Mrs. Warner, Miss Marsh's aunt, to tell you that, as her niece is to be married in a few weeks, there must be no further communication between you."

"Must!" again sneered Frank. "You infernal old idiot to dare use such a word to me! If it were not for your years I would kick you down stairs."

"Must is the word to be used," said Dobson. "Miss Marsh can never be anything to you. It would be better to accept the inevitable quietly."

His even tone increased the rage of the younger man. "What do you mean?" he said passionately. "What business is it of yours anyway? Are you any relation of the family?"

"I am a friend of Mrs. Warner. She is a widow, and consulted me in the matter. I am not acquainted with her niece."

"It seems to me that you take a terrible amount of interest in her then. Who is she anyway? I never inquired. She was beautiful enough to be taken without recommendation. Is she your own daughter?"—but there he paused, silenced in spite of himself by the look which had flashed into Dobson's eyes.

It seemed for a moment as if the elder man were struggling against himself, but the old, patient look came back as he said: "This scene must end. Will you consent to give up all thought of Miss Marsh, or shall I be obliged to speak to your father?"

Frank was still thinking of that look in Dobson's face, and the mention of his father's name completed his discomfiture. Mr. Henderson had every confidence in Dobson, and Frank did not wish to displease his father whom he both loved and respected. So perhaps he had better try to humour the old man.

"What is the matter with you, Dobson? Would I not make as good a husband as my father's shop-walker? I love the young lady and feel sure that she loves me. What reason is there to separate us?"

Dobson's eyes were like those of a doe with the dogs close at her heels. "I cannot tell you, Mr. Frank. Do not ask me. But, for the love of heaven, give it up. Do not make me speak to your father. I would rather die than speak to him."

"Then just mind your own business,

and do not speak to him, you blundering old donkey," was all the reply he got, as Frank's anger had risen again. So without another word the unwelcome visitor withdrew.

As soon as Mr. Henderson was seated in his private office the next morning, the door opened and Dobson entered. "Good morning, Dobson," Mr. Henderson said in his kind, gentlemanly manner. "Anything special this morning?"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson, I am obliged to speak to you upon a very disagreeable subject, and it is better to get it over as quickly as possible. You know young Lambert, your shop-walker?"

Mr. Henderson inclined his head. It was not necessary to speak, and Dobson evidently desired no interruption.

"He is to be married in a few weeks, but unfortunately your son has met and become attracted by the young lady, and is very likely to break up the engagement unless you prevent him. I spoke to him last night, but he would not listen. You can influence him, and you must tell him that it cannot be. This letter shows that I am not mistaken in what I am saying," and Frank's letter was in his father's hand.

Mr. Henderson read it through twice.

"It is a manly, outspoken letter, Dobson. Perhaps we should not interfere. She might be happier with him. It might be better for them both. I would not like to stand in the way of the welfare of my boy. I do not think he would choose foolishly. Do you know the young lady? Who is she?"

"Do not ask me, Mr. Henderson. I cannot tell you. Just use your influence with your son, for it must not be," and large drops stood on Dobson's forehead.

"I see what you mean," Mr. Henderson said kindly. "You are thinking of young Lambert. It certainly is hard upon him. But I cannot act in the dark regarding the matter. If you will tell me no more I must call upon the young lady."

Dobson was almost livid. "You do not understand," he gasped. "I am not thinking about young Lambert."

"Then what do you mean? You are acting very strangely. Who is the young lady?"

Mr. Henderson spoke almost coldly,

looking steadily at Dobson, whose eyes were on the floor, as he almost whispered: "I would give ten years of my life rather than tell you, but she is Mary Miller's daughter."

Mr. Henderson stood as if turned to stone. His face was awful to behold.

"You do not mean? You cannot possibly mean that," he burst forth in thick, muffled tones, but one look at Dobson's strained, pitying face showed plainly that the thing he feared was exactly what Dobson did mean.

"How has she lived?" he asked again, and the reply came quietly:

"She lives with her aunt, a sister of her mother's, and she has been well educated."

"By you? I understand all now. This is why you have gone through life looking like a tramp, and allowing all the clerks to call you a miser. Even I myself thought that when your salary was advanced you might have bought a new coat. It was not fair, Dobson. You might have let me help," and the tone was very bitter.

"How could I know you wished to help? And it would only have caused pain to bring the matter up; do not grudge me the pleasure of taking care of her. It was all I had to live for."

The faint complaint slipped from him almost unconsciously, and Mr. Henderson's tone was very tender as he said: "Yes, thanks to me, your life has been one long martyrdom, while I have lived off the fat of the land. But in one respect you had the easier part. You have been spared remorse, which is the worst punishment life can hold."

The silence which followed was difficult to break, but at last Dobson spoke with an effort. "You will see your son?"

"I will send for him immediately."

Frank Henderson was in his father's office in less than half an hour. The summons had been peremptory, and he had responded to it immediately. Mr. Henderson seemed to have aged during the past twenty-four hours. His voice even seemed changed, as rising he extended a piece of paper towards Frank saying: "This is, I believe, your letter?"

The change in his father had softened Frank, but the sight of the letter again

aroused his indignation, and an angry retort was on his lips.

"Stop, Frank, do not speak yet. There is nothing here to be ashamed of except your imprudence. The lady is, however, to be married shortly, and as an honourable man you must not think of her more."

"And what about my feelings? They, no doubt, come second to those of your shop-walker," said Frank bitterly. "This whole business is the work of that old, meddling Dobson," he continued passionately. "He has poisoned you against Miss Marsh. If you could only see her. She is the most beautiful girl in the world, and has the voice of an angel. What does that old idiot know about her? What is she to him? I asked him last night if he was her father."

"You asked Dobson if he was her father?" The words seemed to fall mechanically from Mr. Henderson's lips, as he stood grasping the back of a chair, and with the veins standing out upon his forehead like knotted cords. "What answer did he give you?"

"None," said Frank, thoroughly alarmed by his father's appearance. "What is the matter? I will give her up. I will do anything you wish, but for heaven's sake, father, do not look like that."

Mr. Henderson waved him back, saying in the same dead, passionless tone: "It is a wonder he did not tell you——" when the door opened and Dobson came quickly in.

At the sight of him, Mr. Henderson sank with a deep groan into a chair, where he sat with bowed head. And then for the first and last time in his life Dobson rose to the occasion.

"Do you see what you have done?" he blazed forth. "Are you satisfied with your work? If you are so dense as not yet to understand, at least have some mercy when you see what you have done for the man to whom you owe everything.

Will you go away now and trouble him no more?"

Frank stood as if paralysed. A dreadful thought had come to him. He remembered the look in Dobson's face last night. He would never forget his father's frozen stare. He was beginning to understand, but it was horrible. Something seemed to be suffocating him. The room was filled with it, someone was tightening it around his neck. He could not breathe, and a mist was in his eyes as he staggered towards the door.

Just there he paused and looked at Dobson. "Why did you try to save us? What is she to you?"

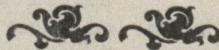
"Only the child of the woman I loved," said the tired, patient voice, from which all passion had now departed.

When the two men were left alone, Dobson stood beside his employer's chair, and a hand rested lightly upon the bowed head. The hand was clasped in two feverish ones and the head being raised revealed eyes into which a look of hope had come.

"Willie," said Mr. Henderson, "do you remember the first day I went to school, a little fellow with yellow curls, and how you thrashed Tom Sampson for calling me a baby? For the sake of those days, will you not let me help to make her happy?"

And Dobson's voice was tremulous as he said, "Yes, Charlie, we will help one another in memory of those old days."

George Lambert and his beautiful bride wondered at the cheque for ten thousand dollars which came to them on their wedding day from Mr. Henderson. In her own mind the bride thought Mr. Henderson's son had something to do with it, but, being wise in her generation, she kept the thought rigorously to herself. She was also highly pleased that her aunt should have a boarder and not be left entirely alone. Though it did seem strange that the person to fill the gap should be that antiquated Dobson.



After Weary Years

By MARGUERITE EVANS



LONG, long time ago, as the fairy tales say, I was spending the summer among the then largely unexplored regions of the Rocky Mountains with a party of prospectors—they in search of gold; I in search of that which is better than gold, yea, much fine gold—health. In the course of one of my rambles I came across a settlement which bore numerous marks of civilisation, although I saw no one around but Indians. I spoke to them in English, but with a very faint hope of being understood, and was much surprised at being answered in broad Scotch. I asked a great many questions, but the Indians were very uncommunicative; saying briefly that the “Doctor,” whom they seemed to regard as a very powerful and mysterious personage, had taught them to live and work like white men.

Who the “Doctor” was, I could not make out. When I asked where he lived, they pointed to a house larger and more elaborately built than the rest. When I asked if I could see him, they answered: “No! no! ye canna,” and seemed frightened. So I left them and returned to the camp, resolved, however, to not leave the neighbourhood until I had learned more of the mysterious personage called the “Doctor.”

Seated at the camp-fire that night, I related my adventure to the “sour-doughs” with whom I had cast in my lot. They exchanged significant glances, and the most talkative, carefully removing an enormous quid of tobacco from his mouth, said slowly: “So you’ve strayed into the camp of the Philistines, hev you, Doc.? Well, you kin thank your stars that the old duffer with the horns an’ hoofs didn’t git you in his clutches; an’ if you value that hide of yours, you’ll steer clear of him an’ them red imps of his; that’s all I have got to say.” And back went the quid of tobacco into his mouth and the oracle was dumb.

By dint of persistent questioning I

managed to elicit from the others the little that they knew. The Indian settlement, with its mysterious chief, had been there for a hundred years. I took this statement with several grains of salt. No one knew where they had come from. They refused to hold any communication with outsiders. They disposed of their produce and obtained supplies from no one knew where. It was said there was a church and school-house in the settlement, and that the “Doctor” preached and taught.

My curiosity, instead of being satisfied, was only rendered more keen by what I had heard; but I kept my own counsel, and next morning, as soon as I had made sure the miners were safely out of sight, I again set out for the mysterious settlement.

I found my way there without any difficulty, and was so fortunate as to reach the house in which the “Doctor” lived without meeting anyone. In response to my knock, a strong voice, with a decided Scotch accent, bade me come in. I entered not, I am ashamed now to confess, without some inward fear that I was entering a Bluebeard chamber, from whence I might presently emerge minus my head.

A strong odour of mingled tobacco smoke and whiskey was the first thing that greeted me; then a tall, muscular man, with long snowy hair flowing loosely about his shoulders and a snowy beard reaching almost to his waist, rose from a rude arm chair and looked at me in astonishment.

“I beg your pardon, sir, but what can I do for you? I thought it was one of the Indians who knocked,” he said, courteously enough, but with a somewhat forbidding look, after waiting a moment for me to speak.

“I must own to what really amounts to very little less than an impertinent curiosity, I am afraid,” I said, emboldened by seeing that the piercing, steely blue eyes under the heavy white eye-

brows had nothing mean or treacherous in their depths. "I am camping for a few weeks with some miners a few miles from here, and chancing to come across this settlement, was amazed to find the Indians not only living and dressing like civilised whites, but actually speaking Broad Scotch. I could gain no reliable information from outside parties, and so I came to the fountain head. I trust you will pardon me if I intrude."

"Will you kindly be seated, sir," said my strange host, after I had finished speaking, "and take some refreshment after your walk."

I sat down, and he proceeded to mix a couple of glasses of steaming toddy, one of which he handed to me with grave politeness. We pledged each other in silence. Then he gave me a pipe and some tobacco, saying briefly, "You smoke, I suppose?"

I judged it best to fall in with his mood and did not attempt to force conversation, and for at least an hour we sat and smoked, without exchanging a single word. Several times, on looking at him, I found his eyes fixed on me with a sort of sad curiosity, and when at last he spoke, I fancied his voice trembled.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are the first man of my own station in life to whom I have spoken in twenty years?"

I looked my surprise and pity, and he went on: "There are the miners, of course, but I do not encourage them to invade my domains," and he smiled somewhat disdainfully; and looking at his grand, rugged face and aristocratic bearing, I was forced to admit that miners were no fit companions for him. Still, was not a white man, however rude and ignorant, more companionable than an Indian?

He must have read my thoughts, for he said sadly: "I am as utterly alone as if I were on a desert island. I am a sort of deity to these simple savages by whom I am surrounded. I have lived with them here for twenty years, and taught them what I could, but as for educating them to be fit associates and congenial companions for cultivated white men, the thing is utterly impossible, in

this generation at least. There is no foundation on which to work, and without foundation, you know, no man can build. I have taught them to speak broad Scotch for the pleasure of hearing my native tongue; it is the only link which binds me to the chain of the past."

"But have you neither wife nor child?" I ventured to ask.

"No!" he thundered, with such angry vehemence that he startled me. "I have had neither wife nor child. I never shall have—God pity me! Never dare mention that subject to me again." He strode back and forth through the room with fierce, angry strides, looking, as I fancied, the prophets of old must have looked when denouncing the sins of the people. I felt that any words of apology I could utter would be quite inadequate to make amends for my ill-timed question, so held my peace.

"Forgive me," he said at last, stopping before me and holding out his hand. "There are some wounds which never heal, and you have inadvertently touched mine. You know the old rhyme, 'a shaft at random sent'; and now, will you go away please, I wish to be alone. But come again to-morrow and spend a few days with me. Sometime, perhaps, I may tell you my story," and with another warm shake of the hand he opened the door and bowed me out.

The friendship, so strangely begun, progressed rapidly. I went to see my new friend the next day, and remained with him for a week, but although he treated me with unvarying kindness, and gratified my curiosity to the fullest extent with regard to his present surroundings, even admitting me to the little church where, morning and evening, he conducted service with a rigid adherence to the old Scotch Covenant style, he wrapped himself and his past in a veil of impenetrable reserve which I dared not attempt to unfold.

On the last night of my stay, however, after we had smoked for a long time in silence, he asked abruptly, his piercing eyes noting closely every muscle of my face, "Do you believe me guilty of any crime?"

I was thankful, how thankful I cannot

say, to be able to answer promptly and truthfully, "No."

"Thank you," he said, huskily, and there were tears in his eyes as he gripped my hand fiercely and then paced the room for several minutes.

"You are right," he said at last, drawing his chair up close to mine and sitting down. "I have committed no crime, neither was I ever accused of committing one, unless it be that of loving a woman too well; but I will tell you the story of my life, although," with a sigh, "it is only the old one of *cherchez la femme*." Drawing a small case from his breast, where it hung suspended from his neck by a slender gold chain, he showed me the portrait of a lady exquisitely beautiful, and in the first bloom of youth.

I looked at it long and earnestly. The broad open brow, the clear grey eyes, and the sweet sensitive mouth, all spoke of truth. "She must be dead," I said at length; "a woman with a face like that could never be false."

"You are wrong, my friend," the doctor answered grimly, "she was a woman, and therefore false, false as hell itself. They are all that. God made them so. That woman," and he pointed to the portrait with a trembling finger, "was my affianced wife, bound to me by the most solemn and sacred promises. For twenty years she has been the wife of another man. I did not break faith with her, therefore the inference is obvious, is it not, she must have broken faith with me? But I will tell you my story," and gently taking the case from me, he replaced it on his breast, and began:

"I was born in the north of Scotland, as no doubt you are aware by my accent. My father was a factor on the estate of Laird Fraser, one of the oldest and largest estates in the country. I was his only child; but the laird had two children, a son and a daughter; the daughter is the original of the portrait.

"As children, the Frasers and I were always together, although the boy Colin and I never agreed, for he was tyrannical and overbearing, and would stop at nothing to get his own way; and many a time I received a sore head for protecting his gentle little sister from his rudeness. As

he grew older he was sent to England to complete his studies; and as I had always evinced a preference for drugs and bones and such things, I was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine.

"When I had completed my medical course I settled down, at the laird's own request, to practise with an old doctor in my native town. My father and the laird were more like brothers than master and servant, and my father and I were constantly at the hall.

"Lady Fraser and my mother had both been dead many years, and naturally, in a party of four, for Marjorie Fraser was at home, the elders paired off, leaving the younger ones to follow their example. The inevitable result followed. Marjorie and I confessed our love for each other, and were betrothed with the full consent of both our parents, for the laird had not a particle of pride about him, although class distinctions were much more strongly marked in those days than they are now; and a country doctor was, from a worldly point of view, a most unsuitable match for Miss Fraser of the hall.

"Then followed such perfect happiness as seldom falls to the lot of two mortals in this world; but it was not to last. My father and the laird died suddenly within a few weeks of each other. Colin Fraser came home to his father's funeral, and when informed of his sister's engagement to me burst into a perfect torrent of abuse, cursing me for a contemptible sneak and sycophant, who had ingratiated myself with an old man in his dotage, and a girl not out of her teens who had never seen anything of the world.

"But why need I lengthen out the miserable story. Marjorie met me secretly, because she could not meet me publicly. Her brother found it out and made it so unpleasant for me in my native town that I was obliged to leave it. Marjorie, with the help of her maid, managed to meet me and bid me 'goodspeed' and farewell—for I had determined to come to America in the hope of speedily amassing a fortune sufficient to justify me in making Marjorie my wife. She told me that her brother was determined to make her marry a young English nobleman to whom he owed immense sums of money; but she

gave me her most solemn promise that no man should ever call her wife but me. So I left her, and I never saw her again. I wrote every mail, but never received an answer, and at the end of a year a newspaper came with a marked paragraph giving an account of the marriage of Marjorie Fraser and the young English lord. I threw up my practice and wandered westward, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, but to get away from myself; and one bitter night the Indians found me, half frozen; they took me in and were kind to me. Strange as it may seem, I have amassed an enormous fortune by trading in pelts, for the Indians give me half of all they get; but of what use is wealth to a man whose heart is dead?"

My host abruptly bade me good-night, and when I met him next morning he was as grave and courteous as if no tempest of passion had ever passed over his soul; although I had heard him pacing his room all night. I longed to express my sympathy for him, but dared not. Some griefs are too sacred for human sympathy to touch. I could but commend him secretly to the loving care of the Most High.

He wished me godspeed on my journey, expressed his pleasure at having met me, and invited me most cordially to call and see him if I were ever in the vicinity again. With a mournful attempt at pleasantries he said that he would either be there or at rest in his grave, or back again in his native glen, for which he sometimes longed with a terrible intensity.

So I bade him farewell, looking back again and again to catch a glimpse of the noble, stalwart figure, with its crown of snowy hair, thinking bitterly of what his life "might have been" but for the falseness of a woman.

The following year I went to Edinburgh to take a post-graduate course in medicine, and while there became very much attached in a son-like way to one of the nurses in the hospital where I went every day to see the most critical cases. She was a sad-eyed, sweet-faced, soft-voiced, silvery-haired woman; and her name was Marjorie Fraser. The name haunted me; I could not, try as I would, remember where

I had heard it before. One day I happened to enter a bookstore where she was making some purchases. She was chatting to me in her sweet, womanly way, when suddenly she turned deathly pale and grasped my arm for support.

"Look! look!" she said, pointing to a parcel of books, which were lying ready for the postman, on the counter; "there is the address of a man of whom I have been vainly trying to get some trace for the last twenty years."

And then I knew who she was, the sweetheart of the man whom I had met—a sort of animated corpse in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. I knew, too, without asking a single question, that there had been a wrong committed by someone, probably her brother, for the woman beside me had never been false, and her name was still Marjorie Fraser.

To make assurance doubly sure I asked the proprietor to allow us to see the letter of the gentleman by whom the books had been ordered. She glanced at it, gave a quick sob of joy, and heedless of spectators kissed it passionately.

I made a note of the address, and drew her hastily out of the shop. I told her briefly at first, afterwards in the most minute detail, my experience with her lover, and most reluctantly admitted that he had the worst possible opinion of the way in which she had kept her troth.

"How could he doubt me? How could he?" she said piteously, "when in all these cruel, silent years I have never once doubted him." And then she told me her story.

After her lover had left for America she had watched every mail thinking that the next one would surely bring her a letter from him; but a year dragged by, and still there was no letter. As he had not known when leaving Scotland where he would locate, she had no means of tracing him, and could do nothing but wait, while her heart grew sick with the pain of hope deferred.

Her brother taunted her, and told her that her lover had forgotten her. He had done his best to force her into a marriage with the young Englishman to whom he had promised her; and had even gone the length of announcing in the papers that it had actually taken place; but she had

persistently refused, and having no home ties and no desire for society had become a professional nurse as a refuge from her terrible loneliness until her lover should return for her. That he would ultimately return she had never for a moment doubted, and during all the leaden-footed years she had kept her heart young, although her eyes had grown dim with watching for the lover who never came, and her hair had grown grey with anxiety regarding his fate.

"Your brother must have suppressed your lover's letters," I said, possessed by an insane desire to kick to a pulp a man whom I had never seen.

"I fear so," she said sadly, "although I hate to think that my own brother, my dear father's son, could have fallen so low."

In looking over the paper that evening I happened to notice that the Fraser estate in the north of Scotland was for sale. Then I knew that I had reached the dramatic solution of the problem which had been puzzling me. I remembered that my western friend had told me he was possessed of enormous wealth. He should have a chance to invest a goodly portion of it in the land of his birth.

I first arranged for the purchase of the Fraser estate; and then I cabled a lengthy

message to my friend away across the seas, and quietly awaited developments.

In less than a month they came, and the results were entirely satisfactory. The doctor upon receipt of my cablegram hastened to Edinburgh as fast as rail and steam could bring him; and, with hair and beard closely trimmed, and clothes fashionably tailored, looked not a day more than his forty-five years.

The long delayed wedding morning dawned clear and bright and beautiful, and the glorious old sun smiled down his sympathy upon the grey-haired bride and groom as if to say: "I know all about it; I know what a scurvy trick that brother of yours played on you; but I'm glad you are going to be happy at last, and I give you both my blessing."

It was all over at last. The aged minister who had been the guide of their childhood had solemnly blessed them and pronounced them man and wife; and amid the wild skirring of the bag-pipes, the triumphant bridegroom led his bride in her soft silver grey wedding gown, with its dainty meshes of silken lace, her face transfigured with the new, wonderful happiness which had come to her so late, not to the modest home she was expecting to see, but to the stately hall of her forefathers, where he installed her as its passionately loved mistress.

A Roundelay

BY INGLIS MORSE

WHEN the moon is bright
 And the world is still,
 I love to wander o'er the hill
 And catch the glimmer
 Of stars that shimmer
 Through the calm, clear night.

Then doth the soul
 Wake from its sleep
 And gazing far upon the steep
 Of heaven's dizzy height,
 In reverence wonder at the flight
 Of Time, and Life's shadowy goal.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



A DAY AMONG THE DOUKOBOURS

"WHILE you are with us," said my kind Swan River hostess one morning at breakfast, "we must take you to see the Doukoubour villages"—an invitation which it is needless to say was promptly and delightedly accepted.

"We may have to spend the night there, so I should advise putting up a good lunch basket," said the head of the house. "I don't believe you would like the flavour of Doukoubour cooking. I have tried it and know whereof I speak."

Accordingly a generous lunch basket was packed, and gaily we started—a select party of four—one bright August morning, for our thirty mile-drive through the beautiful Swan River Valley, to the land of the Doukoubourski.

To one brought up on the level prairies of older Manitoba this drive was in itself a great surprise and pleasure—a surprise on account of the wonderful development of this almost infant settlement, opened up only about four years ago by the Canadian Northern Railway, and a pleasure on account of the charmingly diversified nature of the scenery. Up hill and down dale we drove, along a road bordered thickly by late wild roses, golden glow, fire weed, pea vine and vetches, and other gorgeous Autumn flowers, and through magnificent fields of wheat untouched so far by the much dreaded "rust," and now all ready to harvest. Truly a farmer's paradise. A line from one of our harvest hymns kept running through my mind:

"The valleys stand so thick with corn
That they laugh and sing."

Almost encircling this smiling valley are the Duck Mountains to the south and east, beautiful and blue in the distance, and

away to the north the Porcupine Hills, with grand old Thunder Hill standing boldly out between the two ranges. And here, nestling at the foot of Thunder Hill, we found the Doukoubour villages, or rather, some of them (there are thirteen in all, I believe), picturesque in the distance, and interesting at least at closer range.

After visiting these people, and chatting with those who can speak a little English, one finds one's self wondering just what Canada has gained by bringing them in as settlers, for almost without exception they seem to be as primitive in their habits and customs as they would be in their native land. During our stay in one of the villages we were entertained at the home of one of the most "advanced" of these settlers—he, with two or three others of the village having broken away from the communistic idea, and taken up homesteads. "This year," he told us, "I have twenty acres under crop on my homestead. Next year, fifty. Then some day I shall have a home there. I want to belong to Government and be Canadian. My children, too, they must be Canadian."

By way of a joke one of our party said to him: "This lady," indicating the writer, "has come to look for a Doukoubour husband. Have you one for her in your village?" After looking at me gravely for a moment he replied: "Better die at once than marry Doukoubour man. Doukoubour women work just like slaves."

And so it had seemed to us as we watched the poor creatures, squat of figure, and stolid of feature, toiling behind the binders, digging the roots and vegetables, and shovelling out the mud and bricks left over from a house which one family were constructing. It is a healthy sign, however,

for even one of them to be taking up the cause of the women. Let us hope that this little leaven will leaven the whole lump. That he was consistent was plain to be seen. His wife and children had been with him all day working at the homestead, but he brought them home at a decent hour, seated comfortably on a pile of fresh, sweet-smelling hay in the bottom of the waggon. And in the case of this woman, while the work she had been doing was probably quite as hard as that of the others, she had the knowledge that she was to have an equal share in the home they were making. Very different from toiling like beasts of burden with no hope of reward beyond the bare necessities of life. This, to a Canadian woman, would surely be worse than death.

Another thing that would surely be worse than death to us would be having to live in their picturesque (?) but ill-ventilated houses. Never to my dying day shall I forget the smell which greeted us as we entered one of these houses which had been closed while the owners were at work in the fields. Imagine, if you can, a combination smell made up of sour buttermilk, boiled cabbage, onions, and damp plaster, and you just about have it. Clean they may be, according to their lights, and frugal, and hospitable and peaceful, all this I am willing to believe, but their ways are certainly not our ways, and even at this distance of time and space—several weeks time, and three hundred miles space—I can *taste* that smell.

Their great idea seems to be to exclude every breath of air, the windows in most of the houses being built in solidly so that they cannot be opened. Most of the houses we visited consisted of three rooms; a small vestibule sort of apartment from which we reached the main or living room, where the family cook, eat and sleep, and a tiny room off the living room—probably the guest chamber. We did not try it. The floors are Mother Earth.

A wide shelf runs along one side of the living room, on which bedclothes are spread at night to sleep on. At one end of this same living room is the huge brick oven—reaching to within three or four feet of the ceiling—in which the baking is done. The top of this oven, our host informed

us, made a fine warm place for the children to sleep!!!

It is hardly necessary to say we decided without loss of time, after viewing the sleeping accommodations, that nothing on earth would induce us to spend a night in a Doukobour house, and never did the fresh air of heaven seem quite so good and precious as when we emerged from that particular mansion.

A fondness for bright colours seems to be one characteristic of these people, and their little gardens are quite beautiful with gay-coloured flowers, the poppy being an especial favourite, both on account of its colour, and also because of the oil they extract from it. In one village was a three acre plot of poppies; the effect of that mass of vivid colour was most charming.

While all the villages present practically the same appearance to the casual visitor, some of them are undoubtedly more progressive in their methods than others. In one of them an Englishman has taken up his abode, and is teaching the youthful Doukobour along the same lines as young Canada is taught. This village, we were told, was decidedly the most advanced of them all. So much for the implanting of good Anglo-Saxon notions in the youth of the settlement. In the next generation they may become full-fledged Canadians. Who can tell? In the meantime, Canada must seem a perfect haven to these poor people after despotic Russian rule.

That they are good no one doubts—virtuous and kindly, scrupulously honest, and most hospitable—the latch string is always on the outside of their doors. Drunkenness is almost unknown amongst them, they told us; which is hardly surprising when one learns the energetic measures taken by the community to suppress this evil. Let one of their number fall from grace and he is gently but firmly taken in hand by a select committee who first tie him up securely and then proceed to beat him so thoroughly that he is “put out of business,” so to speak, for a few days. A lively recollection of his “cure” generally prevents a second offence they say. Instead of wasting time talking Local Option, Total Prohibition, etc., why don't we try this very simple, and

seemingly effectual, plan for putting down the "drink evil" of which we hear so much? This is merely a friendly suggestion to my good Temperance friends.

After viewing a truly magnificent sunset and partaking of a hearty evening meal at Nuovo Troitske (New Trinity), we said farewell to the Doukoubour villages—it was past eight o'clock but the binders were still at work, and the women were still patiently trudging after them stooking the grain—and turned our faces homeward. Lighted on our way by a glorious harvest moon, then at the full, we drove back the thirty miles to Swan River, our good little bronchos apparently as fresh and lively at the end of our journey as when they started out.

In the short time spent at the villages, it was impossible to learn much, except in a most superficial way, regarding Doukoubour habits and customs. At some future time I hope to have another opportunity to visit them; but in the meantime perhaps this little account of a day amongst these "strangers within our gates" may be of some interest to readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

C.I.S.

SHOW OR PROTECTION

ONE is often led to wonder whether women wear their garments for show or for protection. It has been amply proved during the past year that hats are seldom worn for the more serious purpose. The fashion of going about without a hat came much into favour, and at summer resorts, and on the city streets in the evening, it was not unusual to meet more women without hats than with them. Moreover, the custom of going to the theatre and other evening entertainments without hats has been steadily gaining ground. Side by side with this development is an increase in the height and width and fantastic appearance of the hats that are worn shopping and calling. This is a contradiction—one is almost tempted to say a foolish and insane contradiction.

A peculiar feature in connection with this no-hat fashion was the protest of the clergy against women appearing in church in bare heads. When men take

part in worship they must bare their heads; when women perform the same service they must wear the millinery of fashion! What a delightful contradiction here also! One would have thought that the clergy would have approved of this feature of the "simple life" instead of discouraging it.

The fur coat is more popular than ever, but it is an open question whether it is worn for show or for protection. Coats are thrown open with long revers, until the chest, covered with transparent lace, is left without protection from the stormy blasts. The broader and the longer the revers, the more fashionable the garment. If chest protectors are worn, the danger may be minimised, but these are seldom a part of a lady's wardrobe.

Then the long skirt, so much written about! On the streets of a Canadian city it is not an uncommon sight to see a woman from the country or from the small towns going about with a skirt which trails along the dusty, dirty sidewalk. Even the city women are occasionally found committing this indecency. The short skirt is more popular than it once was, but there is still room for improvement.

Inveighing against senseless dress is no new occupation for writers and critics, but there is a great deal of room for a continuation of the work. The amount of money squandered on senseless dress in Canada is probably greater than the amount spent for intoxicating liquor. The cost of senseless dress has an important effect upon the business morals of the community because it influences men in their mad rush for wealth. The woman points out to the man that she cannot afford on her present allowance to dress as the women of her circle dress, that she will be despised if she wears her last season's suit and a five dollar hat instead of a fifty dollar hat—and the man strains every effort to provide her with the money. His social reputation and hers depends upon the cost of her clothing. Could anything be more ridiculous, and yet is there anything more universally true? Not long ago, a bank manager found it necessary to protest against personal extravagance, and this is no doubt the worst form of extravagance. It brings the lowest return. Education, refinement, appropriateness,

and sense in dress—all go down before the sweeping decrees of fashion, before the inexorable judgment of society so-called.



INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL

THE report for 1904-1905 of the International Council of Women is a compact and concise affair—a pamphlet of 80 pages. The general officers for the quinquennial period, 1904-1909, are as follows:

HONORARY MEMBERS OF EXECUTIVE

- Hon. President: MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL, Indianapolis.
 Hon. Vice-Pres.: MADAME ANNA DE PHILO-SOFF, St. Petersburg.
 Hon. Vice-Pres.: BARONESS ALEXANDRA GRIPENBERG, Helsingfors, Finland.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

- President: THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN, Aberdeen, Scotland.
 Vice-Presidents:
 1st—FRAU MARIE STRITT, Dresden, Germany.
 2nd—FRAU ANNA HIERTA-RETIUS, Stockholm, Sweden.
 3rd—MADAME JULES SIEGFRIED, Paris, France.
 Corresponding Secretary: MRS. OGILVIE GORDON, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., Aberdeen, Scotland.
 Recording Secretary: MISS MARTINA KRAMERS, Rotterdam, Netherlands.
 Treasurer: MRS. W. E. SANFORD, Hamilton, Canada.

There are now twenty National Councils federated with the I.C.W. The list is as follows:

United States.	Italy.
Canada.	France.
Germany.	Argentina.
Sweden.	Victoria.
Great Britain and Ireland.	South Australia.

Denmark.	Switzerland.
Netherlands.	Austria
New South Wales.	Hungary.
Tasmania.	Norway.
New Zealand.	Belgium.

The resolutions passed at the quinquennial meeting of the I.C.W. in Berlin, June 6th to 11th, 1904, are worth reprinting:

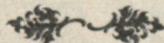
1. That the International Council of Women is earnestly requested to keep the question of the WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC on the International Programme till its end be accomplished. That each National Council be asked to co-operate with every effort in their own countries for its suppression; and that, considering that it is impossible to combat the White Slave Traffic as long as the State regulation of vice continues, all women unite to obtain the suppression of this odious system, which is an insult to all women, and strengthens the idea of a double moral standard for men and women.

2. Inasmuch as all governments equally affect the men and women living under them, therefore be it resolved, that under all governments, whether nominally republican or monarchical, whatever political rights or privileges are accorded to men ought on corresponding terms to be accorded to women; and this Council advocates that strenuous efforts be made to enable WOMEN TO OBTAIN THE POWER OF VOTING in all countries where a representative government exists.

3. That a Committee on which each National Council shall have a delegate be appointed at this session to examine the question of POLITICAL AND RACIAL REPRESENTATION.

4. That this Council accept the invitation of the Canadian Council to hold its QUINQUENNIAL MEETINGS OF 1909 in CANADA.

The President's report, an interim report for 1904-5 from the Secretary, and reports from various National Councils, make up a document which will be informing to all interested in women's work.





Current Events Abroad.

THE tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales through India is occurring among every circumstance of distinction and impressive observance. An indication of the changes, even in that changeless east, is furnished by the fact that the Prince's first visit to a feudatory chieftain was that paid to the Maharana of Udaipur, a journey which his father was unable to make during his visit of 30 years ago, because of the lack of railway facilities. His next place of stopping will be Jaipur, almost directly across India, making the journey by railway without a break. The same condition of easy transport will prevail almost wherever he goes throughout the great peninsula. The tour is arranged to close at Gwalior, in the very centre of Hindostan, on Christmas Day.

In reply to the Rajput's address of welcome at Udaipur, the Prince said that they felt themselves to be in a new world. If it is a new world to the sight it is still more a new world psychologically. Even the European who has given years of study to India and its people can have at the best but the most uncertain glimpses of the real feeling and springs of action that actuate and move these crowded millions. The question, are they now, or will they ever be content with foreign rule, is one that may be answered variously, but it is likely that the great bulk of opinion would be that they never will be. They merely yield to force. Reason and argument have very little to do with it. The fact that justice and the pax Britannica reigns from the Hindoo Koosh to Colombo is probably not at all appreciated. The ryot is not grateful that when he appeals now for justice he gets it, instead of being hamstrung or gibbeted as was apt to be the case under his old native princes. After more than a century of British rule he would probably prefer to run whining at the heels of his native rajah, plucking at

his robe and howling against his oppressors than trust to the cold though absolute justice of a British Court.

The whole system still has its foundation on force. This would be a sure foundation were it not that a large part of the force is composed of the very men whom it is necessary to intimidate. The British ruler has to prepare himself to resist attack from without and to do this he has to arm and train large numbers of the natives. Then to prevent these from over-setting the Government a considerable European force has also to be maintained. The maintenance of both these bodies is a charge on the Indian exchequer and the peasant knows that his taxes go to keep an army in being to ensure his subjection.

Certain precautions, it is true, are taken to minimise the danger of a revolt of the native troops. For example it has been a maxim of policy not to train native troops to the use of artillery. This precaution Lord Kitchener is disposed to abandon, however, and it is understood that he is preparing to train a body of native artillerymen. Those who deplore the triumph of the military over the civil power, which precipitated Lord Curzon's resignation, point this out as one of the consequences of the emancipation of the commander-in-chief from the restraint of the civil authorities. They argue that a soldier is apt to view problems from one side only. All his efforts will be devoted to evolving a great army. But a great army in India, if civil considerations were largely or wholly ignored, might only be an instrument for the destruction of British power. In the last number of the *National Review* Sir John and Sir Richard Strachey contribute an article under the heading "Playing with Fire." Each is an authority on India, one as a military, the other as a civil ad-

ministrator. They sound an alarm on the dangers to be feared from Lord Kitchener's recent triumph, and furnish in detail the occasions where these dangers may arise. The underlying peril is that the commander-in-chief in his ignorance of the idiosyncracies of the people he is living amongst may foster a spirit with a force behind to give it fearful power for trouble and disaster in the future. The Prince of Wales may be made cognisant of these discussions and come home a partisan of one side or the other. If he fails to do so, his clever consort is not likely to miss it. Lord Curzon has arrived in London. It is quite evident he has not given up the fight, and the whole question will, we may be sure, be fought out again in the British press, and on the floor of the Imperial Parliament. The government which supported Lord Kitchener's view is out of power, and John Morley is Secretary for India. From what we know of that gentleman's attitude, he will be likely to take the civil rather than the military view.

The change of government in Britain is the most interesting of the events abroad occurring during the month. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been able to form a remarkably strong cabinet. As a matter of record the personnel may fittingly be inserted here.

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; Lord High Chancellor, Sir Robert T. Reid; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Herbert Henry Asquith; Secretary of State for Home Affairs, Herbert John Gladstone; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey; Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Earl of Elgin; Secretary of State for War, Richard Burdon Haldane; Secretary of State for India, John Morley; First Lord of the Admiralty, Baron Tweedmouth; President of the Board of Trade, David Lloyd-George; President of the Local Government Board, John Burns; Secretary of State for Scotland, John Sinclair; President of the Board of Agriculture, Earl Carrington; Postmaster-General, Sydney Buxton; Chief Secretary for Ireland, James Bryce; Lord President of the Council, the Earl of Crewe; Lord

of the Privy Seal, the Marquis of Ripon; President of the Board of Education, Augustine Birrell; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir Henry Hartley Fowler.

The belief was prevalent that Sir Henry would have some difficulty in getting together a strong cabinet, united in opinion on questions which cannot be regarded as secondary. Lord Rosebery himself threw a bomb into the camp on the very eve of Sir Henry's effort to gather Liberal opinion into a united body. He challenged a portion of a speech made by the Liberal leader, which his lordship interpreted as a recognition of Home Rule. Home Rule, Lord Rosebery said, would split the Free Trade party, and for himself he declared he could not serve under that banner. It looked as if he had raised a most disturbing question. It has not turned out so, however. The various sections found a common ground in saying that they still believed in Home Rule, but that all of them recognised that it must be achieved, as Mr. Asquith put it, "step by step." One of the speakers virtually gives his word that Home Rule will not be one of the issues at the forthcoming election, and that the Liberals will not introduce it in Parliament until it has been made an issue at a general election.

What the position of the Nationalists is likely to be on the educational question may be gathered from a letter of Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland. In answer to a correspondent the Cardinal asks Irish voters whether they are disposed to so strengthen the Liberals who are not only opposed to Home Rule but also to religious education as to enable them to snap their fingers at the Irish party. "If," he says, "Radical candidates find that Irish Catholics will vote for candidates who repudiate Home Rule and offensively denounce Catholic education, both questions will soon go into the background." There can be no doubt of the acuteness of the Cardinal's appraisal of the situation. There can be no doubt that if the Liberals found the Nationalists opposing their educational proposals and perhaps their

free trade principles they would naturally begin to cool towards their former allies. Still more frosty would this feeling be if it were discovered that the Nationalist vote in the constituencies was thrown against the Liberal candidates. Mr. Redmond has a difficult situation to unravel. A really able leader, however, would come out straight and advise every friend of Irish aspirations to vote for Liberal candidates, trusting to the generosity and gratitude of the men who in all probability will be the governing force in Britain for some years to come.

There is one question indeed in which the Nationalists and the Liberals will straightway part company, namely, the educational question. Among the first acts of the Liberal Government will be the repeal or amendment of the Education Act passed by their predecessors. The Nationalists to a man will support Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in defence of the existing arrangement. It is not at all unlikely that they will also be found in the same lobby on questions of fiscal reform. In this semi-alliance some political

prophets foresee Mr. Chamberlain patching up an understanding on some measure of relief for Ireland. Politics have in the past made stranger bedfellows.

The Porte after making a show of stubbornness has at length yielded to the pressure of the powers and agrees to allow the finances of Macedonia to be controlled by officials appointed by the joint nations. It is a step in the interests of Macedonia, but unfortunately it is only a partial step. In a year or two we may be sure that it will be found to be inadequate. It may be said that if the independence of Macedonia had been demanded the Sultan would have resisted to the uttermost and a legion of unpleasant questions would have come to the front imperilling the harmony of the nations. It will be strange, however, if so favourable a situation for a final settlement will occur a few years hence. When Europe is again face to face with the problem Russia will not be the negligible quantity that she is now.

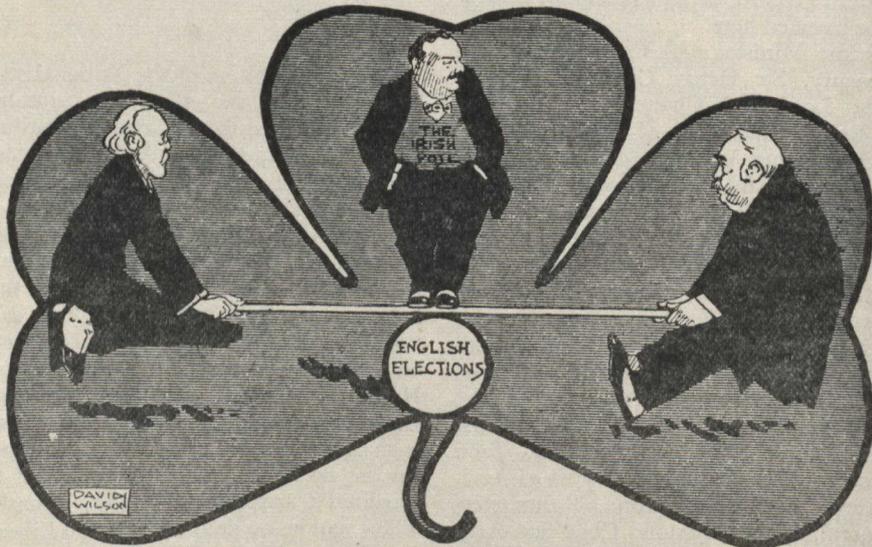
A rather notable meeting was that held in London the other day over which Lady

IN SUSPENSE

BALFOUR

REDMOND

BANNERMAN



Mr. Redmond was not sure what the attitude of the Irish voters in Great Britain would be. The *London Chronicle* artist gives his idea of the usual attitude of the Irish vote.

Aberdeen presided. The occasion was a dinner of the Lyceum Club, an organisation which has for its object the promotion of harmony among the nations. The chief subject of discussion was the relations between Germany and Great Britain. A letter was read from Sir Frank Lascelles, British Ambassador at Berlin, in which the existence of ill-feeling between the two countries was frankly admitted. He added, however, that it was due to mutual misunderstanding. "They have absolutely no cause of quarrel," he added, "and their interests seem to me identical." Count Wolff-Metternich, the German Ambassador at St. James, was present with some members of his staff and made the principal speech of the evening. He also had to acknowledge that the relations between the two peoples were not friendly. He declared, however, that his countrymen would

gladly respond to any demonstration of friendliness from England. The Lyceum Club's dinner was not the first of these efforts to promote better feeling between the two Teutonic countries. The previous day a notable gathering of prominent men assembled under the presidency of Lord Avebury to protest against the efforts that are made in a portion of the English press to foment discord where no discord should exist. It is certainly no common case when the ambassadors of two powers admit the hostility of their respective peoples. It is equally a new departure to attempt to stem such waves of sentiment by showing their baselessness at public meetings. It is a custom, however, that may be applauded.



INDIA'S HOMAGE

Punch's memorial of the Royal visit to India.

The Russian situation remains unchanged, although we may be sure that the long-continued riot and disorder is permanently unsettling all the checks and brakes of regular government. The autocracy shows a tendency to withdraw the concessions that were offered when Count Witte accepted the office of Chief Minister. There are, however, some encouraging glimpses. There is an element which while insisting on reforms is as firmly wedded to order as the Czar himself. We may all wish that this section will gain the ascendancy, although the fate of the Girondists will arise to most minds when the doings of these counsellors of moderation are mentioned.

John A. Ewan.

PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

RECENT developments in Great Britain have tended to show in stronger colours the intellectual supremacy of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He alone of the British statesmen has a constructive policy. Lord Hugh Cecil is an even greater pessimist than Lord Rosebery or Mr. Balfour. The Liberals, represented by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, are likewise reactionary. All the imagination of the people is focussed on Mr. Chamberlain. His reception at Albert Hall, London, in July was almost eclipsed by his recent triumph at Bristol.

I had the pleasure of hearing him at Birmingham in June when he spoke to the Canadian manufacturers. In stature he is smaller than one might expect, but he looks twenty years younger than he is. The hair is still fairly black and there are no bald spots. The throat is fuller and the upper lip longer than his photographs indicate. Yet, the person acquainted with his pictures would feel on seeing him that there was a man whose countenance was perfectly familiar.

When Mr. Chamberlain spoke, he might have been a colonial so far as one could judge. His pronunciation and his manners are not of the extreme aristocrat type, such as one meets in Canadian hotels. In fact he is much less of the type known as British than a Canadian university professor whom I know. When he speaks, it is slowly, deliberately and with excellent enunciation. In his right hand he holds a cigar as characteristically as he wears his orchid. His gestures are simple. He turns his head slowly so as to miss none of his audience, and uses slight nods to add to slight emphasis. When he has something indignant to say, he expresses his contempt with a lower, deeper tone that is effective. When he makes a sally, a light smile plays around his thin,

expressive lips. In fact his voice and his face are in perfect sympathy with his feelings. When he comes to the important point he thrusts forward both arms as if to exclaim, "What more can be said?"

He is not a polished orator, but he is an orator. The polish does not afflict itself on you. His style seems natural. The man's thoughts, his words, his methods, his physical presence are wonderfully harmonious. In this he comes nearer to rivalling Sir Wilfrid Laurier than any statesman to whom I have listened.

Mr. Chamberlain is an old man, yet perhaps the most hopeful subject in His Majesty's Dominions. He has blundered in the past, and he is paying the penalty demanded. Through it all he keeps steadily on seeking for the light, refusing to go back, denying that there is no possible solution for the Imperial problem. He has hitched his chariot to a star of hope, and he draws the minds of the people after him. He may not enter the promised land. He may never be Premier of the Empire. He may not live to see his ideas carried out in full. He has, however, lived long enough to see an Imperial drawing-together which twenty years ago seemed impossible. While not wholly responsible for what has been accomplished, he will receive much of the credit when history renders its final verdict.

COLONIAL v. IMPERIAL

THE Imperial feeling grows apace. The "Colonial" conference gives way to the "Imperial" conference. The older name was broad enough for such meetings as were held in Ottawa in 1894, though even then the Imperial Government was represented. In 1897 the Colonial Premiers were appointed members of the Privy Council of Great Britain.

They were thus made partakers in the great Imperium. In 1899 the colonies and the mother country combined to build the Pacific cable—a purely Imperial undertaking. In November, 1901, King Edward changed his title by adding the words "British Dominions beyond the Seas." He took on the dignity and title of the monarch of an Empire. The next year there was an Imperial display at the Coronation. In 1903 Canada inaugurated a new era in Imperial postage, making the domestic rate apply to newspapers and periodicals sent to other portions of the Empire. This policy had been applied to letters since December 25th, 1898. Great Britain has reciprocated as to letters but not as to newspapers.

The new condition of affairs justified the Colonial Secretary in suggesting that the name of the next conference be changed. He proposed "Imperial Council," but Sir Wilfrid Laurier preferred the suggestion made by Mr. Lighthall in the December number of this publication, and it will be called the "Imperial Conference." This forward step will mean that the British Cabinet will be "represented in its membership" as also suggested by Mr. Lighthall, and Great Britain instead of standing apart and patronising the conference, will be one of the participating members of it. Its decisions will thus bind Great Britain as much as any of the self-governing colonies. This is a development which even those who misname themselves "anti-Imperialists" cannot but approve.



THEORY AND AFFAIRS

THE community may be divided into three parts: the working classes, the theorists and the men of affairs. The working classes are sharply divided by



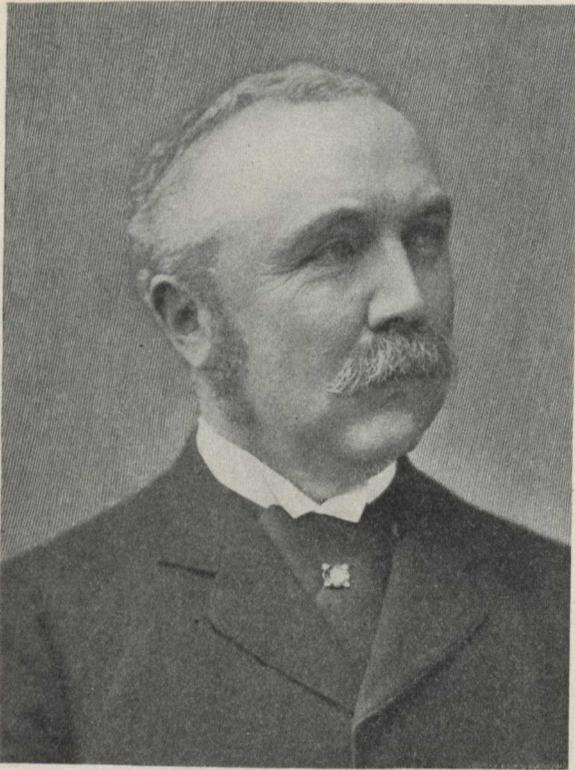
MR. CHAMBERLAIN

habit, custom and characteristics from the other two classes. It is of the differences between the theorists and the men of affairs that I desire to speak here.

The theorists include the journalists, the university professors, the pedagogues, and a certain proportion of those in the legal and medical professions. These men are more devoted to their theories than to amassing wealth. That is their general characteristic.

The men of affairs include the manufacturers, the brokers, financiers, corporation and bank managers, and other directors of capital in commerce and industry. They are more devoted to the creating or gathering of wealth than to following theories. That is their general characteristic.

Each of these classes works with but secretly despises the other. The theorist holds the man of affairs in lofty contempt because he is devoting his energies to that which is fleeting—the making of money.



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN
The new Premier of Great Britain

To him, the bargaining, the scheming, the haggling of the market-place is an occupation to be tolerated because it cannot be destroyed. He believes that the labourer is worthy of his hire, but not of his profit. The man of affairs disapproves of the theorist because he is not in business, does not know its first principles, cannot give \$10,000 to help build a hospital, an art gallery or a college. To him the theorist is a dreamer, an impracticable maker of useless thoughts, a man to be cared for not because of his producing power, but merely because he is useful in looking after children, educational institutions and the history of the race. To him, the theorist combines the graces of a nurse, a tutor, a bard, and a piece of sculpture.

Occasionally there is a theorist with great practical ability, one who can conceive great reforms and then proceed to carry them out. Of this man we make a

university president, a provincial premier, a chief justice, or a federal cabinet minister. When he dies we erect a monument to his memory, and he is spoken of as A GREAT MAN.

Occasionally there is a man of affairs who has dabbled a bit in theory. He keeps on with his money-making but pays some attention to politics, education, charity, hospital work and art. Him we make a K.C.M.G., a chairman of a hospital board, a trustee of a university, a patron of Her Excellency's Victorian Order of Female Helpers, and a Guardian of the Poor and Needy of all Classes. But there is this difference—his family, not the public, erects a monument to his memory, and he is spoken of, not as a great man, but as A GOOD MAN.



THE PHILIPPINES

CANADA is interested in noting how the United States governs the Philippines. It gives an indication of their ability to work in new spheres. One of their faults is excessive patriotism. For example: When the United States people arrived at Manila they found several British firms established there, with large fleets of steam launches and barges with which to discharge the large ocean steamers lying in the bay. The liberty-loving American at once announced that only boats flying the American flag and of American registry could carry on business in that harbour. The consequence was that the British firms had to sell out or appear to sell out to Philipinos and have their vessels registered in the names of Columbia's yellow citizens. At the city of Victoria, on the Island of Hong Kong, six hundred miles away, there are American firms with American launches flying the United States flag and carrying on exactly the same business under the pro-

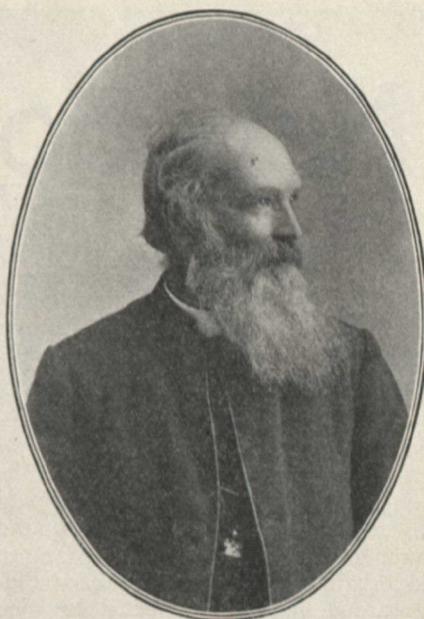
tection of Great Britain. The contrast is remarkable. Moreover, no British subject is allowed to own agricultural, or mining lands, and these, too, have had to be registered in the names of Philipinos. The object lesson will not be lost on Canada.

All is not going smoothly in the governing of those Islands. One native Governor is said to have made a strong protest against the "grafters" and "virtue despoilers" from the United States. As a consequence, President Roosevelt is likely to make some early changes in both the methods and the men. Industrially and commercially, the Americans have done well, but morally they are having an evil influence in Manila and other large towns. A people whose gods are money and licentiousness cannot but expect to be criticised by nations who have still a little faith in culture, religion and virtuous living.

THE NEW PREMIER

GREAT BRITAIN has a new Premier, another Scot, a Campbell. The Bannerman is an addition due to a legacy from a maternal uncle. In England they like to perpetuate family names, and this elderly Manchester merchant was willing to pay to have his kept in existence. It would please him if he could know that his endowed nephew with the hyphenated name had become the first citizen of Great Britain and Ireland.

Sir Henry is not a great man, not a



THE LATE REV. G. G. ROBERTS, M.A.

For thirty-four years rector of Fredericton; father of Professor Charles G. D. and Theodore Roberts, the novelists. His father and his father's father were graduates of Oxford, and his mother's father, John Goodridge, of Dorset, was one of the first fellows of Wadham College. His own degrees were from the University of Fredericton. He passed away in October, 1905.

genius. He is a safe politician, who will conduct the Government in the necessary spirit of virtue and dignity. When he retires, after a term of office, it will be with the respect and good-will of the Sovereign and the people.

John A. Cooper

CANADA'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

1. To Be More Honest in Business in 1906.
2. To Prevent Cabinet Ministers and Judges from Taking Directorships.
3. To Abolish the Spoils System from the Dominion and the Provincial Civil Services.
4. To Prefer National to Provincial Sentiments.
5. To Eschew Personalities in Political Discussions.
6. To Preserve the Unoccupied Crown Lands for Bona Fide Settlers.
7. To Discourage Extravagance in Personal Expenditure among all Classes of Citizens.
8. To Encourage the Growth of a National Art and a National Literature.

About New Books.

ARCHITECTURE

MOST ennobling and elevating is the study of architecture; it ranks with that of painting, sculpture and literature. Yet there is none of these studies so little pursued in this country. The people are more interested in mines, wheat and money making. They build the vilest kind of houses that the mind of man can conceive; the public schools and churches are usually mean in appearance and forbidding in detail; the public buildings are designed and erected by men without knowledge and training. There is need for a Canadian architecture just as there is need for Canadian art and Canadian literature. The subject is not taught in the universities, and too often the architects who practise know next to nothing of the great principles underlying their art. They are students of detail, but not of composition or style.

Canadians are commencing to travel more, and no doubt a growth in architectural taste will be apparent presently. Those who cannot travel will find numerous illustrated volumes which will aid them in acquiring a grounding in this particular form of art and self-expression. Francis Miltoun's books on the cathedrals of France have recently been mentioned in these pages. This author has just added another to his list, "The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine."* The churches in Freiburg, Strasburg, Metz, Frankfort, Mayence, Trèves, Bonn, Cologne and other cities are critically examined and their general characteristics popularly described. Rhenish architecture is closely allied to the Gothic of the French cathedrals, but is less praiseworthy. Nevertheless the study is informing, besides indicating the natural and international in-

fluences which have been working for centuries in that district.

The "Character of Renaissance Architecture," by Charles Herbert Moore,† is less popular and more technical. It may be sanely described as a distinct and notable contribution to the literature on this subject. There are twelve plates in photogravure, and more than a hundred illustrations in the text. He doubts that the fine arts of the Renaissance are altogether superior to those of the middle ages. There was among the people a growing indifference to moral principles and religious belief. Along with the desire for intellectual freedom and the thirst for new knowledge was a growth in luxury, extravagance and immorality. "In a corresponding spirit the architect now sets himself to the task of producing a luxurious and specious style of palatial architecture, drawing his inspiration from the monuments of Imperial Rome, and the sculptor and the painter sought to portray physical beauty as the primary and sufficient end of their art." This is an almost new view of the Renaissance. Mr. Moore then goes on to examine "The Dome of Florence" (see Frontispiece) and show at what Brunelleschi aimed and where he failed. He describes the Dome of St. Peter's and shows both its glory and its defects. He examines the church architecture generally, the palace architecture, the French architecture of the Renaissance and the work of Jones and Wren in England. His criticism of St. Paul's in London will open the eyes and mind of many people. He calls it a "wooden counterfeit of a dome," and a "monstrous architectural deceit," giving his reasons for the belief that is in him. He concludes: "I think it must appear that the claims which have been advanced for the architecture

*Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, illustrated. \$2.00.

†New York: The Macmillan Co. Cloth, illustrated. \$3.00.

of the Renaissance as the only architecture of correct principles since that of classic antiquity, and as an architecture in comparison with which the Gothic art of the middle ages should be considered as the barbarous product of an unenlightened age, are without justification."



EDUCATIONAL IDEALS

IF a teacher could own but one book on education, Mr. Monroe's recent book on the History of Education* would probably be of more value to him than any other single book. The educational ideals of all times and countries are classified and expounded, and related to each other, and to the development of philosophical thought, and to the evolution of human society, in a manner at once simple, definite, and profound, by Mr. Monroe. The table of contents alone is very suggestive, and will aid in giving a clearer and more vital conception of educational theories and their influence on each other and on the life of the race.

The book is not a mere daybook record of the great stages of educational progress with the lives of the men who revealed the progressive thought of successive periods. The facts are given, but they are

* A Text Book in the History of Education, by Paul Monroe, Ph.D., Professor in the History of Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University. 772 pages, \$1.90 net. Morang & Co., Toronto.



MAYENCE CATHEDRAL

Illustration from "The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine." By Francis Miltoun

classified in such a masterly way that they are not mere information but sources from which the student or reader is able to make independent generalisations. Principles are regarded as of greater value to the student or teacher than sketches of the lives of the men who discovered them. Standing in the front rank of educational thinkers of the present day the author sees the past, and enables his reader to see it too, comprehensively and connectedly,



THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S

Unlike the Brunelleschi's dome at Florence or that of St. Peter's at Rome, this Wren dome is not made of masonry. There is a real dome inside, but the outside dome is merely an imitation built around a hollow cone of masonry.—From "Character of Renaissance Architecture."

and in relation to the thought and progress of the 20th century. His power of choosing the most vital elements in the revelations and work of successive great educational reformers, and of expounding them graphically and vividly, is very remarkable. In less than thirty pages, for instance, he gives a sketch of the psychological and practical elements of the system of Froebel, and its influence on every phase of modern educational thought and practice, and its higher value, when compared with the teachings of Pestalozzi and Herbart, that is startling in its breadth and clearness. Each sentence is a paragraph, and each page a chapter.

The questions and lists of references at the end of each section of the book add much to its value to the student teacher. The questions are not intended to direct to closer reading of the book, so much as to stimulate to independent observation and

original thinking. These questions and the comparative chronological table of the leading events in the general history of the world, and in the special department of education as they are related to the great leaders in religion, literature, science, philosophy and education, prove the author to be a true teacher as well as a wise and able revealer of truth.



THIRTEEN YEARS IN CHINA

AN intelligent white man living thirteen years in China ought to have some interesting observations to make. In the case of Charles Denby, United States Minister to China from 1885 to 1898, this is quite true, and his two volumes entitled "China, and Her People,"* is as easy and as interesting reading as any popular novel. Of course, he is sometimes "real funny." For example, he states with evident pride and approval that his nation's legations are known everywhere as "American," not "United States" legations. He seems pleased to have secured the whole continent. With equal frankness, but apparently without seeing the joke, he tells the following story:

"Once a year, at the foreign New Year, thirty of the chief Chinese officials call in batches of ten each on the foreign ministers, at the same time leaving cards for the other members of the legations, and these calls are returned by the diplomatic corps in a body at the foreign office during the Chinese New Year, which comes in February. On one of these occasions a dignified Chinese official was overheard inquiring what legation ours was, and, being told it was the American, he asked what language the occupants spoke."

So natural too; for who ever heard of the American language?

Speaking of Sir Robert Hart's efforts to

*China, and Her People, by Hon. Charles Denby, LL.D. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Two vols., cloth, illustrated. \$2.50.

make the employees of the Imperial Maritime Customs of social benefit to the foreign section, Mr. Denby says:

"The rule of Sir Robert was to appoint no person except graduates of colleges to positions in the indoor staff of the Customs. This rule resulted in filling the service with alumni of all the great universities in the world. It brought together young men who spoke every language in Europe, and who were prepared by severe intellectual labour to overcome the linguistic and other difficulties in their paths. These young men were gentlemen, and it is believed that no scandal ever originated in the service."

Good society was important to the foreigners in Peking in those days, when there was no railroad from the coast. For four months in each year Peking was cut off by ice from the rest of the world. Therefore, Sir Robert's efforts were greatly appreciated.

The question whether it is in the interests of civilised nations that China should be modernised is discussed only slightly. The author states that it was the opinion of Herr Von Brandt, the German Minister at Peking during the seventies and eighties, "that China should be kept in leading-strings; that she was not to be inducted as an equal into the family of nations, and the more barbaric she was in her customs the greater the influence of the foreign powers over her destinies would be." Recently, China seems to be settling that question for herself. She is beginning to take such steps as may be necessary to control her own trade by commercial regulations and tariff as Japan has done, and as Germany and the United States do. She is seriously hampered, of course, by the lack of a strong central government.

With regard to business integrity, Mr. Denby confirms the reputation of the Chinaman.

"It must be said that in the entire conduct of his business the great Chinese merchant is straightforward, consistent and honest. He stands by his word. He does not invoke technicalities to avoid liability. He has but one price for his wares. He fulfils his obligations whether the market falls or rises. He holds himself responsible to the highest code of commercial honour. The result of this national reputation is that the Chinese is employed everywhere in the marts of trade. At the chief hotels and banks in Japan, you will always find Chinese."

This is where the Chinese resembles the

British, and where he differs radically from the American, the Canadian and the Jap.



THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

HOW little there is in the average novel is well illustrated by an examination of the "Conquest of Canaan,"* by Booth Tarkington, which ran through *Harper's* for 1905, and has now been issued in book form. It is of the type so popular in the United States; the boy, poor, unappreciated, misunderstood, working against adversity and lack of sympathy, studying law in his odd moments, setting up business in a small office behind which he sleeps and cooks his meals, eventually coming into popularity through his able defence of a murderer; finally marrying a rich young lady, and being elected mayor or congressman. This story has been done on the stage and in novels *ad nauseam*. It is strange that any writer of note should have the audacity to serve it up again, even with fresh sauce.

Moreover, its philosophy is false. The young men of to-day with brains, principles, and a sense of honour, do not go unappreciated. It unduly glorifies the man of action and the importance of doing something heroic. Real success is seldom won in that manner. The present president of the United States, the present premier of Great Britain, and the present premier of Canada are men who were always appreciated, always eminently respectable. They won, as most men win, by a consistent and steady progress.

The author is extravagant, as witness the following sentence concerning the hero:—"The very name became a darkling threat, and children of the town would have run had one called suddenly, 'Here comes Joe Londen!'" Again in describing the dictatorial Judge Pike, the financial magnate of Canaan who has just waved Joe away from his garden gate, the author bursts forth: "This hurling Olympian gesture smote the street; the rails of the car-track sprang and quivered with the shock; it thundered, and amid the dumfounding uproar of the wrath of a god, the Will of the Canaanite Jove wrote the

*Toronto: The Poole Publishing Co.

words in fiery letters upon the ether 'Cease to be!.' This is about as ridiculous as any author could possibly make himself. Here is another sentence which reminds one of the grandiloquent author of "St. Cuthbert's." Joe sees Mamie Pike on his return to Canaan after years of absence, and is not quite so enamoured as in earlier years. The author thus describes the change: "It came to him with a breath-taking shock, that her face lacked a certain vivacity of meaning; that its sweetness was rather too placid; that there would have been a deeper goodness in it had there been any hint of daring." Such a sentence must have been framed to impress the servant girls who buy novels. In describing the good people of Canaan out for a walk on Sunday he speaks of "young couples with their progeny," and declared that "the husbands invariably pushed the perambulators." He tries to poke fun at these simple people in every possible way. In another place he says: "Somewhere, not far away, the peace was broken by the screams of a 'parlour organ' which honked and wailed in pious agonies (the intention was hymnal), interminably prolonging each spasm." This is caddish in the extreme.

The people who have been induced to buy this book should have some recourse in the courts, and the decent villagers of the United States on whom it is a tremendous libel should have some redress.



NOTES

"Miss Desmond," by Marie Van Vorst, is labelled "An Impression." It is difficult to know just what the author means by this sub-title. Whatever the intention, it is quite clear that she thinks it is not an ordinary novel. In this she is mistaken; it is quite ordinary. It reminds one of the books of a certain Mrs. Southworth, the one with the numerous initials. In one chapter it reminds one of Bourget or Zola at his worst. (Toronto: Morang & Co.)

"Some Undergraduate Poems" is the title of a unique little volume from the press of William Briggs. There seems to have been a literary revival at the University of Toronto, as it is some

years since there has been any genuine literary work done by the undergraduates there. This little volume is very creditable and it is to be hoped that the example set this year will be closely followed. Its contents are divided under such headings as Nights of Splendour, Translations, Sonnets, Old French Metres and Miscellaneous. In each department there are some verses above the average—and some dainty undergraduate humour.

Canadian poetry is more talked about than read. Those who are responsible for the new edition of the poems by Isabella Valancy Crawford have, nevertheless, done a service to Canadian literature. This volume must remain a classic so long as Canada remains a nation. In the quality of her imagination and the strength of her descriptions, Miss Crawford ranks with the first three or four Canadian poets. She worked under adverse domestic conditions, struggled against poverty and adversity, and received almost her only recognition from the editor of the *Toronto Telegram*. She died while still young in years. About thirty of her poems were originally published in book form in 1884. These are now republished, together with fifty-two poems not previously collected. In her introduction to the volume, Miss Wetherald refers to Miss Crawford as "Canada's first woman poet," and to a great extent she is justified in giving this title. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

One of the latest issues in the Citizen's Library issued by Macmillan is "The Elements of Sociology," by Frank W. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas. The work of Benjamin Kidd, Richard T. Ely and Professor Giddings in this study is well known. How mankind has attempted and is attempting to secure physical well-being, happiness, usefulness, culture and wealth, must always be a subject of considerable interest to those who are accustomed to look at civilisation as a whole. The influence of religion and education on progress; the principles underlying our treatment of the poor and the criminal; the tendencies in our social endeavours—all these are worthy of the observation and study of the scholar.



Idle Moments.

"DAD AND ME AND JIN"

MOTHER'S gone about a year
And it's mighty, mighty queer
She don't come back!
This here thing 'bout being dead
I can't get it thro' my head
And that's a fack!

Where the mischief has she gone?
She knows well we can't get on
Worth a mite.
Can't she see how Jinny frets?
And Dad just sets and sets and sets
Lookin' white!

Mother's some place! 'thout a doubt
She's too good to be wiped out,
Far too good!
But she must be far away
Or she'd come hikin' back some day.
Wish she would!

Night fore last, when Jin took bad,
If she had a' seen poor Dad
Goin' some!
Tried to put hot things on Jin,
Dropped the dish and burnt his shin,
She'd a' cum!

I was sure she'd come that night,
Ljstened till the room grew light—
Nary soun'!
Can't tell me that she's got wings
Flyin' round with cherubims—
She'd come down!

Better off! Now don't tell me!
You are talkin' I can see
Thro' your hat!
She was happy as could be
Here with Dad and Jin and me—
Bank on that!

God don't need her half so bad
As poor wee Jin and Me and Dad
Way down here!
If He'd let her come to Jin—
She so small and sick and thin,
I wouldn't keer!

Dad and Me are nearly men;
We can stand it better than
Wee girls do!
P'raps when she comes flyin' down,
Dad and Me'll be somewhere's roun'
And see her too!

Nellie L. McClung.

JAMES'S WOE

"Well, James, how are you feeling to-day?" said a minister to one of his parishioners, an old man suffering from chronic rheumatism. "I hope the pains are nothing worse. You are not looking so bright as usual to-day."

"Na, sir," said the old fellow, sadly; "I've been unfortunate to-day."

"How, James? In what way?" queried the pastor.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I got a letter frae a lawyer body this mornin' tellin' me that ma cousin 'Jack' had died, an' that he had left me two hunner' poun'."

"Two hundred pounds!" repeated the minister. "And you call that hard luck? Why, it's quite a fortune for you, James."

"Ay," said the old man sorrowfully,



SIR KNIGHT

Times and customs may change, but the spirit's the same.—*Life*.

"but the stupid lawyer body didn't put enough stamps on his letter, and I had a penny to pay for extra postage."—*Scottish American*.

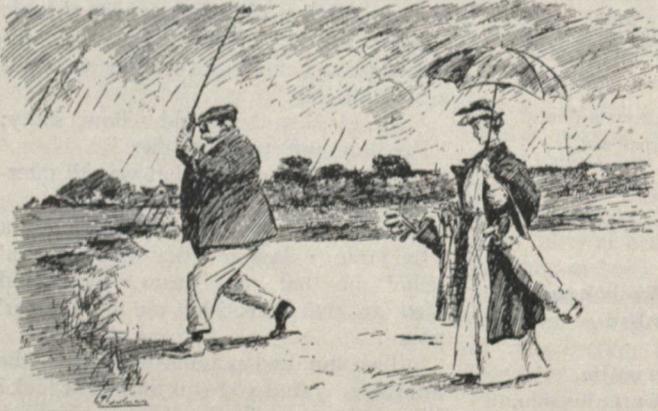
WHERE HE GETS HIS

Applicant (*at the pearly gates*): May I come in?

ST. PETER: What business were you engaged in while on earth?

APPLICANT: I owned several apartment houses, and—

ST. PETER: (*interrupting*): Sorry, but I'm afraid the children here would annoy you. Go bump the bumps.—*Chicago Daily News*.



THE ENGLISH WIFE



THE AMERICAN HUSBAND

Punch contrasts the two Anglo-Saxon communities.

ANCIENT SCIENCE

An Egyptologist and an Assyriologist were disputing about the relative advancement of the two ancient peoples whom they were studying.

"Why, sir," said the Egyptologist, "do you know that there have been found in Egypt remains of wires which prove that they understood electricity."

"Humph!" observed the Assyriologist. "We *don't* find any wires in Assyria, and that shows they understood wireless telegraphy."—*Harper's Weekly*.

WHERE BABIES SWIM

"I shall spend the winter in Samoa," said a traveller. "It is always summer there. There the babies swim.

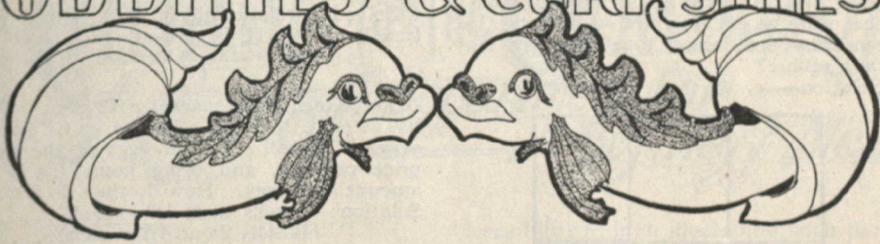
"Can you imagine a quainter, a more charming sight than a host of babies, none over two years old, laughing and crowing and swimming like fish in pools of clear sea water?"

"You will see this sight in Samoa. Samoan women believe sea baths benefit babies, and in that equable climate they bathe their little ones daily the year round.

"The youngsters soon learn to swim. They can swim before they can walk.

"And to see these pretty brown babies swimming in the sea is well worth a 5,000 mile trip to Samoa."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



"CANADIAN GUN BOAT"

FOR a number of years a deal of fish poaching has been carried on by American fishermen in Canadian waters, in all the lakes, especially Lake Erie and Lake Huron, and the old revenue cutter was found impracticable for the fishing boats could leave her far behind in the home race.

April, 1905, saw an end of safe fish poaching, when the new British boat the *Vigilant* was put into commission. Her life, thus far, has been very exciting, for she has confiscated dozens of expensive nets. One steam yawl—*Minnie M*—of Toledo, decided to test her running powers. She was fishing about a mile across the border, and in Canadian water, when the *Vigilant* found her, and the race began. The *Minnie M* was signalled to stop twice, and a shot fired across her bow, when, by a quick move, she doubled around the gunboat, and ran again for the American border. As the gunboat approached again she tried the trick a second time, but was caught amidship, turned turtle, and sank in three minutes—all lives were saved but two of the firemen.

The *Vigilant* cost \$500,000.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PROBLEMS

I

DIVIDE a block of copper weighing 40 lbs. into four weights in such proportion that by using a pair of balance scales you may weigh any number of pounds (not fractional) from 1 to 40.

Solution—Careful consideration of the use of balance scales will show "that with weights capable of weighing any number of pounds from one up to a certain given number, one extra weight, if not exceeding in weight twice the given number of pounds plus one pound, will enable the balances to weigh any number of pounds up to the combined weights of all."

Then if the first weight be 1 lb., the second weight be 2 times 1 lb. + 1 lb. = 3 lb., the third weight 2 times (1 lb. + 3 lb.) + 1 lb. = 9 lb., and the fourth weight 2 times (1 lb. + 3 lb. + 9 lb.) + 1 lb. = 27 lb.

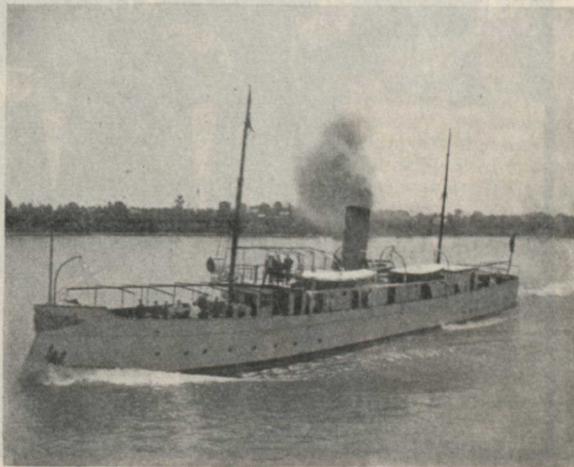
Solved by Clark Gill, Wilfred Beaty, F. H. Patterson.

II

A man has \$100.00 with which he wishes to purchase 100 head of stock, consisting of cows, sheep, and pigs. He pays \$10 each for cows; \$3.00 each for pigs; and 50 cents each for sheep. How does he acquire 100 head of stock for \$100?

Answer: 1 pig.....\$ 3.00
 94 sheep @ 50 cents..... 47.00
 5 cows @ \$10..... 50.00
 100 head stock.....\$100.00

Solved by Clark Gill, Milicent Smith, Byron M. Weldon, Wilfred Beaty, F. H. Patterson.

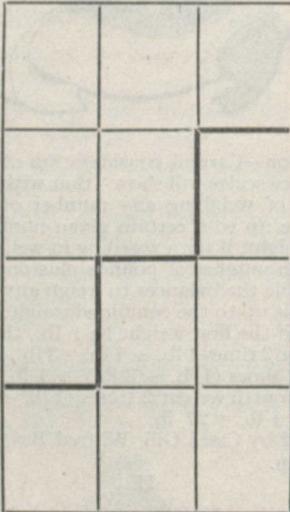


THE VIGILANT—CANADIAN GUNBOAT ON LAKE ERIE

III

How must a board 16 inches long and 9 inches wide be cut into two such parts, that when they are joined together they may form a square?

Solution—



If cut thus, and the two pieces put together

afresh, one space up, a square is obtained 12 x 12.

Solved by Clark Gill, Milicent Smith, Wilfred Beaty, F. H. Patterson.

IV

Three men go to market with eggs. "A" has 50 eggs. "B" has 30 eggs. "C" has 10 eggs. They all sell their eggs at the same price per egg, and bring home the same amount of money. How do they do it?

Solution:—A sells 49 at 1/7 c. each.....7c.
 B sells 28 at 1/7c. each.....4c.
 C sells 7 at 1/7c. each.....1c.
 A sells 1 at 3c. each.....3c.
 B sells 2 at 3c. each.....6c.
 C sells 3 at 3c. each.....9c.

Solved by Wilfred Beaty.

V

Three persons bought a quantity of sugar weighing 51 lbs., and wish to part it equally between them. They have no weights but a 4 lb. weight and a 7 lb. weight. How can they divide it?

Solution:—51 lbs. between 3 persons = 17 lbs. each. They would weigh out 3 times with the 7 lb. weight and have 21 lbs., and then weigh out 4 lbs. from it, and have 17 lbs.

Solved by Clark Gill, Wilfred Beaty.

Winner of a cash prize of \$3—Wilfred Beaty, Crescent Road, Toronto.



HIS FORWARD POLICY

THE STRENUOUS ONE (Mr. Chamberlain)—“If we are ever to arrive anywhere some people have got to keep step!”—London Chronicle.

CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —
Business Men.

WATCHERS AND WATCHED

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is trying to get a bill through Congress to increase the Interstate Commerce Commission to seven members, the term of their office to seven years, and their salaries to \$10,000. Just think of that for a reform! In Canada a judge gets his position for life; so does a member of our Railway Commission. In addition, we pay salaries equal to what the President is trying to secure for members of the Interstate Commerce Commission—perhaps the most important non-partisan body in the United States. It is ludicrous to think of a member of that body drawing less than \$10,000, trying to control railway managers drawing five or ten times that salary, with a permanent position, and with splendid financial backing. It is comparisons such as these which indicate the weaknesses of administration in the United States. Small wonder indeed that the “grafters” are so firmly entrenched that the profits of the country go into their hands.

There is another thought here also. It is a peculiar commentary on our democratic legislators and administrators that when we want justice given or done, we must get some person or body which is outside the sphere of influence of our Parliaments. Neither in this country nor in the United States can we rely upon the Parliament or the Cabinet to do justice. They occasionally do what is right, but we are seldom quite sure.



DANGER IN NEGLECT

MR. GROVER CLEVELAND, in the December *Harper's*, examines the question whether the relations of the past year mean a break-down in American character. Has there supervened such in-

sensibility to high ideals, and such paralysis of the power of right thinking that there is nothing left to build repair upon? His answer is in the negative. He believes that in the end “the integrity of American character” will assert itself.

One quotation from his article, which points a moral for Canadians, is especially valuable:

“Without attempting to enumerate all the insidious influences and tendencies which, if disregarded and unchecked, may seriously menace American character or stand in the way of its saving power, the list should not be closed without mentioning, as the most dangerous, deep-seated, and inexcusable of all, the indifference of a vast number of our decent and otherwise patriotic people to political movements, and their consequent neglect of duty as voting citizens. This evil has already spread to every part of our land, and infects all classes of our population. Thousands in the mad pursuit of riches see no profitable relationship between good government and their intents or designs. And, what is infinitely worse, thousands of our citizens of the ultra-respectable sort superciliously regard politics as an unclean thing, while too many of our educated men shun political duty as foreign to their intellectual superiority. Of course a majority of reputable Americans interest themselves in public affairs; but there ought to be no exceptions. To the extent that intelligent, thoughtful citizens fail to vote and to give impress to the politics of their country and their neighbourhood, they give opportunity which the base and unprincipled will not be slow to improve. American character may be as robust and sound as can be desired, and yet it may entirely fail to save us from disaster if the practical duties of citizenship—the avenues through which it must reach its beneficent end—are disregarded. No one can make good his claim to patriotism who begrudges the time necessary to the discharge of these duties, or harbours the thought that the touch of things that further the prosperity and welfare of the American people can defile or degrade him.”

This is also true of the people in this country. They believe they would lose their dignity and self-respect if they joined

a "ward" association—yet it is there that character is given to the politics of the country. Selfishness is too rampant.



A NOTABLE CONQUEST

THE Toronto Street Railway Co. has achieved a notable triumph. For years the Toronto *Globe* has been studying the question of municipal control of civic monopolies, and has been hesitating between "regulation" and "municipal ownership." The Toronto Railway Co. has been operating the street railway system of that city for fourteen years, and has aimed at blocking any progressive move which originated at the City Hall. This system of petty battle and blockade has become so notorious that the *Globe* has gone over to the "municipal ownership" idea. The following editorial appears in its issue of December 14th:

LET US OWN OUR STREETS

The absurdity of appealing to the Imperial Privy Council to decide as to the stopping of a Toronto street car at a certain corner should make it forever impossible for anyone to again lead the people of this city to create a Street Railway Company. When the present company dies by the effluxion of time it should be the end of street railway companies in the city. There was no justification for the creation of a company to operate a public service which the city should control. We had learned our lesson from the water company that at one time controlled that service. The bug-a-boo of municipal corruption and incompetence, of favouritism, and the continuing of unnecessary hands on the pay roll was raised against those who declared that the city should operate its own water service. But experience has shown that public or municipal control is infinitely better than any kind of operation under a private company. There is the widest possible difference between operation in the interests of the public and operation in the interests of private investors.

If we had a water company we would be appealing to the Imperial Privy Council to decide as to the extension of mains along new streets or the rights of certain localities to have fire service hydrants. Impurities through defective intake pipes could not be corrected till the law lords would decide as to whether the appeal had been entered in a proper or improper form. The intervention of a private company inevitably develops into a nuisance, and the only remedy is for municipalities to manage their own public affairs. So far as corruption in municipal

affairs is concerned, one private corporation seeking favours and the evasion of responsibilities is a greater menace than all the public services operated by a municipality. As to stuffed pay rolls, it is questionable if there are as many favourites overpaid in the city's service as there are in the private corporations that operate public services in the city. If a private corporation did not stand in the way we would now have the radial lines giving a good service to the heart of the city. At present we must sleep on our arms watching lest some act be pushed through the Legislature extending the term of the present charter. For the blunder of creating the company we have suffered and will suffer, but we have learned our lesson and will not repeat it. If the lesson needed emphasis it is being supplied by the unwillingness of the company to live up to the agreement, and its attempts, such as that made by it last week, to have the agreement nullified by a new street railway act. But of this more needs to be said.



AUSTRALIA'S RIVALRY

IT is quite right that there should be rivalry between Canada and Australia. At one time—and it is not so many years ago—Canada was rather jealous of the superior progress which Australia was making. Now, times have changed, and the progress of Canada exceeds that of Australia. Indeed the rivalry between Britain's two greatest colonies has developed into a sort of mild jealousy on the part of Australia. The following from the *Melbourne Leader* is an indication of this:

"Australia has learnt little of the great art of advertising boldly. Countries, like individuals, have found that there is fortune in this process when conducted with ingenuity and audacity. Canada's example may show us what has been accomplished in this direction when the policy of self-laudation is carried out with energy and persistence. The Dominion does not hide its light under a bushel, but boldly proclaiming the manifold advantages it can offer, is diverting to its waste lands a fructifying stream of immigration. Australian policy on this point is a compound of hesitancy and parsimony. Public opinion has not yet fully determined whether we want to issue any general invitation. The working man is afraid that competition in labour will be to his detriment by increasing the number of his competitors. He does not realise that a spirited national policy will increase the opportunities of employment, and that every newcomer able and willing to work will develop production and enable the Commonwealth more easily to bear its burdens."



"LITTLE LADY BOUNTIFUL"

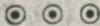
This beautiful gravure which measures $28\frac{1}{2}$ x $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches, is printed on fine plate paper, 40 x 30 inches and is quite Free From Advertising. It will form a magnificent companion to our last year's picture, "The Leopard Skin."

Information as to manner of obtaining this picture is contained in a circular wrapped around every Bottle of BOVRIL.

SAVE THE COUPONS and see that you get one with every bottle purchased.

Free
to
Purchasers
of
Bovril

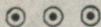
The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.



ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

2 MATTRESSES

For the amount you thought ONE would cost. The

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS

costs \$15. delivered at your home. A decent hair mattress cannot be bought for less than \$30. or \$40. and then it is inferior in durability, cleanliness and comfort to the Ostermoor.

The Ostermoor is the BEST mattress ever made at any price.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR NAME OF DEALER WHO CARRIES
OSTERMOOR MATTRESSES IN YOUR TOWN

THE Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd.

MONTREAL — TORONTO — WINNIPEG

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS

WOOLENS

FLANNELS, YARNS
WORSTEDS, and all
materials containing
ANIMAL WOOL
must be carefully
washed to keep them
SOFT & PREVENT
SHRINKING. Don't
send them to the
cleaners—but use

PEARLINE
MODERN SOAP



DIRECTIONS

"Wash woollens and
flannels by hand in
luke-warm

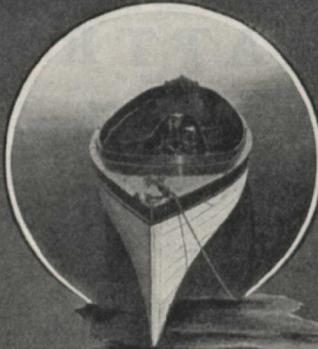
PEARLINE

suds; rinse thoroughly
in WARM water;
wring dry; pull and
shake well, and they
will keep soft with-
out shrinking.

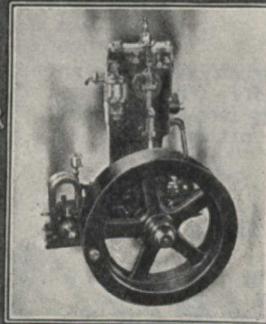
DRY IN WARM
TEMPERATURE."

Pearline Keeps Woolens Soft

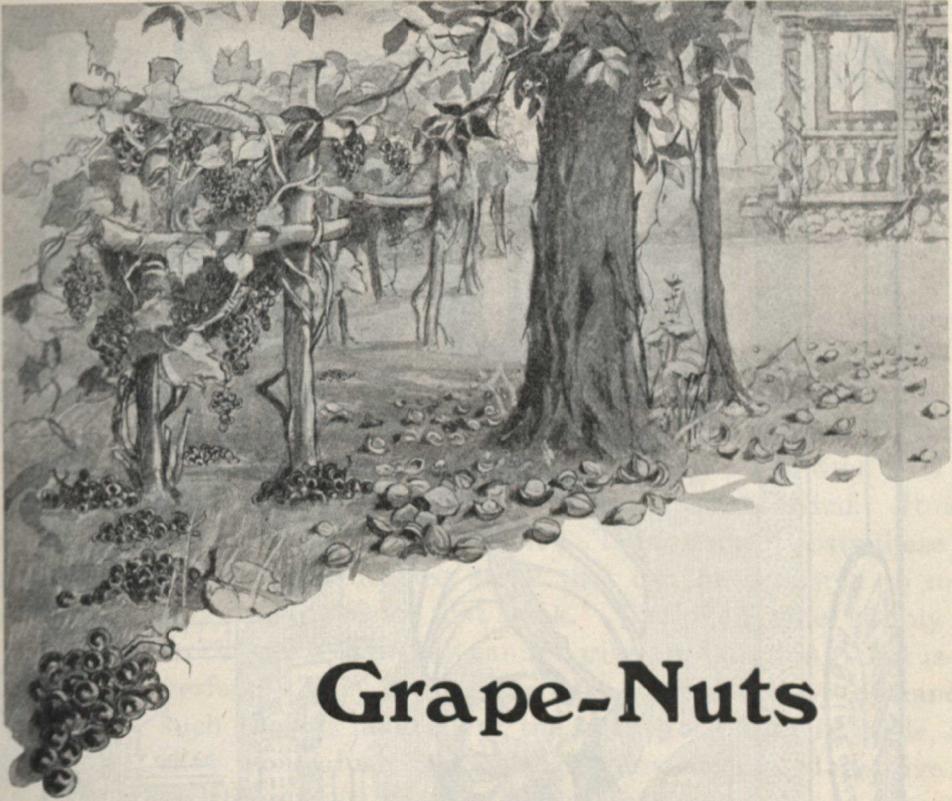
WE MANUFACTURE
GOOD GASOLINE ENGINES
AND **LAUNCAES**



SEND FOR
OUR
CATALOG



THE **ADAMS LAUNCH AND ENGINE M'FG CO.**
PENETANG, ONT.



Grape-Nuts

are not made of either Grapes or Nuts.

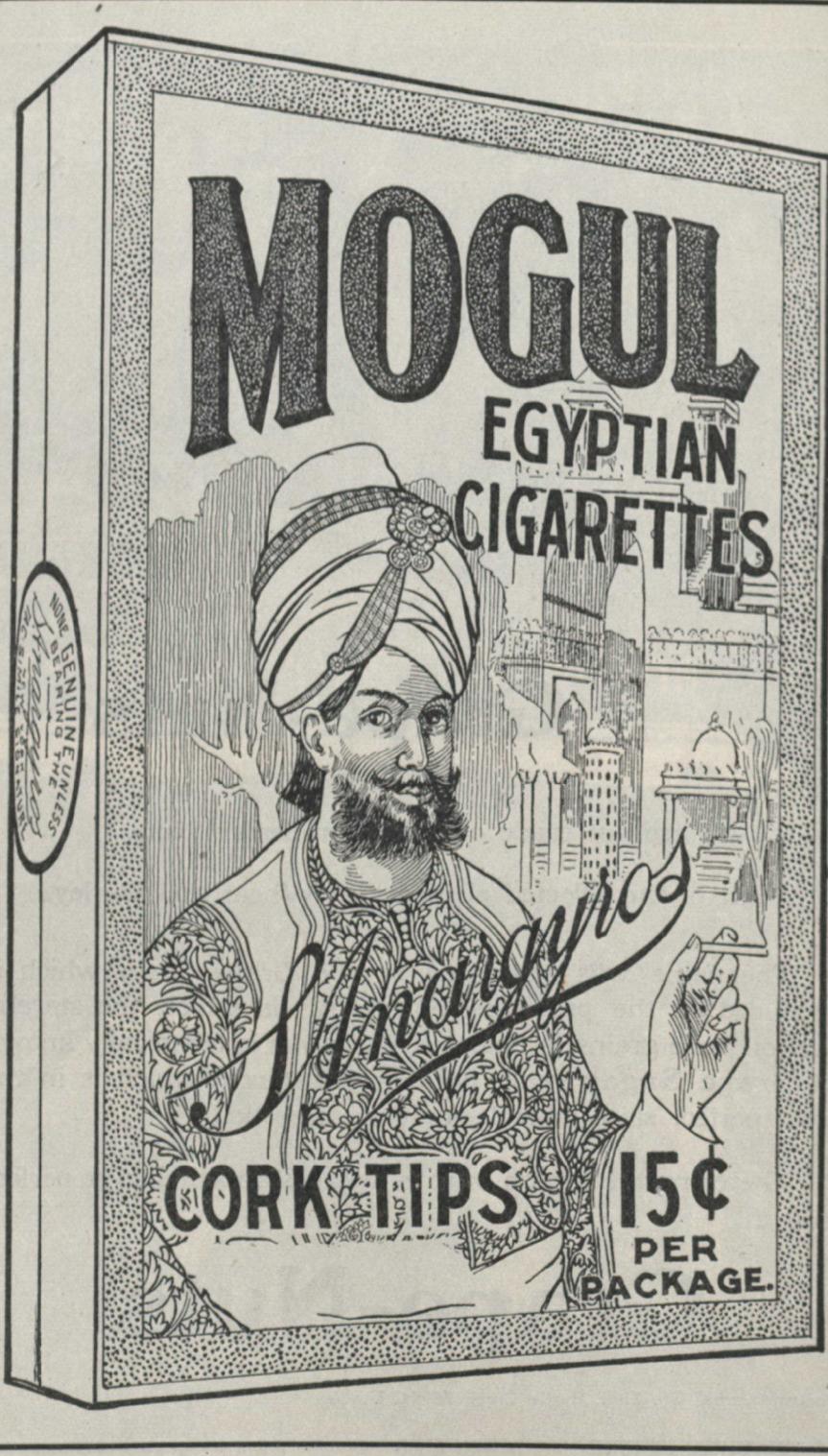
But of the selected elements of Wheat and Barley.

The name was suggested by the Grape Sugar which is produced by the processes of making, in which the starchy part of these grains is changed into what is technically known as **Grape Sugar** (really pre-digested starch) which is in the most perfect state possible for easy digestion.

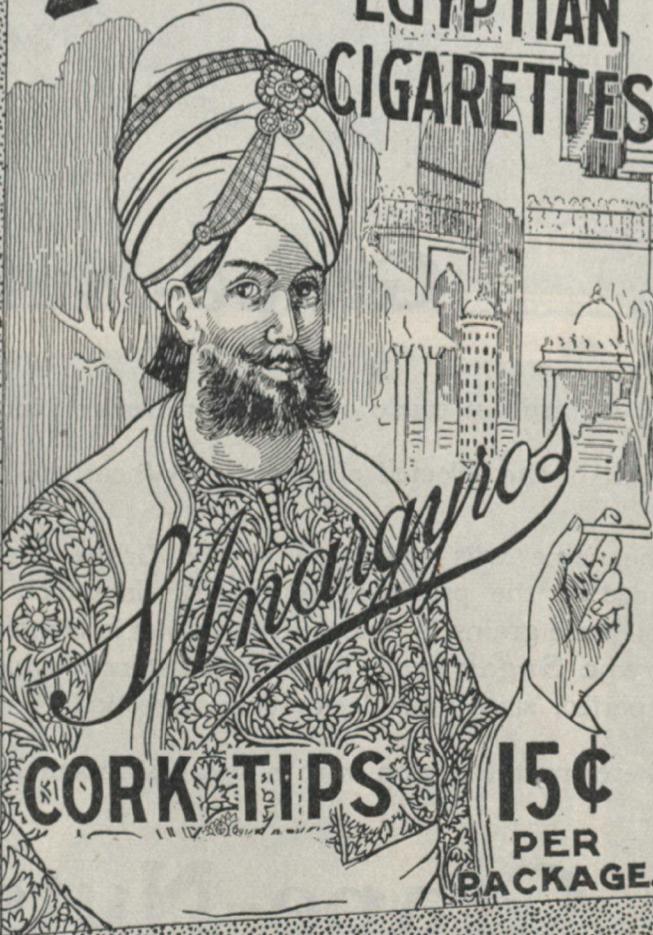
Therefore, the person with a weak stomach has a perfect food in

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.



MOGUL
EGYPTIAN
CIGARETTES



S. Mandarynos

CORK TIPS 15¢
PER PACKAGE.

NONE GENUINE UNLESS
 MANDARYNOS IS ON THE PACK

Why Knox's is the Standard for Gelatine Purity

By CHARLES B. KNOX



F KNOX'S Gelatine is not the standard for purity and perfect in every respect, why do cheap grocers, or any one else for that matter, try to sell cheap gelatines, by saying they are just as good as Knox's? This "just as good as Knox's" means that they know that Knox's is the standard for purity; and that it is the only one that is guaranteed to please, or your money refunded. It costs a few cents more per package than some. The reason it costs these few cents more is because I use the best stock that can be procured to make it from. I have to pay more for that stock. The men who supply my

stock know that they cannot give me anything that is not perfect. They do not even try to, because my demand is such that I take all of the best stock that is made, and they would lose my trade if they attempted to give me anything that was not strictly perfect.

My package makes a pint more jelly than any other.

A cheap package of gelatine will make only a quart, or at most a quart and a pint, so it is economy to pay the two and a half cents more for the extra quantity in mine, aside from the question of quality, and besides you have the satisfaction of knowing that when you make it up your results will be perfect, and you will not have wasted your sugar, flavoring, and whatever else you would have put into the cheap gelatine, which is liable to turn out only a disappointment, not a dessert.

FREE For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. If you would like a copy of the handsome painting, "The First Lesson," drop me a postal card for full information how to get it.

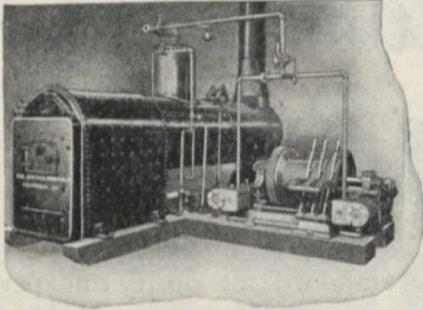
CHARLES B. KNOX

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.), and SPIM Ointment-Cream (50c.)

Send for my Free "Watch the Baby" booklet. It gives full information regarding the SPIM goods and also explains my \$500 Prize Baby Contest.





☐ For a semi-portable hoisting rig it would be difficult to improve on the one shown above.

☐ A glance at the cut will emphasize the points of merit—portability, compactness, self-contained, no expensive foundations required, convenience of operation.

☐ The Hoist is of our standard friction drum type, having all operating levers brought to the front and assembled in a quadrant.

☐ The Locomotive Boiler is of our class C, water bottom style and is, like the Hoist, built on honest lines right through. It will be found a good steamer and with ordinary care will run for years without calling for a cent in repairs.

☐ Regular sizes are 6" x 8" Hoist with 20 H.P. Boiler, 7" x 10" Hoist with 25 H.P. Boiler, and 8" x 12" Hoist with 35 H.P. Boiler. Larger sizes furnished when desired.

☐ We will gladly forward full particulars with prices of this plant to anyone interested.

☐ Correspondence invited.

THE JENCKES MACHINE Co.

LIMITED

50 LANSDOWNE ST. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

TORONTO
ROSSLAND

HALIFAX
VANCOUVER

There is no other salt
for table use that can
compare with

Windsor SALT

It is absolutely pure—
never cakes—and is
always the same.



IF
I WERE
A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous Skin Fluid
English

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

Long Coat Costume

OF

PRIESTLEYS'
PANNEAU
CLOTH

The
Fashionable
Fabric
for Fall



In Popular
Shades of
Green and
Brown



FOR SALE AT ALL
THE BEST
DRY GOODS STORES



HAMMER THE HAMMER

and convince yourself that it is *not* one of the rank and file of the "went-off-by-accident" kind. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating"; the proof in this case is *in the trying*.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY
AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

cannot be discharged unless you pull the trigger. It is so constructed that the hammer cannot possibly come in contact with the

firing-pin unless the trigger is *pulled all the way back*—true of no other revolver.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the "Why"—tells you why it's safe, why it's accurate and why it's reliable—gladly sent on request, together with our handsome catalogue.

For sale by all leading Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.

Hammer, \$6.50

Hammerless, \$7.50

Look for our name on the barrel and the owl's head on the grip.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers Street

Pacific Coast Branch: 114 Second St., San Francisco, Cal. European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany



A Good Rule to Follow

We have always believed that every article sent to us to be cleaned or dyed should be handled just as carefully as if it were our personal property.

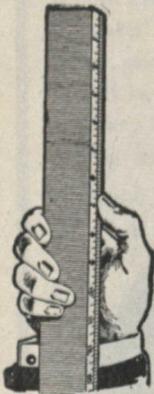
That means that your laces or curtains, or gowns or gloves will be returned to you without the slightest evidence of rough handling.

R. PARKER & CO.,

Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners

Branches and Agencies all over Canada.

TORONTO, CAN.



VICHY —

CELESTINS

The only genuine Vichy Water;
property of the French Republic.

Boivin, Wilson & Co. Montreal.
Agents.

NORDHEIMER PLANOS.



Typify the Piano
perfection of the
age and possess
the tone quality
that lifts them
into a class by
themselves.

NORDHEIMER PIANO AND MUSIC CO. LIMITED TORONTO ONT.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,
admirably adapted to the
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited, Toronto and Montreal.



OUR TRADE MARK IS A GUARANTEE

of the quality of our Silverware. Look for it when selecting your Christmas Gifts. It stands for everything that is best in richness of design and style. All first-class jewellers in Canada carry our goods in stock.

THE STANDARD SILVER CO., LIMITED, TORONTO



COWAN'S



Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE 03

**A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

**PURIFIES
AS WELL AS
Beautifies
the Skin**
No other cosmetic
will do it.



**REMOVES Tan,
Pimples, Freckles,
Moth-Patches, Rash and
Skin diseases, and every
blemish on beauty, and
defies detection. On its
virtues it has stood the
test of 56 years; no other
has, and is so harmless
we taste it to be sure it is
properly made. Accept
no counterfeit of similar
name. The distinguished
Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a
lady of the *haut-ton* (a
patient):—"*As you
ladies will use them, I
recommend 'Gouraud's'***

Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One
bottle will last six months, using it every day.

**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair
without injury to the skin.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout
the U.S., Canada and Europe.
Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stearn's, Ehrlich's, Ridley's
and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00
reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

\$1.00 for 500 neatly printed
Business Cards, Note
Heads, Tickets, Bill
Heads, Statements or

Envelopes. Price list and samples free.
FRANK H. BARNARD, Printer
77 Queen St. East, Toronto.



**MAISON
JULES &
CHARLES'
HAIR
GOODS**

have obtained highest
Paris-London Awards
for their superior
workmanship.
Qualite Sans Pareil

Our Self-dividing Transformations will cover all
round the head, from \$15.00 up.

LADIES' WIGS, from \$25.00 up.
FRONTS from ear to ear, from \$5.00 up.

GENTS' WIGS, from \$15.00.
TOUPEES, from \$10.00.

SWITCHES Natural Wavy, from \$3.00.
Straight, from \$2.00.

Only made of the best Imported European Human Hair.

Jules & Charles', late Armand's, Gray Hair Restorer, 8
different shades, 1 box, \$3.00; 2 boxes, \$5.00.

Mail Orders Prompt Anywhere. Write for Catalogue

431 YONGE ST., TORONTO

GANONG'S



G.B. CHOCOLATES

The latest and daintiest arrangement
for Chocolates

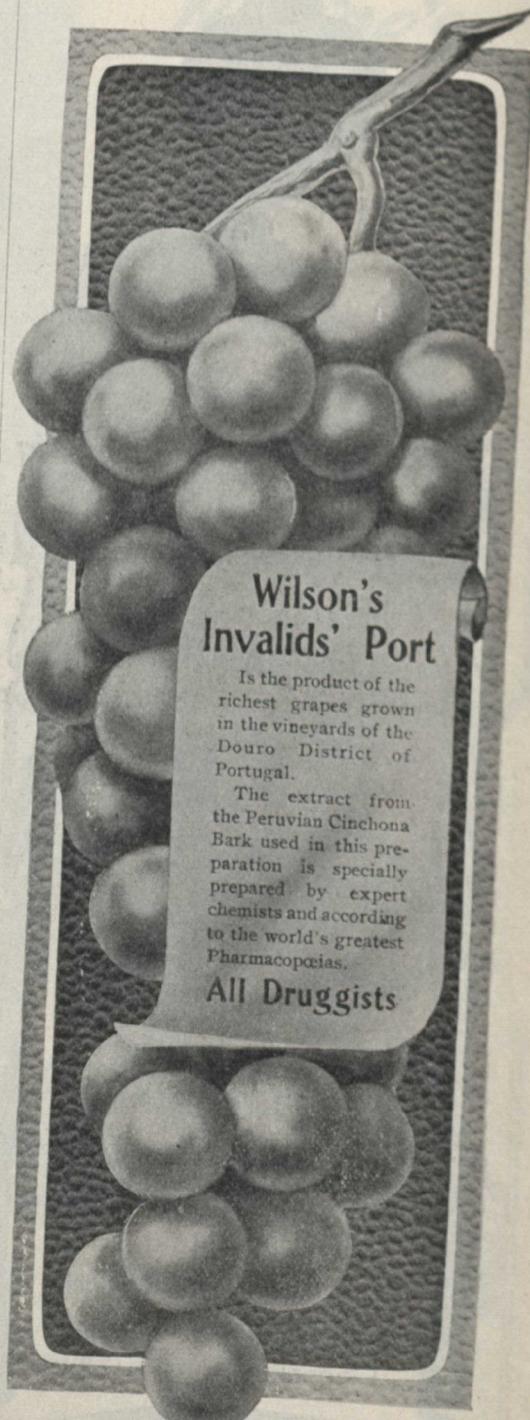
The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of
Creams, Nougatines, Cara-
mels, Fruits and Nuts. $\frac{1}{2}$, 1,
2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full
weight in every box.

35 Years' Experience

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



Wilson's Invalids' Port

Is the product of the
richest grapes grown
in the vineyards of the
Douro District of
Portugal.

The extract from
the Peruvian Cinchona
Bark used in this pre-
paration is specially
prepared by expert
chemists and according
to the world's greatest
Pharmacopœias.

All Druggists

Absolute
Purity.

Not
Bleached.

The Symbol



of Quality.

*"Commence the New Year
aright.
Use Anchor Brand"*

· LEITCH BROTHERS FLOUR MILLS ·
· Oak Lake — Manitoba — Canada ·

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

E. B. EDDY'S

"SILENT"



**PARLOR
MATCH**

Is asked for every time by those who have once tried it, which is a sure proof of its superiority.

It will, with the least possible friction on any kind of a dry surface, and with absolute safety, without fire dropping or head flying off, create an **instantaneous, brilliant light entirely free from crackling, sputtering, or noise of any kind.**

Ask your Grocer for a Box and give it a Trial



ENTERTAIN

"The Boys" with an Edison Phonograph

THE house "the boys" like to visit is the one that's always full of good cheer—fun and music. If you want to make your home attractive, get an Edison Phonograph. It tells the funny stories of the best vaudeville monologists. It sings the sweetest songs of the present and bygone days. It plays the latest band marches, two-steps, waltzes and quadrilles in dancing tempo. It renders perfectly the finest orchestral selections and instrumental solos. Then, too, you and your friends can have no end of fun making records at home. Truly this marvelous entertainer is unequalled. That's why it makes *the Best Holiday or Birthday Present*.

Go to the nearest Edison dealer and hear the genuine Phonograph, and you will instantly appreciate its marked superiority. The Edison signature is on every Edison Phonograph and Edison Gold Moulded Record. Phonographs, \$10 up; Records, 40c. each. Send to Orange, N. J., office for new booklet, "*Home Entertainments with the Edison Phonograph.*" Latest Record Catalogue mailed to any Phonograph owner.

National Phonograph Company

68 LAKESIDE AVENUE, ORANGE, N. J.

New York

Chicago

San Francisco

London

L. C. S. Language Courses Taught With Edison Phonographs.

Latest Edison Gold Moulded Records—Now on Sale at All Dealers

9146 At the Old Grist Mill . . . Edison Concert Band	9159 Call Again, Calligen—Song Favor
9147 Lorna— <i>Song and Male Quartet</i> . . . Barrow	9160 Nigger Loves His Possum . . . Collins and Harlan
9148 The Golden Wedding (<i>Faustville</i>) Jones & Spencer	9161 With Flying Colors March . . . Edison Concert Band
9149 Traumerel—(<i>Cllo Solo</i>) Hans Kronold	9162 Silver Threads Among the Gold— Song Marie Narelle
9150 Bye-Bye, My Eva, Bye-Bye— <i>Com Song</i> . . . Collins	9163 Short Stories Frank Bush
9151 Lily White— <i>Popular Song</i> . . . MacDonough	9164 Sympathy— <i>Comic Song</i> Murray
9152 I'm Old but I'm Awfully Tough— <i>Song</i> . . . Keefe	9165 Killarney— <i>Xylophone Solo</i> Benzler
9153 Happy Heinie March . . . Edison Military Band	9166 Starlight— <i>Song</i> Harlan
9154 Girl from the U. S. A.— <i>Song</i> Gillette	9167 As We Parted at the Gate . . . Harlan and Stanley
9155 Nothin' from Nothin' Leaves You— <i>Song</i>	9168 Silent Night Edison Male Quartette
9156 Star, Beautiful Star . . . Anthony and Harrison	9169 Good Night Waltz— For Dancing . . . Edison Military Band
9157 Romantic Overture . . . Edison Symphony Orchestra	
9158 Can't You See I'm Lonely— <i>Ballad</i> . . . Ada Jones	





It's the CORSET She Wears

That determines a woman's figure. No matter how perfect nature has made her, if the corset is wrong the effect is bad. ¶ To make the most of what nature has done for you, wear a D. & A. straight front model high bust with the long hip. Its perfect lines will make your figure perfect, while it will give you the longest service and best wear. ¶ First-class dealers sell them, or you can write us direct.

Dominion Corset M'g Company

QUEBEC TORONTO MONTREAL

Art Dept. Canadian Magazine





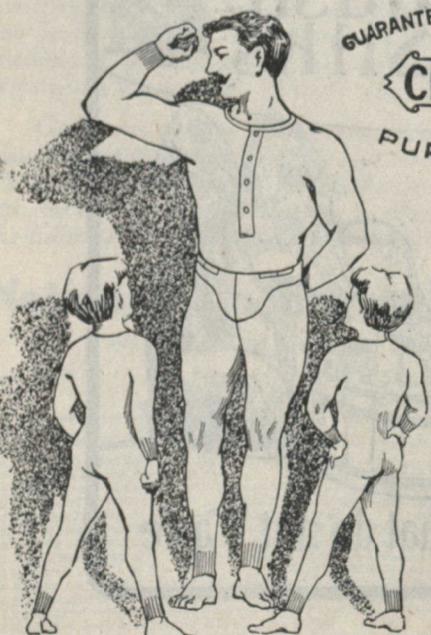


THE SOURCE AND THE SUPPLY

The richest milk obtainable. Its passage from cow to can is strictly guarded from contamination. Thorough sterilization is the final safeguard, ensuring absolutely pure and wholesome milk.

REINDEER CONDENSED MILK
JERSEY STERILIZED CREAM
 Are ideal in richness and purity
EVERY CAN GUARANTEED
TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited
TRURO, N.S.





GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE



PURE WOOL

STRONG POINTS

OF THIS UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

It is made to fit the body. Has no rough seams. Made from 2 and 3 fold yarn. Will outwear any garment made from single yarn. Soft, warm and elastic. Never gets out of shape. No burrs, no scratching. Made from pure Australian wool and silk and wool. And to complete its good qualities, is guaranteed unshrinkable. Any garment replaced that shrinks. Ask your dealer for this brand.

MADE BY
THE C. TURNBULL CO., Limited
GALT, ONTARIO

ART DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



HOLIDAY GIFTS

Exclusive designs from the best factories in Europe.

ART POTTERY, ROCK CRYSTAL
FINE CHINA
ELECTROLIERS and SHADES

WILLIAM JUNOR

88 WEST KING STREET, - TORONTO

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING

Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.
For Samples apply to the Proprietors,

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



CHOCOLATES AND COCOAS

For Sale at all
First-class Grocery
Stores in Canada.

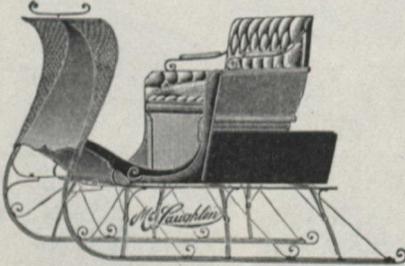
**JOHN P. MOTT
& CO.**

HALIFAX, CANADA

Works—Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

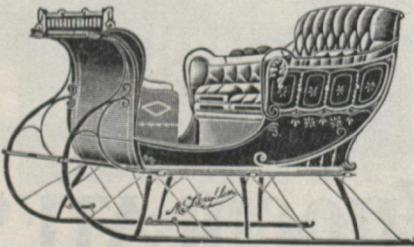
McLAUGHLIN CUTTERS

All kinds for all purposes—Over 20 Varieties for 1905-6



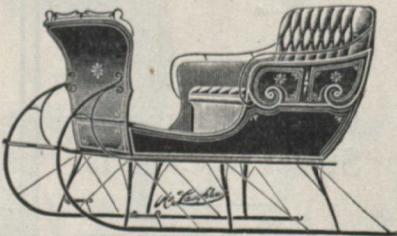
No. 240

For City and Town driving. Very high wicker-wing dash, brass mountings, broadcloth upholstery, soft high spring back and cushion. Driver's cushion and false bottom also supplied. Painting; bright red or all dark.



No. 221 1/2

A solid, serviceable, satisfying Cutter for general use. Large, roomy, comfortable seat. Can be supplied without child's seat, and painted and trimmed to suit purchaser.

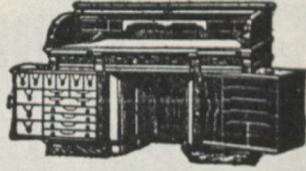


No. 224

A strong, light, neatly designed Cutter, suitable for two only. Our Cutters are all designed with a view to lightness of draft and comfortable riding qualities.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO.

Oshawa - - Ontario



THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail. Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

The late Sir Samuel Baker said: Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service."

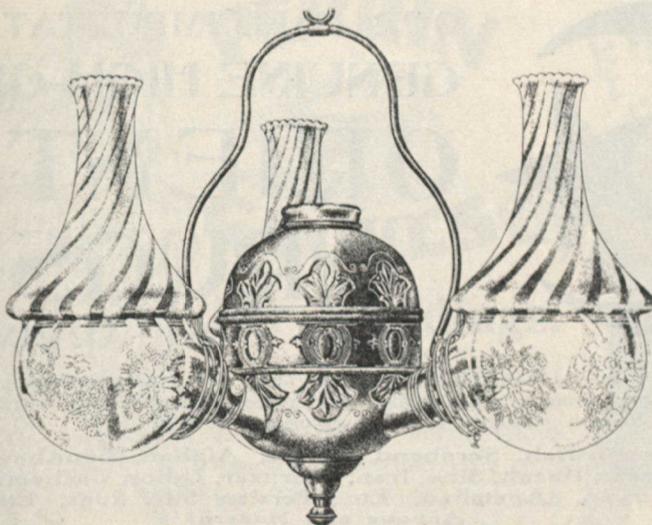
Mr. R. McClelland, Queensland, writes: "Once people try your Pills they will take no other medicine for Rheumatism. I consider they are worth a pound a box."

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal and Toronto.
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.



The Most Satisfactory Light

Q The ANGLE LAMP is not the only method of lighting your home but taken all in all it is the MOST satisfactory. **Q** For while it floods your rooms with the finest, softest and most restful light, making your home more cosy and inviting, it requires almost as little care and attention as gas or electric light, is as simple and convenient to operate as either and ACTUALLY COSTS LESS to burn than the ordinary, troublesome, old-style lamp. **Q** Our catalog (sent free on request) explains how this new principle applied to burning common kerosene has so completely done away with all the smoke, odor and bother of ordinary lamps that such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Cookes, etc., who wouldn't think of using ordinary lamps, have chosen

THE ANGLE LAMP

for lighting their homes and estates in preference to gas or electricity, gasoline, acetylene, or any other method of lighting. **Q** This catalog tells how the special Angle burner and the shape of the glass-ware (see above illustration) gives combustion so perfect that the Angle Lamp never smokes or smells whether burned at full height or turned low: why the Angle Lamp is lighted and extinguished like gas: the advantage of having the under-shadow of other lamps done away with completely. It tells, too, why the Angle Lamp burns $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ less oil than any other for the same amount of light. And then offers you a

30 DAYS' TRIAL

Q And it does more—gives you the benefit of our ten years' experience with all lighting methods. Before you forget it—before you turn over this leaf—write your nearest agent for catalog listing 32 varieties of The Angle Lamp from \$1.80 up.

The Angle Mfg. Co., 78-80 Murray St., New York
OR

McKINNON & McNEVIN, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
W. H. THORNE & CO., St. John, N.B.

HILTON, GIBSON & CO., Winnipeg, Man.
C. W. ROBSON, 165 Cordova Street, Vancouver, B.C.

THE BACH SPECIALTY CO., 355½ Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.



OUR FALL IMPORTATION OF
GENUINE HIGH-GRADE
ORIENTAL
RUGS
HAS JUST ARRIVED

We feel quite safe in stating that this is the finest and largest collection of high-class Oriental Rugs ever brought into Toronto, every piece being personally selected by our Mr. Babayan in the Eastern markets. It comprises masterpieces of

**Kirmanshah, Serebend, Shiraz, Afghan, Boukhara,
Tabriz, Kazak, Sine, Iran, Amritzar, Lahor, Cashemir,
Shirvan, Anatolian, Etc., Persian Silk Rugs, Etc.,
Antique and Modern**

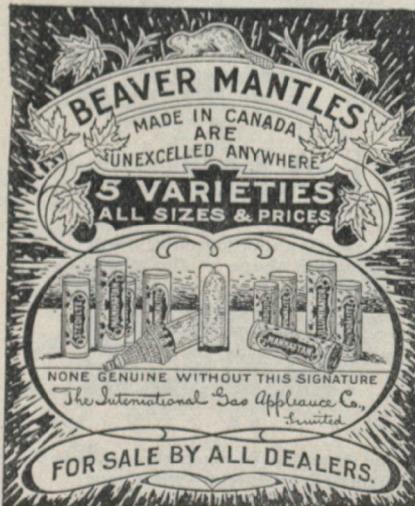
It will be impossible to specify the sizes and prices of such a large collection; only a visit to our Art Rooms will convince you of the merits of these importations.

We send our goods on approbation. We give prompt attention to Mail Orders.

COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.

40 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

OPPOSITE KING EDWARD HOTEL



SEE that the box has THIS LABEL
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT
Do not accept something "Just as good (?)"

WHOLESALE ONLY
THE INTERNATIONAL GAS
APPLIANCE CO., Limited
25-27 Richmond Street West, Toronto



J. PALMER & SON

1745 NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL

HEADQUARTERS FOR

ARTISTIC HAIR GOODS

Exclusive and Original Ideas
Quality Our Watchword
Satisfied Customers Our Aim

Wigs, Toupees, Transformations, Switches



PERRIN

GLOVES

For Weddings.

The bride and groom, the bridesmaids and guests will all find in the Perrin Glove exactly what their part calls for. This is an occasion which surely calls for the best and the best is certainly a **Perrin Glove.**

Sold by leading dealers everywhere.



Cutlery Economy



Do not buy cutlery of uncertain make and reputation—it is an expensive test.

When you get "Rodgers" Cutlery you know that you are buying in the most economical way.

Sheffield is the home of cutlery. Sheffield steel is renowned the world over—"Rodgers" steel is the best Sheffield steel—so manufactured that it will withstand the hardest wear and tear—and buying certainties like these is true Cutlery Economy.

With all this the designs are essentially useful and neat, forming a combination of utility, beauty and strength nowhere else found.

The above Trade-mark—always found on GENUINE "Rodgers"—is a guarantee of quality. Look closely for it.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS, Limited

CUTLERS TO HIS MAJESTY

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

A Guarantee of Health.



Perfect digestion guarantees perfect health. Growing boys are vigorous because their food is perfectly digested, the food nutriment properly assimilated and the blood is pure and healthy. As a result you do not hear of them being affected with headache, backache, kidney trouble, liver trouble, constipation or any other of the common ills that always afflict those with bad stomachs.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

compel perfect digestion under all circumstances and regardless of the condition of the stomach. They themselves digest the food naturally and properly, and the stomach rests and regains its health and strength. Thousands and thousands of bad stomachs have been put in perfect trim by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

All Druggists, 50 Cents a Box.

IF YOU ARE AN AUTOMOBILIST
YOU MUST HAVE
FROSTILLA

to keep your face from getting chapped
in cold weather or sunburned in summer
IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM



Not Greasy or Sticky—Delightful Perfume

When you travel by sea or land take
FROSTILLA in your grip. It will keep
your face and hands in perfect condition

PERFECTLY HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE SKIN
SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

If your dealer has not got it, send
30 cents for a bottle by mail, postpaid

NORTHROP & LYMAN CO.
TORONTO, ONT.



The script
signature of
STEWART HARTSHORN is
on every genuine

**Hartshorn
Shade Roller.**

See that it is on all your
rollers. It is there for *your*
protection.

Wood Rollers.
Tin Rollers.

The Improved Hartshorn requires
no tacks.



UPTON'S
JAMS, JELLIES AND
ORANGE MARMALADE
ARE THE BEST

Don't take a substitute.
Your grocer will supply
them if you insist.



Bran Waste is One Great Difference Between Good and Poor Flours

The food part of flour is "protein."

Protein makes bone, muscle and brain.—There is no protein in bran.

—bran is the outside part, the husk or "bark" of the wheat.

—bran is the part of the wheat which is absolutely without food-value to the human system.

—bran represents part of the difference between Royal Household Flour and whole-wheat flour or cheap, inferior flours that are poorly milled and not thoroughly purified.

No other flour in this country is so thoroughly and completely separated from the waste as is "Royal Household," because no other mills are so well equipped or exclusively devoted to the production of scientifically pure flour as Royal Household mills.

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

"No Better Food." —Dr. ANDREW WILSON F.R.S.E., &c.



Fry's

**PURE
CONCENTRATED**

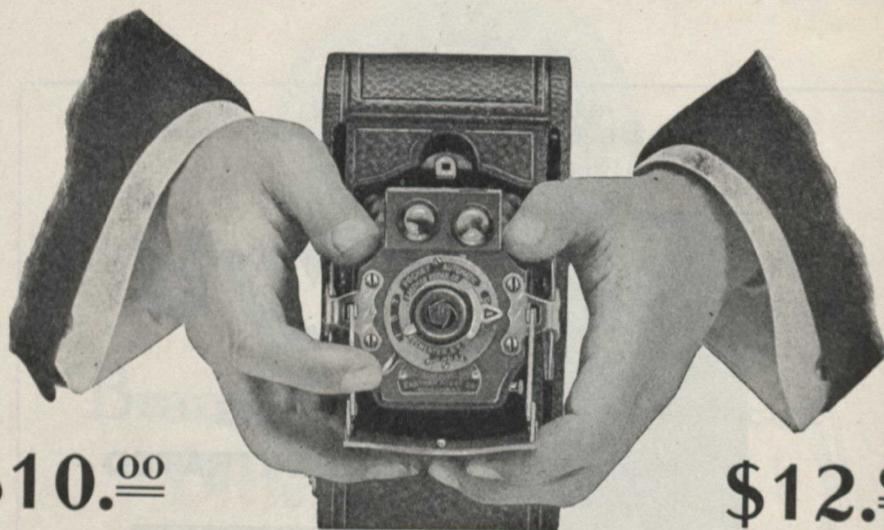


Cocoa

**"I have never tasted Cocoa
that I like so well."**

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

D. MASSON & CO. { 326 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL
Agents { 8 Colborne Street, TORONTO



\$10.00

\$12.00

New Model No. 1 and 1A Folding

Pocket Kodaks

THEY WORK WITH A SNAPPY PRECISION
THAT IS A MECHANICAL DELIGHT.

With a single motion, the front pulls out to the correct focus. In closing, the bed automatically covers the working parts. Equipped with our quiet, jarless Pocket Automatic Shutter, having instantaneous time and "bulb" action and iris diaphragm stops. Meniscus achromatic lenses of the highest grade.

No. 1 Folding Pocket Kodak, for $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ pictures, \$10.00

No. 1A Folding Pocket Kodak, for $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, 12.00

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

TORONTO, CAN.

*Catalogues free at the
dealers or by mail.*

Unshrinkable

Buy "Britannia" Underwear
with this guarantee: that it is

Absolutely Unshrinkable

If any garment should shrink from any cause, take it to
your dealer and get a new one.

"Britannia" Underwear

is made in England, in special weights for Canadian winters.
All pure wool—soft as silk—easy, comfortable, warm.
In all sizes to perfectly fit men, women and children.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DEALERS



"Shell Brand" Castile Soap

"A wise woman knows a good thing when she sees it,"
and uses the best and most economical CASTILE SOAP.

"Shell Brand"

made by COURET FRERES, MARSEILLES, contains no
resin, no animal fats, no impurities. It's the

Best in the World

for Face and Hands, for the Complexion, for the Bath
and all Household Use.

You are always safe with

SOLD EVERYWHERE **"Shell Brand"**

TRADE MARK



"SHELL BRAND"
(LA COQUILLE)

TRADE MARK



"SHELL BRAND"
(LA COQUILLE)



FREE INSURANCE

The man who takes an Endowment Policy in the Manufacturers Life is practically getting Free Insurance.

True, he has to pay a small annual premium for 10, 15, 20, or 25 years as he may choose, but at the end of that time he gets all his money back with good interest thereon, and his 10, 15, 20, or 25 years of insurance will have cost him nothing.

Write for rates to

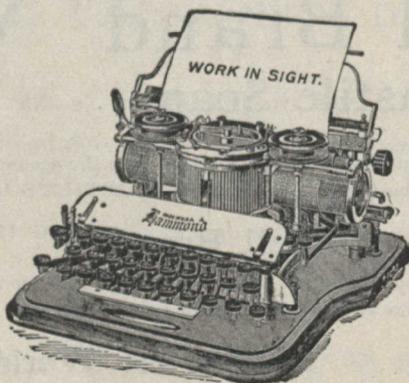
The Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.

Head Office, Toronto, Canada

THE HAMMOND

It is the highest achievement yet reached in writing machines and we challenge the World to produce its equal.

It has been weighed in the balance, and "Not Found Wanting," in any of the three cardinal virtues of a typewriter, "Speed, Beauty and Endurance."



At every Exhibition where the "HAMMOND" has been presented it has carried off the palm, and to-day stands as the acknowledged "King of Typewriters."

Ring up our nearest representative and have it explained.

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.

185 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Geo. S. Carson, PICTOU, N.S.
The John A. Hart Co., WINNIPEG, MAN.
The Wheat City Business College,
BRANDON, MAN.

45 ADELAIDE ST. EAST,
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Harvey Milne, KINGSTON, ONT.
H. C. Ribble, HAMILTON, ONT.
Ernest F. G. Richards,
VANCOUVER, B.C.



Smith Premier No. 2

A typewriter which will write in two colors or change from copy to record at the touch of a lever, without removing the sheet, is a necessity in billing, tabulating statistics, indexing, and preparing legal documents, either for indicating credits or emphasizing a particular amount, word or paragraph. Equipped with a BI-CHROME ribbon, the

Smith Premier
meets every possible typewriter requirement.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y.

Branch Stores
Everywhere

The Strip Floor

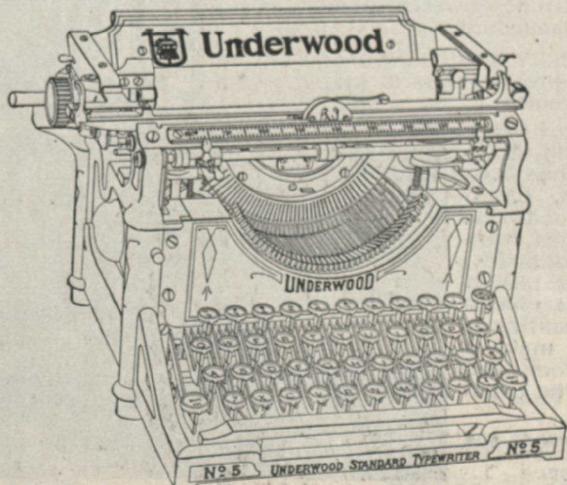
we sell is made of selected oak inch and three-quarters wide, three-eighths thick, run through a machine which makes it absolutely true and uniform, and when laid is the most perfect plain hardwood floor possible. Ends square, therefore no waste. From this to the most elaborate parquet pattern is our range. Write for catalogue and price list.

Sole agents for Butcher's Boston Polish.

ELLIOTT & SON
LIMITED
79 KING STREET WEST

UNDERWOOD GROWTH

July 1898
390
Underwoods
in use in
Canada



July 1905
5601
Underwoods
in use in
Canada

NO BETTER ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THE UNDERWOOD UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

MONTREAL, QUE. HAMILTON, ONT. LONDON, ONT. ST. JOHN, N.B.

TWO GOOD THINGS.

SYMINGTON'S

Pea Flour



Established
1827.

Pea Soup

High-pressure Steam Prepared.
For thickening Soups, Gravies, etc.

Boiling Water only required.
Cheap. Nutritious. Made in a moment.

W. SYMINGTON & CO. Ltd., Market Harborough, England.

WOOD
TRADE
LUXEBERRY
MARK
FINISH

THE MAN WHO SPENDS

a little time investigating the pedigree of varnish before he permits its use on his woodwork usually gets big interest on the investment.

An indifferent attitude towards varnish is responsible for many a spoiled interior.

The use of LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH and LIQUID GRANITE gives the highest results in the way of a finish attainable on wood.

Under its old name of Berry Brothers' Hard Oil Finish, LUXEBERRY WOOD FINISH has been known for forty years. Use it on general interior woodwork.

For floors, bathrooms, window sash and sills, inside blinds, and front doors, use LIQUID GRANITE. It is the extraordinary wear resisting qualities of LIQUID GRANITE that make it equally valuable for floors and all woodwork where the exposure is severe.

Samples of finished woods and interesting booklets on wood finishing sent free for the asking.

LIQUID GRANITE
FOR
FLOORS



This is the celebrated Toy Wagon that we give away free under certain conditions. Since we introduced it a few years ago it has found its way to all parts of the world and has made thousands of boys and girls happy.

Copy of picture and full particulars sent upon application.

BERRY BROTHERS, LIMITED,

NEW YORK
BOSTON

PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE

Varnish Manufacturers

CHICAGO
CINCINNATI

ST. LOUIS
SAN FRANCISCO

Factory and Main Office, Detroit

Canadian Factory, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Vapo-Cresolene

CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP



- Whooping Cough,
- Croup,
- Bronchitis,
- Coughs,
- Grip,
- Hay Fever,
- Diphtheria,
- Scarlet Fever.

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials as to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS

VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 1651 Notre Dame St., Montreal

BEGIN the NEW YEAR BRIGHT

And when the year is old your new silver will be as bright as ever and your old silver as brilliant as the new.

ELECTRO SILICON

Silver Polish

Nothing to scratch the silverware. No hard rubbing to tire. A perfect polish producing perfect results. At Grocers and Druggists. Trial quantity for the asking. Box postpaid 15 cts. (stamps). "SILICON," 30 Cliff Street, New York.

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits.

DAVID & LAWRENCE CO., Ltd., Agents, Montreal.

"Master thinks I'm a dandy at mixing cocktails."

CLUB COCKTAILS

YOU can do it just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

HARTFORD

NEW YORK

LONDON



Lea & Perrins' sauce

IN PARIS.

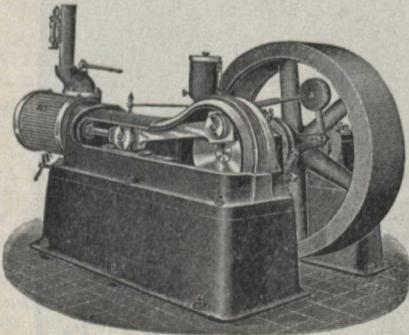
MR. TOURIST—"What makes your soups and dishes so delicious, waiter?"

WAITER—"Ze Sauce—LEA & PERRINS'—monsieur—ze genuine!—very much imitated, monsieur. Beware! Beware!"

LOOK OUT FOR THE NAME ON THE WRAPPER AND LABEL.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

A FINE STEAM PLANT



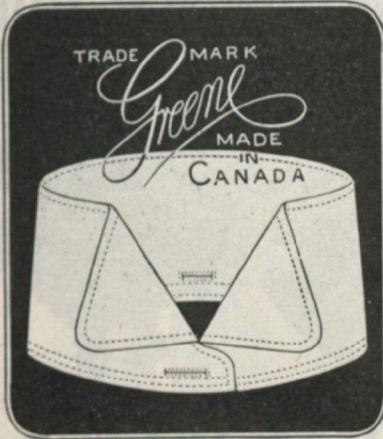
"I will say without qualification that it is as fine a boiler and engine plant as I have ever had the pleasure of seeing for its size. The engine was working without heating and absolutely without any noise. I wish to congratulate you on your success in building this class of engine and hope that we may have pleasure in dealing with you again."

The above refers to a 350 horse-power Robb-Armstrong Corliss engine and two 175 horse-power Robb-Mumford boilers installed by us.

Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

Agents { William McKay, 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto
 Watson Jack & Company, Montreal
 J. F. Porter, 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg

CORRECT



NOGI

HEIGHT—AT BACK, 2 INCH
AT FRONT, 2 1/4 INCH
20c. EACH, 3 FOR 50c.

IF YOUR FURNISHER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU, WE WILL—
SEND US HIS NAME AND THE PRICE.

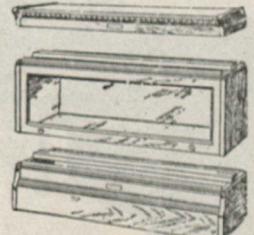
THE WILLIAM A. GREENE CO'Y
LIMITED

MAKERS OF COLLARS AND CUFFS ONLY
WATERLOO, ONT.

**A XMAS
SUGGESTION**



WHY not give a Sectional Bookcase? A more useful and inexpensive present is hard to find. One section and a top and base is all that is necessary for you to give. The recipient can add more if necessary. Made of 1/4 cut oak, highly polished dark golden finish.



The Sectional Idea

One Section, Top and Base - \$7.00
Extra Sections, Each - - - \$3.00

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.

LIMITED

97 Wellington St. W. TORONTO



DID YOU EVER THINK

how nice a handsome
Brick Mantel made of

**MILTON
BRICK**

would look in your sitting-room?
We make them in red and buff
colors. Milton Pressed Brick is
made in any quantity and shipped
to any part of Canada. Send for
free catalogue.

Milton Pressed Brick Co.

DEPT M.

LIMITED

WORKS and HEAD OFFICE:

MILTON - ONTARIO

BRICK MANTELS FROM \$15.00 UP

Gerhard Heintzman Ltd Pianos



GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

TONE—Upon no other pedestal can be reared that work of art, "The Perfect Piano." Upon this pedestal the Gerhard Heintzman Piano looks down upon competition. Sweet as a harp are its notes, and clear as a silvery laugh of childhood. For tone the piano "PAR EXCELLENCE."

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited - - 97 Yonge Street Toronto
 Hamilton Warerooms—127 King Street East

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE



LOOKING SOUTH

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

OAKVILLE, ONT.

This Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

For terms, etc., Address the Manager,
 LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited,
 OAKVILLE

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS
TO LIVERPOOL



DRAWING ROOM—VIRGINIAN

FAST ELEGANT SAFE STEADY

THE New Triple-Screw Turbine Steamers Victorian and Virginian on their first season have not only reduced the time between England and Canada to 5 days 20 hours (time of passage of S.S. Virginian, Moville to Rimouski), but have won from the travelling public most flattering testimony for their comfort and elegant appointments as well as for their entire freedom from vibration, which boon is secured by the Turbine engines. The bilge or side keels, which is a feature of all the passenger steamers of the Line, reduce the rolling motion to the minimum. 22 separate water-tight compartments insure safety, and the appointments ordinarily only found in hotels of the highest class—Library, Writing Room, Music Room, Smoking Room, all of ample dimensions and replete with chaste decoration. Promenade deck amidships, 200 feet long, 60 feet wide. Rooms en suite, with private bath and toilet, etc.

Rates very moderate. For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge St., Toronto or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal



CANADIAN PACIFIC

Crosses Two Oceans and reaches
Four Continents

Over 11,000 miles of Rail-
way and over 60 Steamers



A chain of Fifteen Magnificent Hotels across Canada. A Telegraph System to all points in Canada, with Cable Connections to all parts of the world. Builds and operates its Sleeping Cars—higher, wider and larger berths than any others. The Grandest Mountain Scenery of the World and the Granary of the Empire are on the Canadian Pacific Lines.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

		Miles
Montreal to Liverpool,	Service to and from ST. JOHN, N.B. November to May	2,833
Montreal to Bristol,		2,950
Montreal to London,		3,300

NORTH AMERICA

	Miles
Atlantic to Pacific across Canada,	3,385
AND TO	
New England and Western United States	

PACIFIC OCEAN

	Miles
Vancouver to Japan and China, -	6,271
Vancouver to Skagway, - - -	867
Vancouver to Victoria, - - - -	84
Vancouver to Seattle, - - - -	85

Also—Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway, 1,829 Miles.
Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway, 565 Miles. Great Lakes S.S.
Lines, 550 Miles. Kootenay Lakes S.S. Lines, 404 Miles.

12,008 Miles Liverpool, England, to Hong Kong, China
by Canadian Pacific

On Ocean, River, Lake and Rail, More Than Half Around the World

For rates, maps, time tables and further information apply to

C. E. E. USSHER, Gen'l Pass. Agent
MONTREAL

C. B. FOSTER, Dist. Pass. Agent
71 Yonge St., Cor. King, TORONTO



The
**INTERCOLONIAL
 RAILWAY**

Canada's Famous Train, the

Maritime Express

LEAVES MONTREAL

at 12.00 (noon)

Daily Except Saturday for

Quebec, St. John, Halifax

and the Sydneys

Making Connections with Steamers
 for

Prince Edward Island,

Newfoundland,

Great Britain,

and the West Indies

TRAVEL BY
YOUR OWN LINE

FROM

WEST TO EAST

The Dining and Sleeping
 Car Service of the
MARITIME EXPRESS

is Unrivalled

Through Tickets can
 be procured at
 All Western Points

WRITE

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N.B.

for Descriptive Folders

FEARMAN'S FAMOUS



STAR BRAND HAM

THE STANDARD OF
EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

THIRTY DAY EXCURSION TRIP TO BARBADOS

There are few trips more enjoyable than a thirty day excursion to Barbados, on account of the many new things to be seen all the time. You can go by steamers calling at two Islands, or by steamers calling at six Islands on the way. The Marine Hotel at Barbados is the finest in the West Indies. We pay your board there for five days and bring you home, calling on the way at six Islands, all for \$112.50 from Halifax, \$125.85 from Toronto. This includes all necessary expenses. Steamers specially fitted for the voyage leave Halifax every alternate Monday morning.

Write us for fuller particulars about this and other trips.

PICKFORD & BLACK, HALIFAX
R. M. MELVILLE, TORONTO



CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

The New Canadian Highway from Port Arthur, the Head of Lake Superior, to:—

Fort Frances
Winnipeg
Portage la Prairie
Brandon
Morris

Emerson
Carman
Gladstone
Hartney
Carberry

Kamsack
Neepawa
Dauphin
Grand View
Humbolt

Battleford
Lloydminster
Swan River,
Erwood
Melfort

Also Edmonton and Strathcona

PASSENGER Through Tickets can be procured from all Railway Ticket Agents via Chicago, choice of Lines to St. Paul, thence Great Northern or Northern Pacific Railways to Emerson and Canadian Northern Railway to destination.

FREIGHT Traffic arrangements with both the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways for the routing of freight via Port Arthur and Canadian Northern Railway.

Freight rates, folders and other information furnished on application to

GEO. H. SHAW, Traffic Manager,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

R. H. BELL, T.F. & P.A.,
MONTREAL, QUE.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS, G.E.A.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Dominion Line Steamships

WEEKLY SAILINGS

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
IN SUMMER

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL
(Via Halifax in Winter)

S. S. "CANADA"

S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "DOMINION"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

S. S. "OTTAWA"

The S.S. "CANADA" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

To Europe in Comfort At Moderate Rates

Per S. S. "KENSINGTON" S. S. "SOUTHWARK" S. S. "VANCOUVER"
S. S. "OTTAWA" (formerly the White Star Line S. S. "GERMANIC")

To Liverpool, - \$42.50

To London, - \$45.00

AND UPWARDS, ACCORDING TO STEAMER AND BERTH

These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public, who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

CHAS. A. PIPON,
41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,
17 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.

FOR THE WINTER GO TO

FROST
UNKNOWN

BERMUDA

MALARIA
IMPOSSIBLE

From New York, 48 hours, by the new Twin-screw Steamship "BERMUDIAN," 5,500 tons
Sailing every ten days.

FOR A WINTER'S CRUISE GO TO

WINDWARD WEST INDIES

Sailings from New York every ten days for

St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe,
Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Demerara

Special Cruise taking in BERMUDA, PORTO RICO, TRINIDAD,
JAMAICA, CUBA, NASSAU BAHAMAS, per SS. "Pretoria," 3,300
tons, sailing from New York 17th February, 1906.

For Pamphlets and Full Information apply to

A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents, 39 Broadway, New York

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., LIMITED

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec

A. F. WEBSTER, Agent.

Corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Attractive Suggestions

in Table Silver, they only give you a hint of what is made in the old reliable brand of

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc. For over half a century the standard of quality.

Remember "1847"—the identifying mark of the genuine "Rogers."

The finishing touch of elegance will be given a table if the silver is of correct style and character. The most critical cannot fail to be pleased with the large and varied line made in this brand.

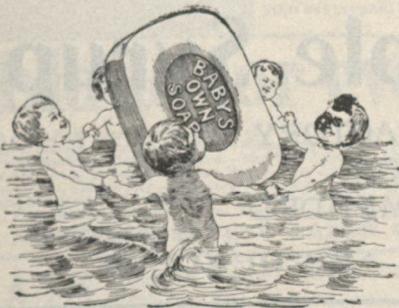
Columbia Orange Spoon

Vesta

Savoy

Berkshire Sugar Shell

Lotus Large Cold Meat Fork



THE RARE FRAGRANCE

absolute purity, and delightful cleansing properties of Baby's Own Soap is the reason why it is such a necessity for the Toilet, Nursery and the Bath.

It gives a rich, creamy lather which leaves the skin soft, smooth and cleansed, and imparts a lovely sensation of freshness and well-being to the body. Baby's Own is a rare aid in preserving the *youthfulness* and beauty of the skin.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

When you ask for Baby's Own do not accept any other soap if you desire the above qualities.

ALBERT SOAPS, Limited, Mfrs., MONTREAL



THE DOMINION PIANO IS EXQUISITE IN TONE

BUILT ON A SOLID FOUNDATION

In the "DOMINION" Piano a solid iron frame supports the twenty tons of strain from the strings, where other pianos have wood, which, as you know, is affected by the weather.

This foundation gives and preserves its wonderful tone. It makes it stay in tune. It makes our superior workmanship and materials "worth while." It makes permanent the benefits of our 34 years' experience. It makes it worth your while to

"Get familiar" with "Dominion" Pianos

The Dominion Organ & Piano Company
BOWMANVILLE, ONT. Limited

Imperial Maple Syrup

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY
NATURAL FLAVOR
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

SOLD BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS



LEARN
THIS
ART

Decorate Your Home and Den

Save and mount the fine birds and animals taken during the game season. Taxidermy, the fascinating art long kept secret, can NOW be learned in your own home during spare time. We teach **TAXIDERMY** by Mail. Fifteen complete lessons, standard methods, reasonable tuition. Thousands of successful students. You quickly learn to mount Birds, Animals, Heads, Fishes, Tan Skins, etc. **VERY PROFITABLE.** All men, women and boys interested in sports or nature should send for full particulars. New Catalog and Taxidermy Magazine All Free This Month. **SEND TODAY.**

N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, OMAHA, NEB.



Gold Watch FREE AND RING

We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid **STEM WIND** American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timekeeper equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a \$50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us the \$2.00 and we

will positively send you the watch and ring; also a chain. Ladies or Gents style. **ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 90, Chicago.**

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

Razor AND 7 Blades \$1



\$5.00 Ever-Ready Safety Razor Set, \$1

This is what you get for your dollar—seven "Ever-Ready" blades (a different one for every day in the week), the famous "Ever-Ready" silvered safety frame and silvered handle and blade stopper, all compactly boxed in a durable case.

It's the original \$5 "safety" brought down in price because brought up in perfection—the elimination of costly hand labor and the invention of ingenious machinery did it.

The "Ever-Ready" will shave coarse, soft or tender beards with an evenness of stroke and safety that makes it impossible to cut the face.

"Ever-Ready" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. Each blade can be stropped like the ordinary razor and will last for years—something that isn't possible in any \$5.00 razor made. For those desirous of doing away with rehonng and resharpeneing we will exchange seven new blades for your dull ones and 25 cents.

Almost every cutlery, hardware, jewelry and department store in the land sells "Ever-Ready" Seven Bladed Dollar Safety Razors.

If yours doesn't, it's because he's profit-greedy; therefore send direct to us and you will receive your set prepaid for \$1. Booklet free.

Ablade for every day in the week

NOTE TO DEALERS—Send your orders for quick delivery direct, or to the nearest of the following distributors: Norvell-Shapleigh Hdw. Co., St. Louis—Wells & Nellogar Hdw. Co., Chicago—Belknap Hdw. & Mfg. Co., Louisville—John Fritzlaff Hdw. Co., Milwaukee—Van Camp Hdw. Co., Indianapolis—Farwell, Ozmun & Kirk Co., St. Paul—Marshall-Wells Hdw. Co., Duluth—Lee-Glass-Andresen Hdw. Co., Omaha—Wyeth Hdw. & Mfg. Co., St. Joseph—The Bronson & Townsend Co., New Haven—Iver Johnson Spig. Goods Co., Boston—Buhl Sons Co., Detroit—Luthe Hdw. Co., Des Moines—Richards-Conover Co., Kansas City—Kelly-How-Thompson Co., Duluth—Caverhill, Learmont & Co., Montreal, Canada—Frothingham & Workman, Montreal, Canada—Marshall-Wells Hdw. Co., Winnipeg, Man.—Dunham-Carrigan & Hayden Co., San Francisco—Supplee Hdw. Co., Philadelphia—A. Baldwin & Co., New Orleans—Wood-Valance & Co., Hamilton, Ont.

THE AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, 64 to 66 Duane Street, New York

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. E.

AMES PUBLISHING CO., - CLYDE, OHIO

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

Send 10c. for handsome samples and catalogue of thousands of subjects, listed separately; at prices lower than ever sold before. NATIONAL POST CARD CO., 111 Logan Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't Wear a Truss



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember I make it to your order—send it to you

—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money without question. The banks and the postmaster here will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square and I am selling thousands of people this way for the past five years. Remember I use no slaves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.
C. E. Brooks, 659 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

TWO Excellent Christmas GIFTS

- Script Plate and 50 Cards, - - \$1.05
- 2 quires Linen Writing Paper with Monogram of three initials or Die of Home Address - - - - \$2.75

Wedding Invitations \$9.50 per hundred
Send for Samples and Booklet of Correct Forms

All Custom Charges paid by us
THE EVANS-PENFOLD CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

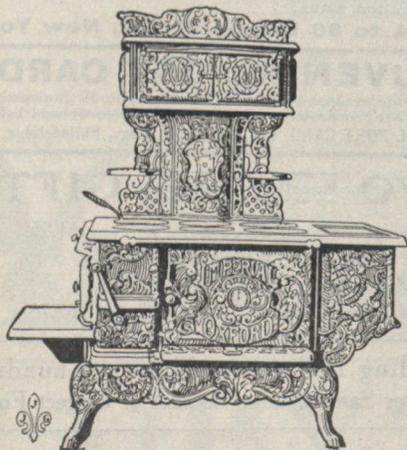
WHEN buying a range the oven construction should be your first consideration. Its baking and roasting qualities are of the utmost importance to you. A poor oven means ruined food, waste of coal, late meals and many heartaches. The Imperial Oxford Range is the result of years of experience and scientific study. It has taken years to evolve it and years of use have proven it without a peer. There are a number of exclusive features in the construction of the



Imperial Oxford Range

that give it advantages found in no other. Of these exclusive features the most important is the heat-diffusing oven flue. This flue draws the cold air in from outside the range, superheats it and distributes it through perforations in the top of the oven. This ensures fresh, heated air evenly distributed throughout the oven, the moist vapors of the oven being drawn off by openings provided for the purpose.

The Imperial Oxford Range, by this construction, gives a dry, even heat, which roasts or bakes an article thoroughly and evenly, the heat in all parts of the oven is equal, the fire side being no hotter than the other side.



If your dealer doesn't handle the Imperial Oxford Range, write to us and we will send you our catalogue and tell you where you can see the range.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY Co.

LIMITED

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

MONTREAL

CALGARY

VANCOUVER

The Value of Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear

clothing, etc., has been proven under every climatic condition in every part of the Globe. It is the "Ideal Wear" for the crisp Canadian Winter.

The wool is as fine and soft as silk, as clean and pure as it is possible to make it, and far more comfortable than anything else. Wear "Jaeger" Pure Wool always and note the feeling of well-being which comes over you.

Write for illustrated catalogue No. 2.

DR. JAEGER'S SA^{ITARY} WOOLLE^E SYSTEM COMP^{NY} LIMITE^D
2206 St. Catherine Street, Montreal

TORONTO DEPOT:

WREYFORD & CO., 85 KING ST. WEST

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



When the Snow Flies

and biting, frosty air roughens the skin, use Mennen's—it keeps the skin just right. A positive relief for chapped hands, chafing and all skin troubles. Mennen's face on every box—be sure that you get the genuine. For sale everywhere or by mail, 25c. Sample free. Try Mennen's Violet Talcum. GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

A TASTY
READY-TO-SERVE
DISH

which can be eaten cold, or you can have it steaming hot in five minutes. A dish that satisfies the keen, healthy winter appetite as nothing else can.

Clark's Pork and Beans consists of the finest selected beans—baked to a beautiful brown—tender and moist—with a full, rich flavour, and a piece of lean, juicy pork perfectly cooked and tastily seasoned. It is one of the most appetizing and satisfying of dishes. Obtainable at all good grocers, either plain or with chili or tomato sauce.

WM. CLARK, Manufacturer, MONTREAL

CROWN B R A N D C O R N S Y R U P

Is a Luscious Sweetening Agent

It possesses the rich, delicate taste of fine honey and cream—something which will appeal to those who appreciate good things.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup can be used in a variety of ways. It imparts a richness and delicacy of flavour to home-made confectionery, home-made cakes, rice, sago and tapioca puddings unobtainable with anything else. As a sweetening agent for porridge or cereals it is unsurpassed. Even plain bread and butter tastes delicious when eaten with this lovely syrup.

THE EDWARDSBURG
STARCH COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1858 LIMITED

OFFICES
MONTREAL and TORONTO

WORKS
CARDINAL, ONT.



ACCOUNT BOOKS

We manufacture every description.
Quality and Value Undoubted.

Our **LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS**
and **DEVICES** and
LOOSE LEAF PRICE BOOKS

Most perfect make. Are unsurpassed.

LEATHER GOODS

Great variety, unexcelled for style and price.

FOUNTAIN PENS

BOOKBINDING

Every style of the art.

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

51-53 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO



DOUBLE

Why not double the beauty of your hair? Double the length, double the thickness, double the richness! Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer certainly makes hair grow, sometimes to a most remarkable degree. And it brings back to gray hair all the dark color of former years. Make your hair beautiful, doubly beautiful.

For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black.
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

SIX MONTHS FREE

The Mining Herald, leading illustrated mining and financial paper, containing latest and most important information on the mining and oil industries, the most successful companies and the best dividend-paying stocks. It shows how immense profits may be quickly and easily made on absolutely safe investments. It gives valuable advice to money-makers and points out a safe and certain road to wealth. Write for it to-day.

A. L. WISNER & CO., Publishers, Hudson Bldg., Room 78, New York

I can sell your Farm, Mill, Store or Business of any kind, wherever it is. Write to-day for particulars.

W. J. DORAN

Manning Chambers **TORONTO**



COLLEGE ANNUALS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

SHOULD BE WELL ILLUSTRATED
THE BEST EQUIPPED ART AND ENGRAVING STAFF IN CANADA IS AT YOUR SERVICE

TORONTO ENGRAVING COMPANY LIMITED
92 BAY STREET,
TORONTO.

Every reader of this Magazine should read the interesting article by Chas. B. Knox on advertising, page 27 of this issue.

A NEW SERIAL STORY

BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE



MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

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

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

JOHNSON'S NIGHTMARES



Johnson read the symptoms in each patent nostrum ad,
 And soon he thought he had 'em all,
 and had 'em awful bad.
 He'd feel a crick, a pain, a pang, as he
 would read away—
 With every ad his mind would change—
 new ailment every day!
 And last of all he found an ad that said
 that all disease,
 If 't were not for the coffee bean, would
 probably soon cease.
 And never pausing to reflect that men
 who want to sell
 A brand new notion to the "peop" don't
 balk at what they tell,
 He started on a brisk crusade to warn
 each smiling friend
 That coffee, if persisted in, his life
 would surely end.
 But to his great astonishment, the folks
 he came across
 Were looking most amazing well and
his seemed all the loss.
 For while they sipped their morning
 cup, or demi-tasse at noon,
 And seemed to thrive, he grew more
 thin and sombre. Pretty soon,
 He wondered if he wasn't wrong, and he
 removed the ban
 When CHASE & SANBORN had ex-
 plained what went in every can.
 And as we *are*, much as we *think*, his
 nightmares he forgot,
 And saw them vanish in the steam from
 coffee piping hot.

A
FOUNTAIN OF DELIGHT
 FRAGRANT, REFRESHING
 AND OF
 PERENNIAL SWEETNESS.

THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
 FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF,
 TOILET AND BATH.
 BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

Beautiful Pictures
 are produced only by
 pure rich colors.

Winsor & Newton
 are artists' colormen
 to the Royal Family
 and their

Oil and Water Colors
 are the world's stand-
 ard. Not dear. For
 sale at all Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
 MONTREAL,
 Wholesale Agents for
 Canada.

Many years of careful
 study among birds pro-
 duced patent

Bird Bread
 That is why it can be
 relied upon and why there
 is such an enormous
 demand for it. 10c. the
 pkge., 2 large cakes.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart
 from COTTAM SEED, with 6c in stamps and get free
 two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (2)

Cottam Bird Seed
 Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers.
 Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.

Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.



ARE SINGING THE PRAISES OF

Gourlay Pianos

¶ If we took a commission to make a single piano for \$1,000 it could be of no better material or workmanship than we regularly use in our plainest, least expensive instrument, for we use the best only. We could expend more money on ornamentation, but nothing to improve quality. And every instrument receives that same personal care and special attention to detail that one would look for in such a costly instrument.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

66 KING STREET W
HAMILTON

188 YONCE STREET
TORONTO

279 DONALD ST.
WINNIPEG

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE



**PETER'S
CHOCOLATE
THE BEST
COMPANION
FOR
A WINTER
DAY'S SPORT**

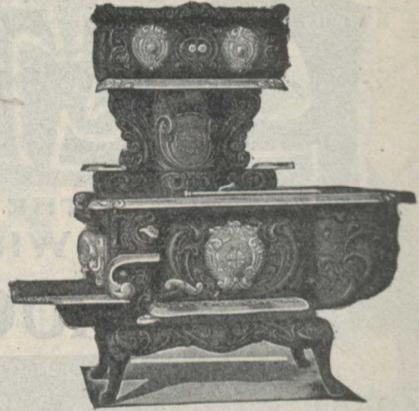
**Sustaining, Irresistibly
Delicious and Wholesome
as Bread and Butter**

THE ACCOMPANYING CUT
SHOWS THE

“SOUVENIR” RANGE

Which is the very best in stove manufacture, fitted with the celebrated Aerated Oven, thereby ensuring properly cooked and palatable food.

In buying a new Stove or Range bear in mind “That the remembrance of quality remains long after the price has been forgotten.”



SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MANUFACTURED BY

THE GURNEY, TILDEN COMPANY, Limited

Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

**WITCH HAZEL
TOILET SOAP**

FOR THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES

WITCH HAZEL TOILET SOAP

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

Used by the Canadian Pacific Railway from Ocean to Ocean

A very fine skin soap, containing a large percentage of pure Witch Hazel, the best thing known for healing the skin. It is richly perfumed, making it the most delightful Toilet Soap one can use.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY **THE ROYAL CROWN, Limited** WINNIPEG, CANADA

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Libby's



The Art of Making Soup

(And it is an art)

Has been mastered by the Chefs in Libby's famous kitchens. That fascinating, palate-pleasing flavor so noticeable in all the Libby Soups is obtained by using only choicest meat stock, finest prime vegetables and perfect seasoning.

The art of bringing these good, pure, wholesome foods together is what makes Libby's Soups perfect. Libby's Soups will start your dinner right—save you a big kitchen problem.

Your grocer has them. Price ten cents per can.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free on request. Send five 2 cent stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago





WILLIAMS PIANO

piano. Write us for Queen Victoria Booklet, explaining
The Williams Pianos will be found in the homes of the
cultured and the leading musical colleges throughout
Canada.
The Williams Piano Co., Limited
Oshawa, Ont.

THEY ARE
THE BEST

TOOKE'S SHIRTS

WAYS
SK FOR

If Coffee

Does Things
To You

When you are hit hard enough, quit
and save the remaining stock of health.
It may be small, but it will steadily increase
if good, well-made

POSTUM FOOD COFFEE

Is used in place of ordinary coffee.

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

1780 The Leader 1905
for 125 Years

Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa



Registered,
U. S. Pat. Off.

It is a perfect food, highly
nourishing, easily digested,
fitted to repair wasted
strength, preserve health
and prolong life.

A new and handsomely
illustrated Recipe Book
sent free.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 Highest Awards
in Europe and America
Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

THE FOUNDATION AND KEystone
OF GOOD BAKING

When you think of bread think of "Five Roses"—
the flour of perfect quality. For every variety of
plain or fancy baking it is the BEST.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and KEEWATIN

IN ONE BOTTLE.
REQUIRES
NO HEATING OR
MIXING

Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless
On any Fabric.
Try it once and you will
use no other kind.

Ask your stationer
for Out
155 COMMERCIAL AVENUE
If he cannot supply you write The BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited, TORONTO